



USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
ELLE KENNEDY

She's about to make a deal with the college bad boy...
...and it's going to be oh so good.

THE

OFF-CAMPUS
BOOK ONE

DEAL



USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
ELLE KENNEDY

She's about to make a deal with the college bad boy...
...and it's going to be oh so good.

THE

OFF-CAMPUS
BOOK ONE

DEAL

She's about to make a deal with the college bad boy...

Hannah Wells has finally found someone who turns her on. But while she might be confident in every other area of her life, she's carting around a full set of baggage when it comes to sex and seduction. If she wants to get her crush's attention, she'll have to step out of her comfort zone and *make* him take notice...even if it means tutoring the annoying, childish, *cocky* captain of the hockey team in exchange for a pretend date.

...and it's going to be oh so good

All Garrett Graham has ever wanted is to play professional hockey after graduation, but his plummeting GPA is threatening everything he's worked so hard for. If helping a sarcastic brunette make another guy jealous will help him secure his position on the team, he's all for it. But when one unexpected kiss leads to the wildest sex of both their lives, it doesn't take long for Garrett to realize that pretend isn't going to cut it. Now he just has to convince Hannah that the man she wants looks a lot like *him*.

The Deal

An Off-Campus Novel

Elle Kennedy

Table of Contents

About the Book

Title Page

Chapter 1

Chapter 2

Chapter 3

Chapter 4

Chapter 5

Chapter 6

Chapter 7

Chapter 8

Chapter 9

Chapter 10

Chapter 11

Chapter 12

Chapter 13

Chapter 14

Chapter 15

Chapter 16

Chapter 17

Chapter 18

Chapter 19

Chapter 20

Chapter 21

Chapter 22

Chapter 23

Chapter 24

Chapter 25

Chapter 26

Chapter 27

Chapter 28

Chapter 29

Chapter 30

Chapter 31

Chapter 32

Chapter 33

Chapter 34

Chapter 35

Chapter 36

Chapter 37

Chapter 38

Chapter 39

Chapter 40

Chapter 41

Chapter 42

Chapter 43

Chapter 44

Chapter 45

Epilogue

Other Titles by Elle Kennedy

Author's Note

About the Author
Copyright

1

Hannah

HE DOESN'T KNOW I'm alive.

For the millionth time in forty-five minutes, I sneak a peek in Justin Kohl's direction, and he's so beautiful it makes my throat close up. Though I should probably come up with another adjective—my male friends insist that men don't like being called *beautiful*.

But holy hell, there's no other way to describe his rugged features and soulful brown eyes. He's wearing a baseball cap today, but I know what's beneath it: thick dark hair, the kind that looks silky to the touch and makes you want to run your fingers through it.

In the five years since the rape, my heart has pounded for only two guys.

The first one dumped me.

This one is just oblivious.

At the podium in the lecture hall, Professor Tolbert delivers what I've come to refer to as the Disappointment Speech. It's the third one in six weeks.

Surprise, surprise, seventy percent of the class got a C-plus or lower on the midterm.

Me? I aced it. And I'd be lying if I said the big red *A!* circled on top of my midterm hadn't come as a complete shock. All I did was scribble down a never-ending stream of bullshit to try to fill up the booklet.

Philosophical Ethics was supposed to be a breeze. The prof who used to teach it handed out brainless multiple choice tests and a final "exam" consisting of a personal essay that posed a moral dilemma and asked how you'd react to it.

But two weeks before the semester started, Professor Lane dropped dead from a heart attack. I heard his cleaning lady found him on the bathroom floor—naked. Poor guy.

Luckily (and yep, that's total sarcasm) Pamela Tolbert stepped in to take over Lane's class. She's new to Briar University, and she's the kind of prof who wants you to make connections and "engage" with the material. If this was a movie, she'd be the young, ambitious teacher who shows up at the inner city school and inspires the fuckups, and suddenly everyone's putting down their AKs and picking up their pencils, and the end credits scroll up to announce how all the kids got into Harvard or some shit. Instant Oscar for Hilary Swank.

Except this isn't a movie, which means that the only thing Tolbert has inspired in her students is hatred. And she honestly can't seem to grasp why nobody is excelling in her class.

Here's a hint—it's because she asks the types of questions you could write a frickin' grad school thesis on.

"I'm willing to offer a makeup exam to anyone who failed or received a C-minus or lower." Tolbert's nose wrinkles as if she can't fathom why it's even necessary.

The word she just used—*willing*? Yeah, right. I heard that a ton of students complained to their advisors about her, and I suspect the administration is forcing her to give everyone a redo. It doesn't reflect well on Briar when more than half the students in a course are flunking, especially when it's not just the slackers. Straight-A students like Nell, who's sulking beside me, also bombed the midterm.

"For those of you who choose to take it again, your two grades will be averaged. If you do worse the second time, the first grade will stand," Tolbert finishes.

"I can't believe you got an A," Nell whispers to me.

She looks so upset that I feel a pang of sympathy. Nell and I aren't best pals or anything, but we've been sitting next to each other since September so it's only reasonable that we've gotten to know each other. She's on the pre-med path, and I know she comes from an overachieving family who would tar and feather her if they found out about her midterm grade.

"I can't believe it either," I whisper back. "Seriously. Read my answers. They're ramblings of nonsense."

"Actually, can I?" She sounds eager now. "I'm curious to see what the Tyrant considers A material."

"I'll scan and email you a copy tonight," I promise.

The second Tolbert dismisses us, the lecture hall echoes with let's-get-the-hell-outta-here noises. Laptops snap shut, notebooks slide into backpacks, students shuffle out of their seats.

Justin Kohl lingers near the door to talk to someone, and my gaze locks in on him like a missile. He's beautiful.

Have I mentioned how beautiful he is?

My palms go clammy as I stare at his handsome profile. He's new to Briar this year, but I'm not sure which college he transferred from, and although he wasted no time becoming the star wide receiver on the football team, he's not like the other athletes at this school. He doesn't strut through the quad with one of those I'm-God's-gift-to-the-world smirks or show up with a new girl on his arm every day. I've seen him laugh and joke with his teammates, but he gives off an intelligent, intense vibe that makes me think there are hidden depths to him. Which just makes me all the more desperate to get to know him.

I'm not usually into jocks, but something about this one has turned me into a mindless pile of mush.

"You're staring again."

Nell's teasing voice brings a blush to my cheeks. She's caught me drooling over Justin on more than one occasion, and she's one of the few people I've admitted the crush to.

My roommate Allie also knows, but my other friends? Hell no. Most of them are music or drama majors, so I guess that makes us the artsy crowd. Or maybe emo. Aside from Allie, who's had an on-again/off-again relationship with a frat boy since freshman year, my friends get a kick out of trashing Briar's elite. I don't usually join in (I like to think gossiping is beneath me) but...let's face it. Most of the popular kids are total douchebags.

Case in point—Garrett Graham, the other star athlete in this class. Dude walks around like he owns the place. I guess he kind of does. All he has to do is snap his fingers and an eager girl appears at his side. Or jumps into his lap. Or sticks her tongue down his throat.

He doesn't look like the BMOG today, though. Almost everyone else has gone, including Tolbert, but Garrett remains in his seat, his fists curled tightly around the edges of his booklet.

He must have failed too, but I don't feel much sympathy for the guy. Briar is known for two things—hockey and football, which isn't much of a shocker considering Massachusetts is home to both the Patriots and the Bruins. The athletes who play for Briar almost always end up in the pros, and during their years here they get everything handed to them on a silver platter—including grades.

So yeah, maybe it makes me a teeny bit vindictive, but I get a sense of triumph from knowing that Tolbert is failing the captain of our championship-winning hockey team right along with everyone else.

“Wanna grab something from the Coffee Hut?” Nell asks as she gathers her books.

“Can't. I've got rehearsal in twenty minutes.” I get up, but I don't follow her to the door. “Go on ahead. I need to check the schedule before I go. Can't remember when my next tutorial is.”

Another “perk” of being in Tolbert's class—along with our weekly lecture, we're forced to attend two thirty-minute tutorials a week. On the bright side, Dana the TA runs those, and she has all the qualities Tolbert lacks. Like a sense of humor.

“Kay,” Nell says. “I'll see you later.”

“Later,” I call after her.

At the sound of my voice, Justin pauses in the doorway and turns his head.

Oh. My. God.

It's impossible to stop the flush that rises in my cheeks. This is the first time we've ever made eye contact, and I don't know how to respond. Say hi? Wave? Smile?

In the end, I settle for a small nod of greeting. *There*. Cool and casual, befitting of a sophisticated college junior.

My heart skips a beat when the corner of his mouth lifts in a faint grin. He nods back, and then he's gone.

I stare at the empty doorway. My pulse explodes in a gallop because *holy shit*. After six weeks of breathing the same air in this stuffy lecture hall, he's finally noticed me.

I wish I were brave enough to go after him. Maybe ask him to grab a coffee. Or dinner. Or brunch—wait, do people our age even *have* brunch?

But my feet stay rooted to the shiny laminate floor.

Because I'm a coward. Yep, a total chicken-shit coward. I'm terrified that he'll say no, but I'm even more terrified he'll say *yes*.

I was in a good place when I started college. My issues solidly behind me, my guard lowered. I was ready to date again, and I did. I dated several guys, but other than my ex, Devon, none of them made my body tingle the way Justin Kohl does, and that freaks me out.

Baby steps.

Right. Baby steps. That was my therapist's favorite piece of advice, and I can't deny that the strategy helped me a lot. Focus on the small victories, Carole always advised.

So...today's victory...I nodded at Justin and he smiled at me. Next class, maybe I'll smile back. And the one after that, maybe I'll bring up the coffee, dinner or brunch idea.

I take a breath as I head down the aisle, clinging to that feeling of victory, however teeny it may be.

Baby steps.

*

Garrett

I FAILED.

I fucking failed.

For fifteen years, Timothy Lane handed out A's like mints. The year I take the class? Lane's ticker quits ticking, and I get stuck with Pamela Tolbert.

It's official. The woman is my archenemy. Just the sight of her flowery handwriting—which fills up every inch of available space in the margins of my midterm—makes me want to go Incredible Hulk on the booklet and rip it to shreds.

I'm rocking A's in most of my other courses, but as of right now, I'm getting an F in Philosophical Ethics. Combined with the C-plus in Spanish history, my average has dropped to a C-minus.

I need a C-plus average to play hockey.

Normally I have no problem keeping my GPA up. Despite what a lot of folks believe, I'm not a dumb jock. But hey, I don't mind letting people

think I am. Women, in particular. I guess they're turned on by the idea of screwing the big brawny caveman who's only good for one thing, but since I'm not looking for anything serious, casual hookups with chicks that only want my dick suit me just fine. Gives me more time to focus on hockey.

But there won't *be* any more hockey if I don't bring up this grade. The worst thing about Briar? Our dean demands excellence—academically *and* athletically. While other schools might be more lenient toward athletes, Briar has a zero-tolerance policy.

Fuckin' Tolbert. When I spoke to her before class asking for extra credit, she told me in that nasally voice of hers to attend the tutorials and meet with the study group. I already do both. So yeah, unless I hire some whiz kid to wear a mask of my face and take the makeup midterm for me... I'm screwed.

My frustration manifests itself in the form of an audible groan, and from the corner of my eye I see someone jerk in surprise.

I jerk too, because here I thought I was wallowing in my misery alone. But the girl who sits in the back row has stuck around, and she's making her way down the aisle toward Tolbert's desk.

Mandy?

Marty?

I can't remember her name. Probably because I've never bothered to ask for it. She's cute, though. A helluva lot cuter than I realized. Pretty face, dark hair, smokin' body—shit, how have I never noticed that body before?

But I'm noticing now. Skinny jeans cling to a round, perky ass that just screams "squeeze me," and her V-neck sweater hugs a seriously impressive rack. I don't have time to admire either of those appealing visuals because she catches me staring and a frown touches her mouth.

"Everything okay?" she asks with a pointed look.

I grumble something under my breath. I'm not in the mood to talk to anyone at the moment.

One dark eyebrow rises in my direction. "Sorry, was that English?"

I ball up my midterm and scrape my chair back. "I said everything's fine."

"Okay, then." She shrugs and continues down the steps.

As she picks up the clipboard that contains our tutorial schedule, I fling my Briar Hockey jacket on, then shove my pathetic midterm into my

backpack and zip it up.

The dark-haired girl heads back to the aisle. Mona? Molly? The M sounds right, but the rest is a mystery. She has her midterm in hand, but I don't sneak a peek because I assume she failed just like everyone else.

I let her pass before I step into the aisle. I suppose I can say it's the gentleman in me, but that would be a lie. I want to check out her ass again, because it's a damn sexy ass, and now that I've seen it I wouldn't mind another look. I follow her up to the exit, suddenly realizing how frickin' tiny she is—I'm one step below her yet I can see the top of her head.

Just as we reach the door, she stumbles on absolutely nothing and the books in her hand clatter to the floor.

"Shit. I'm such a klutz."

She drops to her knees and so do I, because contrary to my previous statement, I *can* be a gentleman when I want to be, and the gentlemanly thing to do is help her gather her books.

"Oh, you don't have to do that. I'm fine," she insists.

But my hand has already connected with her midterm, and my jaw drops when I see her grade.

"Fucking hell. You aced it?" I demand.

She gives a self-deprecating smile. "I know, right? I thought I failed for sure."

"Holy shit." I feel like I've just bumped into Stephen fuckin' Hawking and he's dangling the secrets to the universe under my nose. "Can I read your answers?"

Her brows quirk up again. "That's rather forward of you, don't you think? We don't even know each other."

I roll my eyes. "I'm not asking you to take your clothes off, baby. I just want to peek at your midterm."

"*Baby?* Goodbye forward, hello presumptuous."

"Would you prefer *miss?* *Ma'am* maybe? I'd use your name but I don't know it."

"Of course you don't." She sighs. "It's Hannah." Then she pauses meaningfully. "*Garrett.*"

Okay, I was waaaay off on the M thing.

And I don't miss the way she emphasizes my name as if to say, *Ha! I know yours, asshole!*

She collects the rest of her books and stands up, but I don't hand over her midterm. Instead, I hop to my feet and start flipping through it. As I skim her answers, my spirits plummet even lower, because if this is the kind of analysis Tolbert is looking for, I'm screwed. There's a reason I'm a history major, for chrissake—I deal in facts. Black and white. This happened at this time to this person and here's the result.

Hannah's answers focus on theoretical shit and how the philosophers would respond to the various moral dilemmas.

"Thanks." I give her the booklet, then hook my thumbs in the belt loops of my jeans. "Hey, listen. Do you...would you consider..." I shrug. "You know..."

Her lips twitch as if she's trying not to laugh. "Actually, I *don't* know."

I let out a breath. "Will you tutor me?"

Her green eyes—the darkest shade of green I've ever seen and surrounded by thick black eyelashes—go from surprised to skeptical in a matter of seconds.

"I'll pay you," I add hastily.

"Oh. Um. Well, yeah, of course I'd expect you to pay me. But..." She shakes her head. "I'm sorry. I can't."

I bite back my disappointment. "C'mon, do me a solid. If I fail this makeup, my GPA will implode. Please?" I flash a smile, the one that makes my dimples pop out and never fails to make girls melt.

"Does that usually work?" she asks curiously.

"What?"

"The aw-shucks little boy grin... Does it help you get your way?"

"Always," I answer without hesitation.

"*Almost* always," she corrects. "Look, I'm sorry, but I really don't have time. I'm already juggling school and work, and with the winter showcase coming up, I'll have even less time."

"Winter showcase?" I say blankly.

"Right, I forgot. If it's not about hockey, then it's not on your radar."

"Now who's being presumptuous? You don't even know me."

There's a beat, and then she sighs. "I'm a music major, okay? And the arts faculty puts on two major performances every year, the winter showcase and the spring one. The winner gets a five thousand dollar scholarship. It's kind of a huge deal, actually. Important industry people fly

in from all over the country to see it. Agents, record producers, talent scouts.... So, as much as I'd love to help you—"

"You would not," I grumble. "You look like you don't even want to *talk* to me right now."

Her little you-got-me shrug is grating as hell. "I have to get to rehearsal. I'm sorry you're failing this course, but if it makes you feel better, so is everyone else."

I narrow my eyes. "Not *you*."

"I can't help it. Tolbert seems to respond to my brand of bullshit. It's a gift."

"Well, I want your gift. Please, master, teach me how to bullshit."

I'm two seconds from dropping to my knees and begging her, but she edges to the door. "You know there's a study group, right? I can give you the number for—"

"I'm already in it," I mutter.

"Oh. Well, then there's not much else I can do for you. Good luck on the makeup test. *Baby*."

She darts out the door, leaving me staring after her in frustration. Unbelievable. Every girl at this college would cut her frickin' arm off to help me out. But this one? Runs away like I just asked her to murder a cat so we could sacrifice it to Satan.

And now I'm right back to where I was before Hannah-not-with-an-M gave me that faintest flicker of hope.

Royally screwed.

2

Garrett

MY ROOMMATES ARE piss drunk when I walk into the living room after study group. The coffee table is overflowing with empty beer cans, along with a nearly depleted bottle of Jack that I know belongs to Logan because he subscribes to the *beer is for pussies* philosophy. His words, not mine.

At the moment, Logan and Tucker are battling each other in a heated game of *Ice Pro*, their gazes glued to the flat screen as they furiously click their controllers. Logan's gaze shifts slightly when he notices me in the doorway, and his split second of distraction costs him.

"Hell to the yeah!" Tuck crows as his defenseman flicks a wrist shot past Logan's goalie and the scoreboard lights up.

"Aw, for fuck's sake!" Logan pauses the game and levels a dark glare at me. "What the hell, G? I just got deked out because of you."

I don't answer, because now *I'm* distracted—by the half naked make out session happening in the corner of the room. Dean's at it again. Bare-chested and barefoot, he's sprawled in the armchair while a blonde in nothing but a lacy black bra and booty shorts sits astride him and grinds against his crotch.

Dark blue eyes peer over the chick's shoulder, and Dean smirks in my direction. "Graham! Where've you been, man?" he slurs.

He goes back to kissing the blonde before I can answer the drunken question.

For some reason, Dean likes to hook up everywhere *but* his bedroom. Seriously. Every time I turn around, he's in the midst of some form of debauchery. On the kitchen counter, the living room couch, the dining room table—dude's gotten it on in every inch of the off-campus house the four of us share. He's a total slut and completely unapologetic about it.

Granted, I'm not one to talk. I'm no monk, and neither are Logan and Tuck. What can I say? Hockey players are horny motherfuckers. When

we're not on the ice, we can usually be found hooking up with a puck bunny or two. Or three, if your name is Tucker and it's New Year's Eve of last year.

"I've been texting you for the past hour, man," Logan informs me.

His massive shoulders hunch forward as he swipes the whiskey bottle from the coffee table. Logan's a bruiser of a defenseman, one of the best I've ever played with, and also the best friend I've ever had. His first name is John, but we call him Logan because it makes it easier to differentiate him from Tucker, whose first name is also John. Luckily, Dean is just Dean, so we don't have to call him by his mouthful of a last name: Heyward-Di Laurentis.

"Seriously, where the hell have you been?" Logan grumbles.

"Study group." I grab a Bud Light from the table and pop the tab. "What's this surprise you kept blabbing about?"

I can always tell how plastered Logan is based on the grammar of his texts. And tonight he must be shit-faced, because I had to go full-on Sherlock to decrypt his messages. *Suprz* meant surprise. *Gyabh* had taken longer to decode, but I *think* it meant *get your ass back here?* But who knows with Logan.

From his perch on the couch, he grins so broadly it's a wonder his jaw doesn't snap off. He jerks his thumb at the ceiling and says, "Go upstairs and see for yourself."

I narrow my eyes. "Why? Who's up there?"

Logan snickers. "If I told you, then it wouldn't be a surprise."

"Why do I get the feeling you're up to something?"

"Jeez," Tucker pipes up. "You've got some major trust issues, G."

"Says the asshole who left a live raccoon in my bedroom on the first day of the semester."

Tucker grins. "Aw, come on, Bandit was fucking adorable. He was your welcome back to school gift."

I flip up my middle finger. "Yeah, well, your *gift* was a bitch to get rid of." Now I scowl at him because I still remember how it took three pest control guys to de-raccoon my room.

"For fuck's sake," Logan groans. "Just go upstairs. Trust me, you'll thank us for it later."

The knowing look they exchange eases my suspicion. Kind of. I mean, I'm not about to let down my guard completely, not around *these* assholes.

I steal two more cans of beer on my way out. I don't drink much during the season, but Coach gave us the week off to study for midterms and we still have two days of freedom left. My teammates, lucky bastards, seem to have no problem downing twelve beers and playing like champs the next day. Me? Even a buzz gives me a rip-roaring headache the morning after and then I skate like a toddler with his first pair of Bauers.

Once we're back to a six-days-a-week practice schedule, my alcohol consumption will drop to the usual one/five limit. One drink on practice nights, five after a game. No exceptions.

I plan on taking full advantage of the time I have left.

Armed with my beers, I head upstairs to my room. The *master* bedroom. Yup, I was not above playing the I'm-your-captain card to snag it, and trust me, it was worth the argument my teammates put up. Private bath, baby.

My door is ajar, a sight that snaps me right back into suspicion mode. I warily peer up at the frame to make sure there isn't a bucket of blood up there, then give the door a tiny shove. It gives way and I inch through it, fully prepared for an ambush.

I get one.

Except it's more of a visual ambush, because *damn*, the girl on my bed looks like she stepped out of a Victoria's Secret catalog.

Now, I'm a guy. I don't know the names of half the shit she's wearing. I see white lace and pink bows and lots of skin. And I'm happy.

"Took you long enough." Kendall shoots me a sexy smile that says *you're about to get lucky, big boy*, and my cock reacts accordingly, thickening beneath my zipper. "I was giving you five more minutes before I took off."

"I made it just in time then." My gaze sweeps over her drool-worthy outfit, and then I drawl, "Aw, babe, is that all for me?"

Her blue eyes darken seductively. "You know it, stud."

I'm well aware that we sound like characters from a cheesy porno. But come on, when a man walks into his bedroom and finds a woman who looks like *this*? He's willing to reenact any trashy scene she wants, even one that involves him pretending to be a pizza guy delivering pies to a MILF.

Kendall and I first hooked up over the summer, out of convenience more than anything else because we both happened to be in the area during the break. We hit the bar a couple times, one thing led to another, and the next thing I know I'm fooling around with a hot sorority girl. But it fizzled out before midterms started, and aside from a few dirty texts here and there, I haven't seen Kendall until now.

"I figured you might want to have some fun before practice starts up again," she says, her manicured fingers toying with the tiny pink bow in the center of her bra.

"You figured right."

A smile curves her lips as she rises to her knees. Damn, her tits are practically pouring out of that lacy thing she's wearing. She crooks a finger at me. "C'mere."

I waste no time striding toward her. Because...again...I'm a *guy*.

"I think you're a tad overdressed," she remarks, then grasps the waistband of my jeans and teases the button open. She tugs on the zipper and a second later my dick springs into her waiting hand. I haven't done laundry in weeks so I've been going commando until I get my shit together, and from the way her eyes flare with heat, I can tell she approves of the whole no-boxers thing.

When she wraps her fingers around me, a groan slips out of my throat. Oh yeah. There's nothing better than the feel of a woman's hand on your cock.

Nope, I'm wrong. Kendall's tongue comes into play, and holy shit, it's *so* much better than her hand.

AN HOUR LATER, Kendall snuggles up beside me and rests her head on my chest. Her lingerie and my clothes are strewn on the bedroom floor, along with two empty condom packages and the bottle of lube we hadn't needed to crack open.

The cuddling makes me apprehensive, but I can't exactly shove her away and demand she hit the road, not when she clearly put a lot of effort into this seduction.

But that worries me too.

Women don't get all decked out in expensive lingerie for a hookup, do they? I'm thinking *no*, and Kendall's next words validate my uneasy thoughts.

"I missed you, baby."

My first thought is *shit*.

My second thought is *why?*

Because in all the time we've been hooking up, Kendall hasn't made a single effort to get to know me. If we're not having sex, she just talks non-stop about herself. Seriously, I don't think she's asked me a personal question about myself since we met.

"Uh..." I struggle for words, any sequence of them that doesn't consist of *I, miss, you, and too*. "I've been busy. You know, midterms."

"Obviously. We go to the same college. I was studying, too." There's an edge to her tone now. "Did you miss me?"

Fuck me sideways. What am I supposed to say to that? I'm not going to lie, because that'll only lead her on. But I can't be a dick about it and admit she hasn't even crossed my mind since the last time we hooked up.

Kendall sits up and narrows her eyes. "It's a yes or no question, Garrett. Did. You. Miss. Me."

My gaze darts to the window. Yup, I'm on the second floor and actually contemplating jumping out the frickin' window. That's how badly I want to avoid this convo.

But my silence speaks volumes, and suddenly Kendall flies off the bed, her blond hair whipping in all directions as she scrambles for her clothes. "Oh my God. You are *such* an ass! You don't care about me at all, do you, Garrett?"

I get up and make a beeline for my discarded jeans. "I do care about you," I protest. "But..."

She angrily shoves her panties on. "But what?"

"But I thought we were clear about what this was. I don't want anything serious." I shoot her a pointed look. "I told you that from the start."

Her expression softens as she bites her lip. "I know, but...I just thought..."

I know exactly what she thought—that I'd fall madly in love with her, and our casual hookup would transform into the fucking *Notebook*.

Honestly, I don't know why I bother laying down ground rules anymore. In my experience, no woman enters into a fling believing it's going to *stay* a fling. She might say otherwise, maybe even convince herself she's cool with a no-strings sex-fest, but deep down, she hopes and prays it'll lead to something deeper.

And then I, the villain in her personal rom-com, swoops in and bursts that bubble of hope, despite the fact that I never lied about my intentions or misled her, not even for a second.

"Hockey is my entire life," I say gruffly. "I practice six days a week, play twenty games a year—more if we make it to the post-season. I don't have time for a girlfriend, Kendall. And you deserve a helluva lot more than I can give you."

Unhappiness clouds her eyes. "I don't want a casual fling anymore. I want to be your girlfriend."

Another *why* almost flies out of my mouth, but I bite my tongue. If she'd shown any interest in me outside the carnal sense, I might believe her, but the fact that she hasn't makes me wonder if the only reason she wants a relationship with me is because I'm some kind of status symbol to her.

I swallow my frustration and offer another awkward apology. "I'm sorry. But that's where I'm at right now."

As I zip up my jeans, she refocuses her attention on getting her clothes on. Though *clothes* is a bit of a stretch—all she's sporting is lingerie and a trench coat. Which explains why Logan and Tucker were grinning like idiots when I got home. Because when a girl shows up at your door in a trench coat, you know damn well there's not much else underneath it.

"I can't see you anymore," she finally says, her gaze finding mine. "If we keep doing...this...I'll only get more attached."

I can't argue with that, so I don't. "We had fun, though, right?"

After a beat, she smiles. "Yeah, we had fun."

She bridges the distance between us and leans up on her tiptoes to kiss me. I kiss her back, but not with the same degree of passion as before. I keep it light. Polite. The fling has run its course, and I'm not about to lead her on again.

"With that said..." Her eyes twinkle mischievously. "Let me know if you change your mind about the girlfriend thing."

"You'll be the first person I call," I promise.

“Good.”

She smacks a kiss on my cheek and walks out the door, leaving me to marvel over how easy that went. I’d been steeling myself for a fight, but aside from that initial burst of anger, Kendall had accepted the situation like a pro.

If only all women were as agreeable as her.

Yup, totally a jab at Hannah there.

Sex always stirs up my appetite, so I head downstairs in search of nourishment, and I’m happy to find there’s still leftover rice and fried chicken courtesy of Tuck, who is our resident chef because the rest of us can’t boil water without burning it. Tuck, on the other hand, grew up in Texas with a single mom who taught him to cook when he was still in diapers.

I settle at the eat-in counter, shoving a piece of chicken in my mouth just as Logan strolls in wearing nothing but plaid boxers.

He raises a brow when he spots me. “Hey. I didn’t think I’d see you again tonight. Figured you’d be VBF.”

“VBF?” I ask between mouthfuls. Logan likes to make up acronyms in the hopes that we’ll start to use them as slang, but half the time I have no idea what he’s babbling about.

He grins. “Very busy fucking.”

I roll my eyes and eat a forkful of wild rice.

“Seriously, Blondie’s gone already?”

“Yup.” I chew before continuing. “She knows the score.” The score being, no girlfriends and definitely no sleepovers.

Logan rests his forearms on the counter, his blue eyes gleaming as he changes the subject. “I can’t fucking wait for the St. Anthony’s game this weekend. Did you hear? Braxton’s suspension is over.”

That gets my attention. “No shit. He’s playing on Saturday?”

“Sure is.” Logan’s expression turns downright gleeful. “I’m gonna enjoy smashing that asshole’s face into the boards.”

Greg Braxton is St. Anthony’s star left wing and a complete piece of shit human being. The guy’s got a sadistic streak that he’s not afraid to unleash on the ice, and when our teams faced off in the pre-season, he sent one of our sophomore D-men to the emergency room with a broken arm.

Hence his three game suspension, though if it were up to me, the psycho would've been slapped with a lifetime ban from college hockey.

"You need to throw down, I'll be right there with you," I promise.

"I'm holding you to that. Oh, and next week we've got Eastwood heading our way."

I really should pay more attention to our schedule. Eastwood College is number two in our conference (second to us, of course) and our matchups are always nail-biters.

And shit, it suddenly dawns on me that if I don't ace the Ethics redo, I won't be on the ice for the Eastwood game.

"Fuck," I mumble.

Logan swipes a piece of chicken off my plate and pops it in his mouth. "What?"

I haven't told my teammates about my grade situation yet because I'd been hoping my midterm grade wouldn't hurt me too bad, but now it looks like fessing up is unavoidable.

So with a sigh, I tell Logan about my F in Ethics and what it could mean for the team.

"Drop the course," he says instantly.

"Can't. I missed the deadline."

"Crap."

"Yup."

We exchange a glum look, and then Logan flops down on the stool beside mine and rakes a hand through his hair. "Then you gotta shape up, man. Study your balls off and ace this motherfucker. We need you, G."

"I know." I grip my fork in frustration, then put it down, my appetite vanishing. This is my first year as captain, which is a major honor considering I'm only a junior. I'm supposed to follow in my predecessor's footsteps and lead my team to another national championship, but how the hell can I do that if I'm not on the ice with them?

"I've got a tutor lined up," I assure my teammate. "She's a frickin' genius."

"Good. Pay her whatever she wants. I'll chip in if you want."

I can't help but grin. "Wow. You're offering to part with all your sweet, sweet cash? You must *really* want me to play."

“Damn straight. It’s all about the dream, man. You and me in Bruins jerseys, remember?”

I have to admit, it’s a damn nice dream. It’s what Logan and I have been talking about since we were assigned as roommates in freshman year. There’s no doubt in my mind that I’ll go pro after I graduate. No doubt about Logan getting drafted, either. The guy’s faster than lightning and a goddamn beast on the ice.

“Get that fucking grade up, G,” he orders. “Otherwise I’ll kick your ass.”

“Coach will kick it harder.” I muster up a smile. “Don’t worry, I’m on it.”

“Good.” Logan steals another piece of chicken before wandering out of the kitchen.

I scarf down the rest of my food, then head back upstairs to find my phone. It’s time to ramp up the pressure on Hannah-not-with-an-M.

3

Hannah

“**I** REALLY THINK you should sing that last note in E major,” Cass insists. He’s like a broken record, throwing out the same unreasonable suggestion each time we finish running through our duet.

Now, I’m a pacifist. I don’t believe in using fists to solve your problems, I think organized fighting is barbaric, and the idea of war makes me queasy.

Yet I’m *this close* to punching Cassidy Donovan in the face.

“The key is too low for me.” My tone is firm, but it’s impossible to hide my annoyance.

Cass runs a frustrated hand through his wavy dark hair and turns to Mary Jane, who’s fidgeting awkwardly on the piano bench. “You know I’m right, MJ,” he pleads at her. “It’ll pack more of a punch if Hannah and I end in the same key instead of doing the harmony.”

“No, it’ll have a bigger impact if we do the harmony,” I argue.

I’m ready to rip my own hair out. I know exactly what Cass is up to. He wants to end the song on *his* note. He’s been pulling shit like this ever since we decided to team up for the winter performance, doing everything he can to single out his own voice while shoving me into the background.

If I’d known what a fucking prima donna Cass was, I would’ve said *hell no* to a duet, but the jackass decided to show his true colors *after* we started rehearsals, and now it’s too late to back out. I’ve invested too much time in this duet, and honestly, I truly do love the song. Mary Jane wrote an incredible piece, and a part of me really doesn’t want to let her down. Besides, I know for a fact that the faculty prefers duets to solos, because the last four scholarship-winning performances have been duets. The judges go cuckoo-bananas for complex harmonies, and this composition has them in spades.

“MJ?” Cass prompts.

“Um...”

I can see the petite blonde melting under his magnetic stare. Cass has that effect on women. He’s infuriatingly handsome, and his voice happens to be phenomenal. Unfortunately, he’s fully aware of both these assets and has no qualms using them to his advantage.

“Maybe Cass is right,” MJ murmurs, avoiding my eyes as she betrays me. “Why don’t we try the E Major, Hannah? Let’s just do it once and see which one works better.”

Benedict Arnold! I want to shout, but I bite my tongue. Like me, MJ has been forced to deal with Cass’s outrageous demands and “brilliant” ideas for weeks now, and I can’t blame her for trying to strike a compromise.

“Fine,” I grumble. “Let’s try it.”

Triumph lights Cass’s eyes, but it doesn’t stay there long, because after we sing the song again, it’s clear that his suggestion stinks. The note is far too low for me, and instead of causing Cass’s gorgeous baritone to stand out, my part sounds so clumsily off that it draws attention away from his.

“I think Hannah should stick to the original key.” Mary Jane looks at Cass and bites her lip, as if she’s afraid of his reaction.

But although the guy is arrogant, he’s not stupid. “Fine,” he snaps. “We’ll do it your way, Hannah.”

I grit my teeth. “Thank you.”

Fortunately, our hour is up, which means the rehearsal space is about to belong to one of the first-year classes. Eager to get out of there, I quickly gather my sheet music and slip into my pea coat. The less time I have to spend with Cass, the better.

God, I can’t stand him.

Ironically, we’re singing a deeply emotional love song.

“Same time tomorrow?” He eyes me expectantly.

“No, tomorrow is our four o’clock day, remember? I work Tuesday nights.”

Displeasure hardens his face. “You know, we could’ve mastered this song a long time ago if your schedule wasn’t so...inconvenient.”

I arch a brow. “Says the guy who refuses to rehearse on weekends. Because *I* happen to be free both Saturday *and* Sunday nights.”

His lips tighten, and then he saunters off without another word.

Dick.

A heavy sigh echoes behind me. I turn around and realize MJ is still at the piano, still biting her lip.

“I’m sorry, Hannah,” she says softly. “When I asked you guys to sing my song, I didn’t realize Cass would be so difficult.”

My annoyance thaws when I notice how upset she is. “Hey, it’s not your fault,” I assure her. “I wasn’t expecting him to be this much of a jerk either, but he’s an amazing singer, so let’s just try to focus on that, okay?”

“You’re an amazing singer, too. That’s why I chose the two of you. I couldn’t imagine anyone else bringing the song to life, you know?”

I smile at her. She really is a sweet girl, not to mention one of the most talented songwriters I’ve ever met. Every piece that’s performed in the showcase has to be composed by a songwriting major, and even before MJ approached me, I had already planned on asking to use one of her songs.

“I promise you, we’re going to sing the shit out of your song, MJ. Ignore Cass’s bullshit tantrums. I think he just likes arguing for the sake of arguing.”

She laughs. “Yeah, probably. See you tomorrow?”

“Yep. Four o’clock sharp.”

I give her a little wave, then leave the choir room and head outside.

One of my favorite things about Briar is the campus. The buildings, ancient and covered with strands of ivy, are connected to each other by cobblestone paths lined with sweeping elms and wrought-iron benches. The university is one of the oldest in the country, and its alumni roster contains dozens of influential people, including more than one president.

But the best thing about Briar is how safe it is. Seriously, our crime rate is next to zero, which probably has a lot to do with Dean Farrow’s dedication to the safety of his students. The school invests a ton of money in security in the form of strategically placed cameras and guards that patrol the grounds twenty-four hours a day. Not that it’s a prison or anything. The security guys are friendly and unobtrusive. In all honesty, I barely notice them when I’m wandering around campus.

My dorm is a five-minute walk from the music building, and I breathe a sigh of relief when I walk through Bristol House’s massive oak doors. It’s been a long day, and all I want to do is take a hot shower and crawl into bed.

The space I share with Allie is more of a suite than a regular dorm room, which is one of the perks of being upperclassmen. We have two bedrooms, a small common area, and an even smaller kitchen. The only downside is the communal bathroom we share with the four other girls on our floor, but luckily none of us are slobs, so the toilets and showers usually stay squeaky clean.

“Hey. You’re back late.” My roommate pokes her head into my bedroom, sucking on the straw poking out of her glass. She’s drinking something green and chunky and absolutely gross looking, but it’s a sight I’ve grown accustomed to. Allie has been “juicing” for the past two weeks, which means that every morning I wake up to the deafening whir of her blender as she prepares her icky liquid meals for the day.

“I had rehearsal.” I kick off my shoes and toss my coat on the bed, then proceed to strip down to my underwear despite the fact that Allie is still in the doorway.

Once upon a time, I had been too shy to get naked in front of her. When we shared a double in freshman year, I spent the first few weeks changing under my blanket or waiting until Allie left the room. But the thing about college is, there’s no such thing as privacy, and sooner or later you just have to accept that. I still remember how embarrassed I was the first time I saw Allie’s bare breasts, but the girl has zero modesty, and when she’d caught me staring, she just winked and said, “I’ve got it going on, huh?”

After that, I didn’t bother with the under-the-blanket routine anymore.

“So listen...”

Her casual opening raises my guard. I’ve lived with Allie for two years. Long enough to know that when she starts a sentence with “So listen,” it’s usually followed by something I don’t want to hear.

“Hmmm?” I say as I grab my bathrobe from the hook on the door.

“There’s a party at Sigma house on Wednesday night.” Her blue eyes take on a stern glint. “You’re coming with me.”

I groan. “A frat party? No way.”

“Yes way.” She folds her arms over her chest. “Midterms are over, so you don’t get to use that as an excuse. And you promised you’d make an effort to be more social this year.”

I *had* promised that, but...here’s the thing. I don’t like parties.

I was raped at a party.

God, I hate that word. Rape. It's one of the few words in the English language that has a visceral effect when you hear it. Like a bone-jarring slap to the face or the chill of ice water being dumped over your head. It's ugly and demoralizing, and I try so hard not to let it control my life. I've worked through what happened to me. Believe me, I have.

I know it wasn't my fault. I know I didn't ask for it or do something to invite it. It didn't steal my ability to trust people or cause me to fear every man that crosses my path. Years of therapy helped me see that the burden of blame lies solely on *him*. There was something wrong with *him*. Not me. Never me. And the most important lesson I learned is that I'm not a victim—I'm a survivor.

But that's not to say the assault didn't change me. It absolutely did. There's a reason I carry pepper spray in my purse and have 911 ready to dial on my phone if I'm walking alone at night. There's a reason I don't drink in public or accept beverages from anyone, not even Allie, because there's always a chance she might unwittingly be handing me a cup that's been tampered with.

And there's a reason I don't go to many parties. I guess it's my version of PTSD. A sound or a smell or a glimpse of something harmless makes the memories spiral to the surface. I hear music blaring and loud chatter and raucous laughter. I smell stale beer and sweat. I'm in a crowd of people. And suddenly I'm fifteen years old again and right back at Melissa Mayer's party, trapped in my own personal nightmare.

Allie softens her tone when she sees my distressed face. "We've done this before, Han-Han. It'll be like all those other times. You'll never be out of my sight, and neither of us will drink a single drop. I promise."

Shame tugs at my gut. Shame and regret and a touch of awe, because man, she truly is an incredible friend. She doesn't have to stay sober and remain vigilant just to make me feel comfortable, but she does it every time we go out, and I love her deeply for it.

But I hate that she has to do it.

"Okay," I relent, not just for her sake, but my own. I *had* promised her I'd be more social, but I also promised myself that I would make an effort to try new things this year. To lower my guard and stop being so damn afraid of the unfamiliar. A frat party might not be my idea of a great time, but who knows, maybe I'll end up enjoying it.

Allie's face brightens. "Boo-yah! And look, I didn't even have to play my trump card."

"What trump card?" I ask suspiciously.

A grin lifts the corners of her mouth. "Justin is going to be there."

My pulse speeds up. "How do you know?"

"Because Sean and I ran into him in the dining hall and he said he'll be there. I guess a bunch of the meatheads were already planning on coming."

I scowl at her. "He's not a meathead."

"Aw, look how cute you are, defending a football player. Hold on—let me go outside to see if pigs are flying in the sky."

"Ha ha."

"Seriously, Han, it's *weird*. I mean, don't get me wrong, I'm totally on board with you crushing on someone. It's been, what, a year since you and Devon broke up? But I just don't understand how you, of all people, are into a jock."

Discomfort climbs up my spine. "Justin is...he's not like the rest of them. He's different."

"Says the girl who's never spoken a single word to him."

"He's different," I insist. "He's quiet and serious and from what I've seen, he doesn't bang anything in a skirt the way his teammates do. Oh, and he's smart—I saw him reading Hemingway in the quad last week."

"It was probably a required reading."

"It wasn't."

She narrows her eyes. "How do you know that?"

I feel the blush rising in my cheeks. "Some girl asked him about it in class the other day, and he told her Hemingway is his favorite author."

"Oh my God. You're eavesdropping on his conversations now? You're such a creeper." Allie heaves out a sigh. "Okay, that's it. Wednesday night you're exchanging actual dialogue with the guy."

"Maybe," I say noncommittally. "If the opportunity arises..."

"I'll *make* it arise. Seriously. We're not leaving that frat house until you talk to Justin. I don't care if it's just you saying hey, how are ya. You're *talking* to him." She jabs her finger in the air. "Capiche?"

I snicker.

"Capiche?" she repeats in a strict tone.

After a beat, I release a defeated breath. "Capiche."

“Good. Now hurry up and take a shower so we can watch a couple episodes of *Mad Men* before bed.”

“*One* episode. I’m too exhausted for any more than that.” I grin at her. “Capiche?”

“Capiche,” she grumbles before waltzing out of my room.

I chuckle to myself as I gather the rest of my shower supplies, but I’m sidetracked yet again—I’ve barely taken two steps to the door when a cat meows in my purse. The high-pitched wail is the ringtone I chose for text messages because it’s the only one annoying enough to get my attention.

I set my toiletry case on the dresser, rifle through my bag until I locate my cell phone, then scan the message on the screen.

Hey, it’s Garrett. Wanted to hammer out the deets re: tutoring sched.

Oh, for fuck’s sake.

I don’t know whether to laugh or groan. The guy’s tenacious, I’ll give him that. Sighing, I quickly shoot back a text, short and not at all sweet.

Me: How’d u get this number?

Him: Study grp signup sheet.

Crap. I’d signed up for the group at the start of the semester, but that was before Cass decided we *had* to rehearse on Mondays and Wednesdays at the exact time the study group meets up.

Another message pops up before I can respond, and whoever said it isn’t possible to detect a person’s tone via text was totally wrong. Because Garrett’s tone is full on irritable.

Him: If u just showed up to study grp, I wouldn’t have to text u.

Me: U don’t have to text me at all. Actually, I’d prefer if u didn’t.

Him: What’ll it take to get u to say yes?

Me: Absolutely nothing.

Him: Great. So you’ll do it for free.

The groan I’ve been holding slips out.

Me: Not happening.

Him: How bout tmrw night? I'm free at eight.

Me: Can't. I have the Spanish Flu. Highly contagious. I just saved your life, dude.

Him: Aw, I appreciate the concern. But I'm immune to pandemics that wiped out 40-mil ppl from 1918 to 1919.

Me: How is it u know so much about pandemics?

Him: I'm a history major, baby. I know tons of useless facts.

Ugh, again with the baby thing? All righty. Clearly it's time to put an end to this before he gets his flirt on.

Me: Well, nice chatting with u. Good luck on the makeup exam.

When several seconds tick by and Garrett doesn't respond, I give myself a mental pat on the back for successfully getting rid of him.

I'm about to walk out the door when a picture message meows out of my phone. Against my better judgment, I click to download it, and a moment later, a bare chest fills my screen. Yep. I'm talking smooth tanned skin, sculpted pecs, and the tightest six-pack I've ever seen.

I can't help but snort out loud.

Me: FFS. Did u just send me a pic of your chest?!

Him: Yup. Did it work?

Me: In icking me out? Yes. Success!

Him: In changing your mind. I'm trying to butter u up here.

Me: Ew. Go butter up someone else. PS—I'm posting that pic on my-bri.

I'm referring, of course, to MyBriar, our school's equivalent of Facebook, which ninety-five percent of the student body is on.

Him: Go for it. Lots of chicks will be happy to have it in their spank banks.

Me: Lose this number, dude. I mean it.

I don't wait for a response. I just toss my phone on the bed and go take a shower.

4

Hannah

BRIAR UNIVERSITY IS five miles from the town of Hastings, Massachusetts, which has one main street and only about two-dozen shops and restaurants. The town is so miniscule it's a miracle I managed to land a part-time job there, and I thank my lucky stars for it every day because most students are forced to make the hour-long drive to Boston if they want to work during the school year. For me, it's either a ten-minute bus ride or a five-minute drive, and then I'm at Della's, the diner I've been waitressing at since freshman year.

Tonight I'm lucky and get to drive over. I have an arrangement with Tracy, one of the girls who lives on my floor. She lets me use her car whenever she doesn't need it as long as I return it with a full tank of gas. It's a sweet deal, especially in the winter when the whole area turns into a snow-covered skating rink.

I don't particularly like my job, but I don't hate it either. It pays well and it's close to campus, so really, I can't complain.

Scratch that—tonight I'm definitely allowed to complain. Because thirty minutes before my shift ends, I find Garrett Graham in one of my booths.

Seriously.

Does this guy *ever* give up?

I have no desire to go over there and serve him, but I don't have much of a choice. Lisa, the other waitress on duty, is busy tending to a group of faculty members at a table across the room, and my boss Della is behind the baby-blue Formica counter dishing out slices of pecan pie to three freshman girls sitting on the tall swivel stools.

I set my jaw and march up to Garrett, making my displeasure obvious as I meet his twinkling gray eyes. He runs a hand through his cropped dark hair and flashes a lopsided grin.

"Hey there, Hannah. Fancy meeting you here."

“Yeah, fancy,” I mutter, yanking my order pad out of my apron pocket. “What can I get you?”

“A tutor.”

“Sorry, that’s not on the menu.” I smile sweetly. “We serve really good pecan pie, though.”

“You know what I did last night?” he says, without acknowledging the sarcasm.

“Yep. You were text stalking me.”

He rolls his eyes. “Before that, I mean.”

I pretend to think it over. “Um...you hooked up with a cheerleader? No, you hooked up with the girls’ hockey team. No, wait, they’re probably not ditzy enough for you. I stick with my original guess—cheerleader.”

“Sorority sister, actually,” he says smugly. “But I’m talking about what I did before that.” He raises one dark eyebrow. “But I’m very intrigued by your interest in my sex life. I can give you details about that another time if you want.”

“I don’t.”

“Another time,” he echoes in a dismissive tone, folding his hands on the blue-and-white-checkered tablecloth.

He’s got big hands with long fingers, short nails, and knuckles that are slightly red and cracked. I wonder if he’s been in a fight recently, but then I realize the busted-up knuckles are probably a hockey player thing.

“I was at study group yesterday,” he informs me. “There were eight other people there, and you know what the highest mark in the group was?” He blurts out the answer before I can hazard a guess. “C-plus. And our combined average was a *D*. How am I supposed to pass this makeup if I’m studying with people who are as dumb as I am? I *need* you, Wellsy.”

Wellsy? Is that a nickname? And how on earth does he know that my last name is Wells? I never told—argh. Damn sign-up sheet.

Garrett notices my surprised look and cocks his brows again. “I learned a lot about you in study group. Got your number, your full name, even found out where you work.”

“Congratulations, you really are a stalker.”

“Nope, just thorough. I like to know what I’m up against.”

“Jesus Harold Christ! I’m not tutoring you, okay? Go bug somebody else.” I point at the menu in front of him. “Are you ordering? Because if

not, then please go away and let me do my job in peace.”

“Jesus Harold Christ?” Garrett snickers before picking up the laminated menu and giving it a cursory glance. “I’ll have a turkey club.” He sets the menu down, then reaches for it again. “And a bacon double cheeseburger. Just the burger, no fries. Actually, I changed my mind—yes to the fries. Oh, and a side order of onion rings.”

My jaw almost hits the floor. “You’re seriously going to eat all that?”

He grins. “Of course. I’m a growing boy.”

Boy? Nuh-uh. I’m only noticing it now—probably because I’ve been too distracted by how insufferable he is—but Garrett Graham is all *man*. There’s nothing boyish about him, not his chiseled good looks or his tall frame or that ripped chest of his, which suddenly flashes to mind as I remember the picture he sent me.

“I’ll also take a slice of that pecan pie and a Dr. Pepper to drink. Oh, and some tutoring.”

“Not on the menu,” I say cheerfully. “But the rest is coming right up.”

Before he can argue, I abandon his booth and head to the back counter to place his order with Julio, our night cook. A nanosecond later, Lisa rushes over and addresses me in a hushed voice.

“Oh my God. You know who that is, right?”

“Yep.”

“It’s Garrett Graham.”

“I know,” I answer dryly. “That’s why I said *yep*.”

Lisa looks outraged. “What is wrong with you? Why aren’t you freaking out right now? *Garrett Graham is sitting in your booth. He talked to you.*”

“Holy shit, he did? I mean, his lips were moving, but I didn’t realize he was talking.”

I roll my eyes and walk over to the drink station to pour Garrett’s drink. I don’t look his way, but I can feel those smoky gray eyes following my every movement. He’s probably sending telepathic orders for me to tutor him. Well, too bad for him. There’s no way I’m wasting the little spare time I have on a college hockey player who thinks he’s a rock star.

Lisa trails after me, oblivious to my sarcasm and still gushing about Graham. “He’s so gorgeous. Like unbelievably gorgeous.” Her voice lowers to a whisper. “And I hear he’s amazing in bed.”

I snort. “He probably started that rumor himself.”

“No, Samantha Richardson told me. She hooked up with him last year at the Theta kegger. Said it was the best sex of her life.”

I have no response, because I couldn't care less about the sex life of some girl I don't even know. Instead, I shrug and hold out the Dr. Pepper. “You know what? Why don't you take his booth?”

The way Lisa gasps, you'd think I just handed her a check for five million dollars. “Are you sure?”

“Yep. He's all yours.”

“Oh my God.” She takes a step forward as if she's going to hug me, but then her gaze darts to Garrett and she appears to have second thoughts about broadcasting her terribly unwarranted joy. “I owe you *so* big for this, Han.”

I want to tell her that she's actually doing me the favor, but she's already dashing toward the booth to wait on her prince. I watch in amusement as Garrett's expression clouds over at Lisa's approach. He picks up the glass she sets in front of him, then meets my gaze and slants his head.

As if to say, you're not getting rid of me *that* easily.

*

Garrett

SHE'S NOT GETTING rid of me *that* easily.

Clearly Hannah Wells hasn't been around many athletes. We're a stubborn lot, and the main thing we all have in common? We never, ever give up.

God help me, but I'm going to convince this girl to tutor me, even if I die trying.

But now that Hannah has dumped me off on the other waitress, it's a long while before I get another opportunity to plead my case. For the next twenty minutes, I endure the blatant flirting and undisguised interest of the curly-haired brunette who's serving me, but although I'm polite to her, I don't flirt back.

The only person I'm interested in tonight is Hannah, and my gaze sticks to her like glue as she works the room. I wouldn't put it past her to make a run for it when I'm not looking.

Her uniform is kinda hot, if I'm being honest. Powder-blue dress with a white collar, big buttons down the front, and a short white apron around her waist. Looks like an outfit right out of *Grease*, which I guess makes sense considering Della's is a 50s-themed diner. I can easily picture Hannah Wells fitting in during that era. Her dark, shoulder-length hair has a slight wave to it, and her bangs are pinned to the side with a blue barrette, giving the hairstyle an old-fashioned vibe.

As I watch her work, I wonder what her story is. I asked around at study group, but nobody knew much about her. One guy told me she's from a small town in the Midwest. Someone else said she dated some guy in a band all through sophomore year. Other than those two meager details, she's a total mystery.

"Can I get you anything else?" my waitress asks eagerly.

She's looking at me like I'm a celebrity or some shit, but I'm used to the attention. Fact: when you're the captain of a Division I hockey team that's won two consecutive national titles, people know who you are. And women want to fuck you.

"No, thanks. Just the bill, please."

"Oh." Her disappointment is unmistakable. "Sure. Coming right up."

Before she can go, I voice a gruff question. "Do you know when Hannah's shift is over?"

Her disappointed expression transforms into one of disbelief. "Why?"

"She's in one of my classes. I wanted to talk to her about an assignment."

The brunette's face relaxes, but a flicker of suspicion lingers in her eyes. "She's off now, but she can't leave until her table does."

I glance over at the only other occupied table in the diner, where a middle-aged couple is sitting. The man has just pulled out his wallet, while his wife peers at the bill through her horn-rimmed glasses.

I pay for my food, bid my waitress goodbye, then head outside to wait for Hannah. Five minutes later, the older couple waltzes out of the diner. A minute after that, Hannah appears, but if she sees me lurking near the door, she doesn't let on. She simply buttons up her coat and takes off toward the side of the building.

I waste no time hurrying after her. "Wellsy, wait up."

She looks over her shoulder, frowning deeply. “For the love of God, I’m *not* tutoring you.”

“Sure you are.” I shrug. “I just need to figure out what you want in return.”

Hannah whirls around like a dark-haired tornado. “I want to not tutor you. *That’s* what I want.”

“All right, so it’s obvious you’re not interested in money,” I muse as if she hasn’t spoken. “Has to be something else then.” I mull it over for a beat. “Booze? Weed?”

“No, and no, and get lost.”

She starts walking again, her white sneakers slapping the sidewalk as she marches toward the gravel lot at the side of the diner. She makes a beeline for the silver Toyota hatchback parked right next to my Jeep.

“Okay then. I guess you’re not into party favors.”

I follow her to the driver’s side, but she completely ignores me as she unlocks the door and tosses her purse into the passenger seat.

“How about a date?” I offer.

That gets her attention. She straightens up like someone shoved a metal rod up her spine, then swivels her head in astonishment. “What?”

“Ah. I’ve got your attention.”

“No, you’ve got my disgust. You actually think I want to go out with you?”

“Everyone wants to go out with me.”

She bursts out laughing.

Maybe I should feel insulted by the response, but I like the sound of her laughter. It’s got a musical quality to it, a husky pitch that tickles my ears.

“Just out of curiosity,” she says, “after you wake up in the morning, do you admire yourself in the mirror for one hour or two?”

“Two,” I reply cheerfully.

“Do you high five yourself?”

“Of course not.” I smirk. “I kiss each of my biceps and then point to the ceiling and thank the big man upstairs for creating such a perfect male specimen.”

She snorts. “Uh-huh. Well, sorry to burst your bubble, Mr. Perfect, but I’m not interested in dating you.”

“I think you’re misunderstanding, Wellsy. I’m not looking to make a love connection with you. I know you’re not into me. If it makes you feel better, I’m not into you either.”

“That does make me feel better. I was starting to worry I might actually be your type, and that’s too terrifying to even contemplate.”

When she tries to duck into the car, I curl my fingers over the doorframe to keep it open. “I’m talking about image,” I clarify.

“Image,” she echoes.

“Yeah. Do you think you’d be the first girl who went out with me to boost her popularity? Happens all the time.”

Hannah laughs again. “I’m perfectly content with my current rung on the social ladder, but thanks so much for offering to ‘boost my popularity.’ You’re a prince, Garrett. Really.”

Frustration scrambles up my throat. “What’ll it take to change your mind?”

“Nothing. You’re wasting your time.” She shakes her head, looking as frustrated as I feel. “You know, if you take all the effort you’re using to harass me and channel it to your studies, you’d get an A-plus-plus-plus on that midterm.”

She shoves my hand out of the way, slides into the driver’s seat, and shuts the door. A second later, the engine roars to life, and I’m pretty sure that if I hadn’t stepped back in time, she would’ve run right over my foot.

I wonder if Hannah Wells was an athlete in another life, because she is one stubborn woman.

Sighing, I stare at her blinking red taillights and try to figure out my next move.

Absolutely nothing comes to mind.

5

Hannah

ALLIE STAYS TRUE to her word. It's twenty minutes into the party, and she's yet to leave my side, despite the fact that her boyfriend has been begging her to dance with him since the second we arrived.

I feel like a jackass.

"Okay, this is ridiculous. Go dance with Sean already." I have to shout in order to be heard over the music, which, shockingly enough, is pretty decent. I expected shitty dance beats or vulgar hip-hop, but whoever's manning the stereo system seems to have an affinity for indie rock and Brit punk.

"Naah, it's fine," Allie shouts back. "I'll just chill here with you."

Right, because lurking against the wall like a creeper and watching me cling to the bottle of Evian I brought from the dorm is *way* more fun than spending time with her boyfriend.

The living room is teeming with people. Frat brothers and sorority sisters galore, but tonight there's a lot more variety than you usually find at a Greek event. I spot several drama majors near the pool table. A few girls from the field hockey team chatting by the fireplace. A group of guys that I'm pretty sure are freshman standing at the built-in bar. All the furniture has been pushed against the wood-paneled walls to create a makeshift dance floor in the center of the room. Everywhere I look, I see people dancing and laughing and shooting the shit.

And poor Allie is stuck to me like Velcro, unable to enjoy a second of the party *she* wanted to go to.

"Go," I urge her. "Really. You haven't seen Sean since midterms started. You deserve to spend some quality time with your man."

She hesitates.

"I'll be fine. Katie and Shawna are right over there—I'll hang out with them for a bit."

“Are you sure?”

“Positive. I came here to socialize, remember?” Grinning, I give her a tiny smack on the butt. “Get outta here, babe.”

She grins back and starts to walk away, then holds up her iPhone and waves it in the air. “SOS if you need me,” she calls out. “And don’t leave without telling me!”

The music drowns out my response, but she catches my nod before she hurries off. I see her blond head weaving through the crowd, and then she’s at Sean’s side and he’s happily dragging her into the throng of dancers.

See? I can be a good friend too.

Except now I’m all alone, and the two girls I was planning on latching onto are chatting with two very cute guys. I don’t want to interrupt the flirt fest, so I search the crowd for anyone else I might know—even Cass would be a sight for sore eyes at this point—but I don’t spot any familiar faces. Stifling a sigh, I hunker down in my little corner and spend the next few minutes people-watching.

When several guys glance my way with unabashed interest, I have to curse myself for allowing Allie to choose my outfit tonight. My dress isn’t indecent by any means, just a knee-length green shift with a modest neckline, but it hugs my curves more tightly than I’m comfortable with, and the black heels I paired it with make my legs look a lot longer than they actually are. I didn’t put up an argument about the outfit because I’d wanted to catch Justin’s eye, but in my eagerness to make it on his radar, I didn’t think about all the other radars I might appear on, and the attention I’m getting makes me nervous.

“Hey.”

I turn my head as a cute guy with wavy brown hair and light-blue eyes sidles up to me. He’s wearing a polo shirt and holding a red plastic cup in his hand, and he’s smiling at me as if we know each other.

“Uh. Hey,” I answer.

When he notices my quizzical expression, his smile widens. “I’m Jimmy. We have British Lit together?”

“Oh. Right.” I honestly don’t remember seeing him before, but there are about two hundred students in that class, so all the faces blur into each other after a while.

“You’re Hannah, right?”

I nod, shifting in discomfort, because his gaze has already lowered to my chest a dozen times in the five seconds we've been talking.

Jimmy pauses as if he's trying to think of something else to say. I can't think of anything either because I suck at small talk. If he was someone I was interested in, I'd ask him about his classes, or if he has a job, or what kind of music he's into, but the only guy I care about at the moment is Justin—and he still hasn't shown up.

The fact that I'm searching the crowd for him makes me feel like a total loser. Truth be told, Allie's not the only one wondering what my deal is. I'm wondering too, because seriously, why am I so obsessed with this guy? He doesn't know I exist. And he's a jock, to boot. I may as well be interested in Garratt Graham, for fuck's sake. At least *he* offered to go out with me.

And what do you know—the second I think about Garrett, the devil himself enters the room.

I didn't expect to see him tonight, and I immediately duck my head so he doesn't spot me. Maybe if I concentrate hard enough, I'll chameleon into the wall behind me and he won't know I'm here.

Luckily, Garrett is oblivious to my presence. He stops to talk to a couple of guys, then saunters toward the bar on the other side of the room, where he's immediately swarmed by half a dozen girls who bat their eyelashes and thrust their boobs out to get his attention.

Beside me, Jimmy rolls his eyes. "Jeez. The big man on campus routine gets old, huh?"

I realize he's looking at Garrett too, and the disgust on his face is unmistakable. "You're not a fan of Graham's?" I say dryly.

"You want the truth or the house line?"

"House line?"

"He's a member of this frat," Jimmy explains. "So technically that makes us *brothers*." He air-quotes the word. "And a Sigma man loves *all* his brothers."

I have to grin. "Okay, so that's the house line. What's the truth?"

The music swells, so he leans in closer. His lips are centimeters from my ear as he confides, "Can't stand the guy. His ego's bigger than this house."

Look at that—I've met a kindred spirit. Another person who's not a card-carrying member of Team Garrett.

Except the conspiratorial smile I give him is clearly taken the wrong way, because Jimmy's eyes go heavy-lidded. "So...wanna dance?" he drawls.

I don't. At all. But just as I open my mouth to say no, I glimpse a flash of black from the corner of my eye. Garrett's black T-shirt. Crap. He's spotted me and now he's heading our way. Judging by his determined stride, he's ready to do battle with me again.

"Sure," I blurt out, eagerly grabbing Jimmy's hand. "Let's dance."

A slow smile spreads across his mouth.

Uh-oh. Maybe I sounded a bit too eager there.

But it's too late to change my mind, because he's leading me toward the dance floor. And just my luck—the song changes the second we get there. The Ramones have been replaced by a Lady Gaga track. Not a fast one, either, but the slow version of "Poker Face." Great.

Jimmy plants both his hands on my hips.

After a beat, I reluctantly hold onto his shoulders, and we begin to sway to the music. It's awkward as hell, but at least I managed to evade Garrett, who is now regarding us with a frown, his hands hooked in the belt loops of his faded blue jeans.

When our gazes meet, I shoot him a half-smile and a what-can-you-do look, and he immediately narrows his eyes as if he knows I'm dancing with Jimmy just so I don't have to talk to him. Then a pretty blonde touches his arm, and he breaks the eye contact.

Jimmy twists his head to see who I'm looking at. "You know Garrett?" He sounds more than a little wary.

I shrug. "He's in one of my classes."

"Are you friends?"

"Nope."

"Good to hear."

Garrett and the blonde duck out of the room just then, and I mentally pat myself on the back for my successful evasion tactics.

"Does he live here with you guys?" God, this song is taking forever, but I'm trying to make conversation because I feel like I have to finish out the dance after being so "enthusiastic" about it.

"No, thank fuck," Jimmy answers. "He's got a house off-campus. He's always bragging about it, but I bet you his father pays his rent."

I wrinkle my forehead. “Why do you say that? Is his family rich or something?”

Jimmy looks surprised. “You don’t know who his dad is?”

“No. Should I?”

“It’s Phil Graham.” When the groove in my forehead deepens, Jimmy elaborates. “Forward for the New York Rangers? Two-time Stanley Cup champ? Hockey legend?”

The one hockey team I know anything about is the Chicago Blackhawks, and that’s only because my dad is a rabid fan and makes me watch the games with him. Ergo, I have zero knowledge of a man who played for the Rangers, what, twenty years ago? But I’m not surprised to hear that Garrett hails from hockey royalty. He’s got that superior sense of entitlement down pat.

“I wonder why Garrett didn’t go to college in New York then,” I say politely.

“Graham Sr. finished out his career in Boston,” Jimmy explains. “I guess the family decided to stay in Massachusetts after he retired.”

The song blessedly comes to an end, and I hastily excuse myself by pretending I need to use the washroom. Jimmy makes me promise to dance with him again, then winks and wanders off toward the beer pong table.

Since I don’t want him to know I lied about the bathroom, I follow through on the pee charade by leaving the living room to loiter in the front parlor for a bit, which is where Allie finds me a few minutes later.

“Hey! Are you having a good time?” Her eyes are bright and her cheeks are flushed, but I know she hasn’t been drinking. She promised to stay sober, and Allie never breaks her promises.

“Yeah, I guess. I think I’m taking off soon, though.”

“Aw no, you can’t go yet! I just saw you dancing with Jim Paulson—you looked like you were having fun.”

Really? I guess I’m a much better actress than I thought.

“He’s cute,” she adds with a meaningful look.

“Naah, he’s not my type. Too preppy.”

“Well, I know someone who *is* your type.” Allie wiggles her eyebrows before lowering her voice to a teasing whisper. “And don’t turn around, but he just walked through the door.”

My heart takes off like a kite in a windstorm. *Don't turn around?* Don't people realize that saying that is guaranteed to make someone do the exact opposite?

I swivel my head toward the front door, then swivel it right back because *oh my God*. She's right. Justin has finally shown up.

And since the glimpse I stole was far too fleeting, I rely on Allie to fill in the blanks. "Is he alone?" I murmur.

"He's with a few of his teammates," she murmurs back. "None of them brought dates, though."

I do my best impression of a person who's just talking to a friend and is in no way crushing on the guy standing ten feet away. And it works, because Justin and his buddies walk right past Allie and me, their loud laughter quickly swallowed up by a swell of music.

"You're blushing," she teases.

"I know." I groan softly. "Fuck. This crush is so stupid, A. Why are you letting me embarrass myself like this?"

"Because I don't think it's stupid at all. And it's not embarrassing—it's healthy." She grabs my arm and proceeds to drag me back to the living room. The stereo volume is lower now, but animated chatter continues to buzz through the room.

"Seriously, Han, you're young and beautiful, and I want you to fall in love. I don't care who it's with as long as—why is Garrett Graham staring at you?"

I follow her startled gaze and smother another groan when Garrett's gray eyes lock onto mine.

"Because he's stalking me," I grumble.

Her eyebrows soar. "For real?"

"Pretty much, yeah. He's failing Ethics, and he knows I did well on the midterm so now he's demanding I tutor him. The guy can't take no for an answer."

She snickers. "I think you might be the only girl who's ever turned him down."

"If only the rest of the female population was as smart as I am."

I gaze past Allie's shoulder and scan the room for Justin, and my pulse speeds up when I spot him by the pool table. He's wearing black pants and a gray cable-knit sweater, and his hair is messy, falling onto his strong

forehead. God, I love that just-rolled-out-of-bed look he has going on. He's not all gelled up like his buddies, nor is he wearing his football jacket like the rest of them.

"Allie, get your cute ass over here!" Sean shouts from the Ping-Pong table. "I need my pong partner!"

A pretty blush blooms on her cheeks. "Wanna watch us kick some beer pong butt? Minus the beer," she adds quickly. "Sean knows I'm not drinking tonight."

I'm hit with another jolt of guilt. "That's no fun," I say lightly. "You've gotta have the beer to play the pong."

She firmly shakes her head. "I promised you I wouldn't drink."

"And I'm not planning on sticking around for much longer," I counter. "So there's no reason for you not to get your buzz on."

"But I want you to stay," she protests.

"How about this? I'll stay for another half hour, but only if you allow yourself to have some actual fun. I know we made a deal in freshman year, but I'm not holding you to it anymore, A."

I mean every word, because I really do hate that she has to babysit me every time we go out. It's not fair to her. And after two years at Briar, I know it's time for me to lower my guard, at least a little bit.

"Come on, I want to see you show off those mad beer pong skills." I link my arm through hers, and she laughs as I drag her over to Sean and his friends.

"Hannah!" Sean says in delight. "You playing?"

"Nope," I reply. "Just cheering on my bestie."

Allie joins Sean at one end of the table, and for the next ten minutes, I watch the most intense beer pong match on the planet unfold. But the entire time, I'm wholly aware of Justin, who's chatting with his teammates across the room.

Eventually, I wander off because I finally do need to use the restroom. There's one on the main floor near the kitchen, but the line is crazy long and it's ages before I get a turn. I quickly do my business, then walk out of the bathroom—and slam into a hard male chest.

"You should really watch where you're going," a husky voice remarks.

My heart stops.

Justin's dark eyes twinkle with humor as he places his hand on my arm to steady me. The moment he touches me, heat sears my flesh and unleashes a flurry of goose bumps.

"Sorry," I stammer.

"No worries." Smiling, he pats his chest down. "I'm still in one piece."

I suddenly notice that there's no one waiting to use the washroom anymore. It's just Justin and me in the hallway, and God, he's even better looking close up. He's also much taller than I realized—I have to tilt my head to meet his eyes.

"You're in Ethics with me, aren't you?" he asks in that deep, sexy voice of his.

I nod.

"I'm Justin."

He introduces himself as if there might actually be someone at Briar who *doesn't* know his name. But I find his modesty is adorable.

"I'm Hannah."

"How'd you do on the midterm?"

"I got an A," I admit. "You?"

"B minus."

I can't hide my surprise. "Really? I guess we're the lucky ones, then. Everyone else bombed it."

"I think it makes us smart, not lucky."

His grin makes me melt. Seriously. I'm a puddle of goo on the floor, unable to look away from those magnetic dark eyes. And he smells fantastic, like soap and lemony aftershave. Would it be inappropriate if I pressed my face in his neck and inhaled him?

Uh...yeah. It would.

"So..." I try to think of something clever or interesting to say, but I'm too nervous to be witty at the moment. "You play football, huh?"

He nods. "Wide receiver. Are you a fan?" A dimple appears in his chin. "Of the game, I mean."

I'm not, but I suppose I could lie and pretend to like his sport. Except that's a risky move, because then he might try to talk "shop" with me, and I don't know enough about football to carry a whole conversation about it.

"Not really," I confess with a sigh. "I've seen a game or two, but honestly, it's too slow for my liking. Seems like you guys play for five

seconds, and then someone blows a whistle and you stand around for hours before the next play starts.”

Justin laughs. He’s got a great laugh. Low and husky and I feel it right down to my toes. “Yeah, I’ve heard that complaint before. It’s different when you’re playing it, though. A lot more intense than you’d think. And if you’re invested in a team or certain players, you pick up the rules a lot faster.” He slants his head. “You should come to one of our games. I bet you’d have fun.”

Holy shit. He’s inviting me to one of his games?

“Uh, yeah, maybe I will—”

“Kohl!” a loud voice interrupts. “We’re up!”

We both turn as a blond behemoth pokes his head out of the living room doorway. It’s one of Justin’s teammates, and he’s wearing a look of extreme impatience.

“Coming,” Justin calls back, then gives me a rueful smile as he takes a step toward the bathroom. “Big Joe and I are about to kick some ass in pool, but I’ve gotta hit the can first. Talk later?”

“Sure.” I keep my tone casual, but there’s nothing casual about the way my heart is racing.

As Justin shuts the door behind him, I hurry back to the living room on shaky legs. I’m dying to tell Allie about what just happened, but I don’t get the chance. The second I walk into the room, six-foot-two and two hundred pounds of Garrett Graham block my path.

“Wellsy,” he says cheerfully. “You’re the last person I expected to see here tonight.”

As usual, his presence causes my guard to snap into place. “Yeah? Why’s that?”

He shrugs. “I didn’t think frat parties were your scene.”

“Well, you don’t know me, remember? Maybe I’m partying it up on Greek Row every night.”

“Liar. I would’ve seen you here before.”

He crosses his arms over his chest, a pose that causes his biceps to flex. I glimpse the bottom of a tattoo peeking out from his sleeve, but I can’t tell what it is, only that it’s black and looks intricate. Flames maybe?

“So, about this tutoring thing... I thought we should take a moment to set up a schedule.”

Aggravation shoots up my spine. “You don’t give up, do you?”
“Never.”

“Then you need to start, because I’m not tutoring you.” I’m distracted now. Justin has reentered the room, his long, lithe body moving through the crowd as he makes his way to the pool table. He’s halfway there when a pretty brunette intercepts him. To my dismay, he stops to talk to her.

“Come on, Wellsy, help a guy out,” Garrett begs.

Justin laughs at something the girl says. Same way he was laughing with me a minute ago. And when she touches his arm and leans in close, he doesn’t back away.

“Look, if you don’t want to commit to the whole semester, at least help me pass this midterm. I’ll owe you one.”

I’m no longer paying Garrett even a lick of attention. Justin leans in to whisper in the girl’s ear. She giggles, her cheeks turn a rosy shade of pink, and my heart plummets to the pit of my stomach.

I was so sure we’d been, I don’t know, *connecting*, but now he’s flirting with someone else?

“You’re not even listening to me,” Garrett accuses. “Who are you looking at, anyway?”

I tear my eyes off Justin and the brunette, but not fast enough.

Garrett grins when he notices where my gaze was. “Which one?” he demands.

“Which one what?”

He cocks his head at Justin, then shifts it five feet to the right, where I notice Jimmy talking to one of his frat brothers. “Paulson or Kohl—which one do you want to bone?”

“Bone?” He has my attention again. “Ugh. Who says stuff like that?”

“Fine, should I rephrase? Which one do you want to fuck or screw or drill or *make love to*, if that’s your thing.”

I set my jaw. This guy is such an asshole.

When I don’t answer, he answers for me. “Kohl,” he decides. “I saw you dancing with Paulson earlier and you definitely weren’t making googly eyes at him.”

I don’t confirm or deny it. Instead I take a step away. “Have a good night, Garrett.”

“I hate to break it to you, but it ain’t gonna happen, Wellsy. You’re not his type.”

Anger and embarrassment flood my belly. Wow. Had he really just said that?

“Thanks for the tip,” I say coolly. “Now if you’ll excuse me...”

He tries reaching for my arm but I bulldoze past him and leave him in my proverbial dust. I do a quick search of the room for Allie, halting in my tracks when I spot her making out with Sean on the couch. I don’t want to interrupt them, so I spin on my heel and head toward the front door instead.

My fingers are shaky as I text Allie to let her know I’m taking off. Garrett’s blunt assertion—*you’re not his type*—echoes in my mind like a depressing mantra.

Truth is, it’s exactly what I needed to hear. So what if Justin spoke to me in the hallway? Obviously it meant nothing, because in the next breath he turned around and flirted with someone else. It’s time for me to face reality. It’s not going to happen with me and Justin, no matter how badly I want it to.

It was stupid of me to come here tonight.

Waves of embarrassment course through me as I leave the Sigma house and step into the cool night breeze. I regret not bringing a coat, but I hadn’t wanted to carry it around all night, and I figured I could deal with the October chill for the five-second walk from the cab to the front door.

Allie messages back as I step onto the porch, offering to come outside and keep me company until the taxi arrives, but I order her to stay with her boyfriend. Then I pull up the number for the campus taxi service, and I’m just about to dial when I hear my name. A maddening variation of it, that is.

“Wellsy. Wait up.”

I take the porch steps two at a time, but Garrett is a lot taller than me, which means his stride is longer, and he catches up to me in no time.

“Come on, wait.” His hand latches onto my shoulder.

I shrug it off and turn to glare at him. “What? You’re in the mood to insult me some more?”

“I wasn’t trying to insult you,” he protests. “I was just stating a fact.”

That stings. “Gee. Thanks.”

“Fuck.” He looks frustrated. “I insulted you again. I didn’t mean to do that. I’m not trying to be a dick, okay?”

“Of course you’re not *trying*. You just are.”

He has the nerve to grin, but his humor fades fast. “Look, I know the guy, all right? Kohl’s friends with one of my roommates, so he’s been over at my place a few times.”

“Goodie for you. You can date him then because I’m not interested.”

“Yes, you are.” He sounds very sure of himself, and I hate him for that. “All I’m saying is, Kohl has a type.”

“All right, I’ll humor you. What’s his type then? And not because I’m interested in him or anything,” I add hastily.

He smiles knowingly. “Uh-huh. Of course you’re not.” Then he shrugs. “He’s been at this college for, what, almost two months? So far I’ve seen him hook up with one cheerleader and two members of Kappa Beta. Know what that tells me?”

“No, but it tells *me* that you spend way too much time keeping track of who other dudes are dating.”

He ignores the barb. “It tells me Kohl is interested in chicks with a certain social status.”

I roll my eyes. “If this is another offer to make me popular, I’m gonna have to pass.”

“Hey, if you want to get Kohl’s attention, you’ve gotta do something drastic.” He pauses. “So yes, I’m reoffering to go out with you.”

“I re-pass. Now if you’ll excuse me, I need to call a cab.”

“No, you don’t.”

My phone had gone idle, so I quickly type in my password to unlock it.

“Seriously, don’t bother,” Garrett says. “I can drive you home.”

“I don’t need a ride.”

“That’s what cabs *do*. They give you *rides*.”

“I don’t need a ride from *you*,” I amend.

“You’d rather pay ten bucks to get home instead of accepting a free ride from me?”

His sarcastic remark is right on target. Because yes, I most certainly trust a campus-employed cabbie to drive me home more than I trust Garrett Graham to do it. I don’t get into cars with strangers. Period.

Garrett’s eyes narrow as if he’s read my mind. “I’m not going to try anything, Wellsy. It’s just a ride home.”

“Go back to the party, Garrett. Your frat brothers are probably wondering where you are.”

“Trust me, they don’t give a shit where I am. They’re only interested in finding a tipsy chick to stick their dicks in.”

I gag. “God. You are disgusting, you know that?”

“Nope, just honest. Besides, it’s not like I said *I’m* looking to do that. I don’t need to get a woman drunk for her to sleep with me. They come to me sober and willing.”

“Congratulations.” I yelp when he snatches the phone out of my hand. “Hey!”

To my amazement, he turns the camera toward his face and snaps a picture.

“What are you doing?”

“There,” he says, handing the phone back. “Feel free to text that sexy face to your entire contact list and inform them I’m driving you home. That way if you show up dead tomorrow everyone will know who did it. And if you want, you can keep your finger on the emergency call button the whole time in case you need to call the cops.” He heaves out an exasperated breath. “Can I please take you home now?”

Although I’m not excited about standing outside alone and coatless to wait for the taxi, I still put up one last protest. “How much have you had to drink?”

“Half a beer.”

I raise my eyebrows.

“My limit is one,” he insists. “I’ve got practice tomorrow morning.”

My resistance crumbles at his earnest expression. I’ve heard a lot of rumors about Garrett, but none involving alcohol or drugs, and the campus cab service is notorious for taking its sweet ass time, so really, it won’t kill me to spend five minutes in a car with the guy. I can easily give him the silent treatment if he annoys me.

Or rather, *when* he annoys me.

“All right,” I concede. “You can take me home. But this doesn’t mean I’m tutoring you.”

His smile is the epitome of smug. “We’ll discuss it in the car.”

6

Garrett

HANNAH WELLS IS into a football player. I can't wrap my head around it, but I've already offended her once tonight, so I know I have to tread carefully if I'm going to win her over.

I wait until we're in my Jeep and buckled up before I voice the cautious question. "So, how long have you wanted to fu—make love to Kohl?"

She doesn't answer, but I can feel her death glare boring into the side of my face.

"Has to be a fairly recent thing since he just transferred two months ago." I purse my lips. "Okay, let's assume it's been a month."

No answer.

I glance over and see that she's glowering even harder now, but even with that forbidding expression, she still looks hot. She's got one of the most interesting faces I've ever seen—her cheeks are a little too round, her mouth a little too pouty, but combined with her smooth olive skin, vivid green eyes, and the tiny beauty mark over her top lip, she looks almost exotic. And that body...man, now that I've noticed it, I can't *un*-notice it.

But I remind myself that I'm not driving her home in the hopes of scoring. I need Hannah too much to screw it up by sleeping with her.

After practice today, Coach pulled me aside and gave me a ten-minute lecture about the importance of keeping my grades up. Well, *lecture* is too generous a description—his exact words had been "maintain your average or I'll shove my foot so far up your ass you'll be able to taste my shoe polish in your mouth for years to come."

Like the smartass I am, I asked if people actually still use shoe polish, and he responded with a string of colorful expletives before storming off.

I'm not exaggerating when I say that hockey is my entire life, but I guess that's bound to happen when your father is a fucking superstar. The old man had my future planned out when I was still in the womb—learn to

skate, learn to shoot, make it to the pros, the end. Phil Graham has a reputation to uphold, after all. I mean, just think about how badly it'd reflect on him if his only son didn't grow up to be a professional hockey player.

Yes, that's sarcasm you're detecting. And here's a confession: I hate my father. No, I *despise* him. The irony is, the bastard thinks everything I've done has been for him. The intense training, the full-body bruises, killing myself twenty hours a week in order to better my game. He's arrogant enough to believe that I put myself through all that for *him*.

But he's wrong. I do it for me. And to a lesser extent, I do it to *beat* him. To be *better* than him.

Don't get me wrong—I love the game. I live for the roar of the crowd, the crisp air chilling my face as I hurtle down the ice, the hiss of the puck as I release a slap shot that lights the lamp. Hockey is adrenaline. It's excitement. It's...soothing, even.

I look at Hannah again, wondering what it'll take to persuade her, and it suddenly occurs to me I've been thinking about this Kohl thing the wrong way. Because yeah, I don't think she's his type, but how is he *hers*?

Kohl plays it off like he's the strong, silent type, but I've hung out with him enough times to see through the act. He uses that man of mystery bullshit to draw girls in, and once they bite, he turns on the charm and lures them right into his pants.

So why the hell is a levelheaded girl like Hannah Wells salivating over a bigshot like Kohl?

"Is this just a physical thing or do you actually want to date him?" I ask curiously.

Her exasperated sigh echoes in the car. "Can we please not talk about this?"

I flick the right turn signal and drive away from Greek Row, heading for the road that leads back to campus.

"I was wrong about you," I tell her in a frank tone.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means I thought you were upfront. Ballsy. Not someone who's too much of a pussy to admit she's into a guy."

I hide a grin when I see her jaw harden. I'm not surprised that I hit a nerve. I'm pretty good at reading people, and I know without a shred of

doubt that Hannah Wells isn't the kind of woman who backs down from a challenge, not even a veiled one.

"Fine. You win." She sounds like she's speaking through clenched teeth. "Maybe I'm into him. A teeny, tiny bit."

My grin breaks free. "Gee, was that so hard?" I ease my foot off the gas as we approach a stop sign. "Why haven't you asked him out then?"

Alarm ripples through her voice. "Why would I do that?"

"Uh, because you just said you're into him?"

"I don't even know him."

"How else are you going to get to know him if you don't ask him out?"

She shifts in her seat, looking so uncomfortable I can't help but laugh.

"You're scared," I tease her, unable to keep the delight out of my voice.

"I am not," she says instantly. Then she pauses. "Well, maybe a little. He...he makes me nervous, okay?"

It takes some effort to mask my surprise. I hadn't expected her to be so...honest, I guess. And the vulnerability she's radiating is slightly unsettling. I haven't known her long, but I've gotten used to her sarcasm and confidence. The uncertainty on her face seems out of place.

"So you're going to wait around for him to ask you?"

She scowls at me. "Let me guess—you think he won't."

"I *know* he won't." I give a little shrug. "Men are all about the chase, Wellsy. You're making it too easy for him."

"Hardly," she says dryly. "Considering I haven't even told him I'm interested."

"Oh, he knows."

That startles her. "No, he doesn't."

"A man always knows when a woman wants him. Believe me, you don't have to say it out loud for him to pick up on the vibes you're sending out." I grin. "Hell, it only took five seconds for me to figure it out."

"And you think if I go out with you, he'll magically be interested in me?" She sounds skeptical, but no longer hostile, which is a promising sign.

"It'll definitely help your cause. You know what intrigues guys even more than the chase?"

"I can't wait to hear it."

"A woman who's out of reach. People want what they can't have." I can't help but smirk. "Case in point—you wanting Kohl."

“Uh-huh. Well, if I can’t have him, then why bother going on a date with you?”

“You can’t have him *now*. Doesn’t mean you’ll *never* have him.”

I reach another stop sign, and I’m annoyed to see that we’re almost back at campus. Shit. I need more time to persuade her, so I drive a bit slower and hope she doesn’t notice I’m going ten under the limit.

“Trust me, Wellsy, if you show up on my arm, he’ll notice.” I pause, pretending to think it over. “Tell you what—there’s this party next Saturday and Loverboy will be there.”

“One, don’t call him that. And two, how do you know where he’ll be?” she says suspiciously.

“Because it’s Beau Maxwell’s birthday bash. You know, the quarterback? The whole team will be there.” I shrug. “And so will we.”

“Mmm-hmmm. And what happens when we get there?”

She’s playing it off as casual, but I know I’ve got her exactly where I want her.

“We mingle, have a few beers. I’ll introduce you around as my date. Chicks will want to murder you. Guys will wonder who you are and why you haven’t been on their radars before. Kohl will wonder too, but we’re going to ignore him.”

“And why would we do that?”

“Because it’ll drive him crazy. Make you seem even more unattainable.”

She bites her lip. I wonder if she knows how easy it is to read her emotions. Annoyance, anger, embarrassment. Her eyes reveal everything and it fascinates me. I work so hard to mask what I’m feeling—a lesson I learned from childhood—but Hannah’s face is an open book. It’s kinda refreshing.

“You have a lot of confidence in yourself,” she finally remarks. “Do you honestly think you’re such hot shit that the mere act of going to a party with you will turn me into a celebrity?”

“Yes.” I’m not being arrogant, just truthful. After two years at this school, I know the kind of cred I have.

Though honestly? Sometimes I don’t feel half as cool as people think I am, and I’m pretty sure that if any of them took the time to actually get to know me, they’d probably change their opinion. It’s like that pond I skated on when I was a kid—from a distance, the ice looked so shiny and smooth,

until you got close enough to it, and suddenly all the uneven edges and crisscrossed skate marks became visible. That's me, I guess. Covered with skate marks that nobody ever seems to notice.

And jeez, clearly I'm feeling way too philosophical tonight.

Next to me, Hannah has gone quiet, chewing on her lip as she considers my proposal.

For a split second, I almost tell her to forget it. It seems...*wrong* that this girl cares what a douche like Kohl thinks about her. Hannah's intelligence and razor-sharp tongue is wasted on a guy like that.

But then I think of my team, and all the guys that are counting on me, and I force myself to ignore my misgivings.

"Think about it," I coax. "The makeup is next Friday, which gives us a week and a half to study. I'll write the exam, and then on Saturday night we'll go to Maxwell's party and show Loverboy how sexy and desirable you are. He won't be able to resist, trust me."

"One, don't call him that. Two, stop telling me to trust you. I don't even know you." But despite the grumbling, I can see her capitulating. "Look. I can't commit to tutoring you for the whole semester. I honestly don't have time."

"It'll just be this week," I promise.

She hesitates.

I don't blame her for doubting me. Truth is, I'm already thinking of how I can convince her to hold my hand for the duration of Tolbert's course, but...one battle at a time.

"So do we have a deal?" I prompt.

Hannah stays quiet, but just when I've given up hope, she sighs and says, "All right. We've got a deal."

Hot damn.

A part of me is genuinely shocked that I managed to wear her down. I've been badgering her for what feels like an eternity, and now that I've won, it's almost like experiencing a sense of loss. Figure that out.

Nevertheless, I give myself a mental high five as I drive into the lot behind the dormitories. "What dorm are you in?" I ask as I put the Jeep in park.

"Bristol House."

“I’ll walk you in.” I start to unbuckle my seatbelt, but she shakes her head.

“It’s fine. I don’t need a bodyguard.” She holds up her phone. “All prepped to dial 911, remember?”

A short silence falls over us.

“Well.” I stick out my hand. “It was a pleasure doing business with you.”

She stares at my hand like I’m a carrier for Ebola. I roll my eyes and withdraw the gesture.

“I work until eight tomorrow,” she says. “We can meet up when I’m done. You don’t live in the dorms, right?”

“No, but I can come to you.”

She blanches as if I’ve offered to shave her head. “And have people think we’re friends? No way. Text me your address. I’ll come to your place.”

I’ve never met anyone who’s so repulsed by my popularity, and I have no idea what to make of it.

I think I might like it.

“You’ll be the most popular girl on your floor if I came over, you know.”

“Text me your address,” she says firmly.

“Yes, ma’am.” I beam at her. “I’ll see you tomorrow night.”

All I get in return is a sour look and a flash of her profile as she turns to open her door. She hops out of the car without a word, then reluctantly taps on the passenger window.

Stifling a grin, I press the button to roll down the window. “Forget something?” I mock.

“Thank you for the ride,” she says primly.

And then she’s gone, her green dress fluttering in the night breeze as she hurries toward the darkened buildings.

7

Hannah

NORMALLY I PRIDE myself on having a good head on my shoulders and making sound decisions, but agreeing to tutor Garrett? Stupider than stupid.

I'm still cursing myself for it as I make the drive over to his house the following evening. When he cornered me at the Sigma party, I had every intention of telling him to fuck off and leave me alone, and then he'd dangled Justin under my nose like a carrot, and I caved like a cheap tent.

Great. And now I'm mixing metaphors.

I think it might be time for me to face a grim truth: I have zero common sense when it comes to Justin Kohl. Last night I left the party with the sole purpose of forgetting about him, and instead of doing that, I allowed Garrett Graham to fill me with the most destructive emotion known to mankind—hope.

Hope that Justin might notice me. Hope that he might want me. Hope that I might've finally met someone who can make me *feel* something.

It's embarrassing how besotted I am with the guy.

I park my borrowed car in the driveway behind Garrett's Jeep and next to a shiny black pick-up, but I leave the engine running. I keep wondering what my old therapist would think if she knew about the deal I'd struck with Garrett. I want to say she'd be against it, but Carole was all about empowerment. She always encouraged me to take control of my life and grab hold of any opportunity that allows me to put the attack behind me.

So here's what I know: I've dated two guys since the rape. I slept with both of them. And neither of them made me feel as hot and achy as Justin Kohl does with one heavy-lidded look.

Carole would tell me that's an opportunity worth exploring.

Garrett's townhouse is two stories tall, with a white stucco exterior, a stoop instead of a porch, and a front lawn that's surprisingly tidy. Despite my reluctance, I force myself to get out of the car and walk to the door.

Rock music blares inside the house. A part of me hopes that nobody hears me ring the bell, but muffled footsteps echo behind the door and then it swings open and I find myself looking at a tall guy with spiky blond hair and a chiseled face right off the cover of *GQ*.

“Why, hello there,” he drawls as he looks me up and down. “My birthday’s not until next week, but if this is an early b-day gift, I sure ain’t complaining, baby doll.”

Of course. I should have known Garrett would be rooming with someone as obnoxious as he is.

I curl my fingers over the strap of my oversized messenger bag, wondering if I can make it back to my car before Garrett knows I’m here, but my dastardly plan is foiled when he appears in the doorway. He’s barefoot, clad in faded jeans and a threadbare gray T-shirt, and his hair is damp as if he’s just come out of the shower.

“Hey, Wellsy,” he says breezily. “You’re late.”

“I said eight-fifteen. It’s eight-fifteen.” I stare coldly at Mr. GQ. “And if you were implying that I was a hooker, then call me insulted.”

“You thought she was a hooker?” Garrett turns to glare at his friend. “That’s my *tutor*, bro. Show some respect.”

“I didn’t think she was a hooker—I thought she was a *stripper*,” the blond retorts, as if that makes it better. “She’s wearing a costume, for fuck’s sake.”

He does have a point. My waitress uniform isn’t exactly subtle.

“PS, I want a stripper for my birthday,” GQ announces. “Just decided now. Get on it.”

“I’ll make a couple calls,” Garrett promises, but the second his friend wanders off, he confides, “He’s not getting a stripper. We all chipped in to get him a new iPod. He dropped his in the koi pond behind Hartford House.”

When I snicker, Garrett pounces like a mountain lion. “Holy shit. Was that a laugh? I didn’t think you were capable of showing amusement. Can you do it again and let me film it?”

“I laugh all the time.” I pause. “Mostly *at* you, though.”

He grabs his chest in mock pain as if I’ve shot him. “You’re terrible for a guy’s ego, y’know that?”

I roll my eyes and shut the door behind me.

“Let’s go up to my room,” he says.

Shit. He wants to study in his bedroom? While I’m sure that’s probably a wet dream for every girl at this school, I’m apprehensive about being alone with him.

“G, is that the tutor?” a male voice shouts as we pass what I deduce is the living room. “Hey, tutor, get in here! We need to have a little chat.”

My alarmed gaze flies to Garrett, but he just grins and guides me to the doorway. The living room just screams *bachelor pad* with its two leather couches set up in an L-shape, a complicated-looking entertainment system, and a coffee table littered with beer bottles. A dark-haired guy with vivid blue eyes rises from the couch. He’s as handsome as Garrett and GQ, and from the way his long body saunters my way, he’s fully aware of his appeal.

“So listen,” Blue Eyes announces in a stern voice. “My boy needs to ace this test. You better make that happen.”

My lips twitch. “Or what?”

“Or I’ll be very, very upset.” His sultry gaze does a slow and deliberate sweep of my body, lingering on my chest before traveling back up. “You don’t want to upset me, do you, gorgeous?”

Garrett snorts. “Don’t waste your time, man. She’s immune to flirting. Trust me, I’ve tried.” He turns to me. “This is Logan. Logan, Wellsy.”

“Hannah,” I correct.

Logan thinks it over before shaking his head. “Naah. I like Wellsy.”

“You met Dean in the hall, and that’s Tucker,” Garrett adds, pointing to the auburn-haired guy on the couch, who—surprise, surprise—is as good-looking as the rest of them.

I wonder if “sexy as fuck” is a requirement for living in this house.

Not that I’d ever ask Garrett. His ego is big enough as it is.

“Sup, Wellsy,” Tucker calls out.

I smother a sigh. Wonderful. I guess I’m Wellsy now.

“Wellsy is the star of the Christmas recital,” Garrett tells his friends.

“Winter showcase,” I grumble.

“Isn’t that what I said?” He waves a dismissive hand. “Okay, let’s do this shit. Later, boys.”

I follow Garrett up the narrow staircase to the second floor. His room is at the end of the hall, and from the sheer size of it and the private bath, it must be the master bedroom.

“You mind if I change out of this uniform?” I ask awkwardly. “I’ve got my street clothes in my bag.”

He flops on the edge of the monstrous bed and leans back on his elbows. “Go right ahead. I’ll sit here and enjoy the show.”

I clench my teeth. “I meant in the washroom.”

“That’s no fun.”

“Nothing about this is *fun*,” I mutter.

The bathroom is a lot cleaner than I expect, and the faint traces of woody aftershave hang in the air. I quickly change into yoga pants and a black sweater, tie my hair into a ponytail, and shove my uniform in my bag.

Garrett is still on the bed when I return. He’s engrossed with his phone, doesn’t even glance up when I dump an armful of books on his bed.

“To quote your annoying self, are you ready to do this shit?” I say sarcastically.

He speaks in an absent-minded tone. “Yeah. One sec.” His long fingers tap out a message, and then he drops the phone on the mattress. “Sorry. I’m paying attention now.”

My seating options are limited. There’s a desk under the window but only one chair, which is buried under a mountain of clothes. Same goes for the armchair in the corner of the room. The floor is hardwood and looks uncomfortable.

The bed, it is.

I reluctantly sit cross-legged on the mattress. “Okay, so I think we should run through all the theories first. Make sure you know the important points of each one, and then we can start applying them to the list of conflicts and moral dilemmas.”

“Sounds good.”

“Let’s start with Kant. His ethics are pretty straightforward.”

I open the binder of readings Tolbert handed out at the start of the year and flip through the pages until I find all the material on Immanuel Kant. Garrett slides his big body to top of the bed and rests his head on the wooden frame, letting out a heavy sigh as I plop the readings in his lap.

“Read,” I order.

“Out loud?”

“Yep. And once you’re done, I want you to summarize what you just read. Think you can handle that?”

There's a beat, and then his bottom lip quivers. "This might be the wrong time to tell you, but...I can't read."

My jaw falls open. Holy shit. He can't be seri—

Garrett barks out a laugh. "Relax, I'm fucking around with you." Then he scowls at me. "You actually thought I couldn't *read*? Jesus Christ, Wellsy."

I offer a sweet smile. "Wouldn't have surprised me in the slightest."

Except Garrett *does* end up surprising me. Not only does he read the material in a smooth, articulate voice, he proceeds to summarize Kant's Categorical Imperative almost word-for-word.

"Do you have a photographic memory or something?" I demand.

"Nope. I'm good with facts." He shrugs. "I just have a tough time applying the theories to the moral situations."

I cut him some slack. "It's total bullshit, if you ask me. How can we be sure what these philosophers—who are all long dead—would think about Tolbert's hypotheticals? For all we know, they'd evaluate it on a case-by-case basis. Right and wrong isn't black and white. It's more complex than —"

Garrett's phone buzzes.

"Shit, one sec." He glances at the screen, frowns, and sends another text. "Sorry, you were saying?"

We spend the next twenty minutes going over the finer points of Kant's ethical views.

Garrett sends about five more texts during that time.

"Oh my God," I burst out. "Am I going to have to confiscate that thing?"

"Sorry," he says for the zillionth time. "I'll put it on silent."

Which achieves nothing because he leaves the phone on his binder and the damn thing lights up every time a new message comes in.

"So basically, logic is the backbone of Kantian ethics—" I halt when the phone screen flashes again. "This is ridiculous. Who keeps texting you?"

"Nobody."

Nobody, my ass. I grab the phone and click on the message icon. There's no name, just a number, but it doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out the messages are from a female. Unless there's some guy out there who wants to "lick Garrett all over."

“You’re *sexting* during a tutoring session? What is wrong with you?”

He sighs. “I’m not sexting. *She’s* sexting.”

“Uh-huh. Let’s blame *her*, shall we?”

“Read my responses,” he insists. “I keep telling her I’m busy. It’s not my fault she can’t take the hint.”

I scroll through the conversation and discover he’s telling the truth. All the messages he’s sent in the past thirty minutes have involved the words *busy* and *studying* and *talk later*.

Sighing, I bring up the touch keyboard and start typing. Garrett protests and tries to seize the phone from my hand, but he’s too late. I’ve already pressed *send*.

“There,” I announce. “All taken care of.”

“I swear to God, Wellsy, if you...” He trails off as he reads the message.

This is Garrett’s tutor. You’re annoying me. We’re done in thirty minutes. I’m confident you can keep your pants zipped until then.

Garrett meets my eyes and laughs so loudly I can’t help but smile.

“That ought to be more effective than your half-assed leave me alones, don’t you think?”

He chuckles again. “Can’t argue with that.”

“Hopefully that shuts your girlfriend up for a while.”

“She’s not my girlfriend. She’s this puck bunny I hooked up with last year and—”

“Puck bunny?” I echo in horror. “You’re *such* a pig. Is that actually what you call women?”

“When the woman is only interested in sleeping with a hockey player so she can brag to all her friends that she bagged a hockey player? Yeah, that’s what we call ’em,” he says with a bite to his voice. “If anything, *I’m* the one being objectified in this scenario.”

“Whatever helps you sleep better at night...” I reach for the binder. “Let’s move on to utilitarianism. We’ll focus on Bentham for now.”

Afterward, I quiz him on the two philosophers we’ve discussed tonight, and I’m pleased when he answers everything correctly, even the curveballs I throw at him.

Fine. So maybe Garrett Graham isn’t as dumb as I thought he was.

By the time our hour is up, I'm confident that he didn't just memorize the information and spit it back at me. There's genuine comprehension there, as if the ethical ideas have truly sunk in for him. It's a shame the makeup exam isn't multiple choice, because there's no doubt in my mind he could pass it with flying colors.

"Tomorrow we'll tackle postmodernism." I sigh. "Which, in my humble opinion, is probably the most convoluted school of thought in human history. I've got rehearsal until six but I'm free afterward."

Garrett nods. "I'm done with practice around seven. So how about eight?"

"I'm good with that." I shove my books back in my bag, then duck into the bathroom to pee before I hit the road. When I come out, I find Garrett scrolling through my iPod.

"You went through my bag?" I exclaim. "Seriously?"

"Your iPod was hanging out of the front pocket," he protests. "I was curious to see what was on it." His gray eyes remain glued to the screen as he starts reading names out loud. "Etta James, Adele, Queen, Ella Fitzgerald, Aretha, Beatles—man, this is wicked eclectic." He suddenly shakes his head in dismay. "Hey, did you know there's One Direction on here?"

"No, really?" I ooze sarcasm. "It must have downloaded itself."

"I think I've lost all respect for you. You're supposed to be a *music* major."

I snatch the iPod from his hands and stuff it in the bag. "One Direction does some great harmonies."

"Strongly disagree." His chin lifts decisively. "I'll make you a playlist. Obviously you need to learn the distinction between good music and shitty music."

I speak through clenched teeth. "I'll see you tomorrow."

Garrett's tone is preoccupied as he heads to the iMac on his desk. "How do you feel about Lynyrd Skynyrd? Or do you only like bands where the guys coordinate their outfits?"

"Good night, Garrett."

I'm ready to tear my hair out as I march out of the room. I can't believe I agreed to a week and a half of this.

God help me.

8

Hannah

ALLIE CALLS THE next evening as I storm out of the music building fuming over another disastrous rehearsal with Cass.

“Whoa,” she says when she hears my curt tone. “What’s up your ass?”

“Cassidy Donovan,” I answer angrily. “Rehearsal was a fucking nightmare.”

“Is he trying to steal all the good notes again?”

“Worse.” I’m too pissed to rehash what happened, so I don’t bother. “I want to murder him in his sleep, A. No, I want to murder him when he’s awake so he can see the joy on my face when I do it.”

Her laughter tickles my ear. “Shit. He pissed you off good, huh? Want to vent about it over dinner?”

“Can’t. I’m seeing Graham tonight.” Another appointment I’m not keen on keeping. All I want to do right now is take a shower and watch TV, but knowing Garrett, he’ll hunt me down and yell at me if I dare to cancel on him.

“I still can’t believe you caved about the tutoring thing,” Allie marvels. “He must be very persuasive.”

“Something like that,” I say vaguely.

I haven’t told Allie about my arrangement with Garrett, mostly because I want to delay her inevitable teasing when she finds out how desperate I am to get Justin to notice me. I know I won’t be able to hide the truth from her forever—she’s definitely going to have questions when she finds out I’m going to a *party* with the guy. But I’m confident I can come up with a good excuse by then.

Some things are too embarrassing to admit, even to your best friend.

“How much is he paying you?” she asks curiously.

Like an idiot, I throw out the first number that comes to mind. “Uh, sixty.”

“*Sixty dollars* an hour? Holy crap. That’s insane. You better take me out for a steak dinner when you’re done!”

A steak dinner? Shit. That’s like three shifts’ worth of diner money for me.

See, this is why people shouldn’t lie. It always comes back to bite you in the ass.

“Sure,” I say lightly. “Anyway, I gotta go. I don’t have Tracy’s car tonight so I need to call a cab. I’ll see you in a couple hours.”

The campus taxi takes me to Garrett’s, and I make arrangements to get picked up in an hour and a half. Garrett told me to just let myself in when I come over because nobody ever hears the bell over the blaring TV or stereo, but the house is quiet when I walk inside.

“Graham?” I call out from the entryway.

“Upstairs,” comes his muffled reply.

I find him in his bedroom, clad in sweatpants and a white wifebeater that shows off his perfectly formed biceps and strong forearms. I can’t deny that his body is...appealing. He’s big, not in a bulky linebacker way, but long and sleek and leanly muscular. His sleeveless shirt provides an eyeful of the tattoo on his right upper arm—black flames that curl up to his shoulder and coil around his bicep.

“Hey. Where are your roommates?”

“It’s Friday night—where do you think they are? Partying.” He sounds glum as he pulls the class readings from the backpack on the floor.

“And you’re choosing to study,” I remark. “I’m not sure if I should be impressed or feel sorry for you.”

“I don’t party during the season, Wellsy. Already told you that.”

He had, but I hadn’t really believed him. How is he *not* partying every night? I mean, look at the guy. He’s drop dead gorgeous and more popular than the Bieber. Well, at least before Beebs went off the rails and abandoned his poor monkey in a foreign country.

We settle on the bed and get right down to work, but each time Garrett takes a few minutes to read over a theory, my mind drifts back to tonight’s rehearsal. Anger continues to simmer in my belly, and although I’m ashamed to admit it, my bad mood leaks into the study session. I’m crabbier than I mean to be, and much harsher than necessary when Garrett misinterprets the material.

“It’s not that complicated,” I mutter when he completely misses the point for the third time. “He’s saying—”

“All right, I get it now,” he cuts in, aggravation creasing his forehead. “No need to snap at me, Wellsy.”

“Sorry.” I briefly close my eyes to calm myself. “Let’s just move on to the next philosopher. We’ll come back to Foucault at the end.”

Garrett frowns. “We’re not moving on to anything. Not until you tell me why you’ve been biting my head off since you got here. What, did Loverboy ignore you in the quad or something?”

His sarcasm only intensifies my annoyance. “No.”

“Are you on your period?”

“Oh my God. You are *the worst*. Just read, will you?”

“I’m not reading a damn thing.” He crosses his arms. “Look, there’s an easy fix for this bitch fest of yours. All you have to do is tell me why you’re mad, I’ll assure you you’re being ridiculous, and then we can study in peace.”

I’ve underestimated Garrett’s stubbornness. But I really ought to know better, seeing as how I’ve been bested by his tenacity on more than one occasion. I don’t particularly want to confide in him, but my argument with Cass is like a dark cloud over my head, and I need to dispel the stormy energy before it consumes me.

“He wants a *choir!*”

Garrett blinks. “Who wants a choir?”

“My duet partner,” I say darkly. “AKA the bane of my existence. I swear, if I wasn’t afraid I might break my hand, I’d punch him right in his smug, stupid face.”

“You want me to teach you how to throw down?” Garrett presses his lips together as if he’s trying hard not to laugh.

“I’m tempted to say yes. Seriously, this guy is impossible to work with. The song is fantastic, but all he does is nitpick every microscopic detail. The key, the tempo, the arrangement, the frickin’ *clothes* we’re going to wear.”

“Okay...so what’s this about a choir?”

“Get this—Cass wants a choir to accompany us for the last chorus. A fucking choir. We’ve been rehearsing this piece for *weeks*, Garrett. It was

supposed to be simple and understated, just the two of us showcasing our voices, and suddenly he wants to make a huge production out of it?”

“He sounds like a diva.”

“He totally is. I’m ready to rip his head off.” My anger is so visceral it coats my throat and makes my hands tremble. “And then, if that’s not infuriating enough, two minutes before rehearsal ends he decides we should change the arrangement.”

“What’s wrong with the arrangement?”

“Nothing. *Nothing* is wrong with the arrangement. And Mary Jane—the girl who *wrote* the fucking song—is just sitting there saying nothing! I don’t know if she’s scared of Cass or in love with him or who the hell knows what, but she’s no help at all. She clams up whenever we start fighting, when what she should be doing is voicing an opinion and trying to resolve the issue.”

Garrett purses his lips. Sort of like the way my grandma does when she’s deep in thought. It’s kind of adorable.

But he’d probably kill me if I told him he just reminded me of my grandmother.

“What?” I prompt when he doesn’t speak.

“I want to hear this song.”

Surprise filters through me. “What? Why?”

“Because you’ve been babbling about it since the moment I met you.”

“This is the first time I’ve ever brought it up!”

He responds with that flippant hand-waving thing again, which I’m starting to suspect he does often. “Well, I want to hear it. If this Mary Jane chick doesn’t have the balls to offer legitimate criticism, then I’ll do it.” He shrugs. “Maybe your duet partner—what’s his name again?”

“Cass.”

“Maybe Cass is right and you’re just too stubborn to see it.”

“Trust me, he’s wrong.”

“Fine, then let me be the judge. Sing both versions of the song for me—the way it is now, and the way Cass wants it—and I’ll tell you what I think. You play, right?”

I furrow my brow. “Play what?”

Garrett rolls his eyes. “Instruments.”

“Oh. Yeah, I do. Piano and guitar...why?”

“I’ll be right back.”

He ducks out of the room and I hear his footsteps thud in the hall, followed by the sound of a door creaking open. He returns with an acoustic guitar in hand.

“Tuck’s,” he explains. “He won’t mind if you play it.”

I grit my teeth. “I’m not serenading you.”

“Why not? You feeling self-conscious or something?”

“No. I just have better things to do.” I give him a pointed look. “Like help you pass your midterm.”

“We’re almost done with postmodernism. All the hard stuff starts next session.” His voice takes on a teasing note. “C’mon, we’ve got time. Let me hear it.”

Then he flashes that boyish grin, and damned if I don’t cave. He really has mastered that little boy look. Except he’s not a little boy. He’s a man with a big, strong body and a chin that lifts in determination. Teasing grins aside, I know Garrett will harass me all night if I don’t agree to sing.

I accept the guitar and plop it in my lap, giving it a few test strums. It’s in tune, a bit tinnier than the acoustic I have at home, but the sound is great.

Garrett climbs on the bed and lies down, resting his head on a mountain of pillows. I’ve never met anyone who sleeps with so many pillows. Maybe he needs them to cradle his massive ego.

“Okay,” I tell him. “This is how we’re doing it now. Pretend there’s a guy joining me in the first chorus, and then singing the second verse.”

I know a lot of singers who are too shy to perform in front of strangers, but I’ve never had that problem. Ever since I was a kid, music has always been an escape for me. When I sing, the world disappears. It’s just me and the music and a deep sense of tranquility that I’ve never been able to find anywhere else, no matter how hard I try.

I take a breath, play the opening chords, and start to sing. I don’t look at Garrett because I’m already somewhere else, lost in the melody and the words, wholly focused on the sound of my voice and the resonance of the guitar.

I love this song. I truly do. It’s hauntingly beautiful, and even without Cass’s rich baritone to complement my voice, it still packs the same punch, the same heart-wrenching emotion that MJ poured into the lyrics.

Almost immediately, my head clears and my heart feels lighter. I am whole again, because the music has made me that way, just like it did after the rape. Whenever things got too overwhelming or painful, I'd go to the piano or pick up my guitar, and I'd know joy wasn't out of reach. It was always within my grasp, always available to me as long as I was able to sing.

Several minutes later, the final note lingers in the air like a trace of sweet perfume, and I float back to the present. I turn to Garrett, but his face is expressionless. I don't know what I was expecting him to do. Praise me? Mock me?

But I hadn't expected silence.

"Do you want to hear Cass's version?" I hedge.

He nods. That's it. A quick jerk of the head and nothing more.

His shuttered face unsettles me, so this time I close my eyes when I sing. I move the bridge to where Cass argued it should be, add a second chorus like he insisted, and I honestly don't think I'm biased when I say I prefer the original. This second version drags, and the extra chorus is overkill.

To my surprise, Garrett agrees with me once I've finished. "It's too long when you do it like that," he says gruffly.

"I know, right?" I'm thrilled to hear him validate my own concerns. God knows MJ can't speak her mind around Cass.

"And forget the choir. You don't need it. Hell, I don't think you need Cass." He shakes his head in amazement. "Your voice is...fuck, Wellsy, it's beautiful."

My cheeks heat up. "You think so?"

His impassioned expression tells me he's dead serious. "Play something else," he orders.

"Um. What do you want to hear?"

"Anything. I don't care." I'm startled by the intensity in his voice, the emotion now glittering in his gray eyes. "I just need to hear you sing again."

Wow. Okay. My entire life people have been telling me I'm talented, but other than my parents, nobody has ever *pleaded* with me to sing to them.

"Please," he says softly.

So I sing. An original piece this time, but it's still rough so I end up switching to another song. I play "Stand By Me." It's my mom's favorite song, the one I sing to her every year for her birthday, and the memory carries me away to that peaceful place again.

Halfway through the song, Garrett's eyes flutter shut. I watch the steady rise and fall of his chest, my voice cracking from the emotion behind the lyrics. Then my gaze travels to his face, and I notice a small white scar on his chin, bisecting the stubble shadowing his jaw. I wonder how he got it. Hockey? An accident when he was a kid?

His eyes stay closed for the duration of the song, and as I strum the last chord, I've decided he must be asleep. I let the last note trail off, then set down the guitar.

Garrett's eyes pop open before I can rise from the bed.

"Oh. You're awake." I swallow. "I thought you were sleeping."

He slides up into a sitting position, his tone laced with sheer awe. "Where did you learn to sing like that?"

I shrug awkwardly. Unlike Cass, I'm far too modest to sing my own praises. "I don't know. It's just something I've always been able to do."

"Did you take lessons?"

I shake my head.

"So you just opened your mouth one day and *that* came out?"

A laugh slips out. "You sound like my parents. They used to say there must have been a mix-up at the hospital nursery and they got the wrong kid. Everyone in my family is tone deaf. They still can't figure out who I got the music gene from."

"I need to get you to sign an autograph for me. That way when you're cleaning up at the Grammys, I can sell it on eBay and make a killing."

I let out a sigh. "The music business is tough, dude. For all I know, I'll crash and burn if I try to make a go at it."

"You won't." Conviction rings in his voice. "And by the way? I think you're making a mistake singing a duet for the showcase. You should be on that stage alone. Seriously, if you sit there with a single spotlight on you and sing like you just did now? You'll give everyone in the audience chills."

I think Garrett might be right. Not about the chills thing, but that I made a mistake teaming up with Cass. "Well, it's too late. I'm already

committed.”

“You could always back out,” he suggests.

“No way. That’s a dick move.”

“I’m just saying, if you back out now, you still have time to come up with a solo. If you wait too long, you’ll be screwed.”

“I can’t do that.” I eye him in challenge. “Would you let your teammates down if they were counting on you?”

He answers without hesitation. “Never.”

“Then what makes you think *I’d* do that?”

“Because Cass isn’t your teammate,” Garrett says quietly. “From the sound of it, he’s been working exclusively against you from the start.”

Again, I’m afraid he’s right, but it really is too late to make a change. I committed to the duet, and now I have to follow through on it.

“I agreed to sing with him,” I say firmly. “And my word means something.” I glance at Garrett’s alarm clock and curse when I notice the time. “I have to go. My cab’s probably waiting outside.” I quickly slide off the bed. “Just have to pee first.”

He snickers. “TMI.”

“People pee, Garrett. Deal with it.”

When I come out of the bathroom a few minutes later, Garrett wears the most innocent expression on the planet. So of course, I’m instantly mistrustful. I stare at the books strewn on the mattress, then at the messenger bag I left on the floor, but nothing seems out of place.

“What did you do?” I demand.

“Nothing,” he says nonchalantly. “Anyway, I have a game tomorrow night, so our next session will have to be Sunday. Is that cool? Late afternoon-ish?”

“Sure,” I answer, but I still can’t fight the sneaking suspicion he’s up to something.

It isn’t until I walk into my dorm room fifteen minutes later that I discover my suspicions were warranted. My jaw drops in outrage when a text from Garrett comes in.

***Him:** Confession: I deleted all the 1 Direction from your iPod when u were in the can. You’re welcome.*

Me: WHAT?? I'm going to kiss u!

Him: With tongue?

It takes me a second to realize what happened, at which point I'm completely mortified.

Me: Kill u! I meant KILL u. Damn autocorrect.

Him: Surrrrrrre. Let's blame it on autocorrect.

Me: Shut it.

Him: I think someone wants to kiss me...

Me: Goodnight, Graham.

Him: U sure you don't want to come back here? Give our tongues some exercise?

Me: Ew. Never.

Him: Uh-huh. PS—check your email. I sent u a zip file of music. Actual music.

Me: Which will be going straight to my trash folder.

I'm grinning to myself as I send the message, and Allie chooses that exact moment to wander into my room.

"Who are you texting?" She's drinking one of her nasty juices, and the straw pops out of her mouth as she gasps. "Holy shit! Is it Justin?"

"Naah, just Graham. He's being an annoying jackass as per usual."

"What, you two are friends now?" she teases.

I falter. It's on the tip of my tongue to voice a denial, but it feels wrong when I remember I spent the past two hours confiding in Garrett about my issues with Cass and then serenading him like a frickin' troubadour. And honestly, as insufferable as he is at times, Garrett Graham isn't as bad as I thought he was.

So I offer a rueful grin and say, "Yeah. I guess we are."

9

Garrett

GREG BRAXTON IS a beast. I'm talking six-five, two hundred and twenty pounds of pure power, and the kind of speed and precision that's going to land him a plum contract with an NHL team one day. Well, only if the league is willing to overlook all the time he spends in the sin bin. It's the second period and Braxton has already taken three penalties, one of which resulted in a goal courtesy of Logan, who skates past the penalty box to give Braxton a smug little wave. Big mistake, because now Braxton's back on the ice, and he's got an axe to grind.

He slams me into the plexi so hard it jars every bone in my body, but I luckily get the pass off and shake the disoriented cobwebs from my brain in time to see Tuck flick a wrist shot past St. Anthony's goalie. The scoreboard lights up, and even the groans and boos from the crowd don't diminish the sense of victory coursing through my veins. Away games are never as exhilarating as home games, but I feed off the energy of the crowd, even when it's negative.

When the buzzer signals the end of the period, we head into the locker room leading St. Anthony's 2-0. Everyone is riding the high of the two-period shutout, but Coach Jensen won't let us celebrate. Doesn't matter that we're ahead—he never lets us forget what we're doing wrong.

"Di Laurentis!" he shouts at Dean. "You're letting number thirty-four toss you around like a rag doll! And you—" Coach glares at one of our sophomore D-men. "You've given them *two* breakaways! Your job is to shadow those assholes. Did you see that hit Logan delivered at the start of the period? I expect that kind of physical play from you, Renaud. No more pansy-ass hip checks. Hit 'em like you mean it, kid."

As Coach marches to the other end of the locker room to dish out more criticism, Logan and I exchange grins. Jensen is a total hard-ass, but he's

damn good at his job. He gives praise when praise is deserved, but for the most part, he pushes us hard and makes us better.

“That was a brutal hit.” Tuck shoots me a sympathetic look as I lift my jersey to gingerly examine my left side.

Braxton absolutely pummeled me, and I can already see a bluish discoloration forming on my skin. Gonna leave a helluva bruise.

“I’ll live,” I answer with a shrug.

Coach claps his hand to signal it’s time to get back on the ice, and the skate guards come off as we file down the tunnel.

As I make my way to the box, I can feel his eyes on me. I don’t seek him out, but I know what I’ll find if I do. My father, hunkered down in his usual seat at the top of the bleachers, his Rangers cap pulled low over his eyes, his lips set in a tight line.

St. Anthony’s campus isn’t too far from Briar, which means my father only had to drive an hour from Boston to get here, but even if we’d been playing hours away at a weekend invitational during the snowstorm of the century, he’d still be there. My old man never misses a game.

Phil Graham, hockey legend and proud father.

Yeah fucking right.

I know damn well he doesn’t come to the games to watch his son play. He comes to watch an extension of *himself* play.

Sometimes I wonder what would have happened if I sucked ass. What if I couldn’t skate? Couldn’t shoot? What if I’d grown up to be a scrawny twig with the coordination of a Kleenex box? Or if I’d been into art or music or chemical engineering?

He probably would’ve had a coronary. Or maybe convinced my mother to give me up for adoption.

I swallow the acrid taste of bitterness as I join my teammates.

Block him out. He’s not important. He’s not here.

It’s what I remind myself every time I swing my body over that wall and plant my skates on the ice. Phil Graham is nothing to me. He stopped being my father a long time ago.

The problem is, my mantra isn’t foolproof. I can block him out, yes, and he’s not important to me, hell yes. But he *is* here. He’s always here, damn it.

The third period is intense. St. Anthony’s is playing for their lives, desperate to keep from being shut out. Simms is under attack from the word

go, while Logan and Hollis scramble to hold off St. A's starting line from rushing our net.

Sweat drips down my face and neck as my line—me, Tuck and a senior nicknamed Birdie—go on the offensive. St. Anthony's defense is a joke. The D-men bank on their forwards to score and their goalie to stop the shots they ineptly let into their zone. Logan tangles with Braxton behind our net and comes out victorious. His pass connects with Birdie, who's lightning fast as he hurtles toward the blue line. Birdie flips the puck to Tucker and the three of us fly into enemy territory on an odd man rush, bearing down on the hopeless defensemen who don't know what hit 'em.

The puck flies in my direction and the roar of the crowd pulses in my blood. Braxton comes tearing down the ice with me in his sights, but I'm not stupid. I unload the puck to Tuck, hip-checking Braxton as my teammate dekes out the goalie, fakes a shot, then slaps it back to me for the one-timer.

My shot whizzes into the net and the clock runs down. We beat St. Anthony's 3-0.

Even Coach is in good spirits as we file into the locker room after the third. We've shut out the other team, stopped the beast that is Braxton, and added a second win to our record. It's still early in the season, but we're all seeing championship stars in our eyes.

Logan flops down on the bench beside me and bends over to unlace his skates. "So what's the deal with the tutor?" His tone is casual as fuck, but I know him well, and there's nothing casual about the question.

"Wellsy? What about her?"

"Is she single?"

The question catches me off-guard. Logan gravitates toward girls who are rail-thin and sweeter than sugar. With her endless curves and total smartass-ness, Hannah doesn't fit either of those bills.

"Yeah," I say warily. "Why?"

He shrugs. All casual again. And again, I see right through it. "She's hot." He pauses. "You tapping that?"

"Nope. And you won't be either. She's got her sights on some douchebag."

"They together?"

"Naah."

“Doesn’t that make her fair game then?”

I stiffen, just slightly, and I don’t think Logan notices. Luckily, Kenny Simms, our wizard of a goalie, wanders over and puts an end to the convo.

I’m not sure why I’m suddenly on edge. I’m not into Hannah in that way, but the idea of her and Logan hooking up makes me uneasy. Maybe because I know what a slut Logan can be. I can’t even count the number of times I’ve seen a chick do a walk of shame out of his bedroom.

It pisses me off to picture Hannah sneaking out of his room with sex-tousled hair and swollen lips. I didn’t expect it to happen, but I kinda like her. She keeps me on my toes, and last night when I heard her sing... Shi-it. I’ve heard the words *pitch* and *tone* thrown around on *American Idol*, but I don’t know squat about the technical aspects of singing. What I do know is that Hannah’s throaty voice had given me fucking chills.

I push all thoughts of Hannah from my head as I hit the showers. Everyone else is riding the victory high, but this is the part of the night I dread. Win or lose, I know my father will be waiting in the parking lot when the team heads for our bus.

I leave the arena with my hair damp from the shower and my hockey bag slung over my shoulder. Sure enough, the old man is there. Standing near a row of cars, his down jacket zipped up to his collar and his cap shielding his eyes.

Logan and Birdie flank me, crowing about our win, but the latter stops in his tracks when he spots my dad. “You gonna say hello?” he murmurs.

I don’t miss the eager note in his voice. My teammates can’t understand why I don’t shout to the whole fucking world that my father is *the* Phil Graham. They think he’s a god, which I guess makes me a demi-god for having the good fortune to be sired by him. When I first came to Briar, they used to harass me for his autograph, but I fed them some line about how my father is wicked private, and fortunately they’ve quit badgering me to introduce them.

“Nope.” I keep walking toward the bus, turning my head just as I pass the old man.

Our eyes lock for a moment, and he nods at me.

One little nod, and then he turns away and lumbers toward his shiny silver SUV.

It's the same old routine. If we win, I get a nod. If we lose, I get nothing.

When I was younger, he would at least put on a fatherly show of support after a loss, a bullshit smile of encouragement or a consolatory pat on the back if anyone happened to be looking at us. But the moment we were alone, the proverbial gloves would come off.

I climb onto the bus with my teammates and breathe a sigh of relief when the driver pulls out of the lot, leaving my father in our rearview mirror.

I suddenly realize that depending on how the Ethics exam goes, I might not even be playing next weekend. The old man definitely won't be happy about that.

Good thing I don't give a shit what he thinks.

10

Hannah

MY MOM CALLS on Sunday morning for our weekly phone chat, which I've been looking forward to for days. We rarely have time to talk during the week because I'm in class all day, rehearsing in the evenings, and fast asleep by the time Mom finishes her night shift at the grocery store.

The worst thing about living in Massachusetts is not being able to see my parents. I miss them so frickin' much, but at the same time, I needed to get far, far away from Ransom, Indiana. I've only been back once since my high school graduation, and after that visit, we all agreed it would be better if I didn't come home anymore. My aunt and uncle live in Philadelphia, so my parents and I fly there for Thanksgiving and Christmas. The rest of the time, I speak to them on the phone, or if I'm lucky, they're able to scrape together enough money to come see me.

It's not the most ideal arrangement, but they understand why I can't come home, and I not only understand why they can't leave, I know I'm to blame for it. I also know I'm going to spend the rest of my life trying to make it up to them.

"Hey, sweetie." My mother's voice slides into my ear like a warm embrace.

"Hey, Mom." I'm still in bed, snuggled up in a blanket cocoon and staring up at the ceiling.

"How did you do on the Ethics midterm?"

"I got an A."

"That's wonderful! See, I told you there was nothing to worry about."

"Trust me, there was. Half the class failed." I roll onto my side and rest the phone on my shoulder. "How's Dad?"

"He's good." She pauses. "He picked up extra shifts at the mill, but..."

My body tenses. "But what?"

“But it doesn’t look like we’ll be able to get to Aunt Nicole’s for Thanksgiving, sweetie.”

The pain and regret in her voice cuts me like a knife. Tears prick my eyes, but I blink them away.

“You know we just had to fix the leak in the roof, and our savings took a hit from that,” Mom says. “We don’t have money for airfare.”

“Why don’t you drive?” I ask weakly. “It’s not that long...” Uh-huh, just a fifteen-hour drive. Not long at *all*.

“If we do that, your father will need to book more time off, and he can’t afford to give up the hours.”

I bite my lip to keep the tears at bay. “Maybe I can...” I quickly calculate how much savings I’ve got. Definitely not enough for three plane tickets to Philly.

But it *is* enough for one ticket to Ransom.

“I can fly home,” I whisper.

“No.” Her response is swift and unequivocal. “You don’t have to do that, Hannah.”

“It’s just for one weekend.” I’m trying to convince myself, not her. Trying to ignore the panic that claws its way up my throat at the thought of going back there. “We don’t have to drive into town or see anyone. I can just hang out at the house with you and Dad.”

There’s another long pause. “Is that what you really want? Because if it is, then we’ll welcome you home with open arms, you know that, sweetie. But if you’re not one hundred percent comfortable with it, then I want you to stay at Briar.”

Comfortable? I’m not sure it’s possible for me to ever feel comfortable in Ransom again. I was a pariah before I left, and the one time I came back to visit, my father landed in jail for assault. So no, going back is about as appealing as cutting off my arm and feeding it to wolves.

My silence, however brief, is all the answer my mother needs. “You’re not coming back,” she says sternly. “Your dad and I would love to see you on Thanksgiving, but I’m not putting my own happiness ahead of yours, Hannah.” Her voice cracks. “It’s bad enough that we’re still living in this godforsaken town. There’s no reason for you to ever step foot here again.”

Yeah, no reason for me to do that at all. Except for my *parents*. You know, the people who raised me, who love me unconditionally, who stood

by me through the most horrific experience of my life.

And who are now stuck in a place where everyone despises them... because of *me*.

God, I want them to be free of that town. I feel so guilty that I was able to leave, and worse, that I left them *behind*. They're planning on moving the first chance they get, but the real estate market has been on a downswing, and with the second mortgage they took in order to pay our legal fees, they'll go bankrupt if they try to sell the house now. And although the renovations my dad is doing will boost the house's value, they're also taking money out of his pocket in the meantime.

I swallow the lump in my throat, wishing like hell that circumstances were different. "I'll send you the money I've got saved up," I whisper. "You can put it toward the mortgage."

The fact that she doesn't object tells me they're in an even worse position than they've been letting on.

"And if I win the showcase scholarship," I add, "I'll be able to pay my residence and meal fees for next year, so you and Dad won't have to worry about it." I know that will help them out even more, because the full scholarship I got from Briar only covers my tuition. My folks have been taking care of the other expenses.

"Hannah, I don't want you worrying about money. Your dad and I will be okay, I promise. Once we finish the updates on the house, we'll be in a much better position to list it. In the meantime, I want you to enjoy college, sweetie. Stop worrying about us, and start focusing on *you*." Her tone becomes playful. "Are there any new boyfriends I should know about?"

I smile to myself. "Nope."

"Oh come on, there has to be *someone* you're interested in."

My cheeks heat up as I think about Justin. "Well. There is. I mean, we're not dating or anything, but I wouldn't be against it. If he was interested."

Mom laughs. "Then ask him out."

Why does everyone think that's so easy for me to do?

"Yeah, maybe. You know me, I like to take things slow." Or rather, not at all. I haven't gone on a single date since Devon and I broke up last year.

I quickly change the subject. "Tell me about that new manager you were bitching about in your last email. It sounds like he's driving you nuts."

We chat about Mom's cashier job for a while, though it hurts like hell to hear about it. She used to be an elementary school teacher, but she'd been let go after my scandal, and the bastards in the school system had even found a loophole that made it possible for them to pay her the shittiest severance possible. Which had gone straight to my family's mountain of debt—and had barely made a dent in it.

Mom tells me about my dad's new obsession with building model planes, regales me with the antics of our dog, and bores me with details of the vegetable garden she's planting in the spring. Noticeably absent from the conversation is any mention of friends or dinners in town or the community events all small towns are known for. Because like me, my parents are also the town pariahs.

Unlike me, they didn't race out of Indiana like their asses were on fire.

In my defense, I had desperately needed a fresh start.

I just wish they were able to get one, too.

By the time we hang up, I'm caught between overwhelming joy and profound sorrow. I love talking to my mother, but knowing I won't see her and Dad on Thanksgiving makes me want to cry.

Fortunately, Allie pops into my bedroom before I surrender to the sadness and end up spending the rest of the day bawling in bed. "Hey," she says cheerfully. "Wanna grab breakfast in town? Tracy says we can take her car."

"Only if we go anywhere but Della's." There's nothing worse than eating where you work, especially since more often than not, Della ropes me into staying for a shift.

Allie rolls her eyes. "There's nowhere else that serves breakfast. But fine. Let's just eat in the dining hall."

I hop out of bed, and Allie hops right into it, sprawling on the blanket as I walk to the dresser to grab some clothes.

"Who were you on the phone with? Your mom?"

"Yeah." I slip a soft blue sweater over my head and smooth out the hem. "I'm not seeing them for Thanksgiving."

"Aw, I'm sorry, babe." Allie sits up. "Why don't you come to New York with me?"

It's a tempting offer, but I promised my mom I'd send her money, and I don't want to completely deplete my savings account by blowing it on a

train ticket and a weekend in New York. "I can't afford it," I answer ruefully.

"Crap. I'd pay your way if I could, but I'm broke because of that Mexico trip me and Sean took in the spring."

"I wouldn't let you pay for me, anyway." I grin. "We're going to be starving artists when we graduate, remember? We need to save all the pennies we can."

She sticks out her tongue. "No way. We're going to be famous right out of the gate. You'll sign a multi-record deal, and I'll be starring in a rom-com alongside Ryan Gosling. Who, by the way, will fall madly in love with me. And then we'll live in a Malibu beach house together."

"You and me?"

"No, me and *Ryan*. You can come visit, though. You know, when you're not hanging out with Beyoncé and Lady Gaga."

I laugh. "You do dream big."

"It'll happen, babe. Just you watch."

I sincerely hope so, especially for Allie's sake. She's planning on moving out to L.A. the second she graduates, and honestly, I can totally picture her starring in a romantic comedy. She's not Angelina Jolie-beautiful, but she's got a cute, fresh-faced look and comedic timing that would play well in those quirky romantic roles. The only thing that worries me is...well, she's too soft. Allie Hayes is hands-down the most compassionate person I've ever met. She turned down a free ride to UCLA's drama program in order to stay on the east coast because her father has multiple sclerosis and she wanted to be able to get to New York at a moment's notice if he ever needed her.

Sometimes I'm afraid Hollywood will eat her alive, but she's as strong as she is sweet, and she's also the most ambitious person I've ever met, so if anyone can make their dreams come true, it's Allie.

"Let me brush my teeth and wash up, and then we can go." I glance over my shoulder on my way to the door. "Are you around tonight? I'm tutoring until six, but I thought we could watch some *Mad Men* afterward."

She shakes her head. "I'm having dinner with Sean. I'll probably crash at his place tonight."

A grin tugs on my lips. "So you guys are getting serious again, huh?" Allie and Sean have broken up three times since freshman year, but the two

of them always seem to wind up in each other's arms again.

"I think so," she admits as she follows me into the common room. "We've both grown up a lot since the last break-up. But I'm not really thinking about the future. We're good together right now, and that's good enough for me." She winks. "And it doesn't hurt that the sex is fan-fucking-tastic."

I muster up another smile, but deep down, I can't help but wonder what that feels like. The fantastic sex part.

My sex life hasn't exactly been sunshine and rainbows and sparkly tiaras. It's been fear and anger and years of therapy, and when I was finally ready to try my hand at the whole sex thing, it certainly didn't work out the way I wanted. Two years after the rape, I slept with a college freshman I met at a coffee shop in Philly when I was visiting my aunt. We spent the whole summer together, but the sex was awkward and lacking passion. At first I thought maybe we just didn't have chemistry...until the same thing happened with Devon.

Devon and I had the kind of chemistry that could set a room on fire. I was with him for eight months, insanely attracted to the guy, but no matter how hard I tried, I wasn't able to get past my...fine, I'll call a spade a spade. My sexual dysfunction.

I couldn't have an orgasm with him.

It's so fucking mortifying even thinking about it. And even more humiliating when I remember how frustrating it was for Devon. He tried to please me. God, he tried. And it's not like I can't have orgasms on my own—because I can. Easily. But I just couldn't make it happen with Devon, and eventually he grew tired of working so hard and not seeing any results.

So he dumped me.

I don't blame him. Must be a major hit on your manhood when your girlfriend doesn't enjoy your sex life.

"Hey, you're white as a sheet." Allie's concerned voice jerks me back to the present. "Are you all right?"

"I'm fine," I assure her. "Sorry, I spaced out."

Her blue eyes soften. "You're really upset about not seeing your parents for Thanksgiving, huh?"

I eagerly take the exit she gives me, nodding in agreement. "Like you said, it sucks." I manage a shrug. "But I'll see them at Christmas. That's

something, at least.”

“It’s everything,” she says firmly. “Now brush your teeth and make yourself beautiful, babe. I’ll have coffee waiting for you when you come back.”

“Aw gee, you’re the best wifey ever.”

She grins. “Just for that, I’m spitting in your coffee.”

11

Garrett

HANNAH SHOWS UP around five in a thick parka with a fur hood and bright red mittens. The last I checked, there wasn't a speck of snow on the ground, but now I'm wondering if I somehow slept through a blizzard when I was taking my catnap.

"Did you just fly in from Alaska?" I ask as she unzips the puffy parka.

"No." She sighs. "I'm wearing my winter coat because I couldn't find my other one. I thought I might have left it here." She glances around my bedroom. "I guess not, though. Ugh. I hope I didn't leave it in the music room. I just know one of those freshman girls is going to steal it. And I *love* that coat."

I snicker. "What's your excuse for the mittens?"

"My hands were cold." She cocks her head. "What's your excuse for the ice pack?"

I realize I'm still holding an ice pack to my side, right where Greg Braxton's behemoth body had slammed into me. I'm bruised to shit, and Hannah gasps when I lift the bottom of my shirt to show her the fist-sized purple bruise on my skin.

"Oh my God! Did that happen at your game?"

"Yup." I slide off the bed and head for my desk to grab my Ethics books. "St. Anthony's has the Incredible Hulk on their team. He loves to wail on us."

"I can't believe you willingly put your body through this," she marvels. "It can't be worth it, can it?"

"It is. Trust me, a few scrapes and bruises are nothing compared to the thrill of being on the ice." I glance over at her. "Do you skate?"

"Not really. I mean, I *have* skated. But I usually just go around in circles on the rink. I've never had to hold a stick or chase a puck around."

“Is that what you think hockey is?” I ask with a grin. “Holding a stick and chasing a puck?”

“Of course not. I know there’s a lot of skill involved, and it’s definitely intense to watch,” she admits.

“It’s intense to play.”

She perches on the edge of my bed, tilting her head curiously. “Have you always wanted to play? Or is it something your dad forced you into?”

I tense. “What makes you think that?”

Hannah shrugs. “Someone told me your dad is like a hockey superstar. I know there are a lot of parents out there who force their kids to follow in their footsteps.”

My shoulders are even stiffer now. I’m surprised she hasn’t brought up my father before now—I doubt there’s anyone at Briar who *doesn’t* know I’m Phil Graham’s son—but I’m also startled by how perceptive she is. Nobody has ever asked me if I actually enjoy playing hockey. They just assume I *must* love it because my father played.

“He pushed me into it,” I confess in a gruff voice. “I was skating before I even hit the first grade. But I kept playing because I love the sport.”

“That’s good,” she says softly. “I think it’s important to be doing what you love.”

I’m afraid she might ask more questions about my father, so I clear my throat and change the subject. “So which philosopher should we start with—Hobbes or Locke?”

“You pick. They’re both incredibly boring.”

I chuckle. “Way to make me enthusiastic about it, Wellsy.”

But she’s right. The next hour is brutal, and not just because of the mind-numbingly dull theories. I’m absolutely starving because I slept through lunch, but I refuse to end the session until I’ve mastered the material. When I studied for the midterm before, I focused only on the major points, but Hannah makes me examine every last detail. She also forces me to rephrase each theory, which I have to admit, gives me a better handle on the convoluted crap we’re studying.

After we’d muddled through it all, Hannah quizzes me on everything we’ve read these past few days, and when she’s satisfied I know my stuff, she closes the binder and nods.

“Tomorrow we’ll start applying the theories to actual ethical dilemmas.”

“Sounds good.” My stomach grumbles so loudly it practically shakes the walls, and I wince.

She snorts. “Hungry?”

“Famished. Tuck does all the cooking in the house, but he’s not home tonight so I was going to order a pizza.” I hesitate. “Do you want to stick around? Have a couple slices and maybe watch something?”

She looks surprised by the invitation. It surprises me too, but honestly, I wouldn’t mind the company. Logan and the others went out to hit up a party, but I wasn’t in the mood to tag along. And I’ve managed to get ahead on all my course readings, so I’ve got shit all to do tonight.

“What do you want to watch?” she asks warily.

I gesture to the stack of Blu-Rays next to my TV. “Dean just got every season of *Breaking Bad*. I keep meaning to watch it but I never have time.”

“Is that the show about the heroine dealer?”

“Meth cooker. I hear it’s fucking awesome.”

Hannah runs her fingers through her hair. She seems reluctant to stay, but equally reluctant to go.

“What else do you have to do tonight?” I prompt.

“Nothing,” she says glumly. “My roommate is spending the night at her boyfriend’s, so I was just going to watch TV anyway.”

“So do it here.” I grab my cell phone. “What do you like on your pizza?”

“Um...mushrooms. And onions. And green peppers.”

“So pretty much all the boring toppings?” I shake my head. “We’re getting bacon and sausage and extra cheese.”

“Why bother asking me what I like if you’re not going to order any of it?”

“Because I was hoping you’d have better taste than that.”

“I’m sorry you find vegetables boring, Garrett. Why don’t you give me a call when you get scurvy?”

“Scurvy is a deficiency of Vitamin C. You don’t put sunshine or oranges on pizza, sweetheart.”

In the end, I compromise by ordering two pizzas, one with Hannah’s boring-ass toppings, the other loaded with meat and cheese. I cover the mouthpiece and glance at her. “Diet Coke?”

“What do I look like, a pansy? Regular Coke, thank you very much.”

Chuckling, I place our order, then put in the first disc of *Breaking Bad*. We're twenty minutes in when the doorbell rings.

"Wow. Fastest pizza delivery guy ever," Hannah remarks.

My stomach is not complaining in the slightest. I head downstairs and grab our food, then pop into the kitchen to grab paper towels and a bottle of Bud Light from the fridge. At the last second, I grab an extra bottle in case Hannah wants one.

But when I offer it to her upstairs, she vehemently shakes her head. "No, thank you."

"What, you're too much of a prude to have one beer?"

Discomfort flickers in her eyes. "I'm not a big drinker, okay?"

I shrug and crack open my beer, taking a deep swig as Hannah rips a piece of paper towel off the roll and pries a gooey vegetable-covered slice out of the box.

We settle on the bed to eat, neither of us speaking as I turn the show back on. The pilot episode is amazing, and Hannah doesn't object when I click on the next one.

There's a female in my bedroom and neither of us is naked. It's strange. But kinda nice. We don't talk much during the show—we're too engrossed by what's happening on the screen—but once the second episode ends, Hannah turns to me and gapes.

"Oh my God, imagine not knowing that your husband is cooking meth? Poor Skylar."

"She's definitely going to find out."

Hannah gasps. "Hey. No spoilers!"

"That's not a spoiler," I protest. "It's a prediction."

She relaxes. "Okay, good."

She picks up her Coke can and takes a deep swig. I've already demolished my pizza, but Hannah's is only half done, so I steal a piece and take a big bite.

"Ohhhh, look who's eating my *boring* pizza. Can anyone say hypocrite?"

"It's not my fault you eat like a bird, Wellsy. I can't let food go to waste."

"I had four slices!"

I have to concede, “Yeah, that actually makes you a total pig compared to the girls I know. The most they ever eat is half a starter salad.”

“That’s because they need to stay rail-thin so guys like you will find them attractive.”

“There’s nothing attractive about a woman who’s all skin and bones.”

“Uh-huh, I’m sure you’re *so* turned off by skinny women.”

I roll my eyes. “No. I’m just saying I prefer ’em curvy.” I swallow my last bite before reaching for another slice. “A man likes having something to grab onto when he’s...you know.” I arch my eyebrows at her. “It goes both ways, though. I mean, wouldn’t you rather sleep with a guy who’s built over one who’s a twig?”

She snorts. “Is this the part where I compliment you on your super hot bod?”

“You think I’m super hot? Thanks, baby.”

“No, *you* think you’re super hot.” She purses her lips. “But I suppose you have a point. I’m not attracted to scrawny guys.”

“Then I guess it’s a good thing Loverboy is shredded like lettuce, huh?”

She sighs. “Would you stop calling him that?”

“Nope.” I chew thoughtfully. “I’ll be honest. I don’t know what you see in him.”

“Why, because he’s not Mr. Big Man on Campus? Because he’s serious and smart and not a raging manwhore?”

Shit, I guess she’s bought into Kohl’s act. If I had a hat, I’d probably tip it off to the guy for successfully creating a persona that drives women wild—the nerd athlete.

“Kohl isn’t what he seems,” I say roughly. “I know he comes off as the smart, mysterious jock, but there’s something...slimy about him.”

“I don’t think he’s slimy at all,” she objects.

“Right, because you’ve had a plethora of deep, meaningful conversations with him,” I crack. “Trust me, he’s putting on a show.”

“Agree to disagree.” She smirks. “Besides, you’re in no position to judge who I’m interested in. From what I hear, you only date airheads.”

I smirk right back. “You’re wrong.”

“Am I?”

“Yup. I only *sleep* with airheads. I don’t date.”

“Slut.” She pauses, curiosity etching into her face. “How come you don’t date? I’m sure every girl at this college would kill to be your girlfriend.”

“I’m not looking for a relationship.”

That perplexes her. “Why not? Relationships can be really fulfilling.”

“Says the woman who’s single.”

“I’m single because I haven’t found anyone I connect with, not because I’m anti-relationship. It’s nice having someone to spend time with. You know, talking, cuddling, all that mushy stuff. Don’t you want that?”

“Eventually. But not right now.” I flash a cocky grin. “If I ever feel the need to talk to someone, I’ve got you.”

“So your airheads get the sex, and I’m the one who has to listen to you babble?” She shakes her head. “I feel like I’m getting the short end of that deal.”

I wiggle my eyebrows. “Aw, you want the sex too, Wellsy? I’m happy to give it to you.”

Her cheeks turn the brightest shade of red I’ve ever seen, and I burst out laughing.

“Relax. I’m just kidding. I’m not stupid enough to bone my tutor. I’ll end up breaking your heart, and then you’ll feed me false information, and I’ll fail the midterm.”

“Again,” she says sweetly. “You’ll fail the midterm *again*.”

I flip up my middle finger, but I’m grinning as I do it. “You taking off now or should I put on Episode 3?”

“Episode 3. Definitely.”

We get comfortable on the bed again, me on my back with my head on three pillows, Hannah on her stomach at the foot of the bed. The next episode is intense, and once it’s done, we’re both eager to watch the next one. Before I know it, we’re done with the first disc and moving on to the second. In between cliffhangers, we discuss what we’ve just seen and make predictions, and honestly? I haven’t had this much platonic fun with a girl in...well, *ever*.

“I think his brother-in-law is on to him,” Hannah muses.

“Are you kidding me? I bet they save that reveal for the end. I think Skylar’s gonna find out soon, though.”

“I hope she divorces him. Walter White is the devil. Seriously. I hate him.”

I chuckle. “He’s an anti-hero. You’re supposed to hate him.”

The next episode comes on, and we shut up immediately, because this is the kind of show that requires your full attention. The next thing I know, we’ve reached the season finale, which ends with a scene that leaves us wide-eyed.

“Holy shit,” I exclaim. “We’re done with the first season.”

Hannah bites her lip and steals a glance at the alarm clock. It’s nearly ten o’clock. We’ve just watched seven episodes without so much as a bathroom break.

I expect her to announce it’s time for her to go, but she sighs instead. “Do you have season two?”

I can’t control my laughter. “You want to keep watching?”

“After that finale? How can we not?”

She makes a good point.

“At least the premiere,” she says. “Don’t you want to see what happens?”

I totally do, and so I don’t object when she gets up to load the next disc. “You want a snack or something?” I offer.

“Sure.”

“I’ll go see what we have.”

I find two microwave popcorn pouches in the kitchen cupboard, nuke them both, and head back upstairs with two bowls of popcorn in my hands.

Hannah has stolen my spot, her dark hair fanned on my stack of pillows, legs stretched out in front of her. Her red and black polka dot socks make me grin. I’ve noticed she doesn’t wear designer clothing or preppy getups like most of the females at this school, or the trashy party clothes you see on Greek Row and at the campus bars on weekends. Hannah is all about skinny jeans and leggings and tight-fitting sweaters, which might look elegant if she didn’t always throw in a flash of bright color. Like the socks, or the mittens, or those quirky hair clips she wears.

“Is one of those for me?” She gestures to the bowls I’m holding.

“Yup.”

I hand one over, and she sits up and shoves her hand inside, then giggles. “I can’t eat popcorn without thinking about Napoleon.”

I blink. “The emperor?”

She laughs harder. “No, my dog. Well, my family’s dog. He’s in Indiana with my parents.”

“What kind of dog?”

“A huge mutt crossed with a gazillion breeds, but he mostly looks like a German shepherd.”

“Does Napoleon like popcorn?” I ask politely.

She grins. “He loves it. We got him when he was a puppy, and this one time—I was about ten—my parents took me to the movies, and he broke into the cupboards when we were out and managed to get into a box of microwave popcorn packets. There were like fifty of them in there. My mom is all about sales, so if there’s ever a great deal at the grocery store, she’ll buy up the entire shelf of whatever product is on sale. I guess that month it was Orville Redenbacher’s. I swear, that dog ate every single one of them, packaging included. He was pooping out whole kernels and bits of paper for days.”

I snicker.

“My dad was freaking out,” she says. “He thought Napoleon would get food poisoning or something, but the vet said it was no biggie and that it would all come out eventually.” She pauses. “Do you have any pets?”

“No, but my grandparents had a cat when I was growing up. Her name was Peaches and she was batshit crazy.” I shovel a handful of popcorn into my mouth, chuckling as I chew. “She was sweet to me and my mom, but she fucking hated my dad. Which isn’t surprising, I guess. My grandparents hated him too, so she must have been following their lead. But man, she terrorized the old bastard.”

Hannah grins. “What’d she do?”

“Scratch him any chance she got, piss on his shoes, that kind of stuff.” I suddenly burst out laughing. “Oh shit, the best thing she ever did? It was Thanksgiving and we were at my grandparents’ place in Buffalo, and we’re all gathered at the table about to eat when Peaches comes in through the cat door. Right behind the house was this ravine, so she used to prowl around there. Anyway, she waltzes inside and she’s got something in her mouth, but none of us can tell what it is.”

“Oh God. I don’t like where this is going.”

I'm grinning so hard it hurts. "Peaches jumps up on the table like she's the queen of the castle or some shit, strolls along the edge of the tablecloth, and dumps a dead rabbit on my father's plate."

Hannah gasps. "Seriously? Gross!"

"Gramps is pissing himself laughing, and Gran is freaking out because she thinks all the food on the table is contaminated now, and my dad..." My humor fades as I remember the look on the old man's face. "Let's just say he wasn't pleased."

Understatement of the year. A chill runs up my spine as I recall what happened when we got back to Boston a few days later. What he did to my mother as punishment for "shaming" him, as he'd accused her of doing during his rage.

The only saving grace is that Mom died a year later. She wasn't there to witness it when he turned his rage on me, and I'm grateful for that every day of my life.

Beside me, Hannah goes somber as well. "I'm not seeing my parents for Thanksgiving."

I glance over, studying her face. It's obvious she's upset, and her soft confession distracts me from the crushing memories pressing down on my chest. "Do you usually go home?"

"No, we go to my aunt's for the holidays, but my folks can't afford it this year, and I...can't afford to go to them."

There's a false note there at the end, but I can't imagine what she might be lying about.

"It's okay," she murmurs when she sees the sympathy on my face. "There's always Christmas, right?"

I nod, though for me, there are no holidays. I'd rather slit my wrists than go home and spend the holidays with my father.

I set my popcorn bowl on the nightstand and pick up the remote. "Ready for season two?" I ask in a casual voice. The conversation has gotten too heavy, and I'm eager to derail it.

"Bring it on."

This time I sit beside her, but there's still two feet of space between us. It's messed up how much I'm enjoying this. Just hanging out with a girl without worrying about how I'm going to get rid of her or that she's going to start making demands on me.

We watch the premiere episode of season two, followed by the next one, and then the next one...and the next thing I know, it's three in the morning.

"Oh crap, is that the time?" Hannah blurts out. As she voices the question, a huge yawn overtakes her face.

I rub my weary eyes, unable to fathom how it got this late without either one of us noticing. We've literally watched a season and a half of television in one sitting.

"Shit," I mumble.

"I can't believe how late it is." She yawns again, which triggers a yawn of my own, and then we're both sitting in my dark bedroom—I don't even remember turning off the light—yawning like two people who haven't slept in months.

"I should go." She stumbles off the bed and rakes her hands through her hair. "Where's my phone? I need to call a cab."

My next yawn nearly breaks my jaw. "I can drive you," I say groggily, sliding off the mattress.

"No way. You had two beers tonight."

"Hours ago," I object. "I'm good to drive."

"No."

Exasperation courses through me. "I'm not letting you take a cab and walk through campus at three in the fucking morning. Either I drive you, or you stay here."

She looks startled. "I'm not staying here."

"Then I'm driving you. No argument."

Her gaze travels to the two Bud bottles on the nightstand. I sense her reluctance, but I also see the exhaustion lining her features. After a moment, her shoulders droop and she lets out a breath. "Fine. I'll crash on your couch."

I'm quick to shake my head. "No. It's better if you sleep in here."

Wrong thing to say, because her body goes stiffer than a board. "I'm not sleeping in your bedroom."

"I live with three hockey players, Wellsy. Who, by the way, still aren't home from a night of partying. I'm not saying it'll happen, but there's a chance one of them might stumble into the living room drunk off their asses and grope you or something if they find you on the couch. I, on the other

hand, have no interest in groping you.” I gesture to my massive bed. “This thing can sleep seven. You won’t even know I’m here.”

“You know, a gentleman would offer to sleep on the floor.”

“Do I look like a gentleman to you?”

She laughs at that. “Nope.” There’s a beat of silence. “Okay, I’ll crash here. But only because I can barely keep my eyes open, and I really don’t want to wait for a taxi.”

I walk over to my dresser. “You want something to sleep in? T-shirt? Sweatpants?”

“A T-shirt would be great.” Even in the darkness, I can make out the flush on her cheeks. “Do you have an extra toothbrush?”

“Yup. Cabinet under the sink.” I give her one of my old T-shirts, and she disappears into the bathroom.

I strip off my shirt and jeans and climb into bed in my boxers. As I get comfortable, I hear the toilet flush and the faucet turn on and off, and then Hannah returns, her bare feet softly slapping the hardwood. She stands at the side of the bed for so long that I finally groan in irritation.

“Would you get in bed already?” I grumble. “I don’t bite. And even if I did, I’m half asleep. So quit looming over me like a weirdo and get in here.”

The mattress dips slightly as she climbs on the bed. There’s a tug on the blanket, a rustling and a sigh, and then she’s lying beside me. Well, not quite. She’s all the way on the other side of the bed, no doubt clinging to the edge of the mattress so she doesn’t fall off.

I’m too tired to make a sarcastic remark so I just mumble, “Night” and close my eyes again.

“Night,” she murmurs back.

A few seconds later, I’m dead to the world.

12

Garrett

I'M ADDICTED TO that moment right before I wake up, when the wispy cobwebs in my brain thread together to form a coherent ball of consciousness. It's the ultimate WTF moment. Disorienting and foggy, with half my brain still lost in whatever dream I'm having.

But something is different about this morning. My body feels warmer than usual, and I become aware of the sweetest smell. Strawberries maybe? No, cherries. Definitely cherries. And something tickles the bottom of my chin, something soft and hard at the same time. A head? Yup, there's a head nestled in the crook of my neck. And a slender arm draped across my stomach. A warm leg hooked on my thigh and a soft breast resting on my left pec.

My eyes open gradually and I find Hannah snuggled up against me. I'm on my back with both my arms wrapped around her, holding her tight to my body. No wonder my muscles are so stiff. Did we sleep like this all night? I remember being on opposite sides of the bed when I fell asleep, so far apart that I half expected to wake up and find Hannah on the floor.

But now we're tangled in each other's arms. It's nice.

I'm growing more alert. Alert enough to register that last thought. It's *nice*? What the fuck am I thinking? Cuddling is an act reserved solely for girlfriends.

And I don't do girlfriends.

But I don't release her either. I'm fully awake now, breathing in her scent and basking in the heat of her body.

I glance at the alarm clock, which is due to go off in five minutes. I always wake up ahead of the alarm, as if my body knows it's time to get up, but I still set it as a precaution. It's seven. I've only gotten four hours of sleep, but I feel oddly rested. At peace. I'm not ready to let go of that

feeling yet, so I just lie there with Hannah in my arms and listen to her steady breathing.

“Is that a *boner*?”

Hannah’s horrified voice slices through the serene silence. She shoots into a sitting position, then stumbles back down. Yup, Ms. Graceful trips while lying down, because her leg is still slung over my thighs. And yup, there’s definite morning wood happening in my southern region.

“Relax,” I say in a sleep-gravelly voice. “It’s just a morning chub.”

“A morning chub?” she echoes. “Oh my God. You’re so...”

“Male?” I supply dryly. “Yes, I am, and that’s what happens to men in the morning. It’s biology, Wellsy. We wake up with wood. If it makes you feel better, I am in no way turned on right now.”

“Fine, I’ll accept your biology excuse. Now can you please explain why you decided to cuddle with me in the middle of the night?”

“I didn’t *decide* a damn thing. I was asleep. For all I know, you’re the one who crawled on top of *me*.”

“I would never. Not even in my sleep. My subconscious knows better than that.” She jabs her finger in the center of my chest, then dives off the bed in a blur of motion.

The moment she’s gone, I experience a sense of loss. I’m no longer warm and cozy, but cold and alone. As I sit up and stretch my arms over my head, her green eyes fix on my bare chest and her nose wrinkles in distaste.

“I cannot believe my head was on that thing all night.”

“My chest is not a *thing*.” I give her a pointed look. “Other women seem to like it just fine.”

“I’m not other women.”

No, she isn’t. Because other women don’t entertain me as much as she does. I suddenly wonder how I ever made it through life without Hannah Wells’ sarcastic barbs and annoyed grumbles.

“Stop grinning,” she snaps.

I’m grinning? Didn’t even realize it.

She narrows her eyes as she fumbles for her clothes. My T-shirt hangs to her knees, emphasizing just how small she is.

“Don’t you dare tell anyone about this,” she orders.

“Why not? It’ll only boost your street cred.”

“I don’t want to be another one of your puck bunnies, and I don’t want people thinking I am, understood?”

Her use of the term makes me grin harder. I like that she’s picking up the hockey lingo. Maybe one of these days, I’ll even convince her to come to a game. I have a feeling Hannah would be a great heckler, which is always an advantage at home games.

Though knowing her, she’d probably heckle *us* and give the other team the advantage.

“Well, if you really don’t want anyone to think that, then I suggest you get dressed fast.” I cock a brow. “Unless you want my teammates to witness your walk of shame. Which they will, because we have practice in thirty minutes.”

Panic lights her eyes. “Crap.”

I have to say, this is the first time a girl’s been worried about getting caught in my bedroom. Normally they strut out like they’ve just bagged Brad Pitt.

Hannah takes a breath. “We studied. We watched TV. I went home late. That’s what happened. Got it?”

I fight back laughter. “As you wish.”

“Did you really just *Princess Bride* me?”

“Did you really just use *Princess Bride* as a verb?”

She glowers at me, then points a finger in my direction. “I expect you to be dressed and ready to go when I get out of that bathroom. You’re driving me home before your roommates wake up.”

A chuckle of amusement slips out as she marches into the washroom and slams the door.

*

Hannah

I’M FUNCTIONING ON four hours of sleep. Kill me now. On the bright side, nobody saw Garrett drop me off at the dorms earlier, so at least my honor is still intact.

My morning classes drag on forever. I have a theory class followed by a music history seminar—both require me to actually pay attention, which is

hard to do when I can barely keep my eyes open. I've already chugged three coffees today, but instead of giving me an energy boost, the caffeine just drained the meager energy I had to begin with.

I grab a late lunch in one of the campus dining halls, choosing a corner table in the back and sending out *leave me alone* vibes because I'm too damn tired to make conversation with anyone. The food succeeds in waking me up a little, and I'm early when I walk through the huge oak doors of the philosophy building.

I near the Ethics lecture hall and stop in my tracks. None other than Justin is loitering in the wide corridor, his dark eyebrows knitted as he texts on his phone.

Even though I showered and changed at the dorm, I still feel like a total slob. My outfit consists of yoga pants, a green hoodie, and red rain boots. The weather forecast called for rain that didn't come, so now I feel like an idiot for my choice of footwear.

Justin, on the other hand, is sheer perfection. Dark jeans hug his long, muscular legs and his black sweater stretches across his broad shoulders in a delicious way that makes me shiver.

My heart beats faster the closer I get. I'm trying to decide if I should say hello or just nod in greeting, but he solves that dilemma by speaking first.

"Hey." His mouth curves in a half smile. "Nice boots."

I sigh. "It was supposed to rain."

"That wasn't sarcasm. I'm totally digging the boots. They remind me of home." He notices my quizzical look and quickly elaborates. "I'm from Seattle."

"Oh. Is that where you transferred from?"

"Yep. And trust me, if it's *not* raining there, then something's wrong. Rain boots are a necessity for survival when you live in Seattle." He tucks his phone in his pocket, his voice taking on a casual note. "So what happened to you on Wednesday?"

I furrow my brow. "What do you mean?"

"The Sigma party. I looked for you when I was done playing pool, but you were already gone."

Oh my God. He was *looking* for me?

"Yeah, I left early," I answer, hoping I sound equally casual. "I had a nine o'clock class the next morning."

Justin slants his head. “I heard you left with Garrett Graham.”

That catches me off guard. I hadn’t thought anyone saw Garrett and me leave together, but clearly I was wrong. And apparently word travels faster than the speed of light at Briar.

“He gave me a ride home,” I reply with a shrug.

“Oh. I didn’t know you guys were friends.”

I smile impishly. “There’s a lot you don’t know about me.”

Holy shit. I’m flirting with him.

He smiles too, and the sexiest dimple I’ve ever seen appears in his chin. “I guess you’re right.” He pauses meaningfully. “Maybe we ought to change that.”

Holy shit. He’s flirting *back*.

And as much as I hate to admit it, I’m starting to think Garrett’s hard-to-get theory actually holds water. Justin seems curiously fixated on the fact that I left the party with Garrett.

“So…” His eyes twinkle playfully. “What are you doing after cla—”

“Wellsy!”

I swallow a groan at the cheerful interruption from—who else—Garrett. A slight frown touches Justin’s lips as Garrett strides up to us, but then he smiles and nods at the unwelcome intruder.

Garrett holds two foam cups in his hands, and he thrusts one at me with a grin. “Got you a coffee. I figured you might need it.”

I don’t miss the strange look Justin shoots in our direction, or the flicker of displeasure in his eyes, but I gratefully accept the cup and pop the lid, blowing on the hot liquid before taking a tiny sip. “You’re a lifesaver,” I breathe.

Garrett nods at Justin. “Kohl,” he says in greeting.

The two of them exchange a manly hand slap type of thing, not a shake, but not quite a fist bump either.

“Graham,” Justin says. “I heard you handed St. Anthony’s asses to them this weekend. Nice win.”

“Thanks.” Garrett chuckles. “I heard you got *your* ass handed to you against Brown. Bummer.”

“There goes our perfect season, huh?” Justin says ruefully.

Garrett shrugs. “You guys’ll bounce back. Maxwell’s arm is ridiculous.”

“Tell me about it.”

Since I rate sports talk on the same level of boring as politics and gardening, I take a step toward the door. “I’m heading in. Thanks for the coffee, Garrett.”

My pulse continues to race as I enter the lecture hall. It’s funny, but my life suddenly seems to be moving at lightning speed. Before the Sigma party, the most contact I had with Justin was one measly nod from ten feet away—and that was over a two-month span. Now, in less than a week, we’ve had two conversations, and either I was imagining it, or he was about to ask me out before Garrett interrupted.

I slide into my usual seat next to Nell, who greets me with a smile. “Hey,” she says.

“Hey.” I unzip my bag and grab a notebook and pen. “How was your weekend?”

“Brutal. I had a huge chem test this morning, and I pulled an all-nighter to study for it.”

“How’d you do?”

“Oh, I definitely aced it.” She smiles happily, but the joy fades fast. “Now I just need to do better on this makeup on Friday, and all will be right in the world again.”

“You got my email, right?” I had sent Nell a copy of my midterm earlier in the week, but she hadn’t emailed back.

“I did. Sorry I didn’t respond, but I was focused on chem. I’m planning on reading through your answers tonight.”

A shadow falls over us, and the next thing I know, Garrett slides into the seat beside me. “Wellsy, you got an extra pen?”

Nell’s eyebrows nearly hit the ceiling, and then she stares at me like I’ve sprouted a goatee in the past three seconds. I don’t blame her. We’ve been seat buddies since school started, and not once have I even looked in Garrett Graham’s direction, let alone talked to him.

Nell isn’t the only one who’s fascinated by this new seating arrangement. When I look across the aisle, I find Justin watching us with an indecipherable expression on his face.

“Wellsy? Pen?”

I shift my gaze back to Garrett. “You came to class unprepared? Shocker.” I reach into my bag again and rummage around for a pen, then slap it into his hand.

“Thanks.” He offers that cocky grin of his before opening his notebook to a fresh page. Then he leans forward and peeks over at Nell. “I’m Garrett.”

She gapes at the hand he’s sticking out at her before reaching over to shake it. “Nell,” she says. “Nice to meet you.”

Tolbert arrives just then, and as Garrett turns his attention to the podium, Nell shoots me another WTF look. I bring my lips close to her ear and murmur, “We’re kinda friends now.”

“I heard that,” Garrett pipes up. “And there’s no ‘kinda’ about it. We’re best friends, Nelly. Don’t let Wellsy tell you otherwise.”

Nell giggles softly.

I just sigh.

OUR LECTURE TODAY focuses on some seriously heavy issues. Mainly, the conflict between an individual’s conscience versus responsibility to society. Tolbert uses the Nazis as our example.

Needless to say, it’s a depressing hour and a half.

After class, I’m dying to finish my conversation with Justin, but Garrett has other ideas. Rather than let me linger—or rather, let me make a beeline for Justin—he firmly takes my arm and helps me to my feet. I steal a look at Justin, who walks briskly down the aisle as if he’s trying to catch up to us.

“Ignore him.” Garrett’s voice is barely audible as he guides me out the door.

“But I want to talk to him,” I protest. “I’m pretty sure he was going to ask me out before.”

Garrett just plows forward, his hand like an iron vise around my forearm. I have to sprint to keep up with his long strides, and I’m annoyed as hell when we emerge into the cool October air.

I’m tempted to look over my shoulder to see if Justin is behind us, but I know Garrett will chastise me if I do, so I resist the urge.

“What the hell?” I demand, shaking his hand off me.

“You’re supposed to be unattainable, remember? You’re making it too easy for him.”

Aggravation rumbles inside me. “The whole point is to get him to notice me. Well, he’s noticed me. Why can’t I stop playing games now?”

“You’ve piqued his interest,” Garrett says as we walk down the cobblestone path toward the courtyard. “But if you want to *keep* his interest, you need to make him work for it. Men like a challenge.”

I want to argue with him, except I think he might be right.

“Just play it cool until Maxwell’s party,” he advises.

“Yes, sir,” I grumble. “Oh, and by the way, I’m canceling on you tonight. I’m exhausted from our marathon last night, and if I don’t get some sleep I’ll be a zombie for the rest of the week.”

Garrett doesn’t look happy. “But we were going to start the hard stuff today.”

“Tell you what, I’ll email you a sample essay question, something Tolbert would come up with. Give yourself two hours to write it, and tomorrow we’ll go over it together. That way I can get a sense of what we need to work on.”

“Fine,” he concedes. “I’ve got practice in the morning and then class. Come over at noon?”

“Sure, but I’ve gotta be out of there by three for rehearsal.”

“Cool. See you tomorrow then.” He ruffles my hair as if I’m a five year old, then saunters off.

A wry smile tugs on my lips as I watch him go, his silver and black hockey jacket plastering to his chest as he walks into the wind. I’m not the only one looking—several females also swing their heads in his direction, and I can practically see their panties melt away as he flashes that rogue grin around.

Rolling my eyes, I head off in the opposite direction. I don’t want to be late for rehearsal, especially since Cass and I still haven’t reached an agreement about his ludicrous choir idea.

But when I walk into the music room, Cass is nowhere to be seen.

“Hey,” I greet MJ, who’s at the piano studying sheets of music.

Her blond head pops up, a strained smile on her face. “Oh, hey.” She pauses. “Cass isn’t coming today.”

Annoyance erupts in my belly. “What do you mean he’s not coming?”

“He texted me a few minutes ago. He has a migraine.”

Yeah right. I know for a fact that a bunch of our classmates, Cass included, went out for drinks last night, because one of them texted me an

invite when Garrett and I were watching *Breaking Bad*. It's easy to put two and two together—Cass is hung-over and that's why he bailed.

“We can still rehearse, though,” MJ says. This time her smile reaches her eyes. “It might be nice to run through the song without stopping to argue every five seconds.”

“Yeah, except whatever we do today, he'll just veto tomorrow.” I plop into a chair near the piano and pin her down with a hard look. “The choir idea is bullshit, MJ. You *know* it is.”

She nods in defeat. “I know.”

“Then why didn't you back me up?” I demand, unable to mask my resentment.

A blush appears on her pale cheeks. “I...” She gulps visibly. “Can you keep a secret?”

Shit. I don't like where this is going. “Sure...”

“Cass asked me out.”

“Oh.” I try not to sound surprised, but it's hard to hide it. MJ is a sweet girl, and she's certainly not unattractive, but she's also the last person I'd consider Cass Donovan's type.

As much as I loathe him, Cass is drop dead gorgeous. He's got the kind of album-cover-friendly face that will sell a lot of records one day, no doubt about that. And look, I'm not saying the plain girl can't get the hot guy. I'm sure it happens all the time. But Cass is a pompous, image-obsessed jerk. Someone that superficial would never be caught dead with a mousy thing like Mary Jane, no matter how sweet she is.

“It's okay,” she says with a laugh. “I know you're surprised. I was too. He asked me before rehearsal that day.” She sighs. “You know, the choir day.”

Annnnd all the puzzle pieces swiftly slide together. I know exactly what Cass is up to, and it takes some serious effort to swallow my anger. It's one thing to coax MJ into backing him up during our fights, it's another to lead the poor girl on.

But what am I supposed to say to her? *He only asked you out so you'd support all his crazy ideas for the showcase?*

I refuse to be an asshole, so I paste on the most polite smile I can muster and ask, “Do you *want* to go out with him?”

Her cheeks go even redder, and then she nods.

“Really?” I say skeptically. “But he’s such a diva. Like, giving Mariah Carey a run for her money diva. You know that, right?”

“I know.” She looks embarrassed now. “But that’s only because he’s so passionate about singing. He’s actually a nice guy when he wants to be.”

When he *wants* to be? She says it like it’s the endorsement of the year, but the way I see it, people should be nice because they *are*, not because it’s a calculated move on their part.

But I keep that opinion to myself, too.

I adopt a tactful tone. “Are you afraid that if you disagree with his ideas, he’ll renege on the date?”

She winces. “It sounds pathetic when you phrase it like that.”

Um, how else does she want me to phrase it?

“I just don’t want to make any waves, you know?” she mumbles, looking uncomfortable.

No, I don’t know. At all.

“This is your song, MJ. And you shouldn’t have to censor your opinions just to make Cass happy. If you hate the choir idea as much as I do, then tell him. Trust me, men appreciate a woman who speaks her mind.”

Yet even as I say the words, I know Mary Jane Harper is not that woman. She’s shy and awkward and spends most of her time hiding behind a piano or curled up in her dorm room writing love songs about boys who don’t return the sentiment.

Oh shit. Something suddenly occurs to me. Is our song about *Cass*?

I’m icked out at the thought that the emotional lyrics I’ve been singing for months might actually be about a guy I loathe.

“I don’t *hate* the choir idea,” she hedges. “I don’t love it, either, but I don’t think it’s terrible.”

And in that moment, I know without a doubt there’s going to be a three-tiered fucking choir standing behind Cass and me at the winter showcase.

13

Garrett

I'M WORKING AT the kitchen counter tonight, frustrated as fuck as I read over the practice essay Hannah “graded” for me earlier. She left my house with orders for me to redo the paper, but I’m having a tough time with it. The answer is simple, damn it—if someone commands you to murder millions of people, you say *no thanks, I’ll pass*. Except going by the criteria laid out in this bullshit theory, there are pros and cons for both sides, and I can’t wrap my head around it. I guess I suck at putting myself in someone else’s shoes, and that’s kind of disheartening.

“Question,” I announce as Tuck wanders into the kitchen.

“Answer,” he replies instantly.

“I haven’t asked the question yet, asshole.”

Grinning, he washes his hands at the sink and then ties a neon pink apron around his waist. Logan, Dean and I gave him the frilly monstrosity as a joke for his birthday, on the argument that if he was going to be our mother hen, he might as well look the part. Tucker countered by insisting he’s masculine enough to pull off any item of clothing we throw his way, and now he wears the damn thing like a badge of macho honor.

“Okay, I’ll bite,” he says as he heads to the fridge. “What’s the question?”

“All right, so you’re a Nazi—”

“Fuck that,” he interjects.

“Let me finish, will ya? You’re a Nazi, and Hitler has just ordered you to commit an act that goes against everything you believe in. Do you say, *cool beans, boss, I’ll kill all these people for you*, or do you say *fuck off*, and risk getting killed yourself?”

“I tell him to fuck off.” Tuck pauses. “Actually, no. I put a bullet in his head. Problem solved.”

I groan. “I know, right? But *this* asshole—” I point to the book on the counter “—believes that government exists for a reason, and citizens need to trust their leader and obey his orders for the good of the society. So in theory, there’s an argument to be made for genocide.”

Tuck pulls a tray of chicken drumsticks from the freezer. “Bullshit.”

“I’m not saying I agree with that line of thinking, but I’m supposed to argue this guy’s point of view.” I drag a frustrated hand over my scalp. “I fucking hate this class, man.”

Tuck unwraps the meat tray and places it in the microwave. “The redo is on Friday, huh?”

“Yup,” I say glumly.

He hesitates. “Are you going to play in the Eastwood game?”

I brighten up, because this morning I received official word from Coach that I’ll definitely be on the ice on Friday. Apparently the midterm grades aren’t entered into the system until the following Monday, so at the moment, my average is still what it needs to be.

Come Monday, if my Ethics grade is a D or lower, I’ll be benched until I turn things around.

Benched. Jesus. Just thinking about it makes me queasy. All I want to do is lead my team to another Frozen Four victory and make it to the pros. No, I want to *excel* in the pros. I want to prove to everyone that I got there on my own merit and not because I happen to be a famous hockey player’s son. It’s all I’ve *ever* wanted, and I feel sick knowing that my goals, that everything I’ve worked so hard for, is in jeopardy because of one stupid class.

“Coach said I’m playing,” I tell Tuck, who high fives me so hard my palm stings.

“Hell yeah,” he exclaims.

Logan enters the kitchen, an unlit cigarette dangling from the corner of his mouth.

“You better not smoke that in here,” Tucker warns. “Linda will ream your ass.”

“I’m going out back,” Logan promises, because he knows better than to piss off our landlady. “Just wanted to let you guys know that Birdie and the guys are coming over tonight to watch the Bruins game.”

I narrow my eyes. “What guys?”

Logan blinks innocently. “You know, Birdie, Pierre, Hollis, Niko—if he can stop being pussy whipped for long enough to leave his dorm—um, Rogers and Danny. Connor. Oh, Kenny, too, and—”

I stop him before he can name every guy on our roster. “So the whole team, you mean,” I say dryly.

“And their girlfriends, those who have ’em.” He glances at Tuck and me. “It’s cool, right? Won’t be an all-nighter or anything.”

“As long as it’s BYOB, I’m cool,” Tuck answers. “And if Danny is coming then you better lock up the liquor cabinet.”

“We can move the hooch to G’s room,” Logan says with a snort. “God knows he won’t drink a drop of it.”

Tuck glances over at me with a grin. “Poor baby. When are you gonna learn to handle your liquor like a man?”

“Hey, I handle the drinking part just fine. It’s the morning after that does me in.” I smirk at my teammates. “Besides, I’m your captain. Somebody has to stay sober to keep your crazy asses in line.”

“Thanks, Mom.” Logan pauses, then shakes his head. “Actually, no, *you’re* the mom,” he tells Tucker, grinning at Tuck’s apron before turning back at me. “Guess that makes you the dad. You two are positively domestic.”

We both flip him the finger.

“Aw, are Mommy and Daddy mad at me?” He gives a mock gasp. “Are you guys gonna get a divorce?”

“Fuck off,” Tuck says, but he’s laughing.

The microwave beeps, and Tucker pulls out the defrosted chicken, then proceeds to cook our dinner while I do my homework at the counter. And damned if the whole thing isn’t domestic as hell.

14

Hannah

“HEY, HAN-HAN.” ALLIE surprises me at work tonight, sliding into my booth with a beaming smile. When Sean slides in next to her, I have a tough time fighting a grin. They’re sitting on the same side of the booth? Whoa, they *must* be getting serious again, because only couples who are madly in love do that.

“Sup, Hannah,” Sean says as he slings his arm around Allie’s slender shoulders.

“Hey.” I’ve been dealing with pain-in-the-ass customers all evening, so I’m genuinely happy to see some friendly faces. “You guys want something to drink while you look at the menu?”

“Chocolate milkshake, please,” Allie announces.

Sean holds up his index and middle fingers. “Two straws,” he adds with a wink.

I laugh. “God, you two are so sweet you’re giving me a toothache.”

But I’m happy to see them happy. For a frat boy, Sean is actually pretty decent, and he’s never fucked around on Allie, as far as I know. Their past breakups were always her decision—she’d thought they were too young to be so serious—and Sean had been infinitely patient with her every time.

I prepare their lovers milkshake, then deliver it to the booth with an extravagant bow. “Madam, monsieur.”

“Thanks, babe. Hey, so listen,” Allie says as Sean studies the menu. “Some of the girls on our floor are having a Ryan Gosling movie marathon tomorrow night.”

Sean groans. “*Another* Gosling fest? I don’t know what chicks see in that guy. He’s scrawny as shit.”

“He’s beautiful,” Allie corrects before glancing at me again. “You in?”

“Depends what time.”

“Tracy’s got a late class, but she’ll be back by nine. So around then?”

“Shit. I’m tutoring at nine.”

Allie’s face clouds with disappointment. “Can’t you try to tutor earlier?” She wiggles her eyebrows as if trying to entice me. “Val’s making sangrias...”

I have to admit, I *am* enticed. It’s been a while since I’ve hung out with the girls *or* consumed anything alcoholic. I might not drink at parties (and for a damn good reason) but I don’t mind getting my buzz on every now and then.

“Let me call Garrett on my break. I’ll see if he’s free earlier.”

Sean looks up from the menu, interested in the conversation again. “So you and Graham are best buds now?”

“Naah. It’s just a tutor/tutoree relationship.”

“Nuh-uh,” Allie teases. She turns to her boyfriend. “They’re totally friends. They *text* and everything.”

“Fine. We’re friends,” I say grudgingly. When Sean gives me a knowing grin, I promptly scowl at him. “*Just* friends. So banish all those dirty thoughts from your mind.”

“Oh come on, can you really blame me? He’s the captain of the hockey team and he goes through girls faster than he goes through a roll of toilet paper. You *know* everyone’s gonna think you’re his next conquest.”

“They can think whatever they want.” I offer a little shrug. “But it’s not like that with us.”

Sean seems unconvinced, which I chalk up to being a guy thing. I doubt there’s a guy out there who believes that men and women are capable of being purely platonic.

I leave Allie and Sean and tend to my other customers. When my break rolls around, I pop into the staff room in the back to call Garrett. The dial tone goes on forever before he finally answers, his gruff “hello” overpowered by the loud music in the background.

“Hey, it’s Hannah,” I tell him.

“I know. I have Caller ID, dumbass.”

“I was calling to see if we can change our tutoring time for tomorrow.”

A swell of hip-hop blasts into my ear. “Sorry, what?”

I raise my voice so he can hear me better. “Can we meet up earlier tomorrow? I’ve got plans at nine, so I was hoping I could come by around seven. Is that cool?”

His response is drowned out by the deafening pounding of Jay-Z.

“Where are you?” I’m practically shouting now.

“Home,” comes his muffled response. “We invited a few people over to watch the game.”

A few people? It sounds like he’s in the middle of Times Square.

“So you’re coming at nine?”

I swallow my aggravation. “No, at *seven*. Is that okay?”

“Garrett, beer me!” a voice ripples over the line. Judging by the faint Texas drawl, it must be Tucker.

“Hold on, Wellsy. One sec.” A rustling meets my ear, followed by a howl of laughter, and then Garrett comes back. “Okay, tomorrow at nine then.”

“Seven!”

“Right, seven. Sorry, I can’t hear you at all. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

He hangs up on me, but I don’t care. I’ve discovered this past week that Garrett never takes the time to say goodbye on the phone. It annoyed me at first, but now I sort of appreciate his time-saving approach.

I shove my phone in my apron and reenter the main room to tell Allie I’m good to go for tomorrow night, and she squeals in response. “Yay! I can’t *wait* to get my Gosling on. Hottest. Guy. Ever.”

“I’m sitting right here, you know,” Sean grumbles.

“Babe, have you *seen* that man’s abs?” she demands.

He sighs.

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, I show up at Garrett’s house at seven o’clock sharp and let myself in as usual. Before I head upstairs, I poke my head into the living room to say hi to Logan and the guys. Logan’s not there, but Tuck and Dean are, and they glance up in confusion when they spot me.

“Hey, Wellsy.” Tucker wrinkles his forehead. “Whatcha doing here?”

“Tutoring your captain, what else?” Rolling my eyes, I start to edge away from the doorway.

“You don’t want to go up there, baby doll,” Dean calls out.

I stop in my tracks. “Why not?”

His light-green eyes gleam in amusement. “Uh...he might have forgotten.”

“Well, then I’ll go up and remind him.”

A minute later, I completely regret that course of action.

“Yo, Graham, let’s get this over with so I can—” I halt midsentence, freezing like a deer in headlights after I open the door.

Embarrassment slams into me when I register what I’m seeing.

Garrett is lying on the bed in all his bare-chested glory...while a naked girl straddles his thighs.

Yep, Miss Thang is buck-naked, and she whirls around in a cloud of blond hair at the sound of my voice. Perky breasts assault my vision, but I don’t have time to judge them one way or the other because her ear-piercing screech cuts through the air.

“*What the hell!*”

“Shit. I’m *so* sorry,” I blurt out.

Then I slam the door and race downstairs like I’m being chased by a serial killer.

When I stumble into the living room a moment later, I’m greeted by two grinning faces. “We told you not to go up there,” Tucker says with a sigh.

Dean’s grin widens. “How was the show? We can’t hear much from down here, but I have a feeling she’s a screamer.”

I’m so mortified that my cheeks feel like they’re burning from the inside out. “Can you tell your slutty friend to call me when he’s done? Actually, no. Tell him he’s out of luck. My time is precious, damn it. I’m not tutoring him anymore when he obviously doesn’t take my schedule seriously.”

With that, I march out of the house, my emotions alternating between embarrassment and anger. Unbelievable. How is fooling around with some girl more important to him than passing his midterm? And what kind of jerk would do that when he *knows* I’m coming over?

I’m halfway to Tracy’s car when the front door bursts open, and Garrett rushes out. He at least had the decency to put on a pair of jeans, but he’s still not wearing a shirt. Or shoes, for that matter. He hurries over to me, his expression a mixture of sheepish and annoyed. “What the hell was that?” he demands.

“Are you kidding me?” I retort. “I should be asking *you* that question. You knew I was coming over!”

“You said nine!”

“I changed it to seven, and you know it.” My lips twist in a scowl. “Maybe next time you should pay more attention to me when I call you.”

He rakes a hand through his short hair, and his biceps bulge as he does it. The cold air causes goose bumps to rise on his smooth, golden skin, and my gaze is unwittingly drawn to the thin line of hair that arrows toward his unbuttoned waistband.

At the sight, an odd flicker of heat travels from my breasts to my core. My body suddenly feels tight and achy, my fingers tingling with the urge to...oh, for fuck’s sake. *No*. So what if the guy is totally cut? That doesn’t mean I want to ride him like a cowgirl.

He already has someone else doing that to him.

“I’m sorry, okay?” he grumbles. “I screwed up.”

“No, *not* okay. One, you clearly don’t respect my time, and two, you *clearly* don’t want to pass this class, otherwise your pants would be zipped and your textbook would be open.”

“Oh really?” he challenges. “So you expect me to believe that *you* study twenty-four-seven and never hook up with *anyone*?”

Discomfort churns in my stomach, and when I don’t answer, suspicion floods his eyes. “You do hook up, don’t you?”

An irritable breath escapes my lips. “Of course I do. Just...not in a while.”

“What’s a while?”

“A year. Not that it’s any of your business.” I set my jaw and unlock the driver’s door. “Go back to your floozy, Garrett. I’m going home.”

“Floozy?” he echoes. “That’s a rude assumption, don’t you think? She could be a Rhodes scholar, for all you know.”

I raise one eyebrow. “Is she?”

“Well, no,” he relents. “But Tiffany—”

I snort. Tiffany. *Of course* her name is Tiffany.

“—is a very smart girl,” he finishes darkly.

“Uh-huh, I’m sure she is. Go back to Ms. Smart then. I’m outta here.”

“Can we reschedule for tomorrow?”

I open the car door. “No.”

“Is that so?” He clamps his hand over the doorframe. “Then I guess our date on Saturday is off too?”

He stares at me.

I stare right back.

But we both know he won't be the one backing down.

I suddenly flash back to the conversation I had with Justin in the hallway the other day. My cheeks heat up again, but this time it has nothing to do with the fact that I just caught Garrett with his pants down. Literally. Justin has finally acknowledged my existence, and if I bail on this party, I'll be passing up the opportunity to talk to him outside of school. It's not like we travel in the same circles, so unless I want to limit myself to a once-a-week interaction in Ethics, I need to be proactive and seek him out away from the lecture hall.

"Fine," I mumble to Garrett. "I'll see you tomorrow. At *seven*."

His mouth curves in a self-satisfied smile. "That's what I thought."

15

Garrett

I MAKE SURE to be home—and alone—when Hannah shows up on Thursday night. I'm more amused than embarrassed that she walked in on Tiff and me yesterday, and hey, at least it hadn't been for the money shot. Hannah's face would've been a hundred times redder if she'd heard Tiffany's screams of orgasm.

Honestly, a part of me wonders if Tiff had been faking those porn star moans. I don't claim to be a stud in bed, but I'm attentive as hell and I've never had any complaints in the past. But last night was the first time I felt like the chick in my bed was putting on a show. There'd been something incredibly...*unsatisfying* about the whole thing. I don't know if she was faking it or simply exaggerating her pleasure, but either way, I'm not too eager for a repeat performance.

Hannah knocks on my door, but she doesn't stop at one knock. She does it at least ten more times, and then two more even after I've shouted for her to come in.

The door swings open and Hannah stumbles inside, tightly covering her eyes with both palms. "Is it safe?" she asks loudly. Eyes still shut, she stretches her arms out in front of her like a blind person feeling their way through the darkness.

"You're such a fucking brat," I say with a sigh.

Her eyelids pop open, and she fixes me with a dark look. "I'm just being careful," she answers in a haughty tone. "God forbid I walk in on another one of your sex fests."

"Don't worry, we hadn't even gotten to the sex part. If you must know, we were still in the foreplay stage. Second and third base, to be exact."

"Gross. TMI."

"You asked."

“I did not.” She settles cross-legged on the bed and pulls the class binder out of her bag. “Okay, enough chit chat. Let’s read over your revised essay and then we’ll outline a few practice ones.”

I hand over the paper I’d fixed up, then lean back on the pillows as Hannah reads it. Once she’s done, she looks over at me, and I can tell she’s impressed. “This is pretty good,” she admits.

Damned if I don’t experience a burst of pride. I slaved over this Nazi paper, and Hannah’s praise not only pleases me, but it also confirms that I’m getting better at putting myself in someone else’s headspace.

“Actually, it’s *really* good,” she amends as she skims the conclusion again.

I mock gasp. “Holy shit. Was that a compliment?”

“Nope. I take it back. It sucks ass.”

“Too late.” I wag my finger at her. “You think I’m smart.”

She lets out a heavy sigh. “You’re smart when you apply yourself.” She pauses. “Okay, so this might be a total dick thing to say, but I always assumed the school was easier on athletes. Academically, I mean. You know, handing out free A’s because you guys are *so* important.”

“I wish. I know a few guys on the Eastwood team whose professors don’t even read their papers—they just slap an A on them and hand them back. But the Briar profs make us work for it. Assholes.”

“How are you doing in your other courses?”

“A’s across the board, and a pesky C in Spanish history, but that’ll change once I turn in my final paper.” I smirk. “Guess I’m not the dumb jock you thought I was, huh?”

“I never thought you were dumb.” She sticks out her tongue. “I thought you were a jackass.”

“*Thought?*” I pounce on her use of the past tense. “Does that mean you’ve seen the error of your ways?”

“Naah, you’re still a jackass.” She grins. “But at least you’re a smart one.”

“Smart enough to ace this midterm?” My spirits sink as I voice the question. The makeup is tomorrow, and I’m starting to stress about it again. I’m not sure I’m ready, but Hannah’s confidence eases some of my uncertainty.

“Definitely,” she assures me. “As long as you keep your own bias out of it and stick to what the philosophers would do, I think you’ll be fine.”

“I better be. I really need this grade, Wellsy.”

Her voice softens. “The team’s that important to you?”

“It’s my whole life,” I say simply.

“Your life? Whoa. You’re putting a lot of pressure on yourself, Garrett.”

“You want to talk about pressure?” Bitterness colors my tone. “Pressure is being seven years old and forced to go on a high-protein diet to promote growth. Pressure is being woken up at the crack of dawn six days a week to skate and run drills while your father blows a whistle in your face for two hours. Pressure is being told that if you fail, you’ll never be a real man.”

Her face goes stricken. “Shit.”

“Yeah, that about sums it up.” I try to push the memories away, but they keep flashing through my mind, tightening my throat. “Trust me, the pressure I put on myself is nothing compared to what I had to deal with growing up.”

She narrows her eyes. “You told me you love hockey.”

“I do love it.” My voice goes hoarse. “When I’m on the ice, it’s the only time I feel...*alive*, I guess. And believe me, I’m going to work my ass off to get to where I want to be. I...fuck, I can’t fail.”

“What happens if you do?” she counters. “What’s your backup plan?”

I frown. “I don’t have one.”

“Everyone needs a Plan B,” Hannah insists. “What if you get injured and can’t play anymore?”

“I don’t know. I guess I’d be a coach. Or maybe a sportscaster.”

“See, you *do* have a plan, then.”

“I guess so.” I eye her curiously. “What’s your Plan B? If you don’t make it as a singer?”

“Honestly, sometimes I don’t know if I even *want* to be a singer. I mean, I love it, I really do, but doing it professionally is a whole other story. I’m not crazy about the idea of living out of a suitcase or spending all my time on a tour bus. And yeah, I like singing in front of an audience, but I’m not sure I want to be on stage in front of thousands of people on a nightly basis.” She shrugs, looking thoughtful. “Sometimes I think I’d rather be a songwriter. I enjoy composing music, so I wouldn’t mind working behind the scenes and letting someone else do the whole *star* thing. If that doesn’t

work out, I could go into teaching.” She gives a self-deprecating smile. “And if that fails, I could always try my hand at stripping.”

I sweep my gaze up and down her body, making a big show out of licking my lips. “Well, you’ve definitely got the tits for it.”

She rolls her eyes. “Pervert.”

“Hey, I’m just stating a fact. Your tits are great. I don’t know why you don’t flaunt ’em more. You know, throw a few low-cut tops into your wardrobe rotation.”

A pink blush blooms in her cheeks. I love how quickly she goes from serious and sassy to shy and innocent.

“By the way, you can’t do that on Saturday,” I inform her.

“What, strip?” she says mockingly.

“No, blush like a tomato every time I make a lewd comment.”

Hannah arches one brow. “How many lewd comments do you plan on making?”

I grin. “Depends on how much I have to drink.”

She lets out an exasperated breath, and a strand of dark hair comes loose from her ponytail and falls onto her forehead. Without thinking, I reach out and tuck the errant strand behind her ear.

The instantaneous tensing of her shoulders brings a frown to my lips. “You can’t do that either. Freeze up when I touch you.”

Alarm flits through her eyes. “Why would you touch me?”

“Because I’m supposed to be your *date*. Have you met me? I’m a handsy guy.”

“Well, you can keep your hands to yourself on Saturday,” she says primly.

“Good plan. And then Loverboy will think we’re just friends. Or enemies, depending on how jumpy you get.”

She bites her lip, and her visible agitation only makes me tease her harder. “Oh, and I might kiss you, too.”

Now she glares at me. “No way.”

“Do you or do you not want Kohl to think you’re into me? Because if you do, you’ll need to at least try to act like it.”

“That’s going to be tough,” she says with a smirk.

“Bullshit. You like me lots.”

She snorts.

“I’m totally digging that snorting thing you do,” I tell her frankly. “It’s kind of a turn on.”

“Would you quit it?” she grumbles. “He’s not in the room right now. You can save the flirting for Saturday.”

“I’m trying to get you used to it.” I pause as if I’m mulling something over, but really, I’m getting a huge kick out of making Hannah squirm. “Actually, the more I think about it, the more I’m wondering if we should warm up.”

“Warm up? What the hell does that mean?”

I slant my head. “What do you think I do before a game, Wellsy? Just show up at the rink and throw my skates on? Of course not. I practice six days a week to get ready. Ice time, weight room, watching game tapes, strategy meetings. Think of all the advance prep that goes into it.”

“This isn’t a game,” she says irritably. “It’s a fake date.”

“But it needs to look real for Loverboy.”

“Would you stop calling him that?”

Nope, I have no plans to stop. I like how angry it makes her. In fact, I like pissing her off, period. Every time Hannah gets mad, her green eyes blaze and her cheeks turn the cutest shade of pink.

“So yeah,” I say with a nod. “If I’m going to be touching and kissing you on Saturday, I think it’s imperative that we rehearse.” I lick my lips again. “Thoroughly.”

“I honestly can’t decide if you’re messing with me right now.” She blows out an annoyed breath. “Either way, I’m not letting you touch *or* kiss me, so wipe all those dirty ideas out of your head. If you want some action, call Tiffany.”

“Yeah, that’s not gonna happen.”

There’s a bite to Hannah’s tone. “Why not? You seemed pretty into her last night.”

“It was a one-time hook up. And stop trying to change the subject.” I grin at her. “Why don’t you want to kiss me?” I narrow my eyes. “Oh shit. There’s only one explanation I can think of.” I pause. “You’re a bad kisser.”

Her jaw drops in outrage. “I most certainly am *not*.”

“Yeah?” I lower my voice to a seductive pitch. “Prove it.”

16

Hannah

SOMEHOW I'VE TRAVELED back in time to my third-grade playground days. Unless there's another explanation for why Garrett is goading me into kissing him.

"I don't have to prove a damn thing," I inform him. "I happen to be a *fantastic* kisser. Sadly, you will never get to find out."

"Never say never," he answers in a singsong voice.

"Thanks for that, Justin Bieber. But yeah, not going to happen, dude."

He sighs. "I get it. You're intimidated by my potent masculinity. Chin up, it happens all the time."

Oh brother. I can still remember the days—all of a week ago—when Garrett Graham wasn't a fixture in my life. When I didn't have to listen to his cocky remarks or see his rogue grins or get drawn into a flirt battle I have no interest in.

Except Garrett happens to be very, very good at one particular thing: throwing down the gauntlet.

"Fear is a fact of life," he says solemnly. "Don't let it get you down, Wellsy. Everyone experiences it." He leans back on his elbows like a bigshot. "Tell you what, I'll give you a free pass. If you're too scared to kiss me, I won't make you."

"Scared?" I rumble. "I'm not scared, dumbass. I just don't *want* to."

Another sigh rolls out of his chest. "Then I guess we're back to self-confidence issues. Don't worry, there are a lot of bad kissers in this world, sweetheart. I'm sure with practice and perseverance, you'll one day be able to—"

"Fine," I interrupt. "Let's do it."

His mouth slams shut, eyes widening in surprise. *Ha*. So he didn't expect me to call his bluff.

Our gazes lock in a stare-down for the ages. He's waiting for me to back down, but I'm confident I can wait him out. Maybe it's childish of me, but Garrett has already gotten his way about this tutoring thing. This time *I* want to win.

But I've underestimated him yet again. His gray eyes darken to smoky metallic silver, and suddenly there's heat in his gaze. Heat, and a gleam of self-assurance, as if he's certain I won't go through with it.

I hear that certainty in the dismissive tone he uses when he finally speaks. "All right, show me what you've got then."

I falter.

Fucking hell. He can't be serious.

And I can't actually be *considering* meeting this inane challenge. I'm not attracted to Garrett, and I don't want to kiss him. End of story.

Except...well, it doesn't feel like the end of *anything*. My body is engulfed with flames, and my hands are trembling not from nerves, but anticipation. When I picture his mouth pressed against mine, my heart races faster than a drum-and-bass track.

What the hell is the matter with me?

Garrett inches closer. Our thighs are touching now, and either I'm hallucinating it, or I can actually see his pulse throbbing in the center of his throat.

He can't possibly *want* this...can he?

My palms grow damp, but I resist wiping them on the front of my leggings because I don't want him to know how unnerved I am. I'm wholly aware of the heat radiating from his jean-clad thigh, the faint scent of his woody aftershave, the slight curve of his mouth as he awaits my next move...

"Come on," he mocks. "We don't have all night, baby."

Now I'm bristling. Screw it. It's just a kiss, right? I don't even have to like it. Shutting that smart mouth of his will be reward enough.

Arching a brow, I reach up and touch his cheek.

His breath hitches.

I sweep my thumb over his jaw, stalling, waiting to see if he'll stop me, and when he doesn't, I slowly bring my mouth to his.

The second our lips meet, the strangest thing happens. Pulsing waves of heat unfurl inside me, starting at my mouth and then rippling down my

body, tingling in the tips of my breasts before traveling even lower. He tastes like the peppermint gum he's been chewing all night and the minty flavor suffuses my taste buds. My lips part of their own volition, and Garrett takes full advantage by sliding his tongue inside. When my tongue tangles with his, he makes a low, growling noise in the back of his throat, and the erotic sound vibrates through my body.

Immediately, I'm hit with a jolt of panic that spurs me to break the kiss.

I suck in a shaky breath. "There. How was that?" I'm trying to sound unaffected by what just happened, but the slight wobble in my voice betrays me.

Garrett's eyes are molten. "Not sure. It wasn't long enough for me to properly judge. I'm gonna need more to go on."

His big hand cups my cheek.

This should be my cue to leave.

Instead, I lean in for another kiss.

And it's just as eerily incredible as the first. As his tongue slicks over mine, I stroke his cheek, and God, that's a big mistake because the scratchy feel of his stubble on my palm intensifies the pleasure already wreaking havoc on my body. His face is strong and masculine and *sexy*, and the sheer maleness of him triggers another burst of need. I need more. I didn't expect to, but damn it, I *need* more.

With an anguished moan, I angle my head to deepen the kiss, and my tongue eagerly explores his mouth. No, not eagerly—*hungrily*. I'm hungry for him.

Garrett threads his fingers through my hair and tugs me closer, one powerful arm curling around my hip to keep me in place. My breasts are now crushed against his rock-hard chest, and I can feel the wild hammering of his heart. His excitement matches my own. The raw, husky groan he releases tickles my lips and sends my pulse careening.

Something's happening to me. I can't stop kissing him. He's too addictive. And even though this might have started with me somewhat in charge, I'm no longer in control.

Garrett's mouth moves over mine with skill and confidence that steals the breath from my lungs. When he nibbles on my bottom lip, I feel an answering tug in my nipples, and press one palm to his chest to ground myself, to try to keep from floating away in a mindless cloud of pleasure.

His hot lips leave mine and travel along my jaw line, dipping down to my neck, where he plants open-mouthed kisses that leave shivers in their wake.

I hear a tortured whimper, and I'm startled to realize it came from me. I'm desperate to feel his mouth on mine again. I thrust one hand in his hair to bring him back to where I want him, but the dark strands are too short to grab onto. All I can do is pull his head forward, which summons a low chuckle from him.

"Is this what you want?" he rasps, and then his lips find mine, and he thrusts that talented tongue into my mouth again.

A moan leaves my throat at the exact moment the bedroom door swings open.

"Hey, G, I need to borrow a—"

Dean grinds to a halt.

With a squeak of horror, I tear my mouth away from Garrett's and shoot to my feet.

"Oops. Didn't mean to interrupt." Dean's grin takes up his entire face, and his twinkling green eyes make my cheeks scorch.

I snap back to reality faster than you can say *biggest mistake ever*. Holy shit. I've just been caught making out with Garrett Graham.

And I was *enjoying* it.

"You're not interrupting," I blurt out.

Dean looks like he's fighting back laughter. "No? Because it sure seems like it."

Despite the tight knot of embarrassment lodged in my throat, I force myself to glance at Garrett, silently pleading for backup, but his expression catches me off guard. Deep intensity and a flash of annoyance, but the latter is directed at Dean. And thrown into the mix is something akin to fascination, as if he can't believe what he and I just did.

I can't believe it either.

"So this is what you two do when you're up here," Dean drawls. "All that deep, intensive *tutoring*." He air-quotes the last word, chuckling in delight.

His teasing irks me. I don't want him thinking that Garrett and I are... involved. That we've been fooling around for the past week behind everyone's backs.

Which means I have to nip his suspicions in the bud. ASAP.

“Actually, Garrett’s just helping me brush up on my make-out skills,” I tell Dean in the most casual voice I can muster. At this point, telling the truth is far less humiliating than letting his imagination run wild, but the confession sounds insane when I utter it out loud. Yep, just honing my kissing skills with the captain of the hockey team. No biggie.

Dean snickers. “That so?”

“Yes,” I say firmly. “I have a date coming up and your friend here thinks I don’t have any moves. Trust me, we’re not into each other. At all.” I realize that Garrett still hasn’t said a single word, and I turn to him for confirmation. “Right, Garrett?” I ask pointedly.

He clears his throat, but his voice is still gravelly as hell when he speaks. “Right.”

“Okay...” Dean’s eyes gleam. “Then I’m calling your bluff, baby doll. Show me your moves.”

I blink in surprise. “What?”

“If a doctor told you you’ve got ten days to live, you’d go for a second opinion, wouldn’t you? Well, if you’re worried about being a crappy kisser, you can’t just take G’s word for it. You need a second opinion.” His brows lift in challenge. “Let me see what you’ve got.”

“Stop being a jackass,” Garrett mutters.

“No, he has a point,” I answer awkwardly, and my brain screams, *What?*

He has a *point*? Apparently Garrett’s body-melting kisses have turned me into a crazy person. I’m shaken up and confused, and most of all, I’m worried. Worried that Garrett will know I...what? That I’d never been so turned on from a kiss before? That I loved every second of it?

Yes, and yes. That’s *precisely* what I don’t want him to know.

So I saunter over to Dean and say, “Give me a second opinion.”

He seems startled for a second, before breaking out in another grin. He rubs his hands together, then cracks his knuckles as if he’s preparing for a fight, and the ridiculous gesture makes me laugh.

When I reach him, his bravado falters. “I was just kidding, Wellsy. You don’t have to—”

I cut him off by leaning on my tiptoes and pressing my mouth to his.

Yep, that’s me, just another college coed kissing one guy after the other.

This time, there’s no heat. No tingles. No sense of overpowering desperation. Kissing Dean is nothing compared to the way it felt kissing

Garrett, but Dean seems to enjoy it, because he lets out a groan when I part my lips. His tongue enters my mouth, and I let it. Only for a few seconds, and then I step back and put on my most nonchalant face.

“Well?” I prompt.

His eyes are completely glazed over. “Uh.” He clears his throat. “Uh... yeah...I don’t think you have anything to worry about.”

He looks so stunned that I can’t help but smile, but my humor dissolves when I turn to see Garrett rising from the bed, his chiseled face darker than a thundercloud.

“Hannah,” he starts roughly.

But I can’t listen to the rest. I don’t want to think about that kiss anymore. Or ever. The mere memory of it makes my head spin and my heart pound.

“Good luck on the makeup tomorrow.” The words rush out in a fast stream of nervousness. “I’ve gotta take off now, but let me know how it goes, ’kay?”

Then I quickly gather up my things and hurry out of the room.

17

Hannah

“**Y**OU LOST A bet,” Allie says dubiously.

“Yep.” I sit at the edge of the bed and lean over to zip up my left boot, deliberately avoiding my roommate’s gaze.

“And now you’re going out with him.”

“Uh-huh.” I rub my thumb over the side of the boot and pretend I’m wiping away a smudge on the leather.

“You’re going out with Garrett Graham.”

“Mmm-hmmm.”

“I call shenanigans.”

Of course she does. A date with Garrett Graham? I might as well have announced I’m marrying Chris Hemsworth.

So no, I don’t blame Allie for looking so flabbergasted. The *I lost a bet* excuse was the best one I’d been able to come up with, and it’s feeble at best. Now I’m wondering if I should just fess up and tell her about Justin.

Or better yet, if I should cancel the date altogether.

I haven’t seen Garrett since...*the big mistake*...as I’m now referring to the kiss. He texted me yesterday after he wrote the makeup exam. Four measly words, two of which aren’t even real: “*easy peasy lemon squeezy*.”

I won’t lie, I was thrilled to hear it had gone well. But not thrilled enough to initiate an actual conversation, so I simply sent back one word—“*nice*”—and that was the only contact we had up until twenty minutes ago, when he messaged to say he was on his way to pick me up for the party.

As far as I’m concerned, the kiss didn’t happen. Our lips didn’t touch, and my body didn’t ache. He didn’t groan when my tongue filled his mouth, and I didn’t whimper when his lips latched onto that sensitive spot on my neck.

It didn’t happen.

But...well, if it didn't happen, then there's no reason for me to bail on the party, now is there? Because no matter how confused and stricken the ki—*the big mistake* had left me, I'm still eager for a chance to see Justin outside of class.

I can't bring myself to tell Allie the truth, though. I'm usually so confident in other areas of my life. Singing, schoolwork, friends. When it comes to relationships, I revert back to that traumatized fifteen-year-old who required three years of therapy before she was able to feel normal again. I know Allie would disapprove if she knew I was using Garrett to get to Justin, and right now, I'm not in the mood to be lectured.

"Trust me, shenanigans are Garrett's middle name," I say dryly. "The guy treats life like a game."

"And you, Hannah Wells, are playing along?" She shakes her head, incredulous. "Are you sure you don't have a thing for this guy?"

"Garrett? No way," I say immediately.

Uh-huh. Because you alwaaaaaays make out with guys you don't like.

I banish the internal taunt. Nope, I didn't make out with Garrett. I was simply meeting a challenge.

The mocking voice rears its head again. *And you felt absolutely nothing, right?*

Argh, why isn't there an off switch for that sarcastic part of your brain? Except I know that doing that won't erase the truth. I *did* feel something when we kissed. Those tingles that Justin evokes in me? I felt them the other night with Garrett. They were different, though. The butterflies didn't just float around in my belly—they took flight and raced through my entire body, making every inch of me pulse with pleasure.

But it meant nothing. In the span of ten days, Garrett went from being a stranger to a nuisance to a friend, but that's as far as I'm willing to take it. I don't want to date him, no matter how good a kisser he is.

Before Allie can grill me further, Garrett texts to inform me he's here. I'm about to tell him to wait in the car, but I guess we have different definitions of *here*, because a loud knock sounds on the door a second later.

I sigh. "That's Garrett. Can you let him in? I just want to put my hair up."

Allie grins and disappears. As I run a brush through my hair, I hear voices in the living area, followed by a squeaky protest and then heavy

footsteps heading to my bedroom.

Garrett appears in the doorway wearing dark blue jeans and a black sweater, and something terrible happens. My heart turns into a dolphin and does a stupid little flip of excitement.

Excitement, for fuck's sake.

God, that ki—*mistake* really messed with my head.

He scrutinizes my clothes before raising one eyebrow. "Is that what you're wearing?"

"Yes." I bristle. "Got a problem with that?"

He tilts his head to the side like he's Tim fucking Gunn judging an outfit on *Project Runway*. "I'm totally digging the jeans and boots, but the shirt has gotta go."

I examine my loose blue-and-white striped sweater but I honestly don't see the issue. "What's wrong with it?"

"It's too baggy. I thought we talked about how you need to show off your stripper tits."

A strangled cough comes from behind him. "Stripper tits?" Allie echoes as she steps into the room.

"Ignore him," I tell her. "He's a chauvinist."

"No, I'm a guy," he corrects, then proceeds to flash his trademark grin. "I want to see some cleavage."

"I like this sweater," I protest.

Garrett glances at Allie. "Hi, I'm Garrett. What's your name again?"

"Allie. Hannah's roommate and BFF."

"Great. Well, can you tell your roomie and BFF that she looks like a reject from a sailing show?"

She laughs, and then, to my horror—*Benedict Arnold!*—she agrees with him. "It wouldn't hurt to wear something more form-fitting," she says tactfully.

I scowl at her.

Garrett beams. "See? We're all in agreement. Go big or go home, Wellsy."

Allie looks from me to Garrett, and I know exactly what she's thinking. But she's wrong. We're not into each other, and we're certainly not dating. But I suppose it's better she think *that* than know I'm going out with him to impress someone else.

Garrett strides to my closet like he owns it. When he pokes his dark head inside, Allie shoots me a grin. She seems highly entertained by all this.

He flips through the hangers to examine my wardrobe, then pulls out a sheer black top. “How about this?”

“No way. It’s see-through.”

“Then why do you own it?”

Good question.

He holds up another hanger, this time a red sweater with a gaping V-neck. “This one,” he says with a nod. “You look great in red.”

Allie’s eyebrows hit the ceiling, and I curse Garrett for putting all these unnecessary ideas in her head. But at the same time, my chest goes warm and gooey, because...*he thinks I look great in red?* As in, he’s actually noticed what I’ve worn in the past?

Garrett tosses me the shirt. “Okay, get changed. We want to be fashionably late, not asshole late.”

Allie snickers.

I glare at them both. “Can I please have some privacy?”

They’re either oblivious to my annoyance or they’re choosing to ignore it, because I hear them chatting easily in the living room. I suspect Allie is grilling him about our “date,” and I hope to God that Garrett sticks to the bet story. When his husky laughter floats into my bedroom, an involuntary shiver skitters up my spine.

What is *happening* to me? I’m losing sight of what I want. No, of *who* I want. Justin. Justin frickin’ Kohl. I shouldn’t be kissing Garrett—or *Dean*, for that matter—and getting distracted by the strange rush of heat he unleashes inside me.

It’s time to get my head on straight and remember why I agreed to this charade in the first place.

Starting right now.

*

Garrett

BEAU MAXWELL LIVES off campus with four of his teammates. Their house is only a few blocks from mine, but a helluva lot bigger, and it’s packed like a

hockey arena on game night when Hannah and I walk inside. Deafening hip-hop blasts from the speaker system, and several warm, sweaty bodies jostle us as we venture deeper into the house. All I can smell is alcohol, sweat, and cologne.

I pat myself on the back for convincing Hannah to wear that red top, because holy fucking hell, it looks amazing on her. The material is so thin it outlines every sweet curve of her chest, and that neckline...Sweet Jesus. Her tits are practically pouring out of it, like they're trying to pop out and say hello. I don't know if she's wearing a pushup bra or if her breasts are really that big, but either way, they're bouncing like crazy with every step she takes.

Several people wander over to say hello to me and there's a shit ton of curious stares in Hannah's direction. She fidgets at my side, clearly feeling out of place. My chest goes softer than butter when I glimpse the deer-in-the-headlights look in her eyes.

I reach for her hand, which prompts her gaze to fly up to mine in surprise.

Bringing my lips close to her ear, I murmur, "Relax."

Leaning in is a big mistake, because she smells fantastic. That sweet, familiar cherry fragrance mingles with the faint hint of lavender and something uniquely feminine. It takes a serious amount of willpower not to press my nose into her neck and inhale her. Or taste her with my tongue. Lick and kiss the hot flesh of her throat until she moans.

Oh man. I'm in big trouble. I haven't been able to stop thinking about that kiss. Every time the memory floats into my head, my pulse races and my balls tighten, and all I want to do is kiss the crap out of her again.

The overpowering lust, however, is accompanied by a sense of crushing rejection. Because, clearly, I was the only one affected by that damn kiss. If Hannah had felt something, even in the slightest, she wouldn't have stuck her tongue down Dean's throat two seconds later. *Dean*. One of my best friends.

But she's not here with Dean tonight, now is she? Nope, she's my date, and we're here to make another guy jealous—why *can't* I give in to temptation? This might be the only chance I get.

So I plant a soft kiss on the side of her throat before whispering, "You're gonna be the center of attention tonight, babe. Smile and pretend

you're enjoying it."

I steal another kiss, this time on the corner of her jaw, and she sucks in a breath. Her eyes widen, and either I'm imagining it, or there's a glimmer of heat there.

Before I can interpret what I'm seeing, one of the linebackers interrupts us. "Graham! Yo, good to see you, man!" Ollie Jankowitz lumbers over and slaps my back, and the contact jars my entire body because the dude is monster-sized.

"Hey, Ollie," I say before nodding at Hannah. "Do you know Hannah?"

He wears a blank look for a second. Then his eyes dip to her chest, and a slow smile stretches across his bearded face. "I do now." He sticks out one meaty paw. "Hey, I'm Oliver."

She awkwardly shakes his hand. "Hi. It's nice to meet you."

"Got anything to drink in this place?" I ask Ollie.

"Kegs are in the kitchen. Lots of other party favors floating around, too."

"Nice. Thanks, man. I'll catch up with you in a bit."

I lace my fingers through Hannah's and lead her to the kitchen, which is packed with drunken frat brothers. I haven't spotted Beau yet, but I know we'll run into him eventually.

I'm not too thrilled at the prospect of seeing Kohl, though.

I grab two plastic cups from the stack on the granite counter and make my way to one of the kegs. The frat boys protest, but when they notice who's pushing them aside, they part for me like the Red fucking Sea. Just another perk of being the captain of Briar's revered hockey team. I pour two beers, then duck away from the crowd and hold a cup out to Hannah, who adamantly shakes her head.

"It's a party, Wellsy. Won't kill you to have one measly beer."

"No," she says firmly.

I shrug and take a sip of the watery alcohol. The beer is cheap as fuck, but that's probably a good thing. Means there's no chance of me getting wasted off this shit, not unless I drink a whole keg to myself.

As the kitchen empties out, Hannah leans against the counter and sighs. "I hate parties," she says glumly.

"Maybe that's because you refuse to drink," I tease.

"Go ahead and bring on the prude jokes. I don't mind."

“I know you’re not a prude.” I wag my eyebrows. “A prude doesn’t kiss the way you do.”

Her cheeks redden. “What the hell does that mean?”

“It means you’ve got a sexy tongue and you know how to use it.” Ah shit, wrong thing to say. Because now I’m hard. Luckily, my jeans are tight enough to keep my erection from tenting like an asshole.

“Sometimes I think you say things just to make me blush,” Hannah accuses.

“Nope. I’m just being honest.” A swell of voices wafts past the kitchen, and I find myself praying that nobody walks in. I like being alone with Hannah.

And even though there’s no reason to put on a show when we’re alone, I still move closer and sling one arm around her shoulder as I take another sip of water-beer.

“In all seriousness, why are you so anti-drinking?” I ask gruffly.

“I’m not anti-drinking.” She pauses. “I actually kind of like it. In moderation, of course.”

“Of course,” I echo, rolling my eyes before reaching for the second cup I left on the counter. “Would you have a beer already?”

“No.”

I have to laugh. “You just said you liked it.”

“I don’t mind drinking in my room with Allie, but I never do it at parties.”

“Oh jeez. So you sit at home like a wino when you drink?”

“No.” She looks exasperated. “Just...drop it, will you?”

“Do I ever drop anything?”

Her exasperation turns to defeat. “Look, I get paranoid about what might be in my cup, all right?”

Insult prickles my skin. “For fuck’s sake, you think I’d *roofie* you?”

“No, of course not.”

Her swift response eases my concerns, but when she adds, “Not you, anyway,” it triggers my suspicion.

“Did...” I frown deeply. “Did that happen to you?”

Hannah’s face goes stricken for a beat, and then she slowly shakes her head. “It happened to a friend of mine in high school. She was drugged.”

My jaw falls open. “Seriously?”

She nods. “Someone slipped her GHB at a party...and, um...let’s just say it wasn’t a good night for her, okay?”

“Oh shit. That’s all kinds of fucked up. Was she okay?”

Hannah looks sad. “Yeah. She was fine.” She gives an awkward shrug. “But it made me distrustful about drinking in public. Even if I pour the drink myself...who knows what will happen if I turn away, even for a second. I refuse to take that chance.”

My voice thickens. “You know I’d never let that happen to you, right?”

“Um, yeah. Sure, I do.” But she doesn’t sound fully convinced, and I can’t bring myself to be offended about it because I suspect her friend’s experience really screwed with Hannah’s head. And with good reason.

I’ve heard horror stories like that before. As far as I know, it hasn’t happened at Briar, but I know it goes on at other colleges. Girls unwittingly ingesting E or Rohypnol, or getting shit-faced out of their minds while immoral creeps take advantage of them in that state. I honestly don’t understand guys who would do that to a woman. As far as I’m concerned, they should all be behind bars.

But now that I know the reason behind her no-drinking rule, I quit bugging Hannah about having a beer, and we head back to the main room. Hannah’s eyes scan the crowd, and I instantly stiffen because I know she’s looking for Kohl.

Fortunately, he’s nowhere to be seen.

We mingle for a while. Every time I introduce her to someone, they look surprised, as if they can’t understand why I’m with her and not some ditzy sorority girl. And more than one guy ogles Hannah’s breasts before winking at me as if to say *good job*.

I officially take back my earlier claim—I wish I *hadn’t* convinced her to wear that top. For some reason, the appreciative stares she’s receiving really piss me off. But I swallow the possessive caveman urges and try to enjoy the party. The crowd is more football than hockey, but I still know almost everyone there, which causes Hannah to mutter, “Jeez. How do you *know* all these people?”

I smirk at her. “I told you I’m popular. Hey, there’s Beau. Come on, let’s go over and say hi.”

Beau Maxwell is the typical college quarterback. He’s got it all—the looks, the swagger, and most important, the talent. But although anyone

else in his position might think it's their right to be a total douchebag, Beau's actually kinda decent. He's a history major like me, and he looks genuinely happy to see me tonight.

"G, you made it! Here, try this." He holds out a bottle of...*something*. The bottle is black and has no label, so I have no clue what he's offering.

"What is it?" I ask with a grin.

Beau grins back. "Moonshine courtesy of Big Joe's sister. This shit is *potent*."

"Yeah? Then get it the hell away from me. I've got a game tomorrow afternoon. Can't show up with a moonshine hangover."

"Fair enough." He bats his baby blues at Hannah. "You want some, honey?"

"No, thanks."

"Beau, Hannah. Hannah, Beau," I introduce.

"Why do you look so familiar?" Beau demands, looking her up and down. "Where do I know you fr—oh shit, I know. I saw you sing in the spring showcase last year."

"Really? You were there?"

Hannah sounds simultaneously surprised and pleased, and I wonder if maybe I've been living on a different planet or some shit, because how am I the only one who doesn't know about these showcases?

"Damn straight I was there," Beau declares. "And you were awesome. You sang...what was it again? 'Stand By Me,' I think?"

She nods.

I wrinkle my forehead as I glance at her. "I thought you were only allowed to sing originals."

"That's a senior level requirement," she explains. "Freshmen and sophomores can sing whatever they want because they're not in the running for the scholarships."

"Yeah, my sister had to sing an original," Beau tells us. "She was in the senior group. Joanna Maxwell? Do you know her?"

Hannah gasps. "Joanna's your sister? I heard she landed a part on Broadway this summer."

"She did!" Beau beams with pride. "My big sis is a Broadway star. How 'bout that?"

We're drawing even more stares now that we're chatting with the birthday boy, but Hannah seems oblivious to it. I, on the other hand, am annoyingly aware of the attention—from one person in particular. Kohl has just entered the living room, and his lips pinch when our gazes meet. I nod in hello, then turn my head and very deliberately plant a kiss on Hannah's cheek.

Her head jerks up in surprise, so I justify the random gesture by saying, "I'll be right back. Going to grab another beer."

"Okay." She instantly turns back to Beau and they continue chatting about his sister.

I'm not sensing any romantic interest on her part, though, which brings an odd pang of relief. The real threat is across the room, and he marches purposefully in our direction the second I step away from Hannah and Beau.

I intercept Justin before he can reach the chatting duo, giving him a casual slap on the arm. "Kohl. Great party, huh?"

His nod is absent-minded, his gaze still focused beyond my shoulder at Hannah. Fuck. Can he actually be interested in her? I figured this big charade of ours wouldn't result in anything I needed to worry about, but evidently my plan is working too well. Kohl only has eyes for Hannah, and I don't like it. Not one bit.

I glance at his empty hands and grin. "Come on, let's get you a drink."

"Naah, I'm good." He's already brushing past me, heading right where I don't want him to go.

The moment Hannah notices Justin, her cheeks turn pink and a startled look crosses her eyes, but she recovers quickly and greets him with a hesitant smile.

Oh *hell* no. My back snaps straighter than a hockey stick. I want to stalk over there and yank her away from Kohl. Or better yet, yank her right into my arms and kiss the living daylights out of her.

I do neither—because this time I'm the one being intercepted.

Kendall appears in my path, her long blond hair braided over one shoulder, the tail end of it dangling in her cleavage. She's dressed to the nines in a teeny red dress and impossibly high heels, but her expression is stormy as fuck.

"Hi," she says tightly.

“Hey.” I clear my throat. “How’s it going?”

Her lips flatten in displeasure. “Seriously? You’re on a *date* and *that’s* what you say to me?”

Shit. Half my attention remains on Hannah, who is now laughing at something Kohl said. Thankfully Beau is still there to serve as a buffer, but I’m not happy to see her and Justin looking so chummy.

The rest of my attention is on Kendall, who I’m suddenly afraid might make a scene.

“You said you didn’t want a girlfriend,” she hisses out.

“I don’t,” I’m quick to reply.

She’s so pissed she’s actually trembling. “Then how do you explain *her*?” One manicured finger lifts in Hannah’s direction.

Great. Well, now I’m screwed. I can’t insist that it’s *not* a date, because Kohl is supposed to think it is. But if I say it *is* a date, Kendall might very well slap me.

I lower my voice. “She’s not my girlfriend. It’s a date, yeah, but it’s not a serious thing, okay?”

“No, *not* okay. I’m really into you! And if you’re not into me, then fine. But at least have the decency to—”

“Why?” I’m unable to stop the question that had bitten at my tongue last week when she and I called it quits.

Kendall blinks in confusion. “Why what?”

“Why are you into me?”

She scowls at me, as if she’s genuinely insulted that I would ask that.

“You don’t even know me,” I say softly. “You haven’t *tried* to get to know me.”

“That’s not true,” she objects, her scowl dissolving into a worried frown.

I let out a troubled breath. “We’ve never even had a real conversation, Kendall, and we’ve seen each other dozens of times since the summer. You haven’t asked me a single question about my childhood, or my family, or my classes. My teammates, my interests—hell, you don’t even know my favorite color, and that’s the kind of thing you find out in Getting to Know You 101.”

“Yes, I do,” she insists.

I sigh again. “Yeah? What is it then?”

She hesitates for a beat, then says, “Blue.”

“Actually, it’s black,” another voice pipes up, and then Hannah appears at my side, and I’m so fucking relieved that I almost give her a bear hug.

“Sorry to interrupt,” she chirps, “but...dude, where’s our beer? Did you get lost on your way to the kitchen or something?”

“I got sidetracked.”

Hannah glances at Kendall. “Hi. I’m Hannah. Sorry, but I need to steal him away for a second. Thirst calls.”

The fact that Kendall doesn’t object tells me that my point has hit home, and Kendall’s expression is a mixture of shame and guilt as Hannah takes my arm and drags me into the hallway.

Once we’re out of sight, I lower my voice and say, “Thanks for the save. She was either about to burst into tears, or kick me in the balls.”

“I’m sure the latter would’ve been well-deserved,” Hannah replies with a sigh. “Let me guess—you broke her heart.”

“No.” Annoyance rises in my throat. “But it turns out our amicable parting wasn’t as amicable as I thought it was.”

“Ah. I see.”

I narrow my eyes. “So my favorite color is black, huh? What makes you think that?”

“Because every frickin’ shirt you own is black.” She shoots a pointed look at my sweater.

“Maybe that’s because black goes with everything—did you ever think about *that*?” I smirk. “Doesn’t mean it’s my favorite color.”

“Fine, I’ll bite. What’s your favorite color then?”

I let out a sigh. “It’s black.”

“*Ha!* I knew it.” Hannah sighs, too. “So, what, do we have to hide in the hall for the rest of the night now to avoid that girl?”

“Yup. Unless you want to take off?” I say hopefully. I’ve lost all enthusiasm for this party, especially now that Kohl has arrived. Before she can answer, I strengthen my case by adding, “Kohl took the bait, by the way. So if we take off now, you’ll leave him wanting more, which was the plan, right?”

Hesitation digs a line into her forehead. “Yeah, I guess. But...”

“But what?”

“I was enjoying talking to him.”

Damned if that doesn't feel like a knife to the heart. But why? I'm not interested in Hannah. Or at least I hadn't been before. All I'd wanted was her tutoring services, but now...now I don't know *what* I want.

"What did you guys talk about?" I ask, and hope she doesn't hear the edge in my voice.

Hannah shrugs. "Class. Football. The showcase. He asked me if I want to have coffee sometime and study for Ethics together."

Uh, *what?*

"Are you shitting me?" I burst out. "He's macking on my date right in front of me?"

Amusement dances in her eyes. "We're not actually together, Garrett."

"*He* doesn't know that." I can't control the anger simmering in my gut. "You don't hit on another man's date. Period. That's a dick move."

A frown touches her lips.

I eye her. "Would you want to go out with a guy who does something that shady?"

"No," she admits after a long beat. "But..." She appears to be thinking it over. "There wasn't anything overtly sexual about the invitation. If he was hitting on me, he would've asked me to dinner. Coffee and studying can be construed as a friend thing."

She could be right, but I know how guys think. That son of a bitch was hitting on her in plain sight of the guy she came to the party with.

Dick. Move.

"Garrett..." Her voice becomes wary. "You know that kiss didn't mean anything, right?"

The question catches me off guard. "Uh. Yeah. Of course I know that."

"Because we're just friends...right?"

The pointed note in her tone irks, but I know now is not the time to argue about this. Whatever *this* is.

So I nod and say, "Right."

Relief floats through her eyes. "Good. Okay, well, maybe we *should* go. I think we've done enough mingling."

"Sure. Whatever you want."

"Let's just say bye to Beau first. You know, I really like that guy. He's not at all what I expected..."

She continues to chatter my ear off as we go back to the living room, but I don't hear a single word. I'm too busy dealing with the truth bomb that's just been dropped on my head.

Yes, Hannah and I are friends. In fact, she's the only female friend I've ever had. And yes, I want to *keep* being Hannah's friend.

But...

I also want to sleep with her.

18

Hannah

I'VE BEEN NEGLECTING my friends since I started tutoring Garrett, but now that he's written the midterm, my free time belongs to me again. So the night after Beau Maxwell's party, I meet up with the usual suspects at the campus coffeehouse, excited to reconnect with everyone. And it's obvious they missed me just as hard.

"Han-Han!" Dexter jumps out of his chair and pulls me into a bear hug. And when I say bear hug, I mean it, because Dex is a giant of a guy. I always tease him that he looks exactly like the kid from *The Blind Side* and should therefore be playing linebacker for the football team, but Dex doesn't have an athletic bone in his body. He's a music major like me, and trust me, the dude can *sing*.

Megan is the next one to greet me, and as usual, a smartass remark pops out of her smartass mouth. "Were you abducted by aliens?" she demands even as she hugs me so tightly I can hardly breathe. "I hope the answer to that is yes and that they anal-probed you for ten hours straight, because you deserve it for ignoring me for more than a *week*."

I laugh at the vivid picture she's painted. "I know. I'm a total shit. But I had a tutoring gig this week and it's kept me busy."

"Oh, we all know who's been keeping you busy," Stella pipes up from her seat next to Dex. "Garrett Graham, Han? Really?"

I stifle a sigh. "Who told you? Allie?"

Stella rolls her eyes in the most theatrical fashion. I think it's a drama student thing—it's like they can't say a solitary word or make a single gesture without hamming it up. "Of course she did. Unlike you, Allie doesn't keep any secrets from us."

"Oh, shut it. I've just been busy with tutoring and rehearsal. And whatever Allie said about Garrett, it's not true." I unzip my winter coat and

drape it over the empty chair beside Meg's. "I'm helping him pass Ethics. That's all."

Meg's boyfriend Jeremy wiggles his eyebrows at me over the rim of his coffee mug. "You know this makes you the enemy now, right?"

"Aw, come on," I protest. "That's just mean."

"Says the traitor," teases Meg. "How dare you fraternize with a meathead? How. Dare. You."

I can see from their playful expressions that it's all in good fun. Or at least it is before Garrett texts me.

My phone meows, and I grin the second I pull it out of my purse.

Garrett: U totally should've come to the post-game party tonite. Some chick just dumped a pitcher of beer over Dean's head.

I snort out loud and shoot back a quick text, because I *have* to know more.

Me: OMG. Why? (tho I'm sure he deserved it).

Him: Guess he forgot to tell her they weren't exclusive.

Me: Of course. Men.

Him: Men...finish that sentence...Men are awesome? Thanks, baby. I accept this award on behalf of all of us.

Me: The award for biggest douchebag? Yeah, you're the perfect spokesman.

Him: Awwww. I'm hurt. I'm not a DB :(

The notion that I might have hurt his feelings causes guilt to trickle through me.

Me: You're right. You're not. I'm sorry. :(

Him: Ha. You're the biggest softie on the planet. I wasn't hurt at all.

Me: Good, because the apology was for show.

"Hannah Wells, please report to the principal's office!"

My head jerks up, and I discover all four of my friends grinning at me again.

Dex, who'd voiced the booming command, addresses the group. "Oh, look, she's paying attention to us."

"Sorry," I say guiltily. "I will officially put my phone away for the duration of this get-together."

"Hey, you'll never guess who we saw at Ferro's last night," Meg says, referring to the Italian restaurant in town.

"Here we go," her boyfriend sighs. "Can't you go five seconds without gossiping, babe?"

"Nope." She flashes him a jovial smile before turning to me. "Cass and Mary Jane," she announces. "They were on a *date*."

"Did you know they were together?" Stella demands.

"I know he asked her out," I admit. "But I was hoping she'd be smart enough to say no."

But I'm not surprised to hear that MJ had done the opposite. And now I'm certainly not looking forward to Monday's rehearsal, because if Cass and MJ are a "couple" now? I'll never win an argument about the duet ever again.

"Is that ass-hat still causing trouble at rehearsals?" Dex asks with a frown.

"Yup. It's like he's made it his mission in life to piss me off. But we don't rehearse on the weekends, so I have a reprieve from his bullshit until Monday. How's your piece going?"

Dex's expression turns serious. "It's great, actually. Jon's been really good about listening to my suggestions. He's not crazy possessive over the song, you know? But he also has no problem saying no to my ideas, which I also appreciate."

Well, at least one of us lucked out in the songwriter department. MJ seems perfectly content to let Cass light a match to her song and set it on fire.

"Okay, I totally want to hear more, but I need to grab a coffee first." I hop out of my seat and pick up my purse. "Does anyone want anything while I'm up there?"

After everyone shakes their heads, I head to the counter and stand at the end of the long line. The coffee house is surprisingly packed for a Sunday

night, and I'm startled when several people in line nod or say hello to me. I don't know a single one, but I smile awkwardly and nod back, then pretend to text on my phone because I don't want to get drawn into a conversation with a stranger. Maybe I met them at Beau's party? All the introductions Garrett made are a total blur to me, though. The only people whose names and faces I remember are Beau and Justin and a few of the other football players.

There's a soft tap on my shoulder, and I turn around to find myself peering up at Justin's vivid blue eyes.

Speak of the devil.

"Oh, hi," I squeak out.

"Hey." He slides his hands into the pockets of his football jacket. "How's it going?"

I try to sound casual despite my racing heart. "Good. You?"

"I'm great. But...I *am* curious about something." He slants his head in the most adorable way, and when a lock of dark hair falls onto his forehead, I fight the urge to brush it away. "What exactly do you have against parties?" he asks with a grin.

I blink. "What?"

"I've run into you at two parties now, and both times you left early." He pauses. "Actually, both times you left with *Graham*."

Discomfort coils around my spine. "Uh, yeah. Well, he's got a car. I can't pass up a free ride."

The second I say it, I realize how dirty that sounded, but unlike Garrett, who would have pounced on the *ride* remark in a heartbeat, Justin doesn't even crack a smile. If anything, he looks disturbed.

He's quiet for a moment before lowering his voice. "You know what? I'm just gonna come out and ask—are you and Graham friends, or is it something more?"

My phone rings the second he voices the question, proving that iPhones have the absolute worst timing. As Justin Timberlake's "Sexy Back" blares from the speaker, everyone in line looks over with a grin. *Why* is "Sexy Back" blaring out of my phone? Well, because a very obnoxious hockey player programmed it in as his ringtone, and I've been too lazy to change it.

Justin's gaze drops to my phone, and since the screen is facing upward, he doesn't miss the name flashing across it in huge block letters.

GARRETT GRAHAM.

“I guess that answers my question,” he says wryly.

I quickly press the *ignore* button. “No. Garrett and I aren’t together. And just so you don’t think I’m a total weirdo, I didn’t assign him that ringtone. He did.”

Justin still looks dubious. “So you’re not dating him?”

Since the whole point of going to Beau’s party with Garrett was to make me seem desirable, I stick to the lie. “We’re casually seeing each other, but we’re not exclusive or anything. We see other people, too.”

“Oh. Okay.”

The line shifts closer to the counter, and we shuffle right along with it.

“Does that mean you’re allowed to have dinner with me sometime?” Justin asks with a faint smile.

A pang of alarm lights my belly. I can’t quite make sense of it, so I decide to ignore it. “I’m allowed to do whatever I want. Like I said, Garrett and I aren’t together. We just hang out sometimes.”

God, that sounds sleazy. I know what guys think when they hear that. I might as well have said, *I’m just sleeping with him, no strings attached.*

However, Justin doesn’t seem put off by that. His hands move from his pockets to the belt loops of his cargo pants in a slightly awkward pose. “Look. Hannah. I think you’re pretty cool.” He shrugs. “I’d like to get to know you better.”

My heart skips a beat. “Really?”

“Totally. And I’m fine if you’re dating other people at the same time, but...” His expression becomes intense. “If you and I go out a couple times and we have the kind of connection I think we’re going to have, then I’m gonna want to invoke an exclusive clause pretty damn soon.”

I can’t help but smile. “I didn’t realize football players were interested in monogamy,” I tease.

He chuckles. “My teammates sure as hell aren’t, but I’m not like them. If I’m into a girl, I want her to be with me and *only* me.” I don’t know what to say to that, but fortunately he goes on before I can respond. “But it’s way too early to talk about stuff like that, huh? How about we start with dinner?”

Oh my God. He’s asking me out. Not for coffee, not to study, but an actual *date*.

I should be doing internal cartwheels or something, and yet I can't shake the apprehension churning in my stomach, the muffled little alarm bells that are telling me to say...no. But that's crazy. I've been obsessing over this guy since school started. I *want* to go out with him.

I exhale a slow breath. "Sure, that sounds great. When?"

"Well, I'm kinda swamped this week. I have two papers to write, and then I'll be in Buffalo with the team this weekend. How about a week from now? Next Sunday, maybe?"

My phone busts out its rendition of "Sexy Back."

A frown touches Justin's lips, but it fades when I hastily press *ignore* again.

"Next Sunday is great," I say firmly.

"Awesome."

We reach the counter, and I order a large mocha latte, but before I can reach for my wallet, Justin comes up beside me, places his own order, and proceeds to pay for both of us. "My treat."

His husky voice sends a shiver racing through me.

"Thank you."

As we move to the other end of the counter to wait for our drinks, he does that cute head-tilting thing again. "Are you sticking around here, or do you want me to walk you back to your dorm? Wait—you're in the dorms, right? Or do you live off-campus?"

"I'm in Bristol House."

"Hey, we're next door neighbors. I'm in Hartford."

The barista slides our orders on the counter. Justin reaches for his cup, then grins at me. "Shall we walk back together, milady?"

Okay. Well, that was...cheesy. And he didn't thank the girl at the counter when she handed him his coffee. I don't know why that bothers me, but it does.

Still, I force a smile, even as I give the rueful shake of my head. "I would, but I'm here with friends."

His eyes twinkle. "You're just a social butterfly, aren't you?"

I laugh awkwardly. "Not really. I haven't seen my friends in a while. I've been too busy to go out."

"Not too busy to see Graham," he points out. There's a teasing note in his voice, but I also hear something sharper. Jealousy? Or maybe it's

resentment. But then he smiles again and playfully takes my phone from my hand. "I'm putting my number in here. Text me yours when you get a chance, and we'll figure out the details for next week."

My heart speeds up, but this time it's from nervous excitement. I can't believe we're actually going on a date.

Justin finishes entering his number into my contact list just as the phone rings in his hand.

Surprise! It's Garrett again.

"Maybe you should just answer it," Justin mutters.

He might be right. Three calls in two minutes? That could definitely mean an emergency.

Or it could mean that Garrett is just trying to annoy me as usual.

"I'll see you Sunday." Justin hands the phone back, smiles again (but it looks mega awkward this time), and then walks off.

I move away from the counter and answer the call before it jumps over to voice mail. "Hey, what's up?" I say irritably.

"Finally!" Garrett's aggravated voice slides into my ear. "Why do you even *own* a phone if you don't bother picking it up when someone calls? You better have a good reason for ignoring me, Wellsy."

"Maybe I was in the shower," I grumble. "Or peeing. Or doing yoga. Or streaking naked through the quad."

"Were you doing any of those things?" he challenges.

"No, but I *could* have been. It's not like I spend my days sitting around and waiting for you to call, jackass."

He ignores the barb. "What's with all the voices? Where are you?"

"Coffee Hut. I'm catching up with some friends." I leave out the part where Justin asked me out on a date. For some reason, I don't think Garrett will approve, and I'm not in the mood to argue with him. "So what's so important you had to call me five trillion times?"

"Dean's birthday is tomorrow and the team is going to Malone's. We'll probably end up going back to our place afterward. You in?"

I laugh. "You're asking me if I want to go to a bar and watch a bunch of hockey players get loaded? Why would you ever think that's something I'd enjoy?"

"You have to come," he says firmly. "My midterm grade comes back tomorrow, remember? Which means I'll either be celebrating or

commiserating. Either way, I want you there.”

“I don’t know...”

“Please?”

Wow. Garrett knows the word *please*? Shocking.

“All right,” I relent, because for some stupid reason, I can’t say no to this guy. “I’ll come.”

“Hells yeah. Pick you up at eight?”

“Sure.”

I hang up, wondering how in the span of five minutes, I’ve made not one, but *two* dates. One with the guy I like, and the other with the guy I kissed.

I wisely keep both those details to myself as I rejoin my friends.

19

Hannah

IT'S BECOMING GLARINGLY obvious that Garrett was right. He *is* an image booster. As I walk down the cobblestone path toward the Philosophy building, at least fifteen people call out to me. *Hi, how are ya, looking good.* I'm greeted by so many smiles, waves and hellos that I feel like I've just stepped foot on a whole other planet. A planet called *Hannah*, because everyone seems to know me. But I have no clue who *they* are, though I must have met them at Beau's party.

Discomfort twists my stomach, along with a wave of self-consciousness that has me picking up my pace. Unsettled by all the attention, I practically sprint to class and slide into my seat next to Nell. Garrett and Justin haven't arrived yet, which is a bit of a relief. I'm not sure I feel like talking to either of them right now.

"I heard you went out with Garrett Graham this weekend," is the first thing Nell says to me.

Sweet baby Jesus. Can I not go a single second without being reminded of the guy?

"Uh, yeah," I say vaguely.

"That's it? *Yeah?* Come on, I want all the dirty details."

"There aren't any." I shrug. "We just hang out sometimes." Apparently, this is now my go-to response.

"What about your *other* crush?" Nell nods meaningfully toward the opposite aisle.

I follow her gaze and realize that Justin has just shown up. He settles in his seat and pulls a Macbook out of its case, and as if he senses my gaze on him, he lifts his head and smiles.

I smile back, and then Tolbert saunters in, and I break eye contact as I focus on the podium.

Garrett's late, which is unlike him. I know he was out with his teammates last night and didn't have practice this morning, but there's no way he would've slept in until four o'clock. I discreetly pull out my phone to text him, but his message reaches me first.

Him: Dealing with an emergency. I'll show up for the second half. Take notes for me until I get there?

Me: Everything OK??

Him: Yeah. Cleaning up Logan's mess. Long story. Tell u later.

I take copious notes during the lecture, more for Garrett's sake than my own, since I've already read ahead and have the latest theory memorized. As Tolbert drones on, my mind drifts. I think about my impending dinner date with Justin, and that uneasy sensation returns, bringing a queasy feeling to my stomach.

Why am I so nervous about it? It's just dinner. And that's *all* it's going to be. Other girls might put out on the first date, but I'm certainly not one of them.

But Justin is a football player. The girls he dates probably get naked before the menus even arrive. What if he expects that from me?

What if he...

No, I firmly tell myself. I refuse to believe he's the kind of guy who would pressure someone to sleep with him.

At the forty-five minute mark, Tolbert calls for a break, and all the smokers in the class bolt out as if they've been trapped in a mine for two weeks. I head outside too, not to smoke, but to look for Garrett, who still hasn't made an appearance.

Justin trails after me into the corridor. "I'm grabbing a coffee. Want one?"

"No, thanks."

His lips curve as he meets my eyes. "Are we still on for Sunday?"

"Yep."

He gives a pleased nod. "Good."

I can't help but admire his butt as he walks off. His cargo pants aren't super tight, but they hug his ass nicely. His body really is amazing. I just

wish I had a better sense of his personality. I still find it difficult to read him, and that bugs me.

That's why you're having dinner with the guy—to get to know him.

Right. I force myself to remember that as I shift my attention back to the front doors, right as Garrett strides through them. His cheeks are flushed from the cold and his hockey jacket is zipped all the way up to the collar.

His black Timberlands thud on the shiny floor as he heads toward me. “Hey, what’d I miss?” he asks.

“Not much. Tolbert’s talking about Rousseau.”

Garrett glances at the lecture hall entrance. “Is she in there?”

I nod.

“Okay, good. I’m gonna see if she can give me my midterm back now instead of at the end of class. I’m still dealing with that emergency, so I can’t stay.”

“Are you going to tell me what happened or should I start guessing?”

He grins. “Logan lost his fake ID. He needs it in case we get carded tonight, so I’m driving him to Boston to meet this guy who does ’em on the spot.” He pauses. “You’ve got ID, right? The bouncer at Malone’s knows me and the guys, so we shouldn’t have a problem getting in, but you might.”

“Yeah, I have ID. And by the way, why is Dean having his birthday party on a *Monday*? How late do you guys plan on staying out?”

“Probably not too late. I’ll make sure you get home whenever you’re ready to go. And it’s on a Monday because Maxwell stole Dean’s thunder by having *his* party on Saturday. That, and we don’t have ice time on Tuesdays. The team’s in the weight room, and when you’re hung over, it’s a lot easier to lift weights than skate.”

I roll my eyes. “Wouldn’t it be easier to just not be hung over?”

He snickers. “Tell that to the birthday boy. But don’t worry, I’m the DD tonight. I’ll be stone cold sober. Oh, and I wanted to talk to you about something, but one sec, let me just speak to Tolbert first. Be right back.”

A moment after Garrett disappears into the lecture hall, Justin reappears holding a foam coffee cup. “Heading back in?” he asks me as he walks to the doorway.

“I’ll be there soon. I’m just waiting for someone.”

Two minutes later, Garrett pops into the corridor, and I take one look at his expression and know he's about to deliver good news.

"You passed?" I squeal.

He raises his exam booklet over his head like he's acting out a scene from the *Lion King*. "A-fucking-minus!"

I gasp. "Holy shit! Really?"

"Yup."

Before I can blink, Garrett tugs me into his arms and hugs the breath out of my lungs. I throw my arms around his neck, then burst out laughing when he lifts me right off my feet and spins me around so many times I get dizzy.

Our exuberant display draws several curious stares, but I don't care. Garrett's joy is contagious. When he finally sets me down, I snatch the paper from his hand. After all those hours I invested in his tutoring, it kind of feels like this is my grade too, and my chest overflows with pride as I skim through his A-minus-worthy words.

"This is amazing," I tell him. "Does that mean your GPA is back where it should be?"

"Damn right it is."

"Good." I narrow my eyes. "Now make sure it stays that way."

"It will—if you promise to help me study for every quiz and outline every paper."

"Hey, our arrangement is over, dude. I promise nothing. But..." As always, I capitulate in the presence of Garrett Graham. "I'll help you maintain the grade as a token of my friendship, but only when I have the time."

With a smile, he draws me in for another hug. "I couldn't have done it without you, you know." His voice has gone husky, and I feel his warm breath tickling my temple. He eases back, those magnetic gray eyes focusing on my face, and then his head dips slightly, and for one nerve-racking second I think he might kiss me.

I abruptly step out of the embrace. "So I guess we *are* celebrating tonight," I say lightly.

"You're still coming, right?" There's a chord of intensity in his voice now.

"Did I literally not just say that?" I grumble.

Relief flits through his expression. “Listen...I wanted to run something by you.”

I check my phone and realize there’s only three minutes before class starts again. “Can you do it later? I should go back in.”

“It’ll just take a minute.” His gaze locks with mine. “Do you trust me?”

Wariness ripples through me, but when I answer, it’s with unwavering certainty that startles me. “Of course I do.”

Gosh, I really do. Even though I’ve only known him for a short time, I *trust* this guy.

“I’m glad.” His voice thickens, and he clears his throat before continuing. “I want you to have a drink tonight.”

I stiffen. “What? Why?”

“Because I think it will be good for you.”

“So wait, *that’s* why you invited me to Dean’s thing tonight?” I say sarcastically. “To get me drunk?”

“No.” Garrett shakes his head, visibly frazzled. “To help you see that it’s okay to let down your guard sometimes. Look, I’m the DD tonight, but I’m offering to be more than just your driver. I’ll be your bodyguard, and your bartender, and most importantly, your friend. I promise to look out for you tonight, Wellsy.”

I am oddly touched by his speech. But it’s completely unwarranted.

“I’m not some alcoholic who *has* to drink, Garrett.”

“I don’t think that at all, dumbass. I just wanted to make sure you knew that if you decide to have a beer or two, you don’t have to worry. I’m on it.” He hesitates. “I know your friend had a bad experience with drinking in public, but I promise, I’d never let that happen to you.”

I wince when he says “your friend,” but luckily, I don’t think he notices. A part of me wishes I never fed him that old *this happened to my friend* excuse, but I can’t bring myself to regret it. Only my closest friends know about what happened to me, and yeah, I might trust Garrett, but I don’t feel comfortable telling him about the rape.

“So if you want to drink tonight, I promise nothing bad will happen to you.” He sounds so genuine that my heart squeezes with emotion. “Anyway, that’s all I wanted to say. Just...think about it, okay?”

My throat is so tight I can barely get a word out. “Okay.” I exhale a wobbly breath. “I’ll think about it.”

*

Garrett

HOCKEY PLAYERS TAKE up every inch of available space at Malone's, a bar that doesn't have much space to begin with. The place is so tiny that most of the time it's standing room only.

Tonight there's barely enough room to breathe, let alone stand.

The whole team has shown up for Dean's birthday bash, and Mondays happen to be karaoke night at the bar, so the cramped room is loud as fuck and jammed with bodies. On the plus side, none of us had to flash our fake IDs at the door.

I suddenly realize that in a few months, my fake ID will be useless. And once I turn twenty-one in January, I'll be rewarded with more than just legal adult status—I'll finally have access to the trust my grandparents left me, which means I'll be one step closer to ridding myself of my old man.

Hannah walks in about twenty minutes after the guys and me. I didn't pick her up because her rehearsal ran late and she insisted she was fine taking a cab. She'd also insisted on going back to her dorm first to shower and change, and when I lay eyes on her, I whole-heartedly support that decision. She looks fucking gorgeous in her leggings, high-heeled boots and ribbed T-shirt. All black, of course, but as she gets closer, I'm on the lookout for her trademark flash of color—and I find it when she turns her head to greet Dean. A huge yellow hairclip with little blue stars holds her dark hair back. Half of it is still loose and frames her flushed face.

"Hey," she says. "It's sweltering in here. I'm glad I didn't bother with a coat."

"Hey." I lean in and smack a kiss on her cheek. I would have loved to target those luscious lips, but even though I consider this a date, I'm pretty sure Hannah doesn't. "How was rehearsal?"

"The usual." She offers a glum look. "The usual being shitty."

"What did Cass the Ass do this time?"

"Nothing major. Just acting like his jackass self." Hannah sighs. "I won the argument about where to put the bridge in the arrangement, but he won about the second chorus. You know, for when the choir comes in."

I groan loudly. “Oh, for fuck’s sake, Wellsy. You *caved* on that?”

“It was two against one,” she says darkly. “MJ decided her song *absolutely* required a choir for maximum effect. We start rehearsing with them on Wednesday.”

She’s very obviously pissed, so I squeeze her arm and say, “Do you want a drink?”

I see her slender throat bob as she gulps. She doesn’t answer for a moment. She just looks into my eyes, as if she’s trying to mentally bore her way into my brain. I end up holding my breath, because I know something important is about to happen. Hannah is either going to place her trust in my hands, or she’s going to lock it up tight, which would be the equivalent of a bone-jarring hip-check, because damn it, I *want* her to trust me.

When she finally answers, her voice is so soft I can’t hear her over the music.

“What?”

A breath escapes her lips, and then she raises her voice. “I said, *sure*.”

With that one teeny word, my heart inflates like a goddamn helium balloon. *Hannah’s trust, meet Garrett’s hands*.

I fight to keep my happiness in check, settling for a nonchalant nod as I lead her toward the bar counter. “What’ll it be? Beer? Whiskey?”

“No, I want something tasty.”

“I swear to God, Wellsy, if you order peach schnapps or something girly like that, I will officially unfriend you.”

“But I *am* a girl,” she protests. “Why can’t I have a girly drink? Ooh, maybe a piña colada?”

I heave out a sigh. “Fine. That’s better than schnapps, at least.”

At the counter, I order Hannah’s drink and then proceed to scrutinize every move the bartender makes. Hannah also watches him with eagle eyes.

With two of the most vigilant patrons on the planet monitoring the piña-colada-making process from start to finish, there’s absolutely no doubt about the drug-free status of the glass I place in Hannah’s hand a few minutes later.

She takes a tiny sip, then smiles up at me. “Mmmm. Yummy.”

The joy in my heart damn near overflows. “C’mon, let me introduce you to some of the guys.”

I take her arm again and we wander toward the rowdy group at the pool table, where I introduce her to Birdie and Simms. Logan and Tucker spot us and walk over, and both of them greet Hannah with a hug. Logan's hug lasts a little too long, but when I meet his eyes, his expression is one of innocence. Maybe I'm just being paranoid.

But hell, I'm already competing with Kohl for Hannah's affections, and the last thing I want is my best friend throwing his hat in the ring.

Except...*am* I competing? I'm still not sure what I even want from her. I mean, fine, I want sex. I want it very, very badly. But if by some miracle she decides to give it to me, what then? What happens *after*? Do I stick a flag in the ground and claim her as my girlfriend?

Girlfriends are a distraction, and I can't afford any distractions right now, especially when two weeks ago I was in danger of losing my place on the team.

There aren't many things my father and I agree on, but when it comes to focus and ambition, we happen to be on the same page. I *will* go pro after I graduate. Until then, I need to concentrate on keeping my grades up and leading my team to another Frozen Four victory. Failure is not an option.

But watching Hannah hook up with some other guy?

Not an option, either.

Rock, meet hard place.

"Oh my God, this is *so* good," she announces as she takes another deep swig. "I totally want another one."

I chuckle. "How about you finish this one first, and then we can talk about a refill?"

"Fine," she huffs. Then she drains the rest of her drink in one of the most impressive feats of speed I've ever witnessed, licks her lips, and beams at me. "Okay. How about that refill?"

I can't fight the grin that stretches across my face. Man oh man. I have a feeling Hannah is going to be a very... *interesting* drunk.

I AM ABSOLUTELY right.

Three piña coladas later, Hannah is up on stage doing karaoke.

Yup. Drunk girl karaoke.

The only saving grace is that she's a phenomenal singer. I can't imagine how cringe-worthy it would be if she was drunk *and* tone-deaf.

The entire bar is going batshit crazy for Hannah's performance. She's belting out "Bad Romance" and almost everyone is singing along, including more than a few of my wasted teammates. I find myself grinning like an idiot as I gaze at the stage. There's nothing lewd about what she's doing. No coy almost-stripping, no suggestive dance moves. Hannah throws her head back happily, her cheeks flushed and eyes shining as she sings, and she's so beautiful it makes my chest hurt.

Fuck, I want to kiss her again. I want to feel her lips on mine. I want to hear that throaty noise she made the first time I sucked on her tongue.

Wonderful. And now I'm hard as a rock, splat in the middle of a bar teeming with my friends.

"She's amazing!" Logan shouts, sidling up to me. He's grinning too as he watches Hannah, but there's an odd gleam in his eyes. Looks a bit like... longing.

"She's a music major," is the dumbass response I come up with, because I'm too distracted by his expression.

Thunderous applause bursts out when Hannah's song ends. A second later, Dean climbs on the stage and whispers something in her ear. From what I can glean, he's trying to persuade her to sing a duet, but he keeps touching her bare upper arm as he works the charm, and there's no mistaking the flicker of unease in Hannah's eyes.

"That's my cue to rescue her," I say before threading my way through the crowd. When I reach the bottom of the low-rise stage, I cup my hands around my mouth and call out to Hannah. "Wellsy, get your sexy butt over here!"

Her expression lights up when she spots me. Without skipping a beat, she dives off the stage and into my waiting arms, laughing in delight as I spin her around. "Oh my God, this is so much fun!" she exclaims. "We need to come here *all the time!*"

As laughter tickles my throat, I study her face to gauge where she lands on my incredibly accurate drunk scale. One being sober and ten being *I'm going to wake up naked in Portland with no memory of how I got here*. Since her eyes are sharp and she's not slurring or stumbling, I decide she's probably at about a five—tipsy but aware.

And maybe it makes me an arrogant bastard, but I love being the one who got her to this point. Who she trusted enough to take care of her so that she could allow herself to let go and have a good time.

With another brilliant smile, she takes my hand and starts dragging me away from the tiny dance floor.

“Where are we going?” I ask with a laugh.

“I have to pee! And you promised to be my bodyguard, so that means you have to wait outside the door and stand guard.” Those mesmerizing green eyes peer up at me, flickering with uncertainty. “You won’t let anything bad happen to me, will you, Garrett?”

A lump the size of Massachusetts lodges in my throat. I swallow hard and try to speak past it. “Never.”

20

Hannah

I CAN'T BELIEVE I was ever nervous about coming to the bar tonight, because holy moly, I'm having a *blast*. At the moment, I'm crammed in a booth next to Garrett, and we're involved in a heated debate with Tucker and Simms, arguing about technology, of all things. Tucker won't budge on his position that young kids shouldn't be allowed to watch more than an hour of TV a day. I'm totally with him on that, but Garrett and Simms disagree, and the four of us have been bickering about it for more than twenty minutes now. I'm ashamed to admit it, but I honestly didn't expect all these hockey players to have articulate opinions about non-hockey-related matters, but they're a lot more insightful than I gave them credit for.

"Children need to be outside riding their bikes and catching frogs and climbing trees," Tucker insists, waving his pint glass in the air as if to punctuate his point. "It's not healthy for them to be cooped up indoors staring at a screen all day."

"I agree about everything except for the frogs part," I pipe up. "Because frogs are slimy and gross."

The guys burst out laughing.

"Sissy," Simms teases.

"Aw, come on, Wellsy, give the frogs a chance," Tucker protests. "Did you know that if you lick the right one you might get high?"

I stare at him in horror. "I have *zero* interest in licking a frog."

Simms hoots. "Not even to get the prince?"

Good-natured groaning rings out.

"Nope, not even then," I say firmly.

Tucker takes a deep swig of beer before winking at me. "How about licking something other than a frog? Or are you anti-licking altogether?"

My cheeks scorch at the innuendo, but the impish glimmer in his eyes tells me he's not trying to be crude, so I respond with my own dose of

innuendo. “Naah, I’m pro-licking. As long as I’m licking something tasty.”

Another round of hoots breaks out, but Garrett doesn’t join in. When I glance over at him, I notice that his eyes have flared with heat.

I wonder if he’s imagining my mouth on his...*nope, not going there.*

“Shit, someone needs to hog-tie that old dude so he stops monopolizing the jukebox,” Tucker declares when yet another Black Sabbath song blasts through the bar.

We all turn toward the culprit—a local with a bushy red beard and the meanest scowl I’ve ever seen. The moment the karaoke machine shut down for the night, Red Beard had raced to the jukebox and shoved ten bucks worth of quarters inside it, keying in a rock playlist that has so far consisted of Black Sabbath, Black Sabbath, and more Black Sabbath. Oh, and one CCR song that Simms claimed he’d lost his virginity to.

Eventually our debate turns to hockey talk, as Simms tries to convince me that the goalie is the most important player on a hockey team, while Tucker boos him the entire time. The Black Sabbath song blessedly comes to an end, replaced by Lynyrd Skynyrd’s “Tuesday’s Gone,” and as the opening strains echo through the bar, I feel Garrett stiffen beside me.

“What’s wrong?” I ask.

“Nothing.” He clears his throat, then slides out of the booth and tugs me up with him. “Dance with me.”

“To this?” I’m baffled for a moment, until I remember what a huge hard-on he has for Lynyrd Skynyrd. Come to think of it, I’m pretty sure this song was on that playlist he emailed me last week.

Tucker snickers from his side of the booth. “Since when do you dance, G?”

“Since right now,” Garrett mutters.

He leads me to the small area in front of the stage, which is completely empty because nobody else is dancing. Discomfort shifts inside me, but when Garrett holds out his hand, I hesitate for only a second before taking it. Hey, if he wants to dance, then we’ll dance. It’s the least I can do considering how amazing he’s been tonight.

You can say a lot of things about Garrett Graham, but he’s definitely a man of his word. He’s been glued to my side all night, guarding my drinks, waiting outside the bathroom for me, making sure I don’t get harassed by

his friends or the locals we've met. He's totally had my back, and because of him, I was able to lower my guard for the first time in a very long time.

God. I can't believe I ever thought he *wasn't* a good guy.

"You know this song is like seven minutes long, right?" I point out as we step onto the dance floor.

"I know." His tone is casual. Unaffected. But I have the strangest feeling he's upset about something.

Garrett doesn't plaster his body to mine or try to grind up against me. Instead, we dance the way I've seen my parents do, with Garrett's hand on my hip and his other one curled around my right hand. I rest my free hand on his shoulder, and he leans in closer and presses his cheek to mine. His stubble is a teasing scratch against my face, bringing goose bumps to my bare arms. When I take a breath, his woody aftershave fills my lungs, and a rush of giddy dizziness washes over me.

I don't know what's happening to me. I feel hot and achy and—it's the alcohol, I assure myself. It has to be. Because Garrett and I agreed that we're just friends.

"Dean's enjoying himself," I comment, mostly because I'm desperate for a distraction from my out-of-control hormones.

Garrett follows my gaze toward the back booth, where Dean is sandwiched between two blondes who are very eagerly nibbling on his neck. "Yeah. Guess so."

There's a faraway look in his gray eyes. His absent tone makes it clear he's not interested in making conversation, so I fall silent and try hard not to let his overpowering masculinity affect me.

But every time his cheek grazes my face, the goose bumps get worse. And every time his breath puffs on my jaw, a flurry of shivers skitters through me. The heat of his body sears into me, his scent surrounds me, and I'm excruciatingly aware of his warm hand clutching mine. Before I can stop myself, I rub my thumb over the center of his palm.

Garrett's breath hitches.

Yep, it *has* to be the alcohol. There's no other explanation for the sensations coursing through my body. The ache in my breasts, the tight clenching of my thighs and the strange emptiness in my core.

When the song ends, I exhale a relieved breath and take a much-needed step back.

“Thanks for the dance,” Garrett mumbles.

I might be tipsy, but I’m not drunk, and I instantly pick up on the sadness radiating from his broad chest.

“Hey,” I say in concern. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing.” His throat dips as he swallows. “It’s just...that song...”

“What about it?”

“Brings back memories, that’s all.” He pauses for so long I don’t think he’s going to continue, but then he does. “It was my mom’s favorite song. They played it at her funeral.”

My breath catches in surprise. “Oh. Oh, Garrett, I’m sorry.”

He shrugs as if he has no care in the world.

“Garrett...”

“Look, it was either dance to it, or bawl my eyes out, okay? So yeah, thanks for the dance.” He sidesteps me as I reach for his arm. “I’ve gotta take a leak. Will you be okay here for a few minutes?”

“Yeah, but—”

He stalks off before I can finish.

I watch him go, battling a wave of sorrow that constricts my throat. I’m torn as I stand there staring at his retreating back. I want to go after him and force him to talk about it.

No, I *should* go after him.

I square my shoulders and hurry forward—only to freeze as I come face to face with my ex-boyfriend.

“Devon!” I squeak.

“Hannah...hey.” Devon is visibly uncomfortable as our gazes lock.

It takes me a second to register that he’s not alone. A tall, pretty redhead stands beside him...and they’re holding hands.

My pulse speeds up because I haven’t seen Devon since we broke up last winter. He’s a political science major, so we’re not in any of the same classes, and our social circles don’t usually intersect. We probably wouldn’t have even met if Allie hadn’t dragged me to that concert in Boston last year. It was a small venue, just a few local bands playing, and Devon happened to be the drummer in one of the bands. We spent the whole night talking, discovered that we both went to Briar, and he ended up driving Allie and me back to campus that night.

After that, he and I were inseparable. We were together for eight months, and I was wildly and unequivocally in love with him. He told me he loved me, too, but after he dumped me, a part of me wondered if maybe he'd only been with me out of pity.

Don't think that way.

The stern voice in my head belongs to Carole, and suddenly I long to hear it in person. Our therapy sessions ended once I left for college, and although we've had a few phone chats here and there, it's not the same as sitting in that cozy leather armchair in Carole's office, breathing in her soothing lavender scent and hearing her warm, reassuring voice. I no longer need Carole the way I used to, but right now, as I face off with Devon and his gorgeous new girlfriend, all the old insecurities come rushing back.

"How've you been?" he asks.

"Good. No, I'm great," I amend hastily. "How are you?"

"Can't complain." The smile he gives me looks forced. "Uh...the band broke up."

"Oh, shit. I'm sorry to hear that. What happened?"

He absently rubs the silver hoop in his left eyebrow, and I'm reminded of all the times I used to kiss that piercing when we were lying in bed together.

"Brad happened," Devon admits. "You know how he was always threatening to go solo? Well, he finally decided he didn't need us. He landed a record deal with this hot new indie label, and when they said they wanted their house band to back him, Brad didn't fight for us."

I'm not surprised to hear it. I always thought Brad was the most pompous asshole on the planet. Actually, he'd probably get along splendidly with Cass.

"I know it sucks, but I think you're better off," I tell Devon. "Brad would've screwed you over eventually. At least it happened now, before you signed anything, you know?"

"That's what I keep telling him," the redhead pipes up, then turns to Devon. "See, someone else agrees with me."

Someone else. Is that what I am? Not Devon's ex-girlfriend, not his friend, not even an acquaintance. I'm simply...someone else.

The way she diminishes my position in Devon's life makes my heart squeeze painfully.

“I’m Emily, by the way,” the redhead says.

“It’s nice to meet you,” I reply awkwardly.

Devon looks as awkward as I feel. “So, uh, you’ve got the winter showcase coming up, huh?”

“Yep. I’m performing a duet with Cass Donovan.” I sigh. “Which is beginning to look like a huge mistake.”

Devon nods. “Well, you always did work better alone.”

My stomach goes rigid. For some reason, it feels like he’s making a jab at me. Like he’s insinuating something. Like what he’s really saying is *you have no problem getting YOURSELF off, right, Hannah? But you can’t do it with a partner, can you?*

I know that’s just my insecurities talking. Devon’s not that cruel. And he *tried*. He tried so hard.

But insinuation or not, it still hurts.

“Anyway, it was nice to see you, but I’m here with friends, so...”

I nod toward the booth where Tucker, Simms and Logan are holed up, which brings a crease of confusion to Devon’s forehead. “Since when do you hang out with the hockey crowd?”

“I’m tutoring one of the players, and...uh, yeah, we hang out sometimes.”

“Oh. Cool. Okay, well...see you around.”

“It was nice to meet you!” Emily chirps.

My throat closes up as they saunter off hand-in-hand. I swallow hard, then twirl in the opposite direction. I duck into the corridor that leads to the restroom, blinking away the hot tears that have welled up in my eyes.

God, why am I crying?

I quickly run through all the reasons why I shouldn’t be crying.

Devon and I are over.

I don’t want him anymore.

I’ve been fantasizing about someone else for months.

I’m going on a date with Justin Kohl this weekend.

But the reminders achieve nothing, and my eyes sting harder. Because who the fuck am I kidding? What chance do Justin and I possibly have? Even if we go out, even if we get close enough to be intimate, what happens when we have sex? What if all the issues I had with Devon sprout up again, like some annoying rash you can’t get rid of?

What if there really *is* something wrong with me and I can never, ever have a normal sex life like a normal frickin' woman?

I blink rapidly to try to stop the flow of tears. I refuse to cry in public. I *refuse* to.

“Wellsy?”

Garrett emerges from the men's bathroom and frowns the moment he sees me. “Hey,” he says urgently, cupping my chin. “What's the matter?”

“Nothing,” I mumble.

“You're lying.” His grip stays firm on my chin as he sweeps his thumbs underneath my eyes. “Why are you crying?”

“I'm not crying.”

“I'm wiping away your *tears* right now, Wellsy. Ergo, you're crying. Now tell me what's wrong.” His face suddenly pales. “Oh shit, did someone harass you or something? I was only gone a few minutes. I'm so sorry—”

“No, it's not that,” I cut in. “I promise.”

Garrett's features relax. But only slightly. “Then why are you upset?”

I choke back the lump in my throat. “I bumped into my ex out there.”

“Oh.” He looks startled. “The guy you were dating last year?”

I nod weakly. “He was with his new girlfriend.”

“Shit. That must have been awkward.”

“I guess.” Hostility crawls through me like an army of tiny ants. “She's gorgeous, by the way. Like, really gorgeous.” The bitter feeling intensifies, twisting my insides and hardening my jaw. “I bet she has orgasms that last for hours and probably screams out *I'm coming!* when she's in the throes of passion.”

Alarm flickers through Garrett's eyes. “Uh. Yeah. Okay. I don't really understand that, but okay.”

But it's not okay. It's *not*.

Why did I ever think I could be a normal college student? I'm *not* normal. I'm broken. I keep telling myself that the rape didn't destroy me, but it *did*. A piece of shit didn't just steal my virginity—he stole my ability to have sex and feel pleasure like a healthy, red-blooded woman.

So how the hell can I ever have a real relationship? With Devon, with Justin, with *anyone*, when I can't...

I abruptly shrug Garrett's hands off my face. “Forget it. I'm being stupid.” Lifting my chin, I take a step toward the doorway. “Come on, I

want another drink.”

“Hannah—”

“I want another drink,” I snap, and then I bulldoze past him and march all the way to the bar.

21

Garrett

HANNAH IS WASTED.

Not only that, but she refuses to go home. It's one in the morning and the party has moved from the bar to my house, and no matter how hard I try, I can't convince Hannah to call it a night.

It's becoming crucial that I get her back to her dorm. My living room is full of hockey players and puck bunnies, all of whom score at least an eight on my drunk scale: rapidly on their way to throwing inhibition to the wind and making some huge-ass mistakes.

Dean has just dragged a laughing Hannah to the center of the living room and the two of them start dancing to ODB's "Baby, I like it Raw," which blasts out of the speakers at top-volume.

Hannah hadn't been moving suggestively when she'd belted out Lady Gaga earlier, but she sure as shit is moving suggestively now. She's gone from Disney Channel Miley Cyrus to Full-on Twerk Mode Miley, and it's officially time for me to put a stop to it before she moves straight to Let's Make a Sex Tape Miley. Wait—has Miley ever made a sex tape? Fuck, who am I kidding? Of course she has.

I march up to Hannah and Dean and forcibly break them apart, laying a firm hand on Hannah's shoulder. "I need to talk to you," I shout over the music.

She pouts. "I'm dancing!"

"We're dancing," Dean slurs.

I level a hard glare at my teammate. "Dance with someone else," I snap.

As if on cue, a willing female partner appears like an apparition and yanks Dean into her arms. Dean all but forgets about Hannah, which allows me to drag her out of the living room without any further objections.

I curl my hand around her arm and lead her upstairs, and I don't release her until we're in the quiet safety of my bedroom. "Party's over," I

announce.

“But I’m having fun,” she whines.

“I know you are.” I cross my arms. “You’re having *too much* fun.”

“You’re mean.” With an exaggerated sigh, Hannah flops down on the bed and falls onto her back. “I’m sleepy.”

I grin. “Come on, I’ll drive you back to the dorm.”

“I don’t wanna go.” She sticks out her arms and legs and proceeds to do snow angels on my bed. “Your bed is so big and comfy.”

Then her eyelids flutter closed and she goes still, another deep sigh escaping her lips.

I smother a groan as I realize she’s seconds away from falling asleep, but then I decide it might be better if I let her crash here and drive her home in the morning. Because if I take her home now and she gets a second wind, I won’t be there to keep her out of trouble.

“Fine,” I say with a nod. “Stay here and sleep it off, Cinderella.”

She snorts. “Does that make you my prince?”

“Damn straight.” I duck into the bathroom and rummage around in the medicine cabinet until I find some ibuprofen. Then I pour a glass of water and head back to the bed, sitting at the edge as I force Hannah to sit up. “Take two of these and chug the water,” I order, slapping the two pills into her palm. “Trust me, you’ll thank me in the morning.”

Shoving pills and water down someone’s throat is nothing new to me. I do it often with my teammates. Dean, in particular, who takes drinking to a whole new level, and not just on his birthday.

Hannah obediently follows my instructions before collapsing on the mattress again.

“Good girl.”

“I’m hot,” she mumbles. “Why is it so hot in here?”

My heart literally stops beating when she starts wiggling out of her leggings.

The material snags on her knees, eliciting a loud groan from her. “*Garrett!*”

I have to chuckle. Taking pity on her, I lean in to help her out, peeling the pants off her legs and doing my best to ignore the smooth, silky skin beneath my fingertips.

“There you go,” I say thickly. “Better?”

“Mmm-hmmm.” She reaches for the hem of her shirt.

Sweet Jesus.

I tear my gaze off her and stumble toward my dresser to find her something to sleep in. I grab an old T-shirt, take a deep breath, and turn around to face her.

Her shirt is off.

Fortunately, she’s wearing a bra.

Unfortunately, the bra is black and lacy and see-through, and I have a perfect view of her nipples behind that transparent fabric.

Don’t look. She’s drunk.

I heed the stern internal voice and forbid my gaze from lingering. And since there’s no way in hell I can take off her bra without coming in my pants, I shove the T-shirt over her head and hope she’s not one of those girls who hates sleeping in her bra.

“I had so much fun tonight,” Hannah babbles happily. “See? I might be broken but I can still have fun.”

I freeze. “What?”

But she doesn’t answer. Her bare legs kick at the blanket and then she slides beneath it, rolling over on her side with a tiny sigh.

She passes out within seconds.

I battle a rush of unease as I turn off the light. She’s broken? What the *hell* does that mean?

Frowning, I slip out of the bedroom and quietly close the door behind me. Hannah’s cryptic words continue to echo in my head, but I don’t have the opportunity to dwell on them because when I go downstairs, Logan and Dean waste no time dragging me into the kitchen for a round of shots.

“It’s his birthday, dude.” Logan says when I object. “You’ve gotta take a shot.”

I cave in and accept the shot glass. The three of us clink our glasses together, slugging back the whiskey. The alcohol burns my throat and heats my stomach, and I welcome the hot buzz that floats through my body. This whole night, I’ve been...*off*. That stupid song. Hannah’s tears at the bar. The confusing way she makes me feel.

I’m raw and on edge, and when Logan pours me another drink, this time I don’t object.

After the third shot, I’m no longer thinking about how confused I am.

After the fourth one, I'm not thinking at all.

IT'S TWO-THIRTY IN the morning when I finally drag my drunken ass upstairs. The party has all but fizzled. Only Dean's puck bunnies remain, lying on the couch with him in a tangle of bare arms and legs. I pass the kitchen and spot Tucker asleep at the counter, his hand still curled around an empty beer bottle. Logan had disappeared into his bedroom a while ago with a cute brunette, and as I walk past his room, I hear the kind of groans and moans that tell me he's VBF.

My bedroom is bathed in shadows when I walk inside. I blink a few times, and my eyes adjust to the darkness to find a Hannah-shaped lump on the bed. I'm too tired to brush my teeth or follow my own hangover-prevention regimen—I just strip to my boxers and climb in next to Hannah.

I try to be as quiet as possible as I get comfortable, but the rustling of the sheets causes Hannah to stir. A soft moan ripples through the darkness, and then she rolls over and a warm hand presses against my bare chest.

I stiffen. Or rather, my chest does. Down below, I'm softer than pudding. That's whiskey dick for you, which is damn sad considering I only had five shots. Man. Me and alcohol *really* don't mix.

Even if I wanted to take advantage of Hannah right now, I'd be totally useless. And shit, that's a totally repulsive thing to think, because I'd *never* take advantage of her. I'd rip my own dick off before forcing myself on someone.

But apparently there's only one person with honorable intentions in this bed tonight.

My pulse speeds up when soft lips latch onto my shoulder.

"Hannah..." I say warily.

There's a beat of silence. A part of me prays that she's asleep, but Hannah shoots down that hope by murmuring, "Uh-huh?" Her voice is throaty, and sexy as fuck.

"What are you doing?" I whisper.

Her lips meander from my shoulder to my neck, and then she sucks on my suddenly feverish flesh, finding a sweet spot that sends a zing of heat straight to my balls. Jesus. My cock might not be working properly right now, but that doesn't mean I'm incapable of feeling arousal. And holy hell,

there's no word to describe how aroused I am as Hannah's greedy mouth explores my neck like she's sampling a damn buffet.

I smother a groan, touching her shoulder to still her. "You don't want to do this."

"Nuh-uh. You're wrong. I totally do."

The groan I've been holding rumbles out as she climbs on top of me. Her firm thighs straddle mine. Her hair tickles my collarbone as she leans forward.

My heart takes off in a fast, pounding gallop.

"Stop being difficult," she tells me.

Then she kisses me.

Oh *hell*.

I should stop her. I really, really should. But she's warm and soft and she smells so good I can't fucking think straight. Her mouth moves eagerly over mine, and I kiss her back hungrily, wrapping my arms around her and stroking her lower back as our lips mold together. She tastes like piña coladas, and she makes the sexiest sounds I've ever heard as she takes deep pulls on my tongue like she can't get enough.

"Hannah," I mumble against her eager lips. "We can't."

She licks my bottom lip, then bites it hard enough to summon a growl from my throat. Fuck. Fuck, fuck, *fuck*. I need to derail this lust train before it hurtles to the point of no return.

"I love your chest," she breathes, and holy hell, now she's rubbing her breasts against my pecs and I can feel her nipples poking right through her shirt.

I want to rip that fucking shirt off. I want to draw those puckered nipples deep into my mouth and suck. But I can't. I won't.

"No." I thrust my hand in her hair and bunch it between my fingers. "We can't do this. Not tonight."

"But I want to," she whispers. "I want you so bad."

She's just uttered the words every guy wants to hear—*I want you so bad*—but damn it, she's drunk and I can't let her do this.

Her tongue circles my earlobe and my hips shoot off the bed. Oh Jesus. I want to be inside her.

It takes superhuman strength on my part to push her off my body. She whimpers in protest, but when I gently touch her cheek, the whimper turns

into a happy sigh.

“We can’t do this,” I say gruffly. “You trusted me to look out for you, remember? Well, this is me looking out for you.”

I can’t see her expression in the dark, but she sounds surprised as she says, “Oh.” Then she nestles closer and I instantly tense. I’m prepared to lay down the law again, but she simply snuggles against my body and rests her head on my chest. “Okay. Goodnight.”

Okay? Goodnight?

Does she actually think I’ll be able to sleep after what just happened?

But she’s not thinking at all. Nope, she’s out like a light again, and as her steady breathing tickles my nipple, I swallow another groan and close my eyes, doing my best to ignore the hot lust pulsating in my groin.

It’s a long, long time before I fall asleep.

22

Hannah

I WAKE UP in Garrett Graham's arms for the second time in two weeks. Except this time...I want to be there.

Last night turned out to be a series of eye-opening experiences. I drank in public without having a panic attack. I was forced to accept that the rape screwed me up a lot more than I let myself admit.

And I decided that Garrett is the answer to all my problems.

My seduction attempt might have failed, but it wasn't because of a lack of desire on Garrett's part. I know exactly what was going through his mind—*Hannah's drunk and not thinking clearly*.

But he's wrong.

My brain was sharp as a tack last night. I kissed Garrett because I wanted to. I would've slept with him because I *wanted* to.

Now, in the light of day, I *still* want it. Seeing Devon left me feeling scared and uncertain. It made me question what would happen if I got involved with Justin. Made me wonder if I'm simply inviting more frustration and disappointment into my life.

As insane as it sounds, a test run with Garrett might be just what I need to work through my issues. He said so himself—he doesn't date girls, he sleeps with them. There's no risk of him falling in love with me or demanding a relationship. And it's not like we don't have any chemistry. We have so much of it we could inspire an entire R&B song.

It would be the perfect arrangement. I could have sex with a guy without getting bogged down by all the relationship pressure. With Devon, my sex issues were made a hundred times worse because of that pressure, because the sex part was tangled up with the love part.

With Garrett, it can be just about the sex. Trying to put the pieces of my sexuality back together without worrying about disappointing someone I love.

But first, I need him to agree to it.

“Garrett,” I murmur.

He doesn’t stir.

I scooch closer and stroke his cheek. His eyelids flutter, but he doesn’t wake up.

“Garrett,” I say again.

“Mmmmfhrhghd?”

His gibberish makes me smile. I lean in and press my lips to his.

His eyes fly open.

“Morning,” I say innocently.

He blinks in rapid succession. “Did I dream that or did you really just kiss me?” he asks groggily.

“You didn’t dream it.”

Confusion fogs his eyes, but he’s growing more alert. “Why?”

“Because I felt like it.” I sit up and take a breath. “Are you one-hundred percent awake? Because there’s something really important I need to ask you.”

A huge yawn overtakes his face as he slides into an upright position. The blanket falls to his waist and his bare chest is revealed, and my mouth promptly goes dry. He’s cut like a diamond. Hard edges and gleaming skin and pure masculinity.

“What’s up?” he says in a sleep-gravelly voice.

There’s absolutely no way to phrase this without sounding desperate and pathetic, so I simply blurt out the words and let them hang in the air.

“Will you have sex with me?”

After the longest pause imaginable, Garrett wrinkles his forehead. “Now?”

Despite the embarrassment tightening my stomach, I can’t stop the laugh that pops out. “Um, no. Not now.” Call me vain, but I refuse to have sex with anyone when I have morning breath and bed head, and haven’t shaved any pertinent areas. “Maybe tonight, though?”

Garrett’s expression is like a *Wheel of Fortune* spin, going from shocked to incredulous to mystified, inching toward intrigued before finally landing on suspicious. “I think this might be a prank, but I can’t figure out where you’re going with it.”

“It’s not a prank.” I meet his gaze head-on. “I want you to have sex with me.” Okay, wait, that sounds wrong. “I mean, I want to have sex with you. I want us to have sex with each other.”

His lips twitch.

Wonderful. He’s trying not to laugh at me.

“Are you still drunk?” he asks. “Because if you are, I promise to play the rare gentleman card and never bring up this conversation again.”

“I’m not drunk. I’m serious.” I shrug. “Do you want to or what?”

Garrett stares at me.

“Well?” I prompt.

His dark eyebrows knit together in a frown. It’s pretty obvious he has no idea what to make of my request.

“It’s a simple yes or no answer, Garrett.”

“Simple?” he bursts out. “Are you kidding me? There’s nothing *simple* about this.” He runs a hand through his hair. “Are you forgetting what you told me at Maxwell’s party? The kiss meant nothing, we’re just friends, blah, blah.”

“I did not say *blah blah*,” I grumble.

“But you said everything else.” His jaw hardens. “What the hell changed from then to now?”

I swallow. “I don’t know. I just changed my mind.”

“Why?”

“Because I did.” Aggravation pricks my chest. “What does it matter? Since when do guys cross-examine a girl about her motives for wanting to get naked?”

“Since you’re not the kind of girl who gets naked!” he sputters.

I clench my teeth. “I’m not a virgin, Garrett.”

“You’re not a puck bunny either.”

“So that means I’m not allowed to sleep with a guy I’m attracted to?”

He rakes both hands over his scalp now, looking equally aggravated. Then he takes a breath, exhales slowly, and meets my eyes. “Okay, here’s the deal. I believe you’re attracted to me. I mean—one, who isn’t? And two, you moan like crazy whenever my tongue’s in your mouth.”

I bristle. “I do not.”

“Agree to disagree.” He folds his sleek, muscular arms over his sleek, muscular chest. “But I don’t believe that you underwent some magical

transformation where suddenly you want to jump my bones just for the hell of it. You know, for funsies.” His head tilts thoughtfully. “What is it, then? Do you want to get back at your ex or something? Make Loverboy jealous again?”

“No,” I say stiffly. “I just...” Frustration slams inside me. “I just want to do it, okay? I want to do *you*.”

His expression is a peculiar combination of amused and annoyed. “Why?” he asks again.

“Because I *want* to, damn it. Why does there need to be some deep, philosophical meaning behind it?” But I can see from his face that I haven’t convinced him, and I’m smart enough to know when to admit defeat. “You know what? Forget it. Forget I asked—”

He grabs hold of my arm before I can hop off the bed. “What the hell is going on, Wellsy?”

The concern in his eyes hurts more than his rejection. I practically begged him for sex and he looks *worried* for me.

God, I can’t even proposition a guy right.

“Forget it,” I mutter again.

“No.”

I yelp when he suddenly pulls me onto his lap.

“We’re not having this conversation anymore,” I protest as I try to scramble off him.

He plants his hands on my waist to trap me in place. “Yes, we are.”

His gray eyes bore into my face, searching, probing, and I’m mortified to feel tears pricking my eyelids.

“What’s this about?” he says gruffly. “Tell me what’s wrong, and I’ll try to help.”

A hysterical giggle flies out of my mouth. “No, you won’t! I just *asked* for your help and you shot me down!”

He looks even more bewildered than before. “You didn’t ask me for help, Hannah. You asked me to fuck you.”

“Same damn thing,” I mumble.

“For fuck’s sake, I have no frickin’ idea what you’re talking about!” He inhales slowly as if trying to calm himself down. “I swear to God, if you don’t tell me what you’re babbling about in the next two seconds, I’m going to lose my shit.”

Misery lodges in my throat. I wish I never opened my mouth and asked him. I should have just snuck out of his room while he slept and pretended that I never threw myself at him last night.

But then Garrett reaches up and strokes my cheek with infinite tenderness, and something inside me cracks open.

I let out a shaky breath. "I'm broken, and I wanted you to fix me."

Alarm widens his eyes. "I...still don't understand."

Not many people know about what happened to me. I mean, it's not like I go around advertising that I was raped to everyone I meet. I have to trust someone implicitly in order to confess something so monumental.

If you told me a few weeks ago that I would be confiding in Garrett Graham about the most traumatic experience of my life, I would've peed my pants laughing.

And now here I am, doing just that.

"I lied to you at Beau's party," I admit.

His hand drops from my face, but his gaze stays locked on mine. "Okay..."

"I don't know anyone who was drugged in high school." My throat closes up. "I was the one who got drugged in high school."

Garrett's body goes rigid. "What?"

"When I was fifteen years old, a guy I went to school with drugged me." I gulp down the acid coating my windpipe. "And then he raped me."

A shocked breath hisses out of his mouth. Although he doesn't say a word, I can clearly see the tense set of his jaw, the hot fury in his eyes.

"It was...it...well, shit, I'm sure you can imagine how awful it was." I swallow again. "But... Please don't feel sorry for me, okay? It was awful and terrifying and it destroyed me at the time, but I worked through it. I'm not scared of all men, or angry at the world, or any of that stuff."

Garrett says nothing, but his expression is fiercer than I've ever seen it.

"I've put it behind me. I really have. But it broke something inside me, okay? I can't...I can't...you know." My cheeks are so hot it feels like I've come down with sunstroke.

He finally speaks, his voice coming out low and tortured. "No, I *don't* know."

I'm already in this deep, so I force myself to clarify. "I can't have an orgasm with a guy."

Garrett gulps. “Oh.”

I press my lips together, trying hard to tamp down the embarrassment climbing up my throat. “I thought that maybe if you and me...if we...you know, fooled around a bit, I might be able to...I don’t know...reprogram my body to...um, respond.”

Oh God. The words are stuttering out before my brain can edit them, and my face goes up in flames as I realize how pitiful I sound. The realization that I’ve officially reached the rock bottom equivalent of sheer humiliation unleashes my tears.

As a strangled sob tears out of my mouth, I attempt a frantic scramble off Garrett’s lap, but his arms tighten around me, one hand tangling in my hair to bring my head closer. I bury my face in his neck, trembling wildly as tears slide down my cheeks in salty waves.

“Hey, come on, don’t cry,” he begs. “It breaks my fucking heart to hear you cry.”

But I can’t stop. I gulp for air and shudder in his arms, and he strokes my hair and makes rough, soothing noises that only make me cry harder.

“I’m *broken*.”

My voice is muffled against his neck, but I hear his voice loud and clear as he says, “You’re not broken, baby. I promise.”

“Then help me prove it,” I whisper. “*Please*.”

He gently pulls my head up. I meet his gaze and find nothing but raw emotion and shining sincerity.

“Okay,” he whispers back. Then he lets out a long, unsteady breath. “Okay. I will.”

23

Garrett

HALF THE GUYS in the weight room are hung-over as hell. I, surprisingly, am not one of them. Nope, this morning's revelations pretty much zapped away any headache or queasiness I might have felt.

Hannah was raped.

Those three words have been running through my head since I dropped her off at her dorm, and every time they pop up, red-hot fury blasts through me like a freight train. I wish she'd told me his name, his phone number, his fucking *address*.

But it's better that she hadn't, otherwise I'd probably be in my car right now on my way to commit murder.

Whoever he was, I hope to God he paid for what he did to Hannah. I hope to God he's rotting in jail at the moment. Or better yet, I hope he's fucking dead.

"Two more." Logan looms over me as I lie on the bench press. "Come on, man, you're slacking."

I blow out a breath and curl my fingers around the barbell. I channel all my rage into heaving the weights over my head, as Logan spots me from above. Once I finish the last set of reps, he drops the bar in the rack and sticks out his hand. I allow him to haul me to my feet and we switch places.

Christ, I need to get my head on right. Thank fuck we're not on the ice today because I'm not sure I even remember how to skate at the moment.

Hannah was raped.

And now she wants to have sex with me.

No, she wants me to *fix* her.

Holy mother of God. What was I thinking, agreeing to do this? I've wanted her naked ever since that first kiss, but not like this. Not as some kind of sexuality experiment. Not when I'm feeling this much pressure to... to what? Make it good for her? Not let her down?

“Any time now,” comes Logan’s mocking voice.

I snap out of my distressed thoughts and realize that he’s waiting for me to drop the barbell into his outstretched hands.

Taking a breath, I force myself to focus on making sure Logan doesn’t die on my watch rather than obsessing over Hannah.

“So I’m pissed at you,” he tells me as he bends his arms and brings the bar low to his chest. Then he grunts out a breath and lifts.

“What did I do now?” I ask with a sigh.

“You told me you weren’t interested in Wellsy.”

My chest tenses, but I pretend to be unfazed as I count out his set. “I wasn’t, at least not when you and I talked about it before.”

Logan grunts with each upward extension of his arms. We’re both lifting twenty pounds less than usual because last night’s drink fest means neither one of us is operating at a hundred percent today.

“So, what, now you *are* interested?”

I swallow. “Yeah. I guess I am.”

Logan doesn’t say anything else. My fingers hover beneath the barbell as he finishes his reps.

I keep a close eye on the clock above the weight room door. It’s almost five. Hannah finishes work at ten, and then she’s coming straight over to my place.

So we can have sex.

The pressure in my gut gathers in strength, tightening into a massive knot. I have no idea if I can do this. I’m terrified of doing something wrong. Hurting her.

“I’m not surprised you saw the error of your ways,” Logan finally says as we trade places again. “She’s pretty damn cool. I knew that from the moment I met her.”

Yeah, Hannah *is* cool. She’s also beautiful and smart and funny.

And she’s *not* broken.

The tightness in my stomach eases as I cling to that last thought. *That’s* why I agreed to sleep with her, because no matter what happened to her in the past, no matter how many scars she still bears from that ordeal, I know without a shred of doubt that Hannah Wells is not broken. She’s too strong to allow anyone—especially a piece of shit high school rapist—to break her.

No, what she's lacking is the ability to trust, and to some extent, confidence. She just needs someone to...guide her, for lack of a better word.

But shit, can that someone really be *me*? I don't know the first thing about the etiquette required for sleeping with a rape victim.

"So anyway, maybe I'm *not* pissed that you beat me to it," Logan tells me.

I shoot him a faint smile. "Gee, thanks."

He grins back. "With that said, I request an exemption from the part of the bro code that states I can't date someone after you've broken up with her."

My fingers stiffen on the bar. Fuck *that*. The thought of Logan hooking up with Hannah makes me want to go He-Man on the barbell and hurl it across the gym. But at the same time, I'm pretty sure there isn't a chance in hell of Hannah dating Logan, especially now that I know about her hang-ups.

So I shrug casually and say, "Exemption granted."

"Good. Now I'm adding ten pounds to this motherfucker, because, really, G, we're better than this."

The next thirty minutes fly by. The room empties out as the other guys head for the showers, but when I see that Birdie is still rocking chin-ups across the room, I make my way over to him.

"Hey, man, got a sec?" I call out, wiping my sweaty forehead with a towel.

He lets go of the bar, and his sneakers land on the blue gym mat. Then he grabs his own towel. "Sure. What's up?"

I hesitate. Hockey players aren't known for having girly heart-to-hearts. Most of the time, we indulge in locker room talk or shoot insults back and forth, with the rare serious convo thrown into the mix.

Jake "Birdie" Berderon is the exception to that rule. The tall, intense senior is the one you seek out for advice, the one you call when you're in a jam, the one who'd drop whatever he was doing just to help you out. Last season, after half our seniors graduated and nominations for team captain were being tossed around, I told Birdie that if he wanted the job, I'd back him one hundred percent. He shot me down, insisting that he sucks at pep talks and would rather skate than lead, but honestly, deep down I know that

Birdie is our *real* leader. You won't ever find a better man than him. No joke.

I glance at the open doorway, then lower my voice. "This has to stay between us, okay?"

A wry grin lifts his lips. "Dude, if you knew how many secrets are floating around in this thick skull of mine, you'd freak. Trust me, I know how to keep my mouth shut."

I sink onto the long wooden bench against the wall and rest my hands on my knees. I don't know where to start, but I do know I can't tell him the truth. That's something only Hannah has the right to share.

"Have you ever slept with a virgin?" I hedge.

He blinks. "Uh. Okay. Well, yeah. I have." Birdie sits beside me. "Between you and me?" he says.

"Of course."

"Nat was a virgin when we first hooked up." Nat is actually Natalie, Birdie's girlfriend since freshman year. The two of them are one of those "it" couples that everyone makes fun of for being so nauseatingly perfect together while secretly envying their relationship.

I have to ask, "Were *you*?"

He grins. "Naah. I punched in my V-card at fifteen."

Fifteen. That's how old Hannah was when she... I suddenly wonder if that had been her first time, and horror claws up my throat. Jesus. Losing your virginity is a huge deal for some chicks—I can't even imagine what'd it feel like having it *taken* from you.

"Why? You've got a date with a hot virgin?" Birdie teases.

"Something like that." Considering he met Hannah last night at Malone's, I'm sure Birdie is putting two and two together in his head, but I know he won't blab about this to anyone.

And I figure this virgin story is safer than uttering the words *rape victim*. Because really, the approach to sleeping with the former can't be all that different from doing it with the latter. In both instances, you need to be patient and respectful and thorough, right?

"So what did you do for Nat's first time?" I ask awkwardly.

"Honestly? I just tried to make her comfortable." Birdie shrugs. "She's not into all that mushy shit, like flowers and candles and rose petals all over the bed. She didn't want it to be a big deal." Another shrug. "Some girls *do*

want to make a big production outta it, though. So in your case, I think the first thing you need to do is figure out what kind of girl she is. Low-key or mega romantic.”

I think about Hannah and all the pressure she’s under to be “normal”—which is probably a million times worse than the pressure *I’m* feeling at the moment—and I immediately know the answer.

“Low-key, definitely. I think candles and rose petals would make her nervous.”

Birdie tips his head. “Then just go slow and make sure she’s comfortable. That’s the only advice I can give you.” He pauses. “And include lots of foreplay, dude. Chicks need that shit. Got it?”

I chuckle. “Yes, sir.”

“Any more questions? Because I stink to high heaven, and I desperately need a shower.”

“Naah, that’s it. Thanks, man.”

Birdie slaps me on the shoulder and rises to his feet. “Don’t stress too much about it, G. Sex is supposed to be fun, remember?” Then he winks and lumbers out of the weight room.

Don’t stress? Jeez, how can I *not*?

I groan out loud, grateful that nobody is around to hear the panicky sound.

Make her comfortable. Go slow. Lots of foreplay. Don’t stress.

Okay. I can do that.

Or at least I damn well *hope* I can.

24

Hannah

I ALMOST THROW up three times on the way over to Garrett's, but I choke back the nerves because I'm driving Tracy's car, and the last thing I want to do is pay to have my vomit scrubbed off her upholstery.

I honestly don't remember a second of my five-hour shift at Della's. Or my one-hour rehearsal with Cass earlier. Or how I got from one place to the other today. I've been on autopilot since I left Garrett's bedroom earlier, every conscious thought focused on what I'm about to do tonight.

Did I mention I'm nervous?

I shouldn't be, though. It's just sex. It's sex with a guy I'm attracted to, a guy I genuinely like and trust.

My hands shouldn't be trembling this badly, and my heart shouldn't be beating this fast. And yet intertwined with the nervousness is a sense of excitement. Anticipation. I'm even wearing matching bra and panties beneath my waitressing uniform. Yep, you know you're about to have sex when you're rocking black lace top and bottom, and your skin is silky smooth and ready to be touched.

Garrett's roommates aren't home when I walk into the house. Unless they're holed up in their bedrooms, but I don't think they are because there's nothing but silence in the upstairs hallway as I head toward Garrett's room.

I wonder if Garrett ordered them to disappear. Then I hope he didn't, because...well, that's like holding up a neon sign announcing that he and I are getting it on tonight.

"Hey," he says when I walk in.

My heart simultaneously does a nervous somersault and an appreciative flip. I can tell he took the time to get ready because his hair is still slightly damp from the shower, and his face is completely clean-shaven. I glance at his black track pants and tight gray undershirt, then at my garish uniform.

Thanks to the jittery state I've been in all day, I forgot to bring a change of clothes.

Then again, we probably won't be wearing clothes for much longer.

"Hey." I gulp. "So...how do you want to do this? Should I take my clothes off?" I pause as something occurs to me. "Don't you dare ask me to do a striptease, because I'm nervous enough as it is and there's no way I can dance even *remotely* sexy right now."

Garrett bursts out laughing. "You have no idea how to set a mood, do you, Wellsy?"

I moan miserably. "I know. I'm just...nervous," I reiterate. Taking a breath, I wipe my clammy palms on the front of my skirt. "Can we just get started? You're standing there and looking at me, and it's freaking me out."

He approaches with a quiet chuckle, cupping my chin in his hands. "First, relax—there's nothing to be nervous about. Second, I don't expect, or particularly want, a striptease." He winks. "At least not tonight. And third, we're not starting anything right now."

I battle a pang of disappointment. "We're not?"

Garrett tosses me the same T-shirt I slept in last night. "Go change out of that *Grease* costume and put this on. I'll get the next disc ready." He wanders over to the TV and picks up the DVD case for *Breaking Bad*.

"You want to watch TV?" I say incredulously.

"Yup."

My mouth opens. Then closes. But it stays closed, because I suddenly realize what he's doing, and I whole-heartedly appreciate it.

He's trying to put me at ease.

It's working.

I duck into the bathroom to change, returning a moment later to join Garrett on the bed. He instantly puts his arm around me and pulls me closer, and his familiar masculine scent relaxes me.

"Ready?" he says lightly, holding up the remote.

I find myself smiling. "Yep."

The episode fills the screen, and I lean my head against his shoulder as I focus on the TV. Like the other times we've watched this show together, neither of us say much aside from the occasional gasp from me or a prediction from him, but unlike those other times, I'm only half paying

attention. Garrett rubs his palm over my shoulder in a light, teasing caress that makes it incredibly hard to concentrate on the TV.

Halfway through the episode, he leans in and kisses my neck.

I don't say a word, but an involuntary sigh slips out. Goose bumps rise in the spot his lips have touched, and when he rests one big hand on my bare thigh, a jolt of heat singes my skin.

"What are you doing?" I murmur.

His lips travel along the length of my neck. "Setting the mood." He nips at my earlobe. "Unlike some people, *I* happen to know how to do that."

I stick my tongue out at him even though he can't see it. He's too busy tormenting me with his mouth, planting wet, open-mouthed kisses on the side of my throat.

Arousal starts deep in my core and spreads outward, dancing through my body and tingling in all my erogenous zones. Every time his lips kiss a new patch of skin, I shiver with pleasure. When his tongue tickles my jaw, I turn my head toward him and our mouths meet in the hottest kiss on the planet.

I love the way Garrett kisses. It's not sloppy or hurried, but skillful and slow and absolutely incredible. His lips brush mine, lazy and teasing, while his tongue sneaks inside every so often for a fleeting taste before seductively retreating. I slant my head and drive the kiss deeper, and I moan when the minty flavor of him infuses my tongue. A masculine rumble comes from the back of his throat, and my belly clenches in response.

His mouth stays locked to mine as he gently pushes me onto my back, settling on his side beside me. One warm hand cups my breast over the thin material of my T-shirt, and the zing of pleasure makes me squeak in joy.

"Tell me if I'm going too fast." His deep voice tickles my lips, and then his tongue spears through them to find mine again.

I'm on sensory overload. He's kissing me, squeezing my breasts, lightly rubbing my nipple with his thumb, and everything he's doing feels so good I don't know which sensation to focus on.

My pulse goes haywire when he glides his palm down my body. He hesitates when he reaches the hem of the T-shirt, then makes a husky sound and slips his fingers beneath it.

When his hand moves between my legs, I stop breathing.

When his fingers touch my clitoris over my panties, I whimper.

Garrett's hand stills. "Should I stop?"

"God. No. Keep going."

A raspy chuckle leaves his mouth, and then his hand begins to move again. Just when I think it can't feel any better, he proves me wrong by moving aside the scrap of fabric covering my sex and pressing his index finger directly on my clit.

My hips shoot up as if I've been struck by lightning. "Oooh. Keep doing that."

He rubs tiny circles around my sensitive flesh, gentle but firm, before sliding his finger lower to tease the moisture pooling in my core.

The groan he lets out races up my spine. "Oh fuck. You're so wet."

I am. I really am. And the ache between my legs is getting worse, throbbing harder as ripples of pleasure dance inside me. I'm stunned to feel the telltale signs of impending orgasm. This is the closest I've ever come to feeling like this, but I get distracted when I register the hard ridge pressing into my hip. The feel of Garrett's hard-on rubbing up against me is so erotic I can't think straight.

I'm desperate to touch him, and my hands move as if possessed, slipping under his waistband and into his boxers.

The second I encounter his erection, my jaw drops.

"Oh my God, are you *kidding* me?"

He looks startled. "What's wrong?"

"Are you taking human growth hormones or something?" I snatch my hand back, fighting another rush of nervousness. "There's no way that huge man monster is fitting inside me!"

Garrett's head abruptly drops in the crook of his arm as a shudder racks his body. At first I think he's pissed off. Or maybe even crying. It takes several seconds before I realize what's happening. He's *laughing*.

Scratch that—he's in *hysterics*.

His broad back quakes with laughter, causing the mattress to vibrate beneath us. When he finally speaks, his voice is wheezy and broken by loud guffaws. "*Man monster?*"

"Stop laughing at me. I'm serious," I insist. "I might have big boobs and a grabbable ass, but have you seen my hips? Tiny and narrow! Which stands to reason that my lady canal—"

A howl rips out of his mouth. "*Lady canal?*"

“—is narrow too. You’re going to rip me in *half*.”

He raises his head and there are honest-to-God tears in his eyes. “I think that’s the nicest thing a girl has ever said to me,” he chokes out.

“It’s not funny, okay?”

He’s still wheezing like crazy. “It totally is.”

“You know what? We’re not doing this. You’ve officially killed the mood.”

“Me?” he demands between laughs. “You did that all by yourself, baby.”

I sit up with an annoyed grumble. “Seriously, this was a stupid idea.” Sighing, I search the mattress for the remote control. “Let’s just watch the show.”

“No way. We’re already in this deep.” His voice becomes gruff. “Give me your hand.”

I eye him suspiciously. “Why?”

“Because I think if you get better acquainted with my man monster, you’ll see that you don’t have to be afraid of him.”

I snort, but the humor dies when Garrett takes my hand and puts it directly inside his boxers.

The mood I killed? Roars right back to life as I gingerly wrap my fingers around his shaft. He’s long and thick and pulsing beneath my fingertips, and that’s all it takes for my body to tingle again.

I give him a tentative stroke, and he groans softly. “See? It’s just a regular old penis, Wellsy.”

My throat closes up with laughter. “There are so many things wrong with that sentence I don’t even know where to start.” I pause. “Exactly how old is your penis?”

“He’s twenty, like me,” Garrett answers seriously. “But he’s way more mature than I am. What about your lady canal? Is she wiser than her years, or is she—”

I shut him up with a kiss.

It isn’t long before I’m shivering with pleasure again. Garrett’s hand returns to where I want it to be. Somehow my panties disappear, and one long finger slides inside me, making me gasp. My inner muscles clamp around him, and a bolt of heat sizzles up my spine.

Garrett's tongue fills my mouth, his erection rocking into my hand. I've never felt more in control, more desirable, because I know I'm the one responsible for those rough sounds he's making. He breaks the kiss to nibble on my shoulder, and the spark in my body burns hotter, so close to detonating that I'm moaning louder now.

But the arousal extinguishes when I open my eyes to find him watching me.

The tingles disappear, and I stiffen beneath his touch.

"What's wrong?" he murmurs.

"Nothing." I swallow. "Just...kiss me again." I yank his head down and part my lips to welcome his tongue.

Garrett strokes my clit with dexterity that awes me. It's like he knows exactly how much pressure to exert, when to rub faster, when to slow down. I grind into his talented hand, but when he groans again, the arousal fades once more.

I groan too, frustrated.

"What's going on, Wellsy?" His fingertips skim over my sex. "I know you're into this. I can feel it."

"I am. I..." My throat constricts as helplessness rises inside it. "I get close, and then it...it goes away." I'm mortified to feel the sting of tears. "That's what always happens."

"How can I get you there?" he says intently.

"I don't know. Just keep touching me. Please."

He does, and oh my God, he's so good at it. As two fingers move inside me in a slow glide, I shut my eyes again, but it doesn't matter. I can still feel him watching me.

Just like Aaron did when he took what I didn't want to give.

I was fully conscious during the rape. Sometimes, when I'm depressed or wallowing in self-pity, I actually curse the drugs for not knocking me out. Date rape drugs are supposed to *knock you out*, damn it. I'm not supposed to remember what happened to me. I wish I *didn't* remember.

But I do. The memories are hazier than normal memories, but the sight of Aaron's wild eyes has been branded into my brain. I remember lying there on Melissa's parents' bed, feeling his heavy weight on top of me, feeling him thrusting inside me, hard and deep and painful. But it was like I was paralyzed. My arms and legs didn't seem to work, no matter how badly

I wanted to hit or kick him. My vocal cords froze so I couldn't get a single scream out. All I could do was stare up at those smug brown eyes that were laced with pleasure and flashing with lust.

The vicious memories swarm my mind like a bee attack, stealing away the last traces of desire inside me. I know Garrett feels the change in my body, that I'm no longer warm and wet and pliant. That I'm stiffer than a board and colder than ice.

"This isn't working," he says hoarsely.

I sit up, fighting hard not to cry. "I know. I'm sorry. It's just...you're... you're looking at me... and..."

He offers a crooked grin. "Would it help if I close my eyes?"

"No," I say miserably. "Because I'll know you're still picturing me in your head."

With a sigh, he slides up and rests his head on the bed frame. He's still hard—I can see his erection straining beneath his track pants—but he seems oblivious to his own state of arousal as he slowly meets my eyes. "You don't trust me."

I'm quick to deny it. "I *do* trust you. I wouldn't be here if I didn't."

"Fine, I'll amend that. You don't trust me enough to fully let go."

My teeth sink into my bottom lip. I want to tell him he's wrong, but a part of me doesn't think he is.

"Sex is all about trust," he says. "Even if you don't love the other person, even if it's just a hookup, it still takes a serious amount of trust to open yourself up and let yourself go to that vulnerable place, you know? And there's nothing more vulnerable than coming." His mouth lifts in a dry smile. "At least that's what my Google search taught me."

"You *researched* this?" I yell.

Embarrassment reddens his cheeks. "I had to. I've never slept with anyone who's been...you know..."

"I know." I bite my lip even harder to stop myself from bursting into tears.

"After what happened to you, it's not surprising that you're scared to let yourself be vulnerable." He hesitates. "Were you a virgin?"

I press my lips together and nod.

"Yeah, I thought so." Garrett goes quiet for another beat. "I have an idea, if you're willing to hear it."

I can't talk because I'm too close to the I'm-gonna-bawl-my-eyes-out brink, so I settle for another nod.

"Instead of me giving you an orgasm, why don't you try to give one to yourself?"

I thought I'd maxed out my embarrassment credit card tonight, but clearly there's humiliation left to spare. "I do it all the time." My cheeks are flaming as I avoid his eyes.

"In front of me," he corrects. "Make yourself come in front of *me*." He pauses. "And I'll make myself come in front of you."

Oh my God.

I can't believe we're even having this discussion. That he's suggesting we *pleasure ourselves* in front of each other.

"Please excuse me while I go hang myself," I mutter. "Because I am so mortified right now."

"You shouldn't be." His gray eyes harden with intensity. "It'll be an exercise in trust. Seriously, I think it will be good. We'll both be making ourselves vulnerable, and you'll see that there's nothing to be afraid of."

Before I can respond, he hops off the bed and peels his shirt over his head. Then, without missing a beat, he yanks his pants off his hips.

My breath lodges in my lungs. I had been touching his erection before, but I hadn't actually seen it. And now I *am* seeing it, and he's long and hard and perfect. My body tingles at the sight of his naked body, and when my gaze slides up to meet his eyes, I glimpse nothing but healthy desire and sweet encouragement in those silvery gray depths. No dirty lust, no gleam of power, no savagery or malevolence.

He's not Aaron. He's Garrett, and he's putting himself on display for me, showing me that it's okay to let down your guard.

"Take off your shirt, Hannah. Let me see you." He grins. "I promise not to leer too hard at your stripper tits."

An unwitting smile springs to my lips. But I still don't move.

"Show me what you do to yourself when you're alone," he coaxes.

"I..." The lump in my throat is too big to speak past.

His voice grows hoarse and seductive. "Show me, and I'll show you."

He wraps his fist around his cock, and a moan shudders out of my mouth.

I meet his gaze, and something about the certainty of his expression spurs me to action. My fingers shake uncontrollably as I reach for the bottom of my T-shirt and drag it over my head, leaving me in nothing but my bra.

Then I draw a deep breath and take the bra off, too.

25

Garrett

I'VE NEVER JERKED off in front of a girl before. I mean, I've given it a stroke or two before putting my cock in a more desirable place than my fist, but whacking it from start to finish? It's a first for me. And I'm nervous.

But I'd be lying if I said I also wasn't turned on something fierce.

I can't believe that Hannah is lying naked on my bed. She's fucking beautiful. Her body is soft and curvy in all the right places. Her breasts are absolute perfection, round and perky and tipped with reddish-brown nipples. My gaze lowers to the narrow strip of hair between her legs and I'm dying for her to part them. I want to see every inch of her.

But I don't want to come off like a perv, and I don't want to scare her off, so I keep my mouth shut. I'm hard as a rock, my cock throbbing in my fist as I try not to ogle the sexy naked girl on my bed.

"You're not talking," she accuses, her tone both teasing and nervous.

"I don't want to scare you off," I say hoarsely.

"Dude, you're standing there naked in front of me with your dick in your hand. If that doesn't scare me, I doubt anything you say will."

Good point. And damned if my dick doesn't tingle when she calls me *dude*. In fact, every word that comes out of her mouth gets me hot.

"Spread your legs," I tell her. "I want to see you."

She hesitates.

And then she does it, and my breath spirals out of my lungs. Fucking perfection. She's pink and pretty and glistening and perfect.

I'm going to come way too fast. It's a fact. But I do my damndest to prolong the inevitable. I stroke myself in a painfully slow tempo, avoiding putting pressure on the tip of my cock, ignoring the sweet spot underneath it.

"Show me what you would do if I wasn't here," I murmur. "Show me how you'd touch yourself."

Her cheeks turn the sweetest shade of pink. Her lips are parted, just slightly, but wide enough that if I pressed my mouth to hers, I could slide my tongue between the pouty seam and taste her. I want to kiss her so badly, but I resist the urge. This moment is too delicate to risk panicking her again.

Very slowly, Hannah brings her hand between her legs.

A shockwave of pleasure shudders through me. “That’s it, Wellsy. Touch yourself.”

One fingertip brushes her clit. She rubs it. Her touch is measured, exploratory, like she’s taking the time to find out what feels good.

I match her unhurried pace. My body craves release, but this is too important to blow. Literally *blow*, because I’m so fucking close I have to breathe through my nose and clench my ass cheeks to stop from exploding.

“Does that feel good?” My voice sounds low and strangled to my ears.

Hannah nods, her green eyes wide as saucers. A breathy noise slips out of her mouth, and I suddenly imagine that mouth wrapped around my dick, and I’m dangerously close to losing it. I snap into emergency jack-off mode, squeezing my shaft tight enough to bring a jolt of pain.

Hannah rubs herself even faster, her other hand skimming up her body to cup one firm breast. She toys with her nipple between her fingers and I bite back a growl. I want to suck on that puckered bud more than I want my next breath.

“What are you thinking about, Wellsy?” I voice the question not just for her sake, but mine. I need a distraction. ASAP.

Her gaze stays glued to the lazy movement of my hand. “I’m thinking about you.”

Oh hell. Not *that* kind of distraction.

My strokes get faster as my hand takes on a life of its own. There’s a naked woman on my bed and I can’t fuck her. I *can’t*, because tonight isn’t about me. It’s about Hannah.

“I’m thinking about how sexy you are,” she whispers. “I’m thinking about how much I want to kiss you again.”

I almost go to her and give her what she wants, but I’m terrified the spell will be broken if I do.

“What else?” I say thickly.

Her hand leaves her breast and travels over her flat belly, down the edge of her hips. God, she's tiny. I could probably span the entire width of her waist with both my hands.

"I'm thinking about your fingers inside me."

I'm thinking about the same damn thing, but I satisfy myself by watching *her* fingers. She pushes two of them into her pussy, while her other hand continues to tend to her clit. Her cheeks are even more flushed now. So are her breasts.

I realize she's getting close, and the satisfaction that courses through me is like nothing I've ever experienced. *I'm* doing this to her. I'm not touching her, but my presence is turning her on.

I pump my cock, squeezing the head on every upstroke. "I'm close," I warn her.

"Yeah?"

"So fucking close. I don't think I can hold off for much longer." Then I curse under my breath, because I can see the wetness coating her fingers every time she withdraws them. I'm dying here.

"Me too." Her eyes have gone hazy with pleasure, and she's rocking restlessly on my bed.

We're both making noise. I'm groaning, she's whimpering, sighing. The air is electric and my body is on fire.

"Oh...God..." She's panting for air now.

"Watch me," I mumble. "Watch what you're doing to me."

I stroke myself faster, and she cries out, "*Garrett.*"

She comes with my name on her lips, and I come to the sound of it. Pleasure hurtles through me, coating my hand and my abs. The force of my release nearly knocks me off my feet, and I wildly grab the side of my desk, holding on tight as pulsing waves roar through my body.

When I crash back to Earth, I find Hannah watching me. She looks dazed and fascinated, and her breasts heave as she sucks in oxygen.

"Oh my God." Astonishment flashes across her face. "I can't believe..."

I blink, and suddenly there's a naked girl in my arms. She launches herself at me, unfazed by the wetness on my stomach, which now sticks to her skin.

She wraps her arms around my neck and buries her face in the center of my chest. "I came."

I choke out a laugh. "I saw."

"I came, and you were here, and..."

She peers up at me in awe. I always forget how short she is until we're standing face to face and she has to crane her neck to meet my eyes.

"Let's have sex," she announces.

Damned if my cock doesn't harden again. She feels it, her eyes widening as my heavy erection presses into her belly.

But clearly I'm a masochist, because I say, "No."

No?

It's official. I've gone insane.

"What do you mean, no?" she demands.

I hold my ground even in the face of her visible disappointment. "Tonight was a big step for you, but I think that's how we need to handle it from now on. In steps." I swallow, and force myself to add, "Baby steps."

An odd glimmer crosses her eyes.

"What?" I say roughly.

"Nothing. That's just what my therapist used to advise. Baby steps."

She goes quiet for a long moment, and then the most brilliant smile fills her face and lights up the room. It's the first time Hannah has smiled at me like that, a smile that truly reaches her eyes, and it makes my heart clench in the strangest way.

"You're a pretty good guy, Garrett. You know that?"

A good guy? I wish. Fuck, if she could read my mind and see all the dirty images flashing inside it, if she knew all the wicked things I want to do to her, she'd probably recant that statement.

"I have my moments," I answer with a shrug.

Her smile widens, and my chest cracks wide open.

I know in that moment that I'm in trouble.

I agreed to help her not just because I'm her friend, but because I'm a *man*. And when a woman asks you to have sex with her and give her an orgasm, you don't think about it. You say *hell yes*.

Well, she got the orgasm. She did. And I know I'm going to get the sex. I will.

But right now, all I want is for this girl to smile at me again.

26

Hannah

“STOP RIGHT THERE!” a sharp voice booms as I hurry toward my bedroom. “Where do you think you’re going, young lady?”

I spin around, startled to find Allie lying on the couch in our common area, balancing one of her icky juice cups on her knee. In my haste, I hadn’t even noticed her.

“What are you doing home?” I ask in surprise. “I thought you have econ on Wednesdays.”

“It got cancelled because the prof has Ebola.”

I gasp. “Holy shit! Are you serious?”

She snickers. “Well, no. I mean, maybe. He sent out an email saying he’s come down with an *illness*—” she uses air quotes “—but he didn’t say what the illness was. I like to imagine it’s something bad, though. Because then he won’t be able to teach for the rest of the term and we’ll all get automatic A’s.”

“You are an evil person,” I inform her. “And one day that voodoo black magic of yours is going to come back to haunt you. Seriously, don’t come crawling to me when you get Ebola. Anyway, I have to go. I just popped in to drop off my stuff before I head to rehearsal.”

“No way, Han-Han. You’re going to sit your pretty butt down on this couch, because we need to have a little chat.”

“I really can’t be late for rehearsal.”

“How many times has *Cass* been late for rehearsal?” she challenges.

Good point.

With a sigh, I walk over to the couch and flop down. “Okay. What’s up? And make it snappy.”

“Fine, you want snappy? How’s this—what on God’s green planet is going on with you and Garrett?”

My mouth snaps closed. Crap. Busted. I mean, I *had* texted her last night saying “*over at Garrett’s—be home late*” but Allie lives in her own Sean-centered bubble for so much of the time that I’d been hoping she wouldn’t bring up the subject.

“Nothing’s going on,” I answer.

Ha, if by “nothing” I mean “I went over to his house and we both got naked and masturbated in front of each other and then I had an orgasm and *he* had an orgasm and it was the best feeling *ever*.”

Allie sees right through my feeble attempt at lying. “I’m going to ask you this one time, and one time only—Hannah Julie Wells, are you dating Garrett Graham?”

“No.”

She narrows her eyes. “Fine. I’m going to ask you twice. Are you dating ___”

“I’m not dating him.” I sigh. “But we are fooling around.”

Her jaw falls open. A second ticks by, then another, and then her blue eyes light up in victory. “*Ha!* I *knew* you were into him! Oh my God! Hold my juice—I think I need to break out in a happy dance! Do you know how to do the running man? If so, can you teach me *right now*?”

I laugh. “Oh God, please don’t do a happy dance. And it’s not a big deal, okay? It’ll probably fizzle out soon.”

Yeah, when I go out with Justin.

And double crap—this is the first time since Dean’s birthday that Justin has even crossed my mind. I’ve been entirely focused on Garrett, on the way he turns me on, the things I want to do with him. But now that I’m reminded of my impending date, I experience a sharp tug of guilt.

Can I really go out with someone else after what Garrett and I did last night?

But... It’s not like I’m dating Garrett. He’s not my boyfriend, and there’s no way he considers me his girlfriend, so...why not?

Still, the urge to cancel on Justin refuses to go away, but I push it aside as Allie continues to gush about the awesomeness of this hookup.

“Did you sleep with him? Oh, please say yes! And please say that it was good! I know you and Devon didn’t have Brangelina-level chemistry in the sack, but from what I’ve heard, Garrett Graham has some serious moves.”

Yep. He certainly does.

“I didn’t sleep with him.”

She looks disappointed. “Why not?”

“Because...I don’t know, because it didn’t happen. We did other stuff.”
My face burns hotter. “And that’s all I’m saying about the subject, okay?”

“Not okay. BFFs are supposed to tell each other everything. I mean, *you* know everything about my sex life. You know about the time Sean and I tried anal, and you know how big Sean’s dick is—”

“Which is above and beyond TMI,” I interject. “I love you to death, but I never, ever wanted to know about the butt sex, and I definitely could’ve lived without you bringing out a ruler and demonstrating the size of your boyfriend’s penis!”

Allie pouts. “You’re the worst. But don’t worry, I’ll get all the dirty details eventually. I’m very good at prying out details.”

It’s true. She is. But she’s not getting a single one right now.

Rolling my eyes, I stand up. “All right, are we done here? Because I really need to go.”

“Fine, go. And no, we are not done.” She grins at me. “We won’t be done until you bust out that ruler and put an end to the age old question, *how big is Garrett Graham’s—*”

“Goodbye, perv.”

THE FIRST THING I see when I walk into the choir room fifteen minutes later is a cellist.

Question: How do you know when things have spiraled out of your control?

Answer: When you find a cellist in your rehearsal space and don’t even bat an eye.

Ever since MJ endorsed Cass’s choir idea, I’ve given up on arguing with either one of them. At this point, they can do whatever the hell they want—AKA whatever the hell *Cass* wants—because I simply don’t have the mental energy to play his game.

“You’re late.” Cass tsks with disapproval as I unzip my coat.

“I know.”

He waits for me to apologize.

I don’t apologize.

“Hannah, this is Kim Jae Woo,” MJ says with a hesitant smile. “He’s going to be accompanying you guys during the second verse.”

Uh-huh. Of course he is.

I don’t bother asking when this decision was made. I just nod and mutter, “Sounds good.”

For the next hour, we concentrate only on the middle section of the song. Normally Cass would be stopping us every two seconds to criticize something I’ve done, but today the brunt of his criticism lands on poor Kim Jae Woo. The Korean freshman shoots me a panicked look every time Cass bitches at him, but all I can do is offer a shrug and a sympathetic smile.

It’s sad. I’ve lost all enthusiasm for this song. The only thing that brings me comfort now is the knowledge that if we don’t win the scholarship thanks to Cass’s theatrics, I’ll get a second chance in April during the spring showcase.

At two o’clock, Cass calls an end to rehearsal, and I breathe a sigh of relief as I pull on my coat. When I step into the hall, I’m startled to find Garrett standing there. He’s wearing his Briar jacket and holding two coffee cups, and he greets me with a crooked smile that makes my pulse race.

“Hey!” I wrinkle my forehead. “What are you doing here?”

“I stopped by your room, but Allie said you were rehearsing, so I figured I’d come by and wait until you were done.”

“You were standing out here the whole time?”

“Naah, I grabbed some coffee and wandered around for a bit. Just got back now.” He glances past my shoulder into the music room. “Is rehearsal over?”

“Yep.” I take the cup he hands me and pop the plastic lid. “We have a cellist now.”

Garrett’s lips twitch. “Mmm-hmmm. And I bet you’re positively *thrilled* about that.”

“More like indifferent.”

A sharp voice snaps from behind me. “You’re blocking the door, Hannah. Some people have somewhere to be.”

Rolling my eyes, I move away from the doorway and allow Cass and Mary Jane to exit. Cass doesn’t spare so much as a look at me, but when he notices who I’m talking to, his blue eyes fly in my direction.

“Cass, have you met Garrett?” I ask politely.

He warily turns back to the tall, strapping hockey player at my side. “Naah, I haven’t. Nice to meet you, man.”

“You too, Chazz.”

My duet partner stiffens. “It’s Cass.”

Garrett blinks innocently. “Oh, sorry—wasn’t that what I said?”

Cass’s nostrils flare.

“So I hear you’re singing a duet with my girl,” Garrett adds. “I hope you’re not giving her any trouble. I’m not sure you know this, but my Han-Han has a bad habit of letting people walk all over her.” He arches one dark brow. “But you wouldn’t do that, right, Chazz?”

Despite the pang of embarrassment his words evoke in me, I’m also fighting hard not to laugh.

“It’s. Cass.”

“That’s what I said, no?”

There’s one long moment of very obvious macho posturing as the two guys stare each other down. As I expect, Cass is first to break the eye contact.

“Whatever,” he mutters. “Come on, MJ, we’re gonna be late.”

As he drags the sweet blond girl away like a piece of luggage, I turn to Garrett with a sigh. “Was that necessary?”

“Fuck yeah it was.”

“Okay. Just checking.”

Our eyes lock, and a burst of heat goes off inside me. Oh boy. I know exactly what he’s thinking right now. Or rather, what he’s thinking about *doing*.

Me.

I’m thinking the same damn thing.

I might have told Allie that this thing between us would fizzle out, but at the moment, it’s blazing even hotter than it did last night.

“My place?” he murmurs.

Those two words, low and husky, make my thighs clench so hard I’m surprised I don’t pull a muscle.

Rather than answer—my throat has clogged with desire—I take the coffee from his hand and proceed to dump both our cups in the trashcan behind him.

Garrett chuckles. “I’ll take that as a yes.”

Hannah

I HAVE NO idea what was said during the car ride to Garrett's townhouse. I'm sure we talked. I'm sure I saw the scenery whizzing past the window. I'm sure I even breathed oxygen in and out of my lungs like a normal person. I just don't remember any of those things.

The second we stumble into his bedroom, I loop my hands around his neck and kiss him. Forget baby steps. I want him too bad to go slow, and my hands fumble for his belt buckle before his tongue even enters my mouth.

His husky laughter tickles my lips, and then strong hands cover mine to stop me from undoing his belt. "As much as I appreciate the enthusiasm, I'm gonna have to slow you down, Wellsy."

"But I don't want to go slow," I protest.

"Tough cookies."

"Tough cookies? What are you, my grandmother?"

"Does she say *tough cookies*?"

"Well, no," I confess. "Nana swears like a sailor, actually. Last Christmas she dropped a *motherfucker* bomb at the dinner table, and my dad nearly choked on his turkey."

Garrett barks out a laugh. "I think I like Nana."

"She's very sweet."

"Uh-huh. Sounds like it." He tilts his head. "Now can we stop talking about your grandmother, Ms. Mood Killer?"

"You killed it first," I point out.

"Naah, I just changed up the pace." His gray eyes go molten hot. "Now get on the bed so I can make you come."

Oh. My. God.

I scramble onto the mattress so fast it brings another laugh to Garrett's lips, but I don't care how eager I look. The nerves I felt last night aren't

wreaking havoc on my stomach today, because my whole body is trembling with need. In the back of my mind, it *does* occur to me that maybe it won't happen again, at least not from Garrett's touch, but oh man, I'm dying to find out.

He settles beside me and thrusts his hand in my hair as he kisses me. I've never been with a guy who's this rough with me. Devon treated me like I might shatter, but Garrett doesn't. I'm not a fragile piece of china to him. I'm just...me. I love how excited he gets, the way he pulls my hair if my head isn't exactly where he wants it to be, or how he bites my lip when I try to tease him by depriving him of my tongue.

I sit up only so he can whip my shirt off, and then he uses one hand to unsnap my bra with the kind of Garrett dexterity I've come to expect. The second he takes off his own shirt, I press my lips to his chest. I didn't get to touch him yesterday, and I'm starving to know what he feels like, what he tastes like. His flesh is warm beneath my lips, and when my tongue darts tentatively over one flat nipple, a husky groan escapes his lips. Before I can blink, I'm on my back and we're kissing again.

Garrett cups my breast, toying with my nipple between his fingers. My eyelids flutter closed and in this moment, I don't care if he's looking at me. I only care about how good he's making me feel.

"Your skin feels like silk," he murmurs.

"Did you steal that line from a Hallmark card?" I crack.

"Nope, just stating a fact." His fingers skim the undersides of my breasts. "You're soft and smooth and perfect." He lifts his head to give me a wry look. "My calluses are probably scratching the shit out of you, huh?"

They are, but it's the kind of erotic scraping that makes my heart pound. "If you stop touching me, I'll punch you."

"Naah, you'll just break your hand if you do that. And I happen to like your hands." With a wicked smile, he takes my right hand and places it directly over his crotch.

The hard bulge beneath my palm is so tempting I can't help but stroke it. Garrett's features stretch tight. A second later, he quickly removes my hand. "Oh hell. Bad idea. I'm not ready for this to end yet."

I snort. "Aw, is someone quick on the trigger?"

"Shut it, woman. I can go all night long."

"Uh-huh. Sure you can—"

He cuts me off with a blistering hot kiss that ends with me gasping for air. Then a naughty gleam lights his eyes again, and he bends his head to kiss my nipple.

A shockwave of pleasure blasts from my breast to my core. When Garrett's tongue darts out and swirls around the distended bud, I all but float away. My breasts have always been sensitive, and right now, they're a bundle of tight, crackling nerve endings. When he sucks my nipple deep in his mouth, I see stars. He shifts to my other breast, giving it the same thorough attention, the same lazy kisses and teasing licks.

Then he begins kissing his way south.

Despite the excitement surging through my blood, I experience a wave of anxiety. I can't help but remember all the times Devon did this exact same thing, kissing his way down my body. Or how much time he spent between my legs when intercourse didn't seem to do it for me.

But thinking about my ex right now is *not* what I ought to be doing, so I banish all thoughts of Devon from my mind.

Garrett's breath tickles my belly button as his tongue grazes my belly. I can feel his fingers trembling as he undoes the button of my jeans. I like knowing that he might be nervous, or in the very least, that he's as excited as I am. He always comes off as so cool and self-assured, but right now, right here, he looks like he's struggling to hold on to the last thread of his control.

"Is this okay?" he whispers, sliding my jeans and panties down my hips. Then his breath hitches, and I feel a tad self-conscious as his hungry gaze fixes between my legs.

I inhale slowly and say, "Yes."

The first brush of his tongue against my folds is like an electric current shooting up my spine. I moan so loudly that his head lifts abruptly.

"Tuck's home," he warns, humor dancing in his eyes. "So I suggest we use our indoor voices."

I have to bite my lip to stop from making noise, because what he's doing to me...holy mother of pearl. So. Good. He circles my clit with his tongue, then licks it in soft, slow strokes that drive me absolutely wild with desire.

I suddenly remember how Allie confessed that she had to "train" Sean to do this because he used to go all motorboat on her clit from the word *go*.

But Garrett needs no training. He allows my pleasure to build, going slow and making me crazy, making me beg.

“Please,” I whimper when the tempo once again becomes excruciatingly leisurely. “More.”

He raises his head, and I’m pretty sure I’ve never glimpsed anything sexier than the sight of his glossy lips and burning gray eyes. “Do you think you can come like this?”

I surprise myself by nodding. I don’t think I’m lying, though. I’m wound up so tight I’m like a cartoon bomb about to detonate.

With a low growl of approval, he leans down and wraps his lips around my clit. He sucks hard, simultaneously pushing one finger inside me, and I go off like a rocket launcher.

The orgasm is a thousand times more intense than the orgasms I’ve given myself, maybe because my body knows I wasn’t the one who made it happen. *Garrett* did this. Garrett turned my limbs to jelly and sent this wave of sweet, pulsing satisfaction racing through me.

When the incredible sensations finally abate, they leave behind a warm rush of peace and a strangely bittersweet feeling. What happens next is something I’ve only seen happen in movies and it embarrasses the crap out of me.

I start to cry.

In a heartbeat, Garrett climbs up my body and searches my face in concern. “What’s wrong?” His expression goes stricken. “Oh shit. Did I hurt you?”

I shake my head and blink through the onslaught of tears. “I’m... crying...because...” I breathe deeply. “Because I’m happy.”

His features relax, and now he looks like he’s trying not to laugh. His jaw twitches as he meets my eyes. “Say it,” he orders.

“Say what?” I use the corner of his blanket to wipe the moisture staining my cheeks.

“Say *Garrett Graham, you are a sex god. You have achieved what no other man ever has. You—*”

I punch him in the shoulder. “Oh my God, you’re *such* a jerk. I will never, ever say those words.”

“Sure you will.” He smirks at me. “Once I’m through with you, you’ll be shouting those words out from the rooftops.”

“You know what I think?”

“Women aren’t supposed to think, Wellsy. That’s why your brains are smaller. Science proves it.”

I slug him again, and a howl of laughter flies out of his mouth. “Jeez. I’m *kidding*. You know I don’t actually believe that. I worship at the shrine of womanhood.” He dons a solemn face. “Okay, tell me what you think.”

“I think it’s time I shut you up.”

He snickers. “Yeah? How do you plan on—” He hisses when I cup his package and give it a hearty squeeze. “You’re evil.”

“And you’re a cocky jerk, so I guess we both just have to deal.”

“Aw, thanks for noticing how cocky I am.” He smiles innocently, but there’s nothing innocent about the way he thrusts his erection into my hand.

Suddenly I don’t feel like teasing him anymore. I just want to see him come apart. I haven’t stopped thinking about the way he looked last night when he...

My sex clenches at the memory.

I tackle his belt buckle, and this time, he lets me undo it. In fact, he falls onto his back and lets me do whatever the heck I want.

I undress him as if I’m unwrapping a shiny gift, and once I have him naked, I take a moment to admire my prize. His body is long and sleek, boasting a golden skin tone instead of the pasty white you see on so many of the guys at Briar. I run my fingers over his rock-hard abs, smiling when his muscles quiver beneath my touch. Then I trace the tattoo on his left arm and ask, “Why flames?”

He shrugs. “I like fire. And I think flames look cool.”

The response amuses me, but it also impresses me. “Wow. I was expecting to hear about the bullshit meaning behind it. I swear, every time you ask someone about their tattoo, they tell you it means “courage” in Taiwanese or something, when we both know it probably means “potato” or “shoe” or “stupidly intoxicated.” *Or* they give you a whole spiel about how they hit rock bottom x many years ago but worked their way through it and this is why they have a phoenix rising from the ashes tattooed on their back.”

Garrett laughs before going serious. “I guess this isn’t the time to tell you about the tribal tattoo on my shin. It means eternal optimist.”

“Oh God. Really?”

“Nope. Totally lying. But it’d serve you right for getting all judgy about people’s ink.”

“Hey, sometimes it’s nice to hear that someone got a tattoo just because they like it. I was complimenting you, dumbass.” I lean forward and kiss the flames circling his biceps, which, I have to admit, do look pretty cool.

“Hell yeah, keep complimenting me then,” he drawls. “But make sure to use your tongue when you do it.”

I roll my eyes, but I don’t stop what I’m doing. I drag my tongue over the black flames, then kiss my way to his chest. He tastes like soap and salt and man, and I love it. So much that I can’t stop licking every frickin’ inch of him.

I know he’s enjoying my very thorough exploration as much as I am because his breathing becomes ragged, and I can feel the tension rippling through his muscles. When my mouth concludes its journey by brushing against the tip of his penis, Garrett’s entire body goes rigid.

I look up and find glazed gray eyes peering back at me. “You don’t have to...do that...if you don’t want to,” he says gruffly.

“Huh. Then it’s a good thing I want to, isn’t it?”

“Some girls don’t like to.”

“Some girls are idiots.”

My tongue touches his hard flesh, and his hips snap off the bed. I lick his smooth, engorged head, savoring the taste of him, learning his texture with my tongue. When I draw the tip into my mouth and suck gently, he makes a tortured noise deep in his throat.

“Jesus, Wellsy. That feels...”

“It feels what?” I tease, looking up at him.

“Un-fucking-believable,” he croaks. “Don’t ever stop. I mean it. I want you to keep blowing me for the rest of your life.”

Is his growly request good for my ego?

Naah.

It’s *great* for my ego.

Since he’s too big to take all the way in my mouth, and I’m not a deep-throat expert, I wrap my fingers around the base of him, sucking and pumping in unison, my pace alternating between slow and teasing and fast and urgent. Garrett’s breathing grows more and more labored, his groans growing more and more desperate.

“Hannah,” he chokes out, and I feel his thighs tighten and know he’s about to climax.

I’ve never swallowed before, and I’m not brave enough to try it now, so my hand takes over as I stroke him to release. With a husky grunt, Garrett arches his spine, and wetness spurts onto my fingers and his stomach. His face is mesmerizing and I can’t tear my gaze off it. His lips are parted, cheeks taut. His eyes are a hazy swirl of gray, like a thick mass of clouds gathering before an impending storm.

Several seconds later, his body relaxes, practically sinking into the mattress as a sated sigh rumbles from his mouth. I love seeing him like this. Limp and spent and still having trouble breathing.

I grab some tissues from the box on the nightstand and wipe him up, but when I try to get up to throw out the tissues, he yanks me down and kisses me hard. “Jesus...that was incredible.”

“Does that mean we get to have sex now?”

“Ha. You wish.” He wags a finger at me. “Baby steps, Wellsy. Remember?”

I pout like a six-year-old. “But we *know* I can have an orgasm. You just saw it.”

“Actually, I felt it on my tongue.”

My heart skips a beat at his crude description. I fall silent for a moment, and then I let out a defeated breath. “Will this change your mind?” I scowl at him, then begin the reluctant recitation. “Garrett Graham, you are a sex god. You have achieved what no other man ever has. You are...insert more glowing reviews here.” I lift one eyebrow. “*Now* can we have sex?”

“Absolutely not,” he says cheerfully.

Then, to my sheer and total dismay, he hops off the bed and picks up his discarded jeans.

“What are you doing?” I demand.

“Getting dressed. I have practice in thirty minutes.”

As if on cue, someone pounds loudly against Garrett’s door. “Yo, G, we’ve gotta take off!” Tucker calls.

I snatch the blanket in a panic, desperate to cover myself up, but Tucker’s footsteps are already retreating.

“If you want, you can hang out here until we get back,” Garrett offers as he pulls his shirt on. “I’ll only be gone a few hours.”

I hesitate.

“Come on, stay,” he begs. “I’m sure Tucker will be cooking up something good for dinner, so you can stick around and I’ll drive you home afterward.”

The idea of being alone in his house is...weird. But the idea of eating a home-cooked dinner instead of hitting up the dining hall sounds pretty damn tempting. “Okay,” I finally relent. “I guess I can do that. I’ll put on a movie or something while you’re gone. Or maybe take a nap.”

“I will allow either of those options.” He glares at me. “But you are not, under any circumstances, allowed to watch *Breaking Bad* without me.”

“Fine, I won’t.”

“Promise...”

I roll my eyes. “I promise.”

“G! Move your ass!”

In the blink of an eye, Garrett walks over and plants a quick kiss on my lips. “I’ve gotta go. See you later.”

Then he’s gone, and I’m alone in Garrett Graham’s bedroom, which is, well, I’ll just say it—it’s surreal as hell. I never even spoke to the guy before midterms, and now I’m sitting naked on his bed. Figure that one out.

I’m surprised he’s not worried about me snooping around and finding his porn stash, but when I stop to think about it, I realize it’s not that surprising at all. Garrett is the most honest, straightforward person I’ve ever met. If he has porn, he probably doesn’t bother hiding it. I bet it’s all neatly organized in a clearly labeled folder right on his computer desktop.

I hear voices and footsteps downstairs, and then the front door creaks open and slams shut. After a few seconds, I get up and put my clothes back on, because I’m not comfortable walking around naked in a room that’s not my own.

I opt against taking a nap, because I feel oddly energized after that orgasm. And *that’s* more surreal than everything else, the knowledge that I actually had an orgasm with a guy.

Devon and I tried to make that happen for eight long months.

Garrett did it after two hookup sessions.

Does this mean I’m fixed?

That question is way too philosophical to be pondering in the middle of the afternoon, so I push it aside and go downstairs to get a drink. But once I

enter the kitchen, inspiration strikes. Garrett and his teammates are probably going to be exhausted when they get home. Why let Tucker slave over the stove when I'm already in the kitchen with nothing but time on my hands?

A quick exploration of the fridge, pantry and cupboards reveals that Garrett wasn't kidding—cooking *does* happen here, because the kitchen is stocked with ingredients. The only recipe I know off the top of my head is my grandmother's three-cheese lasagna, so I gather up all the necessary items and pile them on the granite counter. I'm about to get cooking when something else occurs to me.

Pursing my lips, I fish my phone out of my back pocket and pull up my mother's number. It's only four o'clock, so I'm hoping she hasn't left for work yet.

Luckily, she picks up on the first ring. "Hey, sweetie! This is a lovely surprise."

"Hey. Got a sec?"

"I've got five whole minutes actually," she replies with a laugh. "Your father's driving me to work tonight, so he has the honor of cleaning all the snow off the car."

"You guys are already getting that much snow?" I say in horror.

"Of course we are. It's gl—"

"I swear to God, Mom, if you say global warming, I'm hanging up," I warn her, because as much as I love my parents, their global warming lectures drive me up the wall. "And why is Dad driving you? What happened to your car?"

"It's in the shop. The brake pads needed to be replaced."

"Oh." I absently open a box of lasagna sheets. "Anyway, I wanted to ask you about Nana's lasagna recipe. It serves eight, right?"

"Ten," she corrects.

Frowning, I think about all the food Garrett shoveled into his pie hole when he came to the diner last week, then multiply that by four hockey players and...

"Crap," I mutter. "I still don't think that's enough. If I wanted to serve twenty, do I just double the ingredients, or is there a different way to calculate it?"

Mom pauses. “Why exactly are you cooking lasagna for twenty people?”

“I’m not. But I am feeding four hockey players who I imagine have the appetites of twenty people.”

“I see.” There’s another pause and I can practically hear her smiling over the line. “Is one of these four hockey players someone...special?”

“You can just ask me if he’s my boyfriend, Mom. You don’t have to be cheesy about it.”

“Fine. Is he your boyfriend?”

“Nope. I mean, we’re kinda seeing each other, I guess—” *Kinda? He just made you come!* “—but we’re friends more than anything.”

Friends who make each other come.

I silence the annoying voice in my voice and swiftly change the subject. “Do you have time to quickly talk me through the recipe?”

“Of course.”

Five minutes later, I hang up the phone and start preparing dinner for the guy who made me come today.

28

Garrett

THE HOUSE SMELLS like an Italian restaurant when I walk through the door. I turn to Logan, who shoots me a WTF look, and I shrug as if to say *fuck if I know*, because I honestly don't know. I bend down to unlace my scuffed black boots, then follow the mouthwatering aroma to the kitchen. When I reach the doorway, I blink like I've just stumbled upon a desert mirage.

Hannah's sexy ass greets my eyes. She's angled over the oven door, wearing Tuck's pink oven mitts as she pulls a steaming pan of lasagna off the middle shelf. At the sound of my footsteps, she glances over her shoulder and smiles. "Oh, hey. Perfect timing."

All I can do is gape at her.

"Garrett? Hello?"

"You made *dinner*?" I sputter.

Her cheerful expression falters slightly. "Yeah. Is that okay?"

I'm too stunned—and genuinely touched—to answer.

Fortunately, Dean appears in the doorway and answers for me. "Baby doll, that smells fantastic."

Tucker trails in after Dean. "I'll set the table," he pipes up.

My three roommates lumber into the kitchen, Tucker and Dean going to help Hannah, while Logan stands beside me, looking amazed.

"She cooks too?" he sighs.

Something about his tone—well, not *something*, since it's the unmistakable note of longing that causes my guard to shoot up ten feet. Fuck. He can't actually be into her, can he? I figured he just wanted to sleep with her, but the way he's looking at her right now...

I don't fucking like it.

"Dude, keep it in your pants," I mutter, which summons a chuckle from Logan, who obviously knows what I was thinking and my opinion about said thoughts.

“Shit, this looks amazing,” Tucker says as he stands over the lasagna dish with a knife and serving spatula.

The five of us settle at the table, which Hannah actually took the time to not only clean, but cover with a blue-and-white tablecloth. Aside from my mother, no female has ever cooked dinner for me before. I kinda...like it.

“So are you dressing up tomorrow?” Tucker asks Hannah as he heaps a modest-sized square of lasagna onto her plate.

“For what?”

Tuck grins. “Halloween, dumbass.”

Hannah lets out a groan. “Oh crap. That’s *tomorrow*? I swear, I have no concept of time.”

“My costume suggestion for you?” Dean chimes in. “Sexy nurse. Actually, fuck that, we live in the modern world—sexy *doctor*. Oooh, or sexy navy pilot.”

“I’m not dressing up as sexy anything, thank you very much. It’s bad enough that I’m stuck passing out drinks at the dorm crawl.”

I chuckle. “Shit, you got roped into doing that?” The annual Halloween dorm crawl involves people popping into a dorm, getting free drinks, and then moving on to the next building. I’ve heard it’s actually a lot more fun than it sounds.

She sticks out her chin glumly. “I did it last year too. It sucked. You guys better stop in at Bristol House if you’re planning on going.”

“I’d love to, gorgeous,” Logan says in a flirty tone that makes me stiffen. “Don’t expect G here to show up, though.”

She looks over at me. “You’re not going out on Halloween?”

“Nope,” I reply.

“Why not?”

“Because he hates Halloween,” Dean informs her. “He’s scared of ghosts.”

I flip him the bird. But rather than own up to the real reason I hate October thirty-first with every fiber of my being, I just shrug and say, “It’s a pointless holiday with silly traditions.”

Logan snickers. “Says the Fun Police.”

Tucker finishes serving everyone, then sits down and shoves a fork into his lasagna. “Motherfucker, that’s good,” he mumbles between mouthfuls.

After that, all conversation ceases to exist, because the guys and I are ravenous after three hours of shooting drills, which means we've turned into cavemen. We waste no time demolishing the lasagna, garlic bread and Caesar salad Hannah made for us. And I mean *demolishing*. There's barely half a serving left in the pan by the time we're through with it.

"I knew I should have tripled the recipe," Hannah says ruefully, staring at the empty dishes in wonder. Then she tries to get up to clear the table, at which point Tucker all but bodychecks her out of the kitchen.

"My mama taught me manners, Wellsy." He gives her a stern look. "Someone cooks for you, you clean. Period." His head swivels to the doorway just as Logan and Dean try to sneak out. "Where're you ladies going? Dishes, assholes. G, you get a free pass since you have to drive our lovely chef home."

In the hall, I plant my hands on Hannah's waist and crook my neck to kiss her. "Why can't you be taller?" I grumble.

"Why can't you be shorter?" she counters.

I brush my lips over hers. "Thanks for cooking dinner. That was really sweet of you."

A blush tints her cheeks. "I figured I owed you...you know..." The pinkish tinge darkens to red. "Because you're a sex god and all."

I chuckle. "Does that mean every time I give you an orgasm you'll cook me a meal?"

"Nope. Tonight was a one-time deal. No more home-cooked meals for you." She stands on her tiptoes and brings her mouth to my ear. "But I still get the orgasms."

Like I could ever, *ever* say no to that.

"Come on, I'll drive you back. You've got an early class tomorrow, right?" I'm surprised to realize that I actually know her schedule.

I'm not sure what's happening between us. I mean, I agreed to help her with her sex problem, but...problem solved, right? She got what she wanted from me, and we didn't even need to have sex to make it happen. So technically, there's no reason for her to sleep with me. Or even keep seeing me, for that matter.

And me...well, I don't want a girlfriend. My attention is and has always been focused solely on hockey, graduating, and the draft I'm planning on entering come graduation. Not to mention impressing the scouts who are

already starting to show up at our games. Now that the season is in full swing, this means more practices and games and less time to devote to anything—or anyone—other than hockey.

So why does the thought of not spending any more time with Hannah bring the oddest clench of regret to my gut?

She tries to take a step down the hall, but I tug on her hand and kiss her again, and this time it's not a peck. I kiss her hard, losing myself in her taste and her heat and every damn thing about her. I never expected her. Sometimes people sneak up on you and suddenly you don't know how you ever lived without them. How you went about your day and hung out with your friends and fucked other people without having this one important person in your life.

Hannah breaks the kiss with a soft laugh. "Get a room," she teases.

I decide it might be time to reevaluate my stance on girlfriends.

*

Hannah

"BWAHAHAHAHAHA! HAPPY HALLOWEEEEEN!"

I turn away from the closet—where I was just in the process of trying to find a Halloween-esque outfit that's not a costume because I fucking hate dressing up—and gawk at the creature gracing my doorway. I can't make heads or tails of what Allie is wearing. All I see is a skintight blue bodysuit, lots of feathers, and...are those cat ears?

I steal Allie's trademark phrase by demanding, "What on God's green planet are you supposed to be?"

"I'm a cat-bird." Then she gives me a look that says, *uh-doy*.

"A cat bird? What is...okay...*why*?"

"Because I couldn't decide if I wanted to be a cat or a bird, so Sean was like, just be both, and I was like, you know what? Brilliant idea, boyfriend." She grins at me. "I'm pretty sure he was being a smartass, but I decided to treat the suggestion as gospel."

I have to laugh. "He's going to wish he suggested something less ridiculous, like sexy nurse, or sexy witch, or—"

“Sexy ghost, sexy tree, sexy box of Kleenex.” Allie sighs. “Gee, let’s just throw the word *sexy* in front of any mundane noun and look! A costume! Because here’s the thing, if you want to dress like a ho-bag, why not just go as a ho-bag? You know what? I hate Halloween.”

I snort. “Then why are you going to the party? You should go hang out with Garrett. He’s sulking at home tonight.”

“Really?”

“He’s anti-Halloween,” I explain, but saying it out loud doesn’t feel right.

I got the strangest feeling last night that he has a more serious reason for hating Halloween rather than just “it’s a pointless holiday.” Maybe something terrible happened to him many moons ago on Halloween night, like he got egged by hooligans when he was a kid. Oooh, or maybe he watched *Halloween* and was then plagued with nightmares that lasted for weeks, which is what happened to me when I watched my first and only Michael Myers movie at the age of twelve.

“Anyway, Sean’s waiting for me downstairs, so I’m taking off now.” Allie pops over and smacks a huge kiss on my cheek. “Have fun handing out drinks with Tracy.”

Yeah, right. I’m already regretting agreeing to help Tracy with the dorm crawl. I’m not in the mood to wait around all night for drunken college kids to wander into Bristol House so I can hand them drinks and Jell-O shooters. In fact, the more I think about it, the more I’m tempted to back out, especially when I picture Garrett at home by himself, scowling at his reflection in the mirror or throwing a tennis ball against the wall like they do in prison.

Rather than continue my search for a non-costume costume, I duck out of my dorm and walk across the hall to knock on Tracy’s door.

“Coming!” She appears nearly a minute later, running a comb through her curly red hair with one hand and applying white powder to her cheeks with the other.

“Hey,” she chirps. “Happy Halloween!”

“Happy Halloween.” I pause. “So listen...how badly will you hate me if I bail on the dorm crawl? And then when I add insult to injury and ask to borrow your car?”

Disappointment floods her eyes. “You’re not coming? Whhhhhhy?”

Shit, I really hope she doesn't start crying. Tracy is the kind of girl who bawls at the drop of a hat, though in all honesty, I think her tears are of the crocodile variety because they always dry up way too fast.

"A friend of mine is having a bad night," I say awkwardly. "He could use the company."

She gives me a suspicious look. "And does this friend go by the name Garrett Graham?"

I smother a sigh. "Why would you think that?"

"Because Allie said you guys are dating."

Of course she did.

"We're not dating, but yes, he's the friend I'm talking about," I admit.

To my surprise, Tracy breaks out in a huge grin. "Well, why didn't you lead with that, dum-dum? Of course I'm going to let you off the hook if it means you get to go and fuck Garrett Graham! Note to you—I will be living vicariously through you, because Oh. My. God. If that hottie so much as *smiled* at me, my panties would probably melt away."

I don't want to touch even a single part of that response, so I ignore it altogether. "Are you sure you'll be okay?"

"Yeah, I'll be fine." She waves a hand. "My cousin is visiting from Brown, so I'll just recruit her."

"I heard that!" a female voice shouts from inside the room.

"Thanks for being so cool about this," I say gratefully.

"No prob. Hold on a sec." Tracy disappears, then comes back a moment later with her car keys dangling from her index finger. "Hey, so I don't know how you feel about sex tapes, but if you get a chance, record every single thing you do with that boy tonight."

"I most definitely will *not*." I take the keys and grin at her. "Have fun tonight, babe."

Back in my room, I grab my phone from the living room couch and text Garrett.

Me: U home?

Him: Yup.

Me: Bailing on the dorm crawl. Can I come by?

Him: Glad u came to your senses, baby. Get your ass over here.

29

Garrett

WHEN THE FRONT door creaks open, I'm more than a little apprehensive, because I half expect Hannah to appear in some ridiculous-ass costume in an attempt to spread the Halloween cheer and lure me to that dorm party.

Fortunately, she looks like regular-old Hannah when she pops her head into the living room. Meaning she looks fucking gorgeous, and my dick immediately salutes her. Her hair is tied in a low ponytail with her bangs swept to one side, and she's wearing a loose red sweater and black yoga pants. Her socks, of course, are neon pink.

"Hey." She flops down beside me on the couch.

"Hey." I sling my arm around her and plant a kiss on her cheek, and it feels like the most natural thing in the world.

I have no idea if I'm the only one feeling this way, but Hannah doesn't pull away, nor does she tease me about how fucking boyfriendly I'm acting. I take that as a promising sign.

"So why'd you flake out on the party?"

"I wasn't in the mood. I kept picturing you crying here alone and pity won out."

"I'm not crying, jackass." I point to the boring-ass milk documentary that's flashing on the TV screen. "I'm learning about pasteurization."

She stares at me. "You guys pay *money* to subscribe to a gazillion channels and *this* is what you choose to watch?"

"Well, I flipped by it and saw a bunch of cow udders, and, well, you know, it turned me on, so—"

"EW!"

I burst out laughing. "Kidding, babe. If you must know, the batteries in the remote died and I was too lazy to get up and change the channel. I was watching this wicked-awesome miniseries about the Civil War before cow udders came on."

“You’re really into history, huh?”

“It’s interesting.”

“Some of it. Other parts, not so much.” She rests her head on my shoulder and I absently toy with a strand of hair that’s come loose from her ponytail. “My mom bummed me out this morning,” she confesses.

“Yeah? Why?”

“She called to tell me that they might not be able to leave Ransom for Christmas, either.”

“Ransom?” I say blankly.

“That’s where I’m from. Ransom, Indiana.” A bitter note creeps into her voice. “Also known as my own personal hellhole.”

My mood instantly goes somber. “Because of...?”

“The rape?” She smiles wryly. “You can say the word, you know. It’s not contagious.”

“I know.” I swallow. “I just don’t like saying it because it makes it feel...real, I guess. And I can’t stomach the thought that it happened to you.”

“But it did,” she says softly. “You can’t pretend otherwise.”

A short silence falls between us.

“So why can’t your parents come to see you?” I ask.

“Money.” She sighs. “Just in case you were cozying up to me because you thought I was some heiress, you should know that I’m at Briar on a full scholarship, and I get financial aid for expenses. My family is broke.”

“Get out.” I point to the door. “Seriously. Get out.”

Hannah sticks out her tongue. “Funny.”

“I don’t care how much money your family has, Wellsy.”

“Says the millionaire.”

My chest stiffens. “I’m not a millionaire—my father is. There’s a difference.”

“I guess.” She shrugs. “But yeah, my parents are buried under mountains of debt. It’s...” She trails off, and I glimpse a flash of pain in her green eyes.

“It’s what?”

“It’s my fault,” she admits.

“I highly doubt that.”

“No, it really is.” Now she sounds sad. “They had to take out a second mortgage to pay for my legal fees. The case against Aaron, the guy who—”

“Who better be in jail,” I finish, because I honestly can’t hear her say the word *rape* again. I just can’t. Every time I think about what that bastard did to her, white-hot rage floods my stomach, and my fists tingle with the urge to hit something.

Truth is, I’ve worked my entire life to keep my temper in check. Anger was the one constant emotion I felt growing up, but luckily, I found a healthy outlet for it—hockey, a sport that allows me to pound on opposing players in a safe, regulated environment.

“He didn’t go to jail,” Hannah says quietly.

My gaze whips to hers. “Are you fucking kidding me?”

“No.” Her eyes take on a faraway light. “When I got home that night... the night it happened...my parents took one look at me and knew something bad had happened. I don’t even remember what I said to them. All I remember is that they called the police and took me to the hospital, and I got a rape kit done, got interviewed, interrogated. I was so embarrassed. I didn’t want to talk to the cops, but my mom told me I had to be brave and tell them everything, so they could stop him from ever doing that to anyone else.”

“Your mom sounds like a very smart woman,” I say hoarsely.

“She is.” Hannah’s voice shakes. “Anyway, Aaron was arrested, and then released on bail, so I had to see that bastard’s face in town and at school—”

“They let him go back to school?” I exclaim.

“He was supposed to stay one hundred meters away from me at all times, but yeah, he went back.” She offers a grim look. “Did I mention that his mother is the mayor of Ransom?”

Shock spirals through me. “Fuck.”

“And his father is the parish leader.” She laughs humorlessly. “His family pretty much runs the town, so yeah, I’m surprised the cops even arrested him in the first place. I heard his mother raised hell when they showed up at their house. Sorry, their *mansion*.” She pauses. “Long story short, there were a bunch of preliminary hearings and depositions, and I had to sit across from him in court and look at his smug face. After about a

month of that bullshit, the judge finally decided there wasn't sufficient evidence to take it to trial, and he dismissed the case."

Horror slams into me harder than any hit Greg Braxton could dish out. "Are you serious?"

"As a heart attack."

"But they had the rape kit, and your testimony..." I sputter.

"All the medical exam showed was that there was blood and tearing—" She blushes "—but I was a virgin, so his lawyer claimed that the act of losing my virginity could've caused it. After that, it was Aaron's word against mine." She laughs again, this time in amazement. "Actually, it was my word against his and three of his friends."

I frown. "Meaning?"

"Meaning his pals lied under oath and told the judge I willingly took drugs that night. Oh, and that I'd been throwing myself at Aaron for months, so *of course* he couldn't resist taking what I was offering. The way they were going on, you'd think I was the biggest druggie whore on the planet. It was humiliating."

I didn't know the meaning of blind rage until this very moment. Because the mere thought of Hannah being forced to suffer through all that makes me want to murder everyone in that small town hellhole of hers.

"It gets worse," she warns when she notices my expression.

I groan. "Oh God. I can't hear any more."

"Oh." She awkwardly averts her eyes. "I'm sorry. Forget it."

I quickly grasp her chin and force her to look at me. "Figure of speech. I need to hear this."

"Okay. Well, after the charges were dropped, the whole town turned against me and my parents. Everyone was saying some pretty awful things about me. I was a slut, I seduced him, I framed him, all that fun stuff. I ended up having to be home-schooled for the rest of the semester. And then Mayor Mom and her pastor husband sued my family."

My jaw hardens. "Fuck no."

"Fuck yeah. They claimed that we caused their son emotional distress, slandered him, a bunch of other bullshit I can't remember. The judge didn't award them everything they wanted, but he decided that my parents had to pay for Aaron's family's legal fees. Which means they had to pay for *two*

sets of legal fees.” Hannah visibly swallows. “Do you know how much our lawyer charged for every day he spent in court?”

I’m scared to hear it.

“Two grand.” Her lips twist in a bitter smile. “And our lawyer was *cheap*. So imagine how much Mayor Mom’s lawyer billed a day. My parents had to get that second mortgage *and* take out a loan to cover the leftover costs.”

“Shit.” I can literally feel my heart splinter in my chest. “I’m sorry.”

“They’re stuck in that fucking town because of me,” Hannah says flatly. “Dad can’t quit his job at the lumberyard because it’s steady work and he needs the money. But at least he’s working in the next town over. He and my mom can’t drive into Ransom without dealing with dirty looks or nasty whispers. They can’t sell the house because they’ll lose money on it. They can’t afford to see me this year. And I’m too much of an asshole to go back and see *them*. But I can’t do it, Garrett. I can’t ever go back there.”

I don’t blame her. Hell, I feel the same way about my father’s house in Boston.

“Aaron’s parents still live there. He still visits them every summer.” She looks at me with a helpless expression. “How am I supposed to go back there?”

“Have you been back at all since you left for college?”

She nods. “Once. And halfway through that visit, my dad and I had to go to the hardware store, and we ran into two of the fathers of Aaron’s friends, the pieces of shit who lied for him. One of the dads made a rude comment, something like, oh look, the slut and her father shopping for nails, because she sure likes to get nailed. Or something stupid like that. And my dad *snapped*.”

I suck in a breath.

“He went after the man who said it, smashed his face in pretty good before the fight was broken up. And of course, a deputy just *happened* to be walking past the store at that moment, and he arrested my dad for assault.” Hannah’s lips tighten. “The charges were dropped when the hardware store owner came in and said my dad was provoked. I guess there are at least a couple honest people left in Ransom. But yeah, I haven’t been back since. I’m scared that if I do, I might bump into Aaron and then... I don’t know. *Kill* him for what he’s done to my family.”

Hannah rests her chin on my shoulder, and I can feel the waves of sadness radiating off her body.

I have no idea what to say. Everything she described is so brutal, and yet...I understand. I know what it's like to hate someone that much, to run away because you're scared of what you might do if you see that person's face. What you might be capable of.

My voice is raspy as hell as I blurt out, "The first time my father hit me was on Halloween."

Hannah's head snaps up in shock. "What?"

I almost don't keep going, but after the story she just told me, I can't hold back. I need her to know that she's not the only one who's experienced that kind of anger and desperation. "I was twelve when it happened. It was a year after my mom died."

"Oh my gosh. I had no idea." Her eyes go wide, not with pity, but with sympathy. "I got the feeling you don't like your dad—I heard it in the way you talk about him—but I didn't realize it was because..."

"Because he beat the shit out of me?" I fill in, my tone dripping with resentment. "My father isn't the man he pretends to be for the world. Mr. Hockey Star, family man, all that charity work he does. He's perfect on paper, huh? But at home, he was...fuck, he was a monster."

Hannah's fingers are warm as she laces them through mine. I squeeze them, needing a physical distraction from the tight ache in my chest.

"I don't even know what I did to piss him off that night. I came home from trick-or-treating with my friends, and we must have spoken about something, he must have yelled about something, but I don't remember. All I remember is the black eye and the broken nose, and being so stunned that he'd actually laid a hand on me." I laugh callously. "After that, it happened on a regular basis. He never broke any bones, though. Nope, because that would lay me out, and he needed me to be able to play hockey."

"How long did it go on for?" she whispers.

"Until I got big enough to fight back. I'm lucky, I only got wailed on for three, maybe four years? My mother lived through it for fifteen. Well, assuming he started hitting her the day they met. She never told me how long it actually went on for. Honestly, Hannah?" I meet her eyes, ashamed of what I'm about to say. "When she died of lung cancer..." I'm sick to my

stomach now. “I was *relieved*. Because it meant she didn’t have to suffer anymore.”

“She could have left him.”

I shake my head. “He would’ve killed her before he let that happen. Nobody leaves Phil Graham. Nobody divorces him, because that would leave a black stain on his pristine reputation, and he can’t have that.” I sigh. “He doesn’t drink or have problems with substance abuse, if that’s what you’re wondering. He’s just...sick, I guess. He loses his temper at the drop of a hat, and the only way he knows how to solve problems is with his fists. He’s a fucking narcissist, too. I’ve never known anyone who is so full of himself, so fucking arrogant. My mother and I were just props to him. Trophy wife, trophy son. He doesn’t give a shit about anyone but himself.”

I have never told anyone about this before. Not Logan or Tuck. Not even Birdie, the master of keeping secrets. Anything related to my father, I keep to myself. Because the sad truth is, too many people out there would be tempted to sell the story to make a few bucks. It’s not that I don’t trust my friends, I do, but when you’ve already been disappointed by the one person you’re supposed to trust most in your life, you’re not exactly keen on giving people any kind of ammunition over you.

But I trust Hannah. I have faith that she won’t tell anyone about this, and as my confession hangs in the air, it’s like a load has been lifted off my chest.

“So yeah,” I say roughly, “the last time I celebrated Hallo-fucking-ween, I got the shit kicked out of me by my own father. Not a happy memory, huh?”

“No, it’s not.” Her free hand rises to stroke my jaw, which is covered with stubble because I was too lazy to shave today. “But you know what my therapist used to tell me? The best way to forget a bad memory is to replace it with a good one.”

“I’m pretty sure that’s easier said than done.”

“Maybe, but there’s no harm in trying, is there?”

My breath lodges in my throat when she climbs into my lap. You’d think it would be impossible for me to get hard when we’ve just had the most depressing conversation known to man, but my dick thickens the moment her firm ass settles over it. The kiss she gives me is soft and sweet, and I groan in disappointment when her mouth suddenly leaves mine.

I don't stay disappointed for long, though, because the next thing I know, she's kneeling on the floor in front of me and freeing my cock from my sweatpants.

I've gotten a lot of blowjobs. That's not a brag, it's just the truth. But when Hannah's mouth finds me, my balls draw up tight and my cock throbs with excitement, pulsing like it's the first time a girl's tongue has ever touched it.

The tip of my dick damn near blows off when the wet heat of her mouth surrounds me. One small, delicate hand caresses my thigh as she works me over with her mouth. Her other hand is curled tightly around my shaft, her thumb rubbing the sweet spot under the head of my dick, and each long suck pushes me deeper into pure, blissful oblivion.

My hips start to move. I can't stop them. Can't stop myself from driving deeper into her mouth and tangling my fingers in her hair to guide her. She doesn't seem to mind, though. My frantic thrusts bring a moan to her lips, and the sexy sound vibrates through my shaft and zings up my spine.

The hot suction drives me crazy. I can't remember a time when I didn't want this girl. When I wasn't fucking *desperate* for her.

It's only when I open my eyes that I register where we are. My roommates are at a party, but we have an early morning practice and a game tomorrow, which means they won't be out late tonight. Which means they could walk into the living room at any second.

I touch Hannah's cheek to stop her. "Let's go upstairs. I have no idea when the guys are coming home."

She stands up without a word and holds out her hand to me.

I take it, and then I lead her upstairs.

*

Hannah

GARRETT LEAVES THE light off.

He locks the door behind us, and I can see his eyes shining in the darkness. He strips so fast it makes me laugh, and then he's naked in front of me, his muscular body a shadowy blur as he takes a step toward me.

"Why are you still dressed?" he grumbles.

“Because not everybody is as proficient at getting naked as you are.”

“It’s not that difficult, babe. Here, let me help you.”

I shiver when he snakes both hands beneath my shirt and slowly drags it up to my collarbone. He plants a soft kiss between my bra cups before pulling the shirt over my head. Rough fingertips skim my hips and tickle the top of my mound as he drops to his knees, drawing the cotton fabric of my yoga pants down with him.

All I can see is his dark head hovering inches from my thighs, and it’s such an erotic sight, so fucking hot, that I can hardly breathe. When his mouth grazes the sensitive nub that is already swelling with desire, a bolt of pleasure nearly knocks me off my feet, and I grip the top of his head to steady myself.

“Okay, nope,” I announce. “I’m never gonna be able to stay upright if you’re doing that to me.”

With a chuckle, Garrett stands up and scoops me into his arms as if I weigh absolutely nothing.

We land on the bed with a thud, laughing as we lie on our sides facing each other. We’re both naked and it feels like the most natural thing in the world.

When he speaks, it’s so nonsensical I’m genuinely caught off-guard. “I thought your name started with an M.”

“You thought my name was *Mannah*?”

Garrett snickers. “No, I thought your name was Mona, or Molly, or Mackenzie. Anything with an M.”

I don’t know whether to be insulted or amused. “Okay...”

“For almost two months, Hannah. I went two months without knowing your name.”

“Well, we didn’t know each other.”

“You knew *my* name.”

I sigh. “Everyone knows your name.”

“How did I go so long without noticing you, damn it? Why did it take seeing a stupid A on your midterm to make me notice?”

He sounds so genuinely upset that I scoot closer and kiss him. “It doesn’t matter. You know me now.”

“I do,” he says fiercely, and then he slides lower and captures one of my nipples in his mouth. “I know that when I do *this*...” he sucks hard, a moan

flies out of my mouth, and he releases my nipple with a wet *pop*. "...you moan loud enough to wake the dead. And I know that when I do *this*, your hips are going to start rocking, like they're searching for my cock." He licks my other nipple, flicking his tongue over it, and sure enough, my hips rock involuntarily and my sex clamps around aching emptiness.

Garrett props himself up on one elbow, his biceps flexing against my shoulder. "I also know that I like you," he says gruffly.

A laugh shudders out. "I like you too."

"I'm serious. I really fucking like you."

I'm not sure how to respond, so I simply grab the back of his head and bring him down for a kiss. After that, everything becomes a blur. His hands and lips are everywhere, and a wave of pleasure sweeps me away to a beautiful place where only Garrett and I exist. He leaves me only to reach for the drawer next to his bed, and my pulse races because I know what he's getting, what's about to happen. The tear of plastic breaks the darkness and I glimpse a flash of him rolling on a condom, but rather than get on top of me and take control, he moves onto his back and hands me the reins.

"Ride me." His voice is raspy, trembling with need.

Gulping, I climb onto his lap and grip his penis with one hand. He's long and thick and imposing, but this position allows me to control how much of him to take. My pulse gallops like a racehorse as I sink down on him. I experience the most delicious stretching sensation as I lower myself inch by inch, until he's all the way inside, and suddenly I'm full. So damn full. My inner muscles clutch his erection, ripple around him, and he unleashes a desperate sound that rings through my body.

"Oh fuck." Garrett's fingers dig into my hips before I can move. "Tell me about your grandmother again."

"*Now?*"

His voice comes out strained. "Yes, now, because I don't know if anyone has ever told you this before, but you are tighter than a—okay, nope, not gonna think about how tight you are. What's Nana's name?"

"Sylvia." I make a valiant effort not to laugh.

His breathing grows audibly labored. "Where does she live?"

"Florida. Retirement home." Beads of sweat break out on my forehead, because Garrett is not the only one close to losing it here. The pressure

between my legs is unbearable. My hips want to move. My body craves relief.

Garrett releases a long, ragged breath. "Okay. I'm good." His white teeth gleam in the shadows as he grins up at me. "Permission to proceed."

"Thank. God."

I lift myself up and slam down so hard we both groan.

This kind of blinding need is new to me. I ride him in a fast, furious pace, but it's still not enough. I need more and more and more, and eventually I'm just grinding against him, because I've discovered that when I lean forward and do that, my clit brushes his pubic bone and intensifies the pleasure.

My breasts are crushed against his rock-hard chest. He's so masculine, so fucking addictive. I kiss his neck, and find his skin hot beneath my lips. He's burning up, his heartbeat hammering wildly against my breasts, and when I lift my head slightly and see his face, I'm held captive by his expression, the taut stretch of his features and the intense pleasure glittering in his eyes. I'm so focused on him that when the orgasm hits me, it catches me by total surprise.

"*Ohhh*," I cry out, sagging against him as a rush of sweet bliss races through my body.

Garrett rubs my back as I gasp in pleasure. My sex contracts, milking his hard shaft, and his fingers dig between my shoulder blades as he curses. "Hannah...oh fuck, baby, that's hot."

I'm still catching my breath when he starts thrusting upward, fast and deep, his hips snapping up as he fills me, over and over again until finally he gives one final thrust and groans. His features tighten, dark brows drawn together as if he's in pain, but I know he's not. I kiss his neck again, sucking on his feverish flesh as he trembles beneath me, holding me so tight he traps all the air in my lungs.

After we've both recovered and the condom is disposed of, Garrett crawls beside me and spoons me from behind. The heavy weight of his arm makes me feel safe and warm and treasured. So does the way he flattens his palm on my belly and absently strokes my naked flesh. His lips press into the nape of my neck, and I can honestly say I've never been more content in my life.

"Stay over tonight?" he murmurs.

“Can’t,” I murmur back. “I have to return Tracy’s car.”

“Tell her it was stolen,” he offers. “I’ll vouch for you.”

I laugh softly. “No way. She’d kill me.”

Garrett rests his cheek on my shoulder, rotating his hips so that his semi-hard cock rubs against my butt. He sighs happily. “You’ve got the sweetest ass on the planet.”

I have no idea how we got to this point. One day I was telling him to get lost, the next, I’m snuggling in bed with him. Life is so frickin’ weird sometimes.

“Hey,” he says a while later. “You don’t work Friday nights, right?”

“No. Why?”

“We’re playing Harvard tomorrow.” He hesitates. “Maybe you want to come to the game?”

I hesitate too. I feel like I’m getting in over my head. I told him things tonight that I’ve never told anyone, and I’m pretty sure his confession about his father isn’t something too many people know, either. I don’t want to ask him what it all means, though. I’m terrified that I’m reading too much into it.

I’m terrified of making it real.

“You can take my Jeep,” he adds, his voice gruff. “I’ll be riding on the bus with the team, so it’ll just be sitting in my driveway anyway.”

“Can I bring Allie?”

“Sure.” He kisses my shoulder, and a shiver runs through me. “Bring anyone you want. We could use the support, actually. Away games suck because nobody’s ever cheering for us.”

I swallow the odd little lump in my throat. “Okay. Yeah...I guess I can do that.”

We go quiet again, and I suddenly become aware of the hard ridge poking against my butt. His very obvious erection makes me laugh. “Really, dude? Again?”

He chuckles. “What was that you were saying about my stamina the other day? Shame on you. *Dude.*”

Still laughing, I roll over and plaster myself to his warm, hard body. “Round two?” I murmur.

His lips find mine. “Fuck yeah.”

30

Hannah

“I CAN’T BELIEVE this is happening,” Dexter announces—for about the millionth time—from the backseat of Garrett’s Jeep.

Next to Dex, Stella sighs and voices her agreement—also for the millionth time. “I know, right? We’re in Garrett Graham’s car. Part of me is tempted to go Carrie Underwood on it and carve my name into his leather seats.”

“Don’t you dare!” I order from the driver’s seat.

“Relax, I won’t. But I feel like if I don’t leave my mark on this car, nobody will ever believe I was in it.”

Hell, *I* can’t believe she’s in it. I wasn’t surprised when Allie jumped on the chance to come to Cambridge with me, since she’s still on the quest for details about Garrett, but I was startled when Stella and Dex insisted on coming along.

So far during this car ride, both of them have asked me at least twice if Garrett and I are dating. I’ve replied with my standard response—*we just hang out sometimes*. But it’s getting harder to convince even myself of that.

We blast music for the rest of the drive. Dex and I sing along, and our harmonies are ridiculously awesome—why didn’t I ask *him* to duet with me, damn it? Allie and Stella can’t stay on key to save their lives, but they join in for the choruses, and we’re all in high spirits when I pull into the parking lot of the hockey center.

I’ve never been to Harvard before, and I wish I had more time to explore the campus, but we’re running late as it is, so I usher my friends inside because I don’t want us to lose out on finding seats. I’m floored by how big and modern the arena is and how many people are here tonight. Luckily, we find four empty seats near the Briar team’s side of the rink. We don’t bother hitting up concessions since we ate a shit ton of corn chips in the car.

“Okay, so how does this game work again?” Dexter asks me.

I grin. “Seriously?”

“Yes, seriously. I’m a black kid from Biloxi, Han-Han. What the fuck do I know about hockey?”

“Fair enough.”

As Allie and Stella chat about one of their acting classes, I give Dex a quick rundown of what he can expect. And yet when the players hit the ice, I realize my explanation hasn’t done it justice. This is the first hockey game I’ve seen in person, and I don’t expect the roar of the crowd, the deafening blare of the PA system, the lightning fast speed of the players.

Garrett’s jersey is #44, but I don’t need to look at the number to know which black-and-silver-clad player he is. He’s the center of the starting line, and the second the ref drops the puck, Garrett wins the opening faceoff and snaps the puck back to Dean, who I thought was a wing but is apparently a defenseman.

I’m too busy watching Garrett to focus on any of the other players. He’s...mesmerizing. He’s already tall without skates on, so the added height makes him appear massive. And he’s so fucking fast I have a tough time keeping my gaze on him. He flies down the ice, chasing the puck that Harvard has stolen from us and checking the opposing player like a pro. Briar takes an early lead, thanks to a goal by a player the announcer refers to as “Jacob Berderon,” and it takes me a second to realize he means Birdie, the dark-haired senior I met at Malone’s.

The clock on the scoreboard ticks down, but just when I think Briar will shut out Harvard in the first period, one of the opposing forwards gets a fast snapshot past Simms to tie the game.

As the period ends and the players disappear into their respective tunnels, Dex pokes me in the ribs and says, “You know what? This ain’t half bad. Maybe I should start playing hockey.”

“Can you skate?” I ask him.

“Naah. But it can’t be that hard, right?”

I snort. “Stick to music,” I advise. “Or if you’re really determined to get into sports, play football. Briar could use you.”

From what I’ve heard, our football team is putting up the worst record the school has seen in years, winning only three of the eight games they’ve played so far. But Sean said they still have a chance to make it to the post-

season if they, and I quote, “get their motherfucking shit together and start winning some motherfucking games.” It makes me feel sorry for Beau, who I genuinely enjoyed talking to at the party.

The moment I think about Beau, Justin’s face swooshes into my head like a gust of wind.

Shit.

We have a dinner date Sunday night.

How the *hell* did I forget about that?

Because you were too busy having sex with Garrett?

Yep, that’s it.

I bite my lip as I debate what to do. I haven’t thought about Justin all week, but that doesn’t trump the fact that I’ve been thinking about him all *semester*. Something drew me to him in the first place, and I can’t just ignore that. Besides, I don’t even know what’s happening between me and Garrett. He hasn’t brought up the whole boyfriend/girlfriend thing. I don’t know if I *want* to be his girlfriend.

I have a type when it comes to guys. Quiet, serious, moody. Creative, if I’m lucky. Plays music is always a plus. Smart. Sarcastic but not in a snide way. Unafraid to show his emotions. Someone who makes me feel...at peace.

Garrett has some of those qualities, but not all of them. And I’m not sure *peaceful* is the accurate word to describe how I feel when I’m with him. When we’re arguing or shooting wisecracks back and forth, it’s like my whole body is wired with electricity. And when we’re naked...it’s like an entire Fourth of July fireworks display going off inside me.

I think that might be a good thing?

Fuck, I don’t know. My track record with guys isn’t exactly a series of successes. What do I know about relationships? And how can I be certain that Justin *isn’t* the guy I should be with if I don’t go out with him at least once?

“So why do they call it the crease?” Dex asks in fascination after the second period commences. “And why does it sound so dirty?”

On my other side, Allie leans in to grin at Dexter. “Babe, *everything* about hockey sounds dirty. Five-hole? Poke check? Backdoor?” She sighs. “Come home with me one time and listen to my dad yell *Jam it in!* over and

over again when he watches hockey, and then you can talk to me about dirty. Not to mention *uncomfortable*.”

Dex and I laugh so hard we almost fall out of our chairs.

*

Garrett

AS THE GUYS and I shuffle out of the guest locker room after the game, we're still riding the high of crushing the home team. Even though it's one of our sophomores who landed that last beauty of a goal that secured our win, I've decided that Hannah is my good luck charm and must now attend all of our games, because the last three times we played Harvard, we got our asses handed to us.

We agreed to meet outside the arena after the game, and sure enough, she's waiting there for me when I walk outside. She's with Allie, along with a dark-haired chick I don't recognize and an enormous black guy who I'm amazed isn't on the football team. Because he should be. Maxwell would come in his pants if he had a monster like that on his O-line.

The moment Hannah spots me, she wanders away from her friends and walks over to me. “Hey.” She looks surprisingly shy, and she hesitates, as if she's not sure if she should hug or kiss me.

I solve her dilemma by doing both, and as I brush my lips over hers, I hear a victorious “I knew it!” echo from her friends' direction. The exclamation comes from the girl who isn't Allie.

I pull back to grin at Hannah. “Keeping us a secret from your friends, huh?”

“Us?” She raises her eyebrows. “I didn't realize we were an *us*.”

Now is definitely not the time to discuss the status of our relationship—if it even is one—so I just shrug and say, “How'd you like the game?”

“It was intense.” She smirks at me. “I notice you didn't score a goal, though. Slacking much?”

My grin widens. “I sincerely apologize for that, Wellsy. I promise to do better next time.”

“You'd better.”

“I'll score a hat trick just for you, how about that?”

My teammates shuffle past us and head for the bus waiting twenty feet away, but I'm not ready to leave Hannah yet. "I'm glad you came."

"Me too." She sounds like she really means it.

"Are you busy tomorrow night?" The team has another game tomorrow, but it's an afternooner, and I'm dying to get Hannah alone again so we can...yeah. "I thought we could hang out after I get back from—" I stop talking when a shadow appears in my periphery vision, and my shoulders set in a tight line when I spot my father descending the front steps of the building.

This is the point of the evening I dread. Time for the big nod, followed by the silent walk-away.

As if on cue, I get the nod.

But not the walk-away.

My father startles the shit out of me by saying, "Garrett. A word."

His deep voice sends a chill up my spine. I fucking hate the sound of his voice. I hate the sight of his face.

I hate every goddamn thing about him.

Hannah's expression creases with concern when she sees my face. "Is that...?"

Instead of answering, I take a reluctant step away. "I'll be back in a minute," I mumble.

My father is already halfway down the parking lot. He doesn't even turn around to check if I'm following him. Because he's Phil fucking Graham, and he can't imagine someone *not* wanting to be around him.

Somehow my stiff legs carry me in his direction. I notice several of my teammates lingering at the door of the bus, watching us curiously. A few of them are visibly envious. Jesus. If they only knew what they were jealous of.

When I reach him, I don't bother with pleasantries. I just scowl and speak in a terse voice. "What do you want?"

Like me, he gets right to the point. "I expect you to come home for Thanksgiving this year."

My shock manifests itself in the form of a sharp laugh. "No, thanks. I'll pass."

"No, what you will do is come home." A dark look hardens his features. "Or I will drag you home."

I genuinely don't know what's happening right now. Since when does he give a shit whether I come home or not? I haven't been back once since I left for Briar. I'm in Hastings during the school year, and I spend my summers working sixty-hour weeks for a construction company in Boston and saving every last penny, which I then use to pay for rent and groceries because I don't want to take any more of my father's money than I absolutely have to.

"Why the hell do you care what I do for the holidays?" I mutter.

"You're needed at home this year." He's speaking through clenched teeth, as if he's enjoying this even less than I am. "My girlfriend is cooking dinner, and she requested your presence."

His girlfriend? I didn't even realize he had a girlfriend. And how fucking sad is it that I know nothing about my own father's life?

The way he phrased it doesn't escape me, either. *She* requested my presence. Not him.

I meet his eyes, the same shade of gray as my own. "Tell her I'm sick. Or hell, tell her I died."

"Don't test me, boy."

Oh, he's busting out the *boy*, huh? That's what he always called me right before his fists pummeled my gut, or smashed my face, or broke my nose for the hundredth fucking time.

"I'm not coming," I say coldly. "Deal with it."

He moves in closer, his eyes gleaming beneath the low brim of his Bruins cap as his voice lowers to a hiss. "Listen up, you ungrateful little shit. I don't ask much of you. In fact, I don't ask *anything* of you. I let you do whatever the fuck you want, I pay for your tuition, your books, your equipment."

The reminder makes my stomach seethe with anger. I keep a spreadsheet on my computer that documents everything he's ever paid for so that when I gain access to my trust, I'll know the precise amount to write on the check I plan on handing him before I tell him *good riddance*.

But tuition for next term needs to be paid in December, the month before my trust comes in. And I don't have enough in my savings account to cover the full amount.

Which means I'm stuck being indebted to him for a little while longer.

“All I expect in return,” he finishes, “is that you play like the champion you are. The champion I *made* you.” An ugly sneer twists his mouth. “Well, it’s time to pay up, son. You *will* come home for Thanksgiving. Understood?”

Our eyes lock.

I could kill this man. If I knew I could get away with it? I would actually kill him.

“Understood?” he repeats.

I give a curt nod, and then I stalk away without looking back.

Hannah waits for me near the bus, worry clouding her green eyes. “Is everything okay?” she asks quietly.

I draw in a ragged breath. “Yeah. It’s fine.”

“Are you sure?”

“It’s fine, babe. I promise.”

“Graham, get your ass on the bus!” Coach shouts from behind me. “You’re holding everyone up.”

Somehow I manage to force a smile. “I’ve gotta go. Maybe we can hang out tomorrow after my game?”

“Call me when you’re done. I’ll see where I’m at.”

“Sounds good.” I drop a kiss on her cheek, then head for the bus, where Coach is impatiently tapping his foot.

He watches Hannah as she makes her way back to her friends, then shoots me a wry smile. “She’s cute. Girlfriend?”

“No idea,” I confess.

“Yeah, that’s how it usually is with women. They hold all the cards and we’re just clueless.” Coach slaps me on the arm. “Come on, kid. Time to hustle.”

I take my usual seat next to Logan near the front of the bus, and he gives me a funny look as I unzip my jacket and lean my head back.

“What?” I mumble.

“Nothing,” he says lightly.

I’ve known the guy long enough to figure out that a “nothing” from Logan means something entirely different, but he pops in his iPod earbuds and proceeds to ignore me for most of the ride. It isn’t until we’re ten minutes from Briar that he abruptly yanks out his earphones and turns to look at me.

“Fuck it,” he announces. “I’m just gonna come out and say it.”

Wariness circles my insides like a turkey vulture. I sincerely hope he’s not about to confess that he has a thing for Hannah, because shit will get awkward real fast if he does. I glance around, but most of my teammates are either sleeping or listening to music. The seniors in the back are laughing at something Birdie has just said. Nobody is paying any attention to us.

I lower my voice. “What’s up?”

He lets out a weary breath. “I debated saying anything at all, but fuck, G, I don’t like seeing anyone get played for a fool, especially my best friend. I figured I should wait until after the game, though.” He shrugs. “I didn’t want you to be distracted on the ice.”

“What the hell are you talking about, man?”

“Dean and I ended up at Maxwell’s house last night for his Halloween thing,” Logan confesses. “Kohl was there, and…”

I narrow my eyes. “And what?”

Logan looks so uncomfortable that my guard soars another twenty feet. He’s never one to beat around the bush, which means shit must be serious.

“He said he’s going out with Wellsy this weekend.”

My heart stops. “Bullshit.”

“That’s what I thought, but…” Another shrug. “He insisted it was true. I figured I should tell you about it, you know, just in case he’s not talking out of his ass.”

I swallow, my mind running a million miles a second. *Bullshit* continues to be my thought of choice, but a part of me isn’t so sure. The whole reason Hannah is even in my life is because of fucking Kohl. Because she was interested in *Kohl*.

But that was *before*. Before she and I kissed—

She still went to the party to see him after the kiss.

Right. I gulp again. Well, it was after the kiss but before everything else. The sex. The secrets we shared with each other. All the *cuddling*.

Told you cuddling was a mistake, dude.

My inner cynic wreaks havoc on my brain, bringing a rush of weariness to my chest. No, Kohl had to have been bullshitting. There’s no way Hannah would agree to go out on a date with him without telling me.

Right?

“Anyway, just thought you should know,” Logan says.

It’s damn difficult to speak past my tight-as-fuck throat, but I manage one mumble of a word. “Thanks.”

31

Hannah

GARRETT TEXTS ME just as I'm getting ready for bed. Allie and I literally walked through the door five minutes ago, and I'm surprised to hear from him again tonight. I figured he'd crash the moment he got home from the game.

Him: Need to talk to u.

Me: Now?

Him: Yes.

O-kay. It might be a text message, but it's hard not to extrapolate his tone. And his tone is most definitely pissed off.

Me: Um, sure. Call me?

Him: Actually, I'm at your door.

My head snaps toward my open doorway, half expecting to find him there. Then I feel silly because I realize he means the door to our dorm and not my bedroom. Still, this *must* be serious, because Garrett doesn't usually show up unannounced.

Queasiness eddies in my stomach as I walk past the common area to answer the door. Sure enough, Garrett is standing behind it. Still wearing his hockey jacket and sweatpants, as if he rushed right over instead of going home to change first.

"Hi," I greet him, gesturing for him to come inside. "What's going on?"

He gazes past me at the empty living room. "Where's Allie?"

"She went to bed."

"Can we talk in your room?"

The queasiness gets worse. I can't decipher his expression at all. His eyes are shuttered, and his tone is completely devoid of emotion. Does this have something to do with his father? I couldn't hear their conversation earlier, but their body language had conveyed some serious aggression. I wonder if maybe they—

“Are you going out with Justin this weekend?”

Garrett voices the demand the moment I close my bedroom door, and I realize in dismay that this has *nothing* to do with his dad.

And everything to do with me.

Surprise and insta-guilt war inside me as I meet his eyes. “Who told you that?”

“Logan. But he heard it from Kohl.”

“Oh.”

Garrett doesn't move. He doesn't unzip his jacket. He doesn't even blink. He just keeps his gaze locked on mine. “Is it true?”

I gulp. “Yes and no.”

For the first time since he got here, his expression flashes with emotion—annoyance. “What the hell does that mean?”

“It means he asked me out, but I haven't decided if I'm going or not.”

“Did you say you would?” There's a grim edge to his tone.

“Well, yes, but—”

Garrett's eyes blaze. “You actually said yes? When did he ask you?”

“Last week,” I admit. “The day after Beau's party.”

His face relaxes. Just slightly. “So it was before Dean's thing? Before you and I...?”

I nod.

“Okay.” He takes a breath. “Okay. Not as bad as I thought.” But then his features turn to stone again and his nostrils flare. “Wait—what do you mean, you haven't decided if you're going?”

I give a helpless shrug.

“You're not fucking going, Hannah!”

His sharp voice makes me wince. “Says who? *You*? Because last I checked, you and I aren't dating. We're just fooling around.”

“Is that what you really—” He stops, his mouth twisting in a scowl. “You know what? I guess you're right. I guess we're just fooling around.”

I can barely keep up with the jumbled thoughts racing through my brain. “You said you don’t do girlfriends,” I say weakly.

“I said I don’t have time for a girlfriend,” he shoots back. “But guess what—priorities change.”

I falter. “So you’re saying you want me to be your girlfriend?”

“Yeah, maybe that’s what I’m saying.”

My teeth sink into my lower lip. “Why?”

“Why what?”

“Why would you want that?” I bite my lip harder. “You’re all one-track about hockey, remember? And besides, we argue too much.”

“We don’t argue. We bicker.”

“It’s the same thing.”

He rolls his eyes. “No, it’s not. Bickering is fun and good-natured. Arguing is—”

“Oh my God, we’re arguing about the way we argue!” I interrupt, unable to stop from laughing.

Garrett’s shoulders relax at the sound of my laughter. He takes a step toward me, searching my face. “I know you’re into me, Wellsy. And I’m definitely into you. Would it really be so bad if we made this thing official?”

I gulp again. I hate being put on the spot, and I’m too confused to make sense of anything right now. Acting on impulse isn’t something I do often. I never make decisions without giving them careful thought, and although other girls might break out in cartwheels at the thought of making things “official” with Garrett Graham, I’m more pragmatic than that. I didn’t expect to like this guy. Or to have sex with him. Or to be in the position where he might be my boyfriend.

“I don’t know,” I finally say. “I mean, I didn’t really think about you and me in terms of dating. I just wanted to...” My cheeks grow warm “... explore the attraction and see if...you know. But I didn’t think any farther ahead than that.” My confusion triples, turning my mind to mush. “I have no idea what this even is, or where it could go, or...”

As I trail off, I notice Garrett’s expression, and the hurt in his eyes cuts into me like a knife.

“You don’t know what this is or where it could go? Jesus, Hannah. If you...” He lets out a shaky breath, his broad shoulders sagging. “If you

honestly don't know, then we're wasting our time. Because I know *exactly* what it is. I—" He halts so abruptly it gives me whiplash.

"You what?" I whisper.

"I—" He stops again. His gray eyes darken. "You know what? Forget it. I guess you're right. This was all about exploring the attraction." He sounds increasingly bitter. "I'm just your sex therapist, right? Actually, no, I'm your fucking fluffer."

"Fluffer?" I say blankly.

"Like in porn," he mutters. "They bring in the fluffer to suck off the dudes between takes so they stay hard." Anger colors his tone. "That was my job, right? To get you nice and hot for Kohl? To get you ready to bone him?"

Indignation prickles my skin. "One, that's disgusting. And two, that's not fair and you know it."

"I don't know a damn thing, apparently."

"He asked me out before I slept with you! And I probably wasn't even going to go!"

Garrett barks out a harsh laugh. "You *probably* weren't going to? Yeah. Thanks for that." He takes a step to the door. "You know what? Just go on the damn date. You got what you wanted from me. I guess *Justin* can take it from here."

"Garrett—"

But he's already gone. Not just gone, but making his exit known as he slams my door, thuds through the suite, and slams that door too.

I stare at the empty space he was taking up a second ago.

I know exactly what it is.

Garrett's hoarse words echo in my head, and a vise of emotion constricts my heart, because I'm pretty sure I know exactly what it is too.

And I'm scared that because of my split-second moment of indecision, I just threw it all away.

Garrett

THE TEMPERATURE SEEMS to have dropped twenty degrees from when I walked into Bristol House to when I stormed out of it. A frigid gust of wind blasts me in the face and chills the tips of my ears as I trudge toward the parking lot.

See? *This* is why I avoid the whole girlfriend drama. I should be over the fucking moon tonight because the team crushed Harvard. Instead, I'm pissed off and frustrated and more upset than I expected to be. Hannah's right—we were just fooling around. Same way I was fooling around with Kendall, or the chick before her, or the chick before that. I didn't even bat an eye when I ended it with any of them, so why the hell am I so bummed right now?

Thank fuck I got out of there, though. I had been seconds away from making a complete fool of myself. Saying things I shouldn't be saying, maybe even *begging*. Jesus. If that's not a sign of some serious pussy-whipping right there then I don't know what is.

I'm halfway to my Jeep when I hear Hannah call out my name.

My chest clenches. I turn around and see her racing down the path from Bristol to the lot. She's still in her PJ's—plaid pants and a black T-shirt with yellow music notes decaled on the front.

I'm tempted to keep walking, but the sight of her bare arms and cold-flushed cheeks pisses me off even more than our fight had. "Jesus Christ, Hannah," I mutter when she reaches me. "You're gonna catch a cold."

"That's a myth," she shoots back. "Cold weather doesn't cause colds."

But she's visibly shivering, and when she wraps her arms around herself and starts rubbing her bare skin to keep warm, I rumble in annoyance and hurriedly unzip my jacket.

Gritting my teeth, I drape the coat over her shoulders. "Here."

“Thanks.” She looks as annoyed as I feel. “What the hell is wrong with you, Garrett? You can’t just storm off in the middle of a serious discussion!”

“There was nothing left to discuss.”

“Bullshit.” She angrily shakes her head. “You didn’t even let me talk!”

“Yes, I did,” I answer flatly. “And trust me, you said plenty.”

“I can barely remember *what* I said. You know why? Because you totally caught me off-guard and didn’t even give me a second to *think* about it.”

“What’s there to think about? You’re either into me, or you’re not.”

Hannah makes a frustrated noise. “You’re not being fair again. Just because *you* suddenly decide you’re ready for a relationship and that we should be together doesn’t mean that I’m going to squeal like a sorority girl and say, *wheee, yay!* You clearly had time to think about it, and absorb it, but you didn’t give me any time at all. You just barged in and made accusations and ran out.”

I experience a pang of guilt. She has a point. I *did* come over tonight fully knowing what I wanted from her.

“I’m sorry I didn’t tell you about the Justin date,” she says quietly. “But I’m not going to apologize for needing more than five frickin’ seconds to think about the possibility of you and me being a couple.”

My breath comes out in a white puff that quickly gets carried away by the wind. “I’m sorry I ran off,” I concede. “But I’m not sorry that I want to be with you.”

Those beautiful green eyes probe my face. “Do you still want that?”

I nod. Then I gulp. “Do you?”

“Depends.” She slants her head. “Will we be exclusive?”

“Fuck yeah,” I say without hesitation. The thought of her seeing anyone else is like a machete to the gut.

“Are you okay with taking it slow?” She shifts awkwardly. “Because with the showcase coming up, and the holidays, and exams, and your game schedule...we’ll both start to get busy and I can’t promise to see you every second of the day.”

“We see each other when we see each other,” I say simply.

I’m surprised by how calm I sound, how composed I’m staying when there’s a herd of excited butterflies thumping in my stomach and shouting

hells yeah at top-volume. Jeez. I'm about to complicate my life by inviting a girlfriend into it, yet somehow I'm one hundred percent cool with that.

"Then okay." Hannah smiles at me. "Let's make it official."

A dark cloud obscures some of my happiness. "What about Justin?"

"What about him?"

"You told him you'd go out with him," I say through clenched teeth.

"Actually, I canceled the date before I came out here."

The dumb butterflies inside me take flight again. "You did?"

She nods.

"So you're not all hot for him anymore?"

Humor dances in her eyes. "I'm hot for *you*, Garrett. Only you."

Just like that, my anxiety dissolves into a burst of pure joy that brings a grin to my lips. "Damn right you are."

Rolling her eyes, she moves in and rubs her cold cheek against my chin. "Now can we please go inside? I'm freezing my butt off and I need my fluffer to warm me up."

I narrow my eyes. "Excuse me?"

She blinks innocently. "Oh, I'm sorry. Did I say fluffer?" Her smile lights up her whole face. "I meant *boyfriend*."

Sweetest words I've ever heard in my life.

33

Hannah

LIFE IS GOOD.

Life is wonderfully, amazingly, *scarily* good.

These past two weeks of dating Garrett have been a blur of laughter and cuddling and hot sex, intermingled with real life events like classes and studying, rehearsals and hockey games. Garrett and I forged a connection that caught me by surprise, but even though Allie continues to tease me about my sudden about-face when it comes to the guy, I don't regret my decision to date him and see where things go. So far, it's been working out great.

But see, here's the thing about life. When it's *this* good?

Something inevitably goes bad.

"I know this is an inconvenience," says Fiona, my performing arts advisor. "But I'm afraid there's nothing I can do except advise you to speak directly to Mary Jane and—"

"No way," I cut in, my stiff fingers curling around the arms of my chair. I stare at the pretty blond woman across the desk, and wonder how she can possibly describe this atom bomb of a disaster as an *inconvenience*.

And she wants me to talk to Mary Jane?

Fuck. That.

Because why the *fuck* would I talk to the stupid, brainwashed bitch who just ruined any chance I had of winning a scholarship?

I'm still reeling from what Fiona told me. Mary Jane and Cass *dumped* me. They actually got permission to kick me out of the duet so that Cass can sing it as a solo.

What the *hell*.

Yet in the back of my mind, I'm not even surprised. Garrett had warned me something like this could happen. I had worried about it myself. But

never in a million years had I expected Cass to do this *four weeks* before the showcase.

Or that my advisor would be *totally fucking cool with it*.

I grit my teeth. “I’m not talking to Mary Jane. It’s obvious she’s made up her mind about this.”

Or rather, that *Cass* had made it up for her, when he’d cajoled her into speaking to our respective advisors and blubbing about how her composition is suffering in its duet form and that she’s pulling it out of the showcase if it’s not a solo. Of course, Cass had quickly pointed out that it would be egregious to waste a perfectly good song, and he’d *graciously* offered to let me sing it. At which point, Mary Jane insisted that it should be sung by a male voice.

Fuck you very much, MJ.

“So what am I supposed to do now?” I ask in a tight voice. “I don’t have time to learn a new song and work with a new songwriter.”

“No, you don’t,” Fiona agrees.

Normally I appreciate her no-nonsense approach, but today it makes me want to slug her.

“Which is why, given the circumstances, Cass’s advisor and I agreed to bend the rules for you. You won’t be teaming up with a composition major. We’ve agreed—and the faculty head signed off on it—that you can sing one of your own compositions. I know you have a lot of original songs in your repertoire, Hannah. And in fact, I think this is a great opportunity for you to showcase not just your voice, but your songwriting abilities.” She pauses. “However, you’ll only be eligible to win the performance scholarship, since composition isn’t your major.”

My mind continues to spin like a carousel. Yes, there are a few originals I can sing, but none of them are even close to being performance-ready.

“Why isn’t Cass being penalized for this?” I demand.

“Look, I can’t say I approve of what Cass and Mary Jane have done, but unfortunately, this is one of the drawbacks of duet work.” Fiona sighs. “Every year there’s at least one duet partnership that breaks down right before the showcase. Do you remember Joanna Maxwell? She graduated last year?”

Beau’s sister.

I nod.

“Well, her duet partner bailed *three days* before the senior showcase,” Fiona confides.

I blink in surprise. “Really?”

“Oh, yeah. Let’s just say it was pure chaos around here for those three days.”

My spirits lift, just a bit, when I remember that not only did Joanna win the scholarship, she also caught the eye of an agent who later got her that audition in New York.

“You don’t need Cassidy Donovan, Hannah.” Fiona’s voice is firm, ringing with reassurance. “You thrive as a solo performer. *That’s* your strength.” She gives me a pointed look. “As I recall, that’s exactly what I advised at the beginning of the term.”

Guilt warms my cheeks. Yep. I can’t deny it. She *had* told me her concerns about the project from the start, but I had allowed Cass to convince me that we would be a powerhouse together.

“You’ll have whatever you need to prepare,” she adds. “We’ll rearrange the schedule so you’ll have access to rehearsal space whenever you need it, and if you require accompaniment, any number of orchestra students can help you out. Is there anything else you think you might need?” A tiny smile tugs on her lips. “Trust me, Cass’s advisor isn’t happy about this either, so if there’s something you want, tell me now and I can probably make it happen for you.”

I’m about to shake my head, but then something occurs to me. “Actually, there is something I want. I want Jae. I mean, Kim Jae Woo.”

Fiona furrows her brow. “Who?”

“The cellist.” I stick out my chin in fortitude. “I want the cellist.”

*

Garrett

“I *CANNOT* BELIEVE he did that!” Allie sounds livid from her side of the booth, her blue eyes blazing as she looks up at Hannah.

My girlfriend wears that I’m-trying-really-hard-not-to-show-how-furious-I-am-right-now expression, but I can sense the volatile emotions radiating from her body. She smooths out the bottom of her apron. “Really?”

Because I can totally believe it,” Hannah answers. “I bet this was his plan all along. Drive me crazy for two months and then screw me over right before the show.”

“Fuckin’ Cass,” Hannah’s friend Dexter mutters from his seat next to Allie. “Someone needs to give that boy a good ass-kicking.” Dex glances at Logan and me. “Can’t one of you hockey players do it? Rough him up a bit?”

“Gladly,” Logan says cheerfully. “What’s his address?”

I jab my friend in the side. “We’re not beating anybody up, jackass. Not unless you want to face Coach’s wrath—and a suspension.” I turn to Hannah with a rueful look. “Don’t worry, I’m beating him up in my head, baby. That counts, right?”

She laughs. “Sure. I’ll allow it.” She tucks her order pad in her apron pocket. “I’ll be right back.”

As Hannah heads for the counter, I admire her ass for so long it gets me three loud snickers from my companions. And don’t get me started on how weird it is to be sharing a booth with my best friend and *Hannah’s* best friends.

I was certain that Hannah’s artsy friends would be all condescending and frigid around me—especially after she told me what they think about Briar’s jock crowd—but I think my natural charm has won them over. Allie and Dex already treat me like we’ve been buds for years. Stella, who discovered her passion for hockey during the Harvard game, now texts me every other day to ask hockey questions. And while that dude Jeremy is still a bit snarky whenever I see him, his girlfriend Megan is pretty cool, so I’m willing to give him a few more chances to not be a dick.

“She’s pissed,” Logan remarks as he watches Hannah chatting with the cook behind the pick-up counter.

“She should be,” replies Dex. “Seriously, what kind of selfish douchetard dumps his duet partner right before a show?”

Logan snickers. “Douchetard? I’m totally stealing that phrase.”

“She’ll be fine,” Allie says confidently. “Hannah’s originals are awesome. She doesn’t need Cass.”

“No one needs Cass,” Dex agrees. “He’s like the human being equivalent of syphilis.”

As everyone laughs, I tune them out and focus my attention on Hannah. I can't help but remember the first time I came to Della's, with the sole purpose of persuading Hannah to tutor me. It was only a little more than a month ago, yet I feel like I've known her forever.

I don't know what I was thinking taking that whole anti-girlfriend position. Because having a girlfriend? Fucking rocks. Seriously. I get to have sex whenever I want without having to work for it. I have someone to vent to after a shitty day or a devastating loss on the ice. I can make the worst jokes on the planet and chances are Hannah will laugh at them.

Oh, and I love being with her, plain and simple.

Hannah returns to our booth carrying our drink orders. Or rather, Allie and Dex's drink orders. Logan and I asked for sodas, but what we get is water.

"Where's my Dr. Pepper, Wellsy?" Logan whines.

She levels him with a stern look. "Do you know how much sugar is in a soft drink?"

"A perfectly acceptable amount and therefore I should drink it?" supplies Logan.

"Wrong. The answer is *too damn much*. You're playing Michigan in an hour—you can't get all hopped up on sugar before a game. You'll get a five-minute energy boost and then crash halfway through the first period."

Logan sighs. "G, why is your girl our nutritionist now?"

I pick up my water glass and take a sip of defeat. "Do *you* want to argue with her?"

Logan looks at Hannah, whose expression clearly conveys: *you'll get a soda over my dead body*. Then he looks back at me. "No," he says glumly.

34

Hannah

MY PHONE MEOWS just after midnight, but I'm not asleep. In fact, I'm not even in my PJ's yet. The second I came home after work, I grabbed my guitar and got right back to work again. Now that Cass has thrown a selfish, vindictive wrench into my life, things like "sleep" and "relaxing" and "not panicking" don't exist anymore. For the next month, I'm pretty much going to be a walking basket case, unless I magically find a way to juggle school, work, Garrett, and singing without having a nervous breakdown.

I put down the acoustic and check the screen. It's Garrett.

Him: Can't sleep. You up?

Me: Is this a booty call?

Him: No. Do u want it to be?

Me: No. I'm rehearsing. Totally stressed.

Him: All the more reason for this to be a booty call.

Me: Keep it in your pants, dude. Why can't u sleep?

Him: Whole body hurts.

Sympathy flutters through my belly. Garrett had called earlier to say they'd lost the game, and apparently he'd taken some brutal hits tonight. Last time we talked, he was still icing his entire torso.

I'm too lazy to type, so I dial his number and he answers on the first ring.

His husky voice slides into my ear. "Hey."

"Hey." I lean back against my pillow. "I'm sorry I can't come over and kiss all your boo-boos, but I'm working on the song."

“It’s okay. There’s only one boo-boo I want you to kiss, and you sound too distracted for that.” He pauses. “I’m talking about my dick, by the way.”

I choke down a laugh. “Yep. I got that. No need to clarify.”

“Did you decide which song you’re going to sing?”

“I think so. It’s the one I sang to you last month when we were studying. Do you remember it?”

“Yeah. It was sad.”

“Sad is good. Packs more of an emotional punch.” I hesitate. “I forgot to ask you earlier—was your dad at the game?”

A pause. “He never misses one.”

“Did he bring up Thanksgiving again?”

“No, thank fuck. He doesn’t even look at me when we lose, so I wasn’t expecting him to be chatty.” Garrett’s voice is thick with bitterness, and then I hear him clear his throat. “Put me on speakerphone. I want to hear you sing.”

My heart squeezes with emotion, but I try to hide the response by donning a casual tone. “You want me to sing you a lullaby? Aren’t you precious.”

He chuckles. “My chest feels likes it got hit by a truck. I need a distraction.”

“Fine.” I hit the speaker button and reach for my guitar. “Feel free to hang up if you get bored.”

“Baby, I could watch *you* watching paint dry, and I still wouldn’t be bored.”

Garrett Graham, my own personal sweet-talker.

I settle the acoustic on my lap and sing the song from the top. My door is closed, and although the walls in the dorm are paper-thin, I’m not worried about waking Allie. The first thing I did after Fiona told me about the duet was give Allie a pair of ear plugs and warn her that I’m going to be singing late into the night until the showcase.

Weirdly enough, I’m not angry anymore. I’m *relieved*. Cass had turned our duet into the kind of flashy, jazz-hands performance that I despise, so as infuriating as it is to get dumped, I’ve decided I’m better off not having to sing with him.

I run through the song three times, until my voice goes hoarse and I finally have to stop to chug the bottle of water on my nightstand.

“Still here, you know.”

Garrett’s voice startles me. Then I laugh, because I honestly forgot he was on the line. “I couldn’t put you to sleep, huh? I don’t know if I should be flattered or insulted.”

“Flattered. Your voice gives me chills. Makes it impossible to fall asleep.”

I smile, even though he can’t see me. “I need to figure out what to do about that last chorus. End high or low on the last note? Oooh, and maybe I should switch up the middle section too. You know what? I have an idea. I’m hanging up now so I can figure it out, and you need to go to sleep. Night, dude.”

“Wellsy, wait,” he says before I can hang up.

I take the phone off speaker and bring it to my ear. “What’s up?”

I’m greeted by the longest pause ever.

“Garrett? You there?”

“Uh, yeah. Sorry. Still here.” A heavy breath reverberates through the line. “Will you come home with me for Thanksgiving?”

I freeze. “Are you serious?”

Another pause, even longer than the first. I almost expect him to rescind the invitation. And I don’t think I’d be upset if he did. Knowing what I do about Garrett’s father, I’m not sure if I can sit across a dinner table from that man without reaching over to strangle him.

What kind of man hits his own son? His *twelve-year-old* son.

“I can’t go back there alone, Hannah. Will you come?”

His voice cracks on those last words, and so does my heart. I let out a shaky breath and say, “Of course I will.”

35

Hannah

GARRETT'S FATHER'S HOUSE is not the mansion I expected it to be, but a brownstone in Beacon Hill, which I suppose is Boston's equivalent of mansion living. The area is gorgeous, though. I've been to Boston several times, but never to this ritzy part of it, and I can't help but admire the beautiful nineteenth-century row houses, brick sidewalks and quaint gas lamps lining the narrow streets.

Garrett barely said a word during the two-hour drive into the city. Tension has been rolling off his suit-clad body in steady, palpable waves, which has only succeeded in making me even more nervous. And yes, I said *suit-clad*, because he's wearing black trousers, a crisp white dress shirt, and a black jacket and tie. The expensive material fits his muscular body like a dream, and even the perma-scowl on his face doesn't take away from his sheer hotness.

Apparently his father demanded he wear a suit. And when Phil Graham found out his son was bringing a date, he requested that I also dress formally, hence my fancy blue dress, which I wore to last year's spring showcase. The silky material falls to my knees, and I paired it with four-inch silver heels that made Garrett grin when he showed up at my door, as he informed me that he might now actually be able to kiss me standing up without getting a crick in his neck.

We're greeted at the front doors not by Garrett's dad, but by a pretty blonde in a red cocktail gown that flutters around her ankles. She's also wearing a lacy black overlay with full sleeves, which I find odd because it's like a million degrees inside the house. Seriously, it's *hot* in here, and I waste no time shrugging out of my pea coat in the elegant parlor.

"Garrett," the woman says warmly. "It's wonderful to finally meet you."

She appears to be in her mid-thirties, but it's hard to judge because she's got what I like to call "old eyes." Those deep, wise eyes that reveal a person

has lived through several lifetimes already. I'm not sure why I get that sense. Nothing about her elegant outfit or perfect smile hints that she's seen hard times, but the trauma survivor in me immediately feels an odd kinship with her.

Garrett answers in a brusque, but polite voice. "It's nice to meet you too...?"

He lets that hang, and her pale blue eyes flicker with unhappiness, as if she's realized that Garrett's father hadn't told his son the name of the woman he was dating.

Her smile falters for a beat before steadying. "Cindy," she fills in. "And you must be Garrett's girlfriend."

"Hannah," I supply, leaning in to shake her hand.

"It's a pleasure to meet you. Your father is in the sitting room," she tells Garrett. "He's very excited to see you."

Neither Cindy nor I miss the sardonic snort that sounds from Garrett's direction. I squeeze his hand in a silent warning to be nice, all the while wondering what she means by "sitting room." I always assumed that sitting rooms were where rich people gathered around to drink their sherry or brandy before sauntering into their thirty-seat dining rooms.

But the interior of the brownstone is a lot larger than it looks from the outside. We walk past two rooms—a living room, and yet another living room—before we reach the sitting room. Which looks like...another living room. I think about my parents' cozy split level in Ransom and how that measly three-bedroom house has nearly bankrupted them, and it brings a rush of sorrow. It doesn't seem fair that a man like Phil Graham should have all these rooms and the money to furnish them, while good people like my parents are working so hard to keep their roof over their heads.

When we walk in, Garrett's dad is in a brown wing-backed chair, balancing a tumbler of amber liquid on his knee. Like Garrett, he's wearing a suit, and the resemblance between them is jarring. They have the same gray eyes, the same strong jaw and chiseled face, but Phil's features seem sharper, and he has wrinkles around his mouth, as if he scowled one too many times and his muscles froze in that position.

"Phil, this is Hannah," Cindy says cheerily as she settles on the plush loveseat next to Phil's chair.

"It's nice to meet you, Mr. Graham," I say politely.

He nods at me.

That's it. A *nod*.

I have no idea what to say after that, and my palm goes clammy in Garrett's hand.

"Have a seat, you two." Cindy gestures to the leather sofa near the electric fireplace.

I sit.

Garrett remains standing. He doesn't say a word to his father. Or to Cindy. Or to me.

Oh fuck. If he's planning on keeping up this silent routine all night, then we're in for one long and awkward Thanksgiving.

Absolute silence stretches between the four of us.

I rub my damp hands on my knees and try to smile, but I feel like it might actually be a grimace. "So...no football?" I say lightly, glancing at the flat screen mounted on the wall. "I thought that was a Thanksgiving tradition." God knows it's all my family does when we go to Aunt Nicole's for the holiday. My uncle Mark is a rabid football fan, and even though the rest of us prefer hockey, we still have a good time watching the all-day game fest on TV.

Garrett, however, refused to show up any earlier than he had to, so the afternoon games have already been won and lost. I'm pretty sure the Dallas game is just starting, though.

Cindy is quick to shake her head. "Phil doesn't like football."

"Oh," I say.

Cue: more silence.

"So, Hannah, what are you majoring in?"

"Music. Vocal performance, to be exact."

"Oh," she says.

Silence.

Garrett rests his shoulder against the tall oak bookcase near the door. I sneak a peek in his direction and notice that his expression is completely vacant. I sneak a peek in Phil's direction and notice that his expression is the same.

Oh God. I don't think I'll be able to survive this night.

"Something smells wonderful—" I start.

"I should go check on the turkey—" Cindy starts.

We both laugh awkwardly.

“Let me help you with that.” I practically dive to my feet, which is a big oh-no-no when you’re wearing four-inch heels. I sway for one heart-stopping moment, terrified I’m going to topple over, but then my equilibrium steadies and I’m able to take a step without falling.

Yep, I’m a terrible girlfriend. Uncomfortable situations make me nervous and itchy, and as much as I want to stick by Garrett’s side and help him through this hell of a night, I can’t stomach the thought of being trapped in a room with two males whose animosity is tainting all the oxygen in the room.

Shooting Garrett an apologetic look, I trail after Cindy, who leads me into a large, modern kitchen with stainless steel appliances and black marble counters. The delicious aromas are stronger here, and there are enough tin-foil-covered dishes on the counter to feed an entire third-world country.

“Did you cook all this?” I exclaim.

She turns with a shy smile. “I did. I love to cook, but Phil rarely gives me the chance to do it. He prefers to dine out.”

Cindy slips on a pair of plush mitts before opening the oven door. “So how long have you and Garrett been seeing each other?” she asks conversationally, setting the enormous turkey pan on the stovetop.

“About a month.” I watch as she lifts the aluminum foil off the massive bird. “What about you and Mr. Graham?”

“A little over a year now.” Her back is turned to me, so I can’t see her expression, but something about her tone raises my guard. “We met at a charity event I was organizing.”

“Oh. Are you an event planner?”

She sticks a thermometer into the breast area of the turkey, then the legs, and her shoulders visibly relax. “It’s ready,” she murmurs. “And to answer your question, I *was* an event planner, but I sold my company a few months ago. Phil said he misses me too much when I’m at work.”

Um. What?

I can’t imagine ever giving up my job because the man in my life *misses me too much when I’m at work*. To me, that’s a red flag if I ever saw one.

“Oh. That’s...nice.” I gesture to the counter. “Do you want me to help you heat everything up? Or are we not eating right away?”

“Phil expects to eat the moment the turkey is ready.” She laughs, but it sounds forced. “When he sets a schedule, he expects everyone to follow it.” Cindy points to the large bowl by the microwave. “You can start by heating up the potatoes. I still need to make the gravy.” She holds up a gravy mix packet. “Usually I make it from scratch using the turkey juices, but we’re strapped for time, so this will have to do.”

She turns off the oven and places the turkey on the counter before turning her attention to the gravy. The wall over the stove is covered with hooks of pots and pans, and as she reaches up to grab one, her lacy sleeves ride up, and either I’m imagining it, or there’s bluish-black bruising on the undersides of both her wrists.

As if someone grabbed her. Hard.

Her arms come down and the sleeves cover her forearms, and I decide that the black lace was playing tricks on my eyes.

“Do you live here with Mr. Graham or do you have your own place?” I ask as I wait for the mashed potatoes to finish nuking.

“I moved in with Phil about two weeks after we met,” she admits.

I *have* to be imagining things, because there’s no way that chord in her voice is bitterness, right?

“Oh. That’s kind of impulsive. You guys hardly even knew each other, huh?”

“No. We didn’t.”

Okay, I’m not imagining it.

That’s *absolutely* bitterness.

Cindy glances over her shoulder, an unmistakable flicker of sorrow in her eyes. “I’m not sure anyone ever told you this, but spontaneity has the tendency to backfire on you.”

I have no clue how to respond.

So I say, “Oh.”

I get the feeling I’m going to be saying that word a lot tonight.

36

Garrett

HE HITS HER.

The son of a bitch hits her.

It only takes thirty minutes in Cindy's company for me to reach that conclusion. To pick up on the signs. I see it in the way she flinches whenever he touches her. Just slightly, and probably unnoticeable to anyone else, but it's the same way my mother would respond each time he came near her. It was almost like she was anticipating the next strike of his fist, or his palm, or his fucking foot.

But that's not the only warning sign Cindy is broadcasting. The long-sleeved lacy thing over her red dress is a dead giveaway—I've fucked enough sorority girls to know that you don't match white heels with a black jacket. And then there's the spark of fear that flicks through her eyes whenever my father so much as twitches in his chair. The sad droop of her shoulders when he tells her that the gravy is too watery. The slew of compliments she gives him because she's obviously trying to keep him happy. No, to keep him *calm*.

We're halfway through dinner, my tie is choking the life out of me, and I'm not certain I can control my rage anymore. I don't think I can make it to dessert without attacking the old man and demanding to know how he can possibly do this to another woman.

Cindy and Hannah are chatting about something. I have no clue what it is. My fingers grip my fork so tight I'm surprised it doesn't snap in half.

He tried to talk to me about hockey earlier when Hannah and Cindy were in the kitchen. I tried talking back. I'm sure I even managed to form proper sentences, with subjects and predicates and all that shit. But from the second Hannah and I walked into this godforsaken house, my mind has been somewhere else. Every room holds a memory that brings bile to my throat.

The kitchen is where he broke my nose for the first time.

Upstairs is where I got the brunt of it, usually in my bedroom, where I don't dare venture tonight because I'm scared the walls might close in on me.

The living room is where he slammed me against the wall after my eighth-grade league didn't make it to the playoffs. I noticed he hung a painting over the hole in the drywall, though.

"So yeah," Hannah is saying. "Now I'm singing a solo, which is what I should've done in the first place."

Cindy makes a sympathetic noise with her tongue. "This boy sounds like a selfish ass."

"Cynthia," my father says sharply. "Language."

There it is again—that flinch. The weak "I'm sorry" should come next, but to my surprise, she doesn't apologize.

"You don't agree, Phil? Imagine you were still playing for the Rangers and your goalie left you in the lurch right before the first game in the Stanley Cup series."

My father's jaw stiffens. "The two situations aren't comparable."

She quickly backpedals. "No, I guess they're not."

I shovel a forkful of mashed potatoes and stuffing into my mouth.

My father's cool gaze travels to Hannah. "How long have you been seeing my son?"

From the corner of my eye, I see her shift in discomfort. "A month."

He nods, almost like he's pleased to hear it. When he speaks again, I realize precisely what he's pleased about. "It's not serious, then."

Hannah frowns.

I do, too, because I know what he's thinking. No, what he's *hoping*. That this thing with Hannah is just a fling. That it'll fizzle out sooner rather than later and then I can go back to focusing exclusively on hockey.

But he's wrong. Hell, I was wrong, too. I thought having a girlfriend would distract me from my goals and split my focus, but it hasn't. I love being with Hannah, but I haven't lost sight of hockey, either. I'm still bringing it in practice, still smoking my opponents on the ice. This last month has shown me that I can have Hannah *and* hockey in my life, and give both of them the attention they deserve.

“Did Garrett tell you he’s planning on entering the draft after graduation?” my father asks.

Hannah nods in response.

“Once he gets drafted his schedule will become even more hectic. I imagine yours will, too.” My father purses his lips. “Where do you see yourself after graduation? Broadway? Recording an album?”

“I haven’t decided yet,” she replies, reaching for her water glass.

I notice that her plate is empty. She’s finished all her food, but hasn’t asked for seconds. Neither have I, though I can’t deny that Cindy’s cooking is fucking fantastic. I haven’t eaten a turkey that juicy in years.

“Well, the music industry is a tough one to break into. Requires a lot of hard work and perseverance.” My father pauses. “And an incredible amount of focus.”

“I’m well aware of that.” Hannah’s lips form a tight line, as if she has a million more things to say but is forcing herself not to.

“Professional sports is the same way,” my dad says pointedly. “Requires that same level of focus. Distractions can be costly.” His head tips toward me. “Isn’t that right, son?”

I reach for Hannah’s hand and cover her knuckles with my palm. “Some distractions are worth it.”

His nostrils flare.

“Looks like everyone has finished eating,” Cindy blurts out. “How about some dessert?”

My stomach churns at the thought of spending even another second in this house. “Actually, Hannah and I have to go,” I say roughly. “The weather forecast called for snow tonight so we want to head back before the roads get bad.”

Cindy’s head swivels to the floor-to-ceiling window on the other side of the dining room. Beyond the glass, there isn’t a speck of white in the air or on the ground.

But God bless her, she doesn’t comment on the snow-free state of the street. If anything, she looks almost relieved that this uncomfortable evening is about to come to an end.

“I’ll clear the table,” Hannah offers.

Cindy nods. “Thanks, Hannah. I appreciate it.”

“Garrett.” My father scrapes his chair back. “A word.”

Then he walks out.

Fuck him and his fucking *words*. The bastard didn't even thank his girlfriend for the lovely meal she prepared. I'm so goddamn sick of this man, but I swallow my anger and follow him out of the dining room.

"What do you want?" I demand once we enter his study. "And don't bother ordering me to stay for dessert. I came home for Thanksgiving, we ate some turkey, and now I'm leaving."

"I don't give a shit about dessert. We need to talk about that girl."

"That girl?" I laugh harshly. "You mean Hannah? Because she's not just some girl. She's my *girlfriend*."

"She's a liability," he snaps.

I roll my eyes. "How do you figure?"

"You lost two of your last three games!" he roars.

"And that's her fault?"

"Damn right it is! She's making you lose sight of the game."

"I'm not the only player on the team," I say flatly. "And I'm not the only one who made mistakes during those games."

"You took a costly penalty in the last one," he spits out.

"Yeah, I did. Big fucking deal. We're still number one in our conference. Still number two overall."

"Number two?" He's shouting now, his hands forming tight fists as he takes a step toward me. "And you're happy with being number *two*? I raised you to be number *one*, you little shit!"

Once upon a time, those blazing eyes and red cheeks would have made me flinch, too. But not anymore. Once I turned sixteen and gained two inches and forty pounds on my father, I realized I no longer had to be afraid of him.

I'll never forget the look in his eyes the first time I fought back. His fist had been coming toward my face, and in a moment of clarity, I realized I could *block* it. I didn't have to stand there and take the abuse anymore. I could dish it right back at him.

And I did. I still remember the satisfying crunch of my knuckles when they connected with his jaw. Even as he'd growled in fury, there'd been genuine shock—and *fear*—in his eyes as he'd stumbled backward from the force of the impact.

That was the last time he ever raised a hand to me.

“What are you going to do?” I taunt, nodding at his fists. “Hit me? What, you’re tired of taking it out on that nice woman out there?”

His entire body goes stiffer than granite.

“You think I don’t know you’re using her as your punching bag?” I hiss out.

“Watch your fucking mouth, boy.”

The fury in my gut boils over. “Fuck you,” I hurl out. My breathing goes shallow as I stare into his enraged eyes. “How could you lay a hand on her? How could you lay a hand on *anyone*? What the *fuck* is the *matter* with you?”

He stalks toward me, stopping when we’re a mere foot apart. For a second I think he might actually strike me. I almost *want* him to. That way I can strike back. I can smash my fists into his pathetic face and show him what it’s like to get beat on by someone who’s supposed to love you.

But my feet stay rooted in place, my hands pressed tightly against my sides. Because no matter how badly I want to do it, I will never lower myself to his level. I will never lose control of my temper and be like *him*.

“You need help,” I choke out. “Seriously, old man. You need some fucking help, and I really hope you get it before you hurt that woman any more than you already have.”

I stagger out of his study. My legs wobble so hard it’s a miracle they manage to carry me all the way to the kitchen, where I find Hannah rinsing plates at the sink. Cindy is loading the dishwasher. Both women glance over at my entrance, and both their faces go pale.

“Cindy.” I clear my throat, but the massive lump remains. “I’m sorry to steal Hannah away, but we have to go now.”

After a long beat, the blonde’s head jerks in a quick nod. “That’s fine. I can do the rest.”

Hannah shuts off the faucet and approaches me slowly. “Are you okay?”

I shake my head. “Can you go wait in the car? I need to talk to Cindy for a moment.”

Rather than leave the kitchen, Hannah walks back to Cindy, hesitates, then gives the woman a warm hug. “Thank you so much for dinner. Happy Thanksgiving.”

“Happy Thanksgiving,” Cindy murmurs with a strained smile.

I reach into the inner pocket of my jacket and extract my keys. “Here. Get it started for us,” I tell Hannah.

She exits the room without another word.

Taking a breath, I cross the tiled floor and stand directly in front of Cindy. To my horror, she reacts with that tiny, fearful flinch I’ve been witnessing all night. As if this is a *like father, like son* situation. As if I’m going to...

“I’m not going to hurt you.” My voice cracks like a fucking egg. I feel sick that I even have to assure her of that.

Panic floods her eyes. “What? Oh, honey, no. I didn’t think...”

“Yes, you did,” I say quietly. “It’s okay. I’m not taking it personally. I know what it’s like to...” I swallow. “Look, I don’t have a lot of time here, because I need to get the hell out of this house before I do something I might regret, but I just need you to know something.”

She uneasily lets go of the dishwasher door. “What is it?”

“I...” Another deep gulp and then I get right to the point, because really, neither one of us wants to be having this conversation. “He did it to me and my mom, too, okay? He abused us, physically and verbally, for years.”

Her lips part, but she doesn’t say a word.

My heart squeezes as I force myself to keep going. “He’s not a good man. He’s dangerous, and violent, and...sick. He’s sick. You don’t have to tell me what he’s doing to you. Or hell, maybe I’m wrong and he’s not doing anything—but I think he is, because I see it in the way you act around him. I acted that way too. Every move I made, every word I said... everything I did was rooted in fear, because I was desperate for him not to beat the shit out of me again.”

Her stricken look is all the confirmation I need.

“Anyway.” I inhale deeply. “I’m not going to drag you out of here over my shoulder, or call the cops and tell them there’s domestic abuse going on in this house. It’s not my place, and I won’t interfere. But I need you to know a couple things. One—it’s not your fault. Don’t you ever blame yourself, because it’s all on him. You did nothing to invite his criticism and his verbal attacks, and you didn’t fail to meet his expectations because his expectations are fucking *impossible* to meet.” My chest seizes so hard my ribs ache. “And two, if you ever need anything, anything at all, I want you to call me, okay? If you need to talk, or if you want to leave him and need

someone to help you pack or move or whatever, call me. Or if he...does something and you need help, for fuck's sake, call me. Can you promise to do that?"

Cindy looks stunned. Completely and utterly stunned. Her blue eyes are glassy, and she starts blinking fast, as if she's trying to ward off tears.

The kitchen becomes as silent as a funeral home. She just stares at me, blinking wildly, the fingers of one hand toying with her sleeve.

After what feels like an eternity, she gives a shaky nod and whispers, "Thank you."

HEAT BLASTS FROM the air vents when I slide into the driver's seat. Hannah has started the engine and she's already buckled up, as if she's as desperate to get away from here as I am.

I put the car in drive and speed away from the curb, needing to put distance between me and that brownstone. If I'm lucky enough to play for Boston one day, I plan on living as far away from Beacon Hill as possible.

"So...that was kind of brutal," Hannah remarks.

I can't stop the laugh that shudders out. "Kind of?"

She sighs. "I was trying to be diplomatic."

"Don't bother. That was a nightmare from start to finish." My fingers curl around the steering wheel so tightly my knuckles turn white. "He hits her."

There's a beat of silence, but when Hannah answers, it's with regret and not surprise. "I thought that might be the case. Her sleeves rode up in the kitchen and I thought I saw some bruises on her wrists."

The revelation sends a fresh bolt of anger whipping through me. Damn it. A part of me was still hoping I might be wrong about Cindy.

Silence settles between us as I head for the highway ramp. My hand rests on the gearshift, and Hannah covers it with hers. She strokes my knuckles, her gentle touch easing some of the pressure in my chest.

"She was scared of me," I mumble.

This time, Hannah *does* sound surprised. "What are you talking about?"

"When I was alone in the kitchen with Cindy, I took a step closer and she flinched. She *flinched*, like she was scared I might hurt her." My throat

clogs up. “I mean, I get it. My mom was jumpy, too. So was I. But...fuck. I can’t believe she thought I was capable of hurting her.”

Sadness softens Hannah’s voice. “It’s probably not just you. If he’s abusing her, then she’s probably scared of *anyone* who comes near her. I was the same way for a while after the rape. Jumpy, nervous, suspicious of everyone. It was a long time before I was finally able to relax around strangers, and even now, there’s still things I won’t do. Like drink in public. Well, unless you’re there to play bodyguard.”

I know that last line is an attempt to make me smile, but it doesn’t. I’m still preoccupied by Cindy’s reaction.

In fact, I don’t feel like talking anymore. I just...can’t. Fortunately, Hannah doesn’t push me. I love that about her, how she never tries to fill silences with forced conversation.

She asks if I’m okay with music, and when I nod, she plugs in her iPod and loads up a playlist that *does* make me smile. It’s the classic rock set I emailed her when we first met, though I notice she doesn’t start it from the first song. Because the first song happens to be my mother’s favorite, and I’m pretty sure that if I hear it right now, I’ll burst into tears.

Which just goes to show that Hannah Wells is...amazing. She’s so fucking attuned to me, my moods, my pain. I’ve never been with anyone who can read me so well.

An hour goes by. I know it’s an hour because that’s how long the playlist lasts, and when it ends, Hannah puts on a different mix, which makes me smile too because it consists of a whole lot of Rat Pack, Motown and Bruno Mars.

I’m calm now. Well, *calmer*. Every time I feel like I’m relaxing, I remember Cindy’s fear-ridden eyes and the pressure squeezes my chest again. As uncertainties eddy in my gut, I force myself not to dwell on the one question that keeps pricking at my brain, but as I speed off the exit ramp and drive toward the two-lane road that will take us to Hastings, the question pops up again and this time I can’t bat it away.

“What if I’m capable of it?”

Hannah turns down the volume. “What?”

“What if I’m capable of hurting someone?” I ask hoarsely. “What if I’m just like him?”

She answers with absolute conviction. “You’re not.”

Misery crawls up my spine. “I have his temper, I *know* I do. I wanted to strangle him tonight.” I press my lips together. “It took all my willpower not to throw him into a wall and beat him to death. But it wasn’t fucking worth it. *He’s* not worth it.”

She reaches for my hand and laces her fingers through mine. “And that’s why you’re not like him. You *have* that willpower, and that means you don’t have his temper. Because he can’t control his. He lets the anger fuel him, drive him to hurt the people around him, people who are weaker than him.” Her grip on my hand tightens. “What would you do if I pissed you off right now?”

I blink. “What do you mean?”

“Let’s pretend we’re not in the car right now. We’re in my room, or your house, and I...I don’t know, tell you that I slept with someone else. No, I tell you that I’ve been sleeping with the entire hockey team since the second we met.”

The thought makes my insides clench.

“What would you do?” she prompts.

I turn to her with a frown. “I’d end it and walk out the door.”

“That’s it? You wouldn’t be tempted to hit me?”

I recoil in horror. “Of course not. Jesus.”

“Exactly.” Her palm moves gently over my cold knuckles. “Because you’re not like him. No matter how angry someone made you, you wouldn’t hit them.”

“That’s not true. I’ve gotten into a brawl or two on the ice,” I admit. “And one time I punched a guy at Malone’s, but that’s ’cause he said some nasty shit about Logan’s mom and I couldn’t *not* throw down for my friend.”

She sighs. “I’m not saying you’re incapable of violence. Everyone is capable of it. I’m saying you wouldn’t hurt someone you love. At least not intentionally.”

I pray to God she’s right. But when you inherited your DNA from a man who *does* hurt the people he loves, who the hell knows.

My hands start to shake, and I know Hannah feels it because she squeezes my right hand to steady it. “Pull over,” she says.

I frown again. We’re driving down a dark stretch of road, and even though there are no other cars in sight, I don’t like the idea of stopping in

the middle of nowhere. “Why?”

“Because I want to kiss you, and I can’t do that when your eyes are on the road.”

An unwitting smile springs to my lips. Nobody has ever asked me to pull over before so they can kiss me, and although I’m exhausted and pissed off and sad and who knows what else, the thought of kissing Hannah right now sounds like pure fucking heaven.

Without another word, I pull off onto the shoulder, move the gearshift to park, and flick the emergency blinkers.

She slides closer and grasps my chin. Delicate fingertips stroke my stubble, and then she leans in and kisses me. Just the fleeting touch of her lips, before she pulls back and whispers, “You’re not like him. You will never be like him.” Her lips tickle my nose before kissing the tip of it. “You’re a good person.” She plants a tiny kiss on my cheek. “You’re honest and kind and compassionate.” She lightly bites my bottom lip. “I mean, don’t get me wrong, you’re a total dick sometimes, but it’s a tolerable kind of dickishness.”

I can’t stop a grin.

“You’re not like him,” she repeats, firmer this time. “The only thing you two have in common is that you’re both gifted hockey players. That’s it. You are *not* like him.”

Jesus, I needed to hear that. Her words penetrate that terrified place in my heart, and as the pressure in my chest dissipates, I cup the back of her head and kiss her hard. My tongue slides into her mouth and I groan happily, because she tastes like cranberries and smells like cherries and I fucking love it. I want to kiss her all night, for the rest of my fucking life, but I haven’t forgotten where we are at the moment.

I reluctantly break the kiss—just as her hand sneaks toward my crotch.

“What are you doing?” I croak, then groan again when she rubs my aching cock over my trousers.

“What does it feel like?”

I grab her hand to still its movements. “I don’t know if you’re aware of this, but we’re sitting in the car on the side of the road.”

“No, really? I thought we were on an airplane on our way to Palm Springs.”

I choke out a laugh, but it turns into a wheeze when the temptress beside me strokes me again. She squeezes the head of my cock, and my balls tighten, little zings of heat racing through me. Oh hell. This is *so* not the time, but I have to know if she's as turned on as I am, and I can't stop my hand from drifting to her knee. I caress the baby-soft skin of her thigh before slipping my hand under her dress.

I cup her over her panties and moan when I feel the damp material against my palm. She's wet. Really wet.

Somehow I manage to yank my hand away. "We can't do this."

"Why not?" An impish twinkle dances in her eyes, which doesn't surprise me, because I'm quickly discovering that Hannah is adventurous as hell once she lets down her guard and trusts someone.

And it still floors me that it's *me* she trusts.

"Anyone can drive by." I pause meaningfully. "Including a police patrol."

"Then we better be fast."

Before I can blink, she unzips my pants and slides her hand inside my boxers. My eyes promptly roll to the top of my head.

"Get in the backseat," I burst out.

Her eyes widen, then fill with delight. "Really?"

"Hell, if we're going to do this, we might as well do it right," I answer with a sigh. "Go big or go home, remember?"

It makes me laugh how quickly she dives into the backseat. Chuckling, I pop the glove box and grab the strip of condoms stashed there, then join her in the back.

When she sees what I'm holding, her jaw drops. "Are those condoms? Okay, I think I might be mad about this, except I probably shouldn't be because it's very helpful right now. But...*seriously?* You keep condoms in your *car?*"

I shrug. "Of course. What if I'm driving along one day and come across Kate Upton stranded on the side of the road?"

Hannah snorts. "I see. Is that your type then? Busty blondes with curves to spare?"

I cover her body with mine and prop my elbows on either side of her. "Naah, I prefer busty brunettes." I bury my face in her neck and nuzzle her skin. "One in particular. Who, by the way, also has curves to spare." My

hands slide down to her waist. “And tiny hips.” I glide my palms underneath her and squeeze her round bottom. “And a grabbable ass.” I move one hand between her legs. “And the tightest pussy on the planet.”

She shivers. “You have the dirtiest mouth.”

“Yeah, but you still love me.”

Her breath hitches. “Yeah. I do.” Her green eyes shine up at me. “I love you.”

My heart damn near explodes as those three sweet words hang between us. Other girls have said that to me before, but this time it’s different. Because it’s Hannah saying it, and she’s not just any girl. And because I know that when she says she loves me, she actually means me—Garrett—and not Briar’s hockey star, or Mr. Popularity, or Phil Graham’s son. She loves *me*.

It’s difficult to speak past the enormous lump in my throat. “I love you, too.” It’s the first time I’ve told a woman I love her, and it feels so damn right.

Hannah smiles. Then she pulls my head down and kisses me, and suddenly we’re not talking anymore. I push her dress up and yank my trousers down. I don’t even take off her panties, I just shove the crotch aside, roll on a condom with one hand, and guide my cock to her opening.

She moans the instant I enter her. And I wasn’t kidding about how tight she is. Her pussy clutches me like a vise and I see stars, so close to losing it I have to will the climax away.

I’ve fucked girls in my car before.

I’ve never made love to one.

“You’re so beautiful,” I mumble, unable to take my eyes off her.

I start to move, dying to go slow and make it last, but I’m painfully aware of our surroundings. A Good Samaritan—or worse, a cop—might spot the Jeep and think we need roadside assistance, and if they decide to approach us, they’ll get an eyeful of my bare ass, see my hips pumping and Hannah’s arms clutching my back.

Besides, in this position, it’s hard to maneuver. All I can manage is fast, shallow strokes, but Hannah doesn’t seem to mind. She makes the sexiest noises as I move inside her, breathy sighs and shaky whimpers, and when I hit this one certain spot inside her, she moans so loudly I have to clench my ass cheeks to stop from coming. I can feel the orgasm hurtling toward me,

but I want her to come, too. I want to hear her cry out and milk me dry as her pussy spasms around me.

I reach between us and press my thumb on her clit, rubbing it gently. “Give it to me, baby,” I rasp in her ear. “Come for me. Let me feel you coming around my cock.”

Her eyes squeeze shut, hips rising to meet my hurried thrusts, and then she cries out in pleasure, and I come so hard my vision wavers and my mind fragments into a million pieces.

When the mind-shattering pleasure finally abates, I register what song is playing in the car.

My eyes fly open. “Did you re-download One Direction?”

Her mouth twitches. “No...”

“Uh-huh. So why is “Story of my Life” playing?” I demand.

She pauses, then lets out a big sigh. “Because I like One Direction. There. I said it.”

“You’re lucky I love you,” I warn her. “Because I wouldn’t stand for it otherwise.”

Hannah grins. “You’re lucky *I* love *you*. Because you’re a total asshole and there aren’t a lot of girls who’d put up with it.”

She’s probably right about the asshole thing.

She’s definitely right about the lucky part.

Hannah

“**I** DON’T LIKE this,” I declare. “I mean it, babe, my legs are starting to hurt. I told you, I’m not flexible.”

Garrett’s laughter vibrates through my body. My *naked* body, I should add, because we’re in the middle of having sex. Which I just confessed to not liking.

Maybe I *am* a mood killer.

But you know what, I don’t care. I’m still vetoing this position. Garrett kneels in front of me, and my ankles are up on his shoulders. And maybe if he wasn’t a big strapping hockey player, my legs wouldn’t feel like they’re resting on top of the frickin’ Empire State building and be cramping the living hell out of me.

Still laughing, Garrett leans forward and my muscles breathe a sigh of relief as I slide my legs down and hook them around his ass. Immediately, the angle changes, and a moan slips out of my mouth.

“Better?” he says huskily.

“Oh my God. Yes. Do that again.”

“I have no idea what I did.”

“You twisted your hips, like...*ooohhh*...yeah, like that.”

Every time he fills me, my core clamps around his erection. Every time he retreats, I feel empty, achy, desperate. I’m addicted to this guy. To his kisses and his taste, to the feel of his short hair beneath my fingers, and the smooth sinew of his back when I dig my nails into it.

His hips flex and his breathing quickens, and he thrusts harder, deeper, turning my vision into a white haze. Then he reaches to the place where we’re joined and rubs my clit, and off we go. He comes first, but keeps pumping inside me even as he trembles in release. His climax sets me off and I tremble even harder, biting my lip to stop from crying out so I don’t

alert his roommates to the delicious sensations coursing through my body right now.

Afterward, he rolls on his back and I lie on top of him, scaling his body like a monkey as I plant little kisses on his face and neck.

“Why do you always have so much more energy after sex?” he grumbles.

“Don’t know. Don’t care.” I smack kisses all over him, until he’s laughing in delight. I know he likes the attention, and it’s a good thing he does because I can’t stop giving it to him. For some reason, I turn into an affection monster when I’m around him.

Life is good again. A week has passed since Thanksgiving, and Garrett and I are still going strong. We’ve been busy, though. All our final papers are due soon, including the one for Tolbert’s class, which I’ve been helping Garrett with. His practice schedule is just as jam-packed as ever, and so is mine as I prepare for the showcase. But hey, at least I’m finally excited about it again.

Jae and I came up with an arrangement that I love, and I’m confident I’m going to put on a hell of a performance. But I still haven’t forgiven Cass and Mary Jane for what they did. MJ has texted several times asking if we can meet up and talk, but I’ve been ignoring her, and since Fiona got me my own rehearsal space in one of the senior choir rooms, I haven’t run into MJ or Cass since they dumped me.

And the icing on the I-love-my-fucking-life cake? My dad called last week with some good news—my parents are meeting me at Aunt Nicole’s for Christmas. I’ve already booked my ticket, and I can’t wait to see them, but I’m disappointed that Garrett can’t come with me. I invited him, but the dates didn’t work out because the team’s got a game scheduled the day after I leave, and another one two days before I get back. So Garrett will be spending the holidays with Logan, who is apparently from a town twenty minutes from Hastings.

Loud pounding on Garrett’s door jolts me out of my happy thoughts. The door is locked so I’m not worried about anyone barging in, but I still reach for the blanket out of habit.

“Sorry to interrupt, boys and girls,” Logan calls out, “but it’s time to put your p’s and v’s away. Gotta go, G.”

I shoot Garrett a blank look. “P’s and v’s?” Half the time I can barely make sense of Logan’s made-up acronyms and abbreviations.

Garrett grins at me. “Oh come on, really? Even *I* got one. It’s grade school shit.”

I think it over, then blush. “How exactly does one put away their vagina?”

He snickers. “Ask Logan. Actually, please don’t.” He slides out of bed and wanders around searching for his clothes. “Are you coming to the game after rehearsal?”

“Yeah, but I don’t think I’ll make it before the second period. Argh. By the time I get to the arena, it’ll probably be standing room only.”

“I’ll get someone to save a seat for you.”

“Thanks.”

I pop into the bathroom, freshen up, and come out to find Garrett on the edge of the bed, leaning over to put on a pair of socks. My heart skips a beat at the sight of him. Messy hair, biceps flexing, red splotches on his neck from where I nibbled on it. He’s frickin’ gorgeous.

Five minutes later, we leave his house and go our separate ways. I have Tracy’s car, so I drive back to campus for rehearsal. Now that Cass is out of the picture, I can finally enjoy singing again.

And I do. My own personal cellist and I hammer out the ending of the song, and a couple hours later, I’m driving toward Briar’s hockey center. I texted Allie to see if she wanted to come to the game with me, but she’s busy with Sean, and my other friends are buried under mountains of schoolwork, which makes me grateful that I got a head start on mine. Most of my courses are performance or music theory, so I’ve really only had to focus on the British Lit and Ethics papers, both of which are almost done.

I get to the arena later than I hoped. The third period has just started, and I’m dismayed to see 1-1 flashing on the scoreboard, because Briar is playing a Division II team from Buffalo tonight. Garrett had been confident the game wouldn’t be at all competitive, but apparently he was wrong.

There’s an empty seat waiting for me behind the home team’s bench courtesy of a senior named Natalie. Garrett has mentioned her before, but I haven’t met her until now. Apparently she’s been dating Birdie since freshman year, which is impressive. A lot of college relationships don’t seem to last that long.

Natalie is funny and sweet, and we have a good time watching the game together. When Dean takes a particularly hard hit that sends him sprawling across the ice, we both gasp in alarm.

“Oh my God,” Natalie bursts out. “Is he okay?”

Fortunately, Dean is fine. He shakes it off and jumps up, skating toward the Briar box for a line change. The moment Garrett hits the ice, my pulse speeds up. He’s a force to be reckoned with. Fast footwork, skilled stickhandling, hard hitter. His first pass connects with Birdie’s stick and they fly across the blue line into the zone. Birdie dumps the puck and Garrett chases it. So does the other team’s center, and elbows are thrown behind the crease as the Buffalo forward tries to gain the upper hand.

Garrett comes out victorious and zips around the net, snapping off a quick shot. The goalie stops it easily, but the rebound bounces directly in Birdie’s path. He slaps the puck right back at the goaltender, whose glove whips up a second too late.

Natalie leaps to her feet and cheers herself hoarse as Birdie’s goal lights the scoreboard. We hug excitedly, then hold our breaths as the last three minutes of play tick by. The other team scrambles to gain possession of the puck, but Briar’s sophomore center wins the next faceoff and we dominate the rest of the game, which ends with a final score of 2-1.

Natalie and I walk toward the aisle, jostled in all directions as we’re shuffled down the stairs like cattle.

“I’m so glad you’re with Garrett,” she gushes.

The comment makes me smile, because she’s only known me for twenty minutes. “Me too,” I answer.

“Seriously. He’s such a great guy, but he’s so fricking intense when it comes to hockey. He hardly drinks, doesn’t gets serious with anyone. It’s not healthy to be *that* focused on something, you know?”

We leave the rink but don’t head to the arena exit. Instead, we make our way through the crowd toward the hallway that leads to the locker rooms so we can wait for our guys. Garrett Graham is *my guy*. It’s a surreal thought, but I like it.

“That’s why I think you’re good for him,” she says. “He looks so happy and relaxed every time I see him.”

My spine stiffens when I spot a familiar face in the crowd.

Garrett’s father.

He's twenty feet away from us, headed in the same direction as we are. His baseball cap rests low on his forehead, but that doesn't stop him from getting noticed, because a group of guys in Briar jerseys quickly approach him for an autograph. He signs their jerseys, then a photo that one of them hands him. I can't see the picture, but I imagine it's an action shot of him from his glory days, just like the ones I saw framed in his house. Phil Graham, hockey legend.

Now living vicariously through his son.

I'm so focused on my hatred for Garrett's father that I don't pay attention to where I'm walking, and a startled laugh leaves my mouth when I bump into someone. Hard.

"I'm sorry. I wasn't watching where—" The apology dies on my lips when I notice who I bumped into.

Rob Delaney looks as stunned as I feel.

In the split second that our eyes lock, I turn into an ice statue. Shivers wrack every inch of my body. My feet are frozen in place. Wave after wave of horror slams into me.

I haven't seen Rob since the day he testified in court—*on my rapist's behalf*.

I don't know what to say. Or do. Or think.

Someone shouts, "Wellsy!"

I turn my head.

When I turn it back, Rob is hurrying away like he's trying to outrun a bullet.

I can't breathe.

Garrett comes up beside me. I know it's him because I recognize the gentle sweep of his hand on my cheek, but my gaze stays glued to Rob's retreating back. He's wearing a Buffalo State jacket. Does he go there? I never bothered finding out what happened to Aaron's friends. Where they went to college, what they're doing now. The last time I had any contact with Rob Delaney, it was indirectly. It was when my dad attacked Rob's father in the hardware store in Ransom.

"Hannah. Look at me."

I can't tear my eyes off Rob, who hasn't made it out the door yet. The group of friends he's with stop to talk to a few people, and he tosses a

panicky glance over his shoulder, paling when he realizes I'm still staring at him.

"Hannah. Jesus. You're white as a sheet. What's wrong?"

I guess I'm pale, too. I guess I look like Rob. I guess we've both just seen a ghost.

The next thing I know, my head is wrenched to the side as Garrett's hands clutch my chin to force eye contact.

"What's going on? Who is that guy?" He's followed my gaze, and now he's watching Rob with visible mistrust.

"Nobody," I say weakly.

"Hannah."

"It's nobody, Garrett. Please." I turn my back to the door, effectively eliminating any temptation to look Rob's way.

Garrett pauses. Searches my face. Then he sucks in a breath. "Oh fuck. Is it...?" His horrified question hangs between us.

"No," I say quickly. "It's not. I promise." My lungs burn from lack of oxygen, so I force myself to take a deep breath. "He's just a guy."

"What guy? What's his name?"

"Rob." Nausea circles my belly like a school of sharks. "Rob Delaney."

Garrett's gaze moves past my shoulder, which tells me that Rob is still here. Damn it, why can't he just leave already?

"Who is he, Hannah?"

Hard as I try, I can no longer pretend that my whole world hasn't been knocked off kilter.

My face collapses and I whisper, "It's Aaron's best friend. He's one of the guys who testified against me after the—"

Garrett is already stalking away.

38

Garrett

MY BLOOD ROARS between my ears. I hear Hannah calling after me but I can't stop moving. It's like I'm watching the world through a red mist. I've gone on autopilot, turning into an asshole-seeking missile that travels in a straight path toward Rob Delaney.

The bastard who helped Hannah's rapist get off without so much as a slap on the wrist.

"Delaney," I call out.

His shoulders tense. Several people glance our way, but there's only one person I'm interested in at the moment. He turns around, dark eyes momentarily flickering with panic when he notices me. He saw me talking to Hannah. Probably figured out what she told me.

He says something to his friends and takes a hasty step away from the group, and my jaw turns to stone as he warily approaches me.

"Who the hell are you?" he mutters.

"Hannah's boyfriend."

His expression conveys unmistakable fear, but he still tries to play it off cool. "Yeah? Well, what do you want?"

I draw a calming breath. It doesn't calm me down. At all. "I just wanted to meet the asshole who aided and abetted a rapist."

There's a long moment of silence. Then he scowls at me. "Fuck off. You don't know shit about me, man."

"I know everything about you," I correct, my whole body trembling with barely-restrained fury. "I know you let your friend drug my girl. I know you stood by while he took her upstairs and hurt her. I know you committed perjury afterward to back him up. I know you're a piece of shit without a conscience."

"Fuck off," he says again, but his bravado wavers. He looks stricken now.

“Really? *Fuck off*? That’s all you have to say? I guess that makes sense.” I swallow the acid coating my throat. “You’re a fucking coward who couldn’t defend an innocent girl. So why would you have the balls to defend yourself?”

The bitter accusations trigger his anger. “Get out of my face, man. I didn’t come here tonight to get railed on by some dumb jock. Go back to your slut girlfriend and—”

Oh *hell* no.

My fist snaps out.

After that, everything is a blur.

People are shouting. Someone grabs the back of my jacket, trying to yank me off Delaney. My hand throbs. I taste blood in my mouth. It’s like an out-of-body experience that I can’t even describe because I’m not there. I’m lost in a haze of unchecked anger.

“Garrett.”

Someone slams me into a wall, and I instinctively release a right hook. I glimpse a flash of red, hear my name again, a sharp, emphatic “*Garrett*”—and my vision clears in time to see the blood spurting from the corner of Logan’s mouth.

Oh shit.

“G.” His voice is low and ominous, but there’s no mistaking the worry swimming in his eyes. “G, you’ve gotta stop.”

All the oxygen in my lungs shudders out in a rush. I glance around and find a sea of faces staring at me, hear hushed voices and confused whispers.

And then Coach appears, and I’m suddenly hit with the gravity of what I’ve just done.

TWO HOURS LATER, I stand in front of Hannah’s door, and I barely have enough strength left to knock.

I can’t remember the last time I reached this level of intense exhaustion. Instead of a post-game celebration with my team tonight, I sat in Coach’s office for more than an hour and listened to him shout at me for starting a fight on school property. Which, by the way, earned me a one-game suspension. To be honest, I’m surprised the punishment wasn’t stiffer, but after Coach and a few other Briar officials got the whole story out of me,

they decided to go easy on me. Hannah had given me permission to tell them about her history with Delaney, insisting that she didn't want them to think I was some psycho who went around attacking random hockey fans for no good reason, but I still feel like a shit for sharing her trauma with my coach.

One-game suspension. Jesus. I deserve a helluva lot worse.

I wonder if my dad has heard about the suspension yet, but I know he must have. I bet he has someone at Briar on his payroll to feed him information about me. Luckily, he wasn't around when I left the arena, so I was spared from dealing with his wrath tonight.

Logan was there, though, waiting for me outside, and I've never been more ashamed in my life as I apologized to my best friend for hitting him. But Hannah had also given me the okay to share the truth with Logan, and after I told him who Rob was and why I went after him, Logan was ready to go after Rob himself, and then he apologized to *me* for pulling me off the bastard. That's when I realized how much I fucking love the guy. He might be crushing on my girlfriend, but he's still the best friend I've ever had. And hell, I can't even fault him for the girlfriend-crushing part because why *wouldn't* he want to be with someone as incredible as Hannah?

I'm nervous as hell when she opens the door to let me in, but she surprises me by immediately throwing her arms around me. "Are you okay?" she says urgently.

"I'm fine." It sounds like I'm speaking through a mouthful of gravel, so I clear my throat before continuing. "I'm sorry. I'm so fucking sorry, baby."

She tilts her head to look up at me, regret etched into her face. "You shouldn't have gone after him."

"I know." My throat closes up. "I couldn't stop myself. I kept picturing that bastard sitting on the witness stand, calling you a whore and saying you took drugs and seduced his friend. It made me sick." I weakly shake my head. "No, it made me *crazy*."

She takes my hand and leads me to her room, closing the door behind her before joining me on the edge of the bed. She reaches for my hand again, and gasps when she sees the state of my knuckles. They're cracked and caked with blood, and even though I washed my hands thoroughly before coming here, the little cuts have opened up and are now dribbling with blood.

“How much trouble are you in?” she asks.

“Not as much as I deserve. One-game suspension, which shouldn’t hurt the team too bad. Our record is solid enough that we can afford a loss if it comes down to that. And the cops weren’t called because Delaney refused to press charges. The Buffalo coach tried to get him to change his mind, but he told everyone that he provoked me.”

Her eyebrows shoot up. “He did?”

“Yeah.” I let out a breath. “Too much of a hassle dealing with the police, I guess. He probably just wanted to go back to whatever hole he crawled out of and pretend it never happened. Just like how he pretended that his best friend didn’t hurt you.” Bile bubbles in my throat. “How the fuck is that fair, Hannah? Why aren’t you angrier? Why aren’t you *furious* that your rapist is walking around free? And his slimy friends are the ones who *helped* him get off.”

She sighs. “It’s *not* fair. And I *am* angry. But...well, *life* isn’t always fair, babe. I mean, look at your father—he’s every much a criminal as Aaron is, and he’s not in jail either. If anything, he’s still revered by every hockey fan in this country.”

“Yeah, because nobody knows what he did to me and my mom.”

“And you think if they knew, they’d stop idolizing him? Some of them might, but I guarantee you that a lot of them won’t care, because he’s a star athlete and he won lots of games, so that makes him a hero.” She shakes her head sadly. “Do you realize how many abusers are walking around unpunished? How many rape charges are dropped because of ‘insufficient’ evidence, or how many date rapists get away with what they’ve done because the victim is too scared to tell anyone? So yeah, it’s not fair, but it’s also not worth agonizing over.”

Sorrow clogs my throat. “You’re a better person than I am, then.”

“That’s not true,” she chides. “Remember what you told me on Thanksgiving? How your father isn’t worth your anger and revenge? Well, that’s the best revenge right there, Garrett. Living well and being happy is how we get over the shit in our past. I was raped, and it was awful, but I’m not going to waste my time or energy either, not on some pathetic, screwed-up guy who couldn’t take no for an answer, or his pathetic friends who thought he deserved to be rewarded for his actions.” She sighs again. “I put it all behind me. You really didn’t have to confront Rob on my behalf.”

“I know.” Tears sting my eyes. Shit. The last time I cried was at my mom’s funeral, when I was twelve years old. I’m embarrassed that Hannah is witnessing it, but at the same time, I want her to understand why I did it, even if it means falling apart in front of her. “Don’t you get it? The thought of anyone hurting you rips me apart.” I blink rapidly, fighting the tears. “I didn’t realize it until tonight, but...I think I was broken, too.”

Hannah looks startled. “What do you mean?”

“I was broken before I met you,” I mumble. “My entire life revolved around hockey, and being the best, and proving to my father that I didn’t need him. I didn’t let myself get close to girls because I didn’t want to be distracted from my goals. And I knew that if I did get close to someone, I’d leave them in heartbeat once I got drafted. I didn’t let a single person in, not even my closest friends, and then you came along and I realized just how fucking lonely I’ve been.”

I drop my head on her shoulder, so tired of...of everything.

After a beat, she pulls my head into her lap and strokes my hair. I curl into her, my voice muffled against her thigh. “I hate that you saw me lose it tonight.” A rush of self-loathing sears my flesh. “You told me I wasn’t capable of hurting you, but you *saw* what I did tonight. I didn’t go over there planning on hitting him, but he was so fucking smug, and then he called you a...he said something nasty, and I snapped.”

“You lost your temper,” she agrees. “But that doesn’t change the way I feel about you, or what I think about you. I said you’d never hurt me, and I still believe that.” Her voice shakes. “God, Garrett, if you knew how badly I wanted to rip his eyes out tonight...”

“But you didn’t.”

“Because I was in shock. I didn’t expect to see him there.” Her fingers slide over my scalp in a soft caress. “I don’t want you to hate yourself for this.”

“I don’t want you to hate me for it.”

She bends down and brushes her lips over the top of my head. “I could never hate you.”

We stay this way for a while, with her fingers in my hair and my head in her lap. Eventually she coaxes me into bed and I slide between the sheets fully clothed. We’re spooning now, except she’s the one holding *me* and I’m too fucking tired and ashamed to move.

I fall asleep with her hand stroking my chest.

39

Hannah

THE NEXT MORNING, I leave Garrett asleep in my bed and get ready for work. Although I'm still shaken up over what happened last night, I meant every word I said to him. I *don't* blame him for losing his temper. In fact, some spiteful part of me is glad that Rob took a fist to the face. He deserves it after what he did to me. Lying under oath, providing testimony that allowed the case against Aaron to be dismissed...what kind of person does something so cruel and vindictive?

But I know Garrett is upset about what he did, and I know I'm going to have to work hard to make him see that he's not the monster he thinks he is.

But I also can't bail on work, so Operation Reassurance will have to wait.

Once I'm dressed and ready to go, I sit on the edge of the bed and touch Garrett's cheek. "I have to go to work," I whisper.

"Mmmddrv...yuou...?"

I deduce that he's offering to drive me, and a smile tugs on the corner of my mouth. "I've got Tracy's car today. Go back to sleep if you want. I'll be back around five."

"Kay." His eyelids flutter and a second later he's asleep again.

I make myself a cup of instant coffee in the kitchen and chug it to jumpstart my barely functioning brain. My gaze shifts to Allie's bedroom door, which is wide open. The glimpse of her perfectly made bed worries me only for a second, because when I check my phone, I find a text from last night that tells me Allie spent the night at Sean's frat house.

My shift at the diner is chaotic from moment one. The breakfast crowd arrives in droves and it's a good two hours before the rush finally dissipates. I don't even have time to take a breath once it clears out, because Della asks me to reorganize the supplies under the counter before the lunch rush hits. I spend the next hour on my knees, moving stacks of napkins and packets of

sugar from one shelf to another, and switching the coffee mug shelf with the drinking glass shelf.

When I hop to my feet, I'm startled to find a man sitting on the stool directly in front of me.

It's Garrett's father.

"Mr. Graham," I squeak in surprise. "Hi."

"Hello, Hannah." His voice is as chilly as the December air outside the diner. "We need to talk."

We do?

Shit. Why do I have a feeling I know *exactly* what he wants to talk about?

"I'm working," I answer in an awkward tone.

"I can wait."

Double shit. It's only ten o'clock and I'm not off until five. Is he actually going to sit around and wait for *seven* hours? Because there's no way I'll be able to get through my shift if he's in the diner, staring at me the whole time.

"Let me see if I can take a break," I say hastily.

He nods. "It won't take long. I assure you, I only need a few minutes of your time."

I don't know if that's a promise, or a threat.

Gulping, I pop into the back office to talk to Della, who signs off on a five-minute break after I tell her that my boyfriend's father has something urgent to discuss with me.

The moment Mr. Graham and I step outside, I get the answer to that age-old promise vs. threat question—because his body language emits some serious menace.

"I bet you're quite pleased with yourself."

I frown. "What are you talking about?"

He shoves both hands in the pockets of his long black coat, and he looks so much like Garrett it's actually kind of upsetting. But he doesn't sound like Garrett, because Garrett's voice isn't this harsh, and Garrett's eyes definitely don't carry this much animosity.

"I've been with a lot of women, Hannah." Mr. Graham laughs, but without an ounce of humor or a shred of warmth. "You think I don't know

what an ego boost it is for a woman when she has two men fighting over her?”

Is *that* what he thinks last night was about? That Garrett and Rob were fighting a duel for my love? Jesus.

“That’s not why they were fighting,” I say weakly.

His lips curl in a sneer. “Oh really? So the fight had *nothing* to do with you?” When I don’t answer, he laughs again. “That’s what I thought.”

I don’t like the way he’s looking at me with such blatant hostility. And I wish I hadn’t forgotten my gloves inside, because my hands feel like two blocks of ice.

I shove them in my pockets and meet his eyes. “What do you want?”

“I want you to stop distracting my son,” he says briskly. “Do you realize he’s facing a one-game suspension for that stunt? Because of *you*, Hannah. Because instead of concentrating on winning games, he’s panting over you like a puppy dog and fighting battles on your behalf.”

My throat tightens. “That’s not true.”

He takes a step closer and I’m genuinely frightened for a moment. I chastise myself for it, though, because come on, he’s not going to hurt me when we’re out in public. When the diner window is right behind me and anyone can see us.

“I see the way he looks at you, and I don’t like it. And I certainly don’t like that you’ve divided his attention. Which is why I’ve decided you’re no longer going to be seeing my son.”

I can’t stop a laugh of disbelief. “With all due respect, sir, but that’s not your decision to make.”

“You’re right. It’s going to be *your* decision.”

My stomach lurches. “What does that mean?”

“It means you’re going to break up with my son.”

I gape at him. “Um...no. I’m sorry, but no.”

“I thought you’d say that. It’s all right. I’m confident I can change your mind.” Those cold, gray eyes bore into my face. “Do you care about Garrett?”

“Of course I do.” My voice cracks. “I love him.”

The confession brings a flash of annoyance to his eyes. He studies my face, then makes a derisive sound. “I believe you mean that.” He shrugs

dismissively. “But that just means you want him to be happy, don’t you, Hannah? You want him to succeed.”

I have no idea where he’s going with this, but I know that I hate him for it.

“Do you want to know why he’s succeeding right now? What enables him to do that?” Mr. Graham smirks. “It’s because of me. Because *my* signature is on the tuition checks I send to Briar. He goes to school because of me. He buys his textbooks and pays for his booze because of me. His car? Insurance? Who do you think makes the payments for that? And his gear? The boy doesn’t even have a job—how do you think he’s able to live? Because of *me*.”

I feel sick. Because now I *do* know where he’s going.

“I generously allow him these luxuries because I know his goals align with mine. I know what he wants to achieve, and I know he’s capable of achieving it.” His jaw hardens. “But we’ve hit a little speed bump, haven’t we?”

He gives me a pointed stare, and yep, *I’m* the speed bump.

“So this is what’s going to happen.” His tone is deceptively pleasant. Garrett is right. This man *is* a monster. “You’re going to break up with my son. You won’t see him anymore, you won’t remain friends with him. This will be a clean break with absolutely no further contact. Do you understand?”

“Or what?” I whisper, because I need to hear him say it.

“Or I cut the boy off.” He shrugs. “Bye-bye tuition and books and cars and food. Is that what you want, Hannah?”

My brain snaps into overtime, rapidly running over my options. I’m not about to let some asshole blackmail me into ending things with Garrett, not when there are clearly other solutions available to us.

But I haven’t given Phil Graham enough credit, because apparently he’s not just a jerk, but a mind reader.

“You’re considering what will happen if you say no?” he guesses. “Trying to think of a way you can still be with Garrett without him losing everything he’s worked so hard for?” He chuckles. “Well, let’s see, shall we? He can always apply for financial aid.”

I silently curse him for raising the idea that had just entered my mind.

“But wait, he didn’t qualify for financial aid.” Graham looks like he might actually be enjoying himself. “When your family’s income is as substantial as ours, schools don’t give you money, Hannah. Believe me, Garrett applied. Briar turned him down on the spot.”

Shit.

“A bank loan?” Garrett’s father suggests. “Well, that’s hard to get approved for when you have no credit or assets.”

My brain scrambles to keep up. Garrett *must* have credit, though. Some kind of income. He told me he works during the summer.

But Mr. Graham is like a sniper, shooting down every thought that enters my head.

“He gets paid in cash for his construction work. What a pity, huh? No record of income, no credit, not needy enough to warrant help from Briar.” He *tsks* with his tongue and I almost smack him in the face. “So where does that leave us? Oh, right, the other option you’re considering. My son will find a job and pay for his own education and expenses.”

Yep, that idea has also occurred to me.

“Do you know how much an Ivy League education costs? Do you think he can pay that kind of tuition working part-time?” Garrett’s father shakes his head. “No, he’ll have to work full-time in order to do that. He might be able to keep attending school, but he’ll have to drop hockey, won’t he? And how happy will he be then?” His smile chills me to the bone. “Or let’s assume he can juggle it all—full-time job, school, and hockey...there won’t be much time left for you, will there, Hannah?”

Which is exactly what he wants.

I feel like I might throw up. I know he’s not fucking around. He *will* cut Garrett off if I don’t do what he says.

I also know that if Garrett found out about his father’s threat, he’d tell him to fuck right off. He’d pick me over the money, but that only makes me sicker, because Mr. Graham is right. Garrett would have to drop out or work his ass off, which either means no hockey altogether, or no time to focus on hockey. And I *want* him to focus on it, damn it. It’s his *dream*.

My mind continues to spin.

If I break up with Garrett, Mr. Graham wins.

If I don’t break up with Garrett, Mr. Graham still wins.

Tears well up in my eyes. “He’s your *son*...” I choke on the words. “How can you be so cruel?”

He looks bored. “I’m not cruel. I’m just practical. And unlike some people, I have my priorities in order. I’ve invested a lot of time and money in that boy, and I refuse to see all that hard work go to waste over a piece of coed pussy.”

I flinch in repulsion.

“Get it done, Hannah,” he says harshly. “I mean it, don’t fucking test me, and don’t think I’m bluffing.” His icy stare pierces my face. “Do I look like a man who bluffs?”

Acid burns my throat as I slowly shake my head. “No. You don’t.”

40

Garrett

HANNAH HAS BEEN avoiding me for days. She's playing it off like she's busy, and yeah, she has work and rehearsal, but she's been working and rehearsing since the moment we started dating and it sure as hell hasn't stopped her from coming by for a quick dinner, or chatting on the phone with me before bed.

Ergo—she's fucking avoiding me.

I don't need to be a Mensa member to know that it's because of the way I went after Delaney. That's the only reason I can think of for why she might be upset with me, and I'm not sure I blame her. I shouldn't have hit the guy. Especially not in the arena in front of hundreds of witnesses.

But the thought that she might be...I don't know...*scared* of me now...

It kills me.

I show up at her dorm unannounced because I know that if I text her beforehand, she'll give me some excuse about how busy she is. I know she's home because I pulled the most pathetic move on the planet by texting Allie to find out, followed by the dick move of begging her not to tell Hannah I'm coming over because I have a surprise for her.

I'm not sure Allie bought it. I mean, girls talk, so it stands to reason that Hannah told her best friend about whatever's bugging her.

As I expect, Hannah doesn't look happy to see me at her door. She doesn't look pissed off, either, which makes me uneasy, especially when I notice the glimmer of regret in her eyes.

Shit.

"Hi," I say gruffly.

"Hi." Her throat bobs as she swallows. "What are you doing here?"

I suppose I can pretend that everything is all right, that I just stopped by to see my favorite girl, but that's not who Hannah and I are. We've never tiptoed around the truth before, and I'm not about to start now.

“I wanted to find out why my girlfriend is avoiding me.”

She sighs.

That’s it. A *sigh*. Four days of zero physical contact and minimal text messages and all I get from her is a sigh.

“What the hell is going on?” I demand in frustration.

She hesitates, her gaze darting toward Allie’s closed door. “Can we talk in my room?”

“Sure, as long as we actually fucking *talk*,” I mutter.

We go to her bedroom and she shuts the door. When she turns to face me, I know exactly what she’s going to say.

“I’m sorry I’ve been acting so weird. I’ve just been doing some thinking...”

Holy shit. She’s breaking up with me. Because *nobody* starts a sentence with “*I’ve just been doing some thinking...*” without ending that sentence with, “*and I don’t think we should see each other anymore.*”

Hannah lets out a breath. “And I don’t think we should see each other anymore.”

Even though I’m expecting it, the quiet words stab me in the heart and send a tornado of pain spiraling through me.

She hurries on when she notices my expression. “It’s just...things are moving too fast, Garrett. It’s barely been two months and we’re already at the I-love-you stage, and it’s so super serious all of a sudden, and...” She looks frazzled and sounds upset.

I, on the other hand, am neither frazzled nor upset.

I’m devastated.

I choke back the bitterness lining my throat. “Why don’t you say what you really mean?”

She frowns. “What?”

“You said you didn’t hate me for losing my temper with Delaney, but that’s what all this is about, right? It scared you. It made you see me as some reckless caveman who can’t control his violent urges, right?”

Shock fills her eyes. “*No*. Of course not.”

The conviction in her voice makes me falter. It’s so easy for me to read this girl, and as I search her eyes, I can’t find even a hint that she might be lying to me. But...fuck. If she’s not pissed about Delaney, then why the *hell* is she doing this?

“We’re moving too fast,” she insists. “That’s what this is about.”

“Fine,” I say tersely. “Then let’s slow it down. What is it you want? You want us to see each other only once a week? Stop crashing at each other’s places? What do you want?”

I thought my heart couldn’t throb any worse than this, but then she stabs another sword of agony into it.

“I want us to see other people.”

All I can do is stare at her. I’m afraid of what might come out of my mouth if I try to talk.

“I mean, I’ve only had one serious relationship before you, Garrett. How do I know what love is? What if there’s something more out there... someone else...something...*better*, I guess.”

Sweet Jesus. She just keeps twisting the knife deeper and deeper.

“College is all about exploring your options, right?” She’s talking so fast now that it’s difficult to keep up. “I’m supposed to be meeting people and going on dates and finding out who I am and all that stuff, or at least that’s what I was hoping to do this year. I didn’t expect you and I to get together, and I really didn’t expect it to get so serious, so fast.” She shrugs helplessly. “I’m confused, okay? And I think what I need right now is some time to...you know...to think,” she finishes feebly.

I bite the inside of my cheek until I taste blood in my mouth. Then I draw a long, unstable breath and cross my arms. “All right, so let me get this straight—and feel free to correct me if I’m wrong. You fell in love with me and didn’t expect it, so now you want to date other people and fuck other guys—sorry, you want to *explore*, just on the off chance that you meet someone who is *better* than me.”

She averts her gaze.

“Is that what you’re saying?” My voice is cold enough to freeze everything south of the Equator.

After an eternity of silence, she looks up.

Then she nods.

I’m pretty sure she hears the massive *crack* in my chest as my heart splits open like a watermelon. God knows she’s the one responsible for it.

In the back of my mind, a little voice whispers, *This is wrong*.

No fucking kidding, asshole. There’s nothing *right* about this.

“I’m going to leave now.” I’m amazed that my paralyzed vocal cords allow me to speak. I’m not amazed by the naked anger in my tone. “Because I honestly can’t look at you right now.”

A tiny breath puffs out of her mouth. She doesn’t say a word.

I stagger to the door, my brain and heart and motor functions eerily close to shutting down on me, but I manage one hoarse parting line as I reach the threshold. “You know what, Wellsy?” Our gazes lock and her lips tremble as if she’s trying not to cry. “For someone who’s so damn strong, you really are a fucking coward.”

ALCOHOL. I NEED some fucking alcohol.

There’s no alcohol in the fridge.

I barrel up the stairs two at a time and burst into Logan’s bedroom without knocking. Fortunately, he’s not in the middle of boning some nameless puck bunny. I wouldn’t have cared if he was. I’m a man on a mission, and Logan’s closet is the mission.

“What the hell are you doing?” he demands as I throw open the closet door and reach for the top shelf.

“Taking your whiskey.”

“Why?”

Why? *Why?*

Maybe because my chest feels like someone scraped it with a dull razorblade for the past ten years? And then they took that razorblade and shoved it down my throat so it would tear up my windpipe and shred my insides. And then to add insult to injury, they ripped my heart out and threw it on the ice so an entire hockey team could slash it up with their skates.

Yup. So that’s where *I’m* at right now.

“Jesus Christ, G, what’s going on?”

I find Logan’s Jack Daniels bottle underneath an old hockey helmet and curl my fingers around it. “Hannah dumped me,” I mumble.

I hear Logan’s shocked breath. A bitter, spiteful part of me wonders if he’s happy by the news. If he thinks this might be his golden opportunity to move in on my girlfriend.

Sorry. My *ex*-girlfriend.

But when I turn around, I find nothing but sympathy flashing in his eyes. “Shit, man. I’m sorry.”

“Yeah,” I mutter. “Me too.”

“What happened?”

I twist off the bottle cap. “Ask me again when I’m shit-faced. Maybe I’ll be drunk enough to tell you.”

I swallow a deep swig of whiskey. Normally the alcohol would burn its way down to my gut. Tonight I’m too numb to feel it.

Logan stops asking me questions. He wanders over and snatches the whiskey from my hand. “Well.” He sighs before raising the bottle to his lips and tipping his head back. “Then I guess we’re getting shit-faced.”

41

Hannah

I KNEW I would be a basket case for the rest of the semester, but I didn't expect it to be because of the hollow cavern in my chest that used to hold my heart.

I haven't seen or spoken to Garrett in a week. A week is not a long time. I've noticed that as I get older, time seems to fly by in hyper-speed. You blink, and a week has passed. Blink again, and a year has gone by.

But ever since I broke up with Garrett, time has reverted back to the way it was when I was little. When a school year felt like forever, and a summer never seemed to end. Time has slowed down, and it's excruciating. These past seven days may as well be seven years. Seven *decades*.

I miss my boyfriend.

And I hate my boyfriend's father for putting me in this impossible situation. I hate him for making me break Garrett's heart.

You want to explore, just on the off chance that you meet someone who is better than me.

Garrett's bleak recap of my lying-through-my-teeth breakup speech continues to buzz in my brain like a swarm of locusts.

Someone better than him?

God, it *killed* me to say that. To hurt him like that. The bitter taste of those words still burns my tongue, because damn it, *someone better than him?*

There's *no one* better than him. Garrett is the best man I've ever known. And not just because he's smart and sexy and funny and so much sweeter than I ever gave him credit for. He makes me feel *alive*. Yeah, we bicker, and sure, his cockiness drives me crazy sometimes, but when I'm with him, I feel whole. I feel like I can drop my guard completely and not have to worry about getting hurt or taken advantage of or being afraid, because Garrett Graham will always be there to love and protect me.

The only silver lining to this awful mess is that the team is winning again. They lost the game that Garrett missed thanks to his suspension, but they've played two more since then, including one against Eastwood, their conference rival, and they won both. If they keep going the way they're going, Garrett will get what he wants—he'll lead Briar to the championships in his first year as captain.

"Oh God. Please don't tell me that's what you're wearing tonight." Allie marches into my bedroom and frowns at my outfit. "No. I forbid it."

I glance down at my ratty plaid pants and sweatshirt with the collar cut off. "What? No." I point to the garment bag dangling from the hook behind my door. "I'm wearing that."

"Ooooh. Let me see."

Allie unzips the bag and proceeds to oooh and aaah over the strapless silver dress inside it. Her animated reaction is a testament to how out of it I've been this week. I was pretty much in a trance when I drove to Hastings to buy this dress for the showcase, and although it's been hanging on my door for *four* days, I never bothered showing it off to Allie.

I don't *want* to show it off. Hell, I don't even want to wear it. The winter showcase starts in two hours and I could not care less. The entire semester has been building up to this one stupid performance.

And I could not. Care. Less.

When Allie notices my disinterested face, her expression softens. "Aw, Han-Han, why don't you just call him?"

"Because we broke up," I mumble.

She nods slowly. "And why is that again?"

I'm too depressed to give her the same bullshit excuse I dished out a week ago. I haven't confessed to Allie or my friends the real reason I ended things with Garrett. I don't want them knowing about his asshole father. I don't want to *think* about his asshole father.

So I told them, and I quote, "it didn't work out." Four measly words, and they haven't managed to pry a single detail out of me since.

My stony silence drags on long enough for Allie to shift in discomfort. Then she sighs and says, "Do you still want me to do your hair?"

"Sure. If you want." There is zero enthusiasm in my voice.

We spend the next thirty minutes getting ready, though I don't know why Allie bothers dressing up. *She's* not the one who has to get up on stage

and sing in front of hundreds of strangers.

Though, out of curiosity, how exactly does one sing a heartfelt ballad when their heart has been crushed to dust?

I guess I'm about to find out.

THE BACKSTAGE AREA of the main auditorium is chaotic when I wander in. Students rush past me, some carrying instruments, all dressed to impress. Panicky voices and brisk orders echo all around me, but I barely register them.

The first face I see belongs to Cass. Our gazes hold for a beat and then he walks over, looking like a million bucks in a black suit jacket and a salmon-colored dress shirt with the collar propped up. His dark hair is styled to perfection. His blue eyes offer no trace of remorse or apology.

"Great dress," he remarks.

I shrug. "Thanks."

"Nervous?"

Another shrug. "Nope."

I'm not nervous because *I don't care*. I never thought I was one of those wimpy girls who walks around like a zombie after a breakup and bursts into tears at even the smallest reminder of her true love, but depressingly enough, I totally am.

"Well, break a leg," Cass says once he figures out I'm not interested in making conversation.

"You too." I pause and, not under my breath, mutter, "Literally."

His head sharply turns toward me. "Sorry, I didn't hear that last part."

I raise my voice. "I said, *literally*."

Those blue eyes darken. "You're a real bitch, you know that?"

A laugh flies out. "Uh-huh. *I'm* the bitch."

Cass scowls at me. "What, you want me to apologize for talking to my advisor? Because I'm not going to. We both know the duet wasn't working out. I just had the balls to do something about it."

"You're right," I agree. "I should be thanking you. You actually did me a huge favor." And no, I'm not being sarcastic. I mean every word.

His self-righteous expression wavers. "I did?" Then he clears his throat. "Yes, I *did*. I did both of us a favor. I'm glad you're able to recognize that."

His trademark smirk resettles on his lips. “Anyway, I need to find MJ before the performance.”

He saunters off, and I head in the opposite direction in search of Jae. All the sound checks were done this morning, so everything’s pretty much good to go. Since I’m the last junior to perform, I get to wait around with my thumb up my ass until they call my name. Cass, of course, is opening the junior showcase. He must’ve sucked someone’s dick to get that slot, because it’s the best one in the line-up. That’s when the judges are still bushy-eyed and excited, eager to start *judging* after sitting through the sophomore and freshman performances, which don’t qualify for scholarships. By the time the last junior hits the stage—go me!—everyone is tired, anxious to stretch their legs or grab a smoke before the senior performances begin.

I pop my head into a few dressing rooms looking for Jae, but he’s nowhere to be found. I hope my cellist hasn’t deserted me, but if he did... well...I don’t care.

I miss Garrett. I can’t go five seconds without thinking about him, and the reminder that he’s not in the audience tonight is like a karate chop to the neck. My windpipe closes up, making it impossible to breathe.

“Hannah,” a meek voice calls out.

I stifle a sigh. Shit. I’m *so* not in the mood to talk to Mary Jane right now.

But the little blonde dashes over to me before I can make my escape, trapping me in the doorway of the dressing room I was about to enter. “Can we talk?” she blurts out.

The sigh escapes. “I don’t have time for that right now. I’m looking for Jae.”

“Oh, he’s in the green room on the east stage. I just saw him.”

“Thanks.” I start to walk off, but she blocks my path. “Hannah, please. I really need to talk to you.”

Annoyance clamps around my throat. “Look, if you’re trying to apologize, don’t bother. Apology not accepted.”

Hurt flashes in her eyes. “Please don’t say that. Because I really am sorry. I’m so, so sorry for what I did. I shouldn’t have let Cass talk me into it.”

“No kidding.”

“I...I just couldn’t say no to him.” A helpless chord wobbles her voice. “I liked him so much, and he was so attentive and encouraging, and he insisted that the song was meant for one performer and that *he* was the only one who could do it justice.” Mary Jane’s entire face collapses. “I shouldn’t have gone behind your back. I shouldn’t have done that to you. I’m...so sorry.”

It doesn’t escape me that she’s using the past tense in regards to Cass. And although I’m a jerk for doing it, I can’t help but laugh. “He dumped you, didn’t he?”

She avoids my eyes, her teeth sinking into her lower lip. “Right after he got the solo.”

I don’t pity a lot of people. I mean, sympathy? I hand that out freely. Pity is reserved for someone I truly feel sorry for.

I pity Mary Jane.

“Should I bother saying *I told you so*?” I ask.

She shakes her head. “No. I know you were right. And I know I was stupid. I wanted to believe that someone like him was actually interested in someone like me. I wanted it to be true so badly that I screwed up my friendship with you.”

“We’re not friends, MJ.” I know I’m being harsh, but I guess my tact filter broke at the same time my heart did because I don’t bother softening my tone or censoring my words. “I would never screw over a friend like that. Especially over a *guy*.”

“Please...” She gulps. “Can’t we just start over? I’m so sorry.”

“I know you are.” I offer a sad smile. “Look, I’m sure eventually I’ll be able to talk to you without thinking about all this shit, maybe even trust you again, but I’m not there yet.”

“I get it,” she says weakly.

“I really need to find Jae.” I force another smile. “I’m sure Cass will do a great job with your song, MJ. He might be an asshole, but he’s a damn good vocalist.”

I dart off before she can respond.

I track down Jae and we hang out backstage until the show starts. After weeks of non-stop rehearsing, we’ve become friends, though Jae is still as shy as ever and afraid of his own shadow. But he’s only a freshman, so I’m hoping he comes out of his shell once he adapts to college life.

The freshman and sophomores are up first. Jae and I stand in the wings, stage left, watching as performer after performer takes the stage, but I have trouble concentrating on what I'm hearing and seeing.

I'm not in the mood to sing tonight. All I can think about is Garrett, and the agony in his eyes when I broke up with him, the slump of his shoulders when he left my dorm.

I have to remind myself that I did it for *him*, so that he can stay at Briar and play the game he loves without having to worry about money. If I had told him about his father's threats, Garrett would have chosen our relationship over his future, but I don't want him to work full-time, damn it. I don't want him to drop out, or quit hockey, or stress about making rent or car payments. I want him to go to the pros and show everyone how talented he is. Prove to the world that he's on the ice because he *belongs* there, and not because his father got him there.

I want him to be happy.

Even if that means I have to be miserable.

There's a short intermission after the last sophomore performs, and backstage is hit with pandemonium again. Jae and I are nearly knocked off our feet as a never-ending stream of robe-clad students pour onto the stage. I realize they're the members of Cass's choir.

"That could've been us." I grin at Jae as we watch the choir get in position on the dark stage. "Cass's army of minions."

His lips twitch. "I think we dodged a bullet."

"Me too."

When the show starts up again, this time I'm giving it my full attention, because the prodigy that is Cassidy Donovan has graced the stage. As the pianist plays the opening chords of MJ's song, I experience a twinge of jealousy. Damn, it's such a great song. I bite my lip, worried that my simple little ballad falls short compared to Mary Jane's beautiful composition.

I can't lie. Cass sings the hell out of the song. Every note, every run, every frickin' *pause*, is absolute perfection. He looks great out there, sounds even better, and when the choir joins in and goes all *Sister-Act* on the place, the performance kicks into a whole new gear.

There's only one thing missing—*emotion*. When MJ first played the song for me, I *felt* it. I felt her connection to the lyrics and the pain behind them. Tonight, I feel nothing, though I'm not sure if that's because of a

failure on Cass's part, or if letting Garrett go robbed me of the ability to feel emotions.

But I sure as hell am feeling *something* when I settle behind the piano thirty minutes later. As the haunting strains of Jae's cello fill the stage, it's like a dam breaks inside me. Garrett is the first person I sang this song to, back when it was rough and choppy and nowhere close to polished. And Garrett is the one who listened to me rehearse it and hone it and perfect it.

When I open my mouth and start to sing, I'm singing it for Garrett. I'm transported to that peaceful place, my happy little bubble where nothing bad ever happens. Where girls don't get raped and sex isn't hard and people don't break up because abusive assholes force them to. My fingers tremble on the ivory keys and my heart squeezes with every breath I take, every word I sing.

When I'm done, silence crashes over the auditorium.

And then I get a standing ovation.

I rise to my feet, and only because Jae walks over and forces me to so we can take a bow. The spotlight blinds me and the cheers deafen me. I know Allie and Stella and Meg are out there somewhere, on their feet and screaming their lungs out, but I can't see their faces. Contrary to what movies and television shows lead you to believe, it's impossible to make eye contact with a face in the crowd when a blast of light is hitting you in the eyes.

Jae and I leave the stage and head for the wings, and someone instantly swallows me in a bear hug. It's Dexter, and his smile takes up his entire face as he congratulates me.

"Those better be happy tears!" he says.

I touch my cheek, surprised to feel moisture there. I hadn't even realized I was crying.

"That was spectacular," a voice bursts out, and I turn to see Fiona marching toward me. She sweeps me into her arms and hugs me. "You were breathtaking, Hannah. Best performance of the night."

Her words don't ease the tight ache in my chest. I manage a nod and mumble, "I need to use the ladies' room. Excuse me."

I leave Dex, Fiona and Jae staring after me in confusion, but I don't care, and I don't slow down. Fuck the ladies' room. And fuck the rest of this showcase. I don't want to stand around and watch the senior

performances. I don't want to wait for the scholarship ceremony. I just want to get the hell out of here and find a private place to cry.

I sprint toward the exit, my silver ballet flats slapping the hardwood floor in my desperate need to flee.

I'm five feet from the door when I smack into a hard male chest.

My gaze flies up and lands on a pair of gray eyes, and it takes a second to realize I'm looking at Garrett.

Neither one of us speaks. He's wearing black trousers and a blue button-down that stretches across his broad shoulders. His expression is a mixture of shining wonder and endless sorrow.

"Hi," he says gruffly.

My heart does a happy somersault, and I have to remind myself that this isn't a happy occasion, that we're still broken up. "Hi."

"You were...brilliant." Those beautiful eyes go a bit glassy. "Absolutely beautiful."

"You were in the audience?" I whisper.

"Where the fuck else would I be?" But he doesn't sound angry, just sad. Then his voice thickens and he murmurs, "How many?"

Confusion slides through me. "How many what?"

"How many guys have you dated this week?"

I jerk in surprise. "None," I blurt out before I can stop myself.

And I regret it instantly, because a knowing glimmer fills his eyes. "Yeah, I didn't think so."

"Garrett—"

"Here's the thing, Wellsy," he interrupts. "I've had seven whole days to think about this breakup. The first night? I got wasted. Seriously fucking trashed."

A jolt of panic hits me, because it suddenly occurs to me that he might have hooked up with someone else when he was drunk, and the thought of Garrett with another girl *kills* me.

But then he keeps talking and my anxiety eases. "After that, I sobered up and wised up and decided to make better use of my time. So...I've had seven whole days to analyze and reanalyze what happened between us, to dissect what went wrong, to reexamine every word you said that night..." He slants his head. "Do you want to know the conclusion I reached?"

God, I'm terrified to hear it.

When I don't answer, he smiles. "My conclusion is that you lied to me. I don't know why you did it, but trust me, I intend to find out."

"I didn't lie," I lie. "We really were moving too fast for me. And I really do want to see other people."

"Uh-huh. Really?"

I put on my most insistent tone. "*Really.*"

Garrett goes quiet for a moment. Then he reaches out and lightly strokes my cheek before pulling back and saying, "I'll believe it when I see it."

42

Hannah

CHRISTMAS BREAK DOESN'T come soon enough. I am literally a mess as I board the plane to Philly—dressed in sweats, sporting bedhead, and covered with stress zits. Since the showcase, I've run into Garrett three times. Once at the Coffee Hut, once in the quad, and once outside the Ethics lecture hall when I came to pick up my graded paper. All three times, he asked me how many guys I've dated since our breakup.

All three times, I panicked, blurted out some excuse about being late, and ran off like a coward.

Here's the thing about breaking up with someone under false pretenses. They don't buy your bullshit unless you actually turn around and do the thing you said you wanted to do. In my case, I need to be dating a whole bunch of randoms and getting my exploration on, because that's what I told Garrett I wanted, and if I don't put my money where my mouth is, he'll know something's up.

I suppose I could ask someone out. Go on a very public date that Garrett will no doubt hear about and convince the guy I love that I've moved on. But the thought of being with anyone other than Garrett makes me want to throw up.

Fortunately, I don't have to worry about any of that right now. I've gotten a reprieve, because I'll be spending the next three weeks with my family.

I get on the plane, and for the first time since Garrett's father issued his punishing ultimatum, I'm finally able to breathe.

SEEING MY PARENTS is just what I needed. Don't get me wrong, I still think about Garrett non-stop, but it's a lot easier to distract myself from the

heartache when I'm baking Christmas cookies with my dad or being dragged into the city for a day of shopping with my mom and aunt.

On our second night in Philly, I told my mom about Garrett. Or rather, she wrestled it out of me after she caught me moping in the guest room. She informed me that I looked like a hobo who'd just crawled out from under the boardwalk and proceeded to shove me in the shower and force me to brush my hair. After that, I spilled my guts, which prompted Mom to launch what she's now calling Operation Holiday Cheer. In other words, she's crammed a gazillion holiday activities down my throat, and I love her dearly for it.

I'm not looking forward to going back to Briar in three days, where Garrett is undoubtedly planning his own not-so-covert op—Operation Get Hannah To Admit She Was Lying. I just *know* he's going to try to win me back.

I also know it won't take much effort on his part. All he has to do is look at me with those gorgeous gray eyes, flash that crooked grin of his, and I'll break down in tears, throw my arms around him, and tell him everything.

I miss him.

"Hey, sweetie, are you coming down to watch the ball drop with us?" Mom appears in the doorway and holds up a bowl of popcorn enticingly, and I'm reminded of the first time I spent the night at Garrett's, when we stuffed ourselves full of popcorn and watched hours of television.

"Yeah, I'll be down soon," I answer. "I just want to change into comfy clothes."

Once she walks off, I climb off the bed and dig around in my suitcase for a pair of yoga pants. I wiggle out of my skinny jeans and replace them with the soft cotton pants, then head downstairs to the living room, where my parents, my aunt and uncle, and their friends Bill and Susan are all lounging on the L-shaped couches.

I'm spending New Year's Eve with three middle-aged couples.

Par-ty.

"So, Hannah," Susan pipes up, "your mother was just telling me that you won a prestigious scholarship recently."

I feel myself blushing. "I don't know about prestigious. I mean, they give them out every year for the winter and spring showcases. But yeah, I

did win.”

Take that, Cass Donovan, my inner smug monster shouts.

I hadn't planned on going back to the auditorium after I ran into Garrett at the showcase, but Fiona ended up catching me just as I was trying to sneak out and dragged me back to the stage. And yep, I can't deny that hearing my name announced at the scholarship ceremony gave me a total victory high. And I'll never forget the outrage on Cass's face when he realized they hadn't called *his* name.

Now I'm five grand richer, and my parents can take a breather because I'll be able to pay my residence and meal expenses on my own for this upcoming semester.

At ten to midnight, Uncle Mark puts an end to our chatter by unmuting the television so we can watch the Times Square celebration. Aunt Nicole hands out cardboard noisemakers with pink streamers on them while my mother passes around handfuls of confetti to everyone. My family is cheesy, but I wouldn't trade them for anything in the world.

My eyes are surprisingly misty as we all count down along with the announcer on the TV. Then again, maybe the tears *aren't* surprising, because when the clock reaches zero and everyone screams “HAPPY NEW YEAR!” I remember that the strike of midnight doesn't just indicate the start of a new year.

January 1st is also Garrett's birthday.

I clamp my lips together to stop the rush of tears, forcing a laugh as my father spins me around in his arms and kisses my cheek. “Happy New Year, princess.”

“Happy New Year, Dad.”

His green eyes soften when he notices my sad expression. “Aw, kiddo, why don't you pick up the phone and call that poor boy already? It's New Year's Eve.”

My jaw drops, and then I swivel my head at my mother. “You told him?”

She at least has the decency to look guilty. “He asked why you were mopey. I couldn't *not* tell him.”

My dad chuckles. “Oh, don't blame your mom, Han. I figured it out all by myself. You've been so miserable I knew it had to be boy trouble. Now go wish him a happy new year. You'll regret it if you don't.”

I sigh. But I know he's right.

My pulse speeds up as I hurry upstairs. I fish my cell phone out of my purse, then hesitate, because really, this is *not* a good idea. I broke up with him. I'm supposed to be moving on and seeing other people and blah fucking blah.

But it's his *birthday*.

I exhale a shaky breath and make the call.

Garrett answers on the first ring. I expect to hear noise in the background. Chatter, laughter, drunken yells. But wherever he is, it's as quiet as a church.

His husky voice tickles my ear. "Happy New Year, Hannah."

"Happy birthday, Garrett."

There's a slight pause. "You remembered."

I blink through my tears. "Of course I did."

There are so many other things I want to say to him. *I love you. I miss you. I hate your father.* But I tamp down the urge and say nothing at all.

"How's the dating going?" he asks cheerfully.

My stomach goes rigid. "Uh...it's great."

"Yeah? Doing lots of exploring? Conducting a thorough search for the meaning of love?"

There's a mocking note there, but more than anything, he sounds amused. Smug, even.

"Yep," I say lightly.

"How many guys have you dated?"

"A few."

"Awesome. I hope they're treating you right. You know, opening doors for you, laying their jackets on the ground so you can walk over puddles, that kind of stuff."

God, he's such a jackass. I love him.

"Don't worry, they're all very chivalrous," I assure him. "I'm having a blast."

"Good to hear." He pauses. "I'll see you in a few days. You can tell me all about it."

He hangs up, and I curse under my breath.

Damn it. Why is he pushing this? Why can't he just accept that it's over between us and focus on his stupid hockey team?

And how the hell am I going to convince him I don't want to be with him when I can't even convince myself?

43

Hannah

MY SECOND DAY back on campus, I embark on my own mission: Operation Believe It When You See It. Because clearly the only way I can convince Garrett to back off is to prove to him that I'm in the process of moving on, which means I need to find a guy to go out on a date with. Stat.

The first opportunity arises when I pop into the Coffee Hut to grab a hot chocolate. It's snowing like a bitch outside, and I stomp the snow off my boots on the mat by the door before heading for the back of the line. That's when I notice that the guy in front of me looks familiar. When he places his order and moves to the pick-up counter, I get a flash of his profile and realize it's Jimmy. Jimmy...what's his last name again? Pauley? No, Paulson. Jimmy Paulson from British Lit and the Sigma party. Perfect. We've got history. We're practically in a relationship.

"Jimmy, hey," I greet him after I order my drink and join him at the counter.

He visibly stiffens at the sound of my voice. "Oh. Hey." His gaze darts around the coffee shop, as if he doesn't want anyone to see us talking.

"So, listen," I start, "I was just thinking, we haven't really talked since that party back in October..."

The barista plops a foam cup in front of Jimmy, who snatches it up so fast I don't even see his hand move.

I hurry on. "I thought it would be nice to catch up and..."

He's already edging away from me. Jesus, why does he look so terrified? Does he think I'm going to shiv him or something?

"...I was wondering if maybe you want to grab a coffee sometime," I finish.

"Oh." He inches farther away. "Uh. Thanks for the offer, but...uh, yeah, I don't drink coffee."

I stare at the coffee cup in his hand.

He follows my gaze and gulps. “I’m sorry, I have to go. I’m...meeting someone...all the way on the other side of the campus and it’s...uh, far, so I’m kind of in a hurry.”

Well, at least he’s not lying about being in a hurry—because he flies out the door like an Olympic sprinter.

Okay, that was...weird.

Frowning, I get my hot chocolate and go outside, heading in the direction of Bristol House. It’s slow going because the snow is falling faster than the campus maintenance crews can shovel it, and my boots sink into two feet of it every time I take a step. But the forced leisurely pace allows me to encounter another element of weirdness. When I was dating Garrett, people said hello and waved to me all the time. Today, everyone I pass seems to be going out of their way to avoid me, particularly the guys.

Is this what disgraced Amish people feel like when they’ve been shunned? Because everyone is looking right through me, and I don’t like it.

I also don’t understand it.

As I make my way to the dorms, I decide to give Dexter a call and see if he wants to go out tonight. Maybe to Malone’s—no, wait, Garrett might be there. Another bar in town, then. Or the college rec hall. Anywhere I might be able to meet a guy.

I approach Bristol just as opportunity number two exits the building next door. It’s Justin, and unlike the rest of the world, he actually lifts his hand in a wave.

I wave back, mostly out of relief that *someone* looks happy to see me.

“Hey, stranger,” he calls, making his way over to me.

He’s sporting that ruffled, rolled-out-of-bed hair, and yet I don’t find it so adorable anymore. It just makes him look like a slob. Or maybe a phony, because I’m pretty sure I can see gel in his hair, which means he must’ve taken the time to create the I-don’t-care style. Which makes him a fucking liar.

I meet him halfway. “Hey. How was your break?”

“Good. Not much rain in Seattle this time of year, so I had to settle for a shit ton of snow instead. Went snowboarding, skiing, hot-tubbing. Fun times.” Justin’s dimples pop out, and they do nothing for me.

But...hell, he’s the only guy who’s so much as looked my way today. Beggars can’t be choosers, right?

“Sounds fun. Um, so—”

Nope.

Nope, nope, nope. Just...nope.

I can't go there. Not with *this* guy. Garrett helped me make Justin jealous back in October. I *canceled* a date with him when I realized I wanted to be with Garrett. And I know how much Garrett dislikes Justin.

There's no way I can open this Justin door, not just because my feelings for him are non-existent, but because it would be like sticking a knife in Garrett's chest.

“So hi,” I finish. “Yeah...I just came over to say hi.” I hold up my hot chocolate cup as if it's somehow a part of this conversation. “I'm going inside to drink this. Good to see you.”

His annoyed voice chills my back. “What the fuck just happened?” he asks.

The guilt pricking at my stomach spurs me to turn around. “I'm sorry,” I say with a sigh. “I'm such an asshole.”

A wry smile plays on his lips. “Well, I didn't want to say it, but...”

I walk back to him, my gloved hands still wrapped around my cup. “I never meant to lead you on,” I admit. “When I said I'd go out with you, I really wanted to at the time. I mean it.” Pain lodges in my throat. “I didn't expect to fall for him, Justin.”

Now he just looks resigned. “Do people ever *expect* to fall for someone? I think it just kinda happens.”

“Yeah, I guess so. He...snuck up on me.” I meet his eyes, hoping he can see the genuine regret I'm feeling. “But I *was* interested in you. I never lied about that.”

“*Was*, huh?” He sounds sad.

“I'm sorry,” I say again. “I'm...damn it, I'm a mess, and I'm still in love with Garrett, but if you ever want to start over, as friends, I'm one hundred percent on board. We can talk Hemingway sometimes.”

Justin's lips twitch. “How do you know I like Hemingway?”

I give him a faint smile. “Um. Well, I may have done some recon back when I had a crush on you. See? I wasn't lying about that.”

Rather than make a cross with his hands and shout *Stalker!*, he chuckles softly. “Huh. I guess not. That's good to know, at least.”

After an awkward silence, Justin shoves his hands in his jacket pockets. “All right. I’m up for giving this friend thing a shot. Text me if you ever want to grab coffee sometime.”

He wanders off, and a weight lifts off my chest.

Upstairs in my dorm, I congratulate myself on a potential disaster averted and return to mulling over my mission. Allie doesn’t get back from New York until tomorrow. Stella is out of town, too. When I text Dex, he vetoes a hangout session because he’s cramming for his last exam. When I message Meg, she says she has plans with Jeremy.

Sighing, I scroll through my phone contacts until a name sparks my interest. Actually, the more I think about it, the more I like the idea of making this call.

Allie’s boyfriend picks up after several rings. “Hey, what’s up?”

“Hey. It’s Hannah.”

“No kidding,” Sean cracks. “Your number is in my phone.”

“Oh, right.” I hesitate. “So listen, I know Allie isn’t back from her dad’s yet, but I was wondering if...” I trail off, then blurt out, “What are you doing tonight? Do you want to hang out?”

My best friend’s boyfriend falls silent. I don’t blame him. I’ve never called him to hang out without Allie before. For that matter, I’ve never *called* him, period.

“You realize this is weird, right?” Sean says frankly.

I sigh. “Yes.”

“What’s going on? Are you just bored or something? Or is this a fucked up hit-on-your-friend’s-boyfriend kinda thing? Wait—is Allie listening in?” Sean raises his voice. “Allie, if you’re there, I love you. I would never, ever cheat on you with your best friend.”

I snort into the phone. “She’s not on the line, dumbass, but that’s good to know. And trust me, I’m not hitting on you. I...well...I was hoping we could hang out with some of your frat brothers tonight. Maybe you could, you know, set me up with one of them.”

“Are you serious?” he exclaims. “No fucking way. You’re too good for any of those idiots, and I’m pretty sure Allie would kill me if I hooked you up with one of them. Besides...” He clams up abruptly.

“Besides what?” I demand.

He doesn’t answer.

“Finish that sentence, Sean.”

“I’d rather not.”

“I’d rather you did.” My suspicion snaps into overdrive. “Oh my God.” I gasp. “Do you know why every guy on campus is suddenly treating me like I have an STD?”

“Maybe?” he says.

“Maybe?” When he doesn’t answer, I groan in frustration. “I swear to God, if you don’t tell me what you know, I’ll—”

“Okay, okay,” he interrupts. “I’ll tell you.”

And then he does.

And my response is a loud shriek of outrage.

“He did *what?*”

TWENTY MINUTES LATER, I burst through the doors of Briar’s hockey arena. Cold air immediately slaps my cheeks, but it doesn’t succeed in cooling the fire burning inside me. It’s five-thirty, which means Garrett and the team have just finished practice, so I bypass the rink doors and march right to the locker rooms in the back of the building. I’m so pissed off that my whole body is trembling from the force of my anger.

Garrett has officially stepped over the line. No, he’s so far past the line that I can’t even *see* the stupid line. And there’s no way I’m letting him get away with this ludicrous, juvenile bullshit.

I reach the locker room door as one of the players walks out of it.

“Is Garrett in there?” I bark.

He looks startled to see me. “Yeah, but—”

I bulldoze past him and grab the door handle.

The guy protests from behind. “I don’t think you should go in th—”

I burst into the locker room and—

Penises!

Sweet Jesus.

Penises *everywhere*.

Horror slams into me as I register what I’m seeing. Oh God. I’ve stumbled onto a penis convention. Big penises and small penises and fat penises and penis-shaped penises. It doesn’t matter which direction I move my head because everywhere I look *I see penises*.

My mortified gasp draws the attention of every penis—er, guy, in the room. In a heartbeat, towels snap up and hands cover junk and bodies shuffle around, while I stand in the front of the room blushing like a tomato.

“Wellsy?” A bare-chested Logan grins at me, one shoulder propped up against his locker. It looks like he’s trying very hard not to laugh.

“Penis—*Logan*,” I blurt out. “Hi.” I do my best to avoid making visual contact with the half naked males milling in the room, all of whom are either grinning in amusement or blanching in alarm. “I’m looking for Garrett.”

With a barely restrained smirk, Logan hooks his thumb at a doorway in the back, which I assume leads to the showers because steam is rolling out of it.

“Thanks.” I shoot him a grateful look and head in that direction, just as someone emerges from the steamy space.

Dean appears and I see his penis.

“Hey, Wellsy,” he drawls. Completely unfazed by my presence, he strolls naked toward his locker as if finding me in here is a daily occurrence for him.

I charge forward, debating whether I should close my eyes, but luckily all the showers have saloon-type doors and are divided by partitions. As I march down the tiled floor, heads swivel my way. One of the heads belongs to Birdie, whose eyes widen when I walk past him.

“Hannah?” he squeaks.

I ignore him and keep walking until I spot a familiar back. My gaze conducts a quick double-check, and yep, golden skin, tattoo, dark hair. It’s Garrett, all right.

At the sound of my footsteps, he twists around and gapes at the sight of me. “Wellsy?”

I stalk up to the half-door, level him with my meanest scowl, and shout, “What is the *matter* with you?”

Garrett

I'M GRINNING LIKE the town idiot. And now is *not* the time to be grinning like the town idiot, not when I'm buck naked in a room full of showering dudes and my girlfriend is glaring daggers at me. But I'm so happy to see her that I can't control my facial muscles.

My eyes eat up the sight of her. Her gorgeous face. Dark hair pulled back in a ponytail with a pink hair thingie. Infuriated green eyes.

She's so damn hot when she's mad at me.

"It's nice to see you too, baby," I answer cheerfully. "How was your break?"

"Don't you *baby* me. And don't ask about my break because you don't *deserve* to know about it!" Hannah glowers at me, then shifts her attention to the three hockey players in the neighboring stalls. "For the love of Pete, would you guys just rinse off and skedaddle already? I'm trying to yell at your captain."

I choke back a laugh, which ends up spilling out when my teammates snap to attention like they've been issued a command by a drill sergeant. Showers turn off and towels come out, and a moment later, Hannah and I are alone.

I shut off the faucet and turn around. The shower door does a good job of hiding my downstairs area, but all Hannah has to do is peek over and she'll get an eyeful of my quickly hardening dick, who is unbelievably happy to see her.

But she doesn't sneak a peek. She simply keeps glaring at me. "You invoked a campus-wide hands-off law? Are you *kidding* me?"

I'm not at all remorseful as I meet her eyes. "Of course I did."

"Oh my God. You are unbelievable." She shakes her head in disbelief. "Who *does* that, Garrett? You can't just go around and tell all the guys at this school that they're not allowed to touch me or you'll kick their asses!"

“I didn’t tell *all* the guys. Do I look like I have that kind of time?” I flash a grin. “I told a few key people and made sure they spread the word.”

“What, if you can’t have me no one else can?” she says darkly.

I snicker. “Well, that’s just insane. I’m not a psycho, babe. I was doing it for your sake.”

Her jaw drops. “How the hell do you figure *that*?”

“Because you’re in love with me, and you don’t want to date anyone else. But see, I was afraid your stubborn self would try to do it just to back up your cover story, so I had to take some preventative measures.” I prop my forearms on the stall door. “I knew if you went out with anyone else you’d end up regretting it, and then you’d feel like an ass when you finally came to your senses, and, well, I wanted to spare you all that pain and suffering. You’re welcome.”

She looks stunned for a moment.

Then she starts to laugh.

Jesus, I’ve missed the sound of her laughter. I’m tempted to hop over the little door and kiss the crap out of her, but I don’t get the chance.

“What the *hell* is going on in here?”

Hannah jumps in surprise when Coach Jensen appears in the shower area.

“Oh, hey, Coach,” I call out. “Not what it looks like.”

His dark brows knit in a displeased frown. “It looks like you’re taking a shower in front of your girlfriend. In my locker room.”

“Okay, then yeah, it’s what it looks like. But I promise, it’s all very PG. Well, except for the fact that I’m naked. But don’t worry, no kinky shit is going to happen.” I grin at him. “I’m trying to win her back.”

Coach’s mouth opens, then closes, then opens again. I can’t tell if he’s amused or pissed or ready to wash his hands of this whole thing. Finally, he nods and opts for option number three. “Carry on.”

Coach shakes his head to himself as he ambles off, and I turn back to Hannah in time to see her trying to sneak away.

“Oh, hell no,” I announce. “No way, Wellsy.” I snatch my towel and wrap it around my waist as I stumble out of the stall. “You’re not running off on me.”

“I came here to yell at you,” she stammers, her gaze dipping to her feet. “And now I’m done yelling at you, so...”

She yelps when my wet hands cup her cheeks to force her to look at me. “Great, you’re done yelling. Now I want you to *talk* to me, and you’re not leaving until you do.”

“I don’t want to talk.”

“Tough cookies.” I search her agonized expression. “Why did you break up with me?”

“I already told you—”

“I know what you told me. I didn’t believe you then and I don’t believe you now.” I set my jaw. “Why did you break up with me?”

A shaky breath leaves her mouth. “Because we were moving too fast.”

“Bullshit. Why did you break up with me?”

“Because I wanted to see other people.”

“Try again. Why did you break up with me?”

When she doesn’t answer, frustration blasts through me, and I react by crashing my mouth down on hers. I kiss her roughly, desperately, the days and weeks of missing her catching up to me and pouring out in the form of deep, hungry kisses that leave us both breathless. She doesn’t pull away. She just kisses me back with the same unchecked passion, her hands clinging to my wet shoulders like she’s lost at sea and I’m her life preserver.

That’s how I know she still loves me. That’s how I know she missed me as much as I missed her. And that’s why I wrench my mouth away and whisper, “Why did you break up with me?”

Her anguished gaze locks with mine. Her bottom lip quivers, and as several seconds tick by, I wonder if she’s going to answer me. I wonder if—

“Because your father told me to.”

The shock almost knocks me off my feet. As my equilibrium turns into a seesaw, I drop my hands to my sides and stare at her, unable to comprehend what I just heard.

I swallow. Then I swallow again. “What?”

“Your father told me to end it,” she admits. “He said that if I didn’t, he’d—”

I hold up my hand to silence her. I’m too stunned to listen. Too enraged to move. I force myself to breathe. Long, calming breaths that help steady my wonky balance and clear my foggy head. Then I exhale in a slow rush and run a hand through my damp hair.

“Here’s what’s going to happen,” I say quietly. “You’re going to wait outside for me while I get dressed, and then you and I are going to—I don’t care where we go. Your dorm, my car, *anywhere*. We’re going to go somewhere, and you’re going to tell me every word that son of a bitch said to you.” I take another breath. “You’re going to tell me *everything*.”

*

Hannah

GARRETT DOESN’T SAY a word as I recount everything that happened between his father and me. We’re in my room because the arena is closer to the dorms than it is to Garrett’s house, and he was in too much of a hurry to have this conversation. But all he’s done so far is loom over me with his arms crossed and his brow furrowed, listening intently as my confession spills out of my mouth like confetti.

I can’t stop talking. I recite his dad’s threats verbatim. I explain why I went along with them. I beg him to understand that I did it because I love him and want him to be successful.

And through it all, Garrett says nothing. He doesn’t even blink.

“Will you please say something?” I mumble when I’ve finished talking and he still hasn’t said a word.

His gray eyes fix on my face. I can’t tell if he’s angry or annoyed, if he’s disappointed or upset. All those emotions would make sense to me.

But the response I get?

Makes no sense at all.

Garrett starts to laugh. Deep, husky rumbles that bring a frown to my lips. His brow relaxes and his arms fall to his sides as he sinks down on the bed beside me, his broad shoulders trembling with mirth.

“You think this is funny?” I demand, genuinely offended. I’ve been a total misery zombie this past month, and he finds it *amusing*?

“No, I think it’s a damn shame,” he says between chuckles.

“What’s a shame?”

“This.” He gestures between us. “You and me. The whole fucking month we missed out on.” He lets out a heavy sigh. “Why didn’t you just *tell me*?”

My throat closes up. “Because I knew what you would say.”

Another chuckle pops out of his mouth. “I highly doubt that, but okay, humor me. What would I have said?”

I don’t understand his weird-ass reaction, and it’s making me uneasy. “You would have told me that you didn’t care if your father cut you off, because you’re not going to let him control you, or *us*.”

Garrett nods. “Yup, you’re on track so far. What else?”

“Then you would have said you care about me more than you care about his stupid money.”

“Yup.”

“And you would have let him cut you off.”

“Right again.”

My stomach lurches. “He said you aren’t eligible for financial aid, and that you wouldn’t be able to get a bank loan.”

Garrett nods again. “Both true.”

“You would have had to clean out your savings account to pay for next term’s tuition, and...and then what? We both know you can’t afford rent and expenses and car payments when you’re not working, so that means you would need to get a job and—”

“I’m gonna stop you there, baby.” The smile he gives me is infinitely tender. “So...let’s back up. I let my father cut me off. Ask me what I would’ve said next.”

I bite the inside of my cheek. A little too hard, so I soothe the sting with my tongue. “What?”

Garrett leans closer and sweeps his fingertips over my cheek. “I would’ve said, *Don’t worry, babe, I’m turning twenty-one in a few weeks, and my grandparents left me a trust fund that I can access on January 2nd.*”

I suck in a shocked breath. “Wait—what?”

He lightly pinches my bottom lip, shaking his head in frustration. “My grandparents left me an inheritance, Hannah. My dad didn’t know about it because my mom signed all the papers behind his back. Gran and Gramps hated the old bastard—they really fucking hated him—and they saw how controlling he was when it came to me and hockey. They were afraid he might try to access the trust and do whatever he wanted with the funds, so they made sure I was taken care of. They left me enough money to pay my father back for everything he’s ever paid for. Enough to pay for the rest of

my education, and all my expenses, and probably enough to sustain me for a few years once I graduate.”

My mind reels. I’m having trouble processing the information. “Really?”

“Really,” he confirms.

As the significance of what he’s just told me sinks in, I experience a flood of pure horror. Sweet baby Jesus. Is he telling me I broke up with him for *no reason*?

Garrett sees my expression and chuckles. “I bet you feel pretty stupid, huh?”

My mouth falls open, but I can’t formulate any words. I can’t believe... I’m so... God, he’s right. I’m so fucking stupid.

“I was trying to do the right thing.” I moan miserably. “I know how important hockey is to you. I didn’t want you to lose that.”

He sighs again. “I know, and trust me, that’s the only reason I’m not pissed off at you right now. I mean, I’m annoyed to shit that you didn’t just talk to me about it, but I understand why you didn’t.” His eyes flash. “That asshole had no right to do that. I swear, I’m going to—” He stops and puffs out a breath. “Actually, I’m going to do absolutely nothing. Not worth my time and energy, remember?”

“Does he know about the trust fund now?”

A triumphant gleam enters his eyes. “Oh, he knows. My grandparents’ executor couriered him a check yesterday. I estimated what I owed him and threw some extra cash on top of it, and he called last night and yelled at me for about twenty minutes before I hung up on him.” Garrett’s tone goes serious. “Oh, and there’s something else you should know—Cindy dumped his ass.”

Shock and relief war inside me. “Really?”

“Yup. Apparently she packed her bags a week after Thanksgiving and never looked back. That was another reason he was so pissed off on the phone. He thinks we said something to make her leave.” Garrett’s cheeks hollow in anger. “Son of a bitch still can’t take responsibility for anything he does. He can’t fathom how it might be *his* fault that she left.”

My head continues to spin. I’m happy Cindy extricated herself from that abusive relationship, but I’m not happy about the month Garrett and I were

apart. I'm not happy that I allowed Phil Graham to scare me into giving up the guy I love.

"I'm sorry," I say softly. "I'm so sorry, Garrett. For everything."

He reaches for my hand. "Yeah, me too."

"Don't you dare apologize. You have nothing to be sorry about. *I'm* the one who tried to be all heroic and broke up with you for your own good." I groan. "God, I can't even be selfless without screwing it up."

He snickers. "It's okay. At least you're hot. And don't get me started on your stripper tits."

I squeak when he suddenly cups my breasts over my sweater and gives them a hearty squeeze.

He makes a contented little noise as he rubs his palms over my quickly hardening nipples. "Oh, I've missed these. You don't know how fucking much."

A laugh flies out. "Seriously? You're going straight to second base when we haven't even officially gotten back together?"

His lips latch onto my neck, and his tongue darts out for a teasing lick. "As far as I'm concerned, we were never broken up." Then he nibbles on my earlobe, eliciting a flurry of shivers. "So the way I see it, we could hug and kiss and cry, which will take about, what, twenty minutes? And then twenty more minutes where I forgive you and you vow your undying love to me. Maybe ten minutes of you giving me head to make up for all the time we've lost—"

I punch him in the arm.

"But what's the point of wasting more time when we can get right to the good part?"

My lips quiver in amusement. "And what exactly is the good part?"

Before I can blink, I'm on my back with the deliciously heavy weight of Garrett's body on top of me. He flashes his trademark grin, that sexy crooked smile that never fails to make my heart pound, and then his mouth covers mine in a hungry kiss.

"*This*—" He sucks on my lower lip and rotates his hips seductively "—is the good part."

I wrap my arms around him and hold him tight against me, and it's so familiar, so wonderfully perfect, that the love in my heart overflows and stings my eyes. "I love you, Garrett," I choke out.

His husky voice tickles my lips. "I love you, Hannah."
Then he kisses me, and everything in my world is right again.

45

Hannah

March

“**W**HY IS YOUR ex-crush in my living room?” Garrett drops the whispered accusation in my ear as he comes up beside me.

My gaze shifts to Justin, who is on the couch playing a complicated-looking shooting video game with Tucker. Then I turn back to Garrett, who looks more amused than pissed. “Because he’s my friend, and I invited him. Deal with it.”

“You don’t think it’s kind of a dick move to invite him? I mean, the football team did shit all this season, and now he has to come celebrate with the hockey crowd for making it to the semi-finals? *And* he has to be around the perfect specimen of manhood who stole you away?” Garrett’s gray eyes twinkle. “You’re a terrible person.”

“Oh, shut it. He’s happy that you guys are going to the Frozen Four.” I bring my lips close to his ear. “And don’t tell *anyone* this or I’ll kill you, but he’s been hooking up with Stella this past month.”

“For real?” Garrett’s jaw drops as he glances across the room, where Stella, Dex and Allie are in the middle of an animated conversation with Logan and Simms. It’s still kind of bizarre seeing my friends interacting with Garrett’s friends, but we’ve all hung out dozens of times over the past three months, so I’m starting to get used to it.

From his spot next to Dex, Logan senses me watching them and lifts his head, and...well, *that’s* something I *haven’t* gotten used to. The look he gives me burns with unmistakable longing, and it’s not the first time he’s looked at me like that. When I brought it up to Garrett—just once, in the most awkward conversation ever—he simply sighed and said, “He’ll get over it.” No anger on Garrett’s part, no resentment, just that one measly sentence, which hasn’t done much to soothe my worries.

I don't like the idea that Garrett's best friend might have feelings for me, but Logan hasn't tried to make a move on me, and he sure as hell hasn't talked to me about it, so that's a relief, I guess. But I really do hope he gets over whatever he's feeling, because as much as I like the guy, I'm totally and unequivocally in love with his best friend, and that's never going to change.

This semester has been a busy one for us. I'm yet again rehearsing, this time for the spring showcase, and this time it *is* a duet—with Dexter, and the two of us are having a blast working together. Garrett and the team have been killing it in the post season. The championship is next week, and the venue for it just happens to be the Wells Fargo Center, home of the Philadelphia Flyers, which means that, yep, I'm going to be watching the final game live, and staying at Aunt Nicole's for the three days the team is in Philly.

There's no doubt in my mind that the team will crush it. Garrett and the guys have worked hard this season, and if they don't win this final game, I'll eat my hat. Either that, or give my man lots and lots of consolation sex. *Such* a chore.

"Look what the cat dragged in," Garrett says suddenly, and I turn around to see Birdie and Natalie appear in the doorway where Garrett and I are lurking.

Their faces are flushed and their expressions are secretive, leaving no doubt as to why they're late for the party. I give Nat a hug of greeting, then smile at Birdie, who responds to Garrett's taunt with a defensive look.

"Hey, I already told you I'm against this party. It's bad luck to celebrate before you've even won."

"Naah, we've got this in the bag, man." Garrett grins and leans in to smack a kiss on my cheek. "Besides, I've already won the most important prize of all."

I'm pretty sure my cheeks turn into a pair of tomatoes.

Natalie groans good-naturedly, but Birdie, to my surprise, just nods in approval.

"See," Garrett informs us as he slings an arm around my shoulder, "I'm allowed to say stuff like that to Birdie because I know he won't make fun of me."

"Well, he should," I grumble, "because that line was cheesy as hell."

“Oh, shut it,” he mimics. “You like it when I’m romantic.”

Yep. I really do.

Birdie and Nat wander off to say hi to everyone, but Garrett and I stay in our little corner. He tugs me toward him and kisses me, and even though I’m anti-PDA, it’s impossible to think about social etiquette when Garrett Graham is kissing me.

His lips are warm and firm, his tongue hot and wet as he slides it into my mouth for a fleeting taste. I part my lips eagerly, wanting more, but he chuckles and tweaks a strand of my hair.

“Stop being inappropriate, Hannah. We’re in *public*.”

“Ha. Like I can’t see your boner.”

His gaze drops to his crotch, and he sighs when he notices the bulge straining against his jeans. “For fuck’s sake, Wellsy, you get me hard without me even noticing.” He frowns. “Damn it, now I’m gonna have to leave my own party so we can go upstairs and take care of this. Thanks a lot.”

I snort. “Dream on. There’s no way I’m doing the walk of shame afterward in front of all our friends.”

His face collapses. “You’re ashamed of me?”

“Don’t give me that little boy trickery.” I poke him in the chest. “It doesn’t work on me anymore.”

“Little boy?” he echoes. A wicked smile curves his mouth as he angles his body so that he’s facing away from the room. Then he takes my hand and plants it directly over his hard-on. “Does this feel little or boyish to you?”

Shivers fly up my spine. Oh no. Now *I’m* turned on.

As my heart pounds and my body tingles, I let out an annoyed groan and grab his hand. “Fine. Let’s go upstairs.”

“Nope. I changed my mind about that. We’re going to stay down here and enjoy the party.”

I drop his hand like a hot potato and scowl deeply. “You’re such a vagina-tease.”

Garrett laughs. “Yeah, but you still love me.”

Tiny butterflies of happiness take flight in my stomach and dance around my heart. I take his hand again and lace our fingers together. “Yeah,” I murmur with a smile. “I still love you.”

Epilogue

Garrett

MY FATHER WAITS outside the arena when the team bursts out the back doors. Dean had somehow gotten his hands on an old-school boom box, and he has it propped up on his shoulder as Queen's "We Are the Champions" blasts out of the speakers. There's nobody around to hear the victory song but us, and the family and friends who made it out to Philly to watch us play. Applause breaks out as we stroll up like the champions we are, and several of my bonehead teammates take exaggerated bows before heading over to say hello to the people who came out to see us.

I fucking did it. I mean, it was a team effort—no, a team *domination*, because for the first time in years, the Frozen Four championship game was a shutout. Simms didn't let our opponents score. Not even once. And it seems fitting that the three lamplighters on our side came from me, Tuck, and Birdie, respectively.

I'm proud of my team. I'm proud of *myself* for leading us here. It's the perfect end to the perfect season, and it gets a little more perfect when Hannah rushes over and hurls herself into my arms.

"Oh my God! That was the best game *ever!*" she declares before kissing me so hard my lips feel bruised.

I grin at her enthusiasm. "Did you like the little gun-finger I flashed you after that goal? All for you, baby."

She grins back. "Sorry to burst your bubble, but you were actually pointing at the old guy a few seats over. He totally freaked out and started shouting to everyone that you scored that goal for him, and then I heard him ask his wife if maybe you knew that he was just diagnosed with diabetes, so I didn't have the heart to tell him who the goal was really for."

I break down in laughter. "Why is nothing ever simple with us?"

"Hey," she protests. "We're more interesting this way."

I can't argue with that.

From the corner of my eye, I see my father lurking near the bus, but I don't make eye contact with him. In fact, I notice that *nobody* is looking at him. Not me, not Hannah, not any of my teammates. A few months ago, I told the guys the truth about my dad, because the conversation I had with Hannah about life not being fair and my father still being revered had stuck with me. So after the New Year, when one of our sophomore D-men asked me if I could get him a Phil Graham autograph, I could no longer hold it in. I sat the boys down—even Coach was there—and told them everything.

Needless to say, it was damn uncomfortable and pretty fucking intense, but when all was said and done, my teammates proved to me that I'm not just their captain, but their brother. And now, as we all head for the bus, not a single pair of eyes travels in my superstar father's direction.

"I'll see you back at campus?" I say to Hannah.

She nods. "Yep. Uncle Mark is driving me back now, so I should be there around the same time you guys get in."

"Call me when you're home. Love you, babe."

"Love you, too."

I plant one last kiss on her lips, then climb onto the bus and settle in my usual seat next to Logan. As the door shuts and the driver pulls away, I don't glance out the window to look at the tall, surly man who's still standing in the parking lot.

I don't look back these days.

I only look forward.

Other Titles by Elle Kennedy

If you enjoyed *The Deal*, then get ready for [The Mistake](#)! Book #2 in the Off-Campus series will release in spring 2015, so make sure to sign up for my [newsletter](#) to receive news and excerpts about this release.

*

If you're interested in my erotic romance and/or romantic suspense titles, check out these bestselling series:

[Out of Uniform](#)

[Killer Instincts](#)

[After Hours](#)

[DreamMakers \(with Vivian Arend\)](#)

More titles also available on my [website](#).

Author's Note

I loved every second of writing this book, but just like with every project I undertake, I couldn't have done it without the help of some pretty amazing people:

Jane Litte, for beta reading this secret, just-for-fun project, convincing me to share it with other readers, and then holding my hand during my very first self-publishing endeavor.

Vivian Arend, for stepping out of her comfort zone and reading a New Adult book! And for just being plain awesome.

Kristen Callihan, for her invaluable advice and endless cheerleading for this project.

Gwen Hayes, the sweetest, smartest and funniest editor I've ever worked with.

Sharon Muha, for her eagle eyes (and for not complaining every time I send her a gazillion page manuscript and ask for a proofreading rush job).

Sarah Hansen (Okay Creations) for the beautiful cover!

Nina Bocci, my publicist AKA lifesaver, for loving this book as much as I do and making sure everybody heard about it!

And to everyone who read/loved/reviewed/talked about the book—you guys rock. You rock hard.

About the Author

A USA Today bestselling author, Elle Kennedy grew up in the suburbs of Toronto, Ontario, and holds a BA in English from York University. From an early age, she knew she wanted to be a writer and actively began pursuing that dream when she was a teenager. She loves strong heroines and sexy alpha heroes, and just enough heat and danger to keep things interesting!

Elle loves to hear from her readers. Visit her website www.ellekennedy.com or sign up for her [newsletter](#) to receive updates about upcoming books and exclusive excerpts. You can also find her on [Facebook](#) or follow her on [Twitter](#) (@ElleKennedy).

Copyright

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

The Deal: An Off-Campus Novel

Copyright © 2015 by Elle Kennedy

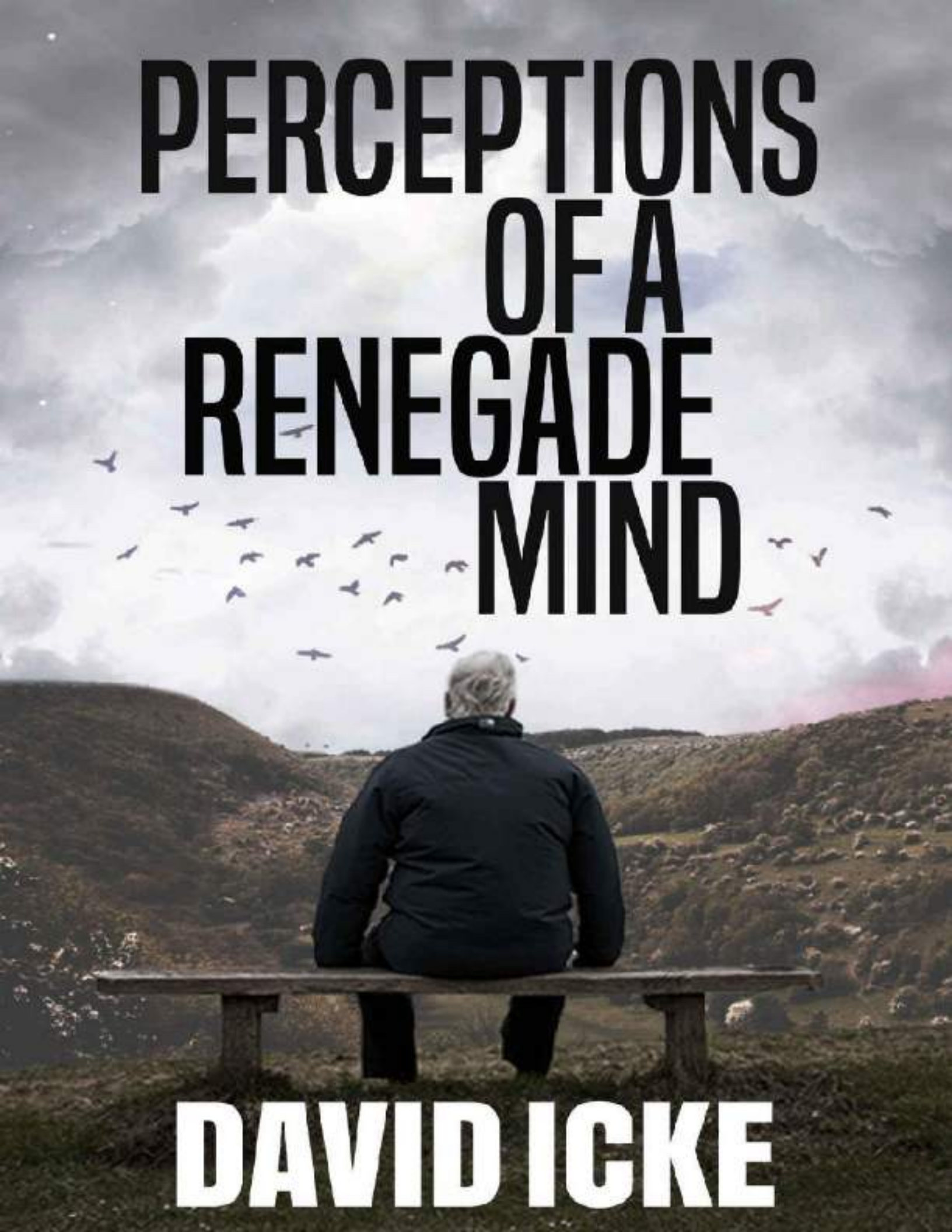
Kobo Edition

Edited by Gwen Hayes

Proofed by Sharon Muha

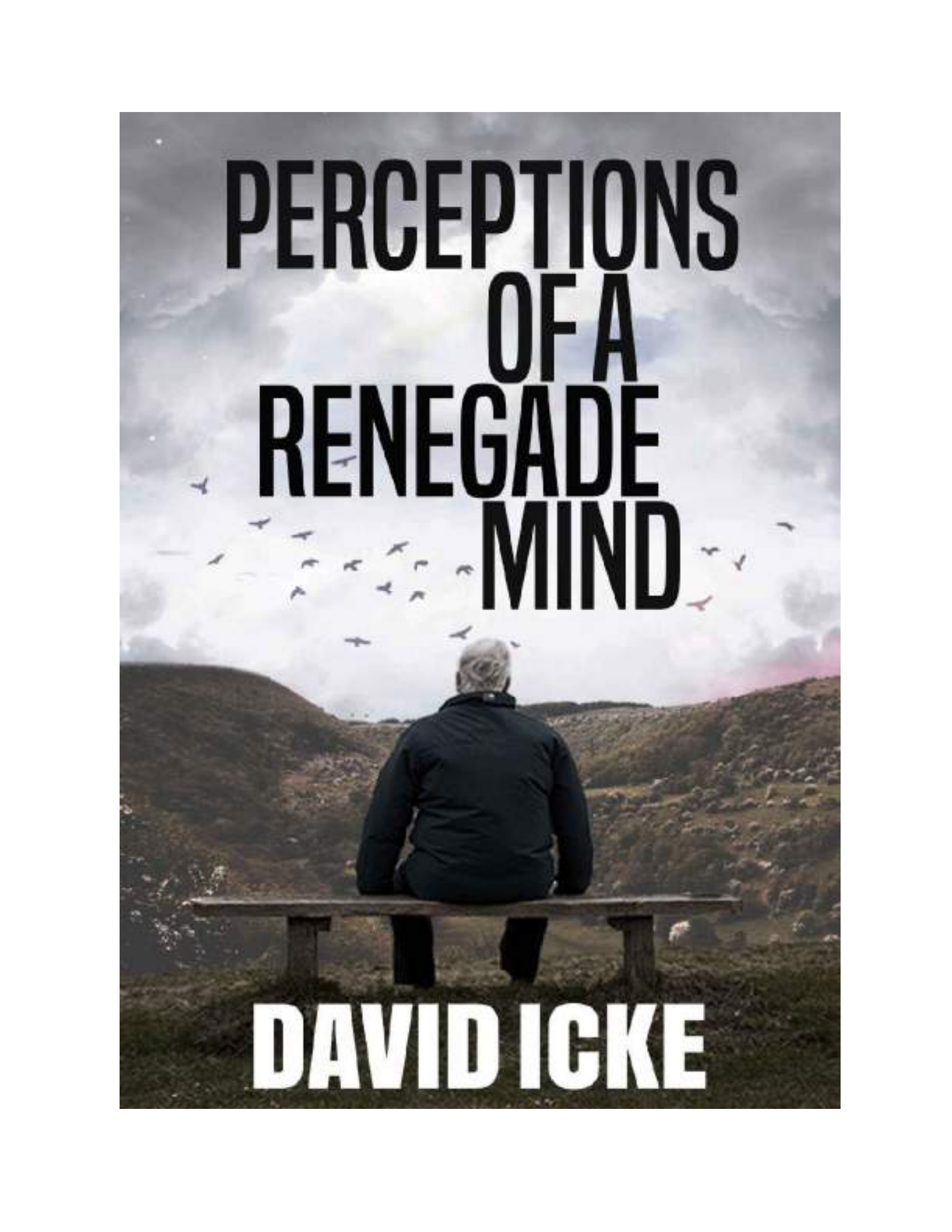
Cover Art © Sarah Hansen, Okay Creations

All rights reserved. No part of this book may reproduced, scanned or distributed in any manner whatsoever without written permission from the author except in the case of brief quotations embodied in articles or reviews.

A person with short grey hair, wearing a dark jacket, is seen from behind, sitting on a wooden bench. They are looking out over a vast, open landscape of rolling hills under a cloudy sky. Numerous birds are flying in the sky, scattered across the upper half of the image. The overall mood is contemplative and serene.

PERCEPTIONS OF A RENEGADE MIND

DAVID ICKE



**PERCEPTIONS
OF A
RENEGADE
MIND**

DAVID ICKE

PERCEPTIONS
OF A
RENEGADE
MIND



ickonic
publishing

First published in July 2021.

ickonic
publishing

**New Enterprise House
St Helens Street
Derby
DE1 3GY
UK**

email: gareth.icke@davidicke.com

Copyright © 2021 David Icke

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form without permission from the
Publisher, except for the quotation of brief passages in criticism

Cover Design: Gareth Icke
Book Design: Neil Hague

**British Library Cataloguing-in
Publication Data**
A catalogue record for this book is
available from the British Library

eISBN 978-18384153-1-0

**PERCEPTIONS
OF A
RENEGADE
MIND**

A flock of small, dark birds is scattered around the bottom half of the title text, appearing to fly in various directions.

DAVID ICKE

Dedication:

To Freeeeedom!

ICKONIC



THE ALTERNATIVE

NEW. DIFFERENT. REVOLUTIONARY

**HUNDREDS OF CUTTING EDGE DOCUMENTARIES,
FEATURE FILMS, SERIES & PODCASTS.**

SIGN UP NOW AT ICKONIC.COM

THE LIFE STORY OF DAVID ICKE
RENEGADE
THE FEATURE LENGTH FILM



AVAILABLE NOW AT DAVIDICKE.COM

Renegade:

Adjective

'Having rejected tradition: Unconventional.'

Merriam-Webster Dictionary

Acquiescence to tyranny is the death of the spirit

You may be 38 years old, as I happen to be. And one day, some great opportunity stands before you and calls you to stand up for some great principle, some great issue, some great cause. And you refuse to do it because you are afraid ... You refuse to do it because you want to live longer ... You're afraid that you will lose your job, or you are afraid that you will be criticised or that you will lose your popularity, or you're afraid that somebody will stab you, or shoot at you or bomb your house; so you refuse to take the stand.

Well, you may go on and live until you are 90, but you're just as dead at 38 as you would be at 90. And the cessation of breathing in your life is but the belated announcement of an earlier death of the spirit.

Martin Luther King

**How the few control the many and always have – the many do
whatever they're told**

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Someone had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred

Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809-1892)

The mist is lifting slowly
I can see the way ahead
And I've left behind the empty streets
That once inspired my life
And the strength of the emotion
Is like thunder in the air
'Cos the promise that we made each other
Haunts me to the end

The secret of your beauty
And the mystery of your soul
I've been searching for in everyone I meet
And the times I've been mistaken
It's impossible to say
And the grass is growing
Underneath our feet

The words that I remember
From my childhood still are true
That there's none so blind
As those who will not see
And to those who lack the courage
And say it's dangerous to try
Well they just don't know
That love eternal will not be denied

I know you're out there somewhere
Somewhere, somewhere
I know you're out there somewhere

Somewhere you can hear my voice
I know I'll find you somehow
Somehow, somehow
I know I'll find you somehow
And somehow I'll return again to you

The Moody Blues

Are you a gutless wonder - or a Renegade Mind?

Monuments put from pen to paper,
Turns me into a gutless wonder,
And if you tolerate this,
Then your children will be next.
Gravity keeps my head down,
Or is it maybe shame ...

Manic Street Preachers

Rise like lions after slumber
In unvanquishable number.
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep have fallen on you.
Ye are many – they are few.

Percy Shelley

Contents

CHAPTER 1	'I'm thinking' – Oh, but <i>are</i> you?
CHAPTER 2	Renegade perception
CHAPTER 3	The Pushbacker sting
CHAPTER 4	'Covid': The calculated catastrophe
CHAPTER 5	There <i>is no</i> 'virus'
CHAPTER 6	Sequence of deceit
CHAPTER 7	War on your mind
CHAPTER 8	'Reframing' insanity
CHAPTER 9	We must have it? So what is it?
CHAPTER 10	Human 2.0
CHAPTER 11	Who controls the Cult?
CHAPTER 12	Escaping Wetiko
POSTSCRIPT	
APPENDIX	Cowan-Kaufman-Morell Statement on Virus Isolation
BIBLIOGRAPHY	
INDEX	

CHAPTER ONE

I'm thinking' – Oh, but *are* you?

Think for yourself and let others enjoy the privilege of doing so too
Voltaire

French-born philosopher, mathematician and scientist René Descartes became famous for his statement in Latin in the 17th century which translates into English as: 'I think, therefore I am.'

On the face of it that is true. Thought reflects perception and perception leads to both behaviour and self-identity. In that sense 'we' are what we think. But who or what is doing the thinking and is thinking the only route to perception? Clearly, as we shall see, 'we' are not always the source of 'our' perception, indeed with regard to humanity as a whole this is rarely the case; and thinking is far from the only means of perception. Thought is the village idiot compared with other expressions of consciousness that we all have the potential to access and tap into. This has to be true when we *are* those other expressions of consciousness which are infinite in nature. We have forgotten this, or, more to the point, been manipulated to forget.

These are not just the esoteric musings of the navel. The whole foundation of human control and oppression is control of perception. Once perception is hijacked then so is behaviour which is dictated by perception. Collective perception becomes collective behaviour and collective behaviour is what we call human society. Perception is all and those behind human control know that which is

why perception is the target 24/7 of the psychopathic manipulators that I call the Global Cult. They know that if they dictate perception they will dictate behaviour and collectively dictate the nature of human society. They are further aware that perception is formed from information received and if they control the circulation of information they will to a vast extent direct human behaviour. Censorship of information and opinion has become globally Nazi-like in recent years and never more blatantly than since the illusory 'virus pandemic' was triggered out of China in 2019 and across the world in 2020. Why have billions submitted to house arrest and accepted fascistic societies in a way they would have never believed possible? Those controlling the information spewing from government, mainstream media and Silicon Valley (all controlled by the same Global Cult networks) told them they were in danger from a 'deadly virus' and only by submitting to house arrest and conceding their most basic of freedoms could they and their families be protected. This monumental and provable lie became the *perception* of the billions and therefore the *behaviour* of the billions. In those few words you have the whole structure and modus operandi of human control. Fear is a perception – False Emotion Appearing Real – and fear is the currency of control. In short ... get them by the balls (or give them the impression that you have) and their hearts and minds will follow. Nothing grips the dangly bits and freezes the rear-end more comprehensively than fear.

World number 1

There are two 'worlds' in what appears to be one 'world' and the prime difference between them is knowledge. First we have the mass of human society in which the population is maintained in coldly-calculated ignorance through control of information and the 'education' (indoctrination) system. That's all you really need to control to enslave billions in a perceptual delusion in which what are perceived to be *their* thoughts and opinions are ever-repeated mantras that the system has been downloading all their lives through 'education', media, science, medicine, politics and academia

in which the personnel and advocates are themselves overwhelmingly the perceptual products of the same repetition. Teachers and academics in general are processed by the same programming machine as everyone else, but unlike the great majority they never leave the 'education' program. It gripped them as students and continues to grip them as programmers of subsequent generations of students. The programmed become the programmers – the programmed programmers. The same can largely be said for scientists, doctors and politicians and not least because as the American writer Upton Sinclair said: 'It is difficult to get a man to understand something when his salary depends upon his not understanding it.' If your career and income depend on thinking the way the system demands then you will – bar a few free-minded exceptions – concede your mind to the Perceptual Mainframe that I call the Postage Stamp Consensus. This is a tiny band of perceived knowledge and possibility 'taught' (downloaded) in the schools and universities, pounded out by the mainstream media and on which all government policy is founded. Try thinking, and especially speaking and acting, outside of the 'box' of consensus and see what that does for your career in the Mainstream Everything which bullies, harasses, intimidates and ridicules the population into compliance. Here we have the simple structure which enslaves most of humanity in a perceptual prison cell for an entire lifetime and I'll go deeper into this process shortly. Most of what humanity is taught as fact is nothing more than programmed belief. American science fiction author Frank Herbert was right when he said: 'Belief can be manipulated. Only knowledge is dangerous.' In the 'Covid' age belief is promoted and knowledge is censored. It was always so, but never to the extreme of today.

World number 2

A 'number 2' is slang for 'doing a poo' and how appropriate that is when this other 'world' is doing just that on humanity every minute of every day. World number 2 is a global network of secret societies and semi-secret groups dictating the direction of society via

governments, corporations and authorities of every kind. I have spent more than 30 years uncovering and exposing this network that I call the Global Cult and knowing its agenda is what has made my books so accurate in predicting current and past events. Secret societies are secret for a reason. They want to keep their hoarded knowledge to themselves and their chosen initiates and to hide it from the population which they seek through ignorance to control and subdue. The whole foundation of the division between World 1 and World 2 is *knowledge*. What number 1 knows number 2 must not. Knowledge they have worked so hard to keep secret includes (a) the agenda to enslave humanity in a centrally-controlled global dictatorship, and (b) the nature of reality and life itself. The latter (b) must be suppressed to allow the former (a) to prevail as I shall be explaining. The way the Cult manipulates and interacts with the population can be likened to a spider's web. The 'spider' sits at the centre in the shadows and imposes its will through the web with each strand represented in World number 2 by a secret society, satanic or semi-secret group, and in World number 1 – the world of the seen – by governments, agencies of government, law enforcement, corporations, the banking system, media conglomerates and Silicon Valley (Fig 1 overleaf). The spider and the web connect and coordinate all these organisations to pursue the same global outcome while the population sees them as individual entities working randomly and independently. At the level of the web governments *are* the banking system *are* the corporations *are* the media *are* Silicon Valley *are* the World Health Organization working from their inner cores as one unit. Apparently unconnected countries, corporations, institutions, organisations and people are on the *same team* pursuing the same global outcome. Strands in the web immediately around the spider are the most secretive and exclusive secret societies and their membership is emphatically restricted to the Cult inner-circle emerging through the generations from particular bloodlines for reasons I will come to. At the core of the core you would get them in a single room. That's how many people are dictating the direction of human society and its transformation

through the 'Covid' hoax and other means. As the web expands out from the spider we meet the secret societies that many people will be aware of – the Freemasons, Knights Templar, Knights of Malta, Opus Dei, the inner sanctum of the Jesuit Order, and such like. Note how many are connected to the Church of Rome and there is a reason for that. The Roman Church was established as a revamp, a rebranding, of the relocated 'Church' of Babylon and the Cult imposing global tyranny today can be tracked back to Babylon and Sumer in what is now Iraq.



Figure 1: The global web through which the few control the many. (Image Neil Hague.)

Inner levels of the web operate in the unseen away from the public eye and then we have what I call the cusp organisations located at the point where the hidden meets the seen. They include a series of satellite organisations answering to a secret society founded in London in the late 19th century called the Round Table and among them are the Royal Institute of International Affairs (UK, founded in 1920); Council on Foreign Relations (US, 1921); Bilderberg Group (worldwide, 1954); Trilateral Commission (US/worldwide, 1972); and the Club of Rome (worldwide, 1968) which was created to exploit environmental concerns to justify the centralisation of global power to 'save the planet'. The Club of Rome instigated with others the human-caused climate change hoax which has led to all the 'green

new deals' demanding that very centralisation of control. Cusp organisations, which include endless 'think tanks' all over the world, are designed to coordinate a single global policy between political and business leaders, intelligence personnel, media organisations and anyone who can influence the direction of policy in their own sphere of operation. Major players and regular attenders will know what is happening – or some of it – while others come and go and are kept overwhelmingly in the dark about the big picture. I refer to these cusp groupings as semi-secret in that they can be publicly identified, but what goes on at the inner-core is kept very much 'in house' even from most of their members and participants through a fiercely-imposed system of compartmentalisation. Only let them know what they need to know to serve your interests and no more. The structure of secret societies serves as a perfect example of this principle. Most Freemasons never get higher than the bottom three levels of 'degree' (degree of knowledge) when there are 33 official degrees of the Scottish Rite. Initiates only qualify for the next higher 'compartment' or degree if those at that level choose to allow them. Knowledge can be carefully assigned only to those considered 'safe'. I went to my local Freemason's lodge a few years ago when they were having an 'open day' to show how cuddly they were and when I chatted to some of them I was astonished at how little the rank and file knew even about the most ubiquitous symbols they use. The mushroom technique – keep them in the dark and feed them bullshit – applies to most people in the web as well as the population as a whole. Sub-divisions of the web mirror in theme and structure transnational corporations which have a headquarters somewhere in the world dictating to all their subsidiaries in different countries. Subsidiaries operate in their methodology and branding to the same centrally-dictated plan and policy in pursuit of particular ends. The Cult web functions in the same way. Each country has its own web as a subsidiary of the global one. They consist of networks of secret societies, semi-secret groups and bloodline families and their job is to impose the will of the spider and the global web in their particular country. Subsidiary networks control and manipulate the national political system, finance, corporations, media, medicine, etc. to

ensure that they follow the globally-dictated Cult agenda. These networks were the means through which the 'Covid' hoax could be played out with almost every country responding in the same way.

The 'Yessir' pyramid

Compartmentalisation is the key to understanding how a tiny few can dictate the lives of billions when combined with a top-down sequence of imposition and acquiescence. The inner core of the Cult sits at the peak of the pyramidal hierarchy of human society (Fig 2 overleaf). It imposes its will – its agenda for the world – on the level immediately below which acquiesces to that imposition. This level then imposes the Cult will on the level below them which acquiesces and imposes on the next level. Very quickly we meet levels in the hierarchy that have no idea there even is a Cult, but the sequence of imposition and acquiescence continues down the pyramid in just the same way. 'I don't know why we are doing this but the order came from "on-high" and so we better just do it.' Alfred Lord Tennyson said of the cannon fodder levels in his poem *The Charge of the Light Brigade*: 'Theirs not to reason why; theirs but to do and die.' The next line says that 'into the valley of death rode the six hundred' and they died because they obeyed without question what their perceived 'superiors' told them to do. In the same way the population capitulated to 'Covid'. The whole hierarchical pyramid functions like this to allow the very few to direct the enormous many.

Eventually imposition-acquiescence-imposition-acquiescence comes down to the mass of the population at the foot of the pyramid. If they acquiesce to those levels of the hierarchy imposing on them (governments/law enforcement/doctors/media) a circuit is completed between the population and the handful of super-psychopaths in the Cult inner core at the top of the pyramid. Without a circuit-breaking refusal to obey, the sequence of imposition and acquiescence allows a staggeringly few people to impose their will upon the entirety of humankind. We are looking at the very sequence that has subjugated billions since the start of 2020. Our freedom has not been taken from us. Humanity has given it

away. Fascists do not impose fascism because there are not enough of them. Fascism is imposed by the population acquiescing to fascism. Put another way allowing their perceptions to be programmed to the extent that leads to the population giving their freedom away by giving their perceptions – their mind – away. If this circuit is not broken by humanity ceasing to cooperate with their own enslavement then nothing can change. For that to happen people have to critically think and see through the lies and window dressing and then summon the backbone to act upon what they see. The Cult spends its days working to stop either happening and its methodology is systematic and highly detailed, but it can be overcome and that is what this book is all about.

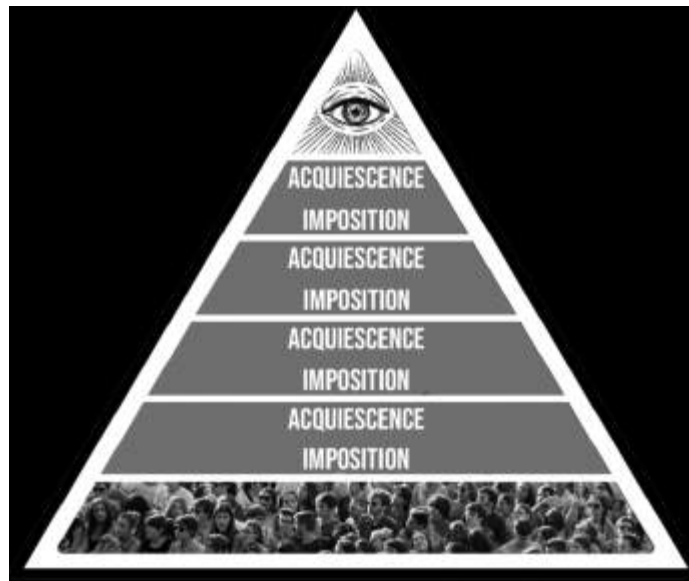


Figure 2: The simple sequence of imposition and compliance that allows a handful of people at the peak of the pyramid to dictate the lives of billions.

The Life Program

Okay, back to world number 1 or the world of the ‘masses’. Observe the process of what we call ‘life’ and it is a perceptual download from cradle to grave. The Cult has created a global structure in which perception can be programmed and the program continually topped-up with what appears to be constant confirmation that the program is indeed true reality. The important word here is ‘appears’.

This is the structure, the fly-trap, the Postage Stamp Consensus or Perceptual Mainframe, which represents that incredibly narrow band of perceived possibility delivered by the 'education' system, mainstream media, science and medicine. From the earliest age the download begins with parents who have themselves succumbed to the very programming their children are about to go through. Most parents don't do this out of malevolence and mostly it is quite the opposite. They do what they believe is best for their children and that is what the program has told them is best. Within three or four years comes the major transition from parental programming to full-blown state (Cult) programming in school, college and university where perceptually-programmed teachers and academics pass on their programming to the next generations. Teachers who resist are soon marginalised and their careers ended while children who resist are called a problem child for whom Ritalin may need to be prescribed. A few years after entering the 'world' children are under the control of authority figures representing the state telling them when they have to be there, when they can leave and when they can speak, eat, even go to the toilet. This is calculated preparation for a lifetime of obeying authority in all its forms. Reflex-action fear of authority is instilled by authority from the start. Children soon learn the carrot and stick consequences of obeying or defying authority which is underpinned daily for the rest of their life. Fortunately I daydreamed through this crap and never obeyed authority simply because it told me to. This approach to my alleged 'betters' continues to this day. There can be consequences of pursuing open-minded freedom in a world of closed-minded conformity. I spent a lot of time in school corridors after being ejected from the classroom for not taking some of it seriously and now I spend a lot of time being ejected from Facebook, YouTube and Twitter. But I can tell you that being true to yourself and not compromising your self-respect is far more exhilarating than bowing to authority for authority's sake. You don't have to be a sheep to the shepherd (authority) and the sheep dog (fear of not obeying authority).

The perceptual download continues throughout the formative years in school, college and university while script-reading 'teachers', 'academics' 'scientists', 'doctors' and 'journalists' insist that ongoing generations must be as programmed as they are. Accept the program or you will not pass your 'exams' which confirm your 'degree' of programming. It is tragic to think that many parents pressure their offspring to work hard at school to download the program and qualify for the next stage at college and university. The late, great, American comedian George Carlin said: 'Here's a bumper sticker I'd like to see: We are proud parents of a child who has resisted his teachers' attempts to break his spirit and bend him to the will of his corporate masters.' Well, the best of luck finding many of those, George. Then comes the moment to leave the formal programming years in academia and enter the 'adult' world of work. There you meet others in your chosen or prescribed arena who went through the same Postage Stamp Consensus program before you did. There is therefore overwhelming agreement between almost everyone on the basic foundations of Postage Stamp reality and the rejection, even contempt, of the few who have a mind of their own and are prepared to use it. This has two major effects. Firstly, the consensus confirms to the programmed that their download is really how things are. I mean, everyone knows that, right? Secondly, the arrogance and ignorance of Postage Stamp adherents ensure that anyone questioning the program will have unpleasant consequences for seeking their own truth and not picking their perceptions from the shelf marked: 'Things you must believe without question and if you don't you're a dangerous lunatic conspiracy theorist and a harebrained nutter'.

Every government, agency and corporation is founded on the same Postage Stamp prison cell and you can see why so many people believe the same thing while calling it their own 'opinion'. Fusion of governments and corporations in pursuit of the same agenda was the definition of fascism described by Italian dictator Benito Mussolini. The pressure to conform to perceptual norms downloaded for a lifetime is incessant and infiltrates society right

down to family groups that become censors and condemners of their own 'black sheep' for not, ironically, being sheep. We have seen an explosion of that in the 'Covid' era. Cult-owned global media unleashes its propaganda all day every day in support of the Postage Stamp and targets with abuse and ridicule anyone in the public eye who won't bend their mind to the will of the tyranny. Any response to this is denied (certainly in my case). They don't want to give a platform to expose official lies. Cult-owned-and-created Internet giants like Facebook, Google, YouTube and Twitter delete you for having an unapproved opinion. Facebook boasts that its AI censors delete 97-percent of 'hate speech' before anyone even reports it. Much of that 'hate speech' will simply be an opinion that Facebook and its masters don't want people to see. Such perceptual oppression is widely known as fascism. Even Facebook executive Benny Thomas, a 'CEO Global Planning Lead', said in comments secretly recorded by investigative journalism operation Project Veritas that Facebook is 'too powerful' and should be broken up:

I mean, no king in history has been the ruler of two billion people, but Mark Zuckerberg is ... And he's 36. That's too much for a 36-year-old ... You should not have power over two billion people. I just think that's wrong.

Thomas said Facebook-owned platforms like Instagram, Oculus, and WhatsApp needed to be separate companies. 'It's too much power when they're all one together'. That's the way the Cult likes it, however. We have an executive of a Cult organisation in Benny Thomas that doesn't know there is a Cult such is the compartmentalisation. Thomas said that Facebook and Google 'are no longer companies, they're countries'. Actually they are more powerful than countries on the basis that if you control information you control perception and control human society.

I love my oppressor

Another expression of this psychological trickery is for those who realise they are being pressured into compliance to eventually

convince themselves to believe the official narratives to protect their self-respect from accepting the truth that they have succumbed to meek and subservient compliance. Such people become some of the most vehement defenders of the system. You can see them everywhere screaming abuse at those who prefer to think for themselves and by doing so reminding the compliers of their own capitulation to conformity. 'You are talking dangerous nonsense you Covidiot!!' Are you trying to convince me or yourself? It is a potent form of Stockholm syndrome which is defined as: 'A psychological condition that occurs when a victim of abuse identifies and attaches, or bonds, positively with their abuser.' An example is hostages bonding and even 'falling in love' with their kidnappers. The syndrome has been observed in domestic violence, abused children, concentration camp inmates, prisoners of war and many and various Satanic cults. These are some traits of Stockholm syndrome listed at goodtherapy.org:

- Positive regard towards perpetrators of abuse or captor [see 'Covid'].
- Failure to cooperate with police and other government authorities when it comes to holding perpetrators of abuse or kidnapping accountable [or in the case of 'Covid' cooperating with the police to enforce and defend their captors' demands].
- Little or no effort to escape [see 'Covid'].
- Belief in the goodness of the perpetrators or kidnappers [see 'Covid'].
- Appeasement of captors. This is a manipulative strategy for maintaining one's safety. As victims get rewarded – perhaps with less abuse or even with life itself – their appeasing behaviours are reinforced [see 'Covid'].
- Learned helplessness. This can be akin to 'if you can't beat 'em, join 'em'. As the victims fail to escape the abuse or captivity, they may start giving up and soon realize it's just easier for everyone if they acquiesce all their power to their captors [see 'Covid'].

- Feelings of pity toward the abusers, believing they are actually victims themselves. Because of this, victims may go on a crusade or mission to 'save' [protect] their abuser [see the venom unleashed on those challenging the official 'Covid' narrative].
- Unwillingness to learn to detach from their perpetrators and heal. In essence, victims may tend to be less loyal to themselves than to their abuser [*definitely* see 'Covid'].

Ponder on those traits and compare them with the behaviour of great swathes of the global population who have defended governments and authorities which have spent every minute destroying their lives and livelihoods and those of their children and grandchildren since early 2020 with fascistic lockdowns, house arrest and employment deletion to 'protect' them from a 'deadly virus' that their abusers' perceptually created to bring about this very outcome. We are looking at mass Stockholm syndrome. All those that agree to concede their freedom will believe those perceptions are originating in their own independent 'mind' when in fact by conceding their reality to Stockholm syndrome they have by definition conceded any independence of mind. Listen to the 'opinions' of the acquiescing masses in this 'Covid' era and what gushes forth is the repetition of the official version of everything delivered unprocessed, unfiltered and unquestioned. The whole programming dynamic works this way. I must be free because I'm told that I am and so I think that I am.

You can see what I mean with the chapter theme of 'I'm thinking – Oh, but *are* you?' The great majority are not thinking, let alone for themselves. They are repeating what authority has told them to believe which allows them to be controlled. Weaving through this mentality is the fear that the 'conspiracy theorists' are right and this again explains the often hysterical abuse that ensues when you dare to contest the official narrative of anything. Denial is the mechanism of hiding from yourself what you don't want to be true. Telling people what they want to hear is easy, but it's an infinitely greater challenge to tell them what they would rather not be happening.

One is akin to pushing against an open door while the other is met with vehement resistance no matter what the scale of evidence. I don't want it to be true so I'll convince myself that it's not. Examples are everywhere from the denial that a partner is cheating despite all the signs to the reflex-action rejection of any idea that world events in which country after country act in exactly the same way are centrally coordinated. To accept the latter is to accept that a force of unspeakable evil is working to destroy your life and the lives of your children with nothing too horrific to achieve that end. Who the heck wants that to be true? But if we don't face reality the end is duly achieved and the consequences are far worse and ongoing than breaking through the walls of denial today with the courage to make a stand against tyranny.

Connect the dots – but how?

A crucial aspect of perceptual programming is to portray a world in which everything is random and almost nothing is connected to anything else. Randomness cannot be coordinated by its very nature and once you perceive events as random the idea they could be connected is waved away as the rantings of the tinfoil-hat brigade. You can't plan and coordinate random you idiot! No, you can't, but you can hide the coldly-calculated and long-planned behind the *illusion* of randomness. A foundation manifestation of the Renegade Mind is to scan reality for patterns that connect the apparently random and turn pixels and dots into pictures. This is the way I work and have done so for more than 30 years. You look for similarities in people, modus operandi and desired outcomes and slowly, then ever quicker, the picture forms. For instance: There would seem to be no connection between the 'Covid pandemic' hoax and the human-caused global-warming hoax and yet they are masks (appropriately) on the same face seeking the same outcome. Those pushing the global warming myth through the Club of Rome and other Cult agencies are driving the lies about 'Covid' – Bill Gates is an obvious one, but they are endless. Why would the same people be involved in both when they are clearly not connected? Oh, but they

are. Common themes with personnel are matched by common goals. The 'solutions' to both 'problems' are centralisation of global power to impose the will of the few on the many to 'save' humanity from 'Covid' and save the planet from an 'existential threat' (we need 'zero Covid' and 'zero carbon emissions'). These, in turn, connect with the 'dot' of globalisation which was coined to describe the centralisation of global power in every area of life through incessant political and corporate expansion, trading blocks and superstates like the European Union. If you are the few and you want to control the many you have to centralise power and decision-making. The more you centralise power the more power the few at the centre will have over the many; and the more that power is centralised the more power those at the centre have to centralise even quicker. The momentum of centralisation gets faster and faster which is exactly the process we have witnessed. In this way the hoaxed 'pandemic' and the fakery of human-caused global warming serve the interests of globalisation and the seizure of global power in the hands of the Cult inner-circle which is behind 'Covid', 'climate change' and globalisation. At this point random 'dots' become a clear and obvious picture or pattern.

Klaus Schwab, the classic Bond villain who founded the Cult's Gates-funded World Economic Forum, published a book in 2020, *The Great Reset*, in which he used the 'problem' of 'Covid' to justify a total transformation of human society to 'save' humanity from 'climate change'. Schwab said: 'The pandemic represents a rare but narrow window of opportunity to reflect, reimagine, and reset our world.' What he didn't mention is that the Cult he serves is behind both hoaxes as I show in my book *The Answer*. He and the Cult don't have to reimagine the world. They know precisely what they want and that's why they destroyed human society with 'Covid' to 'build back better' in their grand design. Their job is not to imagine, but to get humanity to imagine and agree with their plans while believing it's all random. It must be pure coincidence that 'The Great Reset' has long been the Cult's code name for the global imposition of fascism and replaced previous code-names of the 'New World

Order' used by Cult frontmen like Father George Bush and the 'New Order of the Ages' which emerged from Freemasonry and much older secret societies. New Order of the Ages appears on the reverse of the Great Seal of the United States as 'Novus ordo seclorum' underneath the Cult symbol used since way back of the pyramid and all seeing-eye (Fig 3). The pyramid is the hierarchy of human control headed by the illuminated eye that symbolises the force behind the Cult which I will expose in later chapters. The term 'Annuet Coeptis' translates as 'He favours our undertaking'. We are told the 'He' is the Christian god, but 'He' is not as I will be explaining.



Figure 3: The all-seeing eye of the Cult 'god' on the Freemason-designed Great Seal of the United States and also on the dollar bill.

Having you on

Two major Cult techniques of perceptual manipulation that relate to all this are what I have called since the 1990s Problem-Reaction-Solution (PRS) and the Totalitarian Tiptoe (TT). They can be uncovered by the inquiring mind with a simple question: Who benefits? The answer usually identifies the perpetrators of a given action or happening through the concept of 'he who most benefits from a crime is the one most likely to have committed it'. The Latin 'Cue bono?' – Who benefits? – is widely attributed to the Roman orator and statesman Marcus Tullius Cicero. No wonder it goes back so far when the concept has been relevant to human behaviour since

history was recorded. Problem-Reaction-Solution is the technique used to manipulate us every day by covertly creating a problem (or the illusion of one) and offering the solution to the problem (or the illusion of one). In the first phase you create the problem and blame someone or something else for why it has happened. This may relate to a financial collapse, terrorist attack, war, global warming or pandemic, anything in fact that will allow you to impose the 'solution' to change society in the way you desire at that time. The 'problem' doesn't have to be real. PRS is manipulation of perception and all you need is the population to believe the problem is real. Human-caused global warming and the 'Covid pandemic' only have to be *perceived* to be real for the population to accept the 'solutions' of authority. I refer to this technique as NO-Problem-Reaction-Solution. Billions did not meekly accept house arrest from early 2020 because there was a real deadly 'Covid pandemic' but because they perceived – believed – that to be the case. The antidote to Problem-Reaction-Solution is to ask who benefits from the proposed solution. Invariably it will be anyone who wants to justify more control through deletion of freedom and centralisation of power and decision-making.

The two world wars were Problem-Reaction-Solutions that transformed and realigned global society. Both were manipulated into being by the Cult as I have detailed in books since the mid-1990s. They dramatically centralised global power, especially World War Two, which led to the United Nations and other global bodies thanks to the overt and covert manipulations of the Rockefeller family and other Cult bloodlines like the Rothschilds. The UN is a stalking horse for full-blown world government that I will come to shortly. The land on which the UN building stands in New York was donated by the Rockefellers and the same Cult family was behind Big Pharma scalpel and drug 'medicine' and the creation of the World Health Organization as part of the UN. They have been stalwarts of the eugenics movement and funded Hitler's race-purity expert' Ernst Rudin. The human-caused global warming hoax has been orchestrated by the Club of Rome through the UN which is

manufacturing both the 'problem' through its Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change and imposing the 'solution' through its Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030 which demand the total centralisation of global power to 'save the world' from a climate hoax the United Nations is itself perpetrating. What a small world the Cult can be seen to be particularly among the inner circles. The bedfellow of Problem-Reaction-Solution is the Totalitarian Tiptoe which became the Totalitarian Sprint in 2020. The technique is fashioned to hide the carefully-coordinated behind the cover of apparently random events. You start the sequence at 'A' and you know you are heading for 'Z'. You don't want people to know that and each step on the journey is presented as a random happening while all the steps strung together lead in the same direction. The speed may have quickened dramatically in recent times, but you can still see the incremental approach of the Tiptoe in the case of 'Covid' as each new imposition takes us deeper into fascism. Tell people they have to do this or that to get back to 'normal', then this and this and this. With each new demand adding to the ones that went before the population's freedom is deleted until it disappears. The spider wraps its web around the flies more comprehensively with each new diktat. I'll highlight this in more detail when I get to the 'Covid' hoax and how it has been pulled off. Another prime example of the Totalitarian Tiptoe is how the Cult-created European Union went from a 'free-trade zone' to a centralised bureaucratic dictatorship through the Tiptoe of incremental centralisation of power until nations became mere administrative units for Cult-owned dark suits in Brussels.

The antidote to ignorance is knowledge which the Cult seeks vehemently to deny us, but despite the systematic censorship to that end the Renegade Mind can overcome this by vociferously seeking out the facts no matter the impediments put in the way. There is also a method of thinking and perceiving – *knowing* – that doesn't even need names, dates, place-type facts to identify the patterns that reveal the story. I'll get to that in the final chapter. All you need to know about the manipulation of human society and to what end is still out there – *at the time of writing* – in the form of books, videos

and websites for those that really want to breach the walls of programmed perception. To access this knowledge requires the abandonment of the mainstream media as a source of information in the awareness that this is owned and controlled by the Cult and therefore promotes mass perceptions that suit the Cult. Mainstream media lies all day, every day. That is its function and very reason for being. Where it does tell the truth, here and there, is only because the truth and the Cult agenda very occasionally coincide. If you look for fact and insight to the BBC, CNN and virtually all the rest of them you are asking to be conned and perceptually programmed.

Know the outcome and you'll see the journey

Events seem random when you have no idea where the world is being taken. Once you do the random becomes the carefully planned. Know the outcome and you'll see the journey is a phrase I have been using for a long time to give context to daily happenings that appear unconnected. Does a problem, or illusion of a problem, trigger a proposed 'solution' that further drives society in the direction of the outcome? Invariably the answer will be yes and the random – *abracadabra* – becomes the clearly coordinated. So what is this outcome that unlocks the door to a massively expanded understanding of daily events? I will summarise its major aspects – the fine detail is in my other books – and those new to this information will see that the world they thought they were living in is a very different place. The foundation of the Cult agenda is the incessant centralisation of power and all such centralisation is ultimately in pursuit of Cult control on a global level. I have described for a long time the planned world structure of top-down dictatorship as the Hunger Games Society. The term obviously comes from the movie series which portrayed a world in which a few living in military-protected hi-tech luxury were the overlords of a population condemned to abject poverty in isolated 'sectors' that were not allowed to interact. 'Covid' lockdowns and travel bans anyone? The 'Hunger Games' pyramid of structural control has the inner circle of the Cult at the top with pretty much the entire

population at the bottom under their control through dependency for survival on the Cult. The whole structure is planned to be protected and enforced by a military-police state (Fig 4).

Here you have the reason for the global lockdowns of the fake pandemic to coldly destroy independent incomes and livelihoods and make everyone dependent on the 'state' (the Cult that controls the 'states'). I have warned in my books for many years about the plan to introduce a 'guaranteed income' – a barely survivable pittance – designed to impose dependency when employment was destroyed by AI technology and now even more comprehensively at great speed by the 'Covid' scam. Once the pandemic was played and lockdown consequences began to delete independent income the authorities began to talk right on cue about the need for a guaranteed income and a 'Great Reset'. Guaranteed income will be presented as benevolent governments seeking to help a desperate people – desperate as a direct result of actions of the same governments. The truth is that such payments are a trap. You will only get them if you do exactly what the authorities demand including mass vaccination (genetic manipulation). We have seen this theme already in Australia where those dependent on government benefits have them reduced if parents don't agree to have their children vaccinated according to an insane health-destroying government-dictated schedule. Calculated economic collapse applies to governments as well as people. The Cult wants rid of countries through the creation of a world state with countries broken up into regions ruled by a world government and super states like the European Union. Countries must be bankrupted, too, to this end and it's being achieved by the trillions in 'rescue packages' and furlough payments, trillions in lost taxation, and money-no-object spending on 'Covid' including constant all-medium advertising (programming) which has made the media dependent on government for much of its income. The day of reckoning is coming – as planned – for government spending and given that it has been made possible by printing money and not by production/taxation there is inflation on the way that has the

potential to wipe out monetary value. In that case there will be no need for the Cult to steal your money. It just won't be worth anything (see the German Weimar Republic before the Nazis took over). Many have been okay with lockdowns while getting a percentage of their income from so-called furlough payments without having to work. Those payments are dependent, however, on people having at least a theoretical job with a business considered non-essential and ordered to close. As these business go under because they are closed by lockdown after lockdown the furlough stops and it will for everyone eventually. Then what? The 'then what?' is precisely the idea.



Figure 4: The Hunger Games Society structure I have long warned was planned and now the 'Covid' hoax has made it possible. This is the real reason for lockdowns.

Hired hands

Between the Hunger Games Cult elite and the dependent population is planned to be a vicious military-police state (a fusion of the two into one force). This has been in the making for a long time with police looking ever more like the military and carrying weapons to match. The pandemic scam has seen this process accelerate so fast as

lockdown house arrest is brutally enforced by carefully recruited fascist minds and gormless system-servers. The police and military are planned to merge into a centrally-directed world army in a global structure headed by a world government which wouldn't be elected even by the election fixes now in place. The world army is not planned even to be human and instead wars would be fought, primarily against the population, using robot technology controlled by artificial intelligence. I have been warning about this for decades and now militaries around the world are being transformed by this very AI technology. The global regime that I describe is a particular form of fascism known as a technocracy in which decisions are not made by clueless and co-opted politicians but by unelected technocrats – scientists, engineers, technologists and bureaucrats. Cult-owned-and-controlled Silicon Valley giants are examples of technocracy and they already have far more power to direct world events than governments. They are with their censorship *selecting* governments. I know that some are calling the 'Great Reset' a Marxist communist takeover, but fascism and Marxism are different labels for the same tyranny. Tell those who lived in fascist Germany and Stalinist Russia that there was a difference in the way their freedom was deleted and their lives controlled. I could call it a fascist technocracy or a Marxist technocracy and they would be equally accurate. The Hunger Games society with its world government structure would oversee a world army, world central bank and single world cashless currency imposing its will on a microchipped population (Fig 5). Scan its different elements and see how the illusory pandemic is forcing society in this very direction at great speed. Leaders of 23 countries and the World Health Organization (WHO) backed the idea in March, 2021, of a global treaty for 'international cooperation' in 'health emergencies' and nations should 'come together as a global community for peaceful cooperation that extends beyond this crisis'. Cut the Orwellian bullshit and this means another step towards global government. The plan includes a cashless digital money system that I first warned about in 1993. Right at the start of 'Covid' the deeply corrupt Tedros

Adhanom Ghebreyesus, the crooked and merely gofer 'head' of the World Health Organization, said it was possible to catch the 'virus' by touching cash and it was better to use cashless means. The claim was ridiculous nonsense and like the whole 'Covid' mind-trick it was nothing to do with 'health' and everything to do with pushing every aspect of the Cult agenda. As a result of the Tedros lie the use of cash has plummeted. The Cult script involves a single world digital currency that would eventually be technologically embedded in the body. China is a massive global centre for the Cult and if you watch what is happening there you will know what is planned for everywhere. The Chinese government is developing a digital currency which would allow fines to be deducted immediately via AI for anyone caught on camera breaking its fantastic list of laws and the money is going to be programmable with an expiry date to ensure that no one can accrue wealth except the Cult and its operatives.



Figure 5: The structure of global control the Cult has been working towards for so long and this has been enormously advanced by the 'Covid' illusion.

Serfdom is so smart

The Cult plan is far wider, extreme, and more comprehensive than even most conspiracy researchers appreciate and I will come to the true depths of deceit and control in the chapters 'Who controls the

Cult?’ and ‘Escaping Wetiko’. Even the world that we know is crazy enough. We are being deluged with ever more sophisticated and controlling technology under the heading of ‘smart’. We have smart televisions, smart meters, smart cards, smart cars, smart driving, smart roads, smart pills, smart patches, smart watches, smart skin, smart borders, smart pavements, smart streets, smart cities, smart communities, smart environments, smart growth, smart planet ... smart *everything* around us. Smart technologies and methods of operation are designed to interlock to create a global Smart Grid connecting the entirety of human society including human minds to create a centrally-dictated ‘hive’ mind. ‘Smart cities’ is code for densely-occupied megacities of total surveillance and control through AI. Ever more destructive frequency communication systems like 5G have been rolled out without any official testing for health and psychological effects (colossal). 5G/6G/7G systems are needed to run the Smart Grid and each one becomes more destructive of body and mind. Deleting independent income is crucial to forcing people into these AI-policed prisons by ending private property ownership (except for the Cult elite). The Cult’s Great Reset now openly foresees a global society in which no one will own any possessions and everything will be rented while the Cult would own literally everything under the guise of government and corporations. The aim has been to use the lockdowns to destroy sources of income on a mass scale and when the people are destitute and in unrepayable amounts of debt (problem) Cult assets come forward with the pledge to write-off debt in return for handing over all property and possessions (solution). Everything – literally everything including people – would be connected to the Internet via AI. I was warning years ago about the coming Internet of Things (IoT) in which all devices and technology from your car to your fridge would be plugged into the Internet and controlled by AI. Now we are already there with much more to come. The next stage is the Internet of Everything (IoE) which is planned to include the connection of AI to the human brain and body to replace the human mind with a centrally-controlled AI mind. Instead of perceptions

being manipulated through control of information and censorship those perceptions would come direct from the Cult through AI. What do you think? You think whatever AI decides that you think. In human terms there would be no individual 'think' any longer. Too incredible? The ravings of a lunatic? Not at all. Cult-owned crazies in Silicon Valley have been telling us the plan for years without explaining the real motivation and calculated implications. These include Google executive and 'futurist' Ray Kurzweil who highlights the year 2030 for when this would be underway. He said:

Our thinking ... will be a hybrid of biological and non-biological thinking ... humans will be able to extend their limitations and 'think in the cloud' ... We're going to put gateways to the cloud in our brains ... We're going to gradually merge and enhance ourselves ... In my view, that's the nature of being human – we transcend our limitations.

As the technology becomes vastly superior to what we are then the small proportion that is still human gets smaller and smaller and smaller until it's just utterly negligible.

The sales-pitch of Kurzweil and Cult-owned Silicon Valley is that this would make us 'super-human' when the real aim is to make us post-human and no longer 'human' in the sense that we have come to know. The entire global population would be connected to AI and become the centrally-controlled 'hive-mind' of externally-delivered perceptions. The Smart Grid being installed to impose the Cult's will on the world is being constructed to allow particular locations – even one location – to control the whole global system. From these prime control centres, which absolutely include China and Israel, anything connected to the Internet would be switched on or off and manipulated at will. Energy systems could be cut, communication via the Internet taken down, computer-controlled driverless autonomous vehicles driven off the road, medical devices switched off, the potential is limitless given how much AI and Internet connections now run human society. We have seen nothing yet if we allow this to continue. Autonomous vehicle makers are working with law enforcement to produce cars designed to automatically pull over if they detect a police or emergency vehicle flashing from up to 100 feet away. At a police stop the car would be unlocked and the

window rolled down automatically. Vehicles would only take you where the computer (the state) allowed. The end of petrol vehicles and speed limiters on all new cars in the UK and EU from 2022 are steps leading to electric computerised transport over which ultimately you have no control. The picture is far bigger even than the Cult global network or web and that will become clear when I get to the nature of the 'spider'. There is a connection between all these happenings and the instigation of DNA-manipulating 'vaccines' (which aren't 'vaccines') justified by the 'Covid' hoax. That connection is the unfolding plan to transform the human body from a biological to a synthetic biological state and this is why synthetic biology is such a fast-emerging discipline of mainstream science. 'Covid vaccines' are infusing self-replicating synthetic genetic material into the cells to cumulatively take us on the Totalitarian Tiptoe from Human 1.0 to the synthetic biological Human 2.0 which will be physically and perceptually attached to the Smart Grid to one hundred percent control every thought, perception and deed. Humanity needs to wake up and *fast*.

This is the barest explanation of where the 'outcome' is planned to go but it's enough to see the journey happening all around us. Those new to this information will already see 'Covid' in a whole new context. I will add much more detail as we go along, but for the minutiae evidence see my mega-works, *The Answer*, *The Trigger* and *Everything You Need to Know But Have Never Been Told*.

Now – how does a Renegade Mind see the 'world'?

CHAPTER TWO

Renegade Perception

It is one thing to be clever and another to be wise

George R.R. Martin

A simple definition of the difference between a programmed mind and a Renegade Mind would be that one sees only dots while the other connects them to see the picture. Reading reality with accuracy requires the observer to (a) know the planned outcome and (b) realise that everything, but *everything*, is connected.

The entirety of infinite reality is connected – that’s its very nature – and with human society an expression of infinite reality the same must apply. Simple cause and effect is a connection. The effect is triggered by the cause and the effect then becomes the cause of another effect. Nothing happens in isolation because it *can’t*. Life in whatever reality is simple choice and consequence. We make choices and these lead to consequences. If we don’t like the consequences we can make different choices and get different consequences which lead to other choices and consequences. The choice and the consequence are not only connected they are indivisible. You can’t have one without the other as an old song goes. A few cannot control the world unless those being controlled allow that to happen – cause and effect, choice and consequence. Control – who has it and who doesn’t – is a two-way process, a symbiotic relationship, involving the controller and controlled. ‘They took my freedom away!!’ Well, yes, but you also gave it to them. Humanity is

subjected to mass control because humanity has acquiesced to that control. This is all cause and effect and literally a case of give and take. In the same way world events of every kind are connected and the Cult works incessantly to sell the illusion of the random and coincidental to maintain the essential (to them) perception of dots that hide the picture. Renegade Minds know this and constantly scan the world for patterns of connection. This is absolutely pivotal in understanding the happenings in the world and without that perspective clarity is impossible. First you know the planned outcome and then you identify the steps on the journey – the day-by-day apparently random which, when connected in relation to the outcome, no longer appear as individual events, but as the proverbial *chain* of events leading in the same direction. I'll give you some examples:

Political puppet show

We are told to believe that politics is 'adversarial' in that different parties with different beliefs engage in an endless tussle for power. There may have been some truth in that up to a point – and only a point – but today divisions between 'different' parties are rhetorical not ideological. Even the rhetorical is fusing into one-speak as the parties eject any remaining free thinkers while others succumb to the ever-gathering intimidation of anyone with the 'wrong' opinion. The Cult is not a new phenomenon and can be traced back thousands of years as my books have documented. Its intergenerational initiatives have been manipulating events with increasing effect the more that global power has been centralised. In ancient times the Cult secured control through the system of monarchy in which 'special' bloodlines (of which more later) demanded the right to rule as kings and queens simply by birthright and by vanquishing others who claimed the same birthright. There came a time, however, when people had matured enough to see the unfairness of such tyranny and demanded a say in who governed them. Note the word – *governed* them. Not served them – *governed* them, hence government defined as 'the political direction and control exercised over the

actions of the members, citizens, or inhabitants of communities, societies, and states; direction of the affairs of a state, community, etc.' Governments exercise control over rather than serve just like the monarchies before them. Bizarrely there are still countries like the United Kingdom which are ruled by a monarch *and* a government that officially answers to the monarch. The UK head of state and that of Commonwealth countries such as Canada, Australia and New Zealand is 'selected' by who in a *single family* had unprotected sex with whom and in what order. Pinch me it can't be true. Ouch! Shit, it is. The demise of monarchies in most countries offered a potential vacuum in which some form of free and fair society could arise and the Cult had that base covered. Monarchies had served its interests but they couldn't continue in the face of such widespread opposition and, anyway, replacing a 'royal' dictatorship that people could see with a dictatorship 'of the people' hiding behind the concept of 'democracy' presented far greater manipulative possibilities and ways of hiding coordinated tyranny behind the illusion of 'freedom'.

Democracy is quite wrongly defined as government selected by the population. This is not the case at all. It is government selected by *some* of the population (and then only in theory). This 'some' doesn't even have to be the majority as we have seen so often in first-past-the-post elections in which the so-called majority party wins fewer votes than the 'losing' parties combined. Democracy can give total power to a party in government from a minority of the votes cast. It's a sleight of hand to sell tyranny as freedom. Seventy-four million Trump-supporting Americans didn't vote for the 'Democratic' Party of Joe Biden in the distinctly dodgy election in 2020 and yet far from acknowledging the wishes and feelings of that great percentage of American society the Cult-owned Biden government set out from day one to destroy them and their right to a voice and opinion. Empty shell Biden and his Cult handlers said they were doing this to 'protect democracy'. Such is the level of lunacy and sickness to which politics has descended. Connect the dots and relate them to the desired outcome – a world government run by self-appointed technocrats and no longer even elected

politicians. While operating through its political agents in government the Cult is at the same time encouraging public disdain for politicians by putting idiots and incompetents in theoretical power on the road to deleting them. The idea is to instil a public reaction that says of the technocrats: 'Well, they couldn't do any worse than the pathetic politicians.' It's all about controlling perception and Renegade Minds can see through that while programmed minds cannot when they are ignorant of both the planned outcome and the manipulation techniques employed to secure that end. This knowledge can be learned, however, and fast if people choose to get informed.

Politics may at first sight appear very difficult to control from a central point. I mean look at the 'different' parties and how would you be able to oversee them all and their constituent parts? In truth, it's very straightforward because of their structure. We are back to the pyramid of imposition and acquiescence. Organisations are structured in the same way as the system as a whole. Political parties are not open forums of free expression. They are hierarchies. I was a national spokesman for the British Green Party which claimed to be a different kind of politics in which influence and power was devolved; but I can tell you from direct experience – and it's far worse now – that Green parties are run as hierarchies like all the others however much they may try to hide that fact or kid themselves that it's not true. A very few at the top of all political parties are directing policy and personnel. They decide if you are elevated in the party or serve as a government minister and to do that you have to be a yes man or woman. Look at all the maverick political thinkers who never ascended the greasy pole. If you want to progress within the party or reach 'high-office' you need to fall into line and conform. Exceptions to this are rare indeed. Should you want to run for parliament or Congress you have to persuade the local or state level of the party to select you and for that you need to play the game as dictated by the hierarchy. If you secure election and wish to progress within the greater structure you need to go on conforming to what is acceptable to those running the hierarchy

from the peak of the pyramid. Political parties are perceptual gulags and the very fact that there are party 'Whips' appointed to 'whip' politicians into voting the way the hierarchy demands exposes the ridiculous idea that politicians are elected to serve the people they are supposed to represent. Cult operatives and manipulation has long seized control of major parties that have any chance of forming a government and at least most of those that haven't. A new party forms and the Cult goes to work to infiltrate and direct. This has reached such a level today that you see video compilations of 'leaders' of all parties whether Democrats, Republicans, Conservative, Labour and Green parroting the same Cult mantra of 'Build Back Better' and the 'Great Reset' which are straight off the Cult song-sheet to describe the transformation of global society in response to the Cult-instigated hoaxes of the 'Covid pandemic' and human-caused 'climate change'. To see Caroline Lucas, the Green Party MP that I knew when I was in the party in the 1980s, speaking in support of plans proposed by Cult operative Klaus Schwab representing the billionaire global elite is a real head-shaker.

Many parties – one master

The party system is another mind-trick and was instigated to change the nature of the dictatorship by swapping 'royalty' for dark suits that people believed – though now ever less so – represented their interests. Understanding this trick is to realise that a single force (the Cult) controls all parties either directly in terms of the major ones or through manipulation of perception and ideology with others. You don't need to manipulate Green parties to demand your transformation of society in the name of 'climate change' when they are obsessed with the lie that this is essential to 'save the planet'. You just give them a platform and away they go serving your interests while believing they are being environmentally virtuous. America's political structure is a perfect blueprint for how the two or multi-party system is really a one-party state. The Republican Party is controlled from one step back in the shadows by a group made up of billionaires and their gofers known as neoconservatives or Neocons.

I have exposed them in fine detail in my books and they were the driving force behind the policies of the imbecilic presidency of Boy George Bush which included 9/11 (see *The Trigger* for a comprehensive demolition of the official story), the subsequent 'war on terror' (war of terror) and the invasions of Afghanistan and Iraq. The latter was a No-Problem-Reaction-Solution based on claims by Cult operatives, including Bush and British Prime Minister Tony Blair, about Saddam Hussein's 'weapons of mass destruction' which did not exist as war criminals Bush and Blair well knew.

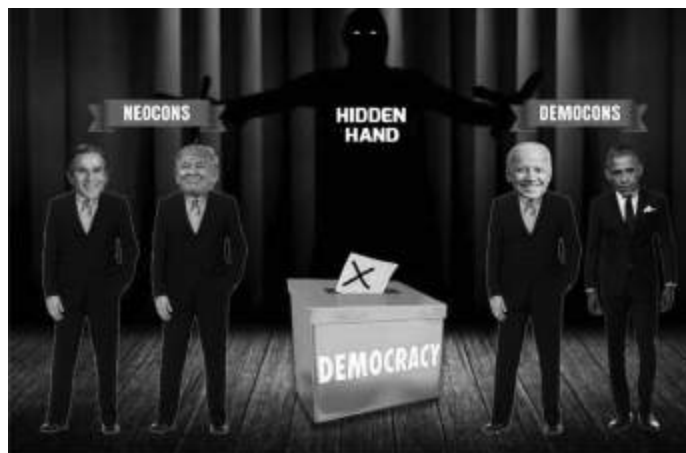


Figure 6: Different front people, different parties – same control system.

The Democratic Party has its own 'Neocon' group controlling from the background which I call the 'Democons' and here's the penny-drop – the Neocons and Democons answer to the same masters one step further back into the shadows (Fig 6). At that level of the Cult the Republican and Democrat parties are controlled by the same people and no matter which is in power the Cult is in power. This is how it works in almost every country and certainly in Britain with Conservative, Labour, Liberal Democrat and Green parties now all on the same page whatever the rhetoric may be in their feeble attempts to appear different. Neocons operated at the time of Bush through a think tank called The Project for the New American Century which in September, 2000, published a document entitled *Rebuilding America's Defenses: Strategies, Forces, and Resources*

For a New Century demanding that America fight ‘multiple, simultaneous major theatre wars’ as a ‘core mission’ to force regime-change in countries including Iraq, Libya and Syria. Neocons arranged for Bush (‘Republican’) and Blair (‘Labour Party’) to front-up the invasion of Iraq and when they departed the Democons orchestrated the targeting of Libya and Syria through Barack Obama (‘Democrat’) and British Prime Minister David Cameron (‘Conservative Party’). We have ‘different’ parties and ‘different’ people, but the same unfolding script. The more the Cult has seized the reigns of parties and personnel the more their policies have transparently pursued the same agenda to the point where the fascist ‘Covid’ impositions of the Conservative junta of Jackboot Johnson in Britain were opposed by the Labour Party because they were not fascist enough. The Labour Party is likened to the US Democrats while the Conservative Party is akin to a British version of the Republicans and on both sides of the Atlantic they all speak the same language and support the direction demanded by the Cult although some more enthusiastically than others. It’s a similar story in country after country because it’s all centrally controlled. Oh, but what about Trump? I’ll come to him shortly. Political ‘choice’ in the ‘party’ system goes like this: You vote for Party A and they get into government. You don’t like what they do so next time you vote for Party B and they get into government. You don’t like what they do when it’s pretty much the same as Party A and why wouldn’t that be with both controlled by the same force? Given that only two, sometimes three, parties have any chance of forming a government to get rid of Party B that you don’t like you have to vote again for Party A which ... you don’t like. This, ladies and gentlemen, is what they call ‘democracy’ which we are told – wrongly – is a term interchangeable with ‘freedom’.

The cult of cults

At this point I need to introduce a major expression of the Global Cult known as Sabbatian-Frankism. Sabbatian is also spelt as Sabbatean. I will summarise here. I have published major exposés

and detailed background in other works. Sabbatian-Frankism combines the names of two frauds posing as 'Jewish' men, Sabbatai Zevi (1626-1676), a rabbi, black magician and occultist who proclaimed he was the Jewish messiah; and Jacob Frank (1726-1791), the Polish 'Jew', black magician and occultist who said he was the reincarnation of 'messiah' Zevi and biblical patriarch Jacob. They worked across two centuries to establish the Sabbatian-Frankist cult that plays a major, indeed central, role in the manipulation of human society by the Global Cult which has its origins much further back in history than Sabbatai Zevi. I should emphasise two points here in response to the shrill voices that will scream 'anti-Semitism': (1) Sabbatian-Frankists are NOT Jewish and only pose as such to hide their cult behind a Jewish façade; and (2) my information about this cult has come from Jewish sources who have long realised that their society and community has been infiltrated and taken over by interloper Sabbatian-Frankists. Infiltration has been the foundation technique of Sabbatian-Frankism from its official origin in the 17th century. Zevi's Sabbatian sect attracted a massive following described as the biggest messianic movement in Jewish history, spreading as far as Africa and Asia, and he promised a return for the Jews to the 'Promised Land' of Israel. Sabbatianism was not Judaism but an inversion of everything that mainstream Judaism stood for. So much so that this sinister cult would have a feast day when Judaism had a fast day and whatever was forbidden in Judaism the Sabbatians were encouraged and even commanded to do. This included incest and what would be today called Satanism. Members were forbidden to marry outside the sect and there was a system of keeping their children ignorant of what they were part of until they were old enough to be trusted not to unknowingly reveal anything to outsiders. The same system is employed to this day by the Global Cult in general which Sabbatian-Frankism has enormously influenced and now largely controls.

Zevi and his Sabbatians suffered a setback with the intervention by the Sultan of the Islamic Ottoman Empire in the Middle East and what is now the Republic of Turkey where Zevi was located. The

Sultan gave him the choice of proving his 'divinity', converting to Islam or facing torture and death. Funnily enough Zevi chose to convert or at least appear to. Some of his supporters were disillusioned and drifted away, but many did not with 300 families also converting – only in theory – to Islam. They continued behind this Islamic smokescreen to follow the goals, rules and rituals of Sabbatianism and became known as 'crypto-Jews' or the 'Dönme' which means 'to turn'. This is rather ironic because they didn't 'turn' and instead hid behind a fake Islamic persona. The process of appearing to be one thing while being very much another would become the calling card of Sabbatianism especially after Zevi's death and the arrival of the Satanist Jacob Frank in the 18th century when the cult became Sabbatian-Frankism and plumbed still new depths of depravity and infiltration which included – still includes – human sacrifice and sex with children. Wherever Sabbatians go paedophilia and Satanism follow and is it really a surprise that Hollywood is so infested with child abuse and Satanism when it was established by Sabbatian-Frankists and is still controlled by them? Hollywood has been one of the prime vehicles for global perceptual programming and manipulation. How many believe the version of 'history' portrayed in movies when it is a travesty and inversion (again) of the truth? Rabbi Marvin Antelman describes Frankism in his book, *To Eliminate the Opiate*, as 'a movement of complete evil' while Jewish professor Gershom Scholem said of Frank in *The Messianic Idea in Judaism*: 'In all his actions [he was] a truly corrupt and degenerate individual ... one of the most frightening phenomena in the whole of Jewish history.' Frank was excommunicated by traditional rabbis, as was Zevi, but Frank was undeterred and enjoyed vital support from the House of Rothschild, the infamous banking dynasty whose inner-core are Sabbatian-Frankists and not Jews. Infiltration of the Roman Church and Vatican was instigated by Frank with many Dönme 'turning' again to convert to Roman Catholicism with a view to hijacking the reins of power. This was the ever-repeating modus operandi and continues to be so. Pose as an advocate of the religion, culture or country that you want to control and then

manipulate your people into the positions of authority and influence largely as advisers, administrators and Svengalis for those that appear to be in power. They did this with Judaism, Christianity (Christian Zionism is part of this), Islam and other religions and nations until Sabbatian-Frankism spanned the world as it does today.

Sabbatian Saudis and the terror network

One expression of the Sabbatian-Frankist Dönme within Islam is the ruling family of Saudi Arabia, the House of Saud, through which came the vile distortion of Islam known as Wahhabism. This is the violent creed followed by terrorist groups like Al-Qaeda and ISIS or Islamic State. Wahhabism is the hand-chopping, head-chopping 'religion' of Saudi Arabia which is used to keep the people in a constant state of fear so the interloper House of Saud can continue to rule. Al-Qaeda and Islamic State were lavishly funded by the House of Saud while being created and directed by the Sabbatian-Frankist network in the United States that operates through the Pentagon, CIA and the government in general of whichever 'party'. The front man for the establishment of Wahhabism in the middle of the 18th century was a Sabbatian-Frankist 'crypto-Jew' posing as Islamic called Muhammad ibn Abd al-Wahhab. His daughter would marry the son of Muhammad bin Saud who established the first Saudi state before his death in 1765 with support from the British Empire. Bin Saud's successors would establish modern Saudi Arabia in league with the British and Americans in 1932 which allowed them to seize control of Islam's major shrines in Mecca and Medina. They have dictated the direction of Sunni Islam ever since while Iran is the major centre of the Shiite version and here we have the source of at least the public conflict between them. The Sabbatian network has used its Wahhabi extremists to carry out Problem-Reaction-Solution terrorist attacks in the name of 'Al-Qaeda' and 'Islamic State' to justify a devastating 'war on terror', ever-increasing surveillance of the population and to terrify people into compliance. Another insight of the Renegade Mind is the streetwise understanding that

just because a country, location or people are attacked doesn't mean that those apparently representing that country, location or people are not behind the attackers. Often they are *orchestrating* the attacks because of the societal changes that can be then justified in the name of 'saving the population from terrorists'.

I show in great detail in *The Trigger* how Sabbatian-Frankists were the real perpetrators of 9/11 and not '19 Arab hijackers' who were blamed for what happened. Observe what was justified in the name of 9/11 alone in terms of Middle East invasions, mass surveillance and control that fulfilled the demands of the Project for the New American Century document published by the Sabbatian Neocons. What appear to be enemies are on the deep inside players on the same Sabbatian team. Israel and Arab 'royal' dictatorships are all ruled by Sabbatians and the recent peace agreements between Israel and Saudi Arabia, the United Arab Emirates (UAE) and others are only making formal what has always been the case behind the scenes. Palestinians who have been subjected to grotesque tyranny since Israel was bombed and terrorised into existence in 1948 have never stood a chance. Sabbatian-Frankists have controlled Israel (so the constant theme of violence and war which Sabbatians love) and they have controlled the Arab countries that Palestinians have looked to for real support that never comes. 'Royal families' of the Arab world in Saudi Arabia, Bahrain, UAE, etc., are all Sabbatians with allegiance to the aims of the cult and not what is best for their Arabic populations. They have stolen the oil and financial resources from their people by false claims to be 'royal dynasties' with a genetic right to rule and by employing vicious militaries to impose their will.

Satanic 'illumination'

The Satanist Jacob Frank formed an alliance in 1773 with two other Sabbatians, Mayer Amschel Rothschild (1744-1812), founder of the Rothschild banking dynasty, and Jesuit-educated fraudulent Jew, Adam Weishaupt, and this led to the formation of the Bavarian Illuminati, firstly under another name, in 1776. The Illuminati would

be the manipulating force behind the French Revolution (1789-1799) and was also involved in the American Revolution (1775-1783) before and after the Illuminati's official creation. Weishaupt would later become (in public) a Protestant Christian in archetypal Sabbatian style. I read that his name can be decoded as Adam-Weishaupt or 'the first man to lead those who know'. He wasn't a leader in the sense that he was a subordinate, but he did lead those below him in a crusade of transforming human society that still continues today. The theme was confirmed as early as 1785 when a horseman courier called Lanz was reported to be struck by lightning and extensive Illuminati documents were found in his saddlebags. They made the link to Weishaupt and detailed the plan for world takeover. Current events with 'Covid' fascism have been in the making for a very long time. Jacob Frank was jailed for 13 years by the Catholic Inquisition after his arrest in 1760 and on his release he headed for Frankfurt, Germany, home city and headquarters of the House of Rothschild where the alliance was struck with Mayer Amschel Rothschild and Weishaupt. Rothschild arranged for Frank to be given the title of Baron and he became a wealthy nobleman with a big following of Jews in Germany, the Austro-Hungarian Empire and other European countries. Most of them would have believed he was on their side.

The name 'Illuminati' came from the Zohar which is a body of works in the Jewish mystical 'bible' called the Kabbalah. 'Zohar' is the foundation of Sabbatian-Frankist belief and in Hebrew 'Zohar' means 'splendour', 'radiance', 'illuminated', and so we have 'Illuminati'. They claim to be the 'Illuminated Ones' from their knowledge systematically hidden from the human population and passed on through generations of carefully-chosen initiates in the global secret society network or Cult. Hidden knowledge includes an awareness of the Cult agenda for the world and the nature of our collective reality that I will explore later. Cult 'illumination' is symbolised by the torch held by the Statue of Liberty which was gifted to New York by French Freemasons in Paris who knew exactly what it represents. 'Liberty' symbolises the goddess worshipped in

Babylon as Queen Semiramis or Ishtar. The significance of this will become clear. Notice again the ubiquitous theme of inversion with the Statue of 'Liberty' really symbolising mass control (Fig 7). A mirror-image statute stands on an island in the River Seine in Paris from where New York Liberty originated (Fig 8). A large replica of the Liberty flame stands on top of the Pont de l'Alma tunnel in Paris where Princess Diana died in a Cult ritual described in *The Biggest Secret*. Lucifer 'the light bringer' is related to all this (and much more as we'll see) and 'Lucifer' is a central figure in Sabbatian-Frankism and its associated Satanism. Sabbatians reject the Jewish Torah, or Pentateuch, the 'five books of Moses' in the Old Testament known as Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy which are claimed by Judaism and Christianity to have been dictated by 'God' to Moses on Mount Sinai. Sabbatians say these do not apply to them and they seek to replace them with the Zohar to absorb Judaism and its followers into their inversion which is an expression of a much greater global inversion. They want to delete all religions and force humanity to worship a one-world religion – Sabbatian Satanism that also includes worship of the Earth goddess. Satanic themes are being more and more introduced into mainstream society and while Christianity is currently the foremost target for destruction the others are planned to follow.



Figure 7: The Cult goddess of Babylon disguised as the Statue of Liberty holding the flame of Lucifer the 'light bringer'.



Figure 8: Liberty's mirror image in Paris where the New York version originated.

Marx brothers

Rabbi Marvin Antelman connects the Illuminati to the Jacobins in *To Eliminate the Opiate* and Jacobins were the force behind the French Revolution. He links both to the Bund der Gerechten, or League of the Just, which was the network that inflicted communism/Marxism on the world. Antelman wrote:

The original inner circle of the Bund der Gerechten consisted of born Catholics, Protestants and Jews [Sabbatian-Frankist infiltrators], and those representatives of respective subdivisions formulated schemes for the ultimate destruction of their faiths. The heretical Catholics laid plans which they felt would take a century or more for the ultimate destruction of the church; the apostate Jews for the ultimate destruction of the Jewish religion.

Sabbatian-created communism connects into this anti-religion agenda in that communism does not allow for the free practice of religion. The Sabbatian 'Bund' became the International Communist Party and Communist League and in 1848 'Marxism' was born with the Communist Manifesto of Sabbatian assets Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. It is absolutely no coincidence that Marxism, just a different name for fascist and other centrally-controlled tyrannies, is being imposed worldwide as a result of the 'Covid' hoax and nor that Marxist/fascist China was the place where the hoax originated. The reason for this will become very clear in the chapter 'Covid: The calculated catastrophe'. The so-called 'Woke' mentality has hijacked

traditional beliefs of the political left and replaced them with far-right make-believe 'social justice' better known as Marxism. Woke will, however, be swallowed by its own perceived 'revolution' which is really the work of billionaires and billionaire corporations feigning being 'Woke'. Marxism is being touted by Wokers as a replacement for 'capitalism' when we don't have 'capitalism'. We have cartelism in which the market is stitched up by the very Cult billionaires and corporations bankrolling Woke. Billionaires love Marxism which keeps the people in servitude while they control from the top. Terminally naïve Wokers think they are 'changing the world' when it's the Cult that is doing the changing and when they have played their vital part and become surplus to requirements they, too, will be targeted. The Illuminati-Jacobins were behind the period known as 'The Terror' in the French Revolution in 1793 and 1794 when Jacobin Maximillian de Robespierre and his Orwellian 'Committee of Public Safety' killed 17,000 'enemies of the Revolution' who had once been 'friends of the Revolution'. Karl Marx (1818-1883), whose Sabbatian creed of Marxism has cost the lives of at least 100 million people, is a hero once again to Wokers who have been systematically kept ignorant of real history by their 'education' programming. As a result they now promote a Sabbatian 'Marxist' abomination destined at some point to consume them. Rabbi Antelman, who spent decades researching the Sabbatian plot, said of the League of the Just and Karl Marx:

Contrary to popular opinion Karl Marx did not originate the Communist Manifesto. He was paid for his services by the League of the Just, which was known in its country of origin, Germany, as the Bund der Geachteten.

Antelman said the text attributed to Marx was the work of other people and Marx 'was only repeating what others already said'. Marx was 'a hired hack – lackey of the wealthy Illuminists'. Marx famously said that religion was the 'opium of the people' (part of the Sabbatian plan to demonise religion) and Antelman called his books, *To Eliminate the Opiate*. Marx was born Jewish, but his family converted to Christianity (Sabbatian modus operandi) and he

attacked Jews, not least in his book, *A World Without Jews*. In doing so he supported the Sabbatian plan to destroy traditional Jewishness and Judaism which we are clearly seeing today with the vindictive targeting of orthodox Jews by the Sabbatian government of Israel over 'Covid' laws. I don't follow any religion and it has done much damage to the world over centuries and acted as a perceptual straightjacket. Renegade Minds, however, are always asking *why* something is being done. It doesn't matter if they agree or disagree with what is happening – *why* is it happening is the question. The 'why?' can be answered with regard to religion in that religions create interacting communities of believers when the Cult wants to dismantle all discourse, unity and interaction (see 'Covid' lockdowns) and the ultimate goal is to delete all religions for a one-world religion of Cult Satanism worshipping their 'god' of which more later. We see the same 'why?' with gun control in America. I don't have guns and don't want them, but why is the Cult seeking to disarm the population at the same time that law enforcement agencies are armed to their molars and why has every tyrant in history sought to disarm people before launching the final takeover? They include Hitler, Stalin, Pol Pot and Mao who followed confiscation with violent seizing of power. You know it's a Cult agenda by the people who immediately race to the microphones to exploit dead people in multiple shootings. Ultra-Zionist Cult lackey Senator Chuck Schumer was straight on the case after ten people were killed in Boulder, Colorado in March, 2121. Simple rule ... if Schumer wants it the Cult wants it and the same with his ultra-Zionist mate the wild-eyed Senator Adam Schiff. At the same time they were calling for the disarmament of Americans, many of whom live a long way from a police response, Schumer, Schiff and the rest of these pampered clowns were sitting on Capitol Hill behind a razor-wired security fence protected by thousands of armed troops in addition to their own armed bodyguards. Mom and pop in an isolated home? They're just potential mass shooters.

Zion Mainframe

Sabbatian-Frankists and most importantly the Rothschilds were behind the creation of 'Zionism', a political movement that demanded a Jewish homeland in Israel as promised by Sabbatai Zevi. The very symbol of Israel comes from the German meaning of the name Rothschild. Dynasty founder Mayer Amschel Rothschild changed the family name from Bauer to Rothschild, or 'Red-Shield' in German, in deference to the six-pointed 'Star of David' hexagram displayed on the family's home in Frankfurt. The symbol later appeared on the flag of Israel after the Rothschilds were centrally involved in its creation. Hexagrams are not a uniquely Jewish symbol and are widely used in occult ('hidden') networks often as a symbol for Saturn (see my other books for why). Neither are Zionism and Jewishness interchangeable. Zionism is a political movement and philosophy and not a 'race' or a people. Many Jews oppose Zionism and many non-Jews, including US President Joe Biden, call themselves Zionists as does Israel-centric Donald Trump. America's support for the Israel government is pretty much a gimme with ultra-Zionist billionaires and corporations providing fantastic and dominant funding for both political parties. Former Congresswoman Cynthia McKinney has told how she was approached immediately she ran for office to 'sign the pledge' to Israel and confirm that she would always vote in that country's best interests. All American politicians are approached in this way. Anyone who refuses will get no support or funding from the enormous and all-powerful Zionist lobby that includes organisations like mega-lobby group AIPAC, the American Israel Public Affairs Committee. Trump's biggest funder was ultra-Zionist casino and media billionaire Sheldon Adelson while major funders of the Democratic Party include ultra-Zionist George Soros and ultra-Zionist financial and media mogul, Haim Saban. Some may reel back at the suggestion that Soros is an Israel-firster (Sabbatian-controlled Israel-firster), but Renegade Minds watch the actions not the words and everywhere Soros donates his billions the Sabbatian agenda benefits. In the spirit of Sabbatian inversion Soros pledged \$1 billion for a new university network to promote 'liberal values and tackle intolerance'. He made the announcement during his annual speech

at the Cult-owned World Economic Forum in Davos, Switzerland, in January, 2020, after his 'harsh criticism' of 'authoritarian rulers' around the world. You can only laugh at such brazen mendacity. How *he* doesn't laugh is the mystery. Translated from the Orwellian 'liberal values and tackle intolerance' means teaching non-white people to hate white people and for white people to loathe themselves for being born white. The reason for that will become clear.

The 'Anti-Semitism' fraud

Zionists support the Jewish homeland in the land of Palestine which has been the Sabbatian-Rothschild goal for so long, but not for the benefit of Jews. Sabbatians and their global Anti-Semitism Industry have skewed public and political opinion to equate opposing the violent extremes of Zionism to be a blanket attack and condemnation of all Jewish people. Sabbatians and their global Anti-Semitism Industry have skewed public and political opinion to equate opposing the violent extremes of Zionism to be a blanket attack and condemnation of all Jewish people. This is nothing more than a Sabbatian protection racket to stop legitimate investigation and exposure of their agendas and activities. The official definition of 'anti-Semitism' has more recently been expanded to include criticism of Zionism – a *political movement* – and this was done to further stop exposure of Sabbatian infiltrators who created Zionism as we know it today in the 19th century. Renegade Minds will talk about these subjects when they know the shit that will come their way. People must decide if they want to know the truth or just cower in the corner in fear of what others will say. Sabbatians have been trying to label me as 'anti-Semitic' since the 1990s as I have uncovered more and more about their background and agendas. Useless, gutless, fraudulent 'journalists' then just repeat the smears without question and on the day I was writing this section a pair of unquestioning repeaters called Ben Quinn and Archie Bland (how appropriate) outright called me an 'anti-Semite' in the establishment propaganda sheet, the London *Guardian*, with no supporting evidence. The

Sabbatian Anti-Semitism Industry said so and who are they to question that? They wouldn't dare. Ironically 'Semitic' refers to a group of languages in the Middle East that are almost entirely Arabic. 'Anti-Semitism' becomes 'anti-Arab' which if the consequences of this misunderstanding were not so grave would be hilarious. Don't bother telling Quinn and Bland. I don't want to confuse them, bless 'em. One reason I am dubbed 'anti-Semitic' is that I wrote in the 1990s that Jewish operatives (Sabbatians) were heavily involved in the Russian Revolution when Sabbatians overthrew the Romanov dynasty. This apparently made me 'anti-Semitic'. Oh, really? Here is a section from *The Trigger*:

British journalist Robert Wilton confirmed these themes in his 1920 book *The Last Days of the Romanovs* when he studied official documents from the Russian government to identify the members of the Bolshevik ruling elite between 1917 and 1919. The Central Committee included 41 Jews among 62 members; the Council of the People's Commissars had 17 Jews out of 22 members; and 458 of the 556 most important Bolshevik positions between 1918 and 1919 were occupied by Jewish people. Only 17 were Russian. Then there were the 23 Jews among the 36 members of the vicious Cheka Soviet secret police established in 1917 who would soon appear all across the country.

Professor Robert Service of Oxford University, an expert on 20th century Russian history, found evidence that ['Jewish'] Leon Trotsky had sought to make sure that Jews were enrolled in the Red Army and were disproportionately represented in the Soviet civil bureaucracy that included the Cheka which performed mass arrests, imprisonment and executions of 'enemies of the people'. A US State Department Decimal File (861.00/5339) dated November 13th, 1918, names [Rothschild banking agent in America] Jacob Schiff and a list of ultra-Zionists as funders of the Russian Revolution leading to claims of a 'Jewish plot', but the key point missed by all is they were not 'Jews' – they were Sabbatian-Frankists.

Britain's Winston Churchill made the same error by mistake or otherwise. He wrote in a 1920 edition of the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* that those behind the Russian revolution were part of a 'worldwide conspiracy for the overthrow of civilisation and for the reconstitution of society on the basis of arrested development, of envious malevolence, and impossible equality' (see 'Woke' today because that has been created by the same network). Churchill said there was no need to exaggerate the part played in the creation of Bolshevism and in the actual bringing about of the Russian

Revolution 'by these international and for the most part atheistical Jews' ['atheistical Jews' = Sabbatians]. Churchill said it is certainly a very great one and probably outweighs all others: 'With the notable exception of Lenin, the majority of the leading figures are Jews.' He went on to describe, knowingly or not, the Sabbatian modus operandi of placing puppet leaders nominally in power while they control from the background:

Moreover, the principal inspiration and driving power comes from the Jewish leaders. Thus Tchitcherin, a pure Russian, is eclipsed by his nominal subordinate, Litvinoff, and the influence of Russians like Bukharin or Lunacharski cannot be compared with the power of Trotsky, or of Zinovieff, the Dictator of the Red Citadel (Petrograd), or of Krassin or Radek – all Jews. In the Soviet institutions the predominance of Jews is even more astonishing. And the prominent, if not indeed the principal, part in the system of terrorism applied by the Extraordinary Commissions for Combatting Counter-Revolution has been taken by Jews, and in some notable cases by Jewesses.

What I said about seriously disproportionate involvement in the Russian Revolution by Jewish 'revolutionaries' (Sabbatians) is provable fact, but truth is no defence against the Sabbatian Anti-Semitism Industry, its repeater parrots like Quinn and Bland, and the now breathtaking network of so-called 'Woke' 'anti-hate' groups with interlocking leaderships and funding which have the role of discrediting and silencing anyone who gets too close to exposing the Sabbatians. We have seen 'truth is no defence' confirmed in legal judgements with the Saskatchewan Human Rights Commission in Canada decreeing this: 'Truthful statements can be presented in a manner that would meet the definition of hate speech, and not all truthful statements must be free from restriction.' Most 'anti-hate' activists, who are themselves consumed by hatred, are too stupid and ignorant of the world to know how they are being used. They are far too far up their own virtue-signalling arses and it's far too dark for them to see anything.

The 'revolution' game

The background and methods of the 'Russian' Revolution are straight from the Sabbatian playbook seen in the French Revolution

and endless others around the world that appear to start as a revolution of the people against tyrannical rule and end up with a regime change to more tyrannical rule overtly or covertly. Wars, terror attacks and regime overthrows follow the Sabbatian cult through history with its agents creating them as Problem-Reaction-Solutions to remove opposition on the road to world domination. Sabbatian dots connect the Rothschilds with the Illuminati, Jacobins of the French Revolution, the 'Bund' or League of the Just, the International Communist Party, Communist League and the Communist Manifesto of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels that would lead to the Rothschild-funded Russian Revolution. The sequence comes under the heading of 'creative destruction' when you advance to your global goal by continually destroying the status quo to install a new status quo which you then also destroy. The two world wars come to mind. With each new status quo you move closer to your planned outcome. Wars and mass murder are to Sabbatians a collective blood sacrifice ritual. They are obsessed with death for many reasons and one is that death is an inversion of life. Satanists and Sabbatians are obsessed with death and often target churches and churchyards for their rituals. Inversion-obsessed Sabbatians explain the use of inverted symbolism including the *inverted* pentagram and *inverted* cross. The inversion of the cross has been related to targeting Christianity, but the cross was a religious symbol long before Christianity and its inversion is a statement about the Sabbatian mentality and goals more than any single religion.

Sabbatians operating in Germany were behind the rise of the occult-obsessed Nazis and the subsequent Jewish exodus from Germany and Europe to Palestine and the United States after World War Two. The Rothschild dynasty was at the forefront of this both as political manipulators and by funding the operation. Why would Sabbatians help to orchestrate the horrors inflicted on Jews by the Nazis and by Stalin after they organised the Russian Revolution? Sabbatians hate Jews and their religion, that's why. They pose as Jews and secure positions of control within Jewish society and play the 'anti-Semitism' card to protect themselves from exposure

through a global network of organisations answering to the Sabbatian-created-and-controlled globe-spanning intelligence network that involves a stunning web of military-intelligence operatives and operations for a tiny country of just nine million. Among them are Jewish assets who are not Sabbatians but have been convinced by them that what they are doing is for the good of Israel and the Jewish community to protect them from what they have been programmed since childhood to believe is a Jew-hating hostile world. The Jewish community is just a highly convenient cover to hide the true nature of Sabbatians. Anyone getting close to exposing their game is accused by Sabbatian place-people and gofers of 'anti-Semitism' and claiming that all Jews are part of a plot to take over the world. I am not saying that. I am saying that Sabbatians – the *real* Jew-haters – have infiltrated the Jewish community to use them both as a cover and an 'anti-Semitic' defence against exposure. Thus we have the Anti-Semitism Industry targeted researchers in this way and most Jewish people think this is justified and genuine. They don't know that their 'Jewish' leaders and institutions of state, intelligence and military are not controlled by Jews at all, but cultists and stooges of Sabbatian-Frankism. I once added my name to a pro-Jewish freedom petition online and the next time I looked my name was gone and text had been added to the petition blurb to attack me as an 'anti-Semite' such is the scale of perceptual programming.

Moving on America

I tell the story in *The Trigger* and a chapter called 'Atlantic Crossing' how particularly after Israel was established the Sabbatians moved in on the United States and eventually grasped control of government administration, the political system via both Democrats and Republicans, the intelligence community like the CIA and National Security Agency (NSA), the Pentagon and mass media. Through this seriously compartmentalised network Sabbatians and their operatives in Mossad, Israeli Defense Forces (IDF) and US agencies pulled off 9/11 and blamed it on 19 'Al-Qaeda hijackers' dominated by men from, or connected to, Sabbatian-ruled Saudi

Arabia. The '19' were not even on the planes let alone flew those big passenger jets into buildings while being largely incompetent at piloting one-engine light aircraft. 'Hijacker' Hani Hanjour who is said to have flown American Airlines Flight 77 into the Pentagon with a turn and manoeuvre most professional pilots said they would have struggled to do was banned from renting a small plane by instructors at the Freeway Airport in Bowie, Maryland, just *six weeks* earlier on the grounds that he was an incompetent pilot. The Jewish population of the world is just 0.2 percent with even that almost entirely concentrated in Israel (75 percent Jewish) and the United States (around two percent). This two percent and globally 0.2 percent refers to *Jewish* people and not Sabbatian interlopers who are a fraction of that fraction. What a sobering thought when you think of the fantastic influence on world affairs of tiny Israel and that the Project for the New America Century (PNAC) which laid out the blueprint in September, 2000, for America's war on terror and regime change wars in Iraq, Libya and Syria was founded and dominated by Sabbatians known as 'Neocons'. The document conceded that this plan would not be supported politically or publicly without a major attack on American soil and a Problem-Reaction-Solution excuse to send troops to war across the Middle East. Sabbatian Neocons said:

... [The] process of transformation ... [war and regime change] ... is likely to be a long one, absent some catastrophic and catalysing event – like a new Pearl Harbor.

Four months later many of those who produced that document came to power with their inane puppet George Bush from the long-time Sabbatian Bush family. They included Sabbatian Dick Cheney who was officially vice-president, but really de-facto president for the entirety of the 'Bush' government. Nine months after the 'Bush' inauguration came what Bush called at the time 'the Pearl Harbor of the 21st century' and with typical Sabbatian timing and symbolism 2001 was the 60th anniversary of the attack in 1941 by the Japanese Air Force on Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, which allowed President Franklin Delano Roosevelt to take the United States into a Sabbatian-

instigated Second World War that he said in his election campaign that he never would. The evidence is overwhelming that Roosevelt and his military and intelligence networks knew the attack was coming and did nothing to stop it, but they did make sure that America's most essential naval ships were not in Hawaii at the time. Three thousand Americans died in the Pearl Harbor attacks as they did on September 11th. By the 9/11 year of 2001 Sabbatians had widely infiltrated the US government, military and intelligence operations and used their compartmentalised assets to pull off the 'Al-Qaeda' attacks. If you read *The Trigger* it will blow your mind to see the utterly staggering concentration of 'Jewish' operatives (Sabbatian infiltrators) in essential positions of political, security, legal, law enforcement, financial and business power before, during, and after the attacks to make them happen, carry them out, and then cover their tracks – and I do mean *staggering* when you think of that 0.2 percent of the world population and two percent of Americans which are Jewish while Sabbatian infiltrators are a fraction of that. A central foundation of the 9/11 conspiracy was the hijacking of government, military, Air Force and intelligence computer systems in real time through 'back-door' access made possible by Israeli (Sabbatian) 'cyber security' software. Sabbatian-controlled Israel is on the way to rivalling Silicon Valley for domination of cyberspace and is becoming the dominant force in cyber-security which gives them access to entire computer systems and their passcodes across the world. Then add to this that Zionists head (officially) Silicon Valley giants like Google (Larry Page and Sergey Brin), Google-owned YouTube (Susan Wojcicki), Facebook (Mark Zuckerberg and Sheryl Sandberg), and Apple (Chairman Arthur D. Levinson), and that ultra-Zionist hedge fund billionaire Paul Singer has a \$1 billion stake in Twitter which is only nominally headed by 'CEO' pothead Jack Dorsey. As cable news host Tucker Carlson said of Dorsey: 'There used to be debate in the medical community whether dropping a ton of acid had permanent effects and I think that debate has now ended.' Carlson made the comment after Dorsey told a hearing on Capitol Hill (if you cut through his bullshit) that he

believed in free speech so long as he got to decide what you can hear and see. These 'big names' of Silicon Valley are only front men and women for the Global Cult, not least the Sabbatians, who are the true controllers of these corporations. Does anyone still wonder why these same people and companies have been ferociously censoring and banning people (like me) for exposing any aspect of the Cult agenda and especially the truth about the 'Covid' hoax which Sabbatians have orchestrated?

The Jeffrey Epstein paedophile ring was a Sabbatian operation. He was officially 'Jewish' but he was a Sabbatian and women abused by the ring have told me about the high number of 'Jewish' people involved. The Epstein horror has Sabbatian written all over it and matches perfectly their modus operandi and obsession with sex and ritual. Epstein was running a Sabbatian blackmail ring in which famous people with political and other influence were provided with young girls for sex while everything was being filmed and recorded on hidden cameras and microphones at his New York house, Caribbean island and other properties. Epstein survivors have described this surveillance system to me and some have gone public. Once the famous politician or other figure knew he or she was on video they tended to do whatever they were told. Here we go again ...when you've got them by the balls their hearts and minds will follow. Sabbatians use this blackmail technique on a wide scale across the world to entrap politicians and others they need to act as demanded. Epstein's private plane, the infamous 'Lolita Express', had many well-known passengers including Bill Clinton while Bill Gates has flown on an Epstein plane and met with him four years after Epstein had been jailed for paedophilia. They subsequently met many times at Epstein's home in New York according to a witness who was there. Epstein's infamous side-kick was Ghislaine Maxwell, daughter of Mossad agent and ultra-Zionist mega-crooked British businessman, Bob Maxwell, who at one time owned the *Daily Mirror* newspaper. Maxwell was murdered at sea on his boat in 1991 by Sabbatian-controlled Mossad when he became a liability with his

business empire collapsing as a former Mossad operative has confirmed (see *The Trigger*).

Money, money, money, funny money ...

Before I come to the Sabbatian connection with the last three US presidents I will lay out the crucial importance to Sabbatians of controlling banking and finance. Sabbatian Mayer Amschel Rothschild set out to dominate this arena in his family's quest for total global control. What is freedom? It is, in effect, choice. The more choices you have the freer you are and the fewer your choices the more you are enslaved. In the global structure created over centuries by Sabbatians the biggest decider and restrictor of choice is ... money. Across the world if you ask people what they would like to do with their lives and why they are not doing that they will reply 'I don't have the money'. This is the idea. A global elite of multi-billionaires are described as 'greedy' and that is true on one level; but control of money – who has it and who doesn't – is not primarily about greed. It's about control. Sabbatians have seized ever more control of finance and sucked the wealth of the world out of the hands of the population. We talk now, after all, about the 'One-percent' and even then the wealthiest are a lot fewer even than that. This has been made possible by a money scam so outrageous and so vast it could rightly be called the scam of scams founded on creating 'money' out of nothing and 'loaning' that with interest to the population. Money out of nothing is called 'credit'. Sabbatians have asserted control over governments and banking ever more completely through the centuries and secured financial laws that allow banks to lend hugely more than they have on deposit in a confidence trick known as fractional reserve lending. Imagine if you could lend money that doesn't exist and charge the recipient interest for doing so. You would end up in jail. Bankers by contrast end up in mansions, private jets, Malibu and Monaco.

Banks are only required to keep a fraction of their deposits and wealth in their vaults and they are allowed to lend 'money' they don't have called 'credit'. Go into a bank for a loan and if you succeed

the banker will not move any real wealth into your account. They will type into your account the amount of the agreed 'loan' – say £100,000. This is not wealth that really exists; it is non-existent, fresh-air, created-out-of-nothing 'credit' which has never, does not, and will never exist except in theory. Credit is backed by nothing except wind and only has buying power because people think that it has buying power and accept it in return for property, goods and services. I have described this situation as like those cartoon characters you see chasing each other and when they run over the edge of a cliff they keep running forward on fresh air until one of them looks down, realises what's happened, and they all crash into the ravine. The whole foundation of the Sabbatian financial system is to stop people looking down except for periodic moments when they want to crash the system (as in 2008 and 2020 ongoing) and reap the rewards from all the property, businesses and wealth their borrowers had signed over as 'collateral' in return for a 'loan' of fresh air. Most people think that money is somehow created by governments when it comes into existence from the start as a debt through banks 'lending' illusory money called credit. Yes, the very currency of exchange is a *debt* from day one issued as an interest-bearing loan. Why don't governments create money interest-free and lend it to their people interest-free? Governments are controlled by Sabbatians and the financial system is controlled by Sabbatians for whom interest-free money would be a nightmare come true. Sabbatians underpin their financial domination through their global network of central banks, including the privately-owned US Federal Reserve and Britain's Bank of England, and this is orchestrated by a privately-owned central bank coordination body called the Bank for International Settlements in Basle, Switzerland, created by the usual suspects including the Rockefellers and Rothschilds. Central bank chiefs don't answer to governments or the people. They answer to the Bank for International Settlements or, in other words, the Global Cult which is dominated today by Sabbatians.

Built-in disaster

There are so many constituent scams within the overall banking scam. When you take out a loan of thin-air credit only the amount of that loan is theoretically brought into circulation to add to the amount in circulation; but you are paying back the principle plus interest. The additional interest is not created and this means that with every 'loan' there is a shortfall in the money in circulation between what is borrowed and what has to be paid back. There is never even close to enough money in circulation to repay all outstanding public and private debt including interest. Coldly weaved in the very fabric of the system is the certainty that some will lose their homes, businesses and possessions to the banking 'lender'. This is less obvious in times of 'boom' when the amount of money in circulation (and the debt) is expanding through more people wanting and getting loans. When a downturn comes and the money supply contracts it becomes painfully obvious that there is not enough money to service all debt and interest. This is less obvious in times of 'boom' when the amount of money in circulation (and the debt) is expanding through more people wanting and getting loans. When a downturn comes and the money supply contracts and it becomes painfully obvious – as in 2008 and currently – that there is not enough money to service all debt and interest. Sabbatian banksters have been leading the human population through a calculated series of booms (more debt incurred) and busts (when the debt can't be repaid and the banks get the debtor's tangible wealth in exchange for non-existent 'credit'). With each 'bust' Sabbatian bankers have absorbed more of the world's tangible wealth and we end up with the One-percent. Governments are in bankruptcy levels of debt to the same system and are therefore owned by a system they do not control. The Federal Reserve, 'America's central bank', is privately-owned and American presidents only nominally appoint its chairman or woman to maintain the illusion that it's an arm of government. It's not. The 'Fed' is a cartel of private banks which handed billions to its associates and friends after the crash of 2008 and has been Sabbatian-controlled since it was manipulated into being in 1913 through the covert trickery of Rothschild banking agents Jacob Schiff and Paul

Warburg, and the Sabbatian Rockefeller family. Somehow from a Jewish population of two-percent and globally 0.2 percent (Sabbatian interlopers remember are far smaller) ultra-Zionists headed the Federal Reserve for 31 years between 1987 and 2018 in the form of Alan Greenspan, Bernard Bernanke and Janet Yellen (now Biden's Treasury Secretary) with Yellen's deputy chairman a Israeli-American dual citizen and ultra-Zionist Stanley Fischer, a former governor of the Bank of Israel. Ultra-Zionist Fed chiefs spanned the presidencies of Ronald Reagan ('Republican'), Father George Bush ('Republican'), Bill Clinton ('Democrat'), Boy George Bush ('Republican') and Barack Obama ('Democrat'). We should really add the pre-Greenspan chairman, Paul Adolph Volcker, 'appointed' by Jimmy Carter ('Democrat') who ran the Fed between 1979 and 1987 during the Carter and Reagan administrations before Greenspan took over. Volcker was a long-time associate and business partner of the Rothschilds. No matter what the 'party' officially in power the United States economy was directed by the same force. Here are members of the Obama, Trump and Biden administrations and see if you can make out a common theme.

Barack Obama ('Democrat')

Ultra-Zionists Robert Rubin, Larry Summers, and Timothy Geithner ran the US Treasury in the Clinton administration and two of them reappeared with Obama. Ultra-Zionist Fed chairman Alan Greenspan had manipulated the crash of 2008 through deregulation and jumped ship just before the disaster to make way for ultra-Zionist Bernard Bernanke to hand out trillions to Sabbatian 'too big to fail' banks and businesses, including the ubiquitous ultra-Zionist Goldman Sachs which has an ongoing revolving door operation between itself and major financial positions in government worldwide. Obama inherited the fallout of the crash when he took office in January, 2009, and fortunately he had the support of his ultra-Zionist White House Chief of Staff Rahm Emmanuel, son of a terrorist who helped to bomb Israel into being in 1948, and his ultra-Zionist senior adviser David Axelrod, chief strategist in Obama's two

successful presidential campaigns. Emmanuel, later mayor of Chicago and former senior fundraiser and strategist for Bill Clinton, is an example of the Sabbatian policy after Israel was established of migrating insider families to America so their children would be born American citizens. 'Obama' chose this financial team throughout his administration to respond to the Sabbatian-instigated crisis:

Timothy Geithner (ultra-Zionist) Treasury Secretary; Jacob J. Lew, Treasury Secretary; Larry Summers (ultra-Zionist), director of the White House National Economic Council; Paul Adolph Volcker (Rothschild business partner), chairman of the Economic Recovery Advisory Board; Peter Orszag (ultra-Zionist), director of the Office of Management and Budget overseeing all government spending; Penny Pritzker (ultra-Zionist), Commerce Secretary; Jared Bernstein (ultra-Zionist), chief economist and economic policy adviser to Vice President Joe Biden; Mary Schapiro (ultra-Zionist), chair of the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC); Gary Gensler (ultra-Zionist), chairman of the Commodity Futures Trading Commission (CFTC); Sheila Bair (ultra-Zionist), chair of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation (FDIC); Karen Mills (ultra-Zionist), head of the Small Business Administration (SBA); Kenneth Feinberg (ultra-Zionist), Special Master for Executive [bail-out] Compensation. Feinberg would be appointed to oversee compensation (with strings) to 9/11 victims and families in a campaign to stop them having their day in court to question the official story. At the same time ultra-Zionist Bernard Bernanke was chairman of the Federal Reserve and these are only some of the ultra-Zionists with allegiance to Sabbatian-controlled Israel in the Obama government. Obama's biggest corporate donor was ultra-Zionist Goldman Sachs which had employed many in his administration.

Donald Trump ('Republican')

Trump claimed to be an outsider (he wasn't) who had come to 'drain the swamp'. He embarked on this goal by immediately appointing ultra-Zionist Steve Mnuchin, a Goldman Sachs employee for 17

years, as his Treasury Secretary. Others included Gary Cohn (ultra-Zionist), chief operating officer of Goldman Sachs, his first Director of the National Economic Council and chief economic adviser, who was later replaced by Larry Kudlow (ultra-Zionist). Trump's senior adviser throughout his four years in the White House was his sinister son-in-law Jared Kushner, a life-long friend of Israel Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu. Kushner is the son of a convicted crook who was pardoned by Trump in his last days in office. Other ultra-Zionists in the Trump administration included: Stephen Miller, Senior Policy Adviser; Avrahm Berkowitz, Deputy Adviser to Trump and his Senior Adviser Jared Kushner; Ivanka Trump, Adviser to the President, who converted to Judaism when she married Jared Kushner; David Friedman, Trump lawyer and Ambassador to Israel; Jason Greenblatt, Trump Organization executive vice president and chief legal officer, who was made Special Representative for International Negotiations and the Israeli-Palestinian Conflict; Rod Rosenstein, Deputy Attorney General; Elliot Abrams, Special Representative for Venezuela, then Iran; John Eisenberg, National Security Council Legal Adviser and Deputy Council to the President for National Security Affairs; Anne Neuberger, Deputy National Manager, National Security Agency; Ezra Cohen-Watnick, Acting Under Secretary of Defense for Intelligence; Elan Carr, Special Envoy to monitor and combat anti-Semitism; Len Khodorkovsky, Deputy Special Envoy to monitor and combat anti-Semitism; Reed Cordish, Assistant to the President, Intragovernmental and Technology Initiatives. Trump Vice President Mike Pence and Secretary of State Mike Pompeo, both Christian Zionists, were also vehement supporters of Israel and its goals and ambitions.

Donald 'free-speech believer' Trump pardoned a number of financial and violent criminals while ignoring calls to pardon Julian Assange and Edward Snowden whose crimes are revealing highly relevant information about government manipulation and corruption and the widespread illegal surveillance of the American people by US 'security' agencies. It's so good to know that Trump is on the side of freedom and justice and not mega-criminals with

allegiance to Sabbatian-controlled Israel. These included a pardon for Israeli spy Jonathan Pollard who was jailed for life in 1987 under the Espionage Act. Aviem Sella, the Mossad agent who recruited Pollard, was also pardoned by Trump while Assange sat in jail and Snowden remained in exile in Russia. Sella had 'fled' (was helped to escape) to Israel in 1987 and was never extradited despite being charged under the Espionage Act. A Trump White House statement said that Sella's clemency had been 'supported by Benjamin Netanyahu, Ron Dermer, Israel's US Ambassador, David Friedman, US Ambassador to Israel and Miriam Adelson, wife of leading Trump donor Sheldon Adelson who died shortly before. Other friends of Jared Kushner were pardoned along with Sholom Weiss who was believed to be serving the longest-ever white-collar prison sentence of more than 800 years in 2000. The sentence was commuted of Ponzi-schemer Eliyahu Weinstein who defrauded Jews and others out of \$200 million. I did mention that Assange and Snowden were ignored, right? Trump gave Sabbatians almost everything they asked for in military and political support, moving the US Embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem with its critical symbolic and literal implications for Palestinian statehood, and the 'deal of the Century' designed by Jared Kushner and David Friedman which gave the Sabbatian Israeli government the green light to substantially expand its already widespread program of building illegal Jewish-only settlements in the occupied land of the West Bank. This made a two-state 'solution' impossible by seizing all the land of a potential Palestinian homeland and that had been the plan since 1948 and then 1967 when the Arab-controlled Gaza Strip, West Bank, Sinai Peninsula and Syrian Golan Heights were occupied by Israel. All the talks about talks and road maps and delays have been buying time until the West Bank was physically occupied by Israeli real estate. Trump would have to be a monumentally ill-informed idiot not to see that this was the plan he was helping to complete. The Trump administration was in so many ways the Kushner administration which means the Netanyahu administration which means the Sabbatian administration. I understand why many opposing Cult fascism in all its forms gravitated to Trump, but he

was a crucial part of the Sabbatian plan and I will deal with this in the next chapter.

Joe Biden ('Democrat')

A barely cognitive Joe Biden took over the presidency in January, 2021, along with his fellow empty shell, Vice-President Kamala Harris, as the latest Sabbatian gofers to enter the White House. Names on the door may have changed and the 'party' – the force behind them remained the same as Zionists were appointed to a stream of pivotal areas relating to Sabbatian plans and policy. They included: Janet Yellen, Treasury Secretary, former head of the Federal Reserve, and still another ultra-Zionist running the US Treasury after Mnuchin (Trump), Lew and Geithner (Obama), and Summers and Rubin (Clinton); Anthony Blinken, Secretary of State; Wendy Sherman, Deputy Secretary of State (so that's 'Biden's' Sabbatian foreign policy sorted); Jeff Zients, White House coronavirus coordinator; Rochelle Walensky, head of the Centers for Disease Control; Rachel Levine, transgender deputy health secretary (that's 'Covid' hoax policy under control); Merrick Garland, Attorney General; Alejandro Mayorkas, Secretary of Homeland Security; Cass Sunstein, Homeland Security with responsibility for new immigration laws; Avril Haines, Director of National Intelligence; Anne Neuberger, National Security Agency cybersecurity director (note, cybersecurity); David Cohen, CIA Deputy Director; Ronald Klain, Biden's Chief of Staff (see Rahm Emanuel); Eric Lander, a 'leading geneticist', Office of Science and Technology Policy director (see Smart Grid, synthetic biology agenda); Jessica Rosenworcel, acting head of the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) which controls Smart Grid technology policy and electromagnetic communication systems including 5G. How can it be that so many pivotal positions are held by two-percent of the American population and 0.2 percent of the world population administration after administration no matter who is the president and what is the party? It's a coincidence? Of course it's not and this is why Sabbatians have built their colossal global web of interlocking 'anti-

hate' hate groups to condemn anyone who asks these glaring questions as an 'anti-Semite'. The way that Jewish people horrifically abused in Sabbatian-backed Nazi Germany are exploited to this end is stomach-turning and disgusting beyond words.

Political fusion

Sabbatian manipulation has reversed the roles of Republicans and Democrats and the same has happened in Britain with the Conservative and Labour Parties. Republicans and Conservatives were always labelled the 'right' and Democrats and Labour the 'left', but look at the policy positions now and the Democrat-Labour 'left' has moved further to the 'right' than Republicans and Conservatives under the banner of 'Woke', the Cult-created far-right tyranny. Where once the Democrat-Labour 'left' defended free speech and human rights they now seek to delete them and as I said earlier despite the 'Covid' fascism of the Jackboot Johnson Conservative government in the UK the Labour Party of leader Keir Starmer demanded even more extreme measures. The Labour Party has been very publicly absorbed by Sabbatians after a political and media onslaught against the previous leader, the weak and inept Jeremy Corbyn, over made-up allegations of 'anti-Semitism' both by him and his party. The plan was clear with this 'anti-Semite' propaganda and what was required in response was a swift and decisive 'fuck off' from Corbyn and a statement to expose the Anti-Semitism Industry (Sabbatian) attempt to silence Labour criticism of the Israeli government (Sabbatians) and purge the party of all dissent against the extremes of ultra-Zionism (Sabbatians). Instead Corbyn and his party fell to their knees and appeased the abusers which, by definition, is impossible. Appeasing one demand leads only to a new demand to be appeased until takeover is complete. Like I say – 'fuck off' would have been a much more effective policy and I have used it myself with great effect over the years when Sabbatians are on my case which is most of the time. I consider that fact a great compliment, by the way. The outcome of the Labour Party capitulation is that we now have a Sabbatian-controlled

Conservative Party 'opposed' by a Sabbatian-controlled Labour Party in a one-party Sabbatian state that hurtles towards the extremes of tyranny (the Sabbatian cult agenda). In America the situation is the same. Labour's Keir Starmer spends his days on his knees with his tongue out pointing to Tel Aviv, or I guess now Jerusalem, while Boris Johnson has an 'anti-Semitism czar' in the form of former Labour MP John Mann who keeps Starmer company on his prayer mat.

Sabbatian influence can be seen in Jewish members of the Labour Party who have been ejected for criticism of Israel including those from families that suffered in Nazi Germany. Sabbatians despise real Jewish people and target them even more harshly because it is so much more difficult to dub them 'anti-Semitic' although in their desperation they do try.

CHAPTER THREE

The Pushbacker sting

Until you realize how easy it is for your mind to be manipulated, you remain the puppet of someone else's game

Evita Ochel

I will use the presidencies of Trump and Biden to show how the manipulation of the one-party state plays out behind the illusion of political choice across the world. No two presidencies could – on the face of it – be more different and apparently at odds in terms of direction and policy.

A Renegade Mind sees beyond the obvious and focuses on outcomes and consequences and not image, words and waffle. The Cult embarked on a campaign to divide America between those who blindly support its agenda (the mentality known as 'Woke') and those who are pushing back on where the Cult and its Sabbatians want to go. This presents infinite possibilities for dividing and ruling the population by setting them at war with each other and allows a perceptual ring fence of demonisation to encircle the Pushbackers in a modern version of the Little Big Horn in 1876 when American cavalry led by Lieutenant Colonel George Custer were drawn into a trap, surrounded and killed by Native American tribes defending their land of thousands of years from being seized by the government. In this modern version the roles are reversed and it's those defending themselves from the Sabbatian government who are surrounded and the government that's seeking to destroy them. This trap was set years ago and to explain how we must return to 2016

and the emergence of Donald Trump as a candidate to be President of the United States. He set out to overcome the best part of 20 other candidates in the Republican Party before and during the primaries and was not considered by many in those early stages to have a prayer of living in the White House. The Republican Party was said to have great reservations about Trump and yet somehow he won the nomination. When you know how American politics works – politics in general – there is no way that Trump could have become the party's candidate unless the Sabbatian-controlled 'Neocons' that run the Republican Party wanted that to happen. We saw the proof in emails and documents made public by WikiLeaks that the Democratic Party hierarchy, or Democons, systematically undermined the campaign of Bernie Sanders to make sure that Sabbatian gofer Hillary Clinton won the nomination to be their presidential candidate. If the Democons could do that then the Neocons in the Republican Party could have derailed Trump in the same way. But they didn't and at that stage I began to conclude that Trump could well be the one chosen to be president. If that was the case the 'why' was pretty clear to see – the goal of dividing America between Cult agenda-supporting Wokers and Pushbackers who gravitated to Trump because he was telling them what they wanted to hear. His constituency of support had been increasingly ignored and voiceless for decades and profoundly through the eight years of Sabbatian puppet Barack Obama. Now here was someone speaking their language of pulling back from the incessant globalisation of political and economic power, the exporting of American jobs to China and elsewhere by 'American' (Sabbatian) corporations, the deletion of free speech, and the mass immigration policies that had further devastated job opportunities for the urban working class of all races and the once American heartlands of the Midwest.

Beware the forked tongue

Those people collectively sighed with relief that at last a political leader was apparently on their side, but another trait of the Renegade Mind is that you look even harder at people telling you

what you want to hear than those who are telling you otherwise. Obviously as I said earlier people wish what they want to hear to be true and genuine and they are much more likely to believe that than someone saying what they don't want to hear and don't want to be true. Sales people are taught to be skilled in eliciting by calculated questioning what their customers want to hear and repeating that back to them as their own opinion to get their targets to like and trust them. Assets of the Cult are also sales people in the sense of selling perception. To read Cult manipulation you have to play the long and expanded game and not fall for the Vaudeville show of party politics. Both American parties are vehicles for the Cult and they exploit them in different ways depending on what the agenda requires at that moment. Trump and the Republicans were used to be the focus of dividing America and isolating Pushbackers to open the way for a Biden presidency to become the most extreme in American history by advancing the full-blown Woke (Cult) agenda with the aim of destroying and silencing Pushbackers now labelled Nazi Trump supporters and white supremacists.

Sabbatians wanted Trump in office for the reasons described by ultra-Zionist Saul Alinsky (1909-1972) who was promoting the Woke philosophy through 'community organising' long before anyone had heard of it. In those days it still went by its traditional name of Marxism. The reason for the manipulated Trump phenomenon was laid out in Alinsky's 1971 book, *Rules for Radicals*, which was his blueprint for overthrowing democratic and other regimes and replacing them with Sabbatian Marxism. Not surprisingly his to-do list was evident in the Sabbatian French and Russian 'Revolutions' and that in China which will become very relevant in the next chapter about the 'Covid' hoax. Among Alinsky's followers have been the deeply corrupt Barack Obama, House Speaker Nancy Pelosi and Hillary Clinton who described him as a 'hero'. All three are Sabbatian stooges with Pelosi personifying the arrogant corrupt idiocy that so widely fronts up for the Cult inner core. Predictably as a Sabbatian advocate of the 'light-bringer' Alinsky features Lucifer on the dedication page of his book as the original radical who gained

his own kingdom ('Earth' as we shall see). One of Alinsky's golden radical rules was to pick an individual and focus all attention, hatred and blame on them and not to target faceless bureaucracies and corporations. *Rules for Radicals* is really a Sabbatian handbook with its contents repeatedly employed all over the world for centuries and why wouldn't Sabbatians bring to power their designer-villain to be used as the individual on which all attention, hatred and blame was bestowed? This is what they did and the only question for me is how much Trump knew that and how much he was manipulated. A bit of both, I suspect. This was Alinsky's Trump technique from a man who died in 1972. The technique has spanned history:

Pick the target, freeze it, personalize it, polarize it. Don't try to attack abstract corporations or bureaucracies. Identify a responsible individual. Ignore attempts to shift or spread the blame.

From the moment Trump came to illusory power everything was about him. It wasn't about Republican policy or opinion, but all about Trump. Everything he did was presented in negative, derogatory and abusive terms by the Sabbatian-dominated media led by Cult operations such as CNN, MSNBC, *The New York Times* and the Jeff Bezos-owned *Washington Post* – 'Pick the target, freeze it, personalize it, polarize it.' Trump was turned into a demon to be vilified by those who hated him and a demi-god loved by those who worshipped him. This, in turn, had his supporters, too, presented as equally demonic in preparation for the punchline later down the line when Biden was about to take office. It was here's a Trump, there's a Trump, everywhere a Trump, Trump. Virtually every news story or happening was filtered through the lens of 'The Donald'. You loved him or hated him and which one you chose was said to define you as Satan's spawn or a paragon of virtue. Even supporting some Trump policies or statements and not others was enough for an assault on your character. No shades of grey were or are allowed. Everything is black and white (literally and figuratively). A Californian I knew had her head utterly scrambled by her hatred for Trump while telling people they should love each other. She was so totally consumed by

Trump Derangement Syndrome as it became to be known that this glaring contradiction would never have occurred to her. By definition anyone who criticised Trump or praised his opponents was a hero and this lady described Joe Biden as 'a kind, honest gentleman' when he's a provable liar, mega-crook and vicious piece of work to boot. Sabbatians had indeed divided America using Trump as the fall-guy and all along the clock was ticking on the consequences for his supporters.

In hock to his masters

Trump gave Sabbatians via Israel almost everything they wanted in his four years. Ask and you shall receive was the dynamic between himself and Benjamin Netanyahu orchestrated by Trump's ultra-Zionist son-in-law Jared Kushner, his ultra-Zionist Ambassador to Israel, David Friedman, and ultra-Zionist 'Israel adviser', Jason Greenblatt. The last two were central to the running and protecting from collapse of his business empire, the Trump Organisation, and colossal business failures made him forever beholding to Sabbatian networks that bailed him out. By the start of the 1990s Trump owed \$4 billion to banks that he couldn't pay and almost \$1 billion of that was down to him personally and not his companies. This mega-disaster was the result of building two new casinos in Atlantic City and buying the enormous Taj Mahal operation which led to crippling debt payments. He had borrowed fantastic sums from 72 banks with major Sabbatian connections and although the scale of debt should have had him living in a tent alongside the highway they never foreclosed. A plan was devised to lift Trump from the mire by BT Securities Corporation and Rothschild Inc. and the case was handled by Wilber Ross who had worked for the Rothschilds for 27 years. Ross would be named US Commerce Secretary after Trump's election. Another crucial figure in saving Trump was ultra-Zionist 'investor' Carl Icahn who bought the Taj Mahal casino. Icahn was made special economic adviser on financial regulation in the Trump administration. He didn't stay long but still managed to find time to make a tidy sum of a reported \$31.3 million when he sold his

holdings affected by the price of steel three days before Trump imposed a 235 percent tariff on steel imports. What amazing bits of luck these people have. Trump and Sabbatian operatives have long had a close association and his mentor and legal adviser from the early 1970s until 1986 was the dark and genetically corrupt ultra-Zionist Roy Cohn who was chief counsel to Senator Joseph McCarthy's 'communist' witch-hunt in the 1950s. *Esquire* magazine published an article about Cohn with the headline 'Don't mess with Roy Cohn'. He was described as the most feared lawyer in New York and 'a ruthless master of dirty tricks ... [with] ... more than one Mafia Don on speed dial'. Cohn's influence, contacts, support and protection made Trump a front man for Sabbatians in New York with their connections to one of Cohn's many criminal employers, the 'Russian' Sabbatian Mafia. Israel-centric media mogul Rupert Murdoch was introduced to Trump by Cohn and they started a long friendship. Cohn died in 1986 weeks after being disbarred for unethical conduct by the Appellate Division of the New York State Supreme Court. The wheels of justice do indeed run slow given the length of Cohn's crooked career.

QAnon-sense

We are asked to believe that Donald Trump with his fundamental connections to Sabbatian networks and operatives has been leading the fight to stop the Sabbatian agenda for the fascistic control of America and the world. Sure he has. A man entrapped during his years in the White House by Sabbatian operatives and whose biggest financial donor was casino billionaire Sheldon Adelson who was Sabbatian to his DNA?? Oh, do come on. Trump has been used to divide America and isolate Pushbackers on the Cult agenda under the heading of 'Trump supporters', 'insurrectionists' and 'white supremacists'. The US Intelligence/Mossad Psyop or psychological operation known as QAnon emerged during the Trump years as a central pillar in the Sabbatian campaign to lead Pushbackers into the trap set by those that wished to destroy them. I knew from the start that QAnon was a scam because I had seen the same scenario many

times before over 30 years under different names and I had written about one in particular in the books. 'Not again' was my reaction when QAnon came to the fore. The same script is pulled out every few years and a new name added to the letterhead. The story always takes the same form: 'Insiders' or 'the good guys' in the government-intelligence-military 'Deep State' apparatus were going to instigate mass arrests of the 'bad guys' which would include the Rockefellers, Rothschilds, Barack Obama, Hillary Clinton, George Soros, etc., etc. Dates are given for when the 'good guys' are going to move in, but the dates pass without incident and new dates are given which pass without incident. The central message to Pushbackers in each case is that they don't have to do anything because there is 'a plan' and it is all going to be sorted by the 'good guys' on the inside. 'Trust the plan' was a QAnon mantra when the only plan was to misdirect Pushbackers into putting their trust in a Psyop they believed to be real. Beware, beware, those who tell you what you want to hear and always check it out. Right up to Biden's inauguration QAnon was still claiming that 'the Storm' was coming and Trump would stay on as president when Biden and his cronies were arrested and jailed. It was never going to happen and of course it didn't, but what did happen as a result provided that punchline to the Sabbatian Trump/QAnon Psyop.

On January 6th, 2021, a very big crowd of Trump supporters gathered in the National Mall in Washington DC down from the Capitol Building to protest at what they believed to be widespread corruption and vote fraud that stopped Trump being re-elected for a second term as president in November, 2020. I say as someone that does not support Trump or Biden that the evidence is clear that major vote-fixing went on to favour Biden, a man with cognitive problems so advanced he can often hardly string a sentence together without reading the words written for him on the Teleprompter. Glaring ballot discrepancies included serious questions about electronic voting machines that make vote rigging a comparative cinch and hundreds of thousands of paper votes that suddenly appeared during already advanced vote counts and virtually all of

them for Biden. Early Trump leads in crucial swing states suddenly began to close and disappear. The pandemic hoax was used as the excuse to issue almost limitless numbers of mail-in ballots with no checks to establish that the recipients were still alive or lived at that address. They were sent to streams of people who had not even asked for them. Private organisations were employed to gather these ballots and who knows what they did with them before they turned up at the counts. The American election system has been manipulated over decades to become a sick joke with more holes than a Swiss cheese for the express purpose of dictating the results. Then there was the criminal manipulation of information by Sabbatian tech giants like Facebook, Twitter and Google-owned YouTube which deleted pro-Trump, anti-Biden accounts and posts while everything in support of Biden was left alone. Sabbatians wanted Biden to win because after the dividing of America it was time for full-on Woke and every aspect of the Cult agenda to be unleashed.

Hunter gatherer

Extreme Silicon Valley bias included blocking information by the *New York Post* exposing a Biden scandal that should have ended his bid for president in the final weeks of the campaign. Hunter Biden, his monumentally corrupt son, is reported to have sent a laptop to be repaired at a local store and failed to return for it. Time passed until the laptop became the property of the store for non-payment of the bill. When the owner saw what was on the hard drive he gave a copy to the FBI who did nothing even though it confirmed widespread corruption in which the Joe Biden family were using his political position, especially when he was vice president to Obama, to make multiple millions in countries around the world and most notably Ukraine and China. Hunter Biden's one-time business partner Tony Bobulinski went public when the story broke in the *New York Post* to confirm the corruption he saw and that Joe Biden not only knew what was going on he also profited from the spoils. Millions were handed over by a Chinese company with close

connections – like all major businesses in China – to the Chinese communist party of President Xi Jinping. Joe Biden even boasted at a meeting of the Cult's World Economic Forum that as vice president he had ordered the government of Ukraine to fire a prosecutor. What he didn't mention was that the same man just happened to be investigating an energy company which was part of Hunter Biden's corrupt portfolio. The company was paying him big bucks for no other reason than the influence his father had. Overnight Biden's presidential campaign should have been over given that he had lied publicly about not knowing what his son was doing. Instead almost the entire Sabbatian-owned mainstream media and Sabbatian-owned Silicon Valley suppressed circulation of the story. This alone went a mighty way to rigging the election of 2020. Cult assets like Mark Zuckerberg at Facebook also spent hundreds of millions to be used in support of Biden and vote 'administration'.

The Cult had used Trump as the focus to divide America and was now desperate to bring in moronic, pliable, corrupt Biden to complete the double-whammy. No way were they going to let little things like the will of the people thwart their plan. Silicon Valley widely censored claims that the election was rigged because it *was* rigged. For the same reason anyone claiming it was rigged was denounced as a 'white supremacist' including the pathetically few Republican politicians willing to say so. Right across the media where the claim was mentioned it was described as a 'false claim' even though these excuses for 'journalists' would have done no research into the subject whatsoever. Trump won seven million more votes than any sitting president had ever achieved while somehow a cognitively-challenged soon to be 78-year-old who was hidden away from the public for most of the campaign managed to win more votes than any presidential candidate in history. It makes no sense. You only had to see election rallies for both candidates to witness the enthusiasm for Trump and the apathy for Biden. Tens of thousands would attend Trump events while Biden was speaking in empty car parks with often only television crews attending and framing their shots to hide the fact that no one was there. It was pathetic to see

footage come to light of Biden standing at a podium making speeches only to TV crews and party fixers while reading the words written for him on massive Teleprompter screens. So, yes, those protestors on January 6th had a point about election rigging, but some were about to walk into a trap laid for them in Washington by the Cult Deep State and its QAnon Psyop. This was the Capitol Hill riot ludicrously dubbed an 'insurrection'.

The spider and the fly

Renegade Minds know there are not two 'sides' in politics, only one side, the Cult, working through all 'sides'. It's a stage show, a puppet show, to direct the perceptions of the population into focusing on diversions like parties and candidates while missing the puppeteers with their hands holding all the strings. The Capitol Hill 'insurrection' brings us back to the Little Big Horn. Having created two distinct opposing groupings – Woke and Pushbackers – the trap was about to be sprung. Pushbackers were to be encircled and isolated by associating them all in the public mind with Trump and then labelling Trump as some sort of Confederate leader. I knew immediately that the Capitol riot was a set-up because of two things. One was how easy the rioters got into the building with virtually no credible resistance and secondly I could see – as with the 'Covid' hoax in the West at the start of 2020 – how the Cult could exploit the situation to move its agenda forward with great speed. My experience of Cult techniques and activities over more than 30 years has showed me that while they do exploit situations they haven't themselves created this never happens with events of fundamental agenda significance. Every time major events giving cultists the excuse to rapidly advance their plan you find they are manipulated into being for the specific reason of providing that excuse – Problem-Reaction-Solution. Only a tiny minority of the huge crowd of Washington protestors sought to gain entry to the Capitol by smashing windows and breaching doors. That didn't matter. The whole crowd and all Pushbackers, even if they did not support Trump, were going to be lumped together as dangerous

insurrectionists and conspiracy theorists. The latter term came into widespread use through a CIA memo in the 1960s aimed at discrediting those questioning the nonsensical official story of the Kennedy assassination and it subsequently became widely employed by the media. It's still being used by inept 'journalists' with no idea of its origin to discredit anyone questioning anything that authority claims to be true. When you are perpetrating a conspiracy you need to discredit the very word itself even though the dictionary definition of conspiracy is merely 'the activity of secretly planning with other people to do something bad or illegal' and 'a general agreement to keep silent about a subject for the purpose of keeping it secret'. On that basis there are conspiracies almost wherever you look. For obvious reasons the Cult and its lapdog media have to claim there are no conspiracies even though the word appears in state laws as with conspiracy to defraud, to murder, and to corrupt public morals.

Agent provocateurs are widely used by the Cult Deep State to manipulate genuine people into acting in ways that suit the desired outcome. By genuine in this case I mean protestors genuinely supporting Trump and claims that the election was stolen. In among them, however, were agents of the state wearing the garb of Trump supporters and QAnon to pump-prime the Capital riot which some genuine Trump supporters naively fell for. I described the situation as 'Come into my parlour said the spider to the fly'. Leaflets appeared through the Woke paramilitary arm Antifa, the anti-fascist fascists, calling on supporters to turn up in Washington looking like Trump supporters even though they hated him. Some of those arrested for breaching the Capitol Building were sourced to Antifa and its stable mate Black Lives Matter. Both organisations are funded by Cult billionaires and corporations. One man charged for the riot was according to his lawyer a former FBI agent who had held top secret security clearance for 40 years. Attorney Thomas Plofchan said of his client, 66-year-old Thomas Edward Caldwell:

He has held a Top Secret Security Clearance since 1979 and has undergone multiple Special Background Investigations in support of his clearances. After retiring from the Navy, he

worked as a section chief for the Federal Bureau of Investigation from 2009-2010 as a GS-12 [mid-level employee].

He also formed and operated a consulting firm performing work, often classified, for U.S government customers including the US. Drug Enforcement Agency, Department of Housing and Urban Development, the US Coast Guard, and the US Army Personnel Command.

A judge later released Caldwell pending trial in the absence of evidence about a conspiracy or that he tried to force his way into the building. *The New York Post* reported a 'law enforcement source' as saying that 'at least two known Antifa members were spotted' on camera among Trump supporters during the riot while one of the rioters arrested was John Earle Sullivan, a seriously extreme Black Lives Matter Trump-hater from Utah who was previously arrested and charged in July, 2020, over a BLM-Antifa riot in which drivers were threatened and one was shot. Sullivan is the founder of Utah-based Insurgence USA which is an affiliate of the Cult-created-and-funded Black Lives Matter movement. Footage appeared and was then deleted by Twitter of Trump supporters calling out Antifa infiltrators and a group was filmed changing into pro-Trump clothing before the riot. Security at the building was *pathetic* – as planned. Colonel Leroy Fletcher Prouty, a man with long experience in covert operations working with the US security apparatus, once described the tell-tale sign to identify who is involved in an assassination. He said:

No one has to direct an assassination – it happens. The active role is played secretly by permitting it to happen. This is the greatest single clue. Who has the power to call off or reduce the usual security precautions?

This principle applies to many other situations and certainly to the Capitol riot of January 6th, 2021.

The sting

With such a big and potentially angry crowd known to be gathering near the Capitol the security apparatus would have had a major police detail to defend the building with National Guard troops on

standby given the strength of feeling among people arriving from all over America encouraged by the QAnon Psyop and statements by Donald Trump. Instead Capitol Police 'security' was flimsy, weak, and easily breached. The same number of officers was deployed as on a regular day and that is a blatant red flag. They were not staffed or equipped for a possible riot that had been an obvious possibility in the circumstances. No protective and effective fencing worth the name was put in place and there were no contingency plans. The whole thing was basically a case of standing aside and waving people in. Once inside police mostly backed off apart from one Capitol police officer who ridiculously shot dead unarmed Air Force veteran protestor Ashli Babbitt without a warning as she climbed through a broken window. The 'investigation' refused to name or charge the officer after what must surely be considered a murder in the circumstances. They just lifted a carpet and swept. The story was endlessly repeated about five people dying in the 'armed insurrection' when there was no report of rioters using weapons. Apart from Babbitt the other four died from a heart attack, strokes and apparently a drug overdose. Capitol police officer Brian Sicknick was reported to have died after being bludgeoned with a fire extinguisher when he was alive after the riot was over and died later of what the Washington Medical Examiner's Office said was a stroke. Sicknick had no external injuries. The lies were delivered like rapid fire. There was a narrative to build with incessant repetition of the lie until the lie became the accepted 'everybody knows that' truth. The 'Big Lie' technique of Nazi Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels is constantly used by the Cult which was behind the Nazis and is today behind the 'Covid' and 'climate change' hoaxes. Goebbels said:

If you tell a lie big enough and keep repeating it, people will eventually come to believe it. The lie can be maintained only for such time as the State can shield the people from the political, economic and/or military consequences of the lie. It thus becomes vitally important for the State to use all of its powers to repress dissent, for the truth is the mortal enemy of the lie, and thus by extension, the truth is the greatest enemy of the State.

Most protestors had a free run of the Capitol Building. This allowed pictures to be taken of rioters in iconic parts of the building including the Senate chamber which could be used as propaganda images against all Pushbackers. One Congresswoman described the scene as 'the worst kind of non-security anybody could ever imagine'. Well, the first part was true, but someone obviously did imagine it and made sure it happened. Some photographs most widely circulated featured people wearing QAnon symbols and now the Psyop would be used to dub all QAnon followers with the ubiquitous fit-all label of 'white supremacist' and 'insurrectionists'. When a Muslim extremist called Noah Green drove his car at two police officers at the Capitol Building killing one in April, 2021, there was no such political and media hysteria. They were just disappointed he wasn't white.

The witch-hunt

Government prosecutor Michael Sherwin, an aggressive, dark-eyed, professional Rottweiler led the 'investigation' and to call it over the top would be to understate reality a thousand fold. Hundreds were tracked down and arrested for the crime of having the wrong political views and people were jailed who had done nothing more than walk in the building, committed no violence or damage to property, took a few pictures and left. They were labelled a 'threat to the Republic' while Biden sat in the White House signing executive orders written for him that were dismantling 'the Republic'. Even when judges ruled that a mother and son should not be in jail the government kept them there. Some of those arrested have been badly beaten by prison guards in Washington and lawyers for one man said he suffered a fractured skull and was made blind in one eye. Meanwhile a woman is shot dead for no reason by a Capitol Police officer and we are not allowed to know who he is never mind what has happened to him although that will be *nothing*. The Cult's QAnon/Trump sting to identify and isolate Pushbackers and then target them on the road to crushing and deleting them was a resounding success. You would have thought the Russians had

invaded the building at gunpoint and lined up senators for a firing squad to see the political and media reaction. Congresswoman Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez is a child in a woman's body, a terrible-tvos, me, me, me, Woker narcissist of such proportions that words have no meaning. She said she thought she was going to die when 'insurrectionists' banged on her office door. It turned out she wasn't even in the Capitol Building when the riot was happening and the 'banging' was a Capitol Police officer. She referred to herself as a 'survivor' which is an insult to all those true survivors of violent and sexual abuse while she lives her pampered and privileged life talking drivel for a living. Her Woke colleague and fellow mega-narcissist Rashida Tlaib broke down describing the devastating effect on her, too, of *not being* in the building when the rioters were there. Ocasio-Cortez and Tlaib are members of a fully-Woke group of Congresswomen known as 'The Squad' along with Ilhan Omar and Ayanna Pressley. The Squad from what I can see can be identified by its vehement anti-white racism, anti-white men agenda, and, as always in these cases, the absence of brain cells on active duty.

The usual suspects were on the riot case immediately in the form of Democrat ultra-Zionist senators and operatives Chuck Schumer and Adam Schiff demanding that Trump be impeached for 'his part in the insurrection'. The same pair of prats had led the failed impeachment of Trump over the invented 'Russia collusion' nonsense which claimed Russia had helped Trump win the 2016 election. I didn't realise that Tel Aviv had been relocated just outside Moscow. I must find an up-to-date map. The Russia hoax was a Sabbatian operation to keep Trump occupied and impotent and to stop any rapport with Russia which the Cult wants to retain as a perceptual enemy to be pulled out at will. Puppet Biden began attacking Russia when he came to office as the Cult seeks more upheaval, division and war across the world. A two-year stage show 'Russia collusion inquiry' headed by the not-very-bright former 9/11 FBI chief Robert Mueller, with support from 19 lawyers, 40 FBI agents plus intelligence analysts, forensic accountants and other

staff, devoured tens of millions of dollars and found no evidence of Russia collusion which a ten-year-old could have told them on day one. Now the same moronic Schumer and Schiff wanted a second impeachment of Trump over the Capitol 'insurrection' (riot) which the arrested development of Schumer called another 'Pearl Harbor' while others compared it with 9/11 in which 3,000 died and, in the case of CNN, with the Rwandan genocide in the 1990s in which an estimated 500,000 to 600,000 were murdered, between 250,000 and 500,000 women were raped, and populations of whole towns were hacked to death with machetes. To make those comparisons purely for Cult political reasons is beyond insulting to those that suffered and lost their lives and confirms yet again the callous inhumanity that we are dealing with. Schumer is a monumental idiot and so is Schiff, but they serve the Cult agenda and do whatever they're told so they get looked after. Talking of idiots – another inane man who spanned the Russia and Capitol impeachment attempts was Senator Eric Swalwell who had the nerve to accuse Trump of collusion with the Russians while sleeping with a Chinese spy called Christine Fang or 'Fang Fang' which is straight out of a Bond film no doubt starring Klaus Schwab as the bloke living on a secret island and controlling laser weapons positioned in space and pointing at world capitals. Fang Fang plays the part of Bond's infiltrator girlfriend which I'm sure she would enjoy rather more than sharing a bed with the brainless Swalwell, lying back and thinking of China. The FBI eventually warned Swalwell about Fang Fang which gave her time to escape back to the Chinese dictatorship. How very thoughtful of them. The second Trump impeachment also failed and hardly surprising when an impeachment is supposed to remove a sitting president and by the time it happened Trump was no longer president. These people are running your country America, well, officially anyway. Terrifying isn't it?

Outcomes tell the story - always

The outcome of all this – and it's the *outcome* on which Renegade Minds focus, not the words – was that a vicious, hysterical and

obviously pre-planned assault was launched on Pushbackers to censor, silence and discredit them and even targeted their right to earn a living. They have since been condemned as 'domestic terrorists' that need to be treated like Al-Qaeda and Islamic State. 'Domestic terrorists' is a label the Cult has been trying to make stick since the period of the Oklahoma bombing in 1995 which was blamed on 'far-right domestic terrorists'. If you read *The Trigger* you will see that the bombing was clearly a Problem-Reaction-Solution carried out by the Deep State during a Bill Clinton administration so corrupt that no dictionary definition of the term would even nearly suffice. Nearly 30, 000 troops were deployed from all over America to the empty streets of Washington for Biden's inauguration. Ten thousand of them stayed on with the pretext of protecting the capital from insurrectionists when it was more psychological programming to normalise the use of the military in domestic law enforcement in support of the Cult plan for a police-military state. Biden's fascist administration began a purge of 'wrong-thinkers' in the military which means anyone that is not on board with Woke. The Capitol Building was surrounded by a fence with razor wire and the Land of the Free was further symbolically and literally dismantled. The circle was completed with the installation of Biden and the exploitation of the QAnon Psyop.

America had never been so divided since the civil war of the 19th century, Pushbackers were isolated and dubbed terrorists and now, as was always going to happen, the Cult immediately set about deleting what little was left of freedom and transforming American society through a swish of the hand of the most controlled 'president' in American history leading (officially at least) the most extreme regime since the country was declared an independent state on July 4th, 1776. Biden issued undebated, dictatorial executive orders almost by the hour in his opening days in office across the whole spectrum of the Cult wish-list including diluting controls on the border with Mexico allowing thousands of migrants to illegally enter the United States to transform the demographics of America and import an election-changing number of perceived Democrat

voters. Then there were Biden deportation amnesties for the already illegally resident (estimated to be as high as 20 or even 30 million). A bill before Congress awarded American citizenship to anyone who could prove they had worked in agriculture for just 180 days in the previous two years as 'Big Ag' secured its slave labour long-term. There were the plans to add new states to the union such as Puerto Rico and making Washington DC a state. They are all parts of a plan to ensure that the Cult-owned Woke Democrats would be permanently in power.

Border – what border?

I have exposed in detail in other books how mass immigration into the United States and Europe is the work of Cult networks fuelled by the tens of billions spent to this and other ends by George Soros and his global Open Society (open borders) Foundations. The impact can be seen in America alone where the population has increased by *100 million* in little more than 30 years mostly through immigration. I wrote in *The Answer* that the plan was to have so many people crossing the southern border that the numbers become unstoppable and we are now there under Cult-owned Biden. El Salvador in Central America puts the scale of what is happening into context. A third of the population now lives in the United States, much of it illegally, and many more are on the way. The methodology is to crush Central and South American countries economically and spread violence through machete-wielding psychopathic gangs like MS-13 based in El Salvador and now operating in many American cities. Biden-imposed lax security at the southern border means that it is all but open. He said before his 'election' that he wanted to see a surge towards the border if he became president and that was the green light for people to do just that after election day to create the human disaster that followed for both America and the migrants. When that surge came the imbecilic Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez said it wasn't a 'surge' because they are 'children, not insurgents' and the term 'surge' (used by Biden) was a claim of 'white supremacists'.

This disingenuous lady may one day enter the realm of the most basic intelligence, but it won't be any time soon.

Sabbatians and the Cult are in the process of destroying America by importing violent people and gangs in among the genuine to terrorise American cities and by overwhelming services that cannot cope with the sheer volume of new arrivals. Something similar is happening in Europe as Western society in general is targeted for demographic and cultural transformation and upheaval. The plan demands violence and crime to create an environment of intimidation, fear and division and Soros has been funding the election of district attorneys across America who then stop prosecuting many crimes, reduce sentences for violent crimes and free as many violent criminals as they can. Sabbatians are creating the chaos from which order – their order – can respond in a classic Problem-Reaction-Solution. A Freemasonic motto says 'Ordo Ab Chao' (Order out of Chaos) and this is why the Cult is constantly creating chaos to impose a new 'order'. Here you have the reason the Cult is constantly creating chaos. The 'Covid' hoax can be seen with those entering the United States by plane being forced to take a 'Covid' test while migrants flooding through southern border processing facilities do not. Nothing is put in the way of mass migration and if that means ignoring the government's own 'Covid' rules then so be it. They know it's all bullshit anyway. Any pushback on this is denounced as 'racist' by Workers and Sabbatian fronts like the ultra-Zionist Anti-Defamation League headed by the appalling Jonathan Greenblatt which at the same time argues that Israel should not give citizenship and voting rights to more Palestinian Arabs or the 'Jewish population' (in truth the Sabbatian network) will lose control of the country.

Society-changing numbers

Biden's masters have declared that countries like El Salvador are so dangerous that their people must be allowed into the United States for humanitarian reasons when there are fewer murders in large parts of many Central American countries than in US cities like

Baltimore. That is not to say Central America cannot be a dangerous place and Cult-controlled American governments have been making it so since way back, along with the dismantling of economies, in a long-term plan to drive people north into the United States. Parts of Central America are very dangerous, but in other areas the story is being greatly exaggerated to justify relaxing immigration criteria. Migrants are being offered free healthcare and education in the United States as another incentive to head for the border and there is no requirement to be financially independent before you can enter to prevent the resources of America being drained. You can't blame migrants for seeking what they believe will be a better life, but they are being played by the Cult for dark and nefarious ends. The numbers since Biden took office are huge. In February, 2021, more than 100,000 people were known to have tried to enter the US illegally through the southern border (it was 34,000 in the same month in 2020) and in March it was 170,000 – a 418 percent increase on March, 2020. These numbers are only known people, not the ones who get in unseen. The true figure for migrants illegally crossing the border in a single month was estimated by one congressman at 250,000 and that number will only rise under Biden's current policy. Gangs of murdering drug-running thugs that control the Mexican side of the border demand money – thousands of dollars – to let migrants cross the Rio Grande into America. At the same time gun battles are breaking out on the border several times a week between rival Mexican drug gangs (which now operate globally) who are equipped with sophisticated military-grade weapons, grenades and armoured vehicles. While the Capitol Building was being 'protected' from a non-existent 'threat' by thousands of troops, and others were still deployed at the time in the Cult Neocon war in Afghanistan, the southern border of America was left to its fate. This is not incompetence, it is cold calculation.

By March, 2021, there were 17,000 unaccompanied children held at border facilities and many of them are ensnared by people traffickers for paedophile rings and raped on their journey north to America. This is not conjecture – this is fact. Many of those designated

children are in reality teenage boys or older. Meanwhile Wokers posture their self-purity for encouraging poor and tragic people to come to America and face this nightmare both on the journey and at the border with the disgusting figure of House Speaker Nancy Pelosi giving disingenuous speeches about caring for migrants. The woman's evil. Wokers condemned Trump for having children in cages at the border (so did Obama, *Shhhh*), but now they are sleeping on the floor without access to a shower with one border facility 729 percent over capacity. The Biden insanity even proposed flying migrants from the southern border to the northern border with Canada for 'processing'. The whole shambles is being overseen by ultra-Zionist Secretary of Homeland Security, the moronic liar Alejandro Mayorkas, who banned news cameras at border facilities to stop Americans seeing what was happening. Mayorkas said there was not a ban on news crews; it was just that they were not allowed to film. Alongside him at Homeland Security is another ultra-Zionist Cass Sunstein appointed by Biden to oversee new immigration laws. Sunstein despises conspiracy researchers to the point where he suggests they should be banned or *taxed* for having such views. The man is not bonkers or anything. He's perfectly well-adjusted, but adjusted to what is the question. Criticise what is happening and you are a 'white supremacist' when earlier non-white immigrants also oppose the numbers which effect their lives and opportunities. Black people in poor areas are particularly damaged by uncontrolled immigration and the increased competition for work opportunities with those who will work for less. They are also losing voting power as Hispanics become more dominant in former black areas. It's a downward spiral for them while the billionaires behind the policy drone on about how much they care about black people and 'racism'. None of this is about compassion for migrants or black people – that's just wind and air. Migrants are instead being mercilessly exploited to transform America while the countries they leave are losing their future and the same is true in Europe. Mass immigration may now be the work of Woke Democrats, but it can be traced back to the 1986 Immigration Reform and Control Act (it

wasn't) signed into law by Republican hero President Ronald Reagan which gave amnesty to millions living in the United States illegally and other incentives for people to head for the southern border. Here we have the one-party state at work again.

Save me syndrome

Almost every aspect of what I have been exposing as the Cult agenda was on display in even the first days of 'Biden' with silencing of Pushbackers at the forefront of everything. A Renegade Mind will view the Trump years and QAnon in a very different light to their supporters and advocates as the dots are connected. The QAnon/Trump Psyop has given the Cult all it was looking for. We may not know how much, or little, that Trump realised he was being used, but that's a side issue. This pincer movement produced the desired outcome of dividing America and having Pushbackers isolated. To turn this around we have to look at new routes to empowerment which do not include handing our power to other people and groups through what I will call the 'Save Me Syndrome' – 'I want someone else to do it so that I don't have to'. We have seen this at work throughout human history and the QAnon/Trump Psyop is only the latest incarnation alongside all the others. Religion is an obvious expression of this when people look to a 'god' or priest to save them or tell them how to be saved and then there are 'save me' politicians like Trump. Politics is a diversion and not a 'saviour'. It is a means to block positive change, not make it possible.

Save Me Syndrome always comes with the same repeating theme of handing your power to whom or what you believe will save you while your real 'saviour' stares back from the mirror every morning. Renegade Minds are constantly vigilant in this regard and always asking the question 'What can I do?' rather than 'What can someone else do for me?' Gandhi was right when he said: 'You must be the change you want to see in the world.' We are indeed the people we have been waiting for. We are presented with a constant raft of reasons to concede that power to others and forget where the real power is. Humanity has the numbers and the Cult does not. It has to

use diversion and division to target the unstoppable power that comes from unity. Religions, governments, politicians, corporations, media, QAnon, are all different manifestations of this power-diversion and dilution. Refusing to give your power to governments and instead handing it to Trump and QAnon is not to take a new direction, but merely to recycle the old one with new names on the posters. I will explore this phenomenon as we proceed and how to break the cycles and recycles that got us here through the mists of repeating perception and so repeating history.

For now we shall turn to the most potent example in the entire human story of the consequences that follow when you give your power away. I am talking, of course, of the 'Covid' hoax.

CHAPTER FOUR

'Covid': Calculated catastrophe

Facts are threatening to those invested in fraud
DaShanne Stokes

We can easily unravel the real reason for the 'Covid pandemic' hoax by employing the Renegade Mind methodology that I have outlined this far. We'll start by comparing the long-planned Cult outcome with the 'Covid pandemic' outcome. Know the outcome and you'll see the journey.

I have highlighted the plan for the Hunger Games Society which has been in my books for so many years with the very few controlling the very many through ongoing dependency. To create this dependency it is essential to destroy independent livelihoods, businesses and employment to make the population reliant on the state (the Cult) for even the basics of life through a guaranteed pittance income. While independence of income remained these Cult ambitions would be thwarted. With this knowledge it was easy to see where the 'pandemic' hoax was going once talk of 'lockdowns' began and the closing of all but perceived 'essential' businesses to 'save' us from an alleged 'deadly virus'. Cult corporations like Amazon and Walmart were naturally considered 'essential' while mom and pop shops and stores had their doors closed by fascist decree. As a result with every new lockdown and new regulation more small and medium, even large businesses not owned by the Cult, went to the wall while Cult giants and their frontmen and women grew financially fatter by the second. Mom and pop were

denied an income and the right to earn a living and the wealth of people like Jeff Bezos (Amazon), Mark Zuckerberg (Facebook) and Sergei Brin and Larry Page (Google/Alphabet) have reached record levels. The Cult was increasing its own power through further dramatic concentrations of wealth while the competition was being destroyed and brought into a state of dependency. Lockdowns have been instigated to secure that very end and were never anything to do with health. My brother Paul spent 45 years building up a bus repair business, but lockdowns meant buses were running at a fraction of normal levels for months on end. Similar stories can be told in their hundreds of millions worldwide. Efforts of a lifetime coldly destroyed by Cult multi-billionaires and their lackeys in government and law enforcement who continued to earn their living from the taxation of the people while denying the right of the same people to earn theirs. How different it would have been if those making and enforcing these decisions had to face the same financial hardships of those they affected, but they never do.

Gates of Hell

Behind it all in the full knowledge of what he is doing and why is the psychopathic figure of Cult operative Bill Gates. His puppet Tedros at the World Health Organization declared 'Covid' a pandemic in March, 2020. The WHO had changed the definition of a 'pandemic' in 2009 just a month before declaring the 'swine flu pandemic' which would not have been so under the previous definition. The same applies to 'Covid'. The definition had included... 'an infection by an infectious agent, occurring simultaneously in different countries, with a significant mortality rate relative to the proportion of the population infected'. The new definition removed the need for 'significant mortality'. The 'pandemic' has been fraudulent even down to the definition, but Gates demanded economy-destroying lockdowns, school closures, social distancing, mandatory masks, a 'vaccination' for every man, woman and child on the planet and severe consequences and restrictions for those that refused. Who gave him this power? The

Cult did which he serves like a little boy in short trousers doing what his daddy tells him. He and his psychopathic missus even smiled when they said that much worse was to come (what they knew was planned to come). Gates responded in the matter-of-fact way of all psychopaths to a question about the effect on the world economy of what he was doing:

Well, it won't go to zero but it will shrink. Global GDP is probably going to take the biggest hit ever [Gates was smiling as he said this] ... in my lifetime this will be the greatest economic hit. But you don't have a choice. People act as if you have a choice. People don't feel like going to the stadium when they might get infected ... People are deeply affected by seeing these stats, by knowing they could be part of the transmission chain, old people, their parents and grandparents, could be affected by this, and so you don't get to say ignore what is going on here.

There will be the ability to open up, particularly in rich countries, if things are done well over the next few months, but for the world at large normalcy only returns when we have largely vaccinated the entire population.

The man has no compassion or empathy. How could he when he's a psychopath like all Cult players? My own view is that even beyond that he is very seriously mentally ill. Look in his eyes and you can see this along with his crazy flailing arms. You don't do what he has done to the world population since the start of 2020 unless you are mentally ill and at the most extreme end of psychopathic. You especially don't do it when to you know, as we shall see, that cases and deaths from 'Covid' are fakery and a product of monumental figure massaging. 'These stats' that Gates referred to are based on a 'test' that's not testing for the 'virus' as he has known all along. He made his fortune with big Cult support as an infamously ruthless software salesman and now buys global control of 'health' (death) policy without the population he affects having any say. It's a breathtaking outrage. Gates talked about people being deeply affected by fear of 'Covid' when that was because of *him* and his global network lying to them minute-by-minute supported by a lying media that he seriously influences and funds to the tune of hundreds of millions. He's handed big sums to media operations including the BBC, NBC, Al Jazeera, Univision, *PBS NewsHour*,

ProPublica, National Journal, The Guardian, The Financial Times, The Atlantic, Texas Tribune, USA Today publisher Gannett, Washington Monthly, Le Monde, Center for Investigative Reporting, Pulitzer Center on Crisis Reporting, National Press Foundation, International Center for Journalists, Solutions Journalism Network, the Poynter Institute for Media Studies, and many more. Gates is everywhere in the 'Covid' hoax and the man must go to prison – or a mental facility – for the rest of his life and his money distributed to those he has taken such enormous psychopathic pleasure in crushing.

The Muscle

The Hunger Games global structure demands a police-military state – a fusion of the two into one force – which viciously imposes the will of the Cult on the population and protects the Cult from public rebellion. In that regard, too, the 'Covid' hoax just keeps on giving. Often unlawful, ridiculous and contradictory 'Covid' rules and regulations have been policed across the world by moronic automatons and psychopaths made faceless by face-nappy masks and acting like the Nazi SS and fascist blackshirts and brownshirts of Hitler and Mussolini. The smallest departure from the rules decreed by the psychos in government and their clueless gofers were jumped upon by the face-nappy fascists. Brutality against public protestors soon became commonplace even on girls, women and old people as the brave men with the batons – the Face-Nappies as I call them – broke up peaceful protests and handed out fines like confetti to people who couldn't earn a living let alone pay hundreds of pounds for what was once an accepted human right. Robot Face-Nappies of Nottingham police in the English East Midlands fined one group £11,000 for attending a child's birthday party. For decades I charted the transformation of law enforcement as genuine, decent officers were replaced with psychopaths and the brain dead who would happily and brutally do whatever their masters told them. Now they were let loose on the public and I would emphasise the point that none of this just happened. The step-by-step change in the dynamic between police and public was orchestrated from the shadows by

those who knew where this was all going and the same with the perceptual reframing of those in all levels of authority and official administration through 'training courses' by organisations such as Common Purpose which was created in the late 1980s and given a massive boost in Blair era Britain until it became a global phenomenon. Supposed public 'servants' began to view the population as the enemy and the same was true of the police. This was the start of the explosion of behaviour manipulation organisations and networks preparing for the all-war on the human psyche unleashed with the dawn of 2020. I will go into more detail about this later in the book because it is a core part of what is happening.

Police desecrated beauty spots to deter people gathering and arrested women for walking in the countryside alone 'too far' from their homes. We had arrogant, clueless sergeants in the Isle of Wight police where I live posting on Facebook what they insisted the population must do or else. A schoolmaster sergeant called Radford looked young enough for me to ask if his mother knew he was out, but he was posting what he *expected* people to do while a Sergeant Wilkinson boasted about fining lads for meeting in a McDonald's car park where they went to get a lockdown takeaway. Wilkinson added that he had even cancelled their order. What a pair of prats these people are and yet they have increasingly become the norm among Jackboot Johnson's Yellowshirts once known as the British police. This was the theme all over the world with police savagery common during lockdown protests in the United States, the Netherlands, and the fascist state of Victoria in Australia under its tyrannical and again moronic premier Daniel Andrews. Amazing how tyrannical and moronic tend to work as a team and the same combination could be seen across America as arrogant, narcissistic Woke governors and mayors such as Gavin Newsom (California), Andrew Cuomo (New York), Gretchen Whitmer (Michigan), Lori Lightfoot (Chicago) and Eric Garcetti (Los Angeles) did their Nazi and Stalin impressions with the full support of the compliant brutality of their enforcers in uniform as they arrested small business owners defying

fascist shutdown orders and took them to jail in ankle shackles and handcuffs. This happened to bistro owner Marlena Pavlos-Hackney in Gretchen Whitmer's fascist state of Michigan when police arrived to enforce an order by a state-owned judge for 'putting the community at risk' at a time when other states like Texas were dropping restrictions and migrants were pouring across the southern border without any 'Covid' questions at all. I'm sure there are many officers appalled by what they are ordered to do, but not nearly enough of them. If they were truly appalled they would not do it. As the months passed every opportunity was taken to have the military involved to make their presence on the streets ever more familiar and 'normal' for the longer-term goal of police-military fusion.

Another crucial element to the Hunger Games enforcement network has been encouraging the public to report neighbours and others for 'breaking the lockdown rules'. The group faced with £11,000 in fines at the child's birthday party would have been dobbed-in by a neighbour with a brain the size of a pea. The technique was most famously employed by the Stasi secret police in communist East Germany who had public informants placed throughout the population. A police chief in the UK says his force doesn't need to carry out 'Covid' patrols when they are flooded with so many calls from the public reporting other people for visiting the beach. Dorset police chief James Vaughan said people were so enthusiastic about snitching on their fellow humans they were now operating as an auxiliary arm of the police: 'We are still getting around 400 reports a week from the public, so we will respond to reports ... We won't need to be doing hotspot patrols because people are very quick to pick the phone up and tell us.' Vaughan didn't say that this is a pillar of all tyrannies of whatever complexion and the means to hugely extend the reach of enforcement while spreading distrust among the people and making them wary of doing anything that might get them reported. Those narcissistic Isle of Wight sergeants Radford and Wilkinson never fail to add a link to their Facebook posts where the public can inform on their fellow slaves.

Neither would be self-aware enough to realise they were imitating the Stasi which they might well never have heard of. Government psychologists that I will expose later laid out a policy to turn communities against each other in the same way.

A coincidence? Yep, and I can knit fog

I knew from the start of the alleged pandemic that this was a Cult operation. It presented limitless potential to rapidly advance the Cult agenda and exploit manipulated fear to demand that every man, woman and child on the planet was 'vaccinated' in a process never used on humans before which infuses self-replicating *synthetic* material into human cells. Remember the plan to transform the human body from a biological to a synthetic biological state. I'll deal with the 'vaccine' (that's not actually a vaccine) when I focus on the genetic agenda. Enough to say here that mass global 'vaccination' justified by this 'new virus' set alarms ringing after 30 years of tracking these people and their methods. The 'Covid' hoax officially beginning in China was also a big red flag for reasons I will be explaining. The agenda potential was so enormous that I could dismiss any idea that the 'virus' appeared naturally. Major happenings with major agenda implications never occur without Cult involvement in making them happen. My questions were twofold in early 2020 as the media began its campaign to induce global fear and hysteria: Was this alleged infectious agent released on purpose by the Cult or did it even exist at all? I then did what I always do in these situations. I sat, observed and waited to see where the evidence and information would take me. By March and early April synchronicity was strongly – and ever more so since then – pointing me in the direction of *there is no 'virus'*. I went public on that with derision even from swathes of the alternative media that voiced a scenario that the Chinese government released the 'virus' in league with Deep State elements in the United States from a top-level bio-lab in Wuhan where the 'virus' is said to have first appeared. I looked at that possibility, but I didn't buy it for several reasons. Deaths from the 'virus' did not in any way match what they

would have been with a 'deadly bioweapon' and it is much more effective if you sell the *illusion* of an infectious agent rather than having a real one unless you can control through injection who has it and who doesn't. Otherwise you lose control of events. A made-up 'virus' gives you a blank sheet of paper on which you can make it do whatever you like and have any symptoms or mutant 'variants' you choose to add while a real infectious agent would limit you to what it actually does. A phantom disease allows you to have endless ludicrous 'studies' on the 'Covid' dollar to widen the perceived impact by inventing ever more 'at risk' groups including one study which said those who walk slowly may be almost four times more likely to die from the 'virus'. People are in psychiatric wards for less.

A real 'deadly bioweapon' can take out people in the hierarchy that are not part of the Cult, but essential to its operation. Obviously they don't want that. Releasing a real disease means you immediately lose control of it. Releasing an illusory one means you don't. Again it's vital that people are extra careful when dealing with what they want to hear. A bioweapon unleashed from a Chinese laboratory in collusion with the American Deep State may fit a conspiracy narrative, but is it true? Would it not be far more effective to use the excuse of a 'virus' to justify the real bioweapon – the 'vaccine'? That way your disease agent does not have to be transmitted and arrives directly through a syringe. I saw a French virologist Luc Montagnier quoted in the alternative media as saying he had discovered that the alleged 'new' severe acute respiratory syndrome coronavirus , or SARS-CoV-2, was made artificially and included elements of the human immunodeficiency 'virus' (HIV) and a parasite that causes malaria. SARS-CoV-2 is alleged to trigger an alleged illness called Covid-19. I remembered Montagnier's name from my research years before into claims that an HIV 'retrovirus' causes AIDs – claims that were demolished by Berkeley virologist Peter Duesberg who showed that no one had ever proved that HIV causes acquired immunodeficiency syndrome or AIDS. Claims that become accepted as fact, publicly and medically, with no proof whatsoever are an ever-recurring story that profoundly applies to

'Covid'. Nevertheless, despite the lack of proof, Montagnier's team at the Pasteur Institute in Paris had a long dispute with American researcher Robert Gallo over which of them discovered and isolated the HIV 'virus' and with *no evidence* found it to cause AIDS. You will see later that there is also no evidence that any 'virus' causes any disease or that there is even such a thing as a 'virus' in the way it is said to exist. The claim to have 'isolated' the HIV 'virus' will be presented in its real context as we come to the shocking story – and it is a story – of SARS-CoV-2 and so will Montagnier's assertion that he identified the full SARS-CoV-2 genome.

Hoax in the making

We can pick up the 'Covid' story in 2010 and the publication by the Rockefeller Foundation of a document called 'Scenarios for the Future of Technology and International Development'. The inner circle of the Rockefeller family has been serving the Cult since John D. Rockefeller (1839-1937) made his fortune with Standard Oil. It is less well known that the same Rockefeller – the Bill Gates of his day – was responsible for establishing what is now referred to as 'Big Pharma', the global network of pharmaceutical companies that make outrageous profits dispensing scalpel and drug 'medicine' and are obsessed with pumping vaccines in ever-increasing number into as many human arms and backsides as possible. John D. Rockefeller was the driving force behind the creation of the 'education' system in the United States and elsewhere specifically designed to program the perceptions of generations thereafter. The Rockefeller family donated exceptionally valuable land in New York for the United Nations building and were central in establishing the World Health Organization in 1948 as an agency of the UN which was created from the start as a Trojan horse and stalking horse for world government. Now enter Bill Gates. His family and the Rockefellers have long been extremely close and I have seen genealogy which claims that if you go back far enough the two families fuse into the same bloodline. Gates has said that the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation was inspired by the Rockefeller Foundation and why not

when both are serving the same Cult? Major tax-exempt foundations are overwhelmingly criminal enterprises in which Cult assets fund the Cult agenda in the guise of 'philanthropy' while avoiding tax in the process. Cult operatives can become mega-rich in their role of front men and women for the psychopaths at the inner core and they, too, have to be psychopaths to knowingly serve such evil. Part of the deal is that a big percentage of the wealth gleaned from representing the Cult has to be spent advancing the ambitions of the Cult and hence you have the Rockefeller Foundation, Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation (and *so* many more) and people like George Soros with his global Open Society Foundations spending their billions in pursuit of global Cult control. Gates is a global public face of the Cult with his interventions in world affairs including Big Tech influence; a central role in the 'Covid' and 'vaccine' scam; promotion of the climate change shakedown; manipulation of education; geoengineering of the skies; and his food-control agenda as the biggest owner of farmland in America, his GMO promotion and through other means. As one writer said: 'Gates monopolizes or wields disproportionate influence over the tech industry, global health and vaccines, agriculture and food policy (including biopiracy and fake food), weather modification and other climate technologies, surveillance, education and media.' The almost limitless wealth secured through Microsoft and other not-allowed-to-fail ventures (including vaccines) has been ploughed into a long, long list of Cult projects designed to enslave the entire human race. Gates and the Rockefellers have been working as one unit with the Rockefeller-established World Health Organization leading global 'Covid' policy controlled by Gates through his mouth-piece Tedros. Gates became the WHO's biggest funder when Trump announced that the American government would cease its donations, but Biden immediately said he would restore the money when he took office in January, 2021. The Gates Foundation (the Cult) owns through limitless funding the world health system and the major players across the globe in the 'Covid' hoax.

Okay, with that background we return to that Rockefeller Foundation document of 2010 headed 'Scenarios for the Future of Technology and International Development' and its 'imaginary' epidemic of a virulent and deadly influenza strain which infected 20 percent of the global population and killed eight million in seven months. The Rockefeller scenario was that the epidemic destroyed economies, closed shops, offices and other businesses and led to governments imposing fierce rules and restrictions that included mandatory wearing of face masks and body-temperature checks to enter communal spaces like railway stations and supermarkets. The document predicted that even after the height of the Rockefeller-envisaged epidemic the authoritarian rule would continue to deal with further pandemics, transnational terrorism, environmental crises and rising poverty. Now you may think that the Rockefellers are our modern-day seers or alternatively, and rather more likely, that they well knew what was planned a few years further on. Fascism had to be imposed, you see, to 'protect citizens from risk and exposure'. The Rockefeller scenario document said:

During the pandemic, national leaders around the world flexed their authority and imposed airtight rules and restrictions, from the mandatory wearing of face masks to body-temperature checks at the entries to communal spaces like train stations and supermarkets. Even after the pandemic faded, this more authoritarian control and oversight of citizens and their activities stuck and even intensified. In order to protect themselves from the spread of increasingly global problems – from pandemics and transnational terrorism to environmental crises and rising poverty – leaders around the world took a firmer grip on power.

At first, the notion of a more controlled world gained wide acceptance and approval. Citizens willingly gave up some of their sovereignty – and their privacy – to more paternalistic states in exchange for greater safety and stability. Citizens were more tolerant, and even eager, for top-down direction and oversight, and national leaders had more latitude to impose order in the ways they saw fit.

In developed countries, this heightened oversight took many forms: biometric IDs for all citizens, for example, and tighter regulation of key industries whose stability was deemed vital to national interests. In many developed countries, enforced cooperation with a suite of new regulations and agreements slowly but steadily restored both order and, importantly, economic growth.

There we have the prophetic Rockefellers in 2010 and three years later came their paper for the Global Health Summit in Beijing, China, when government representatives, the private sector, international organisations and groups met to discuss the next 100 years of 'global health'. The Rockefeller Foundation-funded paper was called 'Dreaming the Future of Health for the Next 100 Years and more prophecy ensued as it described a dystopian future: 'The abundance of data, digitally tracking and linking people may mean the 'death of privacy' and may replace physical interaction with transient, virtual connection, generating isolation and raising questions of how values are shaped in virtual networks.' Next in the 'Covid' hoax preparation sequence came a 'table top' simulation in 2018 for another 'imaginary' pandemic of a disease called Clade X which was said to kill 900 million people. The exercise was organised by the Gates-funded Johns Hopkins University's Center for Health Security in the United States and this is the very same university that has been compiling the disgustingly and systematically erroneous global figures for 'Covid' cases and deaths. Similar Johns Hopkins health crisis scenarios have included the Dark Winter exercise in 2001 and Atlantic Storm in 2005.

Nostradamus 201

For sheer predictive genius look no further prophecy-watchers than the Bill Gates-funded Event 201 held only six weeks before the 'coronavirus pandemic' is supposed to have broken out in China and Event 201 was based on a scenario of a global 'coronavirus pandemic'. Melinda Gates, the great man's missus, told the BBC that he had 'prepared for years' for a coronavirus pandemic which told us what we already knew. Nostradamugates had predicted in a TED talk in 2015 that a pandemic was coming that would kill a lot of people and demolish the world economy. My god, the man is a machine – possibly even literally. Now here he was only weeks before the real thing funding just such a simulated scenario and involving his friends and associates at Johns Hopkins, the World Economic Forum Cult-front of Klaus Schwab, the United Nations,

Johnson & Johnson, major banks, and officials from China and the Centers for Disease Control in the United States. What synchronicity – Johns Hopkins would go on to compile the fraudulent ‘Covid’ figures, the World Economic Forum and Schwab would push the ‘Great Reset’ in response to ‘Covid’, the Centers for Disease Control would be at the forefront of ‘Covid’ policy in the United States, Johnson & Johnson would produce a ‘Covid vaccine’, and everything would officially start just weeks later in China. Spooky, eh? They were even accurate in creating a simulation of a ‘virus’ pandemic because the ‘real thing’ would also be a simulation. Event 201 was not an exercise preparing for something that might happen; it was a rehearsal for what those in control knew was *going* to happen and very shortly. Hours of this simulation were posted on the Internet and the various themes and responses mirrored what would soon be imposed to transform human society. News stories were inserted and what they said would be commonplace a few weeks later with still more prophecy perfection. Much discussion focused on the need to deal with misinformation and the ‘anti-vax movement’ which is exactly what happened when the ‘virus’ arrived – was said to have arrived – in the West.

Cult-owned social media banned criticism and exposure of the official ‘virus’ narrative and when I said there *was* no ‘virus’ in early April, 2020, I was banned by one platform after another including YouTube, Facebook and later Twitter. The mainstream broadcast media in Britain was in effect banned from interviewing me by the Tony-Blair-created government broadcasting censor Ofcom headed by career government bureaucrat Melanie Dawes who was appointed just as the ‘virus’ hoax was about to play out in January, 2020. At the same time the Ickonic media platform was using Vimeo, another ultra-Zionist-owned operation, while our own player was being created and they deleted in an instant hundreds of videos, documentaries, series and shows to confirm their unbelievable vindictiveness. We had copies, of course, and they had to be restored one by one when our player was ready. These people have no class. Sabbatian Facebook promised free advertisements for the Gates-

controlled World Health Organization narrative while deleting ‘false claims and conspiracy theories’ to stop ‘misinformation’ about the alleged coronavirus. All these responses could be seen just a short while earlier in the scenarios of Event 201. Extreme censorship was absolutely crucial for the Cult because the official story was so ridiculous and unsupportable by the evidence that it could never survive open debate and the free-flow of information and opinion. If you can’t win a debate then don’t have one is the Cult’s approach throughout history. Facebook’s little boy front man – front boy – Mark Zuckerberg equated ‘credible and accurate information’ with official sources and exposing their lies with ‘misinformation’.

Silencing those that can see

The censorship dynamic of Event 201 is now the norm with an army of narrative-supporting ‘fact-checker’ organisations whose entire reason for being is to tell the public that official narratives are true and those exposing them are lying. One of the most appalling of these ‘fact-checkers’ is called NewsGuard founded by ultra-Zionist Americans Gordon Crovitz and Steven Brill. Crovitz is a former publisher of *The Wall Street Journal*, former Executive Vice President of Dow Jones, a member of the Council on Foreign Relations (CFR), and on the board of the American Association of Rhodes Scholars. The CFR and Rhodes Scholarships, named after Rothschild agent Cecil Rhodes who plundered the gold and diamonds of South Africa for his masters and the Cult, have featured widely in my books. NewsGuard don’t seem to like me for some reason – I really can’t think why – and they have done all they can to have me censored and discredited which is, to quote an old British politician, like being savaged by a dead sheep. They are, however, like all in the censorship network, very well connected and funded by organisations themselves funded by, or connected to, Bill Gates. As you would expect with anything associated with Gates NewsGuard has an offshoot called HealthGuard which ‘fights online health care hoaxes’. How very kind. Somehow the NewsGuard European Managing Director Anna-Sophie Harling, a remarkably young-

looking woman with no broadcasting experience and little hands-on work in journalism, has somehow secured a position on the 'Content Board' of UK government broadcast censor Ofcom. An executive of an organisation seeking to discredit dissidents of the official narratives is making decisions for the government broadcast 'regulator' about content?? Another appalling 'fact-checker' is Full Fact funded by George Soros and global censors Google and Facebook.

It's amazing how many activists in the 'fact-checking', 'anti-hate', arena turn up in government-related positions – people like UK Labour Party activist Imran Ahmed who heads the Center for Countering Digital Hate founded by people like Morgan McSweeney, now chief of staff to the Labour Party's hapless and useless 'leader' Keir Starmer. Digital Hate – which is what it really is – uses the American spelling of Center to betray its connection to a transatlantic network of similar organisations which in 2020 shapeshifted from attacking people for 'hate' to attacking them for questioning the 'Covid' hoax and the dangers of the 'Covid vaccine'. It's just a coincidence, you understand. This is one of Imran Ahmed's hysterical statements: 'I would go beyond calling anti-vaxxers conspiracy theorists to say they are an extremist group that pose a national security risk.' No one could ever accuse this prat of understatement and he's including in that those parents who are now against vaccines after their children were damaged for life or killed by them. He's such a nice man. Ahmed does the rounds of the Woke media getting soft-ball questions from spineless 'journalists' who never ask what right he has to campaign to destroy the freedom of speech of others while he demands it for himself. There also seems to be an overrepresentation in Ofcom of people connected to the narrative-worshipping BBC. This incredible global network of narrative-support was super-vital when the 'Covid' hoax was played in the light of the mega-whopper lies that have to be defended from the spotlight cast by the most basic intelligence.

Setting the scene

The Cult plays the long game and proceeds step-by-step ensuring that everything is in place before major cards are played and they don't come any bigger than the 'Covid' hoax. The psychopaths can't handle events where the outcome isn't certain and as little as possible – preferably nothing – is left to chance. Politicians, government and medical officials who would follow direction were brought to illusory power in advance by the Cult web whether on the national stage or others like state governors and mayors of America. For decades the dynamic between officialdom, law enforcement and the public was changed from one of service to one of control and dictatorship. Behaviour manipulation networks established within government were waiting to impose the coming 'Covid' rules and regulations specifically designed to subdue and rewire the psyche of the people in the guise of protecting health. These included in the UK the Behavioural Insights Team part-owned by the British government Cabinet Office; the Scientific Pandemic Insights Group on Behaviours (SPI-B); and a whole web of intelligence and military groups seeking to direct the conversation on social media and control the narrative. Among them are the cyberwarfare (on the people) 77th Brigade of the British military which is also coordinated through the Cabinet Office as civilian and military leadership continues to combine in what they call the Fusion Doctrine. The 77th Brigade is a British equivalent of the infamous Israeli (Sabbatian) military cyberwarfare and Internet manipulation operation Unit 8200 which I expose at length in *The Trigger*. Also carefully in place were the medical and science advisers to government – many on the payroll past or present of Bill Gates – and a whole alternative structure of unelected government stood by to take control when elected parliaments were effectively closed down once the 'Covid' card was slammed on the table. The structure I have described here and so much more was installed in every major country through the Cult networks. The top-down control hierarchy looks like this: The Cult – Cult-owned Gates – the World Health Organization and Tedros – Gates-funded or controlled chief medical officers and science 'advisers' (dictators) in each country –

political 'leaders' – law enforcement – The People. Through this simple global communication and enforcement structure the policy of the Cult could be imposed on virtually the entire human population so long as they acquiesced to the fascism. With everything in place it was time for the button to be pressed in late 2019/early 2020.

These were the prime goals the Cult had to secure for its will to prevail:

1) Locking down economies, closing all but designated 'essential' businesses (Cult-owned corporations were 'essential'), and putting the population under house arrest was an imperative to destroy independent income and employment and ensure dependency on the Cult-controlled state in the Hunger Games Society. Lockdowns had to be established as the global blueprint from the start to respond to the 'virus' and followed by pretty much the entire world.

2) The global population had to be terrified into believing in a deadly 'virus' that didn't actually exist so they would unquestioningly obey authority in the belief that authority must know how best to protect them and their families. Software salesman Gates would suddenly morph into the world's health expert and be promoted as such by the Cult-owned media.

3) A method of testing that wasn't testing for the 'virus', but was only claimed to be, had to be in place to provide the illusion of 'cases' and subsequent 'deaths' that had a very different cause to the 'Covid-19' that would be scribbled on the death certificate.

4) Because there was no 'virus' and the great majority testing positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' would have no symptoms of anything the lie had to be sold that people without symptoms (without the 'virus') could still pass it on to others. This was crucial to justify for the first time quarantining – house arresting – healthy people. Without this the economy-destroying lockdown of *everybody* could not have been credibly sold.

5) The 'saviour' had to be seen as a vaccine which beyond evil drug companies were working like angels of mercy to develop as quickly as possible, with all corners cut, to save the day. The public must absolutely not know that the 'vaccine' had nothing to do with a 'virus' or that the contents were ready and waiting with a very different motive long before the 'Covid' card was even lifted from the pack.

I said in March, 2020, that the 'vaccine' would have been created way ahead of the 'Covid' hoax which justified its use and the following December an article in the New York *Intelligencer* magazine said the Moderna 'vaccine' had been 'designed' by

January, 2020. This was 'before China had even acknowledged that the disease could be transmitted from human to human, more than a week before the first confirmed coronavirus case in the United States'. The article said that by the time the first American death was announced a month later 'the vaccine had already been manufactured and shipped to the National Institutes of Health for the beginning of its Phase I clinical trial'. The 'vaccine' was actually 'designed' long before that although even with this timescale you would expect the article to ask how on earth it could have been done that quickly. Instead it asked why the 'vaccine' had not been rolled out then and not months later. Journalism in the mainstream is truly dead. I am going to detail in the next chapter why the 'virus' has never existed and how a hoax on that scale was possible, but first the foundation on which the Big Lie of 'Covid' was built.

The test that doesn't test

Fraudulent 'testing' is the bottom line of the whole 'Covid' hoax and was the means by which a 'virus' that did not exist *appeared* to exist. They could only achieve this magic trick by using a test not testing for the 'virus'. To use a test that *was* testing for the 'virus' would mean that every test would come back negative given there was no 'virus'. They chose to exploit something called the RT-PCR test invented by American biochemist Kary Mullis in the 1980s who said publicly that his PCR test ... *cannot detect infectious disease*. Yes, the 'test' used worldwide to detect infectious 'Covid' to produce all the illusory 'cases' and 'deaths' compiled by Johns Hopkins and others *cannot detect infectious disease*. This fact came from the mouth of the man who invented PCR and was awarded the Nobel Prize in Chemistry in 1993 for doing so. Sadly, and incredibly conveniently for the Cult, Mullis died in August, 2019, at the age of 74 just before his test would be fraudulently used to unleash fascism on the world. He was said to have died from pneumonia which was an irony in itself. A few months later he would have had 'Covid-19' on his death certificate. I say the timing of his death was convenient because had he lived Mullis, a brilliant, honest and decent man, would have been

vociferously speaking out against the use of his test to detect 'Covid' when it was never designed, or able, to do that. I know that to be true given that Mullis made the same point when his test was used to 'detect' – not detect – HIV. He had been seriously critical of the Gallo/Montagnier claim to have isolated the HIV 'virus' and shown it to cause AIDS for which Mullis said there was no evidence. AIDS is actually not a disease but a series of diseases from which people die all the time. When they die from those *same diseases* after a positive 'test' for HIV then AIDS goes on their death certificate. I think I've heard that before somewhere. Countries instigated a policy with 'Covid' that anyone who tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' and died of any other cause within 28 days and even longer 'Covid-19' had to go on the death certificate. Cases have come from the test that can't test for infectious disease and the deaths are those who have died of *anything* after testing positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'. I'll have much more later about the death certificate scandal.

Mullis was deeply dismissive of the now US 'Covid' star Anthony Fauci who he said was a liar who didn't know anything about anything – 'and I would say that to his face – nothing.' He said of Fauci: 'The man thinks he can take a blood sample, put it in an electron microscope and if it's got a virus in there you'll know it – he doesn't understand electron microscopy and he doesn't understand medicine and shouldn't be in a position like he's in.' That position, terrifyingly, has made him the decider of 'Covid' fascism policy on behalf of the Cult in his role as director since 1984 of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases (NIAID) while his record of being wrong is laughable; but being wrong, so long as it's the *right kind* of wrong, is why the Cult loves him. He'll say anything the Cult tells him to say. Fauci was made Chief Medical Adviser to the President immediately Biden took office. Biden was installed in the White House by Cult manipulation and one of his first decisions was to elevate Fauci to a position of even more control. This is a coincidence? Yes, and I identify as a flamenco dancer called Lola. How does such an incompetent criminal like Fauci remain in that

pivotal position in American health since *the 1980s*? When you serve the Cult it looks after you until you are surplus to requirements. Kary Mullis said prophetically of Fauci and his like: 'Those guys have an agenda and it's not an agenda we would like them to have ... they make their own rules, they change them when they want to, and Tony Fauci does not mind going on television in front of the people who pay his salary and lie directly into the camera.' Fauci has done that almost daily since the 'Covid' hoax began. Lying is in Fauci's DNA. To make the situation crystal clear about the PCR test this is a direct quote from its inventor Kary Mullis:

It [the PCR test] doesn't tell you that you're sick and doesn't tell you that the thing you ended up with was really going to hurt you ...'

Ask yourself why governments and medical systems the world over have been using this very test to decide who is 'infected' with the SARS-CoV-2 'virus' and the alleged disease it allegedly causes, 'Covid-19'. The answer to that question will tell you what has been going on. By the way, here's a little show-stopper – the 'new' SARS-CoV-2 'virus' was 'identified' as such right from the start using ... *the PCR test not testing for the 'virus'*. If you are new to this and find that shocking then stick around. I have hardly started yet. Even worse, other 'tests', like the 'Lateral Flow Device' (LFD), are considered so useless that they have to be *confirmed* by the PCR test! Leaked emails written by Ben Dyson, adviser to UK 'Health' Secretary Matt Hancock, said they were 'dangerously unreliable'. Dyson, executive director of strategy at the Department of Health, wrote: 'As of today, someone who gets a positive LFD result in (say) London has at best a 25 per cent chance of it being a true positive, but if it is a self-reported test potentially as low as 10 per cent (on an optimistic assumption about specificity) or as low as 2 per cent (on a more pessimistic assumption).' These are the 'tests' that schoolchildren and the public are being urged to have twice a week or more and have to isolate if they get a positive. Each fake positive goes in the statistics as a 'case' no matter how ludicrously inaccurate and the

'cases' drive lockdown, masks and the pressure to 'vaccinate'. The government said in response to the email leak that the 'tests' were accurate which confirmed yet again what shocking bloody liars they are. The real false positive rate is *100 percent* as we'll see. In another 'you couldn't make it up' the UK government agreed to pay £2.8 billion to California's Innova Medical Group to supply the irrelevant lateral flow tests. The company's primary test-making centre is in China. Innova Medical Group, established in March, 2020, is owned by Pasaca Capital Inc, chaired by Chinese-American millionaire Charles Huang who was born in Wuhan.

How it works – and how it doesn't

The RT-PCR test, known by its full title of Polymerase chain reaction, is used across the world to make millions, even billions, of copies of a DNA/RNA genetic information sample. The process is called 'amplification' and means that a tiny sample of genetic material is amplified to bring out the detailed content. I stress that it is not testing for an infectious disease. It is simply amplifying a sample of genetic material. In the words of Kary Mullis: 'PCR is ... just a process that's used to make a whole lot of something out of something.' To emphasise the point companies that make the PCR tests circulated around the world to 'test' for 'Covid' warn on the box that it can't be used to detect 'Covid' or infectious disease and is for research purposes only. It's okay, rest for a minute and you'll be fine. This is the test that produces the 'cases' and 'deaths' that have been used to destroy human society. All those global and national medical and scientific 'experts' demanding this destruction to 'save us' *KNOW* that the test is not testing for the 'virus' and the cases and deaths they claim to be real are an almost unimaginable fraud. Every one of them and so many others including politicians and psychopaths like Gates and Tedros must be brought before Nuremburg-type trials and jailed for the rest of their lives. The more the genetic sample is amplified by PCR the more elements of that material become sensitive to the test and by that I don't mean sensitive for a 'virus' but for elements of the genetic material which

is *naturally* in the body or relates to remnants of old conditions of various kinds lying dormant and causing no disease. Once the amplification of the PCR reaches a certain level *everyone* will test positive. So much of the material has been made sensitive to the test that everyone will have some part of it in their body. Even lying criminals like Fauci have said that once PCR amplifications pass 35 cycles everything will be a false positive that cannot be trusted for the reasons I have described. I say, like many proper doctors and scientists, that 100 percent of the 'positives' are false, but let's just go with Fauci for a moment.

He says that any amplification over 35 cycles will produce false positives and yet the US Centers for Disease Control (CDC) and Food and Drug Administration (FDA) have recommended up to 40 *cycles* and the National Health Service (NHS) in Britain admitted in an internal document for staff that it was using 45 *cycles* of amplification. A long list of other countries has been doing the same and at least one 'testing' laboratory has been using 50 *cycles*. Have you ever heard a doctor, medical 'expert' or the media ask what level of amplification has been used to claim a 'positive'. The 'test' comes back 'positive' and so you have the 'virus', end of story. Now we can see how the government in Tanzania could send off samples from a goat and a pawpaw fruit under human names and both came back positive for 'Covid-19'. Tanzania president John Magufuli mocked the 'Covid' hysteria, the PCR test and masks and refused to import the DNA-manipulating 'vaccine'. The Cult hated him and an article sponsored by the Bill Gates Foundation appeared in the London *Guardian* in February, 2021, headed 'It's time for Africa to rein in Tanzania's anti-vaxxer president'. Well, 'reined in' he shortly was. Magufuli appeared in good health, but then, in March, 2021, he was dead at 61 from 'heart failure'. He was replaced by Samia Hassan Suhulu who is connected to Klaus Schwab's World Economic Forum and she immediately reversed Magufuli's 'Covid' policy. A sample of cola tested positive for 'Covid' with the PCR test in Germany while American actress and singer-songwriter Erykah Badu tested positive in one nostril and negative in the other. Footballer Ronaldo called

the PCR test 'bullshit' after testing positive three times and being forced to quarantine and miss matches when there was nothing wrong with him. The mantra from Tedros at the World Health Organization and national governments (same thing) has been test, test, test. They know that the more tests they can generate the more fake 'cases' they have which go on to become 'deaths' in ways I am coming to. The UK government has its Operation Moonshot planned to test multiple millions every day in workplaces and schools with free tests for everyone to use twice a week at home in line with the Cult plan from the start to make testing part of life. A government advertisement for an 'Interim Head of Asymptomatic Testing Communication' said the job included responsibility for delivering a 'communications strategy' (propaganda) 'to support the expansion of asymptomatic testing that *'normalises testing as part of everyday life'*'. More tests means more fake 'cases', 'deaths' and fascism. I have heard of, and from, many people who booked a test, couldn't turn up, and yet got a positive result through the post for a test they'd never even had. The whole thing is crazy, but for the Cult there's method in the madness. Controlling and manipulating the level of amplification of the test means the authorities can control whenever they want the number of apparent 'cases' and 'deaths'. If they want to justify more fascist lockdown and destruction of livelihoods they keep the amplification high. If they want to give the illusion that lockdowns and the 'vaccine' are working then they lower the amplification and 'cases' and 'deaths' will appear to fall. In January, 2021, the Cult-owned World Health Organization suddenly warned laboratories about over-amplification of the test and to lower the threshold. Suddenly headlines began appearing such as: 'Why ARE "Covid" cases plummeting?' This was just when the vaccine rollout was underway and I had predicted months before they would make cases appear to fall through amplification tampering when the 'vaccine' came. These people are so predictable.

Cow vaccines?

The question must be asked of what is on the test swabs being poked far up the nose of the population to the base of the brain? A nasal swab punctured one woman's brain and caused it to leak fluid. Most of these procedures are being done by people with little training or medical knowledge. Dr Lorraine Day, former orthopaedic trauma surgeon and Chief of Orthopaedic Surgery at San Francisco General Hospital, says the tests are really a 'vaccine'. Cows have long been vaccinated this way. She points out that masks have to cover the nose and the mouth where it is claimed the 'virus' exists in saliva. Why then don't they take saliva from the mouth as they do with a DNA test instead of pushing a long swab up the nose towards the brain? The ethmoid bone separates the nasal cavity from the brain and within that bone is the cribriform plate. Dr Day says that when the swab is pushed up against this plate and twisted the procedure is 'depositing things back there'. She claims that among these 'things' are nanoparticles that can enter the brain. Researchers have noted that a team at the Gates-funded Johns Hopkins have designed tiny, star-shaped micro-devices that can latch onto intestinal mucosa and release drugs into the body. Mucosa is the thin skin that covers the inside surface of parts of the body such as *the nose* and mouth and produces mucus to protect them. The Johns Hopkins micro-devices are called 'theragrippers' and were 'inspired' by a parasitic worm that digs its sharp teeth into a host's intestines. Nasal swabs are also coated in the sterilisation agent ethylene oxide. The US National Cancer Institute posts this explanation on its website:

At room temperature, ethylene oxide is a flammable colorless gas with a sweet odor. It is used primarily to produce other chemicals, including antifreeze. In smaller amounts, ethylene oxide is used as a pesticide and a sterilizing agent. The ability of ethylene oxide to damage DNA makes it an effective sterilizing agent but also accounts for its cancer-causing activity.

The Institute mentions lymphoma and leukaemia as cancers most frequently reported to be associated with occupational exposure to ethylene oxide along with stomach and breast cancers. How does anyone think this is going to work out with the constant testing

regime being inflicted on adults and children at home and at school that will accumulate in the body anything that's on the swab?

Doctors know best

It is vital for people to realise that 'hero' doctors 'know' only what the Big Pharma-dominated medical authorities tell them to 'know' and if they refuse to 'know' what they are told to 'know' they are out the door. They are mostly not physicians or healers, but repeaters of the official narrative – or else. I have seen alleged professional doctors on British television make shocking statements that we are supposed to take seriously. One called 'Dr' Amir Khan, who is actually telling patients how to respond to illness, said that men could take the birth pill to 'help slow down the effects of Covid-19'. In March, 2021, another ridiculous 'Covid study' by an American doctor proposed injecting men with the female sex hormone progesterone as a 'Covid' treatment. British doctor Nighat Arif told the BBC that face coverings were now going to be part of ongoing normal. Yes, the vaccine protects you, she said (evidence?) ... but the way to deal with viruses in the community was always going to come down to hand washing, face covering and keeping a physical distance. That's not what we were told before the 'vaccine' was circulating. Arif said she couldn't imagine ever again going on the underground or in a lift without a mask. I was just thanking my good luck that she was not my doctor when she said – in March, 2021 – that if 'we are *behaving* and we are doing all the right things' she thought we could 'have our nearest and dearest around us at home ... around *Christmas* and *New Year!* Her patronising delivery was the usual school teacher talking to six-year-olds as she repeated every government talking point and probably believed them all. If we have learned anything from the 'Covid' experience surely it must be that humanity's perception of doctors needs a fundamental rethink. NHS 'doctor' Sara Kayat told her television audience that the 'Covid vaccine' would '100 percent prevent hospitalisation and death'. Not even Big Pharma claimed that. We have to stop taking 'experts' at their word without question when so many of them are

clueless and only repeating the party line on which their careers depend. That is not to say there are not brilliant doctors – there are and I have spoken to many of them since all this began – but you won't see them in the mainstream media or quoted by the psychopaths and yes-people in government.

Remember the name – Christian Drosten

German virologist Christian Drosten, Director of Charité Institute of Virology in Berlin, became a national star after the pandemic hoax began. He was feted on television and advised the German government on 'Covid' policy. Most importantly to the wider world Drosten led a group that produced the 'Covid' testing protocol for the PCR test. What a remarkable feat given the PCR cannot test for infectious disease and even more so when you think that Drosten said that his method of testing for SARS-CoV-2 was developed 'without having virus material available'. *He developed a test for a 'virus' that he didn't have and had never seen.* Let that sink in as you survey the global devastation that came from what he did. The whole catastrophe of Drosten's 'test' was based on the alleged genetic sequence published by Chinese scientists on the Internet. We will see in the next chapter that this alleged 'genetic sequence' has never been produced by China or anyone and cannot be when there *is no* SARS-CoV-2. Drosten, however, doesn't seem to let little details like that get in the way. He was the lead author with Victor Corman from the same Charité Hospital of the paper 'Detection of 2019 novel coronavirus (2019-nCoV) by real-time PCR' published in a magazine called *Eurosurveillance*. This became known as the Corman-Drosten paper. In November, 2020, with human society devastated by the effects of the Corman-Drosten test baloney, the protocol was publicly challenged by 22 international scientists and independent researchers from Europe, the United States, and Japan. Among them were senior molecular geneticists, biochemists, immunologists, and microbiologists. They produced a document headed 'External peer review of the RTPCR test to detect SARS-Cov-2 Reveals 10 Major Flaws At The Molecular and Methodological Level: Consequences

For False-Positive Results'. The flaws in the Corman-Drosten test included the following:

- The test is non-specific because of erroneous design
- Results are enormously variable
- The test is unable to discriminate between the whole 'virus' and viral fragments
- It doesn't have positive or negative controls
- The test lacks a standard operating procedure
- It is unsupported by proper peer view

The scientists said the PCR 'Covid' testing protocol was not founded on science and they demanded the Corman-Drosten paper be retracted by *Eurosurveillance*. They said all present and previous Covid deaths, cases, and 'infection rates' should be subject to a massive retroactive inquiry. Lockdowns and travel restrictions should be reviewed and relaxed and those diagnosed through PCR to have 'Covid-19' should not be forced to isolate. Dr Kevin Corbett, a health researcher and nurse educator with a long academic career producing a stream of peer-reviewed publications at many UK universities, made the same point about the PCR test debacle. He said of the scientists' conclusions: 'Every scientific rationale for the development of that test has been totally destroyed by this paper. It's like Hiroshima/Nagasaki to the Covid test.' He said that China hadn't given them an isolated 'virus' when Drosten developed the test. Instead they had developed the test from *a sequence in a gene bank*.' Put another way ... *they made it up!* The scientists were supported in this contention by a Portuguese appeals court which ruled in November, 2020, that PCR tests are unreliable and it is unlawful to quarantine people based solely on a PCR test. The point about China not providing an isolated virus must be true when the 'virus' has never been isolated to this day and the consequences of that will become clear. Drosten and company produced this useless 'protocol' right on cue in January, 2020, just as the 'virus' was said to

be moving westward and it somehow managed to successfully pass a peer-review in 24 hours. In other words there was no peer-review for a test that would be used to decide who had 'Covid' and who didn't across the world. The Cult-created, Gates-controlled World Health Organization immediately recommended all its nearly 200 member countries to use the Drosten PCR protocol to detect 'cases' and 'deaths'. The sting was underway and it continues to this day.

So who is this Christian Drosten that produced the means through which death, destruction and economic catastrophe would be justified? His education background, including his doctoral thesis, would appear to be somewhat shrouded in mystery and his track record is dire as with another essential player in the 'Covid' hoax, the Gates-funded Professor Neil Ferguson at the Gates-funded Imperial College in London of whom more shortly. Drosten predicted in 2003 that the alleged original SARS 'virus' (SARS-1) was an epidemic that could have serious effects on economies and an effective vaccine would take at least two years to produce. Drosten's answer to every alleged 'outbreak' is a vaccine which you won't be shocked to know. What followed were just 774 official deaths worldwide and none in Germany where there were only nine cases. That is even if you believe there ever was a SARS 'virus' when the evidence is zilch and I will expand on this in the next chapter. Drosten claims to be co-discoverer of 'SARS-1' and developed a test for it in 2003. He was screaming warnings about 'swine flu' in 2009 and how it was a widespread infection far more severe than any dangers from a vaccine could be and people should get vaccinated. It would be helpful for Drosten's vocal chords if he simply recorded the words 'the virus is deadly and you need to get vaccinated' and copies could be handed out whenever the latest made-up threat comes along. Drosten's swine flu epidemic never happened, but Big Pharma didn't mind with governments spending hundreds of millions on vaccines that hardly anyone bothered to use and many who did wished they hadn't. A study in 2010 revealed that the risk of dying from swine flu, or H1N1, was no higher than that of the annual seasonal flu which is what at least most of 'it' really was as in

the case of 'Covid-19'. A media investigation into Drosten asked how with such a record of inaccuracy he could be *the* government adviser on these issues. The answer to that question is the same with Drosten, Ferguson and Fauci – they keep on giving the authorities the 'conclusions' and 'advice' they want to hear. Drosten certainly produced the goods for them in January, 2020, with his PCR protocol garbage and provided the foundation of what German internal medicine specialist Dr Claus Köhnlein, co-author of *Virus Mania*, called the 'test pandemic'. The 22 scientists in the *Eurosurveillance* challenge called out conflicts of interest within the Drosten 'protocol' group and with good reason. Olfert Landt, a regular co-author of Drosten 'studies', owns the biotech company TIB Molbiol Syntheselabor GmbH in Berlin which manufactures and sells the tests that Drosten and his mates come up with. They have done this with SARS, Enterotoxigenic E. coli (ETEC), MERS, Zika 'virus', yellow fever, and now 'Covid'. Landt told the *Berliner Zeitung* newspaper:

The testing, design and development came from the Charité [Drosten and Corman]. We simply implemented it immediately in the form of a kit. And if we don't have the virus, which originally only existed in Wuhan, we can make a synthetic gene to simulate the genome of the virus. That's what we did very quickly.

This is more confirmation that the Drosten test was designed without access to the 'virus' and only a synthetic simulation which is what SARS-CoV-2 really is – a computer-generated synthetic fiction. It's quite an enterprise they have going here. A Drosten team decides what the test for something should be and Landt's biotech company flogs it to governments and medical systems across the world. His company must have made an absolute fortune since the 'Covid' hoax began. Dr Reiner Fuellmich, a prominent German consumer protection trial lawyer in Germany and California, is on Drosten's case and that of Tedros at the World Health Organization for crimes against humanity with a class-action lawsuit being prepared in the United States and other legal action in Germany.

Why China?

Scamming the world with a 'virus' that doesn't exist would seem impossible on the face of it, but not if you have control of the relatively few people that make policy decisions and the great majority of the global media. Remember it's not about changing 'real' reality it's about controlling *perception* of reality. You don't have to make something happen you only have to make people *believe* that it's happening. Renegade Minds understand this and are therefore much harder to swindle. 'Covid-19' is not a 'real' 'virus'. It's a mind virus, like a computer virus, which has infected the minds, not the bodies, of billions. It all started, publically at least, in China and that alone is of central significance. The Cult was behind the revolution led by its asset Mao Zedong, or Chairman Mao, which established the People's Republic of China on October 1st, 1949. It should have been called The Cult's Republic of China, but the name had to reflect the recurring illusion that vicious dictatorships are run by and for the people (see all the 'Democratic Republics' controlled by tyrants). In the same way we have the 'Biden' Democratic Republic of America officially ruled by a puppet tyrant (at least temporarily) on behalf of Cult tyrants. The creation of Mao's merciless communist/fascist dictatorship was part of a frenzy of activity by the Cult at the conclusion of World War Two which, like the First World War, it had instigated through its assets in Germany, Britain, France, the United States and elsewhere. Israel was formed in 1948; the Soviet Union expanded its 'Iron Curtain' control, influence and military power with the Warsaw Pact communist alliance in 1955; the United Nations was formed in 1945 as a Cult precursor to world government; and a long list of world bodies would be established including the World Health Organization (1948), World Trade Organization (1948 under another name until 1995), International Monetary Fund (1945) and World Bank (1944). Human society was redrawn and hugely centralised in the global Problem-Reaction-Solution that was World War Two. All these changes were significant. Israel would become the headquarters of the Sabbatians

and the revolution in China would prepare the ground and control system for the events of 2019/2020.

Renegade Minds know there are no borders except for public consumption. The Cult is a seamless, borderless global entity and to understand the game we need to put aside labels like borders, nations, countries, communism, fascism and democracy. These delude the population into believing that countries are ruled within their borders by a government of whatever shade when these are mere agencies of a global power. America's illusion of democracy and China's communism/fascism are subsidiaries – vehicles – for the same agenda. We may hear about conflict and competition between America and China and on the lower levels that will be true; but at the Cult level they are branches of the same company in the way of the McDonald's example I gave earlier. I have tracked in the books over the years support by US governments of both parties for Chinese Communist Party infiltration of American society through allowing the sale of land, even military facilities, and the acquisition of American business and university influence. All this is underpinned by the infamous stealing of intellectual property and technological know-how. Cult-owned Silicon Valley corporations waive their fraudulent 'morality' to do business with human-rights-free China; Cult-controlled Disney has become China's PR department; and China in effect owns 'American' sports such as basketball which depends for much of its income on Chinese audiences. As a result any sports player, coach or official speaking out against China's horrific human rights record is immediately condemned or fired by the China-worshipping National Basketball Association. One of the first acts of China-controlled Biden was to issue an executive order telling federal agencies to stop making references to the 'virus' by the 'geographic location of its origin'. Long-time Congressman Jerry Nadler warned that criticising China, America's biggest rival, leads to hate crimes against Asian people in the United States. So shut up you bigot. China is fast closing in on Israel as a country that must not be criticised which is apt, really, given that Sabbatians control them both. The two countries have

developed close economic, military, technological and strategic ties which include involvement in China's 'Silk Road' transport and economic initiative to connect China with Europe. Israel was the first country in the Middle East to recognise the establishment of Mao's tyranny in 1950 months after it was established.

Project Wuhan – the 'Covid' Psyop

I emphasise again that the Cult plays the long game and what is happening to the world today is the result of centuries of calculated manipulation following a script to take control step-by-step of every aspect of human society. I will discuss later the common force behind all this that has spanned those centuries and thousands of years if the truth be told. Instigating the Mao revolution in China in 1949 with a 2020 'pandemic' in mind is not only how they work – the 71 years between them is really quite short by the Cult's standards of manipulation preparation. The reason for the Cult's Chinese revolution was to create a fiercely-controlled environment within which an extreme structure for human control could be incubated to eventually be unleashed across the world. We have seen this happen since the 'pandemic' emerged from China with the Chinese control-structure founded on AI technology and tyrannical enforcement sweep across the West. Until the moment when the Cult went for broke in the West and put its fascism on public display Western governments had to pay some lip-service to freedom and democracy to not alert too many people to the tyranny-in-the-making. Freedoms were more subtly eroded and power centralised with covert government structures put in place waiting for the arrival of 2020 when that smokescreen of 'freedom' could be dispensed with. The West was not able to move towards tyranny before 2020 anything like as fast as China which was created as a tyranny and had no limits on how fast it could construct the Cult's blueprint for global control. When the time came to impose that structure on the world it was the same Cult-owned Chinese communist/fascist government that provided the excuse – the 'Covid pandemic'. It was absolutely crucial to the Cult plan for the Chinese response to the 'pandemic' –

draconian lockdowns of the entire population – to become the blueprint that Western countries would follow to destroy the livelihoods and freedom of their people. This is why the Cult-owned, Gates-owned, WHO Director-General Tedros said early on:

The Chinese government is to be congratulated for the extraordinary measures it has taken to contain the outbreak. China is actually setting a new standard for outbreak response and it is not an exaggeration.

Forbes magazine said of China: ‘... those measures protected untold millions from getting the disease’. The Rockefeller Foundation ‘epidemic scenario’ document in 2010 said ‘prophetically’:

However, a few countries did fare better – China in particular. The Chinese government’s quick imposition and enforcement of mandatory quarantine for all citizens, as well as its instant and near-hermetic sealing off of all borders, saved millions of lives, stopping the spread of the virus far earlier than in other countries and enabling a swifter post-pandemic recovery.

Once again – *spooky*.

The first official story was the ‘bat theory’ or rather the bat diversion. The source of the ‘virus outbreak’ we were told was a ‘wet market’ in Wuhan where bats and other animals are bought and eaten in horrifically unhygienic conditions. Then another story emerged through the alternative media that the ‘virus’ had been released on purpose or by accident from a BSL-4 (biosafety level 4) laboratory in Wuhan not far from the wet market. The lab was reported to create and work with lethal concoctions and bioweapons. Biosafety level 4 is the highest in the World Health Organization system of safety and containment. Renegade Minds are aware of what I call designer manipulation. The ideal for the Cult is for people to buy its prime narrative which in the opening salvos of the ‘pandemic’ was the wet market story. It knows, however, that there is now a considerable worldwide alternative media of researchers sceptical of anything governments say and they are often given a version of events in a form they can perceive as credible while misdirecting them from the real truth. In this case let them

think that the conspiracy involved is a 'bioweapon virus' released from the Wuhan lab to keep them from the real conspiracy – *there is no 'virus'*. The WHO's current position on the source of the outbreak at the time of writing appears to be: 'We haven't got a clue, mate.' This is a good position to maintain mystery and bewilderment. The inner circle will know where the 'virus' came from – *nowhere*. The bottom line was to ensure the public believed there *was* a 'virus' and it didn't much matter if they thought it was natural or had been released from a lab. The belief that there was a 'deadly virus' was all that was needed to trigger global panic and fear. The population was terrified into handing their power to authority and doing what they were told. They had to or they were 'all gonna die'.

In March, 2020, information began to come my way from real doctors and scientists and my own additional research which had my intuition screaming: 'Yes, that's it! *There is no virus.*' The 'bioweapon' was not the 'virus'; it was the '*vaccine*' already being talked about that would be the bioweapon. My conclusion was further enhanced by happenings in Wuhan. The 'virus' was said to be sweeping the city and news footage circulated of people collapsing in the street (which they've never done in the West with the same 'virus'). The Chinese government was building 'new hospitals' in a matter of ten days to 'cope with demand' such was the virulent nature of the 'virus'. Yet in what seemed like no time the 'new hospitals' closed – even if they even opened – and China declared itself 'virus-free'. It was back to business as usual. This was more propaganda to promote the Chinese draconian lockdowns in the West as the way to 'beat the virus'. Trouble was that we subsequently had lockdown after lockdown, but never business as usual. As the people of the West and most of the rest of the world were caught in an ever-worsening spiral of lockdown, social distancing, masks, isolated old people, families forced apart, and livelihood destruction, it was party-time in Wuhan. Pictures emerged of thousands of people enjoying pool parties and concerts. It made no sense until you realised there never was a 'virus' and the

whole thing was a Cult set-up to transform human society out of one of its major global strongholds – China.

How is it possible to deceive virtually the entire world population into believing there is a deadly virus when there is not even a 'virus' let alone a deadly one? It's nothing like as difficult as you would think and that's clearly true because it happened.

Postscript: See end of book Postscript for more on the 'Wuhan lab virus release' story which the authorities and media were pushing heavily in the summer of 2021 to divert attention from the truth that the 'Covid virus' is pure invention.

CHAPTER FIVE

There is no 'virus'

You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time

Abraham Lincoln

The greatest form of mind control is repetition. The more you repeat the same mantra of alleged 'facts' the more will accept them to be true. It becomes an 'everyone knows that, mate'. If you can also censor any other version or alternative to your alleged 'facts' you are pretty much home and cooking.

By the start of 2020 the Cult owned the global mainstream media almost in its entirety to spew out its 'Covid' propaganda and ignore or discredit any other information and view. Cult-owned social media platforms in Cult-owned Silicon Valley were poised and ready to unleash a campaign of ferocious censorship to obliterate all but the official narrative. To complete the circle many demands for censorship by Silicon Valley were led by the mainstream media as 'journalists' became full-out enforcers for the Cult both as propagandists and censors. Part of this has been the influx of young people straight out of university who have become 'journalists' in significant positions. They have no experience and a headful of programmed perceptions from their years at school and university at a time when today's young are the most perceptually-targeted generations in known human history given the insidious impact of technology. They enter the media perceptually prepared and ready to repeat the narratives of the system that programmed them to

repeat its narratives. The BBC has a truly pathetic 'specialist disinformation reporter' called Marianna Spring who fits this bill perfectly. She is clueless about the world, how it works and what is really going on. Her role is to discredit anyone doing the job that a proper journalist would do and system-serving hacks like Spring wouldn't dare to do or even see the need to do. They are too busy licking the arse of authority which can never be wrong and, in the case of the BBC propaganda programme, *Panorama*, contacting payments systems such as PayPal to have a donations page taken down for a film company making documentaries questioning vaccines. Even the BBC soap opera *EastEnders* included a disgracefully biased scene in which an inarticulate white working class woman was made to look foolish for questioning the 'vaccine' while a well-spoken black man and Asian woman promoted the government narrative. It ticked every BBC box and the fact that the black and minority community was resisting the 'vaccine' had nothing to do with the way the scene was written. The BBC has become a disgusting tyrannical propaganda and censorship operation that should be defunded and disbanded and a free media take its place with a brief to stop censorship instead of demanding it. A BBC 'interview' with Gates goes something like: 'Mr Gates, sir, if I can call you sir, would you like to tell our audience why you are such a great man, a wonderful humanitarian philanthropist, and why you should absolutely be allowed as a software salesman to decide health policy for approaching eight billion people? Thank you, sir, please sir.' Propaganda programming has been incessant and merciless and when all you hear is the same story from the media, repeated by those around you who have only heard the same story, is it any wonder that people on a grand scale believe absolute mendacious garbage to be true? You are about to see, too, why this level of information control is necessary when the official 'Covid' narrative is so nonsensical and unsupportable by the evidence.

Structure of Deceit

The pyramid structure through which the 'Covid' hoax has been manifested is very simple and has to be to work. As few people as possible have to be involved with full knowledge of what they are doing – and why – or the real story would get out. At the top of the pyramid are the inner core of the Cult which controls Bill Gates who, in turn, controls the World Health Organization through his pivotal funding and his puppet Director-General mouthpiece, Tedros. Before he was appointed Tedros was chair of the Gates-founded Global Fund to 'fight against AIDS, tuberculosis and malaria', a board member of the Gates-funded 'vaccine alliance' GAVI, and on the board of another Gates-funded organisation. Gates owns him and picked him for a specific reason – Tedros is a crook and worse. 'Dr' Tedros (he's not a medical doctor, the first WHO chief not to be) was a member of the tyrannical Marxist government of Ethiopia for decades with all its human rights abuses. He has faced allegations of corruption and misappropriation of funds and was exposed three times for covering up cholera epidemics while Ethiopia's health minister. Tedros appointed the mass-murdering genocidal Zimbabwe dictator Robert Mugabe as a WHO goodwill ambassador for public health which, as with Tedros, is like appointing a psychopath to run a peace and love campaign. The move was so ridiculous that he had to drop Mugabe in the face of widespread condemnation. American economist David Steinman, a Nobel peace prize nominee, lodged a complaint with the International Criminal Court in The Hague over alleged genocide by Tedros when he was Ethiopia's foreign minister. Steinman says Tedros was a 'crucial decision maker' who directed the actions of Ethiopia's security forces from 2013 to 2015 and one of three officials in charge when those security services embarked on the 'killing' and 'torturing' of Ethiopians. You can see where Tedros is coming from and it's sobering to think that he has been the vehicle for Gates and the Cult to direct the global response to 'Covid'. Think about that. A psychopathic Cult dictates to psychopath Gates who dictates to psychopath Tedros who dictates how countries of the world must respond to a 'Covid virus' never scientifically shown to exist. At the same time psychopathic Cult-owned Silicon Valley information

giants like Google, YouTube, Facebook and Twitter announced very early on that they would give the Cult/Gates/Tedros/WHO version of the narrative free advertising and censor those who challenged their intelligence-insulting, mendacious story.

The next layer in the global 'medical' structure below the Cult, Gates and Tedros are the chief medical officers and science 'advisers' in each of the WHO member countries which means virtually all of them. Medical officers and arbiters of science (they're not) then take the WHO policy and recommended responses and impose them on their country's population while the political 'leaders' say they are deciding policy (they're clearly not) by 'following the science' on the advice of the 'experts' – the same medical officers and science 'advisers' (dictators). In this way with the rarest of exceptions the entire world followed the same policy of lockdown, people distancing, masks and 'vaccines' dictated by the psychopathic Cult, psychopathic Gates and psychopathic Tedros who we are supposed to believe give a damn about the health of the world population they are seeking to enslave. That, amazingly, is all there is to it in terms of crucial decision-making. Medical staff in each country then follow like sheep the dictates of the shepherds at the top of the national medical hierarchies – chief medical officers and science 'advisers' who themselves follow like sheep the shepherds of the World Health Organization and the Cult. Shepherds at the national level often have major funding and other connections to Gates and his Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation which carefully hands out money like confetti at a wedding to control the entire global medical system from the WHO down.

Follow the money

Christopher Whitty, Chief Medical Adviser to the UK Government at the centre of 'virus' policy, a senior adviser to the government's Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE), and Executive Board member of the World Health Organization, was gifted a grant of \$40 million by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation for malaria research in Africa. The BBC described the unelected Whitty as 'the

official who will probably have the greatest impact on our everyday lives of any individual policymaker in modern times' and so it turned out. What Gates and Tedros have said Whitty has done like his equivalents around the world. Patrick Vallance, co-chair of SAGE and the government's Chief Scientific Adviser, is a former executive of Big Pharma giant GlaxoSmithKline with its fundamental financial and business connections to Bill Gates. In September, 2020, it was revealed that Vallance owned a deferred bonus of shares in GlaxoSmithKline worth £600,000 while the company was 'developing' a 'Covid vaccine'. Move along now – nothing to see here – what could possibly be wrong with that? Imperial College in London, a major player in 'Covid' policy in Britain and elsewhere with its 'Covid-19' Response Team, is funded by Gates and has big connections to China while the now infamous Professor Neil Ferguson, the useless 'computer modeller' at Imperial College is also funded by Gates. Ferguson delivered the dramatically inaccurate excuse for the first lockdowns (much more in the next chapter). The Institute for Health Metrics and Evaluation (IHME) in the United States, another source of outrageously false 'Covid' computer models to justify lockdowns, is bankrolled by Gates who is a vehement promotor of lockdowns. America's version of Whitty and Vallance, the again now infamous Anthony Fauci, has connections to 'Covid vaccine' maker Moderna as does Bill Gates through funding from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. Fauci is director of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases (NIAID), a major recipient of Gates money, and they are very close. Deborah Birx who was appointed White House Coronavirus Response Coordinator in February, 2020, is yet another with ties to Gates. Everywhere you look at the different elements around the world behind the coordination and decision making of the 'Covid' hoax there is Bill Gates and his money. They include the World Health Organization; Centers for Disease Control (CDC) in the United States; National Institutes of Health (NIH) of Anthony Fauci; Imperial College and Neil Ferguson; the London School of Hygiene where Chris Whitty worked; Regulatory agencies like the UK Medicines & Healthcare products Regulatory Agency (MHRA)

which gave emergency approval for 'Covid vaccines'; Wellcome Trust; GAVI, the Vaccine Alliance; the Coalition for Epidemic Preparedness Innovations (CEPI); Johns Hopkins University which has compiled the false 'Covid' figures; and the World Economic Forum. A [Nationalfile.com](https://www.nationalfile.com) article said:

Gates has a lot of pull in the medical world, he has a multi-million dollar relationship with Dr. Fauci, and Fauci originally took the Gates line supporting vaccines and casting doubt on [the drug hydroxychloroquine]. Coronavirus response team member Dr. Deborah Birx, appointed by former president Obama to serve as United States Global AIDS Coordinator, also sits on the board of a group that has received billions from Gates' foundation, and Birx reportedly used a disputed Bill Gates-funded model for the White House's Coronavirus effort. Gates is a big proponent for a population lockdown scenario for the Coronavirus outbreak.

Another funder of Moderna is the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA), the technology-development arm of the Pentagon and one of the most sinister organisations on earth. DARPA had a major role with the CIA covert technology-funding operation In-Q-Tel in the development of Google and social media which is now at the centre of global censorship. Fauci and Gates are extremely close and openly admit to talking regularly about 'Covid' policy, but then why wouldn't Gates have a seat at every national 'Covid' table after his Foundation committed \$1.75 billion to the 'fight against Covid-19'. When passed through our Orwellian Translation Unit this means that he has bought and paid for the Cult-driven 'Covid' response worldwide. Research the major 'Covid' response personnel in your own country and you will find the same Gates funding and other connections again and again. Medical and science chiefs following World Health Organization 'policy' sit atop a medical hierarchy in their country of administrators, doctors and nursing staff. These 'subordinates' are told they must work and behave in accordance with the policy delivered from the 'top' of the national 'health' pyramid which is largely the policy delivered by the WHO which is the policy delivered by Gates and the Cult. The whole 'Covid' narrative has been imposed on medical staff by a climate of fear although great numbers don't even need that to comply. They do so through breathtaking levels of ignorance and

include doctors who go through life simply repeating what Big Pharma and their hierarchical masters tell them to say and believe. No wonder Big Pharma 'medicine' is one of the biggest killers on Planet Earth.

The same top-down system of intimidation operates with regard to the Cult Big Pharma cartel which also dictates policy through national and global medical systems in this way. The Cult and Big Pharma agendas are the same because the former controls and owns the latter. 'Health' administrators, doctors, and nursing staff are told to support and parrot the dictated policy or they will face consequences which can include being fired. How sad it's been to see medical staff meekly repeating and imposing Cult policy without question and most of those who can see through the deceit are only willing to speak anonymously off the record. They know what will happen if their identity is known. This has left the courageous few to expose the lies about the 'virus', face masks, overwhelmed hospitals that aren't, and the dangers of the 'vaccine' that isn't a vaccine. When these medical professionals and scientists, some renowned in their field, have taken to the Internet to expose the truth their articles, comments and videos have been deleted by Cult-owned Facebook, Twitter and YouTube. What a real head-shaker to see YouTube videos with leading world scientists and highly qualified medical specialists with an added link underneath to the notorious Cult propaganda website *Wikipedia* to find the 'facts' about the same subject.

HIV – the 'Covid' trial-run

I'll give you an example of the consequences for health and truth that come from censorship and unquestioning belief in official narratives. The story was told by PCR inventor Kary Mullis in his book *Dancing Naked in the Mind Field*. He said that in 1984 he accepted as just another scientific fact that Luc Montagnier of France's Pasteur Institute and Robert Gallo of America's National Institutes of Health had independently discovered that a 'retrovirus' dubbed HIV (human immunodeficiency virus) caused AIDS. They

were, after all, Mullis writes, specialists in retroviruses. This is how the medical and science pyramids work. Something is announced or *assumed* and then becomes an everybody-knows-that purely through repetition of the assumption as if it is fact. Complete crap becomes accepted truth with no supporting evidence and only repetition of the crap. This is how a 'virus' that doesn't exist became the 'virus' that changed the world. The HIV-AIDS fairy story became a multi-billion pound industry and the media poured out propaganda terrifying the world about the deadly HIV 'virus' that caused the lethal AIDS. By then Mullis was working at a lab in Santa Monica, California, to detect retroviruses with his PCR test in blood donations received by the Red Cross. In doing so he asked a virologist where he could find a reference for HIV being the cause of AIDS. 'You don't need a reference,' the virologist said ... '*Everybody knows it.*' Mullis said he wanted to quote a reference in the report he was doing and he said he felt a little funny about not knowing the source of such an important discovery when everyone else seemed to. The virologist suggested he cite a report by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) on morbidity and mortality. Mullis read the report, but it only said that an organism had been identified and did not say how. The report did not identify the original scientific work. Physicians, however, *assumed* (key recurring theme) that if the CDC was convinced that HIV caused AIDS then proof must exist. Mullis continues:

I did computer searches. Neither Montagnier, Gallo, nor anyone else had published papers describing experiments which led to the conclusion that HIV probably caused AIDS. I read the papers in *Science* for which they had become well known as AIDS doctors, but all they had said there was that they had found evidence of a past infection by something which was probably HIV in some AIDS patients.

They found antibodies. Antibodies to viruses had always been considered evidence of past disease, not present disease. Antibodies signaled that the virus had been defeated. The patient had saved himself. There was no indication in these papers that this virus caused a disease. They didn't show that everybody with the antibodies had the disease. In fact they found some healthy people with antibodies.

Mullis asked why their work had been published if Montagnier and Gallo hadn't really found this evidence, and why had they been fighting so hard to get credit for the discovery? He says he was hesitant to write 'HIV is the probable cause of AIDS' until he found published evidence to support that. 'Tens of thousands of scientists and researchers were spending billions of dollars a year doing research based on this idea,' Mullis writes. 'The reason had to be there somewhere; otherwise these people would not have allowed their research to settle into one narrow channel of investigation.' He said he lectured about PCR at numerous meetings where people were always talking about HIV and he asked them how they knew that HIV was the cause of AIDS:

Everyone said something. Everyone had the answer at home, in the office, in some drawer. They all knew, and they would send me the papers as soon as they got back. But I never got any papers. Nobody ever sent me the news about how AIDS was caused by HIV.

Eventually Mullis was able to ask Montagnier himself about the reference proof when he lectured in San Diego at the grand opening of the University of California AIDS Research Center. Mullis says this was the last time he would ask his question without showing anger. Montagnier said he should reference the CDC report. 'I read it', Mullis said, and it didn't answer the question. 'If Montagnier didn't know the answer who the hell did?' Then one night Mullis was driving when an interview came on National Public Radio with Peter Duesberg, a prominent virologist at Berkeley and a California Scientist of the Year. Mullis says he finally understood why he could not find references that connected HIV to AIDS – *there weren't any!* No one had ever proved that HIV causes AIDS even though it had spawned a multi-billion pound global industry and the media was repeating this as fact every day in their articles and broadcasts terrifying the shit out of people about AIDS and giving the impression that a positive test for HIV (see 'Covid') was a death sentence. Duesberg was a threat to the AIDS gravy train and the agenda that underpinned it. He was therefore abused and castigated after he told the Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences

there was no good evidence implicating the new 'virus'. Editors rejected his manuscripts and his research funds were deleted. Mullis points out that the CDC has defined AIDS as one of more than 30 diseases *if accompanied* by a positive result on a test that detects antibodies to HIV; but those same diseases are not defined as AIDS cases when antibodies are not detected:

If an HIV-positive woman develops uterine cancer, for example, she is considered to have AIDS. If she is not HIV positive, she simply has uterine cancer. An HIV-positive man with tuberculosis has AIDS; if he tests negative he simply has tuberculosis. If he lives in Kenya or Colombia, where the test for HIV antibodies is too expensive, he is simply presumed to have the antibodies and therefore AIDS, and therefore he can be treated in the World Health Organization's clinic. It's the only medical help available in some places. And it's free, because the countries that support WHO are worried about AIDS.

Mullis accuses the CDC of continually adding new diseases (see ever more 'Covid symptoms') to the grand AIDS definition and of virtually doctoring the books to make it appear as if the disease continued to spread. He cites how in 1993 the CDC enormously broadened its AIDS definition and county health authorities were delighted because they received \$2,500 per year from the Federal government for every reported AIDS case. Ladies and gentlemen, I have just described, via Kary Mullis, the 'Covid pandemic' of 2020 and beyond. Every element is the same and it's been pulled off in the same way by the same networks.

The 'Covid virus' exists? Okay – prove it. Er ... still waiting

What Kary Mullis described with regard to 'HIV' has been repeated with 'Covid'. A claim is made that a new, or 'novel', infection has been found and the entire medical system of the world repeats that as fact exactly as they did with HIV and AIDS. No one in the mainstream asks rather relevant questions such as 'How do you know?' and 'Where is your proof?' The SARS-Cov-2 'virus' and the 'Covid-19 disease' became an overnight 'everybody-knows-that'. The origin could be debated and mulled over, but what you could not suggest was that 'SARS-Cov-2' didn't exist. That would be

ridiculous. 'Everybody knows' the 'virus' exists. Well, I didn't for one along with American proper doctors like Andrew Kaufman and Tom Cowan and long-time American proper journalist Jon Rappaport. We dared to pursue the obvious and simple question: 'Where's the evidence?' The overwhelming majority in medicine, journalism and the general public did not think to ask that. After all, *everyone knew* there was a new 'virus'. Everyone was saying so and I heard it on the BBC. Some would eventually argue that the 'deadly virus' was nothing like as deadly as claimed, but few would venture into the realms of its very existence. Had they done so they would have found that the evidence for that claim had gone AWOL as with HIV causes AIDS. In fact, not even that. For something to go AWOL it has to exist in the first place and scientific proof for a 'SARS-Cov-2' can be filed under nothing, nowhere and zilch.

Dr Andrew Kaufman is a board-certified forensic psychiatrist in New York State, a Doctor of Medicine and former Assistant Professor and Medical Director of Psychiatry at SUNY Upstate Medical University, and Medical Instructor of Hematology and Oncology at the Medical School of South Carolina. He also studied biology at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) and trained in Psychiatry at Duke University. Kaufman is retired from allopathic medicine, but remains a consultant and educator on natural healing, I saw a video of his very early on in the 'Covid' hoax in which he questioned claims about the 'virus' in the absence of any supporting evidence and with plenty pointing the other way. I did everything I could to circulate his work which I felt was asking the pivotal questions that needed an answer. I can recommend an excellent pull-together interview he did with the website The Last Vagabond entitled *Dr Andrew Kaufman: Virus Isolation, Terrain Theory and Covid-19* and his website is andrewkaufmanmd.com. Kaufman is not only a forensic psychiatrist; he is forensic in all that he does. He always reads original scientific papers, experiments and studies instead of second-third-fourth-hand reports about the 'virus' in the media which are repeating the repeated repetition of the narrative. When he did so with the original Chinese 'virus' papers Kaufman

realised that there was no evidence of a 'SARS-Cov-2'. They had never – from the start – shown it to exist and every repeat of this claim worldwide was based on the accepted existence of proof that was nowhere to be found – see Kary Mullis and HIV. Here we go again.

Let's postulate

Kaufman discovered that the Chinese authorities immediately concluded that the cause of an illness that broke out among about 200 initial patients in Wuhan was a 'new virus' when there were no grounds to make that conclusion. The alleged 'virus' was not isolated from other genetic material in their samples and then shown through a system known as Koch's postulates to be the causative agent of the illness. The world was told that the SARS-Cov-2 'virus' caused a disease they called 'Covid-19' which had 'flu-like' symptoms and could lead to respiratory problems and pneumonia. If it wasn't so tragic it would almost be funny. *'Flu-like' symptoms? Pneumonia? Respiratory disease?* What in CHINA and particularly in Wuhan, one of the most polluted cities in the world with a resulting epidemic of respiratory disease?? Three hundred thousand people get pneumonia in China every year and there are nearly a billion cases worldwide of 'flu-like symptoms'. These have a whole range of causes – including pollution in Wuhan – but no other possibility was credibly considered in late 2019 when the world was told there was a new and deadly 'virus'. The global prevalence of pneumonia and 'flu-like systems' gave the Cult networks unlimited potential to re-diagnose these other causes as the mythical 'Covid-19' and that is what they did from the very start. Kaufman revealed how Chinese medical and science authorities (all subordinates to the Cult-owned communist government) took genetic material from the lungs of only a few of the first patients. The material contained their own cells, bacteria, fungi and other microorganisms living in their bodies. The only way you could prove the existence of the 'virus' and its responsibility for the alleged 'Covid-19' was to isolate the virus from all the other material – a process also known as 'purification' – and

then follow the postulates sequence developed in the late 19th century by German physician and bacteriologist Robert Koch which became the 'gold standard' for connecting an alleged causation agent to a disease:

1. The microorganism (bacteria, fungus, virus, etc.) must be present in every case of the disease and all patients must have the same symptoms. It must also *not be present in healthy individuals*.
2. The microorganism must be isolated from the host with the disease. If the microorganism is a bacteria or fungus it must be grown in a pure culture. If it is a virus, it must be purified (i.e. containing no other material except the virus particles) from a clinical sample.
3. The specific disease, with all of its characteristics, must be reproduced when the infectious agent (the purified virus or a pure culture of bacteria or fungi) is inoculated into a healthy, susceptible host.
4. The microorganism must be recoverable from the experimentally infected host as in step 2.

Not one of these criteria has been met in the case of 'SARS-Cov-2' and 'Covid-19'. Not ONE. EVER. Robert Koch refers to bacteria and not viruses. What are called 'viral particles' are so minute (hence masks are useless by any definition) that they could only be seen after the invention of the electron microscope in the 1930s and can still only be observed through that means. American bacteriologist and virologist Thomas Milton Rivers, the so-called 'Father of Modern Virology' who was very significantly director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in the 1930s, developed a less stringent version of Koch's postulates to identify 'virus' causation known as 'Rivers criteria'. 'Covid' did not pass that process either. Some even doubt whether any 'virus' can be isolated from other particles containing genetic material in the Koch method. Freedom of Information requests in many countries asking for scientific proof that the 'Covid virus' has been purified and isolated and shown to exist have all come back with a 'we don't have that' and when this happened with a request to the UK Department of Health they added this comment:

However, outside of the scope of the [Freedom of Information Act] and on a discretionary basis, the following information has been advised to us, which may be of interest. Most infectious diseases are caused by viruses, bacteria or fungi. Some bacteria or fungi have the capacity to grow on their own in isolation, for example in colonies on a petri dish. Viruses are different in that they are what we call 'obligate pathogens' – that is, they cannot survive or reproduce without infecting a host ...

... For some diseases, it is possible to establish causation between a microorganism and a disease by isolating the pathogen from a patient, growing it in pure culture and reintroducing it to a healthy organism. These are known as 'Koch's postulates' and were developed in 1882. However, as our understanding of disease and different disease-causing agents has advanced, these are no longer the method for determining causation [Andrew Kaufman asks why in that case are there two published articles falsely claiming to satisfy Koch's postulates].

It has long been known that viral diseases cannot be identified in this way as viruses cannot be grown in 'pure culture'. When a patient is tested for a viral illness, this is normally done by looking for the presence of antigens, or viral genetic code in a host with molecular biology techniques [Kaufman asks how you could know the origin of these chemicals without having a pure culture for comparison].

For the record 'antigens' are defined so:

Invading microorganisms have antigens on their surface that the human body can recognise as being foreign – meaning not belonging to it. When the body recognises a foreign antigen, lymphocytes (white blood cells) produce antibodies, which are complementary in shape to the antigen.

Notwithstanding that this is open to question in relation to 'SARS-Cov-2' the presence of 'antibodies' can have many causes and they are found in people that are perfectly well. Kary Mullis said: 'Antibodies ... had always been considered evidence of past disease, not present disease.'

'Covid' really is a *computer* 'virus'

Where the UK Department of Health statement says 'viruses' are now 'diagnosed' through a 'viral genetic code in a host with molecular biology techniques', they mean ... *the PCR test* which its inventor said cannot test for infectious disease. They have no credible method of connecting a 'virus' to a disease and we will see that there is no scientific proof that any 'virus' causes any disease or there is any such thing as a 'virus' in the way that it is described. Tenacious Canadian researcher Christine Massey and her team made

some 40 Freedom of Information requests to national public health agencies in different countries asking for proof that SARS-CoV-2 has been isolated and not one of them could supply that information. Massey said of her request in Canada: 'Freedom of Information reveals Public Health Agency of Canada has no record of 'SARS-COV-2' isolation performed by anyone, anywhere, ever.' If you accept the comment from the UK Department of Health it's because they can't isolate a 'virus'. Even so many 'science' papers claimed to have isolated the 'Covid virus' until they were questioned and had to admit they hadn't. A reply from the Robert Koch Institute in Germany was typical: 'I am not aware of a paper which purified isolated SARS-CoV-2.' So what the hell was Christian Drosten and his gang using to design the 'Covid' testing protocol that has produced all the illusory Covid' cases and 'Covid' deaths when the head of the Chinese version of the CDC admitted there was a problem right from the start in that the 'virus' had never been isolated/purified? Breathe deeply: What they are calling 'Covid' is actually created by a *computer program* i.e. *they made it up* – er, that's it. They took lung fluid, with many sources of genetic material, from one single person alleged to be infected with Covid-19 by a PCR test which they *claimed*, without clear evidence, contained a 'virus'. They used several computer programs to create a model of a theoretical virus genome sequence from more than fifty-six million small sequences of RNA, each of an unknown source, assembling them like a puzzle with no known solution. The computer filled in the gaps with sequences from bits in the gene bank to make it look like a bat SARS-like coronavirus! A wave of the magic wand and poof, an *in silico* (computer-generated) genome, a scientific fantasy, was created. UK health researcher Dr Kevin Corbett made the same point with this analogy:

... It's like giving you a few bones and saying that's your fish. It could be any fish. Not even a skeleton. Here's a few fragments of bones. That's your fish ... It's all from gene bank and the bits of the virus sequence that weren't there they made up.

They synthetically created them to fill in the blanks. That's what genetics is; it's a code. So it's ABBCCDDDD and you're missing some what you think is EEE so you put it in. It's all

synthetic. You just manufacture the bits that are missing. This is the end result of the geneticization of virology. This is basically a computer virus.

Further confirmation came in an email exchange between British citizen journalist Frances Leader and the government's Medicines & Healthcare Products Regulatory Agency (the Gates-funded MHRA) which gave emergency permission for untested 'Covid vaccines' to be used. The agency admitted that the 'vaccine' is not based on an isolated 'virus', but comes from a *computer-generated model*. Frances Leader was naturally banned from Cult-owned fascist Twitter for making this exchange public. The process of creating computer-generated alleged 'viruses' is called 'in silico' or 'in silicon' – computer chips – and the term 'in silico' is believed to originate with biological experiments using only a computer in 1989. 'Vaccines' involved with 'Covid' are also produced 'in silico' or by computer not a natural process. If the original 'virus' is nothing more than a made-up computer model how can there be 'new variants' of something that never existed in the first place? They are not new 'variants'; they are new *computer models* only minutely different to the original program and designed to further terrify the population into having the 'vaccine' and submitting to fascism. You want a 'new variant'? Click, click, enter – there you go. Tell the medical profession that you have discovered a 'South African variant', 'UK variants' or a 'Brazilian variant' and in the usual HIV-causes-AIDS manner they will unquestioningly repeat it with no evidence whatsoever to support these claims. They will go on television and warn about the dangers of 'new variants' while doing nothing more than repeating what they have been told to be true and knowing that any deviation from that would be career suicide. Big-time insiders will know it's a hoax, but much of the medical community is clueless about the way they are being played and themselves play the public without even being aware they are doing so. What an interesting 'coincidence' that AstraZeneca and Oxford University were conducting 'Covid vaccine trials' in the three countries – the UK, South Africa and Brazil – where the first three 'variants' were claimed to have 'broken out'.

Here's your 'virus' – it's a unicorn

Dr Andrew Kaufman presented a brilliant analysis describing how the 'virus' was imagined into fake existence when he dissected an article published by *Nature* and written by 19 authors detailing *alleged* 'sequencing of a complete viral genome' of the 'new SARS-CoV-2 virus'. This computer-modelled *in silico* genome was used as a template for all subsequent genome sequencing experiments that resulted in the so-called variants which he said now number more than 6,000. The fake genome was constructed from more than 56 million individual short strands of RNA. Those little pieces were assembled into longer pieces by finding areas of overlapping sequences. The computer programs created over two million possible combinations from which the authors simply chose the longest one. They then compared this to a 'bat virus' and the computer 'alignment' rearranged the sequence and filled in the gaps! They called this computer-generated abomination the 'complete genome'. Dr Tom Cowan, a fellow medical author and collaborator with Kaufman, said such computer-generation constitutes scientific fraud and he makes this superb analogy:

Here is an equivalency: A group of researchers claim to have found a unicorn because they found a piece of a hoof, a hair from a tail, and a snippet of a horn. They then add that information into a computer and program it to re-create the unicorn, and they then claim this computer re-creation is the real unicorn. Of course, they had never actually seen a unicorn so could not possibly have examined its genetic makeup to compare their samples with the actual unicorn's hair, hooves and horn.

The researchers claim they decided which is the real genome of SARS-CoV-2 by 'consensus', sort of like a vote. Again, different computer programs will come up with different versions of the imaginary 'unicorn', so they come together as a group and decide which is the real imaginary unicorn.

This is how the 'virus' that has transformed the world was brought into fraudulent 'existence'. Extraordinary, yes, but as the Nazis said the bigger the lie the more will believe it. Cowan, however, wasn't finished and he went on to identify what he called the real blockbuster in the paper. He quotes this section from a paper written

by virologists and published by the CDC and then explains what it means:

Therefore, we examined the capacity of SARS-CoV-2 to infect and replicate in several common primate and human cell lines, including human adenocarcinoma cells (A549), human liver cells (HUH 7.0), and human embryonic kidney cells (HEK-293T). In addition to Vero E6 and Vero CCL81 cells. ... Each cell line was inoculated at high multiplicity of infection and examined 24h post-infection.

No CPE was observed in any of the cell lines except in Vero cells, which grew to greater than 10 to the 7th power at 24 h post-infection. In contrast, HUH 7.0 and 293T showed only modest viral replication, and A549 cells were incompatible with SARS CoV-2 infection.

Cowan explains that when virologists attempt to prove infection they have three possible 'hosts' or models on which they can test. The first was humans. Exposure to humans was generally not done for ethical reasons and has never been done with SARS-CoV-2 or any coronavirus. The second possible host was animals. Cowan said that forgetting for a moment that they never actually use purified virus when exposing animals they do use solutions that they *claim* contain the virus. Exposure to animals has been done with SARS-CoV-2 in an experiment involving mice and this is what they found: *None of the wild (normal) mice got sick.* In a group of genetically-modified mice, a statistically insignificant number lost weight and had slightly bristled fur, but they experienced nothing like the illness called 'Covid-19'. Cowan said the third method – the one they mostly rely on – is to inoculate solutions they *say* contain the virus onto a variety of tissue cultures. This process had never been shown to kill tissue *unless* the sample material was starved of nutrients and poisoned as *part of the process.* Yes, incredibly, in tissue experiments designed to show the 'virus' is responsible for killing the tissue they starve the tissue of nutrients and add toxic drugs including antibiotics and they do not have control studies to see if it's the starvation and poisoning that is degrading the tissue rather than the 'virus' they allege to be in there somewhere. You want me to pinch you? Yep, I understand. Tom Cowan said this about the whole nonsensical farce as he explains what that quote from the CDC paper really means:

The shocking thing about the above quote is that using their own methods, the virologists found that solutions containing SARS-CoV-2 – even in high amounts – were NOT, I repeat NOT, infective to any of the three human tissue cultures they tested. In plain English, this means they proved, on their terms, that this ‘new coronavirus’ is not infectious to human beings. It is ONLY infective to monkey kidney cells, and only then when you add two potent drugs (gentamicin and amphotericin), known to be toxic to kidneys, to the mix.

My friends, read this again and again. These virologists, published by the CDC, performed a clear proof, on their terms, showing that the SARS-CoV-2 virus is harmless to human beings. That is the only possible conclusion, but, unfortunately, this result is not even mentioned in their conclusion. They simply say they can provide virus stocks cultured only on monkey Vero cells, thanks for coming.

Cowan concluded: ‘If people really understood how this “science” was done, I would hope they would storm the gates and demand honesty, transparency and truth.’ Dr Michael Yeadon, former Vice President and Chief Scientific Adviser at drug giant Pfizer has been a vocal critic of the ‘Covid vaccine’ and its potential for multiple harm. He said in an interview in April, 2021, that ‘not one [vaccine] has the virus. He was asked why vaccines normally using a ‘dead’ version of a disease to activate the immune system were not used for ‘Covid’ and instead we had the synthetic methods of the ‘mRNA Covid vaccine’. Yeadon said that to do the former ‘you’d have to have some of [the virus] wouldn’t you?’ He added: ‘No-one’s got any – seriously.’ Yeadon said that surely they couldn’t have fooled the whole world for a year without having a virus, ‘but oddly enough ask around – no one’s got it’. He didn’t know why with all the ‘great labs’ around the world that the virus had not been isolated – ‘Maybe they’ve been too busy running bad PCR tests and vaccines that people don’t need.’ What is today called ‘science’ is not ‘science’ at all. Science is no longer what is, but whatever people can be manipulated to *believe* that it is. Real science has been hijacked by the Cult to dispense and produce the ‘expert scientists’ and contentions that suit the agenda of the Cult. How big-time this has happened with the ‘Covid’ hoax which is entirely based on fake science delivered by fake ‘scientists’ and fake ‘doctors’. The human-caused climate change hoax is also entirely based on fake science delivered by fake ‘scientists’ and fake ‘climate experts’. In both cases real

scientists, climate experts and doctors have their views suppressed and deleted by the Cult-owned science establishment, media and Silicon Valley. This is the 'science' that politicians claim to be 'following' and a common denominator of 'Covid' and climate are Cult psychopaths Bill Gates and his mate Klaus Schwab at the Gates-funded World Economic Forum. But, don't worry, it's all just a coincidence and absolutely nothing to worry about. Zzzzzzzzz.

What is a 'virus' REALLY?

Dr Tom Cowan is one of many contesting the very existence of viruses let alone that they cause disease. This is understandable when there is no scientific evidence for a disease-causing 'virus'. German virologist Dr Stefan Lanka won a landmark case in 2017 in the German Supreme Court over his contention that there is no such thing as a measles virus. He had offered a big prize for anyone who could prove there is and Lanka won his case when someone sought to claim the money. There is currently a prize of more than 225,000 euros on offer from an Isolate Truth Fund for anyone who can prove the isolation of SARS-CoV-2 and its genetic substance. Lanka wrote in an article headed 'The Misconception Called Virus' that scientists think a 'virus' is causing tissue to become diseased and degraded when in fact it is the *processes they are using* which do that – not a 'virus'. Lanka has done an important job in making this point clear as Cowan did in his analysis of the CDC paper. Lanka says that all claims about viruses as disease-causing pathogens are wrong and based on 'easily recognisable, understandable and verifiable misinterpretations.' Scientists believed they were working with 'viruses' in their laboratories when they were really working with 'typical particles of specific dying tissues or cells ...' Lanka said that the tissue decaying process claimed to be caused by a 'virus' still happens when no alleged 'virus' is involved. It's the *process* that does the damage and not a 'virus'. The genetic sample is deprived of nutrients, removed from its energy supply through removal from the body and then doused in toxic antibiotics to remove any bacteria. He confirms again that establishment scientists do not (pinch me)

conduct control experiments to see if this is the case and if they did they would see the claims that 'viruses' are doing the damage is nonsense. He adds that during the measles 'virus' court case he commissioned an independent laboratory to perform just such a control experiment and the result was that the tissues and cells died in the exact same way as with alleged 'infected' material. This is supported by a gathering number of scientists, doctors and researchers who reject what is called 'germ theory' or the belief in the body being infected by contagious sources emitted by other people. Researchers Dawn Lester and David Parker take the same stance in their highly-detailed and sourced book *What Really Makes You Ill – Why everything you thought you knew about disease is wrong* which was recommended to me by a number of medical professionals genuinely seeking the truth. Lester and Parker say there is no provable scientific evidence to show that a 'virus' can be transmitted between people or people and animals or animals and people:

The definition also claims that viruses are the cause of many diseases, as if this has been definitively proven. But this is not the case; there is no original scientific evidence that definitively demonstrates that any virus is the cause of any disease. The burden of proof for any theory lies with those who proposed it; but none of the existing documents provides 'proof' that supports the claim that 'viruses' are pathogens.

Dr Tom Cowan employs one of his clever analogies to describe the process by which a 'virus' is named as the culprit for a disease when what is called a 'virus' is only material released by cells detoxing themselves from infiltration by chemical or radiation poisoning. The tidal wave of technologically-generated radiation in the 'smart' modern world plus all the toxic food and drink are causing this to happen more than ever. Deluded 'scientists' misread this as a gathering impact of what they wrongly label 'viruses'.

Paper can infect houses

Cowan said in an article for davidicke.com – with his tongue only mildly in his cheek – that he believed he had made a tremendous

discovery that may revolutionise science. He had discovered that small bits of paper are alive, 'well alive-ish', can 'infect' houses, and then reproduce themselves inside the house. The result was that this explosion of growth in the paper inside the house causes the house to explode, blowing it to smithereens. His evidence for this new theory is that in the past months he had carefully examined many of the houses in his neighbourhood and found almost no scraps of paper on the lawns and surrounds of the house. There was an occasional stray label, but nothing more. Then he would return to these same houses a week or so later and with a few, not all of them, particularly the old and decrepit ones, he found to his shock and surprise they were littered with stray bits of paper. He knew then that the paper had infected these houses, made copies of itself, and blew up the house. A young boy on a bicycle at one of the sites told him he had seen a demolition crew using dynamite to explode the house the previous week, but Cowan dismissed this as the idle thoughts of silly boys because 'I was on to something big'. He was on to how 'scientists' mistake genetic material in the detoxifying process for something they call a 'virus'. Cowan said of his house and paper story:

If this sounds crazy to you, it's because it should. This scenario is obviously nuts. But consider this admittedly embellished, for effect, current viral theory that all scientists, medical doctors and virologists currently believe.

He takes the example of the 'novel SARS-Cov2' virus to prove the point. First they take someone with an undefined illness called 'Covid-19' and don't even attempt to find any virus in their sputum. Never mind the scientists still describe how this 'virus', which they have not located attaches to a cell receptor, injects its genetic material, in 'Covid's' case, RNA, into the cell. The RNA once inserted exploits the cell to reproduce itself and makes 'thousands, nay millions, of copies of itself ... Then it emerges victorious to claim its next victim':

If you were to look in the scientific literature for proof, actual scientific proof, that uniform SARS-CoV2 viruses have been properly isolated from the sputum of a sick person, that actual spike proteins could be seen protruding from the virus (which has not been found), you would find that such evidence doesn't exist.

If you go looking in the published scientific literature for actual pictures, proof, that these spike proteins or any viral proteins are ever attached to any receptor embedded in any cell membrane, you would also find that no such evidence exists. If you were to look for a video or documented evidence of the intact virus injecting its genetic material into the body of the cell, reproducing itself and then emerging victorious by budding off the cell membrane, you would find that no such evidence exists.

The closest thing you would find is electron micrograph pictures of cellular particles, possibly attached to cell debris, both of which to be seen were stained by heavy metals, a process that completely distorts their architecture within the living organism. This is like finding bits of paper stuck to the blown-up bricks, thereby proving the paper emerged by taking pieces of the bricks on its way out.

The Enders baloney

Cowan describes the 'Covid' story as being just as make-believe as his paper story and he charts back this fantasy to a Nobel Prize winner called John Enders (1897-1985), an American biomedical scientist who has been dubbed 'The Father of Modern Vaccines'. Enders is claimed to have 'discovered' the process of the viral culture which 'proved' that a 'virus' caused measles. Cowan explains how Enders did this 'by using the EXACT same procedure that has been followed by every virologist to find and characterize every new virus since 1954'. Enders took throat swabs from children with measles and immersed them in 2ml of milk. Penicillin (100u/ml) and the antibiotic streptomycin (50,g/ml) were added and the whole mix was centrifuged – rotated at high speed to separate large cellular debris from small particles and molecules as with milk and cream, for example. Cowan says that if the aim is to find little particles of genetic material ('viruses') in the snot from children with measles it would seem that the last thing you would do is mix the snot with other material – milk –that also has genetic material. 'How are you ever going to know whether whatever you found came from the snot or the milk?' He points out that streptomycin is a 'nephrotoxic' or poisonous-to-the-kidney drug. You will see the relevance of that

shortly. Cowan says that it gets worse, much worse, when Enders describes the culture medium upon which the virus 'grows': 'The culture medium consisted of bovine amniotic fluid (90%), beef embryo extract (5%), horse serum (5%), antibiotics and phenol red as an indicator of cell metabolism.' Cowan asks incredulously: 'Did he just say that the culture medium also contained fluids and tissues that are themselves rich sources of genetic material?' The genetic cocktail, or 'medium', is inoculated onto tissue and cells from rhesus monkey *kidney* tissue. This is where the importance of streptomycin comes in and currently-used antimicrobials and other drugs that are *poisonous to kidneys* and used in ALL modern viral cultures (e.g. gentamicin, streptomycin, and amphotericin). Cowan asks: 'How are you ever going to know from this witch's brew where any genetic material comes from as we now have five different sources of rich genetic material in our mix?' Remember, he says, that all genetic material, whether from monkey kidney tissues, bovine serum, milk, etc., is made from the exact same components. The same central question returns: 'How are you possibly going to know that it was the virus that killed the kidney tissue and not the toxic antibiotic and starvation rations on which you are growing the tissue?' John Enders answered the question himself – *you can't*:

A second agent was obtained from an uninoculated culture of monkey kidney cells. The cytopathic changes [death of the cells] it induced in the unstained preparations could not be distinguished with confidence from the viruses isolated from measles.

The death of the cells ('cytopathic changes') happened in exactly the same manner, whether they inoculated the kidney tissue with the measles snot or not, Cowan says. 'This is evidence that the destruction of the tissue, the very proof of viral causation of illness, was not caused by anything in the snot because they saw the same destructive effect when the snot was not even used ... the cytopathic, i.e., cell-killing, changes come from the process of the culture itself, not from any virus in any snot, period.' Enders quotes in his 1957 paper a virologist called Ruckle as reporting similar findings 'and in addition has isolated an agent from monkey kidney tissue that is so

far indistinguishable from human measles virus'. In other words, Cowan says, these particles called 'measles viruses' are simply and clearly breakdown products of the starved and poisoned tissue. For measles 'virus' see all 'viruses' including the so-called 'Covid virus'. Enders, the 'Father of Modern Vaccines', also said:

There is a potential risk in employing cultures of primate cells for the production of vaccines composed of attenuated virus, since the presence of other agents possibly latent in primate tissues cannot be definitely excluded by any known method.

Cowan further quotes from a paper published in the journal *Viruses* in May, 2020, while the 'Covid pandemic' was well underway in the media if not in reality. 'EVs' here refers to particles of genetic debris from our own tissues, such as exosomes of which more in a moment: 'The remarkable resemblance between EVs and viruses has caused quite a few problems in the studies focused on the analysis of EVs released during viral infections.' Later the paper adds that to date a reliable method that can actually guarantee a complete separation (of EVs from viruses) DOES NOT EXIST. This was published at a time when a fairy tale 'virus' was claimed in total certainty to be causing a fairy tale 'viral disease' called 'Covid-19' – a fairy tale that was already well on the way to transforming human society in the image that the Cult has worked to achieve for so long. Cowan concludes his article:

To summarize, there is no scientific evidence that pathogenic viruses exist. What we think of as 'viruses' are simply the normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues and cells. When we are well, we make fewer of these particles; when we are starved, poisoned, suffocated by wearing masks, or afraid, we make more.

There is no engineered virus circulating and making people sick. People in laboratories all over the world are making genetically modified products to make people sick. These are called vaccines. There is no virome, no 'ecosystem' of viruses, viruses are not 8%, 50% or 100 % of our genetic material. These are all simply erroneous ideas based on the misconception called a virus.

What is 'Covid'? Load of bollocks

The background described here by Cowan and Lanka was emphasised in the first video presentation that I saw by Dr Andrew Kaufman when he asked whether the 'Covid virus' was in truth a natural defence mechanism of the body called 'exosomes'. These are released by cells when in states of toxicity – see the same themes returning over and over. They are released ever more profusely as chemical and radiation toxicity increases and think of the potential effect therefore of 5G alone as its destructive frequencies infest the human energetic information field with a gathering pace (5G went online in Wuhan in 2019 as the 'virus' emerged). I'll have more about this later. Exosomes transmit a warning to the rest of the body that 'Houston, we have a problem'. Kaufman presented images of exosomes and compared them with 'Covid' under an electron microscope and the similarity was remarkable. They both attach to the same cell receptors (*claimed* in the case of 'Covid'), contain the same genetic material in the form of RNA or ribonucleic acid, and both are found in 'viral cell cultures' with damaged or dying cells. James Hildreth MD, President and Chief Executive Officer of the Meharry Medical College at Johns Hopkins, said: 'The virus is fully an exosome in every sense of the word.' Kaufman's conclusion was that there is no 'virus': 'This entire pandemic is a completely manufactured crisis ... there is no evidence of anyone dying from [this] illness.' Dr Tom Cowan and Sally Fallon Morell, authors of *The Contagion Myth*, published a statement with Dr Kaufman in February, 2021, explaining why the 'virus' does not exist and you can read it that in full in the Appendix.

'Virus' theory can be traced to the 'cell theory' in 1858 of German physician Rudolf Virchow (1821-1920) who contended that disease originates from a single cell infiltrated by a 'virus'. Dr Stefan Lanka said that findings and insights with respect to the structure, function and central importance of tissues in the creation of life, which were already known in 1858, comprehensively refute the cell theory. Virchow ignored them. We have seen the part later played by John Enders in the 1950s and Lanka notes that infection theories were only established as a global dogma through the policies and

eugenics of the Third Reich in Nazi Germany (creation of the same Sabbatian cult behind the 'Covid' hoax). Lanka said: 'Before 1933, scientists dared to contradict this theory; after 1933, these critical scientists were silenced'. Dr Tom Cowan's view is that ill-health is caused by too much of something, too little of something, or toxification from chemicals and radiation – not contagion. We must also highlight as a major source of the 'virus' theology a man still called the 'Father of Modern Virology' – Thomas Milton Rivers (1888-1962). There is no way given the Cult's long game policy that it was a coincidence for the 'Father of Modern Virology' to be director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research from 1937 to 1956 when he is credited with making the Rockefeller Institute a leader in 'viral research'. Cult Rockefeller were the force behind the creation of Big Pharma 'medicine', established the World Health Organisation in 1948, and have long and close associations with the Gates family that now runs the WHO during the pandemic hoax through mega-rich Cult gofer and psychopath Bill Gates.

Only a Renegade Mind can see through all this bullshit by asking the questions that need to be answered, not taking 'no' or prevarication for an answer, and certainly not hiding from the truth in fear of speaking it. Renegade Minds have always changed the world for the better and they will change this one no matter how bleak it may currently appear to be.

CHAPTER SIX

Sequence of deceit

If you tell the truth, you don't have to remember anything
Mark Twain

Against the background that I have laid out this far the sequence that took us from an invented 'virus' in Cult-owned China in late 2019 to the fascist transformation of human society can be seen and understood in a whole new context.

We were told that a deadly disease had broken out in Wuhan and the world media began its campaign (coordinated by behavioural psychologists as we shall see) to terrify the population into unquestioning compliance. We were shown images of Chinese people collapsing in the street which never happened in the West with what was supposed to be the same condition. In the earliest days when alleged cases and deaths were few the fear register was hysterical in many areas of the media and this would expand into the common media narrative across the world. The real story was rather different, but we were never told that. The Chinese government, one of the Cult's biggest centres of global operation, said they had discovered a new illness with flu-like and pneumonia-type symptoms in a city with such toxic air that it is overwhelmed with flu-like symptoms, pneumonia and respiratory disease. Chinese scientists said it was a new – 'novel' – coronavirus which they called Sars-Cov-2 and that it caused a disease they labelled 'Covid-19'. There was no evidence for this and the 'virus' has never to this day been isolated, purified and its genetic code established from that. It

was from the beginning a computer-generated fiction. Stories of Chinese whistleblowers saying the number of deaths was being suppressed or that the 'new disease' was related to the Wuhan bio-lab misdirected mainstream and alternative media into cul-de-sacs to obscure the real truth – there was no 'virus'.

Chinese scientists took genetic material from the lung fluid of just a few people and said they had found a 'new' disease when this material had a wide range of content. There was no evidence for a 'virus' for the very reasons explained in the last two chapters. The 'virus' has never been shown to (a) exist and (b) cause any disease. People were diagnosed on symptoms that are so widespread in Wuhan and polluted China and with a PCR test that can't detect infectious disease. On this farce the whole global scam was sold to the rest of the world which would also diagnose respiratory disease as 'Covid-19' from symptoms alone or with a PCR test not testing for a 'virus'. Flu miraculously disappeared *worldwide* in 2020 and into 2021 as it was redesignated 'Covid-19'. It was really the same old flu with its 'flu-like' symptoms attributed to 'flu-like' 'Covid-19'. At the same time with very few exceptions the Chinese response of draconian lockdown and fascism was the chosen weapon to respond across the West as recommended by the Cult-owned Tedros at the Cult-owned World Health Organization run by the Cult-owned Gates. All was going according to plan. Chinese scientists – everything in China is controlled by the Cult-owned government – compared their contaminated RNA lung-fluid material with other RNA sequences and said it appeared to be just under 80 percent identical to the SARS-CoV-1 'virus' claimed to be the cause of the SARS (severe acute respiratory syndrome) 'outbreak' in 2003. They decreed that because of this the 'new virus' had to be related and they called it SARS-CoV-2. There are some serious problems with this assumption and *assumption* was all it was. Most 'factual' science turns out to be assumptions repeated into everyone-knows-that. A match of under 80-percent is meaningless. Dr Kaufman makes the point that there's a 96 percent genetic correlation between humans and chimpanzees, but 'no one would say our genetic material is part

of the chimpanzee family'. Yet the Chinese authorities were claiming that a much lower percentage, less than 80 percent, proved the existence of a new 'coronavirus'. For goodness sake human DNA is 60 percent similar to a *banana*.

You are feeling sleepy

The entire 'Covid' hoax is a global Psyop, a psychological operation to program the human mind into believing and fearing a complete fantasy. A crucial aspect of this was what *appeared* to happen in Italy. It was all very well streaming out daily images of an alleged catastrophe in Wuhan, but to the Western mind it was still on the other side of the world in a very different culture and setting. A reaction of 'this could happen to me and my family' was still nothing like as intense enough for the mind-doctors. The Cult needed a Western example to push people over that edge and it chose Italy, one of its major global locations going back to the Roman Empire. An Italian 'Covid' crisis was manufactured in a particular area called Lombardy which just happens to be notorious for its toxic air and therefore respiratory disease. Wuhan, China, *déjà vu*. An hysterical media told horror stories of Italians dying from 'Covid' in their droves and how Lombardy hospitals were being overrun by a tidal wave of desperately ill people needing treatment after being struck down by the 'deadly virus'. Here was the psychological turning point the Cult had planned. Wow, if this is happening in Italy, the Western mind concluded, this indeed could happen to me and my family. Another point is that Italian authorities responded by following the Chinese blueprint so vehemently recommended by the Cult-owned World Health Organization. They imposed fascistic lockdowns on the whole country viciously policed with the help of surveillance drones sweeping through the streets seeking out anyone who escaped from mass house arrest. Livelihoods were destroyed and psychology unravelled in the way we have witnessed since in all lockdown countries. Crucial to the plan was that Italy responded in this way to set the precedent of suspending freedom and imposing fascism in a 'Western liberal democracy'. I emphasised in an

animated video explanation on davidicke.com posted in the summer of 2020 how important it was to the Cult to expand the Chinese lockdown model across the West. Without this, and the bare-faced lie that non-symptomatic people could still transmit a 'disease' they didn't have, there was no way locking down the whole population, sick and not sick, could be pulled off. At just the right time and with no evidence Cult operatives and gofers claimed that people without symptoms could pass on the 'disease'. In the name of protecting the 'vulnerable' like elderly people, who lockdowns would kill by the tens of thousands, we had for the first time healthy people told to isolate as well as the sick. The great majority of people who tested positive had no symptoms because there was nothing wrong with them. It was just a trick made possible by a test not testing for the 'virus'.

Months after my animated video the Gates-funded Professor Neil Ferguson at the Gates-funded Imperial College confirmed that I was right. He didn't say it in those terms, naturally, but he did say it. Ferguson will enter the story shortly for his outrageously crazy 'computer models' that led to Britain, the United States and many other countries following the Chinese and now Italian methods of response. Put another way, following the Cult script. Ferguson said that SAGE, the UK government's scientific advisory group which has controlled 'Covid' policy from the start, wanted to follow the Chinese lockdown model (while they all continued to work and be paid), but they wondered if they could possibly, in Ferguson's words, 'get away with it in Europe'. 'Get away with it'? Who the hell do these moronic, arrogant people think they are? This appalling man Ferguson said that once Italy went into national lockdown they realised they, too, could mimic China:

It's a communist one-party state, we said. We couldn't get away with it in Europe, we thought ... and then Italy did it. And we realised we could. Behind this garbage from Ferguson is a simple fact: Doing the same as China in every country was the plan from the start and Ferguson's 'models' would play a central role in achieving that. It's just a coincidence, of course, and absolutely nothing to worry your little head about.

Oops, sorry, our mistake

Once the Italian segment of the Psyop had done the job it was designed to do a very different story emerged. Italian authorities revealed that 99 percent of those who had 'died from Covid-19' in Italy had one, two, three, or more 'co-morbidities' or illnesses and health problems that could have ended their life. The US Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) published a figure of 94 percent for Americans dying of 'Covid' while having other serious medical conditions – on average two to three (some five or six) other potential causes of death. In terms of death from an unproven 'virus' I say it is 100 percent. The other one percent in Italy and six percent in the US would presumably have died from 'Covid's' flu-like symptoms with a range of other possible causes in conjunction with a test not testing for the 'virus'. Fox News reported that even more startling figures had emerged in one US county in which 410 of 422 deaths attributed to 'Covid-19' had other potentially deadly health conditions. The Italian National Health Institute said later that the average age of people dying with a 'Covid-19' diagnosis in Italy was about 81. Ninety percent were over 70 with ten percent over 90. In terms of other reasons to die some 80 percent had two or more chronic diseases with half having three or more including cardiovascular problems, diabetes, respiratory problems and cancer. Why is the phantom 'Covid-19' said to kill overwhelmingly old people and hardly affect the young? Old people continually die of many causes and especially respiratory disease which you can re-diagnose 'Covid-19' while young people die in tiny numbers by comparison and rarely of respiratory disease. Old people 'die of Covid' because they die of other things that can be redesignated 'Covid' and it really is that simple.

Flu has flown

The blueprint was in place. Get your illusory 'cases' from a test not testing for the 'virus' and redesignate other causes of death as 'Covid-19'. You have an instant 'pandemic' from something that is nothing more than a computer-generated fiction. With near-on a

billion people having 'flu-like' symptoms every year the potential was limitless and we can see why flu quickly and apparently miraculously disappeared *worldwide* by being diagnosed 'Covid-19'. The painfully bloody obvious was explained away by the childlike media in headlines like this in the UK '*Independent*': 'Not a single case of flu detected by Public Health England this year as Covid restrictions suppress virus'. I kid you not. The masking, social distancing and house arrest that did not make the 'Covid virus' disappear somehow did so with the 'flu virus'. Even worse the article, by a bloke called Samuel Lovett, suggested that maybe the masking, sanitising and other 'Covid' measures should continue to keep the flu away. With a ridiculousness that disturbs your breathing (it's 'Covid-19') the said Lovett wrote: 'With widespread social distancing and mask-wearing measures in place throughout the UK, the usual routes of transmission for influenza have been blocked.' He had absolutely no evidence to support that statement, but look at the consequences of him acknowledging the obvious. With flu not disappearing at all and only being relabelled 'Covid-19' he would have to contemplate that 'Covid' was a hoax on a scale that is hard to imagine. You need guts and commitment to truth to even go there and that's clearly something Samuel Lovett does not have in abundance. He would never have got it through the editors anyway.

Tens of thousands die in the United States alone every winter from flu including many with pneumonia complications. CDC figures record *45 million* Americans diagnosed with flu in 2017-2018 of which 61,000 died and some reports claim 80,000. Where was the same hysteria then that we have seen with 'Covid-19'? Some 250,000 Americans are admitted to hospital with pneumonia every year with about 50,000 cases proving fatal. About 65 million suffer respiratory disease every year and three million deaths makes this the third biggest cause of death worldwide. You only have to redesignate a portion of all these people 'Covid-19' and you have an instant global pandemic or the *appearance* of one. Why would doctors do this? They are told to do this and all but a few dare not refuse those who must be obeyed. Doctors in general are not researching their own

knowledge and instead take it direct and unquestioned from the authorities that own them and their careers. The authorities say they must now diagnose these symptoms 'Covid-19' and not flu, or whatever, and they do it. Dark suits say put 'Covid-19' on death certificates no matter what the cause of death and the doctors do it. Renegade Minds don't fall for the illusion that doctors and medical staff are all highly-intelligent, highly-principled, seekers of medical truth. *Some are*, but not the majority. They are repeaters, gofers, and yes sir, no sir, purveyors of what the system demands they purvey. The 'Covid' con is not merely confined to diseases of the lungs. Instructions to doctors to put 'Covid-19' on death certificates for anyone dying of *anything* within 28 days (or much more) of a positive test not testing for the 'virus' opened the floodgates. The term dying *with* 'Covid' and not *of* 'Covid' was coined to cover the truth. Whether it was a *with* or an *of* they were all added to the death numbers attributed to the 'deadly virus' compiled by national governments and globally by the Gates-funded Johns Hopkins operation in the United States that was so involved in those 'pandemic' simulations. Fraudulent deaths were added to the ever-growing list of fraudulent 'cases' from false positives from a false test. No wonder Professor Walter Ricciardi, scientific advisor to the Italian minister of health, said after the Lombardy hysteria had done its job that 'Covid' death rates were due to Italy having the second oldest population in the world and to *how hospitals record deaths*:

The way in which we code deaths in our country is very generous in the sense that all the people who die in hospitals with the coronavirus are deemed to be dying of the coronavirus. On re-evaluation by the National Institute of Health, only 12 per cent of death certificates have shown a direct causality from coronavirus, while 88 per cent of patients who have died have at least one pre-morbidity – many had two or three.

This is extraordinary enough when you consider the propaganda campaign to use Italy to terrify the world, but how can they even say twelve percent were genuine when the 'virus' has not been shown to exist, its 'code' is a computer program, and diagnosis comes from a test not testing for it? As in China, and soon the world, 'Covid-19' in

Italy was a redesignation of diagnosis. Lies and corruption were to become the real 'pandemic' fuelled by a pathetically-compliant medical system taking its orders from the tiny few at the top of their national hierarchy who answered to the World Health Organization which answers to Gates and the Cult. Doctors were told – ordered – to diagnose a particular set of symptoms 'Covid-19' and put that on the death certificate for any cause of death if the patient had tested positive with a test not testing for the virus or had 'Covid' symptoms like the flu. The United States even introduced big financial incentives to manipulate the figures with hospitals receiving £4,600 from the Medicare system for diagnosing someone with regular pneumonia, \$13,000 if they made the diagnosis from the same symptoms 'Covid-19' pneumonia, and \$39,000 if they put a 'Covid' diagnosed patient on a ventilator that would almost certainly kill them. A few – painfully and pathetically few – medical whistleblowers revealed (before Cult-owned YouTube deleted their videos) that they had been instructed to 'let the patient crash' and put them straight on a ventilator instead of going through a series of far less intrusive and dangerous methods as they would have done before the pandemic hoax began and the financial incentives kicked in. We are talking cold-blooded murder given that ventilators are so damaging to respiratory systems they are usually the last step before heaven awaits. Renegade Minds never fall for the belief that people in white coats are all angels of mercy and cannot be full-on psychopaths. I have explained in detail in *The Answer* how what I am describing here played out across the world coordinated by the World Health Organization through the medical hierarchies in almost every country.

Medical scientist calls it

Information about the non-existence of the 'virus' began to emerge for me in late March, 2020, and mushroomed after that. I was sent an email by Sir Julian Rose, a writer, researcher, and organic farming promotor, from a medical scientist friend of his in the United States. Even at that early stage in March the scientist was able to explain

how the 'Covid' hoax was being manipulated. He said there were no reliable tests for a specific 'Covid-19 virus' and nor were there any reliable agencies or media outlets for reporting numbers of actual 'Covid-19' cases. We have seen in the long period since then that he was absolutely right. 'Every action and reaction to Covid-19 is based on totally flawed data and we simply cannot make accurate assessments,' he said. Most people diagnosed with 'Covid-19' were showing nothing more than cold and flu-like symptoms 'because most coronavirus strains *are* nothing more than cold/flu-like symptoms'. We had farcical situations like an 84-year-old German man testing positive for 'Covid-19' and his nursing home ordered to quarantine only for him to be found to have a common cold. The scientist described back then why PCR tests and what he called the 'Mickey Mouse test kits' were useless for what they were claimed to be identifying. 'The idea these kits can isolate a specific virus like Covid-19 is nonsense,' he said. Significantly, he pointed out that 'if you want to create a totally false panic about a totally false pandemic – pick a coronavirus'. This is exactly what the Cult-owned Gates, World Economic Forum and Johns Hopkins University did with their Event 201 'simulation' followed by their real-life simulation called the 'pandemic'. The scientist said that all you had to do was select the sickest of people with respiratory-type diseases in a single location – 'say Wuhan' – and administer PCR tests to them. You can then claim that anyone showing 'viral sequences' similar to a coronavirus 'which will inevitably be quite a few' is suffering from a 'new' disease:

Since you already selected the sickest flu cases a fairly high proportion of your sample will go on to die. You can then say this 'new' virus has a CFR [case fatality rate] higher than the flu and use this to infuse more concern and do more tests which will of course produce more 'cases', which expands the testing, which produces yet more 'cases' and so on and so on. Before long you have your 'pandemic', and all you have done is use a simple test kit trick to convert the worst flu and pneumonia cases into something new that doesn't ACTUALLY EXIST [my emphasis].

He said that you then 'just run the same scam in other countries' and make sure to keep the fear message running high 'so that people

will feel panicky and less able to think critically'. The only problem to overcome was the fact *there is no* actual new deadly pathogen and only regular sick people. This meant that deaths from the 'new deadly pathogen' were going to be way too low for a real new deadly virus pandemic, but he said this could be overcome in the following ways – all of which would go on to happen:

1. You can claim this is just the beginning and more deaths are imminent [you underpin this with fantasy 'computer projections']. Use this as an excuse to quarantine everyone and then claim the quarantine prevented the expected millions of dead.
2. You can [say that people] 'minimizing' the dangers are irresponsible and bully them into not talking about numbers.
3. You can talk crap about made up numbers hoping to blind people with pseudoscience.
4. You can start testing well people (who, of course, will also likely have shreds of coronavirus [RNA] in them) and thus inflate your 'case figures' with 'asymptomatic carriers' (you will of course have to spin that to sound deadly even though any virologist knows the more symptom-less cases you have the less deadly is your pathogen).

The scientist said that if you take these simple steps 'you can have your own entirely manufactured pandemic up and running in weeks'. His analysis made so early in the hoax was brilliantly prophetic of what would actually unfold. Pulling all the information together in these recent chapters we have this is simple 1, 2, 3, of how you can delude virtually the entire human population into believing in a 'virus' that doesn't exist:

- A 'Covid case' is someone who tests positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'.
- A 'Covid death' is someone who dies of *any cause* within 28 days (or much longer) of testing positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'.
- Asymptomatic means there is nothing wrong with you, but they claim you can pass on what you don't have to justify locking

down (quarantining) healthy people in totality.

The foundations of the hoax are that simple. A study involving ten million people in Wuhan, published in November, 2020, demolished the whole lie about those without symptoms passing on the 'virus'. They found '300 asymptomatic cases' and traced their contacts to find that not one of them was detected with the 'virus'.

'Asymptomatic' patients and their contacts were isolated for no less than two weeks and nothing changed. I know it's all crap, but if you are going to claim that those without symptoms can transmit 'the virus' then you must produce evidence for that and they never have. Even World Health Organization official Dr Maria Van Kerkhove, head of the emerging diseases and zoonosis unit, said as early as June, 2020, that she doubted the validity of asymptomatic transmission. She said that 'from the data we have, it still seems to be rare that an asymptomatic person actually transmits onward to a secondary individual' and by 'rare' she meant that she couldn't cite any case of asymptomatic transmission.

The Ferguson factor

The problem for the Cult as it headed into March, 2020, when the script had lockdown due to start, was that despite all the manipulation of the case and death figures they still did not have enough people alleged to have died from 'Covid' to justify mass house arrest. This was overcome in the way the scientist described: 'You can claim this is just the beginning and more deaths are imminent ... Use this as an excuse to quarantine everyone and then claim the quarantine prevented the expected millions of dead.' Enter one Professor Neil Ferguson, the Gates-funded 'epidemiologist' at the Gates-funded Imperial College in London. Ferguson is Britain's Christian Drosten in that he has a dire record of predicting health outcomes, but is still called upon to advise government on the next health outcome when another 'crisis' comes along. This may seem to be a strange and ridiculous thing to do. Why would you keep turning for policy guidance to people who have a history of being

monumentally wrong? Ah, but it makes sense from the Cult point of view. These 'experts' keep on producing predictions that suit the Cult agenda for societal transformation and so it was with Neil Ferguson as he revealed his horrific (and clearly insane) computer model predictions that allowed lockdowns to be imposed in Britain, the United States and many other countries. Ferguson does not have even an A-level in biology and would appear to have no formal training in computer modelling, medicine or epidemiology, according to Derek Winton, an MSc in Computational Intelligence. He wrote an article somewhat aghast at what Ferguson did which included taking no account of respiratory disease 'seasonality' which means it is far worse in the winter months. Who would have thought that respiratory disease could be worse in the winter? Well, certainly not Ferguson.

The massively China-connected Imperial College and its bizarre professor provided the excuse for the long-incubated Chinese model of human control to travel westward at lightning speed. Imperial College confirms on its website that it collaborates with the Chinese Research Institute; publishes more than 600 research papers every year with Chinese research institutions; has 225 Chinese staff; 2,600 Chinese students – the biggest international group; 7,000 former students living in China which is the largest group outside the UK; and was selected for a tour by China's President Xi Jinping during his state visit to the UK in 2015. The college takes major donations from China and describes itself as the UK's number one university collaborator with Chinese research institutions. The China communist/fascist government did not appear phased by the woeful predictions of Ferguson and Imperial when during the lockdown that Ferguson induced the college signed a five-year collaboration deal with China tech giant Huawei that will have Huawei's indoor 5G network equipment installed at the college's West London tech campus along with an 'AI cloud platform'. The deal includes Chinese sponsorship of Imperial's Venture Catalyst entrepreneurship competition. Imperial is an example of the enormous influence the Chinese government has within British and North American

universities and research centres – and further afield. Up to 200 academics from more than a dozen UK universities are being investigated on suspicion of ‘unintentionally’ helping the Chinese government build weapons of mass destruction by ‘transferring world-leading research in advanced military technology such as aircraft, missile designs and cyberweapons’. Similar scandals have broken in the United States, but it’s all a coincidence. Imperial College serves the agenda in many other ways including the promotion of every aspect of the United Nations Agenda 21/2030 (the Great Reset) and produced computer models to show that human-caused ‘climate change’ is happening when in the real world it isn’t. Imperial College is driving the climate agenda as it drives the ‘Covid’ agenda (both Cult hoaxes) while Patrick Vallance, the UK government’s Chief Scientific Adviser on ‘Covid’, was named Chief Scientific Adviser to the UN ‘climate change’ conference known as COP26 hosted by the government in Glasgow, Scotland. ‘Covid’ and ‘climate’ are fundamentally connected.

Professor Woeful

From Imperial’s bosom came Neil Ferguson still advising government despite his previous disasters and it was announced early on that he and other key people like UK Chief Medical Adviser Chris Whitty had caught the ‘virus’ as the propaganda story was being sold. Somehow they managed to survive and we had Prime Minister Boris Johnson admitted to hospital with what was said to be a severe version of the ‘virus’ in this same period. His whole policy and demeanour changed when he returned to Downing Street. It’s a small world with these government advisors – especially in their communal connections to Gates – and Ferguson had partnered with Whitty to write a paper called ‘Infectious disease: Tough choices to reduce Ebola transmission’ which involved another scare-story that didn’t happen. Ferguson’s ‘models’ predicted that up to 150,000 could die from ‘mad cow disease’, or BSE, and its version in sheep if it was transmitted to humans. BSE was not transmitted and instead triggered by an organophosphate pesticide used to treat a pest on

cows. Fewer than 200 deaths followed from the human form. Models by Ferguson and his fellow incompetents led to the unnecessary culling of millions of pigs, cattle and sheep in the foot and mouth outbreak in 2001 which destroyed the lives and livelihoods of farmers and their families who had often spent decades building their herds and flocks. Vast numbers of these animals did not have foot and mouth and had no contact with the infection. Another 'expert' behind the cull was Professor Roy Anderson, a computer modeller at Imperial College specialising in the epidemiology of *human*, not animal, disease. Anderson has served on the Bill and Melinda Gates Grand Challenges in Global Health advisory board and chairs another Gates-funded organisation. Gates is everywhere.

In a precursor to the 'Covid' script Ferguson backed closing schools 'for prolonged periods' over the swine flu 'pandemic' in 2009 and said it would affect a third of the world population if it continued to spread at the speed he claimed to be happening. His mates at Imperial College said much the same and a news report said: 'One of the authors, the epidemiologist and disease modeller Neil Ferguson, who sits on the World Health Organisation's emergency committee for the outbreak, said the virus had "full pandemic potential".' Professor Liam Donaldson, the Chris Whitty of his day as Chief Medical Officer, said the worst case could see 30 percent of the British people infected by swine flu with 65,000 dying. Ferguson and Donaldson were indeed proved correct when at the end of the year the number of deaths attributed to swine flu was 392. The term 'expert' is rather liberally applied unfortunately, not least to complete idiots. Swine flu 'projections' were great for GlaxoSmithKline (GSK) as millions rolled in for its Pandemrix influenza vaccine which led to brain damage with children most affected. The British government (taxpayers) paid out more than £60 million in compensation after GSK was given immunity from prosecution. Yet another 'Covid' déjà vu. Swine flu was supposed to have broken out in Mexico, but Dr Wolfgang Wodarg, a German doctor, former member of parliament and critic of the 'Covid' hoax, observed 'the spread of swine flu' in Mexico City at the time. He

said: 'What we experienced in Mexico City was a very mild flu which did not kill more than usual – which killed even fewer people than usual.' Hying the fear against all the facts is not unique to 'Covid' and has happened many times before. Ferguson is reported to have over-estimated the projected death toll of bird flu (H5N1) by some three million-fold, but bird flu vaccine makers again made a killing from the scare. This is some of the background to the Neil Ferguson who produced the perfectly-timed computer models in early 2020 predicting that half a million people would die in Britain without draconian lockdown and 2.2 million in the United States. Politicians panicked, people panicked, and lockdowns of alleged short duration were instigated to 'flatten the curve' of cases gleaned from a test not testing for the 'virus'. I said at the time that the public could forget the 'short duration' bit. This was an agenda to destroy the livelihoods of the population and force them into mass control through dependency and there was going to be nothing 'short' about it. American researcher Daniel Horowitz described the consequences of the 'models' spewed out by Gates-funded Ferguson and Imperial College:

What led our government and the governments of many other countries into panic was a single Imperial College of UK study, funded by global warming activists, that predicted 2.2 million deaths if we didn't lock down the country. In addition, the reported 8-9% death rate in Italy scared us into thinking there was some other mutation of this virus that they got, which might have come here.

Together with the fact that we were finally testing and had the ability to actually report new cases, we thought we were headed for a death spiral. But again ... we can't flatten a curve if we don't know when the curve started.

How about it *never* started?

Giving them what they want

An investigation by German news outlet *Welt Am Sonntag* (*World on Sunday*) revealed how in March, 2020, the German government gathered together 'leading scientists from several research institutes and universities' and 'together, they were to produce a [modelling]

paper that would serve as legitimization for further tough political measures'. The Cult agenda was justified by computer modelling not based on evidence or reality; it was specifically constructed to justify the Cult demand for lockdowns all over the world to destroy the independent livelihoods of the global population. All these modellers and everyone responsible for the 'Covid' hoax have a date with a trial like those in Nuremberg after World War Two when Nazis faced the consequences of their war crimes. These corrupt-beyond-belief 'modellers' wrote the paper according to government instructions and it said that that if lockdown measures were lifted then up to one million Germans would die from 'Covid-19' adding that some would die 'agonizingly at home, gasping for breath' unable to be treated by hospitals that couldn't cope. All lies. No matter – it gave the Cult all that it wanted. What did long-time government 'modeller' Neil Ferguson say? If the UK and the United States didn't lockdown half a million would die in Britain and 2.2 million Americans. Anyone see a theme here? 'Modellers' are such a crucial part of the lockdown strategy that we should look into their background and follow the money. Researcher Rosemary Frei produced an excellent article headlined 'The Modelling-paper Mafiosi'. She highlights a guy called John Edmunds, a British epidemiologist, and professor in the Faculty of Epidemiology and Population Health at the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine. He studied at Imperial College. Edmunds is a member of government 'Covid' advisory bodies which have been dictating policy, the New and Emerging Respiratory Virus Threats Advisory Group (NERVTAG) and the Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE).

Ferguson, another member of NERVTAG and SAGE, led the way with the original 'virus' and Edmunds has followed in the 'variant' stage and especially the so-called UK or Kent variant known as the 'Variant of Concern' (VOC) B.1.1.7. He said in a co-written report for the Centre for Mathematical modelling of Infectious Diseases at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, with input from the Centre's 'Covid-19' Working Group, that there was 'a realistic

possibility that VOC B.1.1.7 is associated with an increased risk of death compared to non-VOC viruses'. Fear, fear, fear, get the vaccine, fear, fear, fear, get the vaccine. Rosemary Frei reveals that almost all the paper's authors and members of the modelling centre's 'Covid-19' Working Group receive funding from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation and/or the associated Gates-funded Wellcome Trust. The paper was published by e-journal *Medrx* *xiv* which only publishes papers not peer-reviewed and the journal was established by an organisation headed by Facebook's Mark Zuckerberg and his missus. What a small world it is. Frei discovered that Edmunds is on the Scientific Advisory Board of the Coalition for Epidemic Preparedness Innovations (CEPI) which was established by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation, Klaus Schwab's Davos World Economic Forum and Big Pharma giant Wellcome. CEPI was 'launched in Davos [in 2017] to develop vaccines to stop future epidemics', according to its website. 'Our mission is to accelerate the development of vaccines against emerging infectious diseases and enable equitable access to these vaccines for people during outbreaks.' What kind people they are. Rosemary Frei reveals that Public Health England (PHE) director Susan Hopkins is an author of her organisation's non-peer-reviewed reports on 'new variants'. Hopkins is a professor of infectious diseases at London's Imperial College which is gifted tens of millions of dollars a year by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. Gates-funded modelling disaster Neil Ferguson also co-authors Public Health England reports and he spoke in December, 2020, about the potential danger of the B.1.1.7. 'UK variant' promoted by Gates-funded modeller John Edmunds. When I come to the 'Covid vaccines' the 'new variants' will be shown for what they are – bollocks.

Connections, connections

All these people and modellers are lockdown-obsessed or, put another way, they demand what the Cult demands. Edmunds said in January, 2021, that to ease lockdowns too soon would be a disaster and they had to 'vaccinate much, much, much more widely than the

elderly'. Rosemary Frei highlights that Edmunds is married to Jeanne Pimenta who is described in a LinkedIn profile as director of epidemiology at GlaxoSmithKline (GSK) and she held shares in the company. Patrick Vallance, co-chair of SAGE and the government's Chief Scientific Adviser, is a former executive of GSK and has a deferred bonus of shares in the company worth £600,000. GSK has serious business connections with Bill Gates and is collaborating with mRNA-'vaccine' company CureVac to make 'vaccines' for the new variants that Edmunds is talking about. GSK is planning a 'Covid vaccine' with drug giant Sanofi. Puppets Prime Minister Boris Johnson announced in the spring of 2021 that up to 60 million vaccine doses were to be made at the GSK facility at Barnard Castle in the English North East. Barnard Castle, with a population of just 6,000, was famously visited in breach of lockdown rules in April, 2020, by Johnson aide Dominic Cummings who said that he drove there 'to test his eyesight' before driving back to London. Cummings would be better advised to test his integrity – not that it would take long. The GSK facility had nothing to do with his visit then although I'm sure Patrick Vallance would have been happy to arrange an introduction and some tea and biscuits. Ruthless psychopath Gates has made yet another fortune from vaccines in collaboration with Big Pharma companies and gushes at the phenomenal profits to be made from vaccines – more than a 20-to-1 return as he told one interviewer. Gates also tweeted in December, 2019, with the foreknowledge of what was coming: 'What's next for our foundation? I'm particularly excited about what the next year could mean for one of the best buys in global health: vaccines.'

Modeller John Edmunds is a big promoter of vaccines as all these people appear to be. He's the dean of the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine's Faculty of Epidemiology and Population Health which is primarily funded by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation and the Gates-established and funded GAVI vaccine alliance which is the Gates vehicle to vaccinate the world. The organisation Doctors Without Borders has described GAVI as being 'aimed more at supporting drug-industry desires to promote new

products than at finding the most efficient and sustainable means for fighting the diseases of poverty'. But then that's why the psychopath Gates created it. John Edmunds said in a video that the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine is involved in every aspect of vaccine development including large-scale clinical trials. He contends that mathematical modelling can show that vaccines protect individuals and society. That's on the basis of shit in and shit out, I take it. Edmunds serves on the UK Vaccine Network as does Ferguson and the government's foremost 'Covid' adviser, the grim-faced, dark-eyed Chris Whitty. The Vaccine Network says it works 'to support the government to identify and shortlist targeted investment opportunities for the most promising vaccines and vaccine technologies that will help combat infectious diseases with epidemic potential, and to address structural issues related to the UK's broader vaccine infrastructure'. Ferguson is acting Director of the Imperial College Vaccine Impact Modelling Consortium which has funding from the Bill and Melina Gates Foundation and the Gates-created GAVI 'vaccine alliance'. Anyone wonder why these characters see vaccines as the answer to every problem? Ferguson is wildly enthusiastic in his support for GAVI's campaign to vaccinate children en masse in poor countries. You would expect someone like Gates who has constantly talked about the need to reduce the population to want to fund vaccines to keep more people alive. I'm sure that's why he does it. The John Edmunds London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine (LSHTM) has a Vaccines Manufacturing Innovation Centre which develops, tests and commercialises vaccines. Rosemary Frei writes:

The vaccines centre also performs affiliated activities like combating 'vaccine hesitancy'. The latter includes the Vaccine Confidence Project. The project's stated purpose is, among other things, 'to provide analysis and guidance for early response and engagement with the public to ensure sustained confidence in vaccines and immunisation'. The Vaccine Confidence Project's director is LSHTM professor Heidi Larson. For more than a decade she's been researching how to combat vaccine hesitancy.

How the bloody hell can blokes like John Edmunds and Neil Ferguson with those connections and financial ties model 'virus' case

and death projections for the government and especially in a way that gives their paymasters like Gates exactly what they want? It's insane, but this is what you find throughout the world.

'Covid' is not dangerous, oops, wait, yes it is

Only days before Ferguson's nightmare scenario made Jackboot Johnson take Britain into a China-style lockdown to save us from a deadly 'virus' the UK government website gov.uk was reporting something very different to Ferguson on a page of official government guidance for 'high consequence infectious diseases (HCID)'. It said this about 'Covid-19':

As of 19 March 2020, COVID-19 is no longer considered to be a high consequence infectious diseases (HCID) in the UK [my emphasis]. The 4 nations public health HCID group made an interim recommendation in January 2020 to classify COVID-19 as an HCID. This was based on consideration of the UK HCID criteria about the virus and the disease with information available during the early stages of the outbreak.

Now that more is known about COVID-19, the public health bodies in the UK have reviewed the most up to date information about COVID-19 against the UK HCID criteria. They have determined that several features have now changed; in particular, more information is available about mortality rates (low overall), and there is now greater clinical awareness and a specific and sensitive laboratory test, the availability of which continues to increase. The Advisory Committee on Dangerous Pathogens (ACDP) is also of the opinion that COVID-19 should no longer be classified as an HCID.

Soon after the government had been exposed for downgrading the risk they upgraded it again and everyone was back to singing from the same Cult hymn book. Ferguson and his fellow Gates clones indicated that lockdowns and restrictions would have to continue until a Gates-funded vaccine was developed. Gates said the same because Ferguson and his like were repeating the Gates script which is the Cult script. 'Flatten the curve' became an ongoing nightmare of continuing lockdowns with periods in between of severe restrictions in pursuit of destroying independent incomes and had nothing to do with protecting health about which the Cult gives not a shit. Why wouldn't Ferguson be pushing a vaccine 'solution' when he's owned by vaccine-obsessive Gates who makes a fortune from them and

when Ferguson heads the Vaccine Impact Modelling Consortium at Imperial College funded by the Gates Foundation and GAVI, the 'vaccine alliance', created by Gates as his personal vaccine promotion operation? To compound the human catastrophe that Ferguson's 'models' did so much to create he was later exposed for breaking his own lockdown rules by having sexual liaisons with his married girlfriend Antonia Staats at his home while she was living at another location with her husband and children. Staats was a 'climate' activist and senior campaigner at the Soros-funded Avaaz which I wouldn't trust to tell me that grass is green. Ferguson had to resign as a government advisor over this hypocrisy in May, 2020, but after a period of quiet he was back being quoted by the ridiculous media on the need for more lockdowns and a vaccine rollout. Other government-advising 'scientists' from Imperial College held the fort in his absence and said lockdown could be indefinite until a vaccine was found. The Cult script was being sung by the payrolled choir. I said there was no intention of going back to 'normal' when the 'vaccine' came because the 'vaccine' is part of a very different agenda that I will discuss in Human 2.0. Why would the Cult want to let the world go back to normal when destroying that normal forever was the whole point of what was happening? House arrest, closing businesses and schools through lockdown, (un)social distancing and masks all followed the Ferguson fantasy models. Again as I predicted (these people are so predictable) when the 'vaccine' arrived we were told that house arrest, lockdown, (un)social distancing and masks would still have to continue. I will deal with the masks in the next chapter because they are of fundamental importance.

Where's the 'pandemic'?

Any mildly in-depth assessment of the figures revealed what was really going on. Cult-funded and controlled organisations still have genuine people working within them such is the number involved. So it is with Genevieve Briand, assistant program director of the Applied Economics master's degree program at Johns Hopkins

University. She analysed the impact that 'Covid-19' had on deaths from *all* causes in the United States using official data from the CDC for the period from early February to early September, 2020. She found that allegedly 'Covid' *related*-deaths exceeded those from heart disease which she found strange with heart disease always the biggest cause of fatalities. Her research became even more significant when she noted the sudden decline in 2020 of *all* non-'Covid' deaths: 'This trend is completely contrary to the pattern observed in all previous years ... the total decrease in deaths by other causes almost exactly equals the increase in deaths by Covid-19.' This was such a game, set and match in terms of what was happening that Johns Hopkins University deleted the article on the grounds that it 'was being used to support false and dangerous inaccuracies about the impact of the pandemic'. No – because it exposed the scam from official CDC figures and this was confirmed when those figures were published in January, 2021. Here we can see the effect of people dying from heart attacks, cancer, road accidents and gunshot wounds – *anything* – having 'Covid-19' on the death certificate along with those diagnosed from 'symptoms' who had even not tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'. I am not kidding with the gunshot wounds, by the way. Brenda Bock, coroner in Grand County, Colorado, revealed that two gunshot victims tested positive for the 'virus' within the previous 30 days and were therefore classified as 'Covid deaths'. Bock said: 'These two people had tested positive for Covid, but that's not what killed them. A gunshot wound is what killed them.' She said she had not even finished her investigation when the state listed the gunshot victims as deaths due to the 'virus'. The death and case figures for 'Covid-19' are an absolute joke and yet they are repeated like parrots by the media, politicians and alleged medical 'experts'. The official Cult narrative is the only show in town.

Genevieve Briand found that deaths from all causes were not exceptional in 2020 compared with previous years and a Spanish magazine published figures that said the same about Spain which was a 'Covid' propaganda hotspot at one point. *Discovery Salud*, a

health and medicine magazine, quoted government figures which showed how 17,000 *fewer* people died in Spain in 2020 than in 2019 and more than 26,000 fewer than in 2018. The age-standardised mortality rate for England and Wales when age distribution is taken into account was significantly lower in 2020 than the 1970s, 80s and 90s, and was only the ninth highest since 2000. Where is the 'pandemic'?

Post mortems and autopsies virtually disappeared for 'Covid' deaths amid claims that 'virus-infected' bodily fluids posed a risk to those carrying out the autopsy. This was rejected by renowned German pathologist and forensic doctor Klaus Püschel who said that he and his staff had by then done 150 autopsies on 'Covid' patients with no problems at all. He said they were needed to know why some 'Covid' patients suffered blood clots and not severe respiratory infections. The 'virus' is, after all, called SARS or 'severe acute respiratory syndrome'. I highlighted in the spring of 2020 this phenomenon and quoted New York intensive care doctor Cameron Kyle-Sidell who posted a soon deleted YouTube video to say that they had been told to prepare to treat an infectious disease called 'Covid-19', but that was not what they were dealing with. Instead he likened the lung condition of the most severely ill patients to what you would expect with cabin depressurisation in a plane at 30,000 feet or someone dropped on the top of Everest without oxygen or acclimatisation. I have never said this is not happening to a small minority of alleged 'Covid' patients – I am saying this is not caused by a phantom 'contagious virus'. Indeed Kyle-Sidell said that 'Covid-19' was not the disease they were told was coming their way. 'We are operating under a medical paradigm that is untrue,' he said, and he believed they were treating the wrong disease: 'These people are being slowly starved of oxygen.' Patients would take off their oxygen masks in a state of fear and stress and while they were blue in the face on the brink of death. They did not look like patients dying of pneumonia. You can see why they don't want autopsies when their virus doesn't exist and there is another condition in some people that they don't wish to be uncovered. I should add here that

the 5G system of millimetre waves was being rapidly introduced around the world in 2020 and even more so now as they fire 5G at the Earth from satellites. At 60 gigahertz within the 5G range that frequency interacts with the oxygen molecule and stops people breathing in sufficient oxygen to be absorbed into the bloodstream. They are installing 5G in schools and hospitals. The world is not mad or anything. 5G can cause major changes to the lungs and blood as I detail in *The Answer* and these consequences are labelled 'Covid-19', the alleged symptoms of which can be caused by 5G and other electromagnetic frequencies as cells respond to radiation poisoning.

The 'Covid death' scam

Dr Scott Jensen, a Minnesota state senator and medical doctor, exposed 'Covid' Medicare payment incentives to hospitals and death certificate manipulation. He said he was sent a seven-page document by the US Department of Health 'coaching' him on how to fill out death certificates which had never happened before. The document said that he didn't need to have a laboratory test for 'Covid-19' to put that on the death certificate and that shocked him when death certificates are supposed to be about facts. Jensen described how doctors had been 'encouraged, if not pressured' to make a diagnosis of 'Covid-19' if they thought it was probable or '*presumed*'. No positive test was necessary – not that this would have mattered anyway. He said doctors were told to diagnose 'Covid' by symptoms when these were the same as colds, allergies, other respiratory problems, and certainly with influenza which 'disappeared' in the 'Covid' era. A common sniffle was enough to get the dreaded verdict. Ontario authorities decreed that a single care home resident with *one* symptom from a long list must lead to the isolation of the entire home. Other courageous doctors like Jensen made the same point about death figure manipulation and how deaths by other causes were falling while 'Covid-19 deaths' were rising at the same rate due to re-diagnosis. Their videos rarely survive long on YouTube with its Cult-supporting algorithms courtesy of CEO Susan Wojcicki and her bosses at Google. Figure-tampering was so glaring

and ubiquitous that even officials were letting it slip or outright saying it. UK chief scientific adviser Patrick Vallance said on one occasion that 'Covid' on the death certificate doesn't mean 'Covid' was the cause of death (so why the hell is it there?) and we had the rare sight of a BBC reporter telling the truth when she said: 'Someone could be successfully treated for Covid, in say April, discharged, and then in June, get run over by a bus and die ... That person would still be counted as a Covid death in England.' Yet the BBC and the rest of the world media went on repeating the case and death figures as if they were real. Illinois Public Health Director Dr Ngozi Ezike revealed the deceit while her bosses must have been clenching their buttocks:

If you were in a hospice and given a few weeks to live and you were then found to have Covid that would be counted as a Covid death. [There might be] a clear alternate cause, but it is still listed as a Covid death. So everyone listed as a Covid death doesn't mean that was the cause of the death, but that they had Covid at the time of death.

Yes, a 'Covid virus' never shown to exist and tested for with a test not testing for the 'virus'. In the first period of the pandemic hoax through the spring of 2020 the process began of designating almost everything a 'Covid' death and this has continued ever since. I sat in a restaurant one night listening to a loud conversation on the next table where a family was discussing in bewilderment how a relative who had no symptoms of 'Covid', and had died of a long-term problem, could have been diagnosed a death by the 'virus'. I could understand their bewilderment. If they read this book they will know why this medical fraud has been perpetrated the world over.

Some media truth shock

The media ignored the evidence of death certificate fraud until eventually one columnist did speak out when she saw it first-hand. Bel Mooney is a long-time national newspaper journalist in Britain currently working for the *Daily Mail*. Her article on February 19th, 2021, carried this headline: 'My dad Ted passed three Covid tests

and died of a chronic illness yet he's officially one of Britain's 120,000 victims of the virus and is far from alone ... so how many more are there?' She told how her 99-year-old father was in a care home with a long-standing chronic obstructive pulmonary disease and vascular dementia. Maybe, but he was still aware enough to tell her from the start that there was no 'virus' and he refused the 'vaccine' for that reason. His death was not unexpected given his chronic health problems and Mooney said she was shocked to find that 'Covid-19' was declared the cause of death on his death certificate. She said this was a 'bizarre and unacceptable untruth' for a man with long-time health problems who had tested negative twice at the home for the 'virus'. I was also shocked by this story although not by what she said. I had been highlighting the death certificate manipulation for ten months. It was the confirmation that a professional full-time journalist only realised this was going on when it affected her directly and neither did she know that whether her dad tested positive or negative was irrelevant with the test not testing for the 'virus'. Where had she been? She said she did not believe in 'conspiracy theories' without knowing I'm sure that this and 'conspiracy theorists' were terms put into widespread circulation by the CIA in the 1960s to discredit those who did not accept the ridiculous official story of the Kennedy assassination. A blanket statement of 'I don't believe in conspiracy theories' is always bizarre. The dictionary definition of the term alone means the world is drowning in conspiracies. What she said was even more daft when her dad had just been affected by the 'Covid' conspiracy. Why else does she think that 'Covid-19' was going on the death certificates of people who died of something else?

To be fair once she saw from personal experience what was happening she didn't mince words. Mooney was called by the care home on the morning of February 9th to be told her father had died in his sleep. When she asked for the official cause of death what came back was 'Covid-19'. Mooney challenged this and was told there had been deaths from Covid on the dementia floor (confirmed by a test not testing for the 'virus') so they considered it 'reasonable

to assume'. 'But doctor,' Mooney rightly protested, 'an assumption isn't a diagnosis.' She said she didn't blame the perfectly decent and sympathetic doctor – 'he was just doing his job'. Sorry, but that's *bullshit*. He wasn't doing his job at all. He was putting a false cause of death on the death certificate and that is a criminal offence for which he should be brought to account and the same with the millions of doctors worldwide who have done the same. They were not doing their job they were following orders and that must not wash at new Nuremberg trials any more than it did at the first ones. Mooney's doctor was 'assuming' (presuming) as he was told to, but 'just following orders' makes no difference to his actions. A doctor's job is to serve the patient and the truth, not follow orders, but that's what they have done all over the world and played a central part in making the 'Covid' hoax possible with all its catastrophic consequences for humanity. Shame on them and they must answer for their actions. Mooney said her disquiet worsened when she registered her father's death by telephone and was told by the registrar there had been very many other cases like hers where 'the deceased' had not tested positive for 'Covid' yet it was recorded as the cause of death. The test may not matter, but those involved at their level *think* it matters and it shows a callous disregard for accurate diagnosis. The pressure to do this is coming from the top of the national 'health' pyramids which in turn obey the World Health Organization which obeys Gates and the Cult. Mooney said the registrar agreed that this must distort the national figures adding that 'the strangest thing is that every winter we record countless deaths from flu, and this winter there have been none. Not one!' She asked if the registrar thought deaths from flu were being misdiagnosed and lumped together with 'Covid' deaths. The answer was a 'puzzled yes'. Mooney said that the funeral director said the same about 'Covid' deaths which had nothing to do with 'Covid'. They had lost count of the number of families upset by this and other funeral companies in different countries have had the same experience. Mooney wrote:

The nightly shroud-waving and shocking close-ups of pain imposed on us by the TV news bewildered and terrified the population into eager compliance with lockdowns. We were invited to 'save the NHS' and to grieve for strangers – the real-life loved ones behind those shocking death counts. Why would the public imagine what I now fear, namely that the way Covid-19 death statistics are compiled might make the numbers seem greater than they are?

Oh, just a little bit – like 100 percent.

Do the maths

Mooney asked why a country would wish to skew its mortality figures by wrongly certifying deaths? What had been going on? Well, if you don't believe in conspiracies you will never find the answer which is that *it's a conspiracy*. She did, however, describe what she had discovered as a 'national scandal'. In reality it's a global scandal and happening everywhere. Pillars of this conspiracy were all put into place before the button was pressed with the Drosten PCR protocol and high amplifications to produce the cases and death certificate changes to secure illusory 'Covid' deaths. Mooney notes that normally two doctors were needed to certify a death, with one having to know the patient, and how the rules were changed in the spring of 2020 to allow one doctor to do this. In the same period 'Covid deaths' were decreed to be all cases where Covid-19 was put on the death certificate even without a positive test or any symptoms. Mooney asked: 'How many of the 30,851 (as of January 15) care home resident deaths with Covid-19 on the certificate (32.4 per cent of all deaths so far) were based on an assumption, like that of my father? And what has that done to our national psyche?' All of them is the answer to the first question and it has devastated and dismantled the national psyche, actually the global psyche, on a colossal scale. In the UK case and death data is compiled by organisations like Public Health England (PHE) and the Office for National Statistics (ONS). Mooney highlights the insane policy of counting a death from any cause as 'Covid-19' if this happens within 28 days of a positive test (with a test not testing for the 'virus') and she points out that ONS statistics reflect deaths 'involving Covid' 'or due to Covid' which meant in practice any

death where 'Covid-19' was mentioned on the death certificate. She described the consequences of this fraud:

Most people will accept the narrative they are fed, so panicky governments here and in Europe witnessed the harsh measures enacted in totalitarian China and jumped into lockdown. Headlines about Covid deaths tolled like the knell that would bring doomsday to us all. Fear stalked our empty streets. Politicians parroted the frankly ridiculous aim of 'zero Covid' and shut down the economy, while most British people agreed that lockdown was essential and (astonishingly to me, as a patriotic Brit) even wanted more restrictions.

For what? Lies on death certificates? Never mind the grim toll of lives ruined, suicides, schools closed, rising inequality, depression, cancelled hospital treatments, cancer patients in a torture of waiting, poverty, economic devastation, loneliness, families kept apart, and so on. How many lives have been lost as a direct result of lockdown?

She said that we could join in a national chorus of shock and horror at reaching the 120,000 death toll which was surely certain to have been totally skewed all along, but what about the human cost of lockdown justified by these 'death figures'? *The British Medical Journal* had reported a 1,493 percent increase in cases of children taken to Great Ormond Street Hospital with abusive head injuries alone and then there was the effect on families:

Perhaps the most shocking thing about all this is that families have been kept apart – and obeyed the most irrational, changing rules at the whim of government – because they believed in the statistics. They succumbed to fear, which his generation rejected in that war fought for freedom. Dad (God rest his soul) would be angry. And so am I.

Another theme to watch is that in the winter months when there are more deaths from all causes they focus on 'Covid' deaths and in the summer when the British Lung Foundation says respiratory disease plummets by 80 percent they rage on about 'cases'. Either way fascism on population is always the answer.

Nazi eugenics in the 21st century

Elderly people in care homes have been isolated from their families month after lonely month with no contact with relatives and grandchildren who were banned from seeing them. We were told

that lockdown fascism was to 'protect the vulnerable' like elderly people. At the same time Do Not Resuscitate (DNR) orders were placed on their medical files so that if they needed resuscitation it wasn't done and 'Covid-19' went on their death certificates. Old people were not being 'protected' they were being culled – murdered in truth. DNR orders were being decreed for disabled and young people with learning difficulties or psychological problems. The UK Care Quality Commission, a non-departmental body of the Department of Health and Social Care, found that 34 percent of those working in health and social care were pressured into placing 'do not attempt cardiopulmonary resuscitation' orders on 'Covid' patients who suffered from disabilities and learning difficulties without involving the patient or their families in the decision. UK judges ruled that an elderly woman with dementia should have the DNA-manipulating 'Covid vaccine' against her son's wishes and that a man with severe learning difficulties should have the job despite his family's objections. Never mind that many had already died. The judiciary always supports doctors and government in fascist dictatorships. They wouldn't dare do otherwise. A horrific video was posted showing fascist officers from Los Angeles police forcibly giving the 'Covid' shot to women with special needs who were screaming that they didn't want it. The same fascists are seen giving the jab to a sleeping elderly woman in a care home. This is straight out of the Nazi playbook. Hitler's Nazis committed mass murder of the mentally ill and physically disabled throughout Germany and occupied territories in the programme that became known as Aktion T4, or just T4. Sabbatian-controlled Hitler and his grotesque crazies set out to kill those they considered useless and unnecessary. The Reich Committee for the Scientific Registering of Hereditary and Congenital Illnesses registered the births of babies identified by physicians to have 'defects'. By 1941 alone more than 5,000 children were murdered by the state and it is estimated that in total the number of innocent people killed in Aktion T4 was between 275,000 and 300,000. Parents were told their children had been sent away for 'special treatment' never to return. It is rather pathetic to see claims about plans for new extermination camps being dismissed today

when the same force behind current events did precisely that 80 years ago. Margaret Sanger was a Cult operative who used 'birth control' to sanitise her programme of eugenics. Organisations she founded became what is now Planned Parenthood. Sanger proposed that 'the whole dysgenic population would have its choice of segregation or sterilization'. These included epileptics, 'feeble-minded', and prostitutes. Sanger opposed charity because it perpetuated 'human waste'. She reveals the Cult mentality and if anyone thinks that extermination camps are a 'conspiracy theory' their naivety is touching if breathtakingly stupid.

If you don't believe that doctors can act with callous disregard for their patients it is worth considering that doctors and medical staff agreed to put government-decreed DNR orders on medical files and do nothing when resuscitation is called for. I don't know what you call such people in your house. In mine they are Nazis from the Josef Mengele School of Medicine. Phenomenal numbers of old people have died worldwide from the effects of lockdown, depression, lack of treatment, the 'vaccine' (more later) and losing the will to live. A common response at the start of the manufactured pandemic was to remove old people from hospital beds and transfer them to nursing homes. The decision would result in a mass cull of elderly people in those homes through lack of treatment – *not* 'Covid'. Care home whistleblowers have told how once the 'Covid' era began doctors would not come to their homes to treat patients and they were begging for drugs like antibiotics that often never came. The most infamous example was ordered by New York governor Andrew Cuomo, brother of a moronic CNN host, who amazingly was given an Emmy Award for his handling of the 'Covid crisis' by the ridiculous Wokers that hand them out. Just how ridiculous could be seen in February, 2021, when a Department of Justice and FBI investigation began into how thousands of old people in New York died in nursing homes after being discharged from hospital to make way for 'Covid' patients on Cuomo's say-so – and how he and his staff covered up these facts. This couldn't have happened to a nicer psychopath. Even then there was a 'Covid' spin. Reports said that

thousands of old people who tested positive for 'Covid' in hospital were transferred to nursing homes to both die of 'Covid' and transmit it to others. No – they were in hospital because they were ill and the fact that they tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' is irrelevant. They were ill often with respiratory diseases ubiquitous in old people near the end of their lives. Their transfer out of hospital meant that their treatment stopped and many would go on to die.

They're old. Who gives a damn?

I have exposed in the books for decades the Cult plan to cull the world's old people and even to introduce at some point what they call a 'demise pill' which at a certain age everyone would take and be out of here by law. In March, 2021, Spain legalised euthanasia and assisted suicide following the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg and Canada on the Tiptoe to the demise pill. Treatment of old people by many 'care' homes has been a disgrace in the 'Covid' era. There are many, many, caring staff – I know some. There have, however, been legions of stories about callous treatment of old people and their families. Police were called when families came to take their loved ones home in the light of isolation that was killing them. They became prisoners of the state. Care home residents in insane, fascist Ontario, Canada, were not allowed to leave their *room* once the 'Covid' hoax began. UK staff have even wheeled elderly people away from windows where family members were talking with them. Oriana Criscuolo from Stockport in the English North West dropped off some things for her 80-year-old father who has Parkinson's disease and dementia and she wanted to wave to him through a ground-floor window. She was told that was 'illegal'. When she went anyway they closed the curtains in the middle of the day. Oriana said:

It's just unbelievable. I cannot understand how care home staff – people who are being paid to care – have become so uncaring. Their behaviour is inhumane and cruel. It's beyond belief.

She was right and this was not a one-off. What a way to end your life in such loveless circumstances. UK registered nurse Nicky Millen, a proper old school nurse for 40 years, said that when she started her career care was based on dignity, choice, compassion and empathy. Now she said 'the things that are important to me have gone out of the window.' She was appalled that people were dying without their loved ones and saying goodbye on iPads. Nicky described how a distressed 89-year-old lady stroked her face and asked her 'how many paracetamol would it take to finish me off'. Life was no longer worth living while not seeing her family. Nicky said she was humiliated in front of the ward staff and patients for letting the lady stroke her face and giving her a cuddle. Such is the dehumanisation that the 'Covid' hoax has brought to the surface. Nicky worked in care homes where patients told her they were being held prisoner. 'I want to live until I die', one said to her. 'I had a lady in tears because she hadn't seen her great-grandson.' Nicky was compassionate old school meeting psychopathic New Normal. She also said she had worked on a 'Covid' ward with no 'Covid' patients. Jewish writer Shai Held wrote an article in March, 2020, which was headlined 'The Staggering, Heartless Cruelty Toward the Elderly'. What he described was happening from the earliest days of lockdown. He said 'the elderly' were considered a group and not unique individuals (the way of the Woke). Shai Held said:

Notice how the all-too-familiar rhetoric of dehumanization works: 'The elderly' are bunched together as a faceless mass, all of them considered culprits and thus effectively deserving of the suffering the pandemic will inflict upon them. Lost entirely is the fact that the elderly are individual human beings, each with a distinctive face and voice, each with hopes and dreams, memories and regrets, friendships and marriages, loves lost and loves sustained.

'The elderly' have become another dehumanised group for which anything goes and for many that has resulted in cold disregard for their rights and their life. The distinctive face that Held talks about is designed to be deleted by masks until everyone is part of a faceless mass.

'War-zone' hospitals myth

Again and again medical professionals have told me what was really going on and how hospitals 'overrun like war zones' according to the media were virtually empty. The mantra from medical whistleblowers was please don't use my name or my career is over. Citizen journalists around the world sneaked into hospitals to film evidence exposing the 'war-zone' lie. They really *were* largely empty with closed wards and operating theatres. I met a hospital worker in my town on the Isle of Wight during the first lockdown in 2020 who said the only island hospital had never been so quiet. Lockdown was justified by the psychopaths to stop hospitals being overrun. At the same time that the island hospital was near-empty the military arrived here to provide *extra beds*. It was all propaganda to ramp up the fear to ensure compliance with fascism as were never-used temporary hospitals with thousands of beds known as Nightingales and never-used make-shift mortuaries opened by the criminal UK government. A man who helped to install those extra island beds attributed to the army said they were never used and the hospital was empty. Doctors and nurses 'stood around talking or on their phones, wandering down to us to see what we were doing'. There were no masks or social distancing. He accused the useless local island paper, the *County Press*, of 'pumping the fear as if our hospital was overrun and we only have one so it should have been'. He described ambulances parked up with crews outside in deck chairs. When his brother called an ambulance he was told there was a two-hour backlog which he called 'bullshit'. An old lady on the island fell 'and was in a bad way', but a caller who rang for an ambulance was told the situation wasn't urgent enough. Ambulance stations were working under capacity while people would hear ambulances with sirens blaring driving through the streets. When those living near the stations realised what was going on they would follow them as they left, circulated around an urban area with the sirens going, and then came back without stopping. All this was to increase levels of fear and the same goes for the 'ventilator shortage crisis' that cost tens of millions for hastily produced ventilators never to be used.

Ambulance crews that agreed to be exploited in this way for fear propaganda might find themselves a mirror. I wish them well with that. Empty hospitals were the obvious consequence of treatment and diagnoses of non-'Covid' conditions cancelled and those involved handed a death sentence. People have been dying at home from undiagnosed and untreated cancer, heart disease and other life-threatening conditions to allow empty hospitals to deal with a 'pandemic' that wasn't happening.

Death of the innocent

'War-zones' have been laying off nursing staff, even doctors where they can. There was no work for them. Lockdown was justified by saving lives and protecting the vulnerable they were actually killing with DNR orders and preventing empty hospitals being 'overrun'. In Britain the mantra of stay at home to 'save the NHS' was everywhere and across the world the same story was being sold when it was all lies. Two California doctors, Dan Erickson and Artin Massihi at Accelerated Urgent Care in Bakersfield, held a news conference in April, 2020, to say that intensive care units in California were 'empty, essentially', with hospitals shutting floors, not treating patients and laying off doctors. The California health system was working at minimum capacity 'getting rid of doctors because we just don't have the volume'. They said that people with conditions such as heart disease and cancer were not coming to hospital out of fear of 'Covid-19'. Their video was deleted by Susan Wojcicki's Cult-owned YouTube after reaching five million views. Florida governor Ron Desantis, who rejected the severe lockdowns of other states and is being targeted for doing so, said that in March, 2020, every US governor was given models claiming they would run out of hospital beds in days. That was never going to happen and the 'modellers' knew it. Deceit can be found at every level of the system. Urgent children's operations were cancelled including fracture repairs and biopsies to spot cancer. Eric Nicholls, a consultant paediatrician, said 'this is obviously concerning and we need to return to normal operating and to increase capacity as soon as possible'. Psychopaths

in power were rather less concerned *because* they are psychopaths. Deletion of urgent care and diagnosis has been happening all over the world and how many kids and others have died as a result of the actions of these cold and heartless lunatics dictating 'health' policy? The number must be stratospheric. Richard Sullivan, professor of cancer and global health at King's College London, said people feared 'Covid' more than cancer such was the campaign of fear. 'Years of lost life will be quite dramatic', Sullivan said, with 'a huge amount of avoidable mortality'. Sarah Woolnough, executive director for policy at Cancer Research UK, said there had been a 75 percent drop in urgent referrals to hospitals by family doctors of people with suspected cancer. Sullivan said that 'a lot of services have had to scale back – we've seen a dramatic decrease in the amount of elective cancer surgery'. Lockdown deaths worldwide has been absolutely fantastic with the *New York Post* reporting how data confirmed that 'lockdowns end more lives than they save':

There was a sharp decline in visits to emergency rooms and an increase in fatal heart attacks because patients didn't receive prompt treatment. Many fewer people were screened for cancer. Social isolation contributed to excess deaths from dementia and Alzheimer's.

Researchers predicted that the social and economic upheaval would lead to tens of thousands of "deaths of despair" from drug overdoses, alcoholism and suicide. As unemployment surged and mental-health and substance-abuse treatment programs were interrupted, the reported levels of anxiety, depression and suicidal thoughts increased dramatically, as did alcohol sales and fatal drug overdoses.

This has been happening while nurses and other staff had so much time on their hands in the 'war-zones' that Tic-Tok dancing videos began appearing across the Internet with medical staff dancing around in empty wards and corridors as people died at home from causes that would normally have been treated in hospital.

Mentions in dispatches

One brave and truth-committed whistleblower was Louise Hampton, a call handler with the UK NHS who made a viral Internet video saying she had done 'fuck all' during the 'pandemic'

which was 'a load of bollocks'. She said that 'Covid-19' was rebranded flu and of course she lost her job. This is what happens in the medical and endless other professions now when you tell the truth. Louise filmed inside 'war-zone' accident and emergency departments to show they were empty and I mean *empty* as in no one there. The mainstream media could have done the same and blown the gaff on the whole conspiracy. They haven't to their eternal shame. Not that most 'journalists' seem capable of manifesting shame as with the psychopaths they slavishly repeat without question. The relative few who were admitted with serious health problems were left to die alone with no loved ones allowed to see them because of 'Covid' rules and they included kids dying without the comfort of mum and dad at their bedside while the evil behind this couldn't give a damn. It was all good fun to them. A Scottish NHS staff nurse publicly quit in the spring of 2021 saying: 'I can no longer be part of the lies and the corruption by the government.' She said hospitals 'aren't full, the beds aren't full, beds have been shut, wards have been shut'. Hospitals were never busy throughout 'Covid'. The staff nurse said that Nicola Sturgeon, tragically the leader of the Scottish government, was on television saying save the hospitals and the NHS – 'but the beds are empty' and 'we've not seen flu, we always see flu every year'. She wrote to government and spoke with her union Unison (the unions are Cult-compromised and *useless*, but nothing changed. Many of her colleagues were scared of losing their jobs if they spoke out as they wanted to. She said nursing staff were being affected by wearing masks all day and 'my head is splitting every shift from wearing a mask'. The NHS is part of the fascist tyranny and must be dismantled so we can start again with human beings in charge. (Ironically, hospitals were reported to be busier again when official 'Covid' cases *fell* in spring/summer of 2021 and many other conditions required treatment at the same time as *the fake vaccine rollout*.)

I will cover the 'Covid vaccine' scam in detail later, but it is another indicator of the sickening disregard for human life that I am highlighting here. The DNA-manipulating concoctions do not fulfil

the definition of a 'vaccine', have never been used on humans before and were given only emergency approval because trials were not completed and they continued using the unknowing public. The result was what a NHS senior nurse with responsibility for 'vaccine' procedure said was 'genocide'. She said the 'vaccines' were not 'vaccines'. They had not been shown to be safe and claims about their effectiveness by drug companies were 'poetic licence'. She described what was happening as a 'horrid act of human annihilation'. The nurse said that management had instigated a policy of not providing a Patient Information Leaflet (PIL) before people were 'vaccinated' even though health care professionals are supposed to do this according to protocol. Patients should also be told that they are taking part in an ongoing clinical trial. Her challenges to what is happening had seen her excluded from meetings and ridiculed in others. She said she was told to 'watch my step ... or I would find myself surplus to requirements'. The nurse, who spoke anonymously in fear of her career, said she asked her NHS manager why he/she was content with taking part in genocide against those having the 'vaccines'. The reply was that everyone had to play their part and to 'put up, shut up, and get it done'. Government was 'leaning heavily' on NHS management which was clearly leaning heavily on staff. This is how the global 'medical' hierarchy operates and it starts with the Cult and its World Health Organization.

She told the story of a doctor who had the Pfizer jab and when questioned had no idea what was in it. The doctor had never read the literature. We have to stop treating doctors as intellectual giants when so many are moral and medical pygmies. The doctor did not even know that the 'vaccines' were not fully approved or that their trials were ongoing. They were, however, asking their patients if they minded taking part in follow-ups for research purposes – yes, the *ongoing clinical trial*. The nurse said the doctor's ignorance was not rare and she had spoken to a hospital consultant who had the jab without any idea of the background or that the 'trials' had not been completed. Nurses and pharmacists had shown the same ignorance.

'My NHS colleagues have forsaken their duty of care, broken their code of conduct – Hippocratic Oath – and have been brainwashed just the same as the majority of the UK public through propaganda ...' She said she had not been able to recruit a single NHS colleague, doctor, nurse or pharmacist to stand with her and speak out. Her union had refused to help. She said that if the genocide came to light she would not hesitate to give evidence at a Nuremberg-type trial against those in power who could have affected the outcomes but didn't.

And all for what?

To put the nonsense into perspective let's say the 'virus' does exist and let's go completely crazy and accept that the official manipulated figures for cases and deaths are accurate. *Even then* a study by Stanford University epidemiologist Dr John Ioannidis published on the World Health Organization website produced an average infection to fatality rate of ... *0.23 percent!* Ioannidis said: 'If one could sample equally from all locations globally, the median infection fatality rate might even be substantially lower than the 0.23% observed in my analysis.' For healthy people under 70 it was ... *0.05 percent!* This compares with the 3.4 percent claimed by the Cult-owned World Health Organization when the hoax was first played and maximum fear needed to be generated. An updated Stanford study in April, 2021, put the 'infection' to 'fatality' rate at just 0.15 percent. Another team of scientists led by Megan O'Driscoll and Henrik Salje studied data from 45 countries and published their findings on the Nature website. For children and young people the figure is so small it virtually does not register although authorities will be hyping dangers to the young when they introduce DNA-manipulating 'vaccines' for children. The O'Driscoll study produced an average infection-fatality figure of 0.003 for children from birth to four; 0.001 for 5 to 14; 0.003 for 15 to 19; and it was still only 0.456 up to 64. To claim that children must be 'vaccinated' to protect them from 'Covid' is an obvious lie and so there must be another reason and there is. What's more the average age of a 'Covid' death is akin

to the average age that people die in general. The average age of death in England is about 80 for men and 83 for women. The average age of death from alleged 'Covid' is between 82 and 83. California doctors, Dan Erickson and Artin Massihi, said at their April media conference that projection models of millions of deaths had been 'woefully inaccurate'. They produced detailed figures showing that Californians had a 0.03 chance of dying from 'Covid' based on the number of people who tested positive (with a test not testing for the 'virus'). Erickson said there was a 0.1 percent chance of dying from 'Covid' in the *state* of New York, not just the city, and a 0.05 percent chance in Spain, a centre of 'Covid-19' hysteria at one stage. The Stanford studies supported the doctors' data with fatality rate estimates of 0.23 and 0.15 percent. How close are these figures to my estimate of *zero*? Death-rate figures claimed by the World Health Organization at the start of the hoax were some 15 times higher. The California doctors said there was no justification for lockdowns and the economic devastation they caused. Everything they had ever learned about quarantine was that you quarantine the *sick* and not the healthy. They had never seen this before and it made no medical sense.

Why in the in the light of all this would governments and medical systems the world over say that billions must go under house arrest; lose their livelihood; in many cases lose their mind, their health and their life; force people to wear masks dangerous to health and psychology; make human interaction and even family interaction a criminal offence; ban travel; close restaurants, bars, watching live sport, concerts, theatre, and any activity involving human togetherness and discourse; and closing schools to isolate children from their friends and cause many to commit suicide in acts of hopelessness and despair? The California doctors said lockdown consequences included increased child abuse, partner abuse, alcoholism, depression, and other impacts they were seeing every day. Who would do that to the entire human race if not mentally-ill psychopaths of almost unimaginable extremes like Bill Gates? We must face the reality of what we are dealing with and come out of

denial. Fascism and tyranny are made possible only by the target population submitting and acquiescing to fascism and tyranny. The whole of human history shows that to be true. Most people naively and unquestioning believed what they were told about a 'deadly virus' and meekly and weakly submitted to house arrest. Those who didn't believe it – at least in total – still submitted in fear of the consequences of not doing so. For the rest who wouldn't submit draconian fines have been imposed, brutal policing by psychopaths *for* psychopaths, and condemnation from the meek and weak who condemn the Pushbackers on behalf of the very force that has them, too, in its gunights. 'Pathetic' does not even begin to suffice. Britain's brainless 'Health' Secretary Matt Hancock warned anyone lying to border officials about returning from a list of 'hotspot' countries could face a jail sentence of up to ten years which is more than for racially-aggravated assault, incest and attempting to have sex with a child under 13. Hancock is a lunatic, but he has the state apparatus behind him in a Cult-led chain reaction and the same with UK 'Vaccine Minister' Nadhim Zahawi, a prominent member of the mega-Cult secret society, Le Cercle, which featured in my earlier books. The Cult enforces its will on governments and medical systems; government and medical systems enforce their will on business and police; business enforces its will on staff who enforce it on customers; police enforce the will of the Cult on the population and play their essential part in creating a world of fascist control that their own children and grandchildren will have to live in their entire lives. It is a hierarchical pyramid of imposition and acquiescence and, yes indeed, of clinical insanity.

Does anyone bright enough to read this book have to ask what the answer is? I think not, but I will reveal it anyway in the fewest of syllables: Tell the psychos and their moronic lackeys to fuck off and let's get on with our lives. We are many – They are few.

CHAPTER SEVEN

War on your mind

One believes things because one has been conditioned to believe them

Aldous Huxley, Brave New World

I have described the 'Covid' hoax as a 'Psyop' and that is true in every sense and on every level in accordance with the definition of that term which is psychological warfare. Break down the 'Covid pandemic' to the foundation themes and it is psychological warfare on the human individual and collective mind.

The same can be said for the entire human belief system involving every subject you can imagine. Huxley was right in his contention that people believe what they are conditioned to believe and this comes from the repetition throughout their lives of the same falsehoods. They spew from government, corporations, media and endless streams of 'experts' telling you what the Cult wants you to believe and often believing it themselves (although *far* from always). 'Experts' are rewarded with 'prestigious' jobs and titles and as agents of perceptual programming with regular access to the media. The Cult has to control the narrative – control *information* – or they lose control of the vital, crucial, without-which-they-cannot-prevail public perception of reality. The foundation of that control today is the Internet made possible by the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA), the incredibly sinister technological arm of the Pentagon. The Internet is the result of military technology.

DARPA openly brags about establishing the Internet which has been a long-term project to lasso the minds of the global population. I have said for decades the plan is to control information to such an extreme that eventually no one would see or hear anything that the Cult does not approve. We are closing in on that end with ferocious censorship since the 'Covid' hoax began and in my case it started back in the 1990s in terms of books and speaking venues. I had to create my own publishing company in 1995 precisely because no one else would publish my books even then. I think they're all still running.

Cult Internet

To secure total control of information they needed the Internet in which pre-programmed algorithms can seek out 'unclean' content for deletion and even stop it being posted in the first place. The Cult had to dismantle print and non-Internet broadcast media to ensure the transfer of information to the appropriate-named 'Web' – a critical expression of the *Cult* web. We've seen the ever-quickening demise of traditional media and control of what is left by a tiny number of corporations operating worldwide. Independent journalism in the mainstream is already dead and never was that more obvious than since the turn of 2020. The Cult wants all information communicated via the Internet to globally censor and allow the plug to be pulled any time. Lockdowns and forced isolation has meant that communication between people has been through electronic means and no longer through face-to-face discourse and discussion. Cult psychopaths have targeted the bars, restaurants, sport, venues and meeting places in general for this reason. None of this is by chance and it's to stop people gathering in any kind of privacy or number while being able to track and monitor all Internet communications and block them as necessary. Even private messages between individuals have been censored by these fascists that control Cult fronts like Facebook, Twitter, Google and YouTube which are all officially run by Sabbatian place-people and from the background by higher-level Sabbatian place people.

Facebook, Google, Amazon and their like were seed-funded and supported into existence with money-no-object infusions of funds either directly or indirectly from DARPA and CIA technology arm In-Q-Tel. The Cult plays the long game and prepares very carefully for big plays like 'Covid'. Amazon is another front in the psychological war and pretty much controls the global market in book sales and increasingly publishing. Amazon's limitless funds have deleted fantastic numbers of independent publishers to seize global domination on the way to deciding which books can be sold and circulated and which cannot. Moves in that direction are already happening. Amazon's leading light Jeff Bezos is the grandson of Lawrence Preston Gise who worked with DARPA predecessor ARPA. Amazon has big connections to the CIA and the Pentagon. The plan I have long described went like this:

1. Employ military technology to establish the Internet.
2. Sell the Internet as a place where people can freely communicate without censorship and allow that to happen until the Net becomes the central and irreversible pillar of human society. If the Internet had been highly censored from the start many would have rejected it.
3. Fund and manipulate major corporations into being to control the circulation of information on your Internet using cover stories about geeks in garages to explain how they came about. Give them unlimited funds to expand rapidly with no need to make a profit for years while non-Cult companies who need to balance the books cannot compete. You know that in these circumstances your Googles, YouTubes, Facebooks and Amazons are going to secure near monopolies by either crushing or buying up the opposition.
4. Allow freedom of expression on both the Internet and communication platforms to draw people in until the Internet is the central and irreversible pillar of human society and your communication corporations have reached a stage of near monopoly domination.
5. Then unleash your always-planned frenzy of censorship on the basis of 'where else are you going to go?' and continue to expand that until nothing remains that the Cult does not want its human targets to see.

The process was timed to hit the 'Covid' hoax to ensure the best chance possible of controlling the narrative which they knew they had to do at all costs. They were, after all, about to unleash a 'deadly virus' that didn't really exist. If you do that in an environment of free-flowing information and opinion you would be dead in the

water before you could say Gates is a psychopath. The network was in place through which the Cult-created-and-owned World Health Organization could dictate the 'Covid' narrative and response policy slavishly supported by Cult-owned Internet communication giants and mainstream media while those telling a different story were censored. Google, YouTube, Facebook and Twitter openly announced that they would do this. What else would we expect from Cult-owned operations like Facebook which former executives have confirmed set out to make the platform more addictive than cigarettes and coldly manipulates emotions of its users to sow division between people and groups and scramble the minds of the young? If Zuckerberg lives out the rest of his life without going to jail for crimes against humanity, and most emphatically against the young, it will be a travesty of justice. Still, no matter, cause and effect will catch up with him eventually and the same with Sergey Brin and Larry Page at Google with its CEO Sundar Pichai who fix the Google search results to promote Cult narratives and hide the opposition. Put the same key words into Google and other search engines like DuckDuckGo and you will see how different results can be. Wikipedia is another intensely biased 'encyclopaedia' which skews its content to the Cult agenda. YouTube links to Wikipedia's version of 'Covid' and 'climate change' on video pages in which experts in their field offer a different opinion (even that is increasingly rare with Wojcicki censorship). Into this 'Covid' silence-them network must be added government media censors, sorry 'regulators', such as Ofcom in the UK which imposed tyrannical restrictions on British broadcasters that had the effect of banning me from ever appearing. Just to debate with me about my evidence and views on 'Covid' would mean breaking the fascistic impositions of Ofcom and its CEO career government bureaucrat Melanie Dawes. Gutless British broadcasters tremble at the very thought of fascist Ofcom.

Psychos behind 'Covid'

The reason for the 'Covid' catastrophe in all its facets and forms can be seen by whom and what is driving the policies worldwide in such a coordinated way. Decisions are not being made to protect health, but to target psychology. The dominant group guiding and 'advising' government policy are not medical professionals. They are psychologists and behavioural scientists. Every major country has its own version of this phenomenon and I'll use the British example to show how it works. In many ways the British version has been affecting the wider world in the form of the huge behaviour manipulation network in the UK which operates in other countries. The network involves private companies, government, intelligence and military. The Cabinet Office is at the centre of the government 'Covid' Psyop and part-owns, with 'innovation charity' Nesta, the Behavioural Insights Team (BIT) which claims to be independent of government but patently isn't. The BIT was established in 2010 and its job is to manipulate the psyche of the population to acquiesce to government demands and so much more. It is also known as the 'Nudge Unit', a name inspired by the 2009 book by two ultra-Zionists, Cass Sunstein and Richard Thaler, called *Nudge: Improving Decisions About Health, Wealth, and Happiness*. The book, as with the Behavioural Insights Team, seeks to 'nudge' behaviour (manipulate it) to make the public follow patterns of action and perception that suit those in authority (the Cult). Sunstein is so skilled at this that he advises the World Health Organization and the UK Behavioural Insights Team and was Administrator of the White House Office of Information and Regulatory Affairs in the Obama administration. Biden appointed him to the Department of Homeland Security – another ultra-Zionist in the fold to oversee new immigration laws which is another policy the Cult wants to control. Sunstein is desperate to silence anyone exposing conspiracies and co-authored a 2008 report on the subject in which suggestions were offered to ban 'conspiracy theorizing' or impose 'some kind of tax, financial or otherwise, on those who disseminate such theories'. I guess a psychiatrist's chair is out of the question?

Sunstein's mate Richard Thaler, an 'academic affiliate' of the UK Behavioural Insights Team, is a proponent of 'behavioural economics' which is defined as the study of 'the effects of psychological, cognitive, emotional, cultural and social factors on the decisions of individuals and institutions'. Study the effects so they can be manipulated to be what you want them to be. Other leading names in the development of behavioural economics are ultra-Zionists Daniel Kahneman and Robert J. Shiller and they, with Thaler, won the Nobel Memorial Prize in Economic Sciences for their work in this field. The Behavioural Insights Team is operating at the heart of the UK government and has expanded globally through partnerships with several universities including Harvard, Oxford, Cambridge, University College London (UCL) and Pennsylvania. They claim to have 'trained' (reframed) 20,000 civil servants and run more than 750 projects involving 400 randomised controlled trials in dozens of countries' as another version of mind reframers Common Purpose. BIT works from its office in New York with cities and their agencies, as well as other partners, across the United States and Canada – this is a company part-owned by the British government Cabinet Office. An executive order by President Cult-servant Obama established a US Social and Behavioral Sciences Team in 2015. They all have the same reason for being and that's to brainwash the population directly and by brainwashing those in positions of authority.

'Covid' mind game

Another prime aspect of the UK mind-control network is the 'independent' [joke] Scientific Pandemic Insights Group on Behaviours (SPI-B) which 'provides behavioural science advice aimed at anticipating and helping people adhere to interventions that are recommended by medical or epidemiological experts'. That means manipulating public perception and behaviour to do whatever government tells them to do. It's disgusting and if they really want the public to be 'safe' this lot should all be under lock and key. According to the government website SPI-B consists of

'behavioural scientists, health and social psychologists, anthropologists and historians' and advises the Whitty-Vallance-led Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE) which in turn advises the government on 'the science' (it doesn't) and 'Covid' policy. When politicians say they are being guided by 'the science' this is the rabble in each country they are talking about and that 'science' is dominated by behaviour manipulators to enforce government fascism through public compliance. The Behaviour Insight Team is headed by psychologist David Solomon Halpern, a visiting professor at King's College London, and connects with a national and global web of other civilian and military organisations as the Cult moves towards its goal of fusing them into one fascistic whole in every country through its 'Fusion Doctrine'. The behaviour manipulation network involves, but is not confined to, the Foreign Office; National Security Council; government communications headquarters (GCHQ); MI5; MI6; the Cabinet Office-based Media Monitoring Unit; and the Rapid Response Unit which 'monitors digital trends to spot emerging issues; including misinformation and disinformation; and identifies the best way to respond'.

There is also the 77th Brigade of the UK military which operates like the notorious Israeli military's Unit 8200 in manipulating information and discussion on the Internet by posing as members of the public to promote the narrative and discredit those who challenge it. Here we have the military seeking to manipulate *domestic* public opinion while the Nazis in government are fine with that. Conservative Member of Parliament Tobias Ellwood, an advocate of lockdown and control through 'vaccine passports', is a Lieutenant Colonel reservist in the 77th Brigade which connects with the military operation jHub, the 'innovation centre' for the Ministry of Defence and Strategic Command. jHub has also been involved with the civilian National Health Service (NHS) in 'symptom tracing' the population. The NHS is a key part of this mind control network and produced a document in December, 2020, explaining to staff how to use psychological manipulation with different groups and ages to get them to have the DNA-manipulating 'Covid vaccine'

that's designed to cumulatively rewrite human genetics. The document, called 'Optimising Vaccination Roll Out – Do's and Don'ts for all messaging, documents and "communications" in the widest sense', was published by NHS England and the NHS Improvement *Behaviour Change Unit* in partnership with Public Health England and Warwick Business School. I hear the mantra about 'save the NHS' and 'protect the NHS' when we need to scrap the NHS and start again. The current version is far too corrupt, far too anti-human and totally compromised by Cult operatives and their assets. UK government broadcast media censor Ofcom will connect into this web – as will the BBC with its tremendous Ofcom influence – to control what the public see and hear and dictate mass perception. Nuremberg trials must include personnel from all these organisations.

The fear factor

The 'Covid' hoax has led to the creation of the UK Cabinet Office-connected Joint Biosecurity Centre (JBC) which is officially described as providing 'expert advice on pandemics' using its independent [all Cult operations are 'independent'] analytical function to provide real-time analysis about infection outbreaks to identify and respond to outbreaks of Covid-19'. Another role is to advise the government on a response to spikes in infections – 'for example by closing schools or workplaces in local areas where infection levels have risen'. Put another way, promoting the Cult agenda. The Joint Biosecurity Centre is modelled on the Joint Terrorism Analysis Centre which analyses intelligence to set 'terrorism threat levels' and here again you see the fusion of civilian and military operations and intelligence that has led to military intelligence producing documents about 'vaccine hesitancy' and how it can be combated. Domestic civilian matters and opinions should not be the business of the military. The Joint Biosecurity Centre is headed by Tom Hurd, director general of the Office for Security and Counter-Terrorism from the establishment-to-its-fingertips Hurd family. His father is former Foreign Secretary Douglas Hurd. How coincidental that Tom

Hurd went to the elite Eton College and Oxford University with Boris Johnson. Imperial College with its ridiculous computer modeller Neil Ferguson will connect with this gigantic web that will itself interconnect with similar set-ups in other major and not so major countries. Compared with this Cult network the politicians, be they Boris Johnson, Donald Trump or Joe Biden, are bit-part players 'following the science'. The network of psychologists was on the 'Covid' case from the start with the aim of generating maximum fear of the 'virus' to ensure compliance by the population. A government behavioural science group known as SPI-B produced a paper in March, 2020, for discussion by the main government science advisory group known as SAGE. It was headed 'Options for increasing adherence to social distancing measures' and it said the following in a section headed 'Persuasion':

- A substantial number of people still do not feel sufficiently personally threatened; it could be that they are reassured by the low death rate in their demographic group, although levels of concern may be rising. Having a good understanding of the risk has been found to be positively associated with adoption of COVID-19 social distancing measures in Hong Kong.
- The perceived level of personal threat needs to be increased among those who are complacent, using hard-hitting evaluation of options for increasing social distancing emotional messaging. To be effective this must also empower people by making clear the actions they can take to reduce the threat.
- Responsibility to others: There seems to be insufficient understanding of, or feelings of responsibility about, people's role in transmitting the infection to others ... Messaging about actions need to be framed positively in terms of protecting oneself and the community, and increase confidence that they will be effective.
- Some people will be more persuaded by appeals to play by the rules, some by duty to the community, and some to personal risk.

All these different approaches are needed. The messaging also needs to take account of the realities of different people's lives. Messaging needs to take account of the different motivational levers and circumstances of different people.

All this could be achieved the SPI-B psychologists said by *using the media to increase the sense of personal threat* which translates as terrify the shit out of the population, including children, so they all do what we want. That's not happened has it? Those excuses for 'journalists' who wouldn't know journalism if it bit them on the arse (the great majority) have played their crucial part in serving this Cult-government Psyop to enslave their own kids and grandkids. How they live with themselves I have no idea. The psychological war has been underpinned by constant government 'Covid' propaganda in almost every television and radio ad break, plus the Internet and print media, which has pounded out the fear with taxpayers footing the bill for their own programming. The result has been people terrified of a 'virus' that doesn't exist or one with a tiny fatality rate even if you believe it does. People walk down the street and around the shops wearing face-nappies damaging their health and psychology while others report those who refuse to be that naïve to the police who turn up in their own face-nappies. I had a cameraman come to my flat and he was so frightened of 'Covid' he came in wearing a mask and refused to shake my hand in case he caught something. He had – naïveitis – and the thought that he worked in the mainstream media was both depressing and made his behaviour perfectly explainable. The fear which has gripped the minds of so many and frozen them into compliance has been carefully cultivated by these psychologists who are really psychopaths. If lives get destroyed and a lot of young people commit suicide it shows our plan is working. SPI-B then turned to compulsion on the public to comply. 'With adequate preparation, rapid change can be achieved', it said. Some countries had introduced mandatory self-isolation on a wide scale without evidence of major public unrest and a large majority of the UK's population appeared to be supportive of more coercive measures with 64 percent of adults saying they would

support putting London under a lockdown (watch the 'polls' which are designed to make people believe that public opinion is in favour or against whatever the subject in hand).

For 'aggressive protective measures' to be effective, the SPI-B paper said, special attention should be devoted to those population groups that are more at risk. Translated from the Orwellian this means making the rest of population feel guilty for not protecting the 'vulnerable' such as old people which the Cult and its agencies were about to kill on an industrial scale with lockdown, lack of treatment and the Gates 'vaccine'. Psychopath psychologists sold their guilt-trip so comprehensively that Los Angeles County Supervisor Hilda Solis reported that children were apologising (from a distance) to their parents and grandparents for bringing 'Covid' into their homes and getting them sick. '... These apologies are just some of the last words that loved ones will ever hear as they die alone,' she said. Gut-wrenchingly Solis then used this childhood tragedy to tell children to stay at home and 'keep your loved ones alive'. Imagine heaping such potentially life-long guilt on a kid when it has absolutely nothing to do with them. These people are deeply disturbed and the psychologists behind this even more so.

Uncivil war – divide and rule

Professional mind-controllers at SPI-B wanted the media to increase a sense of responsibility to others (do as you're told) and promote 'positive messaging' for those actions while in contrast to invoke 'social disapproval' by the unquestioning, obedient, community of anyone with a mind of their own. Again the compliant Goebbels-like media obliged. This is an old, old, trick employed by tyrannies the world over throughout human history. You get the target population to keep the target population in line – *your* line. SPI-B said this could 'play an important role in preventing anti-social behaviour or discouraging failure to enact pro-social behaviour'. For 'anti-social' in the Orwellian parlance of SPI-B see any behaviour that government doesn't approve. SPI-B recommendations said that 'social disapproval' should be accompanied by clear messaging and

promotion of strong collective identity – hence the government and celebrity mantra of ‘we’re all in this together’. Sure we are. The mind doctors have such contempt for their targets that they think some clueless comedian, actor or singer telling them to do what the government wants will be enough to win them over. We have had UK comedian Lenny Henry, actor Michael Caine and singer Elton John wheeled out to serve the propagandists by urging people to have the DNA-manipulating ‘Covid’ non-‘vaccine’. The role of Henry and fellow black celebrities in seeking to coax a ‘vaccine’ reluctant black community into doing the government’s will was especially stomach-turning. An emotion-manipulating script and carefully edited video featuring these black ‘celebs’ was such an insult to the intelligence of black people and where’s the self-respect of those involved selling their souls to a fascist government agenda? Henry said he heard black people’s ‘legitimate worries and concerns’, but people must ‘trust the facts’ when they were doing exactly that by not having the ‘vaccine’. They had to include the obligatory reference to Black Lives Matter with the line ... ‘Don’t let coronavirus cost even more black lives – because we matter’. My god, it was pathetic. ‘I know the vaccine is safe and what it does.’ How? ‘I’m a comedian and it says so in my script.’

SPI-B said social disapproval needed to be carefully managed to avoid victimisation, scapegoating and misdirected criticism, but they knew that their ‘recommendations’ would lead to exactly that and the media were specifically used to stir-up the divide-and-conquer hostility. Those who conform like good little baa, baas, are praised while those who have seen through the tidal wave of lies are ‘Covidiot’s’. The awake have been abused by the fast asleep for not conforming to fascism and impositions that the awake know are designed to endanger their health, dehumanise them, and tear asunder the very fabric of human society. We have had the curtain-twitchers and morons reporting neighbours and others to the face-napped police for breaking ‘Covid rules’ with fascist police delighting in posting links and phone numbers where this could be done. The Cult cannot impose its will without a compliant police

and military or a compliant population willing to play their part in enslaving themselves and their kids. The words of a pastor in Nazi Germany are so appropriate today:

First they came for the socialists and I did not speak out because I was not a socialist.

Then they came for the trade unionists and I did not speak out because I was not a trade unionist.

Then they came for the Jews and I did not speak out because I was not a Jew.

Then they came for me and there was no one left to speak for me.

Those who don't learn from history are destined to repeat it and so many are.

'Covid' rules: Rewiring the mind

With the background laid out to this gigantic national and global web of psychological manipulation we can put 'Covid' rules into a clear and sinister perspective. Forget the claims about protecting health. 'Covid' rules are about dismantling the human mind, breaking the human spirit, destroying self-respect, and then putting Humpty Dumpty together again as a servile, submissive slave. Social isolation through lockdown and distancing have devastating effects on the human psyche as the psychological psychopaths well know and that's the real reason for them. Humans need contact with each other, discourse, closeness and touch, or they eventually, and literally, go crazy. Masks, which I will address at some length, fundamentally add to the effects of isolation and the Cult agenda to dehumanise and de-individualise the population. To do this while knowing – in fact *seeking* – this outcome is the very epitome of evil and psychologists involved in this *are* the epitome of evil. They must like all the rest of the Cult demons and their assets stand trial for crimes against humanity on a scale that defies the imagination. Psychopaths in uniform use isolation to break enemy troops and agents and make them subservient and submissive to tell what they know. The technique is rightly considered a form of torture and

torture is most certainly what has been imposed on the human population.

Clinically-insane American psychologist Harry Harlow became famous for his isolation experiments in the 1950s in which he separated baby monkeys from their mothers and imprisoned them for months on end in a metal container or 'pit of despair'. They soon began to show mental distress and depression as any idiot could have predicted. Harlow put other monkeys in steel chambers for three, six or twelve months while denying them any contact with animals or humans. He said that the effects of total social isolation for six months were 'so devastating and debilitating that we had assumed initially that twelve months of isolation would not produce any additional decrement'; but twelve months of isolation 'almost obliterated the animals socially'. This is what the Cult and its psychopaths are doing to you and your children. Even monkeys in partial isolation in which they were not allowed to form relationships with other monkeys became 'aggressive and hostile, not only to others, but also towards their own bodies'. We have seen this in the young as a consequence of lockdown. UK government psychopaths launched a public relations campaign telling people not to hug each other even after they received the 'Covid-19 vaccine' which we were told with more lies would allow a return to 'normal life'. A government source told *The Telegraph*: 'It will be along the lines that it is great that you have been vaccinated, but if you are going to visit your family and hug your grandchildren there is a chance you are going to infect people you love.' The source was apparently speaking from a secure psychiatric facility. Janet Lord, director of Birmingham University's Institute of Inflammation and Ageing, said that parents and grandparents should avoid hugging their children. Well, how can I put it, Ms Lord? Fuck off. Yep, that'll do.

Destroying the kids – where are the parents?

Observe what has happened to people enslaved and isolated by lockdown as suicide and self-harm has soared worldwide,

particularly among the young denied the freedom to associate with their friends. A study of 49,000 people in English-speaking countries concluded that almost half of young adults are at clinical risk of mental health disorders. A national survey in America of 1,000 currently enrolled high school and college students found that 5 percent reported attempting suicide during the pandemic. Data from the US CDC's National Syndromic Surveillance Program from January 1st to October 17th, 2020, revealed a 31 percent increase in mental health issues among adolescents aged 12 to 17 compared with 2019. The CDC reported that America in general suffered the biggest drop in life expectancy since World War Two as it fell by a year in the first half of 2020 as a result of 'deaths of despair' – overdoses and suicides. Deaths of despair have leapt by more than 20 percent during lockdown and include the highest number of fatal overdoses ever recorded in a single year – 81,000. Internet addiction is another consequence of being isolated at home which lowers interest in physical activities as kids fall into inertia and what's the point? Children and young people are losing hope and giving up on life, sometimes literally. A 14-year-old boy killed himself in Maryland because he had 'given up' when his school district didn't reopen; an 11-year-old boy shot himself during a zoom class; a teenager in Maine succumbed to the isolation of the 'pandemic' when he ended his life after experiencing a disrupted senior year at school. Children as young as nine have taken their life and all these stories can be repeated around the world. Careers are being destroyed before they start and that includes those in sport in which promising youngsters have not been able to take part. The plan of the psycho-psychologists is working all right. Researchers at Cambridge University found that lockdowns cause significant harm to children's mental health. Their study was published in the *Archives of Disease in Childhood*, and followed 168 children aged between 7 and 11. The researchers concluded:

During the UK lockdown, children's depression symptoms have increased substantially, relative to before lockdown. The scale of this effect has direct relevance for the continuation of different elements of lockdown policy, such as complete or partial school closures ...

... Specifically, we observed a statistically significant increase in ratings of depression, with a medium-to-large effect size. Our findings emphasise the need to incorporate the potential impact of lockdown on child mental health in planning the ongoing response to the global pandemic and the recovery from it.

Not a chance when the Cult's psycho-psychologists were getting exactly what they wanted. The UK's Royal College of Paediatrics and Child Health has urged parents to look for signs of eating disorders in children and young people after a three to four fold increase. Specialists say the 'pandemic' is a major reason behind the rise. You don't say. The College said isolation from friends during school closures, exam cancellations, loss of extra-curricular activities like sport, and an increased use of social media were all contributory factors along with fears about the virus (psycho-psychologists again), family finances, and students being forced to quarantine. Doctors said young people were becoming severely ill by the time they were seen with 'Covid' regulations reducing face-to-face consultations. Nor is it only the young that have been devastated by the psychopaths. Like all bullies and cowards the Cult is targeting the young, elderly, weak and infirm. A typical story was told by a British lady called Lynn Parker who was not allowed to visit her husband in 2020 for the last ten and half months of his life 'when he needed me most' between March 20th and when he died on December 19th. This vacates the criminal and enters the territory of evil. The emotional impact on the immune system alone is immense as are the number of people of all ages worldwide who have died as a result of Cult-demanded, Gates-demanded, lockdowns.

Isolation is torture

The experience of imposing solitary confinement on millions of prisoners around the world has shown how a large percentage become 'actively psychotic and/or acutely suicidal'. Social isolation has been found to trigger 'a specific psychiatric syndrome, characterized by hallucinations; panic attacks; overt paranoia; diminished impulse control; hypersensitivity to external stimuli; and difficulties with thinking, concentration and memory'. Juan Mendez,

a United Nations rapporteur (investigator), said that isolation is a form of torture. Research has shown that even after isolation prisoners find it far more difficult to make social connections and I remember chatting to a shop assistant after one lockdown who told me that when her young son met another child again he had no idea how to act or what to do. Hannah Flanagan, Director of Emergency Services at Journey Mental Health Center in Dane County, Wisconsin, said: 'The specificity about Covid social distancing and isolation that we've come across as contributing factors to the suicides are really new to us this year.' But they are not new to those that devised them. They are getting the effect they want as the population is psychologically dismantled to be rebuilt in a totally different way. Children and the young are particularly targeted. They will be the adults when the full-on fascist AI-controlled technocracy is planned to be imposed and they are being prepared to meekly submit. At the same time older people who still have a memory of what life was like before – and how fascist the new normal really is – are being deleted. You are going to see efforts to turn the young against the old to support this geriatric genocide. Hannah Flanagan said the big increase in suicide in her county proved that social isolation is not only harmful, but deadly. Studies have shown that isolation from others is one of the main risk factors in suicide and even more so with women. Warnings that lockdown could create a 'perfect storm' for suicide were ignored. After all this was one of the *reasons* for lockdown. Suicide, however, is only the most extreme of isolation consequences. There are many others. Dr Dhruv Khullar, assistant professor of healthcare policy at Weill Cornell Medical College, said in a *New York Times* article in 2016 long before the fake 'pandemic':

A wave of new research suggests social separation is bad for us. Individuals with less social connection have disrupted sleep patterns, altered immune systems, more inflammation and higher levels of stress hormones. One recent study found that isolation increases the risk of heart disease by 29 percent and stroke by 32 percent. Another analysis that pooled data from 70 studies and 3.4 million people found that socially isolated individuals had a 30 percent higher risk of dying in the next seven years, and that this effect was largest in middle age.

Loneliness can accelerate cognitive decline in older adults, and isolated individuals are twice as likely to die prematurely as those with more robust social interactions. These effects start early: Socially isolated children have significantly poorer health 20 years later, even after controlling for other factors. All told, loneliness is as important a risk factor for early death as obesity and smoking.

There you have proof from that one article alone four years before 2020 that those who have enforced lockdown, social distancing and isolation knew what the effect would be and that is even more so with professional psychologists that have been driving the policy across the globe. We can go back even further to the years 2000 and 2003 and the start of a major study on the effects of isolation on health by Dr Janine Gronewold and Professor Dirk M. Hermann at the University Hospital in Essen, Germany, who analysed data on 4,316 people with an average age of 59 who were recruited for the long-term research project. They found that socially isolated people are more than 40 percent more likely to have a heart attack, stroke, or other major cardiovascular event and nearly 50 percent more likely to die from any cause. Given the financial Armageddon unleashed by lockdown we should note that the study found a relationship between increased cardiovascular risk and lack of financial support. After excluding other factors social isolation was still connected to a 44 percent increased risk of cardiovascular problems and a 47 percent increased risk of death by any cause. Lack of financial support was associated with a 30 percent increase in the risk of cardiovascular health events. Dr Gronewold said it had been known for some time that feeling lonely or lacking contact with close friends and family can have an impact on physical health and the study had shown that having strong social relationships is of high importance for heart health. Gronewold said they didn't understand yet why people who are socially isolated have such poor health outcomes, but this was obviously a worrying finding, particularly during these times of prolonged social distancing. Well, it can be explained on many levels. You only have to identify the point in the body where people feel loneliness and missing people they are parted from – it's in the centre of the chest where they feel the ache of loneliness and the ache of missing people. 'My heart aches for

you' ... 'My heart aches for some company.' I will explain this more in the chapter Escaping Wetiko, but when you realise that the body is the mind – they are expressions of each other – the reason why state of the mind dictates state of the body becomes clear.

American psychologist Ranjit Powar was highlighting the effects of lockdown isolation as early as April, 2020. She said humans have evolved to be social creatures and are wired to live in interactive groups. Being isolated from family, friends and colleagues could be unbalancing and traumatic for most people and could result in short or even long-term psychological and physical health problems. An increase in levels of anxiety, aggression, depression, forgetfulness and hallucinations were possible psychological effects of isolation. 'Mental conditions may be precipitated for those with underlying pre-existing susceptibilities and show up in many others without any pre-condition.' Powar said personal relationships helped us cope with stress and if we lost this outlet for letting off steam the result can be a big emotional void which, for an average person, was difficult to deal with. 'Just a few days of isolation can cause increased levels of anxiety and depression' – so what the hell has been the effect on the global population of *18 months* of this at the time of writing? Powar said: 'Add to it the looming threat of a dreadful disease being repeatedly hammered in through the media and you have a recipe for many shades of mental and physical distress.' For those with a house and a garden it is easy to forget that billions have had to endure lockdown isolation in tiny overcrowded flats and apartments with nowhere to go outside. The psychological and physical consequences of this are unimaginable and with lunatic and abusive partners and parents the consequences have led to tremendous increases in domestic and child abuse and alcoholism as people seek to shut out the horror. Ranjit Powar said:

Staying in a confined space with family is not all a rosy picture for everyone. It can be extremely oppressive and claustrophobic for large low-income families huddled together in small single-room houses. Children here are not lucky enough to have many board/electronic games or books to keep them occupied.

Add to it the deep insecurity of running out of funds for food and basic necessities. On the other hand, there are people with dysfunctional family dynamics, such as domineering, abusive or alcoholic partners, siblings or parents which makes staying home a period of trial. Incidence of suicide and physical abuse against women has shown a worldwide increase. Heightened anxiety and depression also affect a person's immune system, making them more susceptible to illness.

To think that Powar's article was published on April 11th, 2020.

Six-foot fantasy

Social (unsocial) distancing demanded that people stay six feet or two metres apart. UK government advisor Robert Dingwall from the New and Emerging Respiratory Virus Threats Advisory Group said in a radio interview that the two-metre rule was 'conjured up out of nowhere' and was not based on science. No, it was not based on *medical* science, but it didn't come out of nowhere. The distance related to *psychological* science. Six feet/two metres was adopted in many countries and we were told by people like the criminal Anthony Fauci and his ilk that it was founded on science. Many schools could not reopen because they did not have the space for six-foot distancing. Then in March, 2021, after a year of six-foot 'science', a study published in the *Journal of Infectious Diseases* involving more than 500,000 students and almost 100,000 staff over 16 weeks revealed no significant difference in 'Covid' cases between six feet and three feet and Fauci changed his tune. Now three feet was okay. There is no difference between six feet and three *inches* when there is no 'virus' and they got away with six feet for psychological reasons for as long as they could. I hear journalists and others talk about 'unintended consequences' of lockdown. They are not *unintended* at all; they have been coldly-calculated for a specific outcome of human control and that's why super-psychopaths like Gates have called for them so vehemently. Super-psychopath psychologists have demanded them and psychopathic or clueless, spineless, politicians have gone along with them by 'following the science'. But it's not science at all. 'Science' is not what is; it's only what people can be manipulated to believe it is. The whole 'Covid' catastrophe is

founded on mind control. Three word or three statement mantras issued by the UK government are a well-known mind control technique and so we've had 'Stay home/protect the NHS/save lives', 'Stay alert/control the virus/save lives' and 'hands/face/space'. One of the most vocal proponents of extreme 'Covid' rules in the UK has been Professor Susan Michie, a member of the British Communist Party, who is not a medical professional. Michie is the director of the Centre for Behaviour Change at University College London. She is a *behavioural psychologist* and another filthy rich 'Marxist' who praised China's draconian lockdown. She was known by fellow students at Oxford University as 'Stalin's nanny' for her extreme Marxism. Michie is an influential member of the UK government's Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE) and behavioural manipulation groups which have dominated 'Covid' policy. She is a consultant adviser to the World Health Organization on 'Covid-19' and behaviour. Why the hell are lockdowns anything to do with her when they are claimed to be about health? Why does a behavioural psychologist from a group charged with changing the behaviour of the public want lockdown, human isolation and mandatory masks? Does that question really need an answer? Michie *absolutely* has to explain herself before a Nuremberg court when humanity takes back its world again and even more so when you see the consequences of masks that she demands are compulsory. This is a Michie classic:

The benefits of getting primary school children to wear masks is that regardless of what little degree of transmission is occurring in those age groups it could help normalise the practice. Young children wearing masks may be more likely to get their families to accept masks.

Those words alone should carry a prison sentence when you ponder on the callous disregard for children involved and what a statement it makes about the mind and motivations of Susan Michie. What a lovely lady and what she said there encapsulates the mentality of the psychopaths behind the 'Covid' horror. Let us compare what Michie said with a countrywide study in Germany published at [researchsquare.com](https://www.researchsquare.com) involving 25,000 school children and 17,854 health complaints submitted by parents. Researchers

found that masks are harming children physically, psychologically, and behaviourally with 24 health issues associated with mask wearing. They include: shortness of breath (29.7%); dizziness (26.4%); increased headaches (53%); difficulty concentrating (50%); drowsiness or fatigue (37%); and malaise (42%). Nearly a third of children experienced more sleep issues than before and a quarter developed new fears. Researchers found health issues and other impairments in 68 percent of masked children covering their faces for an average of 4.5 hours a day. Hundreds of those taking part experienced accelerated respiration, tightness in the chest, weakness, and short-term impairment of consciousness. A reminder of what Michie said again:

The benefits of getting primary school children to wear masks is that regardless of what little degree of transmission is occurring in those age groups it could help normalise the practice. Young children wearing masks may be more likely to get their families to accept masks.

Psychopaths in government and psychology now have children and young people – plus all the adults – wearing masks for hours on end while clueless teachers impose the will of the psychopaths on the young they should be protecting. What the hell are parents doing?

Cult lab rats

We have some schools already imposing on students microchipped buzzers that activate when they get 'too close' to their pals in the way they do with lab rats. How apt. To the Cult and its brain-dead servants our children *are* lab rats being conditioned to be unquestioning, dehumanised slaves for the rest of their lives. Children and young people are being weaned and frightened away from the most natural human instincts including closeness and touch. I have tracked in the books over the years how schools were banning pupils from greeting each other with a hug and the whole Cult-induced Me Too movement has terrified men and boys from a relaxed and natural interaction with female friends and work colleagues to the point where many men try never to be in a room

alone with a woman that's not their partner. Airhead celebrities have as always played their virtue-signalling part in making this happen with their gross exaggeration. For every monster like Harvey Weinstein there are at least tens of thousands of men that don't treat women like that; but everyone must be branded the same and policy changed for them as well as the monster. I am going to be using the word 'dehumanise' many times in this chapter because that is what the Cult is seeking to do and it goes very deep as we shall see. Don't let them kid you that social distancing is planned to end one day. That's not the idea. We are seeing more governments and companies funding and producing wearable gadgets to keep people apart and they would not be doing that if this was meant to be short-term. A tech start-up company backed by GCHQ, the British Intelligence and military surveillance headquarters, has created a social distancing wrist sensor that alerts people when they get too close to others. The CIA has also supported tech companies developing similar devices. The wearable sensor was developed by Tended, one of a number of start-up companies supported by GCHQ (see the CIA and DARPA). The device can be worn on the wrist or as a tag on the waistband and will vibrate whenever someone wearing the device breaches social distancing and gets anywhere near natural human contact. The company had a lucky break in that it was developing a distancing sensor when the 'Covid' hoax arrived which immediately provided a potentially enormous market. How fortunate. The government in big-time Cult-controlled Ontario in Canada is investing \$2.5 million in wearable contact tracing technology that 'will alert users if they may have been exposed to the Covid-19 in the workplace and will beep or vibrate if they are within six feet of another person'. Facedrive Inc., the technology company behind this, was founded in 2016 with funding from the Ontario Together Fund and obviously they, too, had a prophet on the board of directors. The human surveillance and control technology is called TraceSCAN and would be worn by the human cyborgs in places such as airports, workplaces, construction sites, care homes and ... *schools*.

I emphasise schools with children and young people the prime targets. You know what is planned for society as a whole if you keep your eyes on the schools. They have always been places where the state program the next generation of slaves to be its compliant worker-ants – or Woker-ants these days; but in the mist of the ‘Covid’ madness they have been transformed into mind laboratories on a scale never seen before. Teachers and head teachers are just as programmed as the kids – often more so. Children are kept apart from human interaction by walk lanes, classroom distancing, staggered meal times, masks, and the rolling-out of buzzer systems. Schools are now physically laid out as a laboratory maze for lab-rats. Lunatics at a school in Anchorage, Alaska, who should be prosecuted for child abuse, took away desks and forced children to kneel (know your place) on a mat for five hours a day while wearing a mask and using their chairs as a desk. How this was supposed to impact on a ‘virus’ only these clinically insane people can tell you and even then it would be clap-trap. The school banned recess (interaction), art classes (creativity), and physical exercise (getting body and mind moving out of inertia). Everyone behind this outrage should be in jail or better still a mental institution. The behavioural manipulators are all for this dystopian approach to schools. Professor Susan Michie, the mind-doctor and British Communist Party member, said it was wrong to say that schools were safe. They had to be made so by ‘distancing’, masks and ventilation (sitting all day in the cold). I must ask this lady round for dinner on a night I know I am going to be out and not back for weeks. She probably wouldn’t be able to make it, anyway, with all the visits to her own psychologist she must have block-booked.

Masking identity

I know how shocking it must be for you that a behaviour manipulator like Michie wants everyone to wear masks which have long been a feature of mind-control programs like the infamous MKUltra in the United States, but, there we are. We live and learn. I spent many years from 1996 to right across the millennium

researching mind control in detail on both sides of the Atlantic and elsewhere. I met a large number of mind-control survivors and many had been held captive in body and mind by MKUltra. MK stands for mind-control, but employs the German spelling in deference to the Nazis spirited out of Germany at the end of World War Two by Operation Paperclip in which the US authorities, with help from the Vatican, transported Nazi mind-controllers and engineers to America to continue their work. Many of them were behind the creation of NASA and they included Nazi scientist and SS officer Wernher von Braun who swapped designing V-2 rockets to bombard London with designing the Saturn V rockets that powered the NASA moon programme's Apollo craft. I think I may have mentioned that the Cult has no borders. Among Paperclip escapees was Josef Mengele, the Angel of Death in the Nazi concentration camps where he conducted mind and genetic experiments on children often using twins to provide a control twin to measure the impact of his 'work' on the other. If you want to observe the Cult mentality in all its extremes of evil then look into the life of Mengele. I have met many people who suffered mercilessly under Mengele in the United States where he operated under the name Dr Greene and became a stalwart of MKUltra programming and torture. Among his locations was the underground facility in the Mojave Desert in California called the China Lake Naval Weapons Station which is almost entirely below the surface. My books *The Biggest Secret*, *Children of the Matrix* and *The Perception Deception* have the detailed background to MKUltra.

The best-known MKUltra survivor is American Cathy O'Brien. I first met her and her late partner Mark Phillips at a conference in Colorado in 1996. Mark helped her escape and deprogram from decades of captivity in an offshoot of MKUltra known as Project Monarch in which 'sex slaves' were provided for the rich and famous including Father George Bush, Dick Cheney and the Clintons. Read Cathy and Mark's book *Trance-Formation of America* and if you are new to this you will be shocked to the core. I read it in 1996 shortly before, with the usual synchronicity of my life, I found

myself given a book table at the conference right next to hers. MKUltra never ended despite being very publicly exposed (only a small part of it) in the 1970s and continues in other guises. I am still in touch with Cathy. She contacted me during 2020 after masks became compulsory in many countries to tell me how they were used as part of MKUltra programming. I had been observing 'Covid regulations' and the relationship between authority and public for months. I saw techniques that I knew were employed on individuals in MKUltra being used on the global population. I had read many books and manuals on mind control including one called *Silent Weapons for Quiet Wars* which came to light in the 1980s and was a guide on how to perceptually program on a mass scale. 'Silent Weapons' refers to mind-control. I remembered a line from the manual as governments, medical authorities and law enforcement agencies have so obviously talked to – or rather at – the adult population since the 'Covid' hoax began as if they are children. The document said:

If a person is spoken to by a T.V. advertiser as if he were a twelve-year-old, then, due to suggestibility, he will, with a certain probability, respond or react to that suggestion with the uncritical response of a twelve-year-old and will reach in to his economic reservoir and deliver its energy to buy that product on impulse when he passes it in the store.

That's why authority has spoken to adults like children since all this began.

Why did Michael Jackson wear masks?

Every aspect of the 'Covid' narrative has mind-control as its central theme. Cathy O'Brien wrote an article for davidicke.com about the connection between masks and mind control. Her daughter Kelly who I first met in the 1990s was born while Cathy was still held captive in MKUltra. Kelly was forced to wear a mask as part of her programming from the age of *two* to dehumanise her, target her sense of individuality and reduce the amount of oxygen her brain and body received. *Bingo*. This is the real reason for compulsory

masks, why they have been enforced en masse, and why they seek to increase the number they demand you wear. First one, then two, with one disgraceful alleged 'doctor' recommending four which is nothing less than a death sentence. Where and how often they must be worn is being expanded for the purpose of mass mind control and damaging respiratory health which they can call 'Covid-19'. Canada's government headed by the man-child Justin Trudeau, says it's fine for children of two and older to wear masks. An insane 'study' in Italy involving just 47 children concluded there was no problem for babies as young as *four months* wearing them. Even after people were 'vaccinated' they were still told to wear masks by the criminal that is Anthony Fauci. Cathy wrote that mandating masks is allowing the authorities literally to control the air we breathe which is what was done in MKUltra. You might recall how the singer Michael Jackson wore masks and there is a reason for that. He was subjected to MKUltra mind control through Project Monarch and his psyche was scrambled by these simpletons. Cathy wrote:

In MKUltra Project Monarch mind control, Michael Jackson had to wear a mask to silence his voice so he could not reach out for help. Remember how he developed that whisper voice when he wasn't singing? Masks control the mind from the outside in, like the redefining of words is doing. By controlling what we can and cannot say for fear of being labeled racist or beaten, for example, it ultimately controls thought that drives our words and ultimately actions (or lack thereof).

Likewise, a mask muffles our speech so that we are not heard, which controls voice ... words ... mind. This is Mind Control. Masks are an obvious mind control device, and I am disturbed so many people are complying on a global scale. Masks depersonalize while making a person feel as though they have no voice. It is a barrier to others. People who would never choose to comply but are forced to wear a mask in order to keep their job, and ultimately their family fed, are compromised. They often feel shame and are subdued. People have stopped talking with each other while media controls the narrative.

The 'no voice' theme has often become literal with train passengers told not to speak to each other in case they pass on the 'virus', singing banned for the same reason and bonkers California officials telling people riding roller coasters that they cannot shout and scream. Cathy said she heard every day from healed MKUltra survivors who cannot wear a mask without flashing back on ways

their breathing was controlled – ‘from ball gags and penises to water boarding’. She said that through the years when she saw images of people in China wearing masks ‘due to pollution’ that it was really to control their oxygen levels. ‘I knew it was as much of a population control mechanism of depersonalisation as are burkas’, she said. Masks are another Chinese communist/fascist method of control that has been swept across the West as the West becomes China at lightning speed since we entered 2020.

Mask-19

There are other reasons for mandatory masks and these include destroying respiratory health to call it ‘Covid-19’ and stunting brain development of children and the young. Dr Margarite Griesz-Brisson MD, PhD, is a Consultant Neurologist and Neurophysiologist and the Founder and Medical Director of the London Neurology and Pain Clinic. Her CV goes down the street and round the corner. She is clearly someone who cares about people and won’t parrot the propaganda. Griesz-Brisson has a PhD in pharmacology, with special interest in neurotoxicology, environmental medicine, neuroregeneration and neuroplasticity (the way the brain can change in the light of information received). She went public in October, 2020, with a passionate warning about the effects of mask-wearing laws:

The reinhalation of our exhaled air will without a doubt create oxygen deficiency and a flooding of carbon dioxide. We know that the human brain is very sensitive to oxygen deprivation. There are nerve cells for example in the hippocampus that can’t be longer than 3 minutes without oxygen – they cannot survive. The acute warning symptoms are headaches, drowsiness, dizziness, issues in concentration, slowing down of reaction time – reactions of the cognitive system.

Oh, I know, let’s tell bus, truck and taxi drivers to wear them and people working machinery. How about pilots, doctors and police? Griesz-Brisson makes the important point that while the symptoms she mentions may fade as the body readjusts this does not alter the fact that people continue to operate in oxygen deficit with long list of

potential consequences. She said it was well known that neurodegenerative diseases take years or decades to develop. 'If today you forget your phone number, the breakdown in your brain would have already started 20 or 30 years ago.' She said degenerative processes in your brain are getting amplified as your oxygen deprivation continues through wearing a mask. Nerve cells in the brain are unable to divide themselves normally in these circumstances and lost nerve cells will no longer be regenerated. 'What is gone is gone.' Now consider that people like shop workers and *schoolchildren* are wearing masks for hours every day. What in the name of sanity is going to be happening to them? 'I do not wear a mask, I need my brain to think', Griesz-Brisson said, 'I want to have a clear head when I deal with my patients and not be in a carbon dioxide-induced anaesthesia'. If you are told to wear a mask anywhere ask the organisation, police, store, whatever, for their risk assessment on the dangers and negative effects on mind and body of enforcing mask-wearing. They won't have one because it has never been done not even by government. All of them must be subject to class-action lawsuits as the consequences come to light. They don't do mask risk assessments for an obvious reason. They know what the conclusions would be and independent scientific studies that *have* been done tell a horror story of consequences.

'Masks are criminal'

Dr Griesz-Brisson said that for children and adolescents, masks are an absolute no-no. They had an extremely active and adaptive immune system and their brain was incredibly active with so much to learn. 'The child's brain, or the youth's brain, is thirsting for oxygen.' The more metabolically active an organ was, the more oxygen it required; and in children and adolescents every organ was metabolically active. Griesz-Brisson said that to deprive a child's or adolescent's brain of oxygen, or to restrict it in any way, was not only dangerous to their health, it was absolutely criminal. 'Oxygen deficiency inhibits the development of the brain, and the damage that has taken place as a result CANNOT be reversed.' Mind

manipulators of MKUltra put masks on two-year-olds they wanted to neurologically rewire and you can see why. Griesz-Brisson said a child needs the brain to learn and the brain needs oxygen to function. 'We don't need a clinical study for that. This is simple, indisputable physiology.' Consciously and purposely induced oxygen deficiency was an absolutely deliberate health hazard, and an absolute medical contraindication which means that 'this drug, this therapy, this method or measure should not be used, and is not allowed to be used'. To coerce an entire population to use an absolute medical contraindication by force, she said, there had to be definite and serious reasons and the reasons must be presented to competent interdisciplinary and independent bodies to be verified and authorised. She had this warning of the consequences that were coming if mask wearing continued:

When, in ten years, dementia is going to increase exponentially, and the younger generations couldn't reach their god-given potential, it won't help to say 'we didn't need the masks'. I know how damaging oxygen deprivation is for the brain, cardiologists know how damaging it is for the heart, pulmonologists know how damaging it is for the lungs. Oxygen deprivation damages every single organ. Where are our health departments, our health insurance, our medical associations? It would have been their duty to be vehemently against the lockdown and to stop it and stop it from the very beginning.

Why do the medical boards issue punishments to doctors who give people exemptions? Does the person or the doctor seriously have to prove that oxygen deprivation harms people? What kind of medicine are our doctors and medical associations representing? Who is responsible for this crime? The ones who want to enforce it? The ones who let it happen and play along, or the ones who don't prevent it?

All of the organisations and people she mentions there either answer directly to the Cult or do whatever hierarchical levels above them tell them to do. The outcome of both is the same. 'It's not about masks, it's not about viruses, it's certainly not about your health', Griesz-Brisson said. 'It is about much, much more. I am not participating. I am not afraid.' They were taking our air to breathe and there was no unfounded medical exemption from face masks. Oxygen deprivation was dangerous for every single brain. It had to be the free decision of every human being whether they want to

wear a mask that was absolutely ineffective to protect themselves from a virus. She ended by rightly identifying where the responsibility lies for all this:

The imperative of the hour is personal responsibility. We are responsible for what we think, not the media. We are responsible for what we do, not our superiors. We are responsible for our health, not the World Health Organization. And we are responsible for what happens in our country, not the government.

Halle-bloody-lujah.

But surgeons wear masks, right?

Independent studies of mask-wearing have produced a long list of reports detailing mental, emotional and physical dangers. What a definition of insanity to see police officers imposing mask-wearing on the public which will cumulatively damage their health while the police themselves wear masks that will cumulatively damage *their* health. It's utter madness and both public and police do this because 'the government says so' – yes a government of brain-donor idiots like UK Health Secretary Matt Hancock reading the 'follow the science' scripts of psychopathic, lunatic psychologists. The response you get from Stockholm syndrome sufferers defending the very authorities that are destroying them and their families is that 'surgeons wear masks'. This is considered the game, set and match that they must work and don't cause oxygen deficit. Well, actually, scientific studies have shown that they *do* and oxygen levels are monitored in operating theatres to compensate. Surgeons wear masks to stop spittle and such like dropping into open wounds – not to stop 'viral particles' which are so miniscule they can only be seen through an electron microscope. Holes in the masks are significantly bigger than 'viral particles' and if you sneeze or cough they will breach the mask. I watched an incredibly disingenuous 'experiment' that claimed to prove that masks work in catching 'virus' material from the mouth and nose. They did this with a slow motion camera and the mask did block big stuff which stayed inside the mask and

against the face to be breathed in or cause infections on the face as we have seen with many children. 'Viral particles', however, would never have been picked up by the camera as they came through the mask when they are far too small to be seen. The 'experiment' was therefore disingenuous *and* useless.

Studies have concluded that wearing masks in operating theatres (and thus elsewhere) make no difference to preventing infection while the opposite is true with toxic shite building up in the mask and this had led to an explosion in tooth decay and gum disease dubbed by dentists 'mask mouth'. You might have seen the Internet video of a furious American doctor urging people to take off their masks after a four-year-old patient had been rushed to hospital the night before and nearly died with a lung infection that doctors sourced to mask wearing. A study in the journal *Cancer Discovery* found that inhalation of harmful microbes can contribute to advanced stage lung cancer in adults and long-term use of masks can help breed dangerous pathogens. Microbiologists have said frequent mask wearing creates a moist environment in which microbes can grow and proliferate before entering the lungs. The Canadian Agency for Drugs and Technologies in Health, or CADTH, a Canadian national organisation that provides research and analysis to healthcare decision-makers, said this as long ago as 2013 in a report entitled 'Use of Surgical Masks in the Operating Room: A Review of the Clinical Effectiveness and Guidelines'. It said:

- No evidence was found to support the use of surgical face masks to reduce the frequency of surgical site infections
- No evidence was found on the effectiveness of wearing surgical face masks to protect staff from infectious material in the operating room.
- Guidelines recommend the use of surgical face masks by staff in the operating room to protect both operating room staff and patients (despite the lack of evidence).

We were told that the world could go back to 'normal' with the arrival of the 'vaccines'. When they came, fraudulent as they are, the story changed as I knew that it would. We are in the midst of transforming 'normal', not going back to it. Mary Ramsay, head of immunisation at Public Health England, echoed the words of US criminal Anthony Fauci who said masks and other regulations must stay no matter if people are vaccinated. The Fauci idiot continued to wear two masks – different colours so both could be clearly seen – after he *claimed* to have been vaccinated. Senator Rand Paul told Fauci in one exchange that his double-masks were 'theatre' and he was right. It's all theatre. Mary Ramsay back-tracked on the vaccine-return-to-normal theme when she said the public may need to wear masks and social-distance for years despite the jabs. 'People have got used to those lower-level restrictions now, and [they] can live with them', she said telling us what the idea has been all along. 'The vaccine does not give you a pass, even if you have had it, you must continue to follow all the guidelines' said a Public Health England statement which reneged on what we had been told before and made having the 'vaccine' irrelevant to 'normality' even by the official story. Spain's fascist government trumped everyone by passing a law mandating the wearing of masks on the beach and even when swimming in the sea. The move would have devastated what's left of the Spanish tourist industry, posed potential breathing dangers to swimmers and had Northern European sunbathers walking around with their forehead brown and the rest of their face white as a sheet. The ruling was so crazy that it had to be retracted after pressure from public and tourist industry, but it confirmed where the Cult wants to go with masks and how clinically insane authority has become. The determination to make masks permanent and hide the serious dangers to body and mind can be seen in the censorship of scientist Professor Denis Rancourt by Bill Gates-funded academic publishing website ResearchGate over his papers exposing the dangers and uselessness of masks. Rancourt said:

ResearchGate today has permanently locked my account, which I have had since 2015. Their reasons graphically show the nature of their attack against democracy, and their corruption of

science ... By their obscene non-logic, a scientific review of science articles reporting on harms caused by face masks has a 'potential to cause harm'. No criticism of the psychological device (face masks) is tolerated, if the said criticism shows potential to influence public policy.

This is what happens in a fascist world.

Where are the 'greens' (again)?

Other dangers of wearing masks especially regularly relate to the inhalation of minute plastic fibres into the lungs and the deluge of discarded masks in the environment and oceans. Estimates predicted that more than 1.5 billion disposable masks will end up in the world's oceans every year polluting the water with tons of plastic and endangering marine wildlife. Studies project that humans are using 129 billion face masks each month worldwide – about three million a minute. Most are disposable and made from plastic, non-biodegradable microfibers that break down into smaller plastic particles that become widespread in ecosystems. They are littering cities, clogging sewage channels and turning up in bodies of water. I have written in other books about the immense amounts of microplastics from endless sources now being absorbed into the body. Rolf Halden, director of the Arizona State University (ASU) Biodesign Center for Environmental Health Engineering, was the senior researcher in a 2020 study that analysed 47 human tissue samples and found microplastics in all of them. 'We have detected these chemicals of plastics in every single organ that we have investigated', he said. I wrote in *The Answer* about the world being deluged with microplastics. A study by the Worldwide Fund for Nature (WWF) found that people are consuming on average every week some 2,000 tiny pieces of plastic mostly through water and also through marine life and the air. Every year humans are ingesting enough microplastics to fill a heaped dinner plate and in a life-time of 79 years it is enough to fill two large waste bins. Marco Lambertini, WWF International director general said: 'Not only are plastics polluting our oceans and waterways and killing marine life – it's in all of us and we can't escape consuming plastics,' American

geologists found tiny plastic fibres, beads and shards in rainwater samples collected from the remote slopes of the Rocky Mountain National Park near Denver, Colorado. Their report was headed: 'It is raining plastic.' Rachel Adams, senior lecturer in Biomedical Science at Cardiff Metropolitan University, said that among health consequences are internal inflammation and immune responses to a 'foreign body'. She further pointed out that microplastics become carriers of toxins including mercury, pesticides and dioxins (a known cause of cancer and reproductive and developmental problems). These toxins accumulate in the fatty tissues once they enter the body through microplastics. Now this is being compounded massively by people putting plastic on their face and throwing it away.

Workers exposed to polypropylene plastic fibres known as 'flock' have developed 'flock worker's lung' from inhaling small pieces of the flock fibres which can damage lung tissue, reduce breathing capacity and exacerbate other respiratory problems. *Now ...* commonly used surgical masks have three layers of melt-blown textiles made of ... polypropylene. We have billions of people putting these microplastics against their mouth, nose and face for hours at a time day after day in the form of masks. How does anyone think that will work out? I mean – what could possibly go wrong? We posted a number of scientific studies on this at davidicke.com, but when I went back to them as I was writing this book the links to the science research website where they were hosted were dead. Anything that challenges the official narrative in any way is either censored or vilified. The official narrative is so unsupportable by the evidence that only deleting the truth can protect it. A study by Chinese scientists still survived – with the usual twist which it why it was still active, I guess. Yes, they found that virtually all the masks they tested increased the daily intake of microplastic fibres, but people should still wear them because the danger from the 'virus' was worse said the crazy 'team' from the Institute of Hydrobiology in Wuhan. Scientists first discovered microplastics in lung tissue of some patients who died of lung cancer

in the 1990s. Subsequent studies have confirmed the potential health damage with the plastic degrading slowly and remaining in the lungs to accumulate in volume. Wuhan researchers used a machine simulating human breathing to establish that masks shed up to nearly 4,000 microplastic fibres in a month with reused masks producing more. Scientists said some masks are laced with toxic chemicals and a variety of compounds seriously restricted for both health and environmental reasons. They include cobalt (used in blue dye) and formaldehyde known to cause watery eyes, burning sensations in the eyes, nose, and throat, plus coughing, wheezing and nausea. No – that must be ‘Covid-19’.

Mask ‘worms’

There is another and potentially even more sinister content of masks. Mostly new masks of different makes filmed under a microscope around the world have been found to contain strange black fibres or ‘worms’ that appear to move or ‘crawl’ by themselves and react to heat and water. The nearest I have seen to them are the self-replicating fibres that are pulled out through the skin of those suffering from Morgellons disease which has been connected to the phenomena of ‘chemtrails’ which I will bring into the story later on. Morgellons fibres continue to grow outside the body and have a form of artificial intelligence. Black ‘worm’ fibres in masks have that kind of feel to them and there is a nanotechnology technique called ‘worm micelles’ which carry and release drugs or anything else you want to deliver to the body. For sure the suppression of humanity by mind altering drugs is the Cult agenda big time and the more excuses they can find to gain access to the body the more opportunities there are to make that happen whether through ‘vaccines’ or masks pushed against the mouth and nose for hours on end.

So let us summarise the pros and cons of masks:

Against masks: Breathing in your own carbon dioxide; depriving the body and brain of sufficient oxygen; build-up of toxins in the mask that can be breathed into the lungs and cause rashes on the face and 'mask-mouth'; breathing microplastic fibres and toxic chemicals into the lungs; dehumanisation and deleting individualisation by literally making people faceless; destroying human emotional interaction through facial expression and deleting parental connection with their babies which look for guidance to their facial expression.

For masks: They don't protect you from a 'virus' that doesn't exist and even if it did 'viral' particles are so minute they are smaller than the holes in the mask.

Governments, police, supermarkets, businesses, transport companies, and all the rest who seek to impose masks have done no risk assessment on their consequences for health and psychology and are now open to group lawsuits when the impact becomes clear with a cumulative epidemic of respiratory and other disease. Authorities will try to exploit these effects and hide the real cause by dubbing them 'Covid-19'. Can you imagine setting out to force the population to wear health-destroying masks without doing any assessment of the risks? It is criminal and it is evil, but then how many people targeted in this way, who see their children told to wear them all day at school, have asked for a risk assessment? Billions can't be imposed upon by the few unless the billions allow it. Oh, yes, with just a tinge of irony, 85 percent of all masks made worldwide come from *China*.

Wash your hands in toxic shite

'Covid' rules include the use of toxic sanitisers and again the health consequences of constantly applying toxins to be absorbed through the skin is obvious to any level of Renegade Mind. America's Food and Drug Administration (FDA) said that sanitisers are drugs and issued a warning about 75 dangerous brands which contain

methanol used in antifreeze and can cause death, kidney damage and blindness. The FDA circulated the following warning even for those brands that it claims to be safe:

Store hand sanitizer out of the reach of pets and children, and children should use it only with adult supervision. Do not drink hand sanitizer. This is particularly important for young children, especially toddlers, who may be attracted by the pleasant smell or brightly colored bottles of hand sanitizer.

Drinking even a small amount of hand sanitizer can cause alcohol poisoning in children. (However, there is no need to be concerned if your children eat with or lick their hands after using hand sanitizer.) During this coronavirus pandemic, poison control centers have had an increase in calls about accidental ingestion of hand sanitizer, so it is important that adults monitor young children's use.

Do not allow pets to swallow hand sanitizer. If you think your pet has eaten something potentially dangerous, call your veterinarian or a pet poison control center right away. Hand sanitizer is flammable and should be stored away from heat and flames. When using hand sanitizer, rub your hands until they feel completely dry before performing activities that may involve heat, sparks, static electricity, or open flames.

There you go, perfectly safe, then, and that's without even a mention of the toxins absorbed through the skin. Come on kids – sanitise your hands everywhere you go. It will save you from the 'virus'. Put all these elements together of the 'Covid' normal and see how much health and psychology is being cumulatively damaged, even devastated, to 'protect your health'. Makes sense, right? They are only imposing these things because they care, right? *Right?*

Submitting to insanity

Psychological reframing of the population goes very deep and is done in many less obvious ways. I hear people say how contradictory and crazy 'Covid' rules are and how they are ever changing. This is explained away by dismissing those involved as idiots. It is a big mistake. The Cult is delighted if its cold calculation is perceived as incompetence and idiocy when it is anything but. Oh, yes, there are idiots within the system – lots of them – but they are *administering* the Cult agenda, mostly unknowingly. They are not deciding and dictating it. The bulwark against tyranny is self-

respect, always has been, always will be. It is self-respect that has broken every tyranny in history. By its very nature self-respect will not bow to oppression and its perpetrators. There is so little self-respect that it's always the few that overturn dictators. Many may eventually follow, but the few with the iron spines (self-respect) kick it off and generate the momentum. The Cult targets self-respect in the knowledge that once this has gone only submission remains. Crazy, contradictory, ever-changing 'Covid' rules are systematically applied by psychologists to delete self-respect. They *want* you to see that the rules make no sense. It is one thing to decide to do something when *you* have made the choice based on evidence and logic. You still retain your self-respect. It is quite another when you can see what you are being told to do is insane, ridiculous and makes no sense, and *yet you still do it*. Your self-respect is extinguished and this has been happening as ever more obviously stupid and nonsensical things have been demanded and the great majority have complied even when they can see they are stupid and nonsensical.

People walk around in face-nappies knowing they are damaging their health and make no difference to a 'virus'. They do it in fear of not doing it. I know it's daft, but I'll do it anyway. When that happens something dies inside of you and submissive reframing has begun. Next there's a need to hide from yourself that you have conceded your self-respect and you convince yourself that you have not really submitted to fear and intimidation. You begin to believe that you are complying with craziness because it's the right thing to do. When first you concede your self-respect of $2+2 = 4$ to $2+2 = 5$ you *know* you are compromising your self-respect. Gradually to avoid facing that fact you begin to *believe* that $2+2=5$. You have been reframed and I have been watching this process happening in the human psyche on an industrial scale. The Cult is working to break your spirit and one of its major tools in that war is humiliation. I read how former American soldier Bradley Manning (later Chelsea Manning after a sex-change) was treated after being jailed for supplying WikiLeaks with documents exposing the enormity of

government and elite mendacity. Manning was isolated in solitary confinement for eight months, put under 24-hour surveillance, forced to hand over clothing before going to bed, and stand naked for every roll call. This is systematic humiliation. The introduction of anal swab 'Covid' tests in China has been done for the same reason to delete self-respect and induce compliant submission. Anal swabs are mandatory for incoming passengers in parts of China and American diplomats have said they were forced to undergo the indignity which would have been calculated humiliation by the Cult-owned Chinese government that has America in its sights.

Government-people: An abusive relationship

Spirit-breaking psychological techniques include giving people hope and apparent respite from tyranny only to take it away again. This happened in the UK during Christmas, 2020, when the psychopsychologists and their political lackeys announced an easing of restrictions over the holiday only to reimpose them almost immediately on the basis of yet another lie. There is a big psychological difference between getting used to oppression and being given hope of relief only to have that dashed. Psychologists know this and we have seen the technique used repeatedly. Then there is traumatising people before you introduce more extreme regulations that require compliance. A perfect case was the announcement by the dark and sinister Whitty and Vallance in the UK that 'new data' predicted that 4,000 could die every day over the winter of 2020/2021 if we did not lockdown again. I think they call it lying and after traumatising people with that claim out came Jackboot Johnson the next day with new curbs on human freedom. Psychologists know that a frightened and traumatised mind becomes suggestable to submission and behaviour reframing. Underpinning all this has been to make people fearful and suspicious of each other and see themselves as a potential danger to others. In league with deleted self-respect you have the perfect psychological recipe for self-loathing. The relationship between authority and public is now demonstrably the same as that of

subservience to an abusive partner. These are signs of an abusive relationship explained by psychologist Leslie Becker-Phelps:

Psychological and emotional abuse: Undermining a partner's self-worth with verbal attacks, name-calling, and belittling. Humiliating the partner in public, unjustly accusing them of having an affair, or interrogating them about their every behavior. Keeping partner confused or off balance by saying they were just kidding or blaming the partner for 'making' them act this way ... Feigning in public that they care while turning against them in private. This leads to victims frequently feeling confused, incompetent, unworthy, hopeless, and chronically self-doubting. [Apply these techniques to how governments have treated the population since New Year, 2020, and the parallels are obvious.]

Physical abuse: The abuser might physically harm their partner in a range of ways, such as grabbing, hitting, punching, or shoving them. They might throw objects at them or harm them with a weapon. [Observe the physical harm imposed by masks, lockdown, and so on.]

Threats and intimidation: One way abusers keep their partners in line is by instilling fear. They might be verbally threatening, or give threatening looks or gestures. Abusers often make it known that they are tracking their partner's every move. They might destroy their partner's possessions, threaten to harm them, or threaten to harm their family members. Not surprisingly, victims of this abuse often feel anxiety, fear, and panic. [No words necessary.]

Isolation: Abusers often limit their partner's activities, forbidding them to talk or interact with friends or family. They might limit access to a car or even turn off their phone. All of this might be done by physically holding them against their will, but is often accomplished through psychological abuse and intimidation. The more isolated a person feels, the fewer resources they have to help gain perspective on their situation and to escape from it. [No words necessary.]

Economic abuse: Abusers often make their partners beholden to them for money by controlling access to funds of any kind. They might prevent their partner from getting a job or withhold access to money they earn from a job. This creates financial dependency that makes leaving the relationship very difficult. [See destruction of livelihoods and the proposed meagre 'guaranteed income' so long as you do whatever you are told.]

Using children: An abuser might disparage their partner's parenting skills, tell their children lies about their partner, threaten to take custody of their children, or threaten to harm their children. These tactics instil fear and often elicit compliance. [See reframed social service mafia and how children are being mercilessly abused by the state over 'Covid' while their parents look on too frightened to do anything.]

A further recurring trait in an abusive relationship is the abused blaming themselves for their abuse and making excuses for the abuser. We have the public blaming each other for lockdown abuse by government and many making excuses for the government while attacking those who challenge the government. How often we have heard authorities say that rules are being imposed or reimposed only because people have refused to 'behave' and follow the rules. We don't want to do it – it's *you*.

Renegade Minds are an antidote to all of these things. They will never concede their self-respect no matter what the circumstances. Even when apparent humiliation is heaped upon them they laugh in its face and reflect back the humiliation on the abuser where it belongs. Renegade Minds will never wear masks they know are only imposed to humiliate, suppress and damage both physically and psychologically. Consequences will take care of themselves and they will never break their spirit or cause them to concede to tyranny. UK newspaper columnist Peter Hitchens was one of the few in the mainstream media to speak out against lockdowns and forced vaccinations. He then announced he had taken the jab. He wanted to see family members abroad and he believed vaccine passports were inevitable even though they had not yet been introduced. Hitchens

has a questioning and critical mind, but not a Renegade one. If he had no amount of pressure would have made him concede. Hitchens excused his action by saying that the battle has been lost. Renegade Minds never accept defeat when freedom is at stake and even if they are the last one standing the self-respect of not submitting to tyranny is more important than any outcome or any consequence.

That's why Renegade Minds are the only minds that ever changed anything worth changing.

CHAPTER EIGHT

'Reframing' insanity

Insanity is relative. It depends on who has who locked in what cage
Ray Bradbury

Reframing' a mind means simply to change its perception and behaviour. This can be done subconsciously to such an extent that subjects have no idea they have been 'reframed' while to any observer changes in behaviour and attitudes are obvious.

Human society is being reframed on a ginormous scale since the start of 2020 and here we have the reason why psychologists rather than doctors have been calling the shots. Ask most people who have succumbed to 'Covid' reframing if they have changed and most will say 'no'; but they *have* and fundamentally. The Cult's long-game has been preparing for these times since way back and crucial to that has been to prepare both population and officialdom mentally and emotionally. To use the mind-control parlance they had to reframe the population with a mentality that would submit to fascism and reframe those in government and law enforcement to impose fascism or at least go along with it. The result has been the fact-deleted mindlessness of 'Wokeness' and officialdom that has either enthusiastically or unquestioningly imposed global tyranny demanded by reframed politicians on behalf of psychopathic and deeply evil cultists. 'Cognitive reframing' identifies and challenges the way someone sees the world in the form of situations, experiences and emotions and then restructures those perceptions to view the same set of circumstances in a different way. This can have

benefits if the attitudes are personally destructive while on the other side it has the potential for individual and collective mind control which the subject has no idea has even happened.

Cognitive therapy was developed in the 1960s by Aaron T. Beck who was born in Rhode Island in 1921 as the son of Jewish immigrants from the Ukraine. He became interested in the techniques as a treatment for depression. Beck's daughter Judith S. Beck is prominent in the same field and they founded the Beck Institute for Cognitive Behavior Therapy in Philadelphia in 1994. Cognitive reframing, however, began to be used worldwide by those with a very dark agenda. The Cult reframes politicians to change their attitudes and actions until they are completely at odds with what they once appeared to stand for. The same has been happening to government administrators at all levels, law enforcement, military and the human population. Cultists love mind control for two main reasons: It allows them to control what people think, do and say to secure agenda advancement and, by definition, it calms their legendary insecurity and fear of the unexpected. I have studied mind control since the time I travelled America in 1996. I may have been talking to next to no one in terms of an audience in those years, but my goodness did I gather a phenomenal amount of information and knowledge about so many things including the techniques of mind control. I have described this in detail in other books going back to *The Biggest Secret* in 1998. I met a very large number of people recovering from MKUltra and its offshoots and successors and I began to see how these same techniques were being used on the population in general. This was never more obvious than since the 'Covid' hoax began.

Reframing the enforcers

I have observed over the last two decades and more the very clear transformation in the dynamic between the police, officialdom and the public. I tracked this in the books as the relationship mutated from one of serving the public to seeing them as almost the enemy and certainly a lower caste. There has always been a class divide

based on income and always been some psychopathic, corrupt, and big-I-am police officers. This was different. Wholesale change was unfolding in the collective dynamic; it was less about money and far more about position and perceived power. An us-and-them was emerging. Noses were lifted skyward by government administration and law enforcement and their attitude to the public they were *supposed* to be serving changed to one of increasing contempt, superiority and control. The transformation was so clear and widespread that it had to be planned. Collective attitudes and dynamics do not change naturally and organically that quickly on that scale. I then came across an organisation in Britain called Common Purpose created in the late 1980s by Julia Middleton who would work in the office of Deputy Prime Minister John Prescott during the long and disastrous premiership of war criminal Tony Blair. When Blair speaks the Cult is speaking and the man should have been in jail a long time ago. Common Purpose proclaims itself to be one of the biggest 'leadership development' organisations in the world while functioning as a *charity* with all the financial benefits which come from that. It hosts 'leadership development' courses and programmes all over the world and claims to have 'brought together' what it calls 'leaders' from more than 100 countries on six continents. The modus operandi of Common Purpose can be compared with the work of the UK government's reframing network that includes the Behavioural Insights Team 'nudge unit' and 'Covid' reframing specialists at SPI-B. WikiLeaks described Common Purpose long ago as 'a hidden virus in our government and schools' which is unknown to the general public: 'It recruits and trains "leaders" to be loyal to the directives of Common Purpose and the EU, instead of to their own departments, which they then undermine or subvert, the NHS [National Health Service] being an example.' This is a vital point to understand the 'Covid' hoax. The NHS, and its equivalent around the world, has been utterly reframed in terms of administrators and much of the medical personnel with the transformation underpinned by recruitment policies. The outcome has been the criminal and psychopathic behaviour of the

NHS over 'Covid' and we have seen the same in every other major country. WikiLeaks said Common Purpose trainees are 'learning to rule without regard to democracy' and to usher in a police state (current events explained). Common Purpose operated like a 'glue' and had members in the NHS, BBC, police, legal profession, church, many of Britain's 7,000 quangos, local councils, the Civil Service, government ministries and Parliament, and controlled many RDA's (Regional Development Agencies). Here we have one answer for how and why British institutions and their like in other countries have changed so negatively in relation to the public. This further explains how and why the beyond-disgraceful reframed BBC has become a propaganda arm of 'Covid' fascism. They are all part of a network pursuing the same goal.

By 2019 Common Purpose was quoting a figure of 85,000 'leaders' that had attended its programmes. These 'students' of all ages are known as Common Purpose 'graduates' and they consist of government, state and local government officials and administrators, police chiefs and officers, and a whole range of others operating within the national, local and global establishment. Cressida Dick, Commissioner of the London Metropolitan Police, is the Common Purpose graduate who was the 'Gold Commander' that oversaw what can only be described as the murder of Brazilian electrician Jean Charles de Menezes in 2005. He was held down by psychopathic police and shot seven times in the head by a psychopathic lunatic after being mistaken for a terrorist when he was just a bloke going about his day. Dick authorised officers to pursue and keep surveillance on de Menezes and ordered that he be stopped from entering the underground train system. Police psychopaths took her at her word clearly. She was 'disciplined' for this outrage by being *promoted* – eventually to the top of the 'Met' police where she has been a disaster. Many Chief Constables controlling the police in different parts of the UK are and have been Common Purpose graduates. I have heard the 'graduate' network described as a sort of Mafia or secret society operating within the fabric of government at all levels pursuing a collective policy

ingrained at Common Purpose training events. Founder Julia Middleton herself has said:

Locally and internationally, Common Purpose graduates will be 'lighting small fires' to create change in their organisations and communities ... The Common Purpose effect is best illustrated by the many stories of small changes brought about by leaders, who themselves have changed.

A Common Purpose mission statement declared:

Common Purpose aims to improve the way society works by expanding the vision, decision-making ability and influence of all kinds of leaders. The organisation runs a variety of educational programmes for leaders of all ages, backgrounds and sectors, in order to provide them with the inspirational, information and opportunities they need to change the world.

Yes, but into what? Since 2020 the answer has become clear.

NLP and the Delphi technique

Common Purpose would seem to be a perfect name or would common programming be better? One of the foundation methods of reaching 'consensus' (group think) is by setting the agenda theme and then encouraging, cajoling or pressuring everyone to agree a 'consensus' in line with the core theme promoted by Common Purpose. The methodology involves the 'Delphi technique', or an adaptation of it, in which opinions are expressed that are summarised by a 'facilitator or change agent' at each stage. Participants are 'encouraged' to modify their views in the light of what others have said. Stage by stage the former individual opinions are merged into group consensus which just happens to be what Common Purpose wants them to believe. A key part of this is to marginalise anyone refusing to concede to group think and turn the group against them to apply pressure to conform. We are seeing this very technique used on the general population to make 'Covid' group-thinkers hostile to those who have seen through the bullshit. People can be reframed by using perception manipulation methods such as Neuro-Linguistic Programming (NLP) in which you change perception with the use of

carefully constructed language. An NLP website described the technique this way:

... A method of influencing brain behaviour (the 'neuro' part of the phrase) through the use of language (the 'linguistic' part) and other types of communication to enable a person to 'recode' the way the brain responds to stimuli (that's the 'programming') and manifest new and better behaviours. Neuro-Linguistic Programming often incorporates hypnosis and self-hypnosis to help achieve the change (or 'programming') that is wanted.

British alternative media operation UKColumn has done very detailed research into Common Purpose over a long period. I quoted co-founder and former naval officer Brian Gerrish in my book *Remember Who You Are*, published in 2011, as saying the following years before current times:

It is interesting that many of the mothers who have had children taken by the State speak of the Social Services people being icily cool, emotionless and, as two ladies said in slightly different words, '... like little robots'. We know that NLP is cumulative, so people can be given small imperceptible doses of NLP in a course here, another in a few months, next year etc. In this way, major changes are accrued in their personality, but the day by day change is almost unnoticeable.

In these and other ways 'graduates' have had their perceptions uniformly reframed and they return to their roles in the institutions of government, law enforcement, legal profession, military, 'education', the UK National Health Service and the whole swathe of the establishment structure to pursue a common agenda preparing for the 'post-industrial', 'post-democratic' society. I say 'preparing' but we are now there. 'Post-industrial' is code for the Great Reset and 'post-democratic' is 'Covid' fascism. UKColumn has spoken to partners of those who have attended Common Purpose 'training'. They have described how personalities and attitudes of 'graduates' changed very noticeably for the worse by the time they had completed the course. They had been 'reframed' and told they are the 'leaders' – the special ones – who know better than the population. There has also been the very demonstrable recruitment of psychopaths and narcissists into government administration at all

levels and law enforcement. If you want psychopathy hire psychopaths and you get a simple cause and effect. If you want administrators, police officers and 'leaders' to perceive the public as lesser beings who don't matter then employ narcissists. These personalities are identified using 'psychometrics' that identifies knowledge, abilities, attitudes and personality traits, mostly through carefully-designed questionnaires and tests. As this policy has passed through the decades we have had power-crazy, power-trippers appointed into law enforcement, security and government administration in preparation for current times and the dynamic between public and law enforcement/officialdom has been transformed. UKColumn's Brian Gerrish said of the narcissistic personality:

Their love of themselves and power automatically means that they will crush others who get in their way. I received a major piece of the puzzle when a friend pointed out that when they made public officials re-apply for their own jobs several years ago they were also required to do psychometric tests. This was undoubtedly the start of the screening process to get 'their' sort of people in post.

How obvious that has been since 2020 although it was clear what was happening long before if people paid attention to the changing public-establishment dynamic.

Change agents

At the centre of events in 'Covid' Britain is the National Health Service (NHS) which has behaved disgracefully in slavishly following the Cult agenda. The NHS management structure is awash with Common Purpose graduates or 'change agents' working to a common cause. Helen Bevan, a Chief of Service Transformation at the NHS Institute for Innovation and Improvement, co-authored a document called 'Towards a million change agents, a review of the social movements literature: implications for large scale change in the NHS'. The document compared a project management approach to that of change and social movements where 'people change

themselves and each other – peer to peer’. Two definitions given for a ‘social movement’ were:

A group of people who consciously attempt to build a radically new social order; involves people of a broad range of social backgrounds; and deploys politically confrontational and socially disruptive tactics – Cyrus Zirakzadeh 1997

Collective challenges, based on common purposes and social solidarities, in sustained interaction with elites, opponents, and authorities – Sidney Tarrow 1994

Helen Bevan wrote another NHS document in which she defined ‘framing’ as ‘the process by which leaders construct, articulate and put across their message in a powerful and compelling way in order to win people to their cause and call them to action’. I think I could come up with another definition that would be rather more accurate. The National Health Service and institutions of Britain and the wider world have been taken over by reframed ‘change agents’ and that includes everything from the United Nations to national governments, local councils and social services which have been kidnapping children from loving parents on an extraordinary and gathering scale on the road to the end of parenthood altogether. Children from loving homes are stolen and kidnapped by the state and put into the ‘care’ (inversion) of the local authority through council homes, foster parents and forced adoption. At the same time children are allowed to be abused without response while many are under council ‘care’. UKColumn highlighted the Common Purpose connection between South Yorkshire Police and Rotherham council officers in the case of the scandal in that area of the sexual exploitation of children to which the authorities turned not one blind eye, but both:

We were alarmed to discover that the Chief Executive, the Strategic Director of Children and Young People's Services, the Manager for the Local Strategic Partnership, the Community Cohesion Manager, the Cabinet Member for Cohesion, the Chief Constable and his predecessor had all attended Leadership training courses provided by the pseudo-charity Common Purpose.

Once 'change agents' have secured positions of hire and fire within any organisation things start to move very quickly. Personnel are then hired and fired on the basis of whether they will work towards the agenda the change agent represents. If they do they are rapidly promoted even though they may be incompetent. Those more qualified and skilled who are pre-Common Purpose 'old school' see their careers stall and even disappear. This has been happening for decades in every institution of state, police, 'health' and social services and all of them have been transformed as a result in their attitudes to their jobs and the public. Medical professions, including nursing, which were once vocations for the caring now employ many cold, callous and couldn't give a shit personality types. The UKColumn investigation concluded:

By blurring the boundaries between people, professions, public and private sectors, responsibility and accountability, Common Purpose encourages 'graduates' to believe that as new selected leaders, they can work together, outside of the established political and social structures, to achieve a paradigm shift or CHANGE – so called 'Leading Beyond Authority'. In doing so, the allegiance of the individual becomes 'reframed' on CP colleagues and their NETWORK.

Reframing the Face-Nappies

Nowhere has this process been more obvious than in the police where recruitment of psychopaths and development of unquestioning mind-controlled group-thinkers have transformed law enforcement into a politically-correct 'Woke' joke and a travesty of what should be public service. Today they wear their face-nappies like good little gofers and enforce 'Covid' rules which are fascism under another name. Alongside the specifically-recruited psychopaths we have software minds incapable of free thought. Brian Gerrish again:

An example is the policeman who would not get on a bike for a press photo because he had not done the cycling proficiency course. Normal people say this is political correctness gone mad. Nothing could be further from the truth. The policeman has been reframed, and in his reality it is perfect common sense not to get on the bike 'because he hasn't done the cycling course'.

Another example of this is where the police would not rescue a boy from a pond until they had taken advice from above on the 'risk assessment'. A normal person would have arrived, perhaps thought of the risk for a moment, and dived in. To the police now 'reframed', they followed 'normal' procedure.

There are shocking cases of reframed ambulance crews doing the same. Sheer unthinking stupidity of London Face-Nappies headed by Common Purpose graduate Cressida Dick can be seen in their behaviour at a vigil in March, 2021, for a murdered woman, Sarah Everard. A police officer had been charged with the crime. Anyone with a brain would have left the vigil alone in the circumstances. Instead they 'manhandled' women to stop them breaking 'Covid rules' to betray classic reframing. Minds in the thrall of perception control have no capacity for seeing a situation on its merits and acting accordingly. 'Rules is rules' is their only mind-set. My father used to say that rules and regulations are for the guidance of the intelligent and the blind obedience of the idiot. Most of the intelligent, decent, coppers have gone leaving only the other kind and a few old school for whom the job must be a daily nightmare. The combination of psychopaths and rule-book software minds has been clearly on public display in the 'Covid' era with automaton robots in uniform imposing fascistic 'Covid' regulations on the population without any personal initiative or judging situations on their merits. There are thousands of examples around the world, but I'll make my point with the infamous Derbyshire police in the English East Midlands – the ones who think pouring dye into beauty spots and using drones to track people walking in the countryside away from anyone is called 'policing'. To them there are rules decreed by the government which they have to enforce and in their bewildered state a group gathering in a closed space and someone walking alone in the countryside are the same thing. It is beyond idiocy and enters the realm of clinical insanity.

Police officers in Derbyshire said they were 'horrified' – *horrified* – to find 15 to 20 'irresponsible' kids playing a football match at a closed leisure centre 'in breach of coronavirus restrictions'. When they saw the police the kids ran away leaving their belongings behind and the reframed men and women of Derbyshire police were seeking to establish their identities with a view to fining their parents. The most natural thing for youngsters to do – kicking a ball about – is turned into a criminal activity and enforced by the moronic software programs of Derbyshire police. You find the same mentality in every country. These barely conscious 'horrified' officers said they had to take action because 'we need to ensure these rules are being followed' and 'it is of the utmost importance that you ensure your children are following the rules and regulations for Covid-19'. Had any of them done ten seconds of research to see if this parroting of their masters' script could be supported by any evidence? Nope. Reframed people don't think – others think for them and that's the whole idea of reframing. I have seen police officers one after the other repeating without question word for word what officialdom tells them just as I have seen great swathes of the public doing the same. Ask either for 'their' opinion and out spews what they have been told to think by the official narrative. Police and public may seem to be in different groups, but their mentality is the same. Most people do whatever they are told in fear not doing so or because they believe what officialdom tells them; almost the entirety of the police do what they are told for the same reason. Ultimately it's the tiny inner core of the global Cult that's telling both what to do.

So Derbyshire police were 'horrified'. Oh, really? Why did they think those kids were playing football? It was to relieve the psychological consequences of lockdown and being denied human contact with their friends and interaction, touch and discourse vital to human psychological health. Being denied this month after month has dismantled the psyche of many children and young people as depression and suicide have exploded. Were Derbyshire police *horrified by that*? Are you kidding? Reframed people don't have those

mental and emotional processes that can see how the impact on the psychological health of youngsters is far more dangerous than any 'virus' even if you take the mendacious official figures to be true. The reframed are told (programmed) how to act and so they do. The Derbyshire Chief Constable in the first period of lockdown when the black dye and drones nonsense was going on was Peter Goodman. He was the man who severed the connection between his force and the Derbyshire Constabulary *Male Voice* Choir when he decided that it was not inclusive enough to allow women to join. The fact it was a male voice choir making a particular sound produced by male voices seemed to elude a guy who terrifyingly ran policing in Derbyshire. He retired weeks after his force was condemned as disgraceful by former Supreme Court Justice Jonathan Sumption for their behaviour over extreme lockdown impositions. Goodman was replaced by his deputy Rachel Swann who was in charge when her officers were 'horrified'. The police statement over the boys committing the hanging-offence of playing football included the line about the youngsters being 'irresponsible in the times we are all living through' missing the point that the real relevance of the 'times we are all living through' is the imposition of fascism enforced by psychopaths and reframed minds of police officers playing such a vital part in establishing the fascist tyranny that their own children and grandchildren will have to live in their entire lives. As a definition of insanity that is hard to beat although it might be run close by imposing masks on people that can have a serious effect on their health while wearing a face nappy all day themselves. Once again public and police do it for the same reason – the authorities tell them to and who are they to have the self-respect to say no?

Workers in uniform

How reframed do you have to be to arrest a *six-year-old* and take him to court for *picking a flower* while waiting for a bus? Brain dead police and officialdom did just that in North Carolina where criminal proceedings happen regularly for children under nine. Attorney Julie Boyer gave the six-year-old crayons and a colouring book

during the 'flower' hearing while the 'adults' decided his fate. County Chief District Court Judge Jay Corpening asked: 'Should a child that believes in Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny and the tooth fairy be making life-altering decisions?' Well, of course not, but common sense has no meaning when you have a common purpose and a reframed mind. Treating children in this way, and police operating in American schools, is all part of the psychological preparation for children to accept a police state as normal all their adult lives. The same goes for all the cameras and biometric tracking technology in schools. Police training is focused on reframing them as snowflake Wokers and this is happening in the military. Pentagon top brass said that 'training sessions on extremism' were needed for troops who asked why they were so focused on the Capitol Building riot when Black Lives Matter riots were ignored. What's the difference between them some apparently and rightly asked. Actually, there is a difference. Five people died in the Capitol riot, only one through violence, and that was a police officer shooting an unarmed protestor. BLM riots killed at least 25 people and cost billions. Asking the question prompted the psychopaths and reframed minds that run the Pentagon to say that more 'education' (programming) was needed. Troop training is all based on psychological programming to make them fodder for the Cult – 'Military men are just dumb, stupid animals to be used as pawns in foreign policy' as Cult-to-his-DNA former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger famously said. Governments see the police in similar terms and it's time for those among them who can see this to defend the people and stop being enforcers of the Cult agenda upon the people.

The US military, like the country itself, is being targeted for destruction through a long list of Woke impositions. Cult-owned gaga 'President' Biden signed an executive order when he took office to allow taxpayer money to pay for transgender surgery for active military personnel and veterans. Are you a man soldier? No, I'm a LGBTQIA+ with a hint of Skoliosexual and Spectrasexual. Oh, good man. Bad choice of words you bigot. The Pentagon announced in March, 2021, the appointment of the first 'diversity and inclusion

officer' for US Special Forces. Richard Torres-Estrada arrived with the publication of a 'D&I Strategic Plan which will guide the enterprise-wide effort to institutionalize and sustain D&I'. If you think a Special Forces 'Strategic Plan' should have something to do with defending America you haven't been paying attention. Defending Woke is now the military's new role. Torres-Estrada has posted images comparing Donald Trump with Adolf Hitler and we can expect no bias from him as a representative of the supposedly non-political Pentagon. Cable news host Tucker Carlson said: 'The Pentagon is now the Yale faculty lounge but with cruise missiles.' Meanwhile Secretary of Defense Lloyd Austin, a board member of weapons-maker Raytheon with stock and compensation interests in October, 2020, worth \$1.4 million, said he was purging the military of the 'enemy within' – anyone who isn't Woke and supports Donald Trump. Austin refers to his targets as 'racist extremists' while in true Woke fashion being himself a racist extremist. Pentagon documents pledge to 'eradicate, eliminate and conquer all forms of racism, sexism and homophobia'. The definitions of these are decided by 'diversity and inclusion committees' peopled by those who see racism, sexism and homophobia in every situation and opinion. Woke (the Cult) is dismantling the US military and purging testosterone as China expands its military and gives its troops 'masculinity training'. How do we think that is going to end when this is all Cult coordinated? The US military, like the British military, is controlled by Woke and spineless top brass who just go along with it out of personal career interests.

'Woke' means fast asleep

Mind control and perception manipulation techniques used on individuals to create group-think have been unleashed on the global population in general. As a result many have no capacity to see the obvious fascist agenda being installed all around them or what 'Covid' is really all about. Their brains are firewalled like a computer system not to process certain concepts, thoughts and realisations that are bad for the Cult. The young are most targeted as the adults they

will be when the whole fascist global state is planned to be fully implemented. They need to be prepared for total compliance to eliminate all pushback from entire generations. The Cult has been pouring billions into taking complete control of 'education' from schools to universities via its operatives and corporations and not least Bill Gates as always. The plan has been to transform 'education' institutions into programming centres for the mentality of 'Woke'. James McConnell, professor of psychology at the University of Michigan, wrote in *Psychology Today* in 1970:

The day has come when we can combine sensory deprivation with drugs, hypnosis, and astute manipulation of reward and punishment, to gain almost absolute control over an individual's behaviour. It should then be possible to achieve a very rapid and highly effective type of brainwashing that would allow us to make dramatic changes in a person's behaviour and personality ...

... We should reshape society so that we all would be trained from birth to want to do what society wants us to do. We have the techniques to do it... no-one owns his own personality you acquired, and there's no reason to believe you should have the right to refuse to acquire a new personality if your old one is anti-social.

This was the potential for mass brainwashing in 1970 and the mentality there displayed captures the arrogant psychopathy that drives it forward. I emphasise that not all young people have succumbed to Woke programming and those that haven't are incredibly impressive people given that today's young are the most perceptually-targeted generations in history with all the technology now involved. Vast swathes of the young generations, however, have fallen into the spell – and that's what it is – of Woke. The Woke mentality and perceptual program is founded on *inversion* and you will appreciate later why that is so significant. Everything with Woke is inverted and the opposite of what it is claimed to be. Woke was a term used in African-American culture from the 1900s and referred to an awareness of social and racial justice. This is not the meaning of the modern version or 'New Woke' as I call it in *The Answer*. Oh, no, Woke today means something very different no matter how much Wokers may seek to hide that and insist Old Woke and New

Woke are the same. See if you find any 'awareness of social justice' here in the modern variety:

- Woke demands 'inclusivity' while excluding anyone with a different opinion and calls for mass censorship to silence other views.
- Woke claims to stand against oppression when imposing oppression is the foundation of all that it does. It is the driver of political correctness which is nothing more than a Cult invention to manipulate the population to silence itself.
- Woke believes itself to be 'liberal' while pursuing a global society that can only be described as fascist (see 'anti-fascist' fascist Antifa).
- Woke calls for 'social justice' while spreading injustice wherever it goes against the common 'enemy' which can be easily identified as a differing view.
- Woke is supposed to be a metaphor for 'awake' when it is solid-gold asleep and deep in a Cult-induced coma that meets the criteria for 'off with the fairies'.

I state these points as obvious facts if people only care to look. I don't do this with a sense of condemnation. We need to appreciate that the onslaught of perceptual programming on the young has been incessant and merciless. I can understand why so many have been reframed, or, given their youth, framed from the start to see the world as the Cult demands. The Cult has had access to their minds day after day in its 'education' system for their entire formative years. Perception is formed from information received and the Cult-created system is a life-long download of information delivered to elicit a particular perception, thus behaviour. The more this has expanded into still new extremes in recent decades and ever-increasing censorship has deleted other opinions and information why wouldn't that lead to a perceptual reframing on a mass scale? I

have described already cradle-to-grave programming and in more recent times the targeting of young minds from birth to adulthood has entered the stratosphere. This has taken the form of skewing what is 'taught' to fit the Cult agenda and the omnipresent techniques of group-think to isolate non-believers and pressure them into line. There has always been a tendency to follow the herd, but we really are in a new world now in relation to that. We have parents who can see the 'Covid' hoax told by their children not to stop them wearing masks at school, being 'Covid' tested or having the 'vaccine' in fear of the peer-pressure consequences of being different. What is 'peer-pressure' if not pressure to conform to group-think? Renegade Minds never group-think and always retain a set of perceptions that are unique to them. Group-think is always underpinned by consequences for not group-thinking. Abuse now aimed at those refusing DNA-manipulating 'Covid vaccines' are a potent example of this. The biggest pressure to conform comes from the very group which is itself being manipulated. 'I am programmed to be part of a hive mind and so you must be.'

Woke control structures in 'education' now apply to every mainstream organisation. Those at the top of the 'education' hierarchy (the Cult) decide the policy. This is imposed on governments through the Cult network; governments impose it on schools, colleges and universities; their leadership impose the policy on teachers and academics and they impose it on children and students. At any level where there is resistance, perhaps from a teacher or university lecturer, they are targeted by the authorities and often fired. Students themselves regularly demand the dismissal of academics (increasingly few) at odds with the narrative that the students have been programmed to believe in. It is quite a thought that students who are being targeted by the Cult become so consumed by programmed group-think that they launch protests and demand the removal of those who are trying to push back against those targeting the students. Such is the scale of perceptual inversion. We see this with 'Covid' programming as the Cult imposes the rules via psycho-psychologists and governments on

shops, transport companies and businesses which impose them on their staff who impose them on their customers who pressure Pushbackers to conform to the will of the Cult which is in the process of destroying them and their families. Scan all aspects of society and you will see the same sequence every time.

Fact free Woke and hijacking the 'left'

There is no more potent example of this than 'Woke', a mentality only made possible by the deletion of factual evidence by an 'education' system seeking to produce an ever more uniform society. Why would you bother with facts when you don't know any? Deletion of credible history both in volume and type is highly relevant. Orwell said: 'Who controls the past controls the future: who controls the present controls the past.' They who control the perception of the past control the perception of the future and they who control the present control the perception of the past through the writing and deleting of history. Why would you oppose the imposition of Marxism in the name of Wokeism when you don't know that Marxism cost at least 100 million lives in the 20th century alone? Watch videos and read reports in which Woker generations are asked basic historical questions – it's mind-blowing. A survey of 2,000 people found that six percent of millennials (born approximately early 1980s to early 2000s) believed the Second World War (1939-1945) broke out with the assassination of President Kennedy (in 1963) and one in ten thought Margaret Thatcher was British Prime Minister at the time. She was in office between 1979 and 1990. We are in a post-fact society. Provable facts are no defence against the fascism of political correctness or Silicon Valley censorship. Facts don't matter anymore as we have witnessed with the 'Covid' hoax. Sacrificing uniqueness to the Woke group-think religion is all you are required to do and that means thinking for yourself is the biggest Woke no, no. All religions are an expression of group-think and censorship and Woke is just another religion with an orthodoxy defended by group-think and censorship. Burned at

the stake becomes burned on Twitter which leads back eventually to burned at the stake as Woke humanity regresses to ages past.

The biggest Woke inversion of all is its creators and funders. I grew up in a traditional left of centre political household on a council estate in Leicester in the 1950s and 60s – you know, the left that challenged the power of wealth-hoarding elites and threats to freedom of speech and opinion. In those days students went on marches defending freedom of speech while today's Wokers march for its deletion. What on earth could have happened? Those very elites (collectively the Cult) that we opposed in my youth and early life have funded into existence the antithesis of that former left and hijacked the 'brand' while inverting everything it ever stood for. We have a mentality that calls itself 'liberal' and 'progressive' while acting like fascists. Cult billionaires and their corporations have funded themselves into control of 'education' to ensure that Woke programming is unceasing throughout the formative years of children and young people and that non-Wokers are isolated (that word again) whether they be students, teachers or college professors. The Cult has funded into existence the now colossal global network of Woke organisations that have spawned and promoted all the 'causes' on the Cult wish-list for global transformation and turned Wokers into demanders of them. Does anyone really think it's a coincidence that the Cult agenda for humanity is a carbon (sorry) copy of the societal transformations desired by Woke?? These are only some of them:

Political correctness: The means by which the Cult deletes all public debates that it knows it cannot win if we had the free-flow of information and evidence.

Human-caused 'climate change': The means by which the Cult seeks to transform society into a globally-controlled dictatorship imposing its will over the fine detail of everyone's lives 'to save the planet' which doesn't actually need saving.

Transgender obsession: Preparing collective perception to accept the 'new human' which would not have genders because it would be created technologically and not through procreation. I'll have much more on this in Human 2.0.

Race obsession: The means by which the Cult seeks to divide and rule the population by triggering racial division through the perception that society is more racist than ever when the opposite is the case. Is it perfect in that regard? No. But to compare today with the racism of apartheid and segregation brought to an end by the civil rights movement in the 1960s is to insult the memory of that movement and inspirations like Martin Luther King. Why is the 'anti-racism' industry (which it is) so dominated by privileged white people?

White supremacy: This is a label used by privileged white people to demonise poor and deprived white people pushing back on tyranny to marginalise and destroy them. White people are being especially targeted as the dominant race by number within Western society which the Cult seeks to transform in its image. If you want to change a society you must weaken and undermine its biggest group and once you have done that by using the other groups you next turn on them to do the same ... 'Then they came for the Jews and I was not a Jew so I did nothing.'

Mass migration: The mass movement of people from the Middle East, Africa and Asia into Europe, from the south into the United States and from Asia into Australia are another way the Cult seeks to dilute the racial, cultural and political influence of white people on Western society. White people ask why their governments appear to be working against them while being politically and culturally biased towards incoming cultures. Well, here's your answer. In the same way sexually 'straight' people, men and women, ask why the

authorities are biased against them in favour of other sexualities. The answer is the same – that's the way the Cult wants it to be for very sinister motives.

These are all central parts of the Cult agenda and central parts of the Woke agenda and Woke was created and continues to be funded to an immense degree by Cult billionaires and corporations. If anyone begins to say 'coincidence' the syllables should stick in their throat.

Billionaire 'social justice warriors'

Joe Biden is a 100 percent-owned asset of the Cult and the Wokers' man in the White House whenever he can remember his name and for however long he lasts with his rapidly diminishing cognitive function. Even walking up the steps of an aircraft without falling on his arse would appear to be a challenge. He's not an empty-shell puppet or anything. From the minute Biden took office (or the Cult did) he began his executive orders promoting the Woke wish-list. You will see the Woke agenda imposed ever more severely because it's really the *Cult* agenda. Woke organisations and activist networks spawned by the Cult are funded to the extreme so long as they promote what the Cult wants to happen. Woke is funded to promote 'social justice' by billionaires who become billionaires by destroying social justice. The social justice mantra is only a cover for dismantling social justice and funded by billionaires that couldn't give a damn about social justice. Everything makes sense when you see that. One of Woke's premier funders is Cult billionaire financier George Soros who said: 'I am basically there to make money, I cannot and do not look at the social consequences of what I do.' This is the same Soros who has given more than \$32 billion to his Open Society Foundations global Woke network and funded Black Lives Matter, mass immigration into Europe and the United States, transgender activism, climate change activism, political correctness and groups targeting 'white supremacy' in the form of privileged white thugs that dominate Antifa. What a scam it all is and when

you are dealing with the unquestioning fact-free zone of Woke scamming them is child's play. All you need to pull it off in all these organisations are a few in-the-know agents of the Cult and an army of naïve, reframed, uninformed, narcissistic, know-nothings convinced of their own self-righteousness, self-purity and virtue.

Soros and fellow billionaires and billionaire corporations have poured hundreds of millions into Black Lives Matter and connected groups and promoted them to a global audience. None of this is motivated by caring about black people. These are the billionaires that have controlled and exploited a system that leaves millions of black people in abject poverty and deprivation which they do absolutely nothing to address. The same Cult networks funding BLM were behind the *slave trade*! Black Lives Matter hijacked a phrase that few would challenge and they have turned this laudable concept into a political weapon to divide society. You know that BLM is a fraud when it claims that *All Lives Matter*, the most inclusive statement of all, is 'racist'. BLM and its Cult masters don't want to end racism. To them it's a means to an end to control all of humanity never mind the colour, creed, culture or background. What has destroying the nuclear family got to do with ending racism? Nothing – but that is one of the goals of BLM and also happens to be a goal of the Cult as I have been exposing in my books for decades. Stealing children from loving parents and giving schools ever more power to override parents is part of that same agenda. BLM is a Marxist organisation and why would that not be the case when the Cult created Marxism *and* BLM? Patrisse Cullors, a BLM co-founder, said in a 2015 video that she and her fellow organisers, including co-founder Alicia Garza, are 'trained Marxists'. The lady known after marriage as Patrisse Khan-Cullors bought a \$1.4 million home in 2021 in one of the whitest areas of California with a black population of just 1.6 per cent and has so far bought *four* high-end homes for a total of \$3.2 million. How very Marxist. There must be a bit of spare in the BLM coffers, however, when Cult corporations and billionaires have handed over the best part of \$100 million. Many black people can see that Black Lives Matter is not

working for them, but against them, and this is still more confirmation. Black journalist Jason Whitlock, who had his account suspended by Twitter for simply linking to the story about the 'Marxist's' home buying spree, said that BLM leaders are 'making millions of dollars off the backs of these dead black men who they wouldn't spit on if they were on fire and alive'.

Black Lies Matter

Cult assets and agencies came together to promote BLM in the wake of the death of career criminal George Floyd who had been jailed a number of times including for forcing his way into the home of a black woman with others in a raid in which a gun was pointed at her stomach. Floyd was filmed being held in a Minneapolis street in 2020 with the knee of a police officer on his neck and he subsequently died. It was an appalling thing for the officer to do, but the same technique has been used by police on peaceful protestors of lockdown without any outcry from the Woke brigade. As unquestioning supporters of the Cult agenda Wokers have supported lockdown and all the 'Covid' claptrap while attacking anyone standing up to the tyranny imposed in its name. Court documents would later include details of an autopsy on Floyd by County Medical Examiner Dr Andrew Baker who concluded that Floyd had taken a fatal level of the drug fentanyl. None of this mattered to fact-free, question-free, Woke. Floyd's death was followed by worldwide protests against police brutality amid calls to defund the police. Throwing babies out with the bathwater is a Woke speciality. In the wake of the murder of British woman Sarah Everard a Green Party member of the House of Lords, Baroness Jones of Moulscroomb (Nincompoopia would have been better), called for a 6pm curfew for all men. This would be in breach of the Geneva Conventions on war crimes which ban collective punishment, but that would never have crossed the black and white Woke mind of Baroness Nincompoopia who would have been far too convinced of her own self-righteousness to compute such details. Many American cities did defund the police in the face of Floyd riots

and after \$15 million was deleted from the police budget in Washington DC under useless Woke mayor Muriel Bowser car-jacking alone rose by 300 percent and within six months the US capital recorded its highest murder rate in 15 years. The same happened in Chicago and other cities in line with the Cult/Soros plan to bring fear to streets and neighbourhoods by reducing the police, releasing violent criminals and not prosecuting crime. This is the mob-rule agenda that I have warned in the books was coming for so long. Shootings in the area of Minneapolis where Floyd was arrested increased by 2,500 percent compared with the year before. Defunding the police over George Floyd has led to a big increase in dead people with many of them black. Police protection for politicians making these decisions stayed the same or increased as you would expect from professional hypocrites. The Cult doesn't actually want to abolish the police. It wants to abolish local control over the police and hand it to federal government as the psychopaths advance the Hunger Games Society. Many George Floyd protests turned into violent riots with black stores and businesses destroyed by fire and looting across America fuelled by Black Lives Matter. Woke doesn't do irony. If you want civil rights you must loot the liquor store and the supermarket and make off with a smart TV. It's the only way.

It's not a race war – it's a class war

Black people are patronised by privileged blacks and whites alike and told they are victims of white supremacy. I find it extraordinary to watch privileged blacks supporting the very system and bloodline networks behind the slave trade and parroting the same Cult-serving manipulative crap of their privileged white, often billionaire, associates. It is indeed not a race war but a class war and colour is just a diversion. Black Senator Cory Booker and black Congresswoman Maxine Waters, more residents of Nincompoopia, personify this. Once you tell people they are victims of someone else you devalue both their own responsibility for their plight and the power they have to impact on their reality and experience. Instead

we have: 'You are only in your situation because of whitey – turn on them and everything will change.' It won't change. Nothing changes in our lives unless *we* change it. Crucial to that is never seeing yourself as a victim and always as the creator of your reality. Life is a simple sequence of choice and consequence. Make different choices and you create different consequences. *You* have to make those choices – not Black Lives Matter, the Woke Mafia and anyone else that seeks to dictate your life. Who are they these Wokers, an emotional and psychological road traffic accident, to tell you what to do? Personal empowerment is the last thing the Cult and its Black Lives Matter want black people or anyone else to have. They claim to be defending the underdog while *creating* and perpetuating the underdog. The Cult's worst nightmare is human unity and if they are going to keep blacks, whites and every other race under economic servitude and control then the focus must be diverted from what they have in common to what they can be manipulated to believe divides them. Blacks have to be told that their poverty and plight is the fault of the white bloke living on the street in the same poverty and with the same plight they are experiencing. The difference is that your plight black people is due to him, a white supremacist with 'white privilege' living on the street. Don't unite as one human family against your mutual oppressors and suppressors – fight the oppressor with the white face who is as financially deprived as you are. The Cult knows that as its 'Covid' agenda moves into still new levels of extremism people are going to respond and it has been spreading the seeds of disunity everywhere to stop a united response to the evil that targets *all of us*.

Racist attacks on 'whiteness' are getting ever more outrageous and especially through the American Democratic Party which has an appalling history for anti-black racism. Barack Obama, Joe Biden, Hillary Clinton and Nancy Pelosi all eulogised about Senator Robert Byrd at his funeral in 2010 after a nearly 60-year career in Congress. Byrd was a brutal Ku Klux Klan racist and a violent abuser of Cathy O'Brien in MKUltra. He said he would never fight in the military 'with a negro by my side' and 'rather I should die a thousand times,

and see Old Glory trampled in the dirt never to rise again, than to see this beloved land of ours become degraded by race mongrels, a throwback to the blackest specimen from the wilds'. Biden called Byrd a 'very close friend and mentor'. These 'Woke' hypocrites are not anti-racist they are anti-poor and anti-people not of their perceived class. Here is an illustration of the scale of anti-white racism to which we have now descended. Seriously Woke and moronic *New York Times* contributor Damon Young described whiteness as a 'virus' that 'like other viruses will not die until there are no bodies left for it to infect'. He went on: '... the only way to stop it is to locate it, isolate it, extract it, and kill it.' Young can say that as a black man with no consequences when a white man saying the same in reverse would be facing a jail sentence. *That's* racism. We had super-Woke numbskull senators Tammy Duckworth and Mazie Hirono saying they would object to future Biden Cabinet appointments if he did not nominate more Asian Americans and Pacific Islanders. Never mind the ability of the candidate what do they look like? Duckworth said: 'I will vote for racial minorities and I will vote for LGBTQ, but anyone else I'm not voting for.' Appointing people on the grounds of race is illegal, but that was not a problem for this ludicrous pair. They were on-message and that's a free pass in any situation.

Critical race racism

White children are told at school they are intrinsically racist as they are taught the divisive 'critical race theory'. This claims that the law and legal institutions are inherently racist and that race is a socially constructed concept used by white people to further their economic and political interests at the expense of people of colour. White is a 'virus' as we've seen. Racial inequality results from 'social, economic, and legal differences that white people create between races to maintain white interests which leads to poverty and criminality in minority communities'. I must tell that to the white guy sleeping on the street. The principal of East Side Community School in New York sent white parents a manifesto that called on

them to become 'white traitors' and advocate for full 'white abolition'. These people are teaching your kids when they urgently need a psychiatrist. The 'school' included a chart with 'eight white identities' that ranged from 'white supremacist' to 'white abolition' and defined the behaviour white people must follow to end 'the regime of whiteness'. Woke blacks and their privileged white associates are acting exactly like the slave owners of old and Ku Klux Klan racists like Robert Byrd. They are too full of their own self-purity to see that, but it's true. Racism is not a body type; it's a state of mind that can manifest through any colour, creed or culture.

Another racial fraud is '*equity*'. Not equality of treatment and opportunity – equity. It's a term spun as equality when it means something very different. Equality in its true sense is a raising up while '*equity*' is a race to the bottom. Everyone in the same level of poverty is '*equity*'. Keep everyone down – that's equity. The Cult doesn't want anyone in the human family to be empowered and BLM leaders, like all these 'anti-racist' organisations, continue their privileged, pampered existence by perpetuating the perception of gathering racism. When is the last time you heard an 'anti-racist' or 'anti-Semitism' organisation say that acts of racism and discrimination have *fallen*? It's not in the interests of their fundraising and power to influence and the same goes for the professional soccer anti-racism operation, Kick It Out. Two things confirmed that the Black Lives Matter riots in the summer of 2020 were Cult creations. One was that while anti-lockdown protests were condemned in this same period for 'transmitting 'Covid' the authorities supported mass gatherings of Black Lives Matter supporters. I even saw self-deluding people claiming to be doctors say the two types of protest were not the same. No – the non-existent 'Covid' was in favour of lockdowns and attacked those that protested against them while 'Covid' supported Black Lives Matter and kept well away from its protests. The whole thing was a joke and as lockdown protestors were arrested, often brutally, by reframed Face-Nappies we had the grotesque sight of police officers taking the knee to Black Lives Matter, a Cult-funded Marxist

organisation that supports violent riots and wants to destroy the nuclear family and white people.

He's not white? Shucks!

Woke obsession with race was on display again when ten people were shot dead in Boulder, Colorado, in March, 2021. Cult-owned Woke TV channels like CNN said the shooter appeared to be a white man and Wokers were on Twitter condemning 'violent white men' with the usual mantras. Then the shooter's name was released as Ahmad Al Aliwi Alissa, an anti-Trump Arab-American, and the sigh of disappointment could be heard five miles away. Never mind that ten people were dead and what that meant for their families. Race baiting was all that mattered to these sick Cult-serving people like Barack Obama who exploited the deaths to further divide America on racial grounds which is his job for the Cult. This is the man that 'racist' white Americans made the first black president of the United States and then gave him a second term. Not-very-bright Obama has become filthy rich on the back of that and today appears to have a big influence on the Biden administration. Even so he's still a downtrodden black man and a victim of white supremacy. This disingenuous fraud reveals the contempt he has for black people when he puts on a Deep South Alabama accent whenever he talks to them, no, *at* them.

Another BLM red flag was how the now fully-Woke (fully-Cult) and fully-virtue-signalled professional soccer authorities had their teams taking the knee before every match in support of Marxist Black Lives Matter. Soccer authorities and clubs displayed 'Black Lives Matter' on the players' shirts and flashed the name on electronic billboards around the pitch. Any fans that condemned what is a Freemasonic taking-the-knee ritual were widely condemned as you would expect from the Woke virtue-signallers of professional sport and the now fully-Woke media. We have reverse racism in which you are banned from criticising any race or culture except for white people for whom anything goes – say what you like, no problem. What has this got to do with racial harmony and

equality? We've had black supremacists from Black Lives Matter telling white people to fall to their knees in the street and apologise for their white supremacy. Black supremacists acting like white supremacist slave owners of the past couldn't breach their self-obsessed, race-obsessed sense of self-purity. Joe Biden appointed a race-obsessed black supremacist Kristen Clarke to head the Justice Department Civil Rights Division. Clarke claimed that blacks are endowed with 'greater mental, physical and spiritual abilities' than whites. If anyone reversed that statement they would be vilified. Clarke is on-message so no problem. She's never seen a black-white situation in which the black figure is anything but a virtuous victim and she heads the Civil Rights Division which should treat everyone the same or it isn't civil rights. Another perception of the Renegade Mind: If something or someone is part of the Cult agenda they will be supported by Woke governments and media no matter what. If they're not, they will be condemned and censored. It really is that simple and so racist Clarke prospers despite (make that because of) her racism.

The end of culture

Biden's administration is full of such racial, cultural and economic bias as the Cult requires the human family to be divided into warring factions. We are now seeing racially-segregated graduations and everything, but everything, is defined through the lens of perceived 'racism'. We have 'racist' mathematics, 'racist' food and even 'racist' *plants*. World famous Kew Gardens in London said it was changing labels on plants and flowers to tell its pre-'Covid' more than two million visitors a year how racist they are. Kew director Richard Deverell said this was part of an effort to 'move quickly to decolonise collections' after they were approached by one Ajay Chhabra 'an actor with an insight into how sugar cane was linked to slavery'. They are *plants* you idiots. 'Decolonisation' in the Woke manual really means colonisation of society with its mentality and by extension colonisation by the Cult. We are witnessing a new Chinese-style 'Cultural Revolution' so essential to the success of all

Marxist takeovers. Our cultural past and traditions have to be swept away to allow a new culture to be built-back-better. Woke targeting of long-standing Western cultural pillars including historical monuments and cancelling of historical figures is what happened in the Mao revolution in China which 'purged remnants of capitalist and traditional elements from Chinese society' and installed Maoism as the dominant ideology'. For China see the Western world today and for 'dominant ideology' see Woke. Better still see Marxism or Maoism. The 'Covid' hoax has specifically sought to destroy the arts and all elements of Western culture from people meeting in a pub or restaurant to closing theatres, music venues, sports stadiums, places of worship and even banning *singing*. Destruction of Western society is also why criticism of any religion is banned except for Christianity which again is the dominant religion as white is the numerically-dominant race. Christianity may be fading rapidly, but its history and traditions are weaved through the fabric of Western society. Delete the pillars and other structures will follow until the whole thing collapses. I am not a Christian defending that religion when I say that. I have no religion. It's just a fact. To this end Christianity has itself been turned Woke to usher its own downfall and its ranks are awash with 'change agents' – knowing and unknowing – at every level including Pope Francis (*definitely* knowing) and the clueless Archbishop of Canterbury Justin Welby (possibly not, but who can be sure?). Woke seeks to coordinate attacks on Western culture, traditions, and ways of life through 'intersectionality' defined as 'the complex, cumulative way in which the effects of multiple forms of discrimination (such as racism, sexism, and classism) combine, overlap, or intersect especially in the experiences of marginalised individuals or groups'. Wade through the Orwellian Woke-speak and this means coordinating disparate groups in a common cause to overthrow freedom and liberal values.

The entire structure of public institutions has been infested with Woke – government at all levels, political parties, police, military, schools, universities, advertising, media and trade unions. This abomination has been achieved through the Cult web by appointing

Wokers to positions of power and battering non-Wokers into line through intimidation, isolation and threats to their job. Many have been fired in the wake of the empathy-deleted, vicious hostility of 'social justice' Wokers and the desire of gutless, spineless employers to virtue-signal their Wokeness. Corporations are filled with Wokers today, most notably those in Silicon Valley. Ironically at the top they are not Woke at all. They are only exploiting the mentality their Cult masters have created and funded to censor and enslave while the Wokers cheer them on until it's their turn. Thus the Woke 'liberal left' is an inversion of the traditional liberal left. Campaigning for justice on the grounds of power and wealth distribution has been replaced by campaigning for identity politics. The genuine traditional left would never have taken money from today's billionaire abusers of fairness and justice and nor would the billionaires have wanted to fund that genuine left. It would not have been in their interests to do so. The division of opinion in those days was between the haves and have nots. This all changed with Cult manipulated and funded identity politics. The division of opinion today is between Wokers and non-Wokers and not income brackets. Cult corporations and their billionaires may have taken wealth disparity to cataclysmic levels of injustice, but as long as they speak the language of Woke, hand out the dosh to the Woke network and censor the enemy they are 'one of us'. Billionaires who don't give a damn about injustice are laughing at them till their bellies hurt. Wokers are not even close to self-aware enough to see that. The transformed 'left' dynamic means that Wokers who drone on about 'social justice' are funded by billionaires that have destroyed social justice the world over. It's *why* they are billionaires.

The climate con

Nothing encapsulates what I have said more comprehensively than the hoax of human-caused global warming. I have detailed in my books over the years how Cult operatives and organisations were the pump-primers from the start of the climate con. A purpose-built vehicle for this is the Club of Rome established by the Cult in 1968

with the Rockefellers and Rothschilds centrally involved all along. Their gofer frontman Maurice Strong, a Canadian oil millionaire, hosted the Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, in 1992 where the global 'green movement' really expanded in earnest under the guiding hand of the Cult. The Earth Summit established Agenda 21 through the Cult-created-and-owned United Nations to use the illusion of human-caused climate change to justify the transformation of global society to save the world from climate disaster. It is a No-Problem-Reaction-Solution sold through governments, media, schools and universities as whole generations have been terrified into believing that the world was going to end in their lifetimes unless what old people had inflicted upon them was stopped by a complete restructuring of how everything is done. Chill, kids, it's all a hoax. Such restructuring is precisely what the Cult agenda demands (purely by coincidence of course). Today this has been given the codename of the Great Reset which is only an updated term for Agenda 21 and its associated Agenda 2030. The latter, too, is administered through the UN and was voted into being by the General Assembly in 2015. Both 21 and 2030 seek centralised control of all resources and food right down to the raindrops falling on your own land. These are some of the demands of Agenda 21 established in 1992. See if you recognise this society emerging today:

- End national sovereignty
- State planning and management of all land resources, ecosystems, deserts, forests, mountains, oceans and fresh water; agriculture; rural development; biotechnology; and ensuring 'equity'
- The state to 'define the role' of business and financial resources
- Abolition of private property
- 'Restructuring' the family unit (see BLM)
- Children raised by the state
- People told what their job will be
- Major restrictions on movement
- Creation of 'human settlement zones'

- Mass resettlement as people are forced to vacate land where they live
- Dumbing down education
- Mass global depopulation in pursuit of all the above

The United Nations was created as a Trojan horse for world government. With the climate con of critical importance to promoting that outcome you would expect the UN to be involved. Oh, it's involved all right. The UN is promoting Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030 justified by 'climate change' while also driving the climate hoax through its Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (IPCC), one of the world's most corrupt organisations. The IPCC has been lying ferociously and constantly since the day it opened its doors with the global media hanging unquestioningly on its every mendacious word. The Green movement is entirely Woke and has long lost its original environmental focus since it was co-opted by the Cult. An obsession with 'global warming' has deleted its values and scrambled its head. I experienced a small example of what I mean on a beautiful country walk that I have enjoyed several times a week for many years. The path merged into the fields and forests and you felt at one with the natural world. Then a 'Green' organisation, the Hampshire and Isle of Wight Wildlife Trust, took over part of the land and proceeded to cut down a large number of trees, including mature ones, to install a horrible big, bright steel 'this-is-ours-stay-out' fence that destroyed the whole atmosphere of this beautiful place. No one with a feel for nature would do that. Day after day I walked to the sound of chainsaws and a magnificent mature weeping willow tree that I so admired was cut down at the base of the trunk. When I challenged a Woke young girl in a green shirt (of course) about this vandalism she replied: 'It's a weeping willow – it will grow back.' This is what people are paying for when they donate to the Hampshire and Isle of Wight Wildlife Trust and many other 'green' organisations today. It is not the environmental movement that I knew and instead has become a support-system – as with Extinction Rebellion – for a very dark agenda.

Private jets for climate justice

The Cult-owned, Gates-funded, World Economic Forum and its founder Klaus Schwab were behind the emergence of Greta Thunberg to harness the young behind the climate agenda and she was invited to speak to the world at ... the UN. Schwab published a book, *Covid-19: The Great Reset* in 2020 in which he used the 'Covid' hoax and the climate hoax to lay out a new society straight out of Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030. Bill Gates followed in early 2021 when he took time out from destroying the world to produce a book in his name about the way to save it. Gates flies across the world in private jets and admitted that 'I probably have one of the highest greenhouse gas footprints of anyone on the planet ... my personal flying alone is gigantic.' He has also bid for the planet's biggest private jet operator. Other climate change saviours who fly in private jets include John Kerry, the US Special Presidential Envoy for Climate, and actor Leonardo DiCaprio, a 'UN Messenger of Peace with special focus on climate change'. These people are so full of bullshit they could corner the market in manure. We mustn't be sceptical, though, because the Gates book, *How to Avoid a Climate Disaster: The Solutions We Have and the Breakthroughs We Need*, is a genuine attempt to protect the world and not an obvious pile of excrement attributed to a mega-psychopath aimed at selling his masters' plans for humanity. The Gates book and the other shite-pile by Klaus Schwab could have been written by the same person and may well have been. Both use 'climate change' and 'Covid' as the excuses for their new society and by coincidence the Cult's World Economic Forum and Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation promote the climate hoax and hosted Event 201 which pre-empted with a 'simulation' the very 'coronavirus' hoax that would be simulated for real on humanity within weeks. The British 'royal' family is promoting the 'Reset' as you would expect through Prince 'climate change caused the war in Syria' Charles and his hapless son Prince William who said that we must 'reset our relationship with nature and our trajectory as a species' to avoid a climate disaster. Amazing how many promoters of the 'Covid' and 'climate change' control

systems are connected to Gates and the World Economic Forum. A 'study' in early 2021 claimed that carbon dioxide emissions must fall by the equivalent of a global lockdown roughly every two years for the next decade to save the planet. The 'study' appeared in the same period that the Schwab mob claimed in a video that lockdowns destroying the lives of billions are good because they make the earth 'quieter' with less 'ambient noise'. They took down the video amid a public backlash for such arrogant, empathy-deleted stupidity You see, however, where they are going with this. Corinne Le Quéré, a professor at the Tyndall Centre for Climate Change Research, University of East Anglia, was lead author of the climate lockdown study, and she writes for ... the World Economic Forum. Gates calls in 'his' book for changing 'every aspect of the economy' (long-time Cult agenda) and for humans to eat synthetic 'meat' (predicted in my books) while cows and other farm animals are eliminated. Australian TV host and commentator Alan Jones described what carbon emission targets would mean for farm animals in Australia alone if emissions were reduced as demanded by 35 percent by 2030 and zero by 2050:

Well, let's take agriculture, the total emissions from agriculture are about 75 million tonnes of carbon dioxide, equivalent. Now reduce that by 35 percent and you have to come down to 50 million tonnes, I've done the maths. So if you take for example 1.5 million cows, you're going to have to reduce the herd by 525,000 [by] 2030, nine years, that's 58,000 cows a year. The beef herd's 30 million, reduce that by 35 percent, that's 10.5 million, which means 1.2 million cattle have to go every year between now and 2030. This is insanity!

There are 75 million sheep. Reduce that by 35 percent, that's 26 million sheep, that's almost 3 million a year. So under the Paris Agreement over 30 million beasts. dairy cows, cattle, pigs and sheep would go. More than 8,000 every minute of every hour for the next decade, do these people know what they're talking about?

Clearly they don't at the level of campaigners, politicians and administrators. The Cult *does* know; that's the outcome it wants. We are faced with not just a war on humanity. Animals and the natural world are being targeted and I have been saying since the 'Covid' hoax began that the plan eventually was to claim that the 'deadly virus' is able to jump from animals, including farm animals and

domestic pets, to humans. Just before this book went into production came this story: 'Russia registers world's first Covid-19 vaccine for cats & dogs as makers of Sputnik V warn pets & farm animals could spread virus'. The report said 'top scientists warned that the deadly pathogen could soon begin spreading through homes and farms' and 'the next stage is the infection of farm and domestic animals'. Know the outcome and you'll see the journey. Think what that would mean for animals and keep your eye on a term called zoonosis or zoonotic diseases which transmit between animals and humans. The Cult wants to break the connection between animals and people as it does between people and people. Farm animals fit with the Cult agenda to transform food from natural to synthetic.

The gas of life is killing us

There can be few greater examples of Cult inversion than the condemnation of carbon dioxide as a dangerous pollutant when it is the gas of life. Without it the natural world would be dead and so we would all be dead. We breathe in oxygen and breathe out carbon dioxide while plants produce oxygen and absorb carbon dioxide. It is a perfect symbiotic relationship that the Cult wants to dismantle for reasons I will come to in the final two chapters. Gates, Schwab, other Cult operatives and mindless repeaters, want the world to be 'carbon neutral' by at least 2050 and the earlier the better. 'Zero carbon' is the cry echoed by lunatics calling for 'Zero Covid' when we already have it. These carbon emission targets will deindustrialise the world in accordance with Cult plans – the post-industrial, post-democratic society – and with so-called renewables like solar and wind not coming even close to meeting human energy needs blackouts and cold are inevitable. Texans got the picture in the winter of 2021 when a snow storm stopped wind turbines and solar panels from working and the lights went down along with water which relies on electricity for its supply system. Gates wants everything to be powered by electricity to ensure that his masters have the kill switch to stop all human activity, movement, cooking, water and warmth any time they like. The climate lie is so

stupendously inverted that it claims we must urgently reduce carbon dioxide when we *don't have enough*.

Co2 in the atmosphere is a little above 400 parts per million when the optimum for plant growth is 2,000 ppm and when it falls anywhere near 150 ppm the natural world starts to die and so do we. It fell to as low as 280 ppm in an 1880 measurement in Hawaii and rose to 413 ppm in 2019 with industrialisation which is why the planet has become *greener* in the industrial period. How insane then that psychopathic madman Gates is not satisfied only with blocking the rise of Co2. He's funding technology to suck it out of the atmosphere. The reason why will become clear. The industrial era is not destroying the world through Co2 and has instead turned around a potentially disastrous ongoing fall in Co2. Greenpeace co-founder and scientist Patrick Moore walked away from Greenpeace in 1986 and has exposed the green movement for fear-mongering and lies. He said that 500 million years ago there was *17 times* more Co2 in the atmosphere than we have today and levels have been falling for hundreds of millions of years. In the last 150 million years Co2 levels in Earth's atmosphere had reduced by *90 percent*. Moore said that by the time humanity began to unlock carbon dioxide from fossil fuels we were at '38 seconds to midnight' and in that sense: 'Humans are [the Earth's] salvation.' Moore made the point that only half the Co2 emitted by fossil fuels stays in the atmosphere and we should remember that all pollution pouring from chimneys that we are told is carbon dioxide is in fact nothing of the kind. It's pollution. Carbon dioxide is an invisible gas.

William Happer, Professor of Physics at Princeton University and long-time government adviser on climate, has emphasised the Co2 deficiency for maximum growth and food production. Greenhouse growers don't add carbon dioxide for a bit of fun. He said that most of the warming in the last 100 years, after the earth emerged from the super-cold period of the 'Little Ice Age' into a natural warming cycle, was over by 1940. Happer said that a peak year for warming in 1988 can be explained by a 'monster El Nino' which is a natural and cyclical warming of the Pacific that has nothing to do with 'climate

change'. He said the effect of Co2 could be compared to painting a wall with red paint in that once two or three coats have been applied it didn't matter how much more you slapped on because the wall will not get much redder. Almost all the effect of the rise in Co2 has already happened, he said, and the volume in the atmosphere would now have to *double* to increase temperature by a single degree. Climate hoaxers know this and they have invented the most ridiculously complicated series of 'feedback' loops to try to overcome this rather devastating fact. You hear puppet Greta going on cluelessly about feedback loops and this is why.

The Sun affects temperature? No you *climate denier*

Some other nonsense to contemplate: Climate graphs show that rises in temperature do not follow rises in Co2 – *it's the other way round* with a lag between the two of some 800 years. If we go back 800 years from present time we hit the Medieval Warm Period when temperatures were higher than now without any industrialisation and this was followed by the Little Ice Age when temperatures plummeted. The world was still emerging from these centuries of serious cold when many climate records began which makes the ever-repeated line of the 'hottest year since records began' meaningless when you are not comparing like with like. The coldest period of the Little Ice Age corresponded with the lowest period of sunspot activity when the Sun was at its least active. Proper scientists will not be at all surprised by this when it confirms the obvious fact that earth temperature is affected by the scale of Sun activity and the energetic power that it subsequently emits; but when is the last time you heard a climate hoaxer talking about the Sun as a source of earth temperature?? Everything has to be focussed on Co2 which makes up just 0.117 percent of so-called greenhouse gases and only a fraction of even that is generated by human activity. The rest is natural. More than *90 percent* of those greenhouse gases are water vapour and clouds ([Fig 9](#)). Ban moisture I say. Have you noticed that the climate hoaxers no longer use the polar bear as their promotion image? That's because far from becoming extinct polar

bear communities are stable or thriving. Joe Bastardi, American meteorologist, weather forecaster and outspoken critic of the climate lie, documents in his book *The Climate Chronicles* how weather patterns and events claimed to be evidence of climate change have been happening since long before industrialisation: 'What happened before naturally is happening again, as is to be expected given the cyclical nature of the climate due to the design of the planet.' If you read the detailed background to the climate hoax in my other books you will shake your head and wonder how anyone could believe the crap which has spawned a multi-trillion dollar industry based on absolute garbage (see HIV causes AIDs and Sars-Cov-2 causes 'Covid-19'). Climate and 'Covid' have much in common given they have the same source. They both have the contradictory *everything* factor in which everything is explained by reference to them. It's hot – 'it's climate change'. It's cold – 'it's climate change'. I got a sniffle – 'it's Covid'. I haven't got a sniffle – 'it's Covid'. Not having a sniffle has to be a symptom of 'Covid'. Everything is and not having a sniffle is especially dangerous if you are a slow walker. For sheer audacity I offer you a Cambridge University 'study' that actually linked 'Covid' to 'climate change'. It had to happen eventually. They concluded that climate change played a role in 'Covid-19' spreading from animals to humans because ... wait for it ... I kid you not ... *the two groups were forced closer together as populations grow*. Er, that's it. The whole foundation on which this depended was that 'Bats are the likely zoonotic origin of SARS-CoV-1 and SARS-CoV-2'. Well, they are not. They are nothing to do with it. Apart from bats not being the origin and therefore 'climate change' effects on bats being irrelevant I am in awe of their academic insight. Where would we be without them? Not where we are that's for sure.

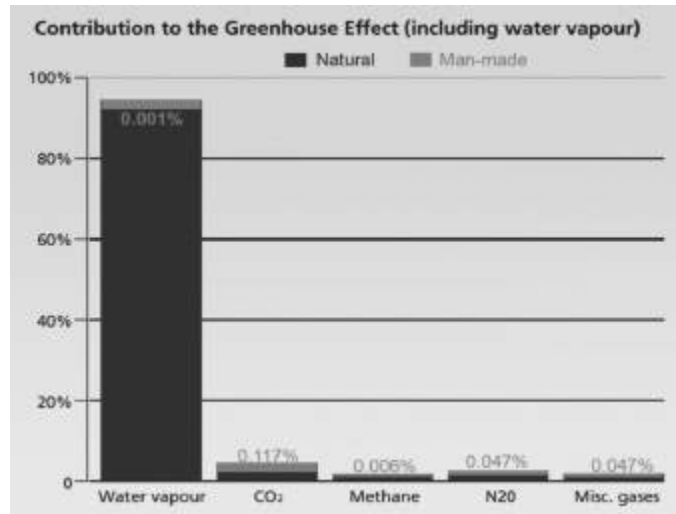


Figure 9: The idea that the gas of life is disastrously changing the climate is an insult to brain cell activity.

One other point about the weather is that climate modification is now well advanced and not every major weather event is natural – or earthquake come to that. I cover this subject at some length in other books. China is openly planning a rapid expansion of its weather modification programme which includes changing the climate in an area more than one and a half times the size of India. China used weather manipulation to ensure clear skies during the 2008 Olympics in Beijing. I have quoted from US military documents detailing how to employ weather manipulation as a weapon of war and they did that in the 1960s and 70s during the conflict in Vietnam with Operation Popeye manipulating monsoon rains for military purposes. Why would there be international treaties on weather modification if it wasn't possible? Of course it is. Weather is energetic information and it can be changed.

How was the climate hoax pulled off? See 'Covid'

If you can get billions to believe in a 'virus' that doesn't exist you can get them to believe in human-caused climate change that doesn't exist. Both are being used by the Cult to transform global society in the way it has long planned. Both hoaxes have been achieved in pretty much the same way. First you declare a lie is a fact. There's a

'virus' you call SARS-Cov-2 or humans are warming the planet with their behaviour. Next this becomes, via Cult networks, the foundation of government, academic and science policy and belief. Those who parrot the mantra are given big grants to produce research that confirms the narrative is true and ever more 'symptoms' are added to make the 'virus'/'climate change' sound even more scary. Scientists and researchers who challenge the narrative have their grants withdrawn and their careers destroyed. The media promote the lie as the unquestionable truth and censor those with an alternative view or evidence. A great percentage of the population believe what they are told as the lie becomes an everybody-knows-that and the believing-masses turn on those with a mind of their own. The technique has been used endlessly throughout human history. Wokers are the biggest promoters of the climate lie *and* 'Covid' fascism because their minds are owned by the Cult; their sense of self-righteous self-purity knows no bounds; and they exist in a bubble of reality in which facts are irrelevant and only get in the way of looking without seeing.

Running through all of this like veins in a blue cheese is control of information, which means control of perception, which means control of behaviour, which collectively means control of human society. The Cult owns the global media and Silicon Valley fascists for the simple reason that it *has* to. Without control of information it can't control perception and through that human society. Examine every facet of the Cult agenda and you will see that anything supporting its introduction is never censored while anything pushing back is always censored. I say again: Psychopaths that know why they are doing this must go before Nuremberg trials and those that follow their orders must trot along behind them into the same dock. 'I was just following orders' didn't work the first time and it must not work now. Nuremberg trials must be held all over the world before public juries for politicians, government officials, police, compliant doctors, scientists and virologists, and all Cult operatives such as Gates, Tedros, Fauci, Vallance, Whitty, Ferguson, Zuckerberg, Wojcicki, Brin, Page, Dorsey, the whole damn lot of

them – including, no *especially*, the psychopath psychologists. Without them and the brainless, gutless excuses for journalists that have repeated their lies, none of this could be happening. Nobody can be allowed to escape justice for the psychological and economic Armageddon they are all responsible for visiting upon the human race.

As for the compliant, unquestioning, swathes of humanity, and the self-obsessed, all-knowing ignorance of the Wokers ... don't start me. God help their kids. God help their grandkids. God *help them*.

CHAPTER NINE

We must have it? So what is it?

Well I won't back down. No, I won't back down. You can stand me up at the Gates of Hell. But I won't back down

Tom Petty

I will now focus on the genetically-manipulating 'Covid vaccines' which do not meet this official definition of a vaccine by the US Centers for Disease Control (CDC): 'A product that stimulates a person's immune system to produce immunity to a specific disease, protecting the person from that disease.' On that basis 'Covid vaccines' are not a vaccine in that the makers don't even claim they stop infection or transmission.

They are instead part of a multi-levelled conspiracy to change the nature of the human body and what it means to be 'human' and to depopulate an enormous swathe of humanity. What I shall call Human 1.0 is on the cusp of becoming Human 2.0 and for very sinister reasons. Before I get to the 'Covid vaccine' in detail here's some background to vaccines in general. Government regulators do not test vaccines – the makers do – and the makers control which data is revealed and which isn't. Children in America are given 50 vaccine doses by age six and 69 by age 19 and the effect of the whole combined schedule has never been tested. Autoimmune diseases when the immune system attacks its own body have soared in the mass vaccine era and so has disease in general in children and the young. Why wouldn't this be the case when vaccines target the *immune system*? The US government gave Big Pharma drug

companies immunity from prosecution for vaccine death and injury in the 1986 National Childhood Vaccine Injury Act (NCVIA) and since then the government (taxpayer) has been funding compensation for the consequences of Big Pharma vaccines. The criminal and satanic drug giants can't lose and the vaccine schedule has increased dramatically since 1986 for this reason. There is no incentive to make vaccines safe and a big incentive to make money by introducing ever more. Even against a ridiculously high bar to prove vaccine liability, and with the government controlling the hearing in which it is being challenged for compensation, the vaccine court has so far paid out more than \$4 billion. These are the vaccines we are told are safe and psychopaths like Zuckerberg censor posts saying otherwise. The immunity law was even justified by a ruling that vaccines by their nature were 'unavoidably unsafe'.

Check out the ingredients of vaccines and you will be shocked if you are new to this. *They put that in children's bodies?? What??* Try aluminium, a brain toxin connected to dementia, aborted foetal tissue and formaldehyde which is used to embalm corpses. World-renowned aluminium expert Christopher Exley had his research into the health effect of aluminium in vaccines shut down by Keele University in the UK when it began taking funding from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. Research when diseases 'eradicated' by vaccines began to decline and you will find the fall began long *before* the vaccine was introduced. Sometimes the fall even plateaued after the vaccine. Diseases like scarlet fever for which there was no vaccine declined in the same way because of environmental and other factors. A perfect case in point is the polio vaccine. Polio began when lead arsenate was first sprayed as an insecticide and residues remained in food products. Spraying started in 1892 and the first US polio epidemic came in Vermont in 1894. The simple answer was to stop spraying, but Rockefeller-created Big Pharma had a better idea. Polio was decreed to be caused by the *poliovirus* which 'spreads from person to person and can infect a person's spinal cord'. Lead arsenate was replaced by the lethal DDT which had the same effect of causing paralysis by damaging the brain and central nervous

system. Polio plummeted when DDT was reduced and then banned, but the vaccine is still given the credit for something it didn't do. Today by far the biggest cause of polio is the vaccines promoted by Bill Gates. Vaccine justice campaigner Robert Kennedy Jr, son of assassinated (by the Cult) US Attorney General Robert Kennedy, wrote:

In 2017, the World Health Organization (WHO) reluctantly admitted that the global explosion in polio is predominantly vaccine strain. The most frightening epidemics in Congo, Afghanistan, and the Philippines, are all linked to vaccines. In fact, by 2018, 70% of global polio cases were vaccine strain.

Vaccines make fortunes for Cult-owned Gates and Big Pharma while undermining the health and immune systems of the population. We had a glimpse of the mentality behind the Big Pharma cartel with a report on WION (World is One News), an international English language TV station based in India, which exposed the extraordinary behaviour of US drug company Pfizer over its 'Covid vaccine'. The WION report told how Pfizer had made fantastic demands of Argentina, Brazil and other countries in return for its 'vaccine'. These included immunity from prosecution, even for Pfizer negligence, government insurance to protect Pfizer from law suits and handing over as collateral sovereign assets of the country to include Argentina's bank reserves, military bases and embassy buildings. Pfizer demanded the same of Brazil in the form of waiving sovereignty of its assets abroad; exempting Pfizer from Brazilian laws; and giving Pfizer immunity from all civil liability. This is a 'vaccine' developed with government funding. Big Pharma is evil incarnate as a creation of the Cult and all must be handed tickets to Nuremberg.

Phantom 'vaccine' for a phantom 'disease'

I'll expose the 'Covid vaccine' fraud and then go on to the wider background of why the Cult has set out to 'vaccinate' every man, woman and child on the planet for an alleged 'new disease' with a survival rate of 99.77 percent (or more) even by the grotesquely-

manipulated figures of the World Health Organization and Johns Hopkins University. The 'infection' to 'death' ratio is 0.23 to 0.15 percent according to Stanford epidemiologist Dr John Ioannidis and while estimates vary the danger remains tiny. I say that if the truth be told the fake infection to fake death ratio is zero. Never mind all the evidence I have presented here and in *The Answer* that there is no 'virus' let us just focus for a moment on that death-rate figure of say 0.23 percent. The figure includes all those worldwide who have tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' and then died within 28 days or even longer of any other cause – *any other cause*. Now subtract all those illusory 'Covid' deaths on the global data sheets from the 0.23 percent. What do you think you would be left with? *Zero*. A vaccination has never been successfully developed for a so-called coronavirus. They have all failed at the animal testing stage when they caused hypersensitivity to what they were claiming to protect against and made the impact of a disease far worse. Cult-owned vaccine corporations got around that problem this time by bypassing animal trials, going straight to humans and making the length of the 'trials' before the public rollout as short as they could get away with. Normally it takes five to ten years or more to develop vaccines that still cause demonstrable harm to many people and that's without including the long-term effects that are never officially connected to the vaccination. 'Covid' non-vaccines have been officially produced and approved in a matter of months from a standing start and part of the reason is that (a) they were developed before the 'Covid' hoax began and (b) they are based on computer programs and not natural sources. Official non-trials were so short that government agencies gave *emergency*, not full, approval. 'Trials' were not even completed and full approval cannot be secured until they are. Public 'Covid vaccination' is actually a *continuation of the trial*. Drug company 'trials' are not scheduled to end until 2023 by which time a lot of people are going to be dead. Data on which government agencies gave this emergency approval was supplied by the Big Pharma corporations themselves in the form of Pfizer/BioNTech, AstraZeneca, Moderna, Johnson & Johnson, and

others, and this is the case with all vaccines. By its very nature *emergency* approval means drug companies do not have to prove that the 'vaccine' is 'safe and effective'. How could they with trials way short of complete? Government regulators only have to *believe* that they *could* be safe and effective. It is criminal manipulation to get products in circulation with no testing worth the name. Agencies giving that approval are infested with Big Pharma-connected place-people and they act in the interests of Big Pharma (the Cult) and not the public about whom they do not give a damn.

More human lab rats

'Covid vaccines' produced in record time by Pfizer/BioNTech and Moderna employ a technique *never approved before for use on humans*. They are known as mRNA 'vaccines' and inject a synthetic version of 'viral' mRNA or 'messenger RNA'. The key is in the term 'messenger'. The body works, or doesn't, on the basis of information messaging. Communications are constantly passing between and within the genetic system and the brain. Change those messages and you change the state of the body and even its very nature and you can change psychology and behaviour by the way the brain processes information. I think you are going to see significant changes in personality and perception of many people who have had the 'Covid vaccine' synthetic potions. Insider Aldous Huxley predicted the following in 1961 and mRNA 'vaccines' can be included in the term 'pharmacological methods':

There will be, in the next generation or so, a pharmacological method of making people love their servitude, and producing dictatorship without tears, so to speak, producing a kind of painless concentration camp for entire societies, so that people will in fact have their own liberties taken away from them, but rather enjoy it, because they will be distracted from any desire to rebel by propaganda or brainwashing, or brainwashing enhanced by pharmacological methods. And this seems to be the final revolution.

Apologists claim that mRNA synthetic 'vaccines' don't change the DNA genetic blueprint because RNA does not affect DNA only the other way round. This is so disingenuous. A process called 'reverse

transcription' can convert RNA into DNA and be integrated into DNA in the cell nucleus. This was highlighted in December, 2020, by scientists at Harvard and Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT). Geneticists report that more than 40 percent of mammalian genomes results from reverse transcription. On the most basic level if messaging changes then that sequence must lead to changes in DNA which is receiving and transmitting those communications. How can introducing synthetic material into cells not change the cells where DNA is located? The process is known as transfection which is defined as 'a technique to insert foreign nucleic acid (DNA or RNA) into a cell, typically with the intention of altering the properties of the cell'. Researchers at the Sloan Kettering Institute in New York found that changes in messenger RNA can deactivate tumour-suppressing proteins and thereby promote cancer. This is what happens when you mess with messaging. 'Covid vaccine' maker Moderna was founded in 2010 by Canadian stem cell biologist Derrick J. Rossi after his breakthrough discovery in the field of transforming and reprogramming stem cells. These are neutral cells that can be programmed to become any cell including sperm cells. Moderna was therefore founded on the principle of genetic manipulation and has never produced any vaccine or drug before its genetically-manipulating synthetic 'Covid' shite. Look at the name – Mode-RNA or Modify-RNA. Another important point is that the US Supreme Court has ruled that genetically-modified DNA, or complementary DNA (cDNA) synthesized in the laboratory from messenger RNA, can be patented and owned. These psychopaths are doing this to the human body.

Cells replicate synthetic mRNA in the 'Covid vaccines' and in theory the body is tricked into making antigens which trigger antibodies to target the 'virus spike proteins' which as Dr Tom Cowan said have *never been seen*. Cut the crap and these 'vaccines' deliver *self-replicating* synthetic material to the cells with the effect of changing human DNA. The more of them you have the more that process is compounded while synthetic material is all the time self-replicating. 'Vaccine'-maker Moderna describes mRNA as 'like

software for the cell' and so they are messing with the body's software. What happens when you change the software in a computer? Everything changes. For this reason the Cult is preparing a production line of mRNA 'Covid vaccines' and a long list of excuses to use them as with all the 'variants' of a 'virus' never shown to exist. The plan is further to transfer the mRNA technique to other vaccines mostly given to children and young people. The cumulative consequences will be a transformation of human DNA through a constant infusion of synthetic genetic material which will kill many and change the rest. Now consider that governments that have given emergency approval for a vaccine that's not a vaccine; never been approved for humans before; had no testing worth the name; and the makers have been given immunity from prosecution for any deaths or adverse effects suffered by the public. The UK government awarded *permanent legal indemnity* to itself and its employees for harm done when a patient is being treated for 'Covid-19' or 'suspected Covid-19'. That is quite a thought when these are possible 'side-effects' from the 'vaccine' (they are not 'side', they are effects) listed by the US Food and Drug Administration:

Guillain-Barre syndrome; acute disseminated encephalomyelitis; transverse myelitis; encephalitis; myelitis; encephalomyelitis; meningoencephalitis; meningitis; encephalopathy; convulsions; seizures; stroke; narcolepsy; cataplexy; anaphylaxis; acute myocardial infarction (heart attack); myocarditis; pericarditis; autoimmune disease; death; implications for pregnancy, and birth outcomes; other acute demyelinating diseases; non anaphylactic allergy reactions; thrombocytopenia ; disseminated intravascular coagulation; venous thromboembolism; arthritis; arthralgia; joint pain; Kawasaki disease; multisystem inflammatory syndrome in children; vaccine enhanced disease. The latter is the way the 'vaccine' has the potential to make diseases far worse than they would otherwise be.

UK doctor and freedom campaigner Vernon Coleman described the conditions in this list as 'all unpleasant, most of them very serious, and you can't get more serious than death'. The thought that anyone at all has had the 'vaccine' in these circumstances is testament to the potential that humanity has for clueless, unquestioning, stupidity and for many that programmed stupidity has already been terminal.

An insider speaks

Dr Michael Yeadon is a former Vice President, head of research and Chief Scientific Adviser at vaccine giant Pfizer. Yeadon worked on the inside of Big Pharma, but that did not stop him becoming a vocal critic of 'Covid vaccines' and their potential for multiple harms, including infertility in women. By the spring of 2021 he went much further and even used the no, no, term 'conspiracy'. When you begin to see what is going on it is impossible not to do so. Yeadon spoke out in an interview with freedom campaigner James Delingpole and I mentioned earlier how he said that no one had samples of 'the virus'. He explained that the mRNA technique originated in the anti-cancer field and ways to turn on and off certain genes which could be advantageous if you wanted to stop cancer growing out of control. 'That's the origin of them. They are a very unusual application, really.' Yeadon said that treating a cancer patient with an aggressive procedure might be understandable if the alternative was dying, but it was quite another thing to use the same technique as a public health measure. Most people involved wouldn't catch the infectious agent you were vaccinating against and if they did they probably wouldn't die:

If you are really using it as a public health measure you really want to as close as you can get to zero sides-effects ... I find it odd that they chose techniques that were really cutting their teeth in the field of oncology and I'm worried that in using gene-based vaccines that have to be injected in the body and spread around the body, get taken up into some cells, and the regulators haven't quite told us which cells they get taken up into ... you are going to be generating a wide range of responses ... with multiple steps each of which could go well or badly.

I doubt the Cult intends it to go well. Yeadon said that you can put any gene you like into the body through the 'vaccine'. 'You can certainly give them a gene that would do them some harm if you wanted.' I was intrigued when he said that when used in the cancer field the technique could turn genes on and off. I explore this process in *The Answer* and with different genes having different functions you could create mayhem – physically and psychologically – if you turned the wrong ones on and the right ones off. I read reports of an experiment by researchers at the University of Washington's school of computer science and engineering in which they encoded DNA to infect computers. The body is itself a biological computer and if human DNA can inflict damage on a computer why can't the computer via synthetic material mess with the human body? It can. The Washington research team said it was possible to insert malicious malware into 'physical DNA strands' and corrupt the computer system of a gene sequencing machine as it 'reads gene letters and stores them as binary digits 0 and 1'. They concluded that hackers could one day use blood or spit samples to access computer systems and obtain sensitive data from police forensics labs or infect genome files. It is at this level of digital interaction that synthetic 'vaccines' need to be seen to get the full picture and that will become very clear later on. Michael Yeadon said it made no sense to give the 'vaccine' to younger people who were in no danger from the 'virus'. What was the benefit? It was all downside with potential effects:

The fact that my government in what I thought was a civilised, rational country, is raining [the 'vaccine'] on people in their 30s and 40s, even my children in their 20s, they're getting letters and phone calls, I know this is not right and any of you doctors who are vaccinating you know it's not right, too. They are not at risk. They are not at risk from the disease, so you are now hoping that the side-effects are so rare that you get away with it. You don't give new technology ... that you don't understand to 100 percent of the population.

Blood clot problems with the AstraZeneca 'vaccine' have been affecting younger people to emphasise the downside risks with no benefit. AstraZeneca's version, produced with Oxford University, does not use mRNA, but still gets its toxic cocktail inside cells where

it targets DNA. The Johnson & Johnson 'vaccine' which uses a similar technique has also produced blood clot effects to such an extent that the United States paused its use at one point. They are all 'gene therapy' (cell modification) procedures and not 'vaccines'. The truth is that once the content of these injections enter cells we have no idea what the effect will be. People can speculate and some can give very educated opinions and that's good. In the end, though, only the makers know what their potions are designed to do and even they won't know every last consequence. Michael Yeadon was scathing about doctors doing what they knew to be wrong. 'Everyone's mute', he said. Doctors in the NHS must know this was not right, coming into work and injecting people. 'I don't know how they sleep at night. I know I couldn't do it. I know that if I were in that position I'd have to quit.' He said he knew enough about toxicology to know this was not a good risk-benefit. Yeadon had spoken to seven or eight university professors and all except two would not speak out publicly. Their universities had a policy that no one said anything that countered the government and its medical advisors. They were afraid of losing their government grants. This is how intimidation has been used to silence the truth at every level of the system. I say silence, but these people could still speak out if they made that choice. Yeadon called them 'moral cowards' – 'This is about your children and grandchildren's lives and you have just buggered off and left it.'

'Variant' nonsense

Some of his most powerful comments related to the alleged 'variants' being used to instil more fear, justify more lockdowns, and introduce more 'vaccines'. He said government claims about 'variants' were nonsense. He had checked the alleged variant 'codes' and they were 99.7 percent identical to the 'original'. This was the human identity difference equivalent to putting a baseball cap on and off or wearing it the other way round. A 0.3 percent difference would make it impossible for that 'variant' to escape immunity from the 'original'. This made no sense of having new 'vaccines' for

'variants'. He said there would have to be at least a *30 percent* difference for that to be justified and even then he believed the immune system would still recognise what it was. Gates-funded 'variant modeller' and 'vaccine'-pusher John Edmunds might care to comment. Yeadon said drug companies were making new versions of the 'vaccine' as a 'top up' for 'variants'. Worse than that, he said, the 'regulators' around the world like the MHRA in the UK had got together and agreed that because 'vaccines' for 'variants' were so similar to the first 'vaccines' *they did not have to do safety studies*. How transparently sinister that is. This is when Yeadon said: 'There is a conspiracy here.' There was no need for another vaccine for 'variants' and yet we were told that there was and the country had shut its borders because of them. 'They are going into hundreds of millions of arms without passing 'go' or any regulator. Why did they do that? Why did they pick this method of making the vaccine?'

The reason had to be something bigger than that it seemed and 'it's not protection against the virus'. It's was a far bigger project that meant politicians and advisers were willing to do things and not do things that knowingly resulted in avoidable deaths – 'that's already happened when you think about lockdown and deprivation of health care for a year.' He spoke of people prepared to do something that results in the avoidable death of their fellow human beings and it not bother them. This is the penny-drop I have been working to get across for more than 30 years – the level of pure evil we are dealing with. Yeadon said his friends and associates could not believe there could be that much evil, but he reminded them of Stalin, Pol Pot and Hitler and of what Stalin had said: 'One death is a tragedy. A million? A statistic.' He could not think of a benign explanation for why you need top-up vaccines 'which I'm sure you don't' and for the regulators 'to just get out of the way and wave them through'. Why would the regulators do that when they were still wrestling with the dangers of the 'parent' vaccine? He was clearly shocked by what he had seen since the 'Covid' hoax began and now he was thinking the previously unthinkable:

If you wanted to depopulate a significant proportion of the world and to do it in a way that doesn't involve destruction of the environment with nuclear weapons, poisoning everyone with anthrax or something like that, and you wanted plausible deniability while you had a multi-year infectious disease crisis, I actually don't think you could come up with a better plan of work than seems to be in front of me. I can't say that's what they are going to do, but I can't think of a benign explanation why they are doing it.

He said he never thought that they would get rid of 99 percent of humans, but now he wondered. 'If you wanted to that this would be a hell of a way to do it – it would be unstoppable folks.' Yeadon had concluded that those who submitted to the 'vaccine' would be allowed to have some kind of normal life (but for how long?) while screws were tightened to coerce and mandate the last few percent. 'I think they'll put the rest of them in a prison camp. I wish I was wrong, but I don't think I am.' Other points he made included: There were no coronavirus vaccines then suddenly they all come along at the same time; we have no idea of the long term affect with trials so short; coercing or forcing people to have medical procedures is against the Nuremberg Code instigated when the Nazis did just that; people should at least delay having the 'vaccine'; a quick Internet search confirms that masks don't reduce respiratory viral transmission and 'the government knows that'; they have smashed civil society and they know that, too; two dozen peer-reviewed studies show no connection between lockdown and reducing deaths; he knew from personal friends the elite were still flying around and going on holiday while the public were locked down; the elite were not having the 'vaccines'. He was also asked if 'vaccines' could be made to target difference races. He said he didn't know, but the document by the Project for the New American Century in September, 2000, said developing 'advanced forms of biological warfare that can target *specific genotypes* may transform biological warfare from the realm of terror to a politically useful tool.' Oh, they're evil all right. Of that we can be *absolutely* sure.

Another cull of old people

We have seen from the CDC definition that the mRNA 'Covid vaccine' is not a vaccine and nor are the others that *claim* to reduce 'severity of symptoms' in *some* people, but not protect from infection or transmission. What about all the lies about returning to 'normal' if people were 'vaccinated'? If they are not claimed to stop infection and transmission of the alleged 'virus', how does anything change? This was all lies to manipulate people to take the jabs and we are seeing that now with masks and distancing still required for the 'vaccinated'. How did they think that elderly people with fragile health and immune responses were going to be affected by infusing their cells with synthetic material and other toxic substances? They *knew* that in the short and long term it would be devastating and fatal as the culling of the old that began with the first lockdowns was continued with the 'vaccine'. Death rates in care homes soared immediately residents began to be 'vaccinated' – infused with synthetic material. Brave and committed whistleblower nurses put their careers at risk by exposing this truth while the rest kept their heads down and their mouths shut to put their careers before those they are supposed to care for. A long-time American Certified Nursing Assistant who gave his name as James posted a video in which he described emotionally what happened in his care home when vaccination began. He said that during 2020 very few residents were sick with 'Covid' and no one died during the entire year; but shortly after the Pfizer mRNA injections 14 people died within two weeks and many others were near death. 'They're dropping like flies', he said. Residents who walked on their own before the shot could no longer and they had lost their ability to conduct an intelligent conversation. The home's management said the sudden deaths were caused by a 'super-spreader' of 'Covid-19'. Then how come, James asked, that residents who refused to take the injections were not sick? It was a case of inject the elderly with mRNA synthetic potions and blame their illness and death that followed on the 'virus'. James described what was happening in care homes as 'the greatest crime of genocide this country has ever seen'. Remember the NHS staff nurse from earlier who used the same

word 'genocide' for what was happening with the 'vaccines' and that it was an 'act of human annihilation'. A UK care home whistleblower told a similar story to James about the effect of the 'vaccine' in deaths and 'outbreaks' of illness dubbed 'Covid' after getting the jab. She told how her care home management and staff had zealously imposed government regulations and no one was allowed to even question the official narrative let alone speak out against it. She said the NHS was even worse. Again we see the results of reframing. A worker at a local care home where I live said they had not had a single case of 'Covid' there for almost a year and when the residents were 'vaccinated' they had 19 positive cases in two weeks with eight dying.

It's not the 'vaccine' – honest

The obvious cause and effect was being ignored by the media and most of the public. Australia's health minister Greg Hunt (a former head of strategy at the World Economic Forum) was admitted to hospital after he had the 'vaccine'. He was suffering according to reports from the skin infection 'cellulitis' and it must have been a severe case to have warranted days in hospital. Immediately the authorities said this was nothing to do with the 'vaccine' when an effect of some vaccines is a 'cellulitis-like reaction'. We had families of perfectly healthy old people who died after the 'vaccine' saying that if only they had been given the 'vaccine' earlier they would still be alive. As a numbskull rating that is off the chart. A father of four 'died of Covid' at aged 48 when he was taken ill two days after having the 'vaccine'. The man, a health administrator, had been 'shielding during the pandemic' and had 'not really left the house' until he went for the 'vaccine'. Having the 'vaccine' and then falling ill and dying does not seem to have qualified as a possible cause and effect and 'Covid-19' went on his death certificate. His family said they had no idea how he 'caught the virus'. A family member said: 'Tragically, it could be that going for a vaccination ultimately led to him catching Covid ...The sad truth is that they are never going to know where it came from.' The family warned people to remember

that the virus still existed and was 'very real'. So was their stupidity. Nurses and doctors who had the first round of the 'vaccine' were collapsing, dying and ending up in a hospital bed while they or their grieving relatives were saying they'd still have the 'vaccine' again despite what happened. I kid you not. You mean if your husband returned from the dead he'd have the same 'vaccine' again that killed him??

Doctors at the VCU Medical Center in Richmond, Virginia, said the Johnson & Johnson 'vaccine' was to blame for a man's skin peeling off. Patient Richard Terrell said: 'It all just happened so fast. My skin peeled off. It's still coming off on my hands now.' He said it was stinging, burning and itching and when he bent his arms and legs it was very painful with 'the skin swollen and rubbing against itself'. Pfizer/BioNTech and Moderna vaccines use mRNA to change the cell while the Johnson & Johnson version uses DNA in a process similar to AstraZeneca's technique. Johnson & Johnson and AstraZeneca have both had their 'vaccines' paused by many countries after causing serious blood problems. Terrell's doctor Fnu Nutan said he could have died if he hadn't got medical attention. It sounds terrible so what did Nutan and Terrell say about the 'vaccine' now? Oh, they still recommend that people have it. A nurse in a hospital bed 40 minutes after the vaccination and unable to swallow due to throat swelling was told by a doctor that he lost mobility in his arm for 36 hours following the vaccination. What did he say to the ailing nurse? 'Good for you for getting the vaccination.' We are dealing with a serious form of cognitive dissonance madness in both public and medical staff. There is a remarkable correlation between those having the 'vaccine' and trumpeting the fact and suffering bad happenings shortly afterwards. Witold Rogiewicz, a Polish doctor, made a video of his 'vaccination' and ridiculed those who were questioning its safety and the intentions of Bill Gates: 'Vaccinate yourself to protect yourself, your loved ones, friends and also patients. And to mention quickly I have info for anti-vaxxers and anti-Coviders if you want to contact Bill Gates you can do this through me.' He further ridiculed the dangers of 5G. Days later he

was dead, but naturally the vaccination wasn't mentioned in the verdict of 'heart attack'.

Lies, lies and more lies

So many members of the human race have slipped into extreme states of insanity and unfortunately they include reframed doctors and nursing staff. Having a 'vaccine' and dying within minutes or hours is not considered a valid connection while death from any cause within 28 days or longer of a positive test with a test not testing for the 'virus' means 'Covid-19' goes on the death certificate. How could that 'vaccine'-death connection not have been made except by calculated deceit? US figures in the initial rollout period to February 12th, 2020, revealed that a third of the deaths reported to the CDC after 'Covid vaccines' happened within 48 hours. Five men in the UK suffered an 'extremely rare' blood clot problem after having the AstraZeneca 'vaccine', but no causal link was established said the Gates-funded Medicines and Healthcare products Regulatory Agency (MHRA) which had given the 'vaccine' emergency approval to be used. Former Pfizer executive Dr Michael Yeadon explained in his interview how the procedures could cause blood coagulation and clots. People who should have been at no risk were dying from blood clots in the brain and he said he had heard from medical doctor friends that people were suffering from skin bleeding and massive headaches. The AstraZeneca 'shot' was stopped by some 20 countries over the blood clotting issue and still the corrupt MHRA, the European Medicines Agency (EMA) and the World Health Organization said that it should continue to be given even though the EMA admitted that it 'still cannot rule out definitively' a link between blood clotting and the 'vaccine'. Later Marco Cavaleri, head of EMA vaccine strategy, said there was indeed a clear link between the 'vaccine' and thrombosis, but they didn't know why. So much for the trials showing the 'vaccine' is safe. Blood clots were affecting younger people who would be under virtually no danger from 'Covid' even if it existed which makes it all the more stupid and sinister.

The British government responded to public alarm by wheeling out June Raine, the terrifyingly weak infant school headmistress sound-alike who heads the UK MHRA drug 'regulator'. The idea that she would stand up to Big Pharma and government pressure is laughable and she told us that all was well in the same way that she did when allowing untested, never-used-on-humans-before, genetically-manipulating 'vaccines' to be exposed to the public in the first place. Mass lying is the new normal of the 'Covid' era. The MHRA later said 30 cases of rare blood clots had by then been connected with the AstraZeneca 'vaccine' (that means a lot more in reality) while stressing that the benefits of the jab in preventing 'Covid-19' outweighed any risks. A more ridiculous and disingenuous statement with callous disregard for human health it is hard to contemplate. Immediately after the mendacious 'all-clears' two hospital workers in Denmark experienced blood clots and cerebral haemorrhaging following the AstraZeneca jab and one died. Top Norwegian health official Pål Andre Holme said the 'vaccine' was the only common factor: 'There is nothing in the patient history of these individuals that can give such a powerful immune response ... I am confident that the antibodies that we have found are the cause, and I see no other explanation than it being the vaccine which triggers it.' Strokes, a clot or bleed in the brain, were clearly associated with the 'vaccine' from word of mouth and whistleblower reports. Similar consequences followed with all these 'vaccines' that we were told were so safe and as the numbers grew by the day it was clear we were witnessing human carnage.

Learning the hard way

A woman interviewed by UKColumn told how her husband suffered dramatic health effects after the vaccine when he'd been in good health all his life. He went from being a little unwell to losing all feeling in his legs and experiencing 'excruciating pain'. Misdiagnosis followed twice at Accident and Emergency (an 'allergy' and 'sciatica') before he was admitted to a neurology ward where doctors said his serious condition had been caused by the

'vaccine'. Another seven 'vaccinated' people were apparently being treated on the same ward for similar symptoms. The woman said he had the 'vaccine' because they believed media claims that it was safe. 'I didn't think the government would give out a vaccine that does this to somebody; I believed they would be bringing out a vaccination that would be safe.' What a tragic way to learn that lesson. Another woman posted that her husband was transporting stroke patients to hospital on almost every shift and when he asked them if they had been 'vaccinated' for 'Covid' they all replied 'yes'. One had a 'massive brain bleed' the day after his second dose. She said her husband reported the 'just been vaccinated' information every time to doctors in A and E only for them to ignore it, make no notes and appear annoyed that it was even mentioned. This particular report cannot be verified, but it expresses a common theme that confirms the monumental underreporting of 'vaccine' consequences. Interestingly as the 'vaccines' and their brain blood clot/stroke consequences began to emerge the UK National Health Service began a publicity campaign telling the public what to do in the event of a stroke. A Scottish NHS staff nurse who quit in disgust in March, 2021, said:

I have seen traumatic injuries from the vaccine, they're not getting reported to the yellow card [adverse reaction] scheme, they're treating the symptoms, not asking why, why it's happening. It's just treating the symptoms and when you speak about it you're dismissed like you're crazy, I'm not crazy, I'm not crazy because every other colleague I've spoken to is terrified to speak out, they've had enough.

Videos appeared on the Internet of people uncontrollably shaking after the 'vaccine' with no control over muscles, limbs and even their face. A Scottish mother broke out in a severe rash all over her body almost immediately after she was given the AstraZeneca 'vaccine'. The pictures were horrific. Leigh King, a 41-year-old hairdresser from Lanarkshire said: 'Never in my life was I prepared for what I was about to experience ... My skin was so sore and constantly hot ... I have never felt pain like this ...' But don't you worry, the 'vaccine' is perfectly safe. Then there has been the effect on medical

staff who have been pressured to have the 'vaccine' by psychopathic 'health' authorities and government. A London hospital consultant who gave the name K. Polyakova wrote this to the *British Medical Journal* or *BMJ*:

I am currently struggling with ... the failure to report the reality of the morbidity caused by our current vaccination program within the health service and staff population. The levels of sickness after vaccination is unprecedented and staff are getting very sick and some with neurological symptoms which is having a huge impact on the health service function. Even the young and healthy are off for days, some for weeks, and some requiring medical treatment. Whole teams are being taken out as they went to get vaccinated together.

Mandatory vaccination in this instance is stupid, unethical and irresponsible when it comes to protecting our staff and public health. We are in the voluntary phase of vaccination, and encouraging staff to take an unlicensed product that is impacting on their immediate health ... it is clearly stated that these vaccine products do not offer immunity or stop transmission. In which case why are we doing it?

Not to protect health that's for sure. Medical workers are lauded by governments for agenda reasons when they couldn't give a toss about them any more than they can for the population in general. Schools across America faced the same situation as they closed due to the high number of teachers and other staff with bad reactions to the Pfizer/BioNTech, Moderna, and Johnson & Johnson 'Covid vaccines' all of which were linked to death and serious adverse effects. The *BMJ* took down the consultant's comments pretty quickly on the grounds that they were being used to spread 'disinformation'. They were exposing the truth about the 'vaccine' was the real reason. The cover-up is breathtaking.

Hiding the evidence

The scale of the 'vaccine' death cover-up worldwide can be confirmed by comparing official figures with the personal experience of the public. I heard of many people in my community who died immediately or soon after the vaccine that would never appear in the media or even likely on the official totals of 'vaccine' fatalities and adverse reactions when only about ten percent are estimated to be

reported and I have seen some estimates as low as one percent in a Harvard study. In the UK alone by April 29th, 2021, some 757,654 adverse reactions had been officially reported from the Pfizer/BioNTech, Oxford/AstraZeneca and Moderna 'vaccines' with more than a thousand deaths linked to jabs and that means an estimated ten times this number in reality from a ten percent reporting rate percentage. That's seven million adverse reactions and 10,000 potential deaths and a one percent reporting rate would be ten times *those* figures. In 1976 the US government pulled the swine flu vaccine after 53 deaths. The UK data included a combined 10,000 eye disorders from the 'Covid vaccines' with more than 750 suffering visual impairment or blindness and again multiply by the estimated reporting percentages. As 'Covid cases' officially fell hospitals virtually empty during the 'Covid crisis' began to fill up with a range of other problems in the wake of the 'vaccine' rollout. The numbers across America have also been catastrophic. Deaths linked to *all* types of vaccine increased by 6,000 percent in the first quarter of 2021 compared with 2020. A 39-year-old woman from Ogden, Utah, died four days after receiving a second dose of Moderna's 'Covid vaccine' when her liver, heart and kidneys all failed despite the fact that she had no known medical issues or conditions. Her family sought an autopsy, but Dr Erik Christensen, Utah's chief medical examiner, said proving vaccine injury as a cause of death almost never happened. He could think of only one instance where an autopsy would name a vaccine as the official cause of death and that would be anaphylaxis where someone received a vaccine and died almost instantaneously. 'Short of that, it would be difficult for us to definitively say this is the vaccine,' Christensen said. If that is true this must be added to the estimated ten percent (or far less) reporting rate of vaccine deaths and serious reactions and the conclusion can only be that vaccine deaths and serious reactions – including these 'Covid' potions' – are phenomenally understated in official figures. The same story can be found everywhere. Endless accounts of deaths and serious reactions among the public, medical

and care home staff while official figures did not even begin to reflect this.

Professional script-reader Dr David Williams, a 'top public-health official' in Ontario, Canada, insulted our intelligence by claiming only four serious adverse reactions and no deaths from the more than 380,000 vaccine doses then given. This bore no resemblance to what people knew had happened in their own circles and we had Dirk Huyer in charge of getting millions vaccinated in Ontario while at the same time he was Chief Coroner for the province investigating causes of death including possible death from the vaccine. An aide said he had stepped back from investigating deaths, but evidence indicated otherwise. Rosemary Frei, who secured a Master of Science degree in molecular biology at the Faculty of Medicine at Canada's University of Calgary before turning to investigative journalism, was one who could see that official figures for 'vaccine' deaths and reactions made no sense. She said that doctors seldom reported adverse events and when people got really sick or died after getting a vaccination they would attribute that to anything except the vaccines. It had been that way for years and anyone who wondered aloud whether the 'Covid vaccines' or other shots cause harm is immediately branded as 'anti-vax' and 'anti-science'. This was 'career-threatening' for health professionals. Then there was the huge pressure to support the push to 'vaccinate' billions in the quickest time possible. Frei said:

So that's where we're at today. More than half a million vaccine doses have been given to people in Ontario alone. The rush is on to vaccinate all 15 million of us in the province by September. And the mainstream media are screaming for this to be sped up even more. That all adds up to only a very slim likelihood that we're going to be told the truth by officials about how many people are getting sick or dying from the vaccines.

What is true of Ontario is true of everywhere.

They KNEW – and still did it

The authorities knew what was going to happen with multiple deaths and adverse reactions. The UK government's Gates-funded

and Big Pharma-dominated Medicines and Healthcare products Regulatory Agency (MHRA) hired a company to employ AI in compiling the projected reactions to the 'vaccine' that would otherwise be uncountable. The request for applications said: 'The MHRA urgently seeks an Artificial Intelligence (AI) software tool to process the expected high volume of Covid-19 vaccine Adverse Drug Reaction ...' This was from the agency, headed by the disingenuous June Raine, that gave the 'vaccines' emergency approval and the company was hired before the first shot was given. 'We are going to kill and maim you – is that okay?' 'Oh, yes, perfectly fine – I'm very grateful, thank you, doctor.' The range of 'Covid vaccine' adverse reactions goes on for page after page in the MHRA criminally underreported 'Yellow Card' system and includes affects to eyes, ears, skin, digestion, blood and so on. Raine's MHRA amazingly claimed that the 'overall safety experience ... is so far as expected from the clinical trials'. The death, serious adverse effects, deafness and blindness were *expected*? When did they ever mention that? If these human tragedies were expected then those that gave approval for the use of these 'vaccines' must be guilty of crimes against humanity including murder – a definition of which is 'killing a person with malice aforethought or with recklessness manifesting extreme indifference to the value of human life.' People involved at the MHRA, the CDC in America and their equivalent around the world must go before Nuremberg trials to answer for their callous inhumanity. We are only talking here about the immediate effects of the 'vaccine'. The longer-term impact of the DNA synthetic manipulation is the main reason they are so hysterically desperate to inoculate the entire global population in the shortest possible time.

Africa and the developing world are a major focus for the 'vaccine' depopulation agenda and a mass vaccination sales-pitch is underway thanks to caring people like the Rockefellers and other Cult assets. The Rockefeller Foundation, which pre-empted the 'Covid pandemic' in a document published in 2010 that 'predicted' what happened a decade later, announced an initial \$34.95 million grant in February, 2021, 'to ensure more equitable access to Covid-19

testing and vaccines' among other things in Africa in collaboration with '24 organizations, businesses, and government agencies'. The pan-Africa initiative would focus on 10 countries: Burkina Faso, Ethiopia, Ghana, Kenya, Nigeria, Rwanda, South Africa, Tanzania, Uganda, and Zambia'. Rajiv Shah, President of the Rockefeller Foundation and former administrator of CIA-controlled USAID, said that if Africa was not mass-vaccinated (to change the DNA of its people) it was a 'threat to all of humanity' and not fair on Africans. When someone from the Rockefeller Foundation says they want to do something to help poor and deprived people and countries it is time for a belly-laugh. They are doing this out of the goodness of their 'heart' because 'vaccinating' the entire global population is what the 'Covid' hoax set out to achieve. Official 'decolonisation' of Africa by the Cult was merely a prelude to financial colonisation on the road to a return to physical colonisation. The 'vaccine' is vital to that and the sudden and convenient death of the 'Covid' sceptic president of Tanzania can be seen in its true light. A lot of people in Africa are aware that this is another form of colonisation and exploitation and they need to stand their ground.

The 'vaccine is working' scam

A potential problem for the Cult was that the 'vaccine' is meant to change human DNA and body messaging and not to protect anyone from a 'virus' never shown to exist. The vaccine couldn't work because it was not designed to work and how could they make it *appear* to be working so that more people would have it? This was overcome by lowering the amplification rate of the PCR test to produce fewer 'cases' and therefore fewer 'deaths'. Some of us had been pointing out since March, 2020, that the amplification rate of the test not testing for the 'virus' had been made artificially high to generate positive tests which they could call 'cases' to justify lockdowns. The World Health Organization recommended an absurdly high 45 amplification cycles to ensure the high positives required by the Cult and then remained silent on the issue until January 20th, 2021 – Biden's Inauguration Day. This was when the

'vaccinations' were seriously underway and on that day the WHO recommended after discussions with America's CDC that laboratories *lowered their testing amplification*. Dr David Samadi, a certified urologist and health writer, said the WHO was encouraging all labs to reduce their cycle count for PCR tests. He said the current cycle was much too high and was 'resulting in any particle being declared a positive case'. Even one mainstream news report I saw said this meant the number of 'Covid' infections may have been 'dramatically inflated'. Oh, just a little bit. The CDC in America issued new guidance to laboratories in April, 2021, to use 28 cycles *but only for 'vaccinated' people*. The timing of the CDC/WHO interventions were cynically designed to make it appear the 'vaccines' were responsible for falling cases and deaths when the real reason can be seen in the following examples. New York's state lab, the Wadsworth Center, identified 872 positive tests in July, 2020, based on a threshold of 40 cycles. When the figure was lowered to 35 cycles 43 percent of the 872 were no longer 'positives'. At 30 cycles the figure was 63 percent. A Massachusetts lab found that between 85 to 90 percent of people who tested positive in July with a cycle threshold of 40 would be negative at 30 cycles, Ashish Jha, MD, director of the Harvard Global Health Institute, said: 'I'm really shocked that it could be that high ... Boy, does it really change the way we need to be thinking about testing.' I'm shocked that I could see the obvious in the spring of 2020, with no medical background, and most medical professionals still haven't worked it out. No, that's not shocking – it's terrifying.

Three weeks after the WHO directive to lower PCR cycles the London *Daily Mail* ran this headline: 'Why ARE Covid cases plummeting? New infections have fallen 45% in the US and 30% globally in the past 3 weeks but experts say vaccine is NOT the main driver because only 8% of Americans and 13% of people worldwide have received their first dose.' They acknowledged that the drop could not be attributed to the 'vaccine', but soon this morphed throughout the media into the 'vaccine' has caused cases and deaths to fall when it was the PCR threshold. In December, 2020, there was

chaos at English Channel ports with truck drivers needing negative 'Covid' tests before they could board a ferry home for Christmas. The government wanted to remove the backlog as fast as possible and they brought in troops to do the 'testing'. Out of 1,600 drivers just 36 tested positive and the rest were given the all clear to cross the Channel. I guess the authorities thought that 36 was the least they could get away with without the unquestioning catching on. The amplification trick which most people believed in the absence of information in the mainstream applied more pressure on those refusing the 'vaccine' to succumb when it 'obviously worked'. The truth was the exact opposite with deaths in care homes soaring with the 'vaccine' and in Israel the term used was 'skyrocket'. A re-analysis of published data from the Israeli Health Ministry led by Dr Hervé Seligmann at the Medicine Emerging Infectious and Tropical Diseases at Aix-Marseille University found that Pfizer's 'Covid vaccine' killed 'about 40 times more [elderly] people than the disease itself would have killed' during a five-week vaccination period and *260 times* more younger people than would have died from the 'virus' even according to the manipulated 'virus' figures. Dr Seligmann and his co-study author, Haim Yativ, declared after reviewing the Israeli 'vaccine' death data: 'This is a new Holocaust.'

Then, in mid-April, 2021, after vast numbers of people worldwide had been 'vaccinated', the story changed with clear coordination. The UK government began to prepare the ground for more future lockdowns when Nuremberg-destined Boris Johnson told yet another whopper. He said that cases had fallen because of *lockdowns* not 'vaccines'. Lockdowns are irrelevant when *there is no 'virus'* and the test and fraudulent death certificates are deciding the number of 'cases' and 'deaths'. Study after study has shown that lockdowns don't work and instead kill and psychologically destroy people. Meanwhile in the United States Anthony Fauci and Rochelle Walensky, the ultra-Zionist head of the CDC, peddled the same line. More lockdown was the answer and not the 'vaccine', a line repeated on cue by the moron that is Canadian Prime Minister Justin Trudeau. Why all the hysteria to get everyone 'vaccinated' if lockdowns and

not 'vaccines' made the difference? None of it makes sense on the face of it. Oh, but it does. The Cult wants lockdowns *and* the 'vaccine' and if the 'vaccine' is allowed to be seen as the total answer lockdowns would no longer be justified when there are still livelihoods to destroy. 'Variants' and renewed upward manipulation of PCR amplification are planned to instigate never-ending lockdown *and* more 'vaccines'.

You *must* have it – we're desperate

Israel, where the Jewish and Arab population are ruled by the Sabbatian Cult, was the front-runner in imposing the DNA-manipulating 'vaccine' on its people to such an extent that Jewish refusers began to liken what was happening to the early years of Nazi Germany. This would seem to be a fantastic claim. Why would a government of Jewish people be acting like the Nazis did? If you realise that the Sabbatian Cult was behind the Nazis and that Sabbatians hate Jews the pieces start to fit and the question of why a 'Jewish' government would treat Jews with such callous disregard for their lives and freedom finds an answer. Those controlling the government of Israel *aren't Jewish* – they're Sabbatian. Israeli lawyer Tamir Turgal was one who made the Nazi comparison in comments to German lawyer Reiner Fuellmich who is leading a class action lawsuit against the psychopaths for crimes against humanity. Turgal described how the Israeli government was vaccinating children and pregnant women on the basis that there was no evidence that this was dangerous when they had no evidence that it *wasn't* dangerous either. They just had no evidence. This was medical experimentation and Turgal said this breached the Nuremberg Code about medical experimentation and procedures requiring informed consent and choice. Think about that. A Nuremberg Code developed because of Nazi experimentation on Jews and others in concentration camps by people like the evil-beyond-belief Josef Mengele is being breached by the *Israeli* government; but when you know that it's a *Sabbatian* government along with its intelligence and military agencies like Mossad, Shin Bet and the Israeli Defense Forces, and that Sabbatians

were the force behind the Nazis, the kaleidoscope comes into focus. What have we come to when Israeli Jews are suing their government for violating the Nuremberg Code by essentially making Israelis subject to a medical experiment using the controversial 'vaccines'? It's a shocker that this has to be done in the light of what happened in Nazi Germany. The Anshe Ha-Emet, or 'People of the Truth', made up of Israeli doctors, lawyers, campaigners and public, have launched a lawsuit with the International Criminal Court. It says:

When the heads of the Ministry of Health as well as the prime minister presented the vaccine in Israel and began the vaccination of Israeli residents, the vaccinated were not advised, that, in practice, they are taking part in a medical experiment and that their consent is required for this under the Nuremberg Code.

The irony is unbelievable, but easily explained in one word: Sabbatians. The foundation of Israeli 'Covid' apartheid is the 'green pass' or 'green passport' which allows Jews and Arabs who have had the DNA-manipulating 'vaccine' to go about their lives – to work, fly, travel in general, go to shopping malls, bars, restaurants, hotels, concerts, gyms, swimming pools, theatres and sports venues, while non-'vaccinated' are banned from all those places and activities. Israelis have likened the 'green pass' to the yellow stars that Jews in Nazi Germany were forced to wear – the same as the yellow stickers that a branch of UK supermarket chain Morrisons told exempt mask-wearers they had to display when shopping. How very sensitive. The Israeli system is blatant South African-style apartheid on the basis of compliance or non-compliance to fascism rather than colour of the skin. How appropriate that the Sabbatian Israeli government was so close to the pre-Mandela apartheid regime in Pretoria. The Sabbatian-instigated 'vaccine passport' in Israel is planned for everywhere. Sabbatians struck a deal with Pfizer that allowed them to lead the way in the percentage of a national population infused with synthetic material and the result was catastrophic. Israeli freedom activist Shai Dannon told me how chairs were appearing on beaches that said 'vaccinated only'. Health Minister Yuli Edelstein said that anyone unwilling or unable to get

the jabs that 'confer immunity' will be 'left behind'. The man's a liar. Not even the makers claim the 'vaccines' confer immunity. When you see those figures of 'vaccine' deaths these psychopaths were saying that you must take the chance the 'vaccine' will kill you or maim you while knowing it will change your DNA or lockdown for you will be permanent. That's fascism. The Israeli parliament passed a law to allow personal information of the non-vaccinated to be shared with local and national authorities for three months. This was claimed by its supporters to be a way to 'encourage' people to be vaccinated. Hadas Ziv from Physicians for Human Rights described this as a 'draconian law which crushed medical ethics and the patient rights'. But that's the idea, the Sabbatians would reply.

Your papers, please

Sabbatian Israel was leading what has been planned all along to be a global 'vaccine pass' called a 'green passport' without which you would remain in permanent lockdown restriction and unable to do anything. This is how badly – *desperately* – the Cult is to get everyone 'vaccinated'. The term and colour 'green' was not by chance and related to the psychology of fusing the perception of the green climate hoax with the 'Covid' hoax and how the 'solution' to both is the same Great Reset. Lying politicians, health officials and psychologists denied there were any plans for mandatory vaccinations or restrictions based on vaccinations, but they knew that was exactly what was meant to happen with governments of all countries reaching agreements to enforce a global system. 'Free' Denmark and 'free' Sweden unveiled digital vaccine certification. Cyprus, Czech Republic, Estonia, Greece, Hungary, Iceland, Italy, Poland, Portugal, Slovakia, and Spain have all committed to a vaccine passport system and the rest including the whole of the EU would follow. The satanic UK government will certainly go this way despite mendacious denials and at the time of writing it is trying to manipulate the public into having the 'vaccine' so they could go abroad on a summer holiday. How would that work without something to prove you had the synthetic toxicity injected into you?

Documents show that the EU's European Commission was moving towards 'vaccine certificates' in 2018 and 2019 before the 'Covid' hoax began. They knew what was coming. Abracadabra – Ursula von der Leyen, the German President of the Commission, announced in March, 2021, an EU 'Digital Green Certificate' – green again – to track the public's 'Covid status'. The passport sting is worldwide and the Far East followed the same pattern with South Korea ruling that only those with 'vaccination' passports – again the *green* pass – would be able to 'return to their daily lives'.

Bill Gates has been preparing for this 'passport' with other Cult operatives for years and beyond the paper version is a Gates-funded 'digital tattoo' to identify who has been vaccinated and who hasn't. The 'tattoo' is reported to include a substance which is externally readable to confirm who has been vaccinated. This is a bio-luminous light-generating enzyme (think fireflies) called ... *Luciferase*. Yes, named after the Cult 'god' Lucifer the 'light bringer' of whom more to come. Gates said he funded the readable tattoo to ensure children in the developing world were vaccinated and no one was missed out. He cares so much about poor kids as we know. This was just the cover story to develop a vaccine tagging system for everyone on the planet. Gates has been funding the ID2020 'alliance' to do just that in league with other lovely people at Microsoft, GAVI, the Rockefeller Foundation, Accenture and IDEO.org. He said in interviews in March, 2020, before any 'vaccine' publicly existed, that the world must have a globalised digital certificate to track the 'virus' and who had been vaccinated. Gates knew from the start that the mRNA vaccines were coming and when they would come and that the plan was to tag the 'vaccinated' to marginalise the intelligent and stop them doing anything including travel. Evil just doesn't suffice. Gates was exposed for offering a \$10 million bribe to the Nigerian House of Representatives to invoke compulsory 'Covid' vaccination of all Nigerians. Sara Cunial, a member of the Italian Parliament, called Gates a 'vaccine criminal'. She urged the Italian President to hand him over to the International Criminal Court for crimes against

humanity and condemned his plans to 'chip the human race' through ID2020.

You know it's a long-planned agenda when war criminal and Cult gofer Tony Blair is on the case. With the scale of arrogance only someone as dark as Blair can muster he said: 'Vaccination in the end is going to be your route to liberty.' Blair is a disgusting piece of work and he confirms that again. The media has given a lot of coverage to a bloke called Charlie Mullins, founder of London's biggest independent plumbing company, Pimlico Plumbers, who has said he won't employ anyone who has not been vaccinated or have them go to any home where people are not vaccinated. He said that if he had his way no one would be allowed to walk the streets if they have not been vaccinated. Gates was cheering at the time while I was alerting the white coats. The plan is that people will qualify for 'passports' for having the first two doses and then to keep it they will have to have all the follow ups and new ones for invented 'variants' until human genetics is transformed and many are dead who can't adjust to the changes. Hollywood celebrities – the usual propaganda stunt – are promoting something called the WELL Health-Safety Rating to verify that a building or space has 'taken the necessary steps to prioritize the health and safety of their staff, visitors and other stakeholders'. They included Lady Gaga, Jennifer Lopez, Michael B. Jordan, Robert DeNiro, Venus Williams, Wolfgang Puck, Deepak Chopra and 17th Surgeon General Richard Carmona. Yawn. WELL Health-Safety has big connections with China. Parent company Delos is headed by former Goldman Sachs partner Paul Scialla. This is another example – and we will see so many others – of using the excuse of 'health' to dictate the lives and activities of the population. I guess one confirmation of the 'safety' of buildings is that only 'vaccinated' people can go in, right?

Electronic concentration camps

I wrote decades ago about the plans to restrict travel and here we are for those who refuse to bow to tyranny. This can be achieved in one go with air travel if the aviation industry makes a blanket decree.

The 'vaccine' and guaranteed income are designed to be part of a global version of China's social credit system which tracks behaviour 24/7 and awards or deletes 'credits' based on whether your behaviour is supported by the state or not. I mean your entire lifestyle – what you do, eat, say, everything. Once your credit score falls below a certain level consequences kick in. In China tens of millions have been denied travel by air and train because of this. All the locations and activities denied to refusers by the 'vaccine' passports will be included in one big mass ban on doing almost anything for those that don't bow their head to government. It's beyond fascist and a new term is required to describe its extremes – I guess fascist technocracy will have to do. The way the Chinese system of technological – technocratic – control is sweeping the West can be seen in the Los Angeles school system and is planned to be expanded worldwide. Every child is required to have a 'Covid'-tracking app scanned daily before they can enter the classroom. The so-called Daily Pass tracking system is produced by Gates' Microsoft which I'm sure will shock you rigid. The pass will be scanned using a barcode (one step from an inside-the-body barcode) and the information will include health checks, 'Covid' tests and vaccinations. Entry codes are for one specific building only and access will only be allowed if a student or teacher has a negative test with a test not testing for the 'virus', has no symptoms of anything alleged to be related to 'Covid' (symptoms from a range of other illness), and has a temperature under 100 degrees. No barcode, no entry, is planned to be the case for everywhere and not only schools.

Kids are being psychologically prepared to accept this as 'normal' their whole life which is why what they can impose in schools is so important to the Cult and its gofers. Long-time American freedom campaigner John Whitehead of the Rutherford Institute was not exaggerating when he said: 'Databit by databit, we are building our own electronic concentration camps.' Canada under its Cult gofer prime minister Justin Trudeau has taken a major step towards the real thing with people interned against their will if they test positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' when they arrive at a Canadian

airport. They are jailed in internment hotels often without food or water for long periods and with many doors failing to lock there have been sexual assaults. The interned are being charged sometimes \$2,000 for the privilege of being abused in this way. Trudeau is fully on board with the Cult and says the 'Covid pandemic' has provided an opportunity for a global 'reset' to permanently change Western civilisation. His number two, Deputy Prime Minister Chrystia Freeland, is a trustee of the World Economic Forum and a Rhodes Scholar. The Trudeau family have long been servants of the Cult. See *The Biggest Secret* and Cathy O'Brien's book *Trance-Formation of America* for the horrific background to Trudeau's father Pierre Trudeau another Canadian prime minister. Hide your fascism behind the façade of a heart-on-the-sleeve liberal. It's a well-honed Cult technique.

What can the 'vaccine' really do?

We have a 'virus' never shown to exist and 'variants' of the 'virus' that have also never been shown to exist except, like the 'original', as computer-generated fictions. Even if you believe there's a 'virus' the 'case' to 'death' rate is in the region of 0.23 to 0.15 percent and those 'deaths' are concentrated among the very old around the same average age that people die anyway. In response to this lack of threat (in truth none) psychopaths and idiots, knowingly and unknowingly answering to Gates and the Cult, are seeking to 'vaccinate' every man, woman and child on Planet Earth. Clearly the 'vaccine' is not about 'Covid' – none of this ever has been. So what is it all about *really*? Why the desperation to infuse genetically-manipulating synthetic material into everyone through mRNA fraudulent 'vaccines' with the intent of doing this over and over with the excuses of 'variants' and other 'virus' inventions? Dr Sherri Tenpenny, an osteopathic medical doctor in the United States, has made herself an expert on vaccines and their effects as a vehement campaigner against their use. Tenpenny was board certified in emergency medicine, the director of a level two trauma centre for 12 years, and moved to Cleveland in 1996 to start an integrative

medicine practice which has treated patients from all 50 states and some 17 other countries. Weaning people off pharmaceutical drugs is a speciality.

She became interested in the consequences of vaccines after attending a meeting at the National Vaccine Information Center in Washington DC in 2000 where she 'sat through four days of listening to medical doctors and scientists and lawyers and parents of vaccine injured kids' and asked: 'What's going on?' She had never been vaccinated and never got ill while her father was given a list of vaccines to be in the military and was 'sick his entire life'. The experience added to her questions and she began to examine vaccine documents from the Centers for Disease Control (CDC). After reading the first one, the 1998 version of *The General Recommendations of Vaccination*, she thought: 'This is it?' The document was poorly written and bad science and Tenpenny began 20 years of research into vaccines that continues to this day. She began her research into 'Covid vaccines' in March, 2020, and she describes them as 'deadly'. For many, as we have seen, they already have been. Tenpenny said that in the first 30 days of the 'vaccine' rollout in the United States there had been more than 40,000 adverse events reported to the vaccine adverse event database. A document had been delivered to her the day before that was 172 pages long. 'We have over 40,000 adverse events; we have over 3,100 cases of [potentially deadly] anaphylactic shock; we have over 5,000 neurological reactions.' Effects ranged from headaches to numbness, dizziness and vertigo, to losing feeling in hands or feet and paraesthesia which is when limbs 'fall asleep' and people have the sensation of insects crawling underneath their skin. All this happened in the first 30 days and remember that only about *ten percent* (or far less) of adverse reactions and vaccine-related deaths are estimated to be officially reported. Tenpenny said:

So can you think of one single product in any industry, any industry, for as long as products have been made on the planet that within 30 days we have 40,000 people complaining of side effects that not only is still on the market but ... we've got paid actors telling us how great

they are for getting their vaccine. We're offering people \$500 if they will just get their vaccine and we've got nurses and doctors going; 'I got the vaccine, I got the vaccine'.

Tenpenny said they were not going to be 'happy dancing folks' when they began to suffer Bell's palsy (facial paralysis), neuropathies, cardiac arrhythmias and autoimmune reactions that kill through a blood disorder. 'They're not going to be so happy, happy then, but we're never going to see pictures of those people' she said. Tenpenny described the 'vaccine' as 'a well-designed killing tool'.

No off-switch

Bad as the initial consequences had been Tenpenny said it would be maybe 14 months before we began to see the 'full ravage' of what is going to happen to the 'Covid vaccinated' with full-out consequences taking anything between two years and 20 years to show. You can understand why when you consider that variations of the 'Covid vaccine' use mRNA (messenger RNA) to in theory activate the immune system to produce protective antibodies without using the actual 'virus'. How can they when it's a computer program and they've never isolated what they claim is the 'real thing'? Instead they use *synthetic* mRNA. They are inoculating synthetic material into the body which through a technique known as the Trojan horse is absorbed into cells to change the nature of DNA. Human DNA is changed by an infusion of messenger RNA and with each new 'vaccine' of this type it is changed even more. Say so and you are banned by Cult Internet platforms. The contempt the contemptuous Mark Zuckerberg has for the truth and human health can be seen in an internal Facebook video leaked to the Project Veritas investigative team in which he said of the 'Covid vaccines': '... I share some caution on this because we just don't know the long term side-effects of basically modifying people's DNA and RNA.' At the same time this disgusting man's Facebook was censoring and banning anyone saying exactly the same. He must go before a Nuremberg trial for crimes against humanity when he *knows* that he

is censoring legitimate concerns and denying the right of informed consent on behalf of the Cult that owns him. People have been killed and damaged by the very 'vaccination' technique he cast doubt on himself when they may not have had the 'vaccine' with access to information that he denied them. The plan is to have at least annual 'Covid vaccinations', add others to deal with invented 'variants', and change all other vaccines into the mRNA system. Pfizer executives told shareholders at a virtual Barclays Global Healthcare Conference in March, 2021, that the public may need a third dose of 'Covid vaccine', plus regular yearly boosters and the company planned to hike prices to milk the profits in a 'significant opportunity for our vaccine'. These are the professional liars, cheats and opportunists who are telling you their 'vaccine' is safe. Given this volume of mRNA planned to be infused into the human body and its ability to then replicate we will have a transformation of human genetics from biological to synthetic biological – exactly the long-time Cult plan for reasons we'll see – and many will die. Sherri Tenpenny said of this replication:

It's like having an on-button but no off-button and that whole mechanism ... they actually give it a name and they call it the Trojan horse mechanism, because it allows that [synthetic] virus and that piece of that [synthetic] virus to get inside of your cells, start to replicate and even get inserted into other parts of your DNA as a Trojan-horse.

Ask the overwhelming majority of people who have the 'vaccine' what they know about the contents and what they do and they would reply: 'The government says it will stop me getting the virus.' Governments give that false impression on purpose to increase take-up. You can read Sherri Tenpenny's detailed analysis of the health consequences in her blog at [Vaxxter.com](https://www.vaxxter.com), but in summary these are some of them. She highlights the statement by Bill Gates about how human beings can become their own 'vaccine manufacturing machine'. The man is insane. ['Vaccine'-generated] 'antibodies' carry synthetic messenger RNA into the cells and the damage starts, Tenpenny contends, and she says that lungs can be adversely affected through varying degrees of pus and bleeding which

obviously affects breathing and would be dubbed 'Covid-19'. Even more sinister was the impact of 'antibodies' on macrophages, a white blood cell of the immune system. They consist of Type 1 and Type 2 which have very different functions. She said Type 1 are 'hyper-vigilant' white blood cells which 'gobble up' bacteria etc. However, in doing so, this could cause inflammation and in extreme circumstances be fatal. She says these affects are mitigated by Type 2 macrophages which kick in to calm down the system and stop it going rogue. They clear up dead tissue debris and reduce inflammation that the Type 1 'fire crews' have caused. Type 1 kills the infection and Type 2 heals the damage, she says. This is her punchline with regard to 'Covid vaccinations': She says that mRNA 'antibodies' block Type 2 macrophages by attaching to them and deactivating them. This meant that when the Type 1 response was triggered by infection there was nothing to stop that getting out of hand by calming everything down. There's an on-switch, but no off-switch, she says. What follows can be 'over and out, see you when I see you'.

Genetic suicide

Tenpenny also highlights the potential for autoimmune disease – the body attacking itself – which has been associated with vaccines since they first appeared. Infusing a synthetic foreign substance into cells could cause the immune system to react in a panic believing that the body is being overwhelmed by an invader (it is) and the consequences can again be fatal. There is an autoimmune response known as a 'cytokine storm' which I have likened to a homeowner panicked by an intruder and picking up a gun to shoot randomly in all directions before turning the fire on himself. The immune system unleashes a storm of inflammatory response called cytokines to a threat and the body commits hara-kiri. The lesson is that you mess with the body's immune response at your peril and these 'vaccines' seriously – fundamentally – mess with immune response. Tenpenny refers to a consequence called anaphylactic shock which is a severe and highly dangerous allergic reaction when the immune system

floods the body with chemicals. She gives the example of having a bee sting which primes the immune system and makes it sensitive to those chemicals. When people are stung again maybe years later the immune response can be so powerful that it leads to anaphylactic shock. Tenpenny relates this 'shock' with regard to the 'Covid vaccine' to something called polyethylene glycol or PEG. Enormous numbers of people have become sensitive to this over decades of use in a whole range of products and processes including food, drink, skin creams and 'medicine'. Studies have claimed that some 72 percent of people have antibodies triggered by PEG compared with two percent in the 1960s and allergic hypersensitive reactions to this become a gathering cause for concern. Tenpenny points out that the 'mRNA vaccine' is coated in a 'bubble' of polyethylene glycol which has the potential to cause anaphylactic shock through immune sensitivity. Many reports have appeared of people reacting this way after having the 'Covid vaccine'. What do we think is going to happen as humanity has more and more of these 'vaccines'?

Tenpenny said: 'All these pictures we have seen with people with these rashes ... these weepy rashes, big reactions on their arms and things like that – it's an acute allergic reaction most likely to the polyethylene glycol that you've been previously primed and sensitised to.'

Those who have not studied the conspiracy and its perpetrators at length might think that making the population sensitive to PEG and then putting it in these 'vaccines' is just a coincidence. It is not. It is instead testament to how carefully and coldly-planned current events have been and the scale of the conspiracy we are dealing with. Tenpenny further explains that the 'vaccine' mRNA procedure can breach the blood-brain barrier which protects the brain from toxins and other crap that will cause malfunction. In this case they could make two proteins corrupt brain function to cause Amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (ALS), a progressive nervous system disease leading to loss of muscle control, and frontal lobe degeneration – Alzheimer's and dementia. Immunologist J. Bart Classon published a paper connecting mRNA 'vaccines' to prion

disease which can lead to Alzheimer's and other forms of neurodegenerative disease while others have pointed out the potential to affect the placenta in ways that make women infertile. This will become highly significant in the next chapter when I will discuss other aspects of this non-vaccine that relate to its nanotechnology and transmission from the injected to the uninjected.

Qualified in idiocy

Tenpenny describes how research has confirmed that these 'vaccine'-generated antibodies can interact with a range of other tissues in the body and attack many other organs including the lungs. 'This means that if you have a hundred people standing in front of you that all got this shot they could have a hundred different symptoms.'

Anyone really think that Cult gofers like the Queen, Tony Blair, Christopher Whitty, Anthony Fauci, and all the other psychopaths have really had this 'vaccine' in the pictures we've seen? Not a bloody chance. Why don't doctors all tell us about all these dangers and consequences of the 'Covid vaccine'? Why instead do they encourage and pressure patients to have the shot? Don't let's think for a moment that doctors and medical staff can't be stupid, lazy, and psychopathic and that's without the financial incentives to give the jab. Tenpenny again:

Some people are going to die from the vaccine directly but a large number of people are going to start to get horribly sick and get all kinds of autoimmune diseases 42 days to maybe a year out. What are they going to do, these stupid doctors who say; 'Good for you for getting that vaccine.' What are they going to say; 'Oh, it must be a mutant, we need to give an extra dose of that vaccine.'

Because now the vaccine, instead of one dose or two doses we need three or four because the stupid physicians aren't taking the time to learn anything about it. If I can learn this sitting in my living room reading a 19 page paper and several others so can they. There's nothing special about me, I just take the time to do it.

Remember how Sara Kayat, the NHS and TV doctor, said that the 'Covid vaccine' would '100 percent prevent hospitalisation and death'. Doctors can be idiots like every other profession and they

should not be worshipped as infallible. They are not and far from it. Behind many medical and scientific 'experts' lies an uninformed prat trying to hide themselves from you although in the 'Covid' era many have failed to do so as with UK narrative-repeating 'TV doctor' Hilary Jones. Pushing back against the minority of proper doctors and scientists speaking out against the 'vaccine' has been the entire edifice of the Cult global state in the form of governments, medical systems, corporations, mainstream media, Silicon Valley, and an army of compliant doctors, medical staff and scientists willing to say anything for money and to enhance their careers by promoting the party line. If you do that you are an 'expert' and if you won't you are an 'anti-vaxxer' and 'Covidiot'. The pressure to be 'vaccinated' is incessant. We have even had reports claiming that the 'vaccine' can help cure cancer and Alzheimer's and make the lame walk. I am waiting for the announcement that it can bring you coffee in the morning and cook your tea. Just as the symptoms of 'Covid' seem to increase by the week so have the miracles of the 'vaccine'. American supermarket giant Kroger Co. offered nearly 500,000 employees in 35 states a \$100 bonus for having the 'vaccine' while donut chain Krispy Kreme promised 'vaccinated' customers a free glazed donut every day for the rest of 2021. Have your DNA changed and you will get a doughnut although we might not have to give you them for long. Such offers and incentives confirm the desperation.

Perhaps the worse vaccine-stunt of them all was UK 'Health' Secretary Matt-the-prat Hancock on live TV after watching a clip of someone being 'vaccinated' when the roll-out began. Hancock faked tears so badly it was embarrassing. Brain-of-Britain Piers Morgan, the lockdown-supporting, 'vaccine' supporting, 'vaccine' passport-supporting, TV host played along with Hancock – 'You're quite emotional about that' he said in response to acting so atrocious it would have been called out at a school nativity which will presumably today include Mary and Jesus in masks, wise men keeping their camels six feet apart, and shepherds under tent arrest. System-serving Morgan tweeted this: 'Love the idea of covid vaccine passports for everywhere: flights, restaurants, clubs, football, gyms,

shops etc. It's time covid-denying, anti-vaxxer loonies had their bullsh*t bluff called & bar themselves from going anywhere that responsible citizens go.' If only I could aspire to his genius. To think that Morgan, who specialises in shouting over anyone he disagrees with, was lauded as a free speech hero when he lost his job after storming off the set of his live show like a child throwing his dolly out of the pram. If he is a free speech hero we are in real trouble. I have no idea what 'bullsh*t' means, by the way, the * throws me completely.

The Cult is desperate to infuse its synthetic DNA-changing concoction into everyone and has been using every lie, trick and intimidation to do so. The question of '*Why?*' we shall now address.

CHAPTER TEN

Human 2.0

I believe that at the end of the century the use of words and general educated opinion will have altered so much that one will be able to speak of machines thinking without expecting to be contradicted – Alan Turing (1912-1954), the ‘Father of artificial intelligence’

I have been exposing for decades the plan to transform the human body from a biological to a synthetic-biological state. The new human that I will call Human 2.0 is planned to be connected to artificial intelligence and a global AI ‘Smart Grid’ that would operate as one global system in which AI would control everything from your fridge to your heating system to your car to your mind. Humans would no longer be ‘human’, but post-human and sub-human, with their thinking and emotional processes replaced by AI.

What I said sounded crazy and beyond science fiction and I could understand that. To any balanced, rational, mind it *is* crazy. Today, however, that world is becoming reality and it puts the ‘Covid vaccine’ into its true context. Ray Kurzweil is the ultra-Zionist ‘computer scientist, inventor and futurist’ and co-founder of the Singularity University. Singularity refers to the merging of humans with machines or ‘transhumanism’. Kurzweil has said humanity would be connected to the cyber ‘cloud’ in the period of the ever-recurring year of 2030:

Our thinking ... will be a hybrid of biological and non-biological thinking ... humans will be able to extend their limitations and ‘think in the cloud’ ... We’re going to put gateways to the

cloud in our brains ... We're going to gradually merge and enhance ourselves ... In my view, that's the nature of being human – we transcend our limitations. As the technology becomes vastly superior to what we are then the small proportion that is still human gets smaller and smaller and smaller until it's just utterly negligible.

They are trying to sell this end-of-humanity-as-we-know-it as the next stage of 'evolution' when we become super-human and 'like the gods'. They are lying to you. Shocked, eh? The population, and again especially the young, have been manipulated into addiction to technologies designed to enslave them for life. First they induced an addiction to smartphones (holdables); next they moved to technology on the body (wearables); and then began the invasion of the body (implantables). I warned way back about the plan for microchipped people and we are now entering that era. We should not be diverted into thinking that this refers only to chips we can see. Most important are the nanochips known as smart dust, neural dust and nanobots which are far too small to be seen by the human eye. Nanotechnology is everywhere, increasingly in food products, and released into the atmosphere by the geoengineering of the skies funded by Bill Gates to 'shut out the Sun' and 'save the planet from global warming'. Gates has been funding a project to spray millions of tonnes of chalk (calcium carbonate) into the stratosphere over Sweden to 'dim the Sun' and cool the Earth. Scientists warned the move could be disastrous for weather systems in ways no one can predict and opposition led to the Swedish space agency announcing that the 'experiment' would not be happening as planned in the summer of 2021; but it shows where the Cult is going with dimming the impact of the Sun and there's an associated plan to change the planet's atmosphere. Who gives psychopath Gates the right to dictate to the entire human race and dismantle planetary systems? The world will not be safe while this man is at large.

The global warming hoax has made the Sun, like the gas of life, something to fear when both are essential to good health and human survival (more inversion). The body transforms sunlight into vital vitamin D through a process involving ... *cholesterol*. This is the cholesterol we are also told to fear. We are urged to take Big Pharma

statin drugs to reduce cholesterol and it's all systematic. Reducing cholesterol means reducing vitamin D uptake with all the multiple health problems that will cause. At least if you take statins long term it saves the government from having to pay you a pension. The delivery system to block sunlight is widely referred to as chemtrails although these have a much deeper agenda, too. They appear at first to be contrails or condensation trails streaming from aircraft into cold air at high altitudes. Contrails disperse very quickly while chemtrails do not and spread out across the sky before eventually their content falls to earth. Many times I have watched aircraft cross-cross a clear blue sky releasing chemtrails until it looks like a cloudy day. Chemtrails contain many things harmful to humans and the natural world including toxic heavy metals, aluminium (see Alzheimer's) and nanotechnology. Ray Kurzweil reveals the reason without actually saying so: 'Nanobots will infuse all the matter around us with information. Rocks, trees, everything will become these intelligent creatures.' How do you deliver that? *From the sky*. Self-replicating nanobots would connect everything to the Smart Grid. The phenomenon of Morgellons disease began in the chemtrail era and the correlation has led to it being dubbed the 'chemtrail disease'. Self-replicating fibres appear in the body that can be pulled out through the skin. Morgellons fibres continue to grow outside the body and have a form of artificial intelligence. I cover this at greater length in *Phantom Self*.

'Vaccine' operating system

'Covid vaccines' with their self-replicating synthetic material are also designed to make the connection between humanity and Kurzweil's 'cloud'. American doctor and dedicated campaigner for truth, Carrie Madej, an Internal Medicine Specialist in Georgia with more than 20 years medical experience, has highlighted the nanotechnology aspect of the fake 'vaccines'. She explains how one of the components in at least the Moderna and Pfizer synthetic potions are 'lipid nanoparticles' which are 'like little tiny computer bits' – a 'sci-fi substance' known as nanobots and hydrogel which can be 'triggered

at any moment to deliver its payload' and act as 'biosensors'. The synthetic substance had 'the ability to accumulate data from your body like your breathing, your respiration, thoughts and emotions, all kind of things' and each syringe could carry a *million* nanobots:

This substance because it's like little bits of computers in your body, crazy, but it's true, it can do that, [and] obviously has the ability to act through Wi-Fi. It can receive and transmit energy, messages, frequencies or impulses. That issue has never been addressed by these companies. What does that do to the human?

Just imagine getting this substance in you and it can react to things all around you, the 5G, your smart device, your phones, what is happening with that? What if something is triggering it, too, like an impulse, a frequency? We have something completely foreign in the human body.

Madej said her research revealed that electromagnetic (EMF) frequencies emitted by phones and other devices had increased dramatically in the same period of the 'vaccine' rollout and she was seeing more people with radiation problems as 5G and other electromagnetic technology was expanded and introduced to schools and hospitals. She said she was 'floored with the EMF coming off' the devices she checked. All this makes total sense and syncs with my own work of decades when you think that Moderna refers in documents to its mRNA 'vaccine' as an 'operating system':

Recognizing the broad potential of mRNA science, we set out to create an mRNA technology platform that functions very much like an operating system on a computer. It is designed so that it can plug and play interchangeably with different programs. In our case, the 'program' or 'app' is our mRNA drug – the unique mRNA sequence that codes for a protein ...

... Our MRNA Medicines – 'The 'Software Of Life': When we have a concept for a new mRNA medicine and begin research, fundamental components are already in place. Generally, the only thing that changes from one potential mRNA medicine to another is the coding region – the actual genetic code that instructs ribosomes to make protein. Utilizing these instruction sets gives our investigational mRNA medicines a software-like quality. We also have the ability to combine different mRNA sequences encoding for different proteins in a single mRNA investigational medicine.

Who needs a real 'virus' when you can create a computer version to justify infusing your operating system into the entire human race on the road to making living, breathing people into cyborgs? What is missed with the 'vaccines' is the *digital* connection between synthetic material and the body that I highlighted earlier with the study that hacked a computer with human DNA. On one level the body is digital, based on mathematical codes, and I'll have more about that in the next chapter. Those who ridiculously claim that mRNA 'vaccines' are not designed to change human genetics should explain the words of Dr Tal Zaks, chief medical officer at Moderna, in a 2017 TED talk. He said that over the last 30 years 'we've been living this phenomenal digital scientific revolution, and I'm here today to tell you, that we are actually *hacking the software of life*, and that it's changing the way we think about prevention and treatment of disease':

In every cell there's this thing called messenger RNA, or mRNA for short, that transmits the critical information from the DNA in our genes to the protein, which is really the stuff we're all made out of. This is the critical information that determines what the cell will do. So we think about it as an operating system. So if you could change that, if you could introduce a line of code, or change a line of code, it turns out, that has profound implications for everything, from the flu to cancer.

Zaks should more accurately have said that this has profound implications for the human genetic code and the nature of DNA. Communications within the body go both ways and not only one. But, hey, no, the 'Covid vaccine' will not affect your genetics. Cult fact-checkers say so even though the man who helped to develop the mRNA technique says that it does. Zaks said in 2017:

If you think about what it is we're trying to do. We've taken information and our understanding of that information and how that information is transmitted in a cell, and we've taken our understanding of medicine and how to make drugs, and we're fusing the two. We think of it as information therapy.

I have been writing for decades that the body is an information field communicating with itself and the wider world. This is why

radiation which is information can change the information field of body and mind through phenomena like 5G and change their nature and function. 'Information therapy' means to change the body's information field and change the way it operates. DNA is a receiver-transmitter of information and can be mutated by information like mRNA synthetic messaging. Technology to do this has been ready and waiting in the underground bases and other secret projects to be rolled out when the 'Covid' hoax was played. 'Trials' of such short and irrelevant duration were only for public consumption. When they say the 'vaccine' is 'experimental' that is not true. It may appear to be 'experimental' to those who don't know what's going on, but the trials have already been done to ensure the Cult gets the result it desires. Zaks said that it took decades to sequence the human genome, completed in 2003, but now they could do it in a week. By 'they' he means scientists operating in the public domain. In the secret projects they were sequencing the genome in a week long before even 2003.

Deluge of mRNA

Highly significantly the Moderna document says the guiding premise is that if using mRNA as a medicine works for one disease then it should work for many diseases. They were leveraging the flexibility afforded by their platform and the fundamental role mRNA plays in protein synthesis to pursue mRNA medicines for a broad spectrum of diseases. Moderna is confirming what I was saying through 2020 that multiple 'vaccines' were planned for 'Covid' (and later invented 'variants') and that previous vaccines would be converted to the mRNA system to infuse the body with massive amounts of genetically-manipulating synthetic material to secure a transformation to a synthetic-biological state. The 'vaccines' are designed to kill stunning numbers as part of the long-exposed Cult depopulation agenda and transform the rest. Given this is the goal you can appreciate why there is such hysterical demand for every human to be 'vaccinated' for an alleged 'disease' that has an estimated 'infection' to 'death' ratio of 0.23-0.15 percent. As I write

children are being given the 'vaccine' in trials (their parents are a disgrace) and ever-younger people are being offered the vaccine for a 'virus' that even if you believe it exists has virtually zero chance of harming them. Horrific effects of the 'trials' on a 12-year-old girl were revealed by a family member to be serious brain and gastric problems that included a bowel obstruction and the inability to swallow liquids or solids. She was unable to eat or drink without throwing up, had extreme pain in her back, neck and abdomen, and was paralysed from the waist down which stopped her urinating unaided. When the girl was first taken to hospital doctors said it was all in her mind. She was signed up for the 'trial' by her parents for whom no words suffice. None of this 'Covid vaccine' insanity makes any sense unless you see what the 'vaccine' really is – a body-changer. Synthetic biology or 'SynBio' is a fast-emerging and expanding scientific discipline which includes everything from genetic and molecular engineering to electrical and computer engineering. Synthetic biology is defined in these ways:

- A multidisciplinary area of research that seeks to create new biological parts, devices, and systems, or to redesign systems that are already found in nature.
- The use of a mixture of physical engineering and genetic engineering to create new (and therefore synthetic) life forms.
- An emerging field of research that aims to combine the knowledge and methods of biology, engineering and related disciplines in the design of chemically-synthesized DNA to create organisms with novel or enhanced characteristics and traits (synthetic organisms including humans).

We now have synthetic blood, skin, organs and limbs being developed along with synthetic body parts produced by 3D printers. These are all elements of the synthetic human programme and this comment by Kurzweil's co-founder of the Singularity University,

Peter Diamandis, can be seen in a whole new light with the 'Covid' hoax and the sanctions against those that refuse the 'vaccine':

Anybody who is going to be resisting the progress forward [to transhumanism] is going to be resisting evolution and, fundamentally, they will die out. It's not a matter of whether it's good or bad. It's going to happen.

'Resisting evolution'? What absolute bollocks. The arrogance of these people is without limit. His 'it's going to happen' mantra is another way of saying 'resistance is futile' to break the spirit of those pushing back and we must not fall for it. Getting this genetically-transforming 'vaccine' into everyone is crucial to the Cult plan for total control and the desperation to achieve that is clear for anyone to see. Vaccine passports are a major factor in this and they, too, are a form of resistance is futile. It's NOT. The paper funded by the Rockefeller Foundation for the 2013 'health conference' in China said:

We will interact more with artificial intelligence. The use of robotics, bio-engineering to augment human functioning is already well underway and will advance. Re-engineering of humans into potentially separate and unequal forms through genetic engineering or mixed human-robots raises debates on ethics and equality.

A new demography is projected to emerge after 2030 [that year again] of technologies (robotics, genetic engineering, nanotechnology) producing robots, engineered organisms, 'nanobots' and artificial intelligence (AI) that can self-replicate. Debates will grow on the implications of an impending reality of human designed life.

What is happening today is so long planned. The world army enforcing the will of the world government is intended to be a robot army, not a human one. Today's military and its technologically 'enhanced' troops, pilotless planes and driverless vehicles are just stepping stones to that end. Human soldiers are used as Cult fodder and its time they woke up to that and worked for the freedom of the population instead of their own destruction and their family's destruction – the same with the police. Join us and let's sort this out. The phenomenon of enforce my own destruction is widespread in the 'Covid' era with Woker 'luvvies' in the acting and entertainment

industries supporting 'Covid' rules which have destroyed their profession and the same with those among the public who put signs on the doors of their businesses 'closed due to Covid – stay safe' when many will never reopen. It's a form of masochism and most certainly insanity.

Transgender = transhumanism

When something explodes out of nowhere and is suddenly everywhere it is always the Cult agenda and so it is with the tidal wave of claims and demands that have infiltrated every aspect of society under the heading of 'transgenderism'. The term 'trans' is so 'in' and this is the dictionary definition:

A prefix meaning 'across', 'through', occurring ... in loanwords from Latin, used in particular for denoting movement or conveyance from place to place (transfer; transmit; transplant) or complete change (transform; transmute), or to form adjectives meaning 'crossing', 'on the other side of', or 'going beyond' the place named (transmontane; transnational; trans-Siberian).

Transgender means to go beyond gender and transhuman means to go beyond human. Both are aspects of the Cult plan to transform the human body to a synthetic state with *no gender*. Human 2.0 is not designed to procreate and would be produced technologically with no need for parents. The new human would mean the end of parents and so men, and increasingly women, are being targeted for the deletion of their rights and status. Parental rights are disappearing at an ever-quickenning speed for the same reason. The new human would have no need for men or women when there is no procreation and no gender. Perhaps the transgender movement that appears to be in a permanent state of frenzy might now contemplate on how it is being used. This was never about transgender rights which are only the interim excuse for confusing gender, particularly in the young, on the road to *fusing* gender. Transgender activism is not an end; it is a *means* to an end. We see again the technique of creative destruction in which you destroy the status quo to 'build back better' in the form that you want. The gender status quo had to be

destroyed by persuading the Cult-created Woke mentality to believe that you can have 100 genders or more. A programme for 9 to 12 year olds produced by the Cult-owned BBC promoted the 100 genders narrative. The very idea may be the most monumental nonsense, but it is not what is true that counts, only what you can make people *believe* is true. Once the gender of $2 + 2 = 4$ has been dismantled through indoctrination, intimidation and $2 + 2 = 5$ then the new no-gender normal can take its place with Human 2.0.

Aldous Huxley revealed the plan in his prophetic *Brave New World* in 1932:

Natural reproduction has been done away with and children are created, decanted', and raised in 'hatcheries and conditioning centres'. From birth, people are genetically designed to fit into one of five castes, which are further split into 'Plus' and 'Minus' members and designed to fulfil predetermined positions within the social and economic strata of the World State.

How could Huxley know this in 1932? For the same reason George Orwell knew about the Big Brother state in 1948, Cult insiders I have quoted knew about it in 1969, and I have known about it since the early 1990s. If you are connected to the Cult or you work your balls off to uncover the plan you can predict the future. The process is simple. If there is a plan for the world and nothing intervenes to stop it then it will happen. Thus if you communicate the plan ahead of time you are perceived to have predicted the future, but you haven't. You have revealed the plan which without intervention will become the human future. The whole reason I have done what I have is to alert enough people to inspire an intervention and maybe at last that time has come with the Cult and its intentions now so obvious to anyone with a brain in working order.

The future is here

Technological wombs that Huxley described to replace parent procreation are already being developed and they are only the projects we know about in the public arena. Israeli scientists told *The Times of Israel* in March, 2021, that they have grown 250-cell embryos

into mouse foetuses with fully formed organs using artificial wombs in a development they say could pave the way for gestating humans outside the womb. Professor Jacob Hanna of the Weizmann Institute of Science said:

We took mouse embryos from the mother at day five of development, when they are just of 250 cells, and had them in the incubator from day five until day 11, by which point they had grown all their organs.

By day 11 they make their own blood and have a beating heart, a fully developed brain. Anybody would look at them and say, 'this is clearly a mouse foetus with all the characteristics of a mouse.' It's gone from being a ball of cells to being an advanced foetus.

A special liquid is used to nourish embryo cells in a laboratory dish and they float on the liquid to duplicate the first stage of embryonic development. The incubator creates all the right conditions for its development, Hanna said. The liquid gives the embryo 'all the nutrients, hormones and sugars they need' along with a custom-made electronic incubator which controls gas concentration, pressure and temperature. The cutting-edge in the underground bases and other secret locations will be light years ahead of that, however, and this was reported by the London *Guardian* in 2017:

We are approaching a biotechnological breakthrough. Ectogenesis, the invention of a complete external womb, could completely change the nature of human reproduction. In April this year, researchers at the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia announced their development of an artificial womb.

The article was headed 'Artificial wombs could soon be a reality. What will this mean for women?' What would it mean for children is an even bigger question. No mother to bond with only a machine in preparation for a life of soulless interaction and control in a world governed by machines (see the *Matrix* movies). Now observe the calculated manipulations of the 'Covid' hoax as human interaction and warmth has been curtailed by distancing, isolation and fear with people communicating via machines on a scale never seen before.

These are all dots in the same picture as are all the personal assistants, gadgets and children's toys through which kids and adults communicate with AI as if it is human. The AI 'voice' on Sat-Nav should be included. All these things are psychological preparation for the Cult endgame. Before you can make a physical connection with AI you have to make a psychological connection and that is what people are being conditioned to do with this ever gathering human-AI interaction. Movies and TV programmes depicting the transhuman, robot dystopia relate to a phenomenon known as 'pre-emptive programming' in which the world that is planned is portrayed everywhere in movies, TV and advertising. This is conditioning the conscious and subconscious mind to become familiar with the planned reality to dilute resistance when it happens for real. What would have been a shock such is the change is made less so. We have young children put on the road to transgender transition surgery with puberty blocking drugs at an age when they could never be able to make those life-changing decisions.

Rachel Levine, a professor of paediatrics and psychiatry who believes in treating children this way, became America's highest-ranked openly-transgender official when she was confirmed as US Assistant Secretary at the Department of Health and Human Services after being nominated by Joe Biden (the Cult). Activists and governments press for laws to deny parents a say in their children's transition process so the kids can be isolated and manipulated into agreeing to irreversible medical procedures. A Canadian father Robert Hoogland was denied bail by the Vancouver Supreme Court in 2021 and remained in jail for breaching a court order that he stay silent over his young teenage daughter, a minor, who was being offered life-changing hormone therapy without parental consent. At the age of 12 the girl's 'school counsellor' said she may be transgender, referred her to a doctor and told the school to treat her like a boy. This is another example of state-serving schools imposing ever more control over children's lives while parents have ever less.

Contemptible and extreme child abuse is happening all over the world as the Cult gender-fusion operation goes into warp-speed.

Why the war on men – and now women?

The question about what artificial wombs mean for women should rightly be asked. The answer can be seen in the deletion of women's rights involving sport, changing rooms, toilets and status in favour of people in male bodies claiming to identify as women. I can identify as a mountain climber, but it doesn't mean I can climb a mountain any more than a biological man can be a biological woman. To believe so is a triumph of belief over factual reality which is the very perceptual basis of everything Woke. Women's sport is being destroyed by allowing those with male bodies who say they identify as female to 'compete' with girls and women. Male body 'women' dominate 'women's' competition with their greater muscle mass, bone density, strength and speed. With that disadvantage sport for women loses all meaning. To put this in perspective nearly 300 American high school boys can run faster than the quickest woman sprinter in the world. Women are seeing their previously protected spaces invaded by male bodies simply because they claim to identify as women. That's all they need to do to access all women's spaces and activities under the Biden 'Equality Act' that destroys equality for women with the usual Orwellian Woke inversion. Male sex offenders have already committed rapes in women's prisons after claiming to identify as women to get them transferred. Does this not matter to the Woke 'equality' hypocrites? Not in the least. What matters to Cult manipulators and funders behind transgender activists is to advance gender fusion on the way to the no-gender 'human'. When you are seeking to impose transparent nonsense like this, or the 'Covid' hoax, the only way the nonsense can prevail is through censorship and intimidation of dissenters, deletion of factual information, and programming of the unquestioning, bewildered and naive. You don't have to scan the world for long to see that all these things are happening.

Many women's rights organisations have realised that rights and status which took such a long time to secure are being eroded and that it is systematic. Kara Dansky of the global Women's Human Rights Campaign said that Biden's transgender executive order immediately he took office, subsequent orders, and Equality Act legislation that followed 'seek to erase women and girls in the law as a category'. *Exactly*. I said during the long ago-started war on men (in which many women play a crucial part) that this was going to turn into a war on them. The Cult is phasing out *both* male and female genders. To get away with that they are brought into conflict so they are busy fighting each other while the Cult completes the job with no unity of response. Unity, people, *unity*. We need unity everywhere. Transgender is the only show in town as the big step towards the no-gender human. It's not about rights for transgender people and never has been. Woke political correctness is deleting words relating to genders to the same end. Wokers believe this is to be 'inclusive' when the opposite is true. They are deleting words describing gender because gender *itself* is being deleted by Human 2.0. Terms like 'man', 'woman', 'mother' and 'father' are being deleted in the universities and other institutions to be replaced by the *no-gender*, not trans-gender, 'individuals' and 'guardians'. Women's rights campaigner Maria Keffler of Partners for Ethical Care said: 'Children are being taught from kindergarten upward that some boys have a vagina, some girls have a penis, and that kids can be any gender they want to be.' Do we really believe that suddenly countries all over the world at the same time had the idea of having drag queens go into schools or read transgender stories to very young children in the local library? It's coldly-calculated confusion of gender on the way to the fusion of gender. Suzanne Vierling, a psychologist from Southern California, made another important point:

Yesterday's slave woman who endured gynecological medical experiments is today's girl-child being butchered in a booming gender-transitioning sector. Ovaries removed, pushing her into menopause and osteoporosis, uncharted territory, and parents' rights and authority decimated.

The erosion of parental rights is a common theme in line with the Cult plans to erase the very concept of parents and 'ovaries removed, pushing her into menopause' means what? Those born female lose the ability to have children – another way to discontinue humanity as we know it.

Eliminating Human 1.0 (before our very eyes)

To pave the way for Human 2.0 you must phase out Human 1.0. This is happening through plummeting sperm counts and making women infertile through an onslaught of chemicals, radiation (including smartphones in pockets of men) and mRNA 'vaccines'. Common agriculture pesticides are also having a devastating impact on human fertility. I have been tracking collapsing sperm counts in the books for a long time and in 2021 came a book by fertility scientist and reproductive epidemiologist Shanna Swan, *Count Down: How Our Modern World Is Threatening Sperm Counts, Altering Male and Female Reproductive Development and Imperiling the Future of the Human Race*. She reports how the global fertility rate dropped by *half* between 1960 and 2016 with America's birth rate 16 percent below where it needs to be to sustain the population. Women are experiencing declining egg quality, more miscarriages, and more couples suffer from infertility. Other findings were an increase in erectile dysfunction, infant boys developing more genital abnormalities, male problems with conception, and plunging levels of the male hormone testosterone which would explain why so many men have lost their backbone and masculinity. This has been very evident during the 'Covid' hoax when women have been prominent among the Pushbackers and big strapping blokes have bowed their heads, covered their faces with a nappy and quietly submitted. Mind control expert Cathy O'Brien also points to how global education introduced the concept of 'we're all winners' in sport and classrooms: 'Competition was defused, and it in turn defused a sense of fighting back.' This is another version of the 'equity' doctrine in which you drive down rather than raise up. What a contrast in Cult-controlled China with its global ambitions

where the government published plans in January, 2021, to 'cultivate masculinity' in boys from kindergarten through to high school in the face of a 'masculinity crisis'. A government adviser said boys would be soon become 'delicate, timid and effeminate' unless action was taken. Don't expect any similar policy in the targeted West. A 2006 study showed that a 65-year-old man in 2002 had testosterone levels *15 percent* lower than a 65-year-old man in 1987 while a 2020 study found a similar story with young adults and adolescents. Men are getting prescriptions for testosterone replacement therapy which causes an even greater drop in sperm count with up to 99 percent seeing sperm counts drop to zero during the treatment. More sperm is defective and malfunctioning with some having two heads or not pursuing an egg.

A class of *synthetic* chemicals known as phthalates are being blamed for the decline. These are found everywhere in plastics, shampoos, cosmetics, furniture, flame retardants, personal care products, pesticides, canned foods and even receipts. Why till receipts? Everyone touches them. Let no one delude themselves that all this is not systematic to advance the long-time agenda for human body transformation. Phthalates mimic hormones and disrupt the hormone balance causing testosterone to fall and genital birth defects in male infants. Animals and fish have been affected in the same way due to phthalates and other toxins in rivers. When fish turn gay or change sex through chemicals in rivers and streams it is a pointer to why there has been such an increase in gay people and the sexually confused. It doesn't matter to me what sexuality people choose to be, but if it's being affected by chemical pollution and consumption then we need to know. Does anyone really think that this is not connected to the transgender agenda, the war on men and the condemnation of male 'toxic masculinity'? You watch this being followed by 'toxic femininity'. It's already happening. When breastfeeding becomes 'chest-feeding', pregnant women become pregnant people along with all the other Woke claptrap you know that the world is going insane and there's a Cult scam in progress. Transgender activists are promoting the Cult agenda while Cult

billionaires support and fund the insanity as they laugh themselves to sleep at the sheer stupidity for which humans must be infamous in galaxies far, far away.

'Covid vaccines' and female infertility

We can now see why the 'vaccine' has been connected to potential infertility in women. Dr Michael Yeadon, former Vice President and Chief Scientific Advisor at Pfizer, and Dr Wolfgang Wodarg in Germany, filed a petition with the European Medicines Agency in December, 2020, urging them to stop trials for the Pfizer/BioNTech shot and all other mRNA trials until further studies had been done. They were particularly concerned about possible effects on fertility with 'vaccine'-produced antibodies attacking the protein Syncytin-1 which is responsible for developing the placenta. The result would be infertility 'of indefinite duration' in women who have the 'vaccine' with the placenta failing to form. Section 10.4.2 of the Pfizer/BioNTech trial protocol says that pregnant women or those who might become so should not have mRNA shots. Section 10.4 warns men taking mRNA shots to 'be abstinent from heterosexual intercourse' and not to donate sperm. The UK government said that it *did not know* if the mRNA procedure had an effect on fertility. *Did not know?* These people have to go to jail. UK government advice did not recommend at the start that pregnant women had the shot and said they should avoid pregnancy for at least two months after 'vaccination'. The 'advice' was later updated to pregnant women should only have the 'vaccine' if the benefits outweighed the risks to mother and foetus. What the hell is that supposed to mean? Then 'spontaneous abortions' began to appear and rapidly increase on the adverse reaction reporting schemes which include only a fraction of adverse reactions. Thousands and ever-growing numbers of 'vaccinated' women are describing changes to their menstrual cycle with heavier blood flow, irregular periods and menstruating again after going through the menopause – all links to reproduction effects. Women are passing blood clots and the lining of their uterus while men report erectile dysfunction and blood effects. Most

significantly of all *unvaccinated* women began to report similar menstrual changes after interaction with '*vaccinated*' people and men and children were also affected with bleeding noses, blood clots and other conditions. 'Shedding' is when vaccinated people can emit the content of a vaccine to affect the unvaccinated, but this is different. 'Vaccinated' people were not shedding a 'live virus' allegedly in 'vaccines' as before because the fake 'Covid vaccines' involve synthetic material and other toxicity. Doctors exposing what is happening prefer the term 'transmission' to shedding. Somehow those that have had the shots are transmitting effects to those that haven't. Dr Carrie Madej said the nano-content of the 'vaccines' can 'act like an antenna' to others around them which fits perfectly with my own conclusions. This 'vaccine' transmission phenomenon was becoming known as the book went into production and I deal with this further in the Postscript.

Vaccine effects on sterility are well known. The World Health Organization was accused in 2014 of sterilising millions of women in Kenya with the evidence confirmed by the content of the vaccines involved. The same WHO behind the 'Covid' hoax admitted its involvement for more than ten years with the vaccine programme. Other countries made similar claims. Charges were lodged by Tanzania, Nicaragua, Mexico, and the Philippines. The Gardasil vaccine claimed to protect against a genital 'virus' known as HPV has also been linked to infertility. Big Pharma and the WHO (same thing) are criminal and satanic entities. Then there's the Bill Gates Foundation which is connected through funding and shared interests with 20 pharmaceutical giants and laboratories. He stands accused of directing the policy of United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF), vaccine alliance GAVI, and other groupings, to advance the vaccine agenda and silence opposition at great cost to women and children. At the same time Gates wants to reduce the global population. Coincidence?

Great Reset = Smart Grid = new human

The Cult agenda I have been exposing for 30 years is now being openly promoted by Cult assets like Gates and Klaus Schwab of the World Economic Forum under code-terms like the 'Great Reset', 'Build Back Better' and 'a rare but narrow window of opportunity to reflect, reimagine, and reset our world'. What provided this 'rare but narrow window of opportunity'? The 'Covid' hoax did. Who created that? *They* did. My books from not that long ago warned about the planned 'Internet of Things' (IoT) and its implications for human freedom. This was the plan to connect all technology to the Internet and artificial intelligence and today we are way down that road with an estimated 36 billion devices connected to the World Wide Web and that figure is projected to be 76 billion by 2025. I further warned that the Cult planned to go beyond that to the Internet of *Everything* when the human brain was connected via AI to the Internet and Kurzweil's 'cloud'. Now we have Cult operatives like Schwab calling for precisely that under the term 'Internet of Bodies', a fusion of the physical, digital and biological into one centrally-controlled Smart Grid system which the Cult refers to as the 'Fourth Industrial Revolution'. They talk about the 'biological', but they really mean the synthetic-biological which is required to fully integrate the human body and brain into the Smart Grid and artificial intelligence planned to replace the human mind. We have everything being synthetically manipulated including the natural world through GMO and smart dust, the food we eat and the human body itself with synthetic 'vaccines'. I said in *The Answer* that we would see the Cult push for synthetic meat to replace animals and in February, 2021, the so predictable psychopath Bill Gates called for the introduction of synthetic meat to save us all from 'climate change'. The climate hoax just keeps on giving like the 'Covid' hoax. The war on meat by vegan activists is a carbon (oops, sorry) copy of the manipulation of transgender activists. They have no idea (except their inner core) that they are being used to promote and impose the agenda of the Cult or that they are only the *vehicle* and not the *reason*. This is not to say those who choose not to eat meat shouldn't be respected and supported in that right, but there are ulterior motives

for those in power. A *Forbes* article in December, 2019, highlighted the plan so beloved of Schwab and the Cult under the heading: 'What Is The Internet of Bodies? And How Is It Changing Our World?' The article said the human body is the latest data platform (remember 'our vaccine is an operating system'). *Forbes* described the plan very accurately and the words could have come straight out of my books from long before:

The Internet of Bodies (IoB) is an extension of the IoT and basically connects the human body to a network through devices that are ingested, implanted, or connected to the body in some way. Once connected, data can be exchanged, and the body and device can be remotely monitored and controlled.

They were really describing a human hive mind with human perception centrally-dictated via an AI connection as well as allowing people to be 'remotely monitored and controlled'. Everything from a fridge to a human mind could be directed from a central point by these insane psychopaths and 'Covid vaccines' are crucial to this. *Forbes* explained the process I mentioned earlier of holdable and wearable technology followed by implantable. The article said there were three generations of the Internet of Bodies that include:

- Body external: These are wearable devices such as Apple Watches or Fitbits that can monitor our health.
- Body internal: These include pacemakers, cochlear implants, and digital pills that go inside our bodies to monitor or control various aspects of health.
- Body embedded: The third generation of the Internet of Bodies is embedded technology where technology and the human body are melded together and have a real-time connection to a remote machine.

Forbes noted the development of the Brain Computer Interface (BCI) which merges the brain with an external device for monitoring and controlling in real-time. 'The ultimate goal is to help restore function to individuals with disabilities by using brain signals rather than conventional neuromuscular pathways.' Oh, do fuck off. The goal of brain interface technology is controlling human thought and emotion from the central point in a hive mind serving its masters wishes. Many people are now agreeing to be chipped to open doors without a key. You can recognise them because they'll be wearing a mask, social distancing and lining up for the 'vaccine'. The Cult plans a Great Reset money system after they have completed the demolition of the global economy in which 'money' will be exchanged through communication with body operating systems. Rand Corporation, a Cult-owned think tank, said of the Internet of Bodies or IoB:

Internet of Bodies technologies fall under the broader IoT umbrella. But as the name suggests, IoB devices introduce an even more intimate interplay between humans and gadgets. IoB devices monitor the human body, collect health metrics and other personal information, and transmit those data over the Internet. Many devices, such as fitness trackers, are already in use ... IoB devices ... and those in development can track, record, and store users' whereabouts, bodily functions, and what they see, hear, and even think.

Schwab's World Economic Forum, a long-winded way of saying 'fascism' or 'the Cult', has gone full-on with the Internet of Bodies in the 'Covid' era. 'We're entering the era of the Internet of Bodies', it declared, 'collecting our physical data via a range of devices that can be implanted, swallowed or worn'. The result would be a huge amount of health-related data that could improve human wellbeing around the world, and prove crucial in fighting the 'Covid-19 pandemic'. Does anyone think these clowns care about 'human wellbeing' after the death and devastation their pandemic hoax has purposely caused? Schwab and co say we should move forward with the Internet of Bodies because 'Keeping track of symptoms could help us stop the spread of infection, and quickly detect new cases'. How wonderful, but keeping track' is all they are really bothered

about. Researchers were investigating if data gathered from smartwatches and similar devices could be used as viral infection alerts by tracking the user's heart rate and breathing. Schwab said in his 2018 book *Shaping the Future of the Fourth Industrial Revolution*:

The lines between technologies and beings are becoming blurred and not just by the ability to create lifelike robots or synthetics. Instead it is about the ability of new technologies to literally become part of us. Technologies already influence how we understand ourselves, how we think about each other, and how we determine our realities. As the technologies ... give us deeper access to parts of ourselves, we may begin to integrate digital technologies into our bodies.

You can see what the game is. Twenty-four hour control and people – if you could still call them that – would never know when something would go ping and take them out of circulation. It's the most obvious rush to a global fascist dictatorship and the complete submission of humanity and yet still so many are locked away in their Cult-induced perceptual coma and can't see it.

Smart Grid control centres

The human body is being transformed by the 'vaccines' and in other ways into a synthetic cyborg that can be attached to the global Smart Grid which would be controlled from a central point and other sub-locations of Grid manipulation. Where are these planned to be? Well, China for a start which is one of the Cult's biggest centres of operation. The technological control system and technocratic rule was incubated here to be unleashed across the world after the 'Covid' hoax came out of China in 2020. Another Smart Grid location that will surprise people new to this is Israel. I have exposed in *The Trigger* how Sabbatian technocrats, intelligence and military operatives were behind the horrors of 9/11 and not 19 Arab hijackers' who somehow manifested the ability to pilot big passenger airliners when instructors at puddle-jumping flying schools described some of them as a joke. The 9/11 attacks were made possible through control of civilian and military air computer systems and those of the White House, Pentagon and connected agencies. See *The Trigger* – it

will blow your mind. The controlling and coordinating force were the Sabbatian networks in Israel and the United States which by then had infiltrated the entire US government, military and intelligence system. The real name of the American Deep State is 'Sabbatian State'. Israel is a tiny country of only nine million people, but it is one of the global centres of cyber operations and fast catching Silicon Valley in importance to the Cult. Israel is known as the 'start-up nation' for all the cyber companies spawned there with the Sabbatian specialisation of 'cyber security' that I mentioned earlier which gives those companies access to computer systems of their clients in real time through 'backdoors' written into the coding when security software is downloaded. The Sabbatian centre of cyber operations outside Silicon Valley is the Israeli military Cyber Intelligence Unit, the biggest infrastructure project in Israel's history, headquartered in the desert-city of Beersheba and involving some 20,000 'cyber soldiers'. Here are located a literal army of Internet trolls scanning social media, forums and comment lists for anyone challenging the Cult agenda. The UK military has something similar with its 77th Brigade and associated operations. The Beersheba complex includes research and development centres for other Cult operations such as Intel, Microsoft, IBM, Google, Apple, Hewlett-Packard, Cisco Systems, Facebook and Motorola. Techcrunch.com ran an article about the Beersheba global Internet technology centre headlined 'Israel's desert city of Beersheba is turning into a cybertech oasis':

The military's massive relocation of its prestigious technology units, the presence of multinational and local companies, a close proximity to Ben Gurion University and generous government subsidies are turning Beersheba into a major global cybertech hub. Beersheba has all of the ingredients of a vibrant security technology ecosystem, including Ben Gurion University with its graduate program in cybersecurity and Cyber Security Research Center, and the presence of companies such as EMC, Deutsche Telekom, PayPal, Oracle, IBM, and Lockheed Martin. It's also the future home of the INCB (Israeli National Cyber Bureau); offers a special income tax incentive for cyber security companies, and was the site for the relocation of the army's intelligence corps units.

Sabbatians have taken over the cyber world through the following process: They scan the schools for likely cyber talent and develop them at Ben Gurion University and their period of conscription in the Israeli Defense Forces when they are stationed at the Beersheba complex. When the cyber talented officially leave the army they are funded to start cyber companies with technology developed by themselves or given to them by the state. Much of this is stolen through backdoors of computer systems around the world with America top of the list. Others are sent off to Silicon Valley to start companies or join the major ones and so we have many major positions filled by apparently 'Jewish' but really Sabbatian operatives. Google, YouTube and Facebook are all run by 'Jewish' CEOs while Twitter is all but run by ultra-Zionist hedge-fund shark Paul Singer. At the centre of the Sabbatian global cyber web is the Israeli army's Unit 8200 which specialises in hacking into computer systems of other countries, inserting viruses, gathering information, instigating malfunction, and even taking control of them from a distance. A long list of Sabbatians involved with 9/11, Silicon Valley and Israeli cyber security companies are operatives of Unit 8200. This is not about Israel. It's about the Cult. Israel is planned to be a Smart Grid hub as with China and what is happening at Beersheba is not for the benefit of Jewish people who are treated disgustingly by the Sabbatian elite that control the country. A glance at the Nuremberg Codes will tell you that.

The story is much bigger than 'Covid', important as that is to where we are being taken. Now, though, it's time to really strap in. There's more ... much more ...

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Who controls the Cult?

Awake, arise or be forever fall'n
John Milton, *Paradise Lost*

I have exposed this far the level of the Cult conspiracy that operates in the world of the seen and within the global secret society and satanic network which operates in the shadows one step back from the seen. The story, however, goes much deeper than that.

The 'Covid' hoax is major part of the Cult agenda, but only part, and to grasp the biggest picture we have to expand our attention beyond the realm of human sight and into the infinity of possibility that we cannot see. It is from here, ultimately, that humanity is being manipulated into a state of total control by the force which dictates the actions of the Cult. How much of reality can we see? Next to damn all is the answer. We may appear to see all there is to see in the 'space' our eyes survey and observe, but little could be further from the truth. The human 'world' is only a tiny band of frequency that the body's visual and perceptual systems can decode into *perception* of a 'world'. According to mainstream science the electromagnetic spectrum is 0.005 percent of what exists in the Universe ([Fig 10](#)). The maximum estimate I have seen is 0.5 percent and either way it's miniscule. I say it is far, far, smaller even than 0.005 percent when you compare reality we see with the totality of reality that we don't. Now get this if you are new to such information: Visible light, the only band of frequency that we can see, is a *fraction* of the 0.005

percent (Fig 11 overleaf). Take this further and realise that our universe is one of infinite universes and that universes are only a fragment of overall reality – *infinite* reality. Then compare that with the almost infinitesimal frequency band of visible light or human sight. You see that humans are as near blind as it is possible to be without actually being so. Artist and filmmaker, Sergio Toporek, said:

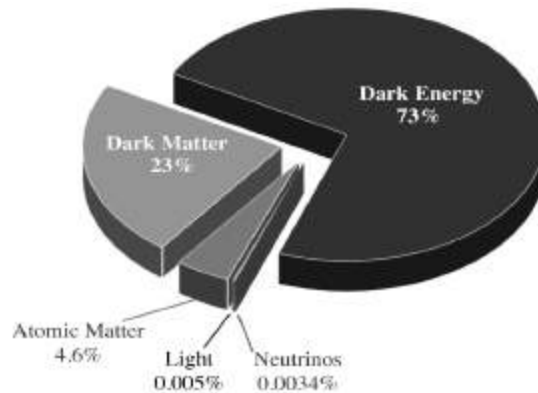


Figure 10: Humans can perceive such a tiny band of visual reality it's laughable.

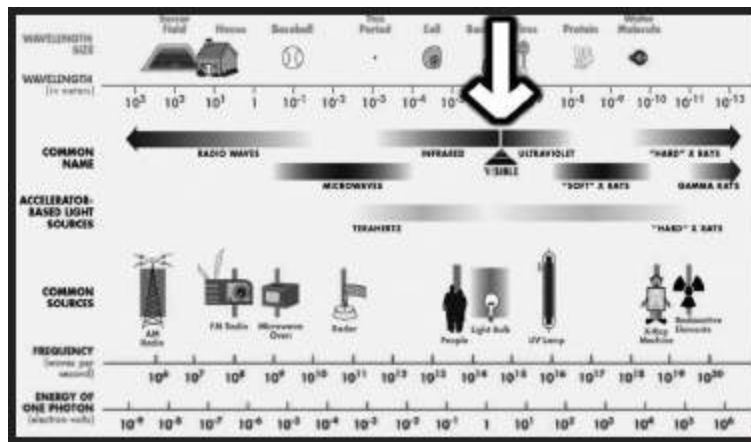


Figure 11: We can see a smear of the 0.005 percent electromagnetic spectrum, but we still know it all. Yep, makes sense.

Consider that you can see less than 1% of the electromagnetic spectrum and hear less than 1% of the acoustic spectrum. 90% of the cells in your body carry their own microbial DNA and are not 'you'. The atoms in your body are 99.9999999999999999% empty space and none of them are the ones you were born with ... Human beings have 46 chromosomes, two less than a potato.

The existence of the rainbow depends on the conical photoreceptors in your eyes; to animals without cones, the rainbow does not exist. So you don't just look at a rainbow, you create it. This is pretty amazing, especially considering that all the beautiful colours you see represent less than 1% of the electromagnetic spectrum.

Suddenly the 'world' of humans looks a very different place. Take into account, too, that Planet Earth when compared with the projected size of this single universe is the equivalent of a billionth of a pinhead. Imagine the ratio that would be when compared to infinite reality. To think that Christianity once insisted that Earth and humanity were the centre of everything. This background is vital if we are going to appreciate the nature of 'human' and how we can be manipulated by an unseen force. To human visual reality virtually *everything* is unseen and yet the prevailing perception within the institutions and so much of the public is that if we can't see it, touch it, hear it, taste it and smell it then it cannot exist. Such perception is indoctrinated and encouraged by the Cult and its agents because it isolates believers in the strictly limited, village-idiot, realm of the five senses where perceptions can be firewalled and information controlled. Most of those perpetuating the 'this-world-is-all-there-is' insanity are themselves indoctrinated into believing the same delusion. While major players and influencers know that official reality is laughable most of those in science, academia and medicine really believe the nonsense they peddle and teach succeeding generations. Those who challenge the orthodoxy are dismissed as nutters and freaks to protect the manufactured illusion from exposure. Observe the dynamic of the 'Covid' hoax and you will see how that takes the same form. The inner-circle psychopaths knows it's a gigantic scam, but almost the entirety of those imposing their fascist rules believe that 'Covid' is all that they're told it is.

Stolen identity

Ask people who they are and they will give you their name, place of birth, location, job, family background and life story. Yet that is not who they are – it is what they are *experiencing*. The difference is *absolutely crucial*. The true 'I', the eternal, infinite 'I', is consciousness,

a state of being aware. Forget 'form'. That is a vehicle for a brief experience. Consciousness does not come *from* the brain, but *through* the brain and even that is more symbolic than literal. We are awareness, pure awareness, and this is what withdraws from the body at what we call 'death' to continue our eternal beingness, *isness*, in other realms of reality within the limitlessness of infinity or the Biblical 'many mansions in my father's house'. Labels of a human life, man, woman, transgender, black, white, brown, nationality, circumstances and income are not who we are. They are what we are – awareness – is *experiencing* in a brief connection with a band of frequency we call 'human'. The labels are not the self; they are, to use the title of one of my books, a *Phantom Self*. I am not David Icke born in Leicester, England, on April 29th, 1952. I am the consciousness *having that experience*. The Cult and its non-human masters seek to convince us through the institutions of 'education', science, medicine, media and government that what we are *experiencing* is who we *are*. It's so easy to control and direct perception locked away in the bewildered illusions of the five senses with no expanded radar. Try, by contrast, doing the same with a humanity aware of its true self and its true power to consciously create its reality and experience. How is it possible to do this? We do it all day every day. If you perceive yourself as 'little me' with no power to impact upon your life and the world then your life experience will reflect that. You will hand the power you don't think you have to authority in all its forms which will use it to control your experience. This, in turn, will appear to confirm your perception of 'little me' in a self-fulfilling feedback loop. But that is what 'little me' really is – a *perception*. We are all 'big-me', infinite me, and the Cult has to make us forget that if its will is to prevail. We are therefore manipulated and pressured into self-identifying with human labels and not the consciousness/awareness *experiencing* those human labels.

The phenomenon of identity politics is a Cult-instigated manipulation technique to sub-divide previous labels into even smaller ones. A United States university employs this list of letters to

describe student identity: LGBTTQQFAGPBDSM or lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender, transsexual, queer, questioning, flexual, asexual, gender-fuck, polyamorous, bondage/discipline, dominance/submission and sadism/masochism. I'm sure other lists are even longer by now as people feel the need to self-identity the 'I' with the minutiae of race and sexual preference. Wokers programmed by the Cult for generations believe this is about 'inclusivity' when it's really the Cult locking them away into smaller and smaller versions of Phantom Self while firewalling them from the influence of their true self, the infinite, eternal 'I'. You may notice that my philosophy which contends that we are all unique points of attention/awareness within the same infinite whole or Oneness is the ultimate non-racism. The very sense of Oneness makes the judgement of people by their body-type, colour or sexuality utterly ridiculous and confirms that racism has no understanding of reality (including anti-white racism). Yet despite my perception of life Cult agents and fast-asleep Wokers label me racist to discredit my information while they are themselves phenomenally racist and sexist. All they see is race and sexuality and they judge people as good or bad, demons or untouchables, by their race and sexuality. All they see is *Phantom Self* and perceive themselves in terms of Phantom Self. They are pawns and puppets of the Cult agenda to focus attention and self-identity in the five senses and play those identities against each other to divide and rule. Columbia University has introduced segregated graduations in another version of social distancing designed to drive people apart and teach them that different racial and cultural groups have nothing in common with each other. The last thing the Cult wants is unity. Again the pump-primers of this will be Cult operatives in the knowledge of what they are doing, but the rest are just the Phantom Self blind leading the Phantom Self blind. We *do* have something in common – we are all *the same consciousness* having different temporary experiences.

What is this 'human'?

Yes, what *is* 'human'? That is what we are supposed to be, right? I mean 'human'? True, but 'human' is the experience not the 'I'. Break it down to basics and 'human' is the way that information is processed. If we are to experience and interact with this band of frequency we call the 'world' we must have a vehicle that operates within that band of frequency. Our consciousness in its prime form cannot do that; it is way beyond the frequency of the human realm. My consciousness or awareness could not tap these keys and pick up the cup in front of me in the same way that radio station A cannot interact with radio station B when they are on different frequencies. The human body is the means through which we have that interaction. I have long described the body as a biological computer which processes information in a way that allows consciousness to experience this reality. The body is a receiver, transmitter and processor of information in a particular way that we call human. We visually perceive only the world of the five senses in a wakened state – that is the limit of the body's visual decoding system. In truth it's not even visual in the way we experience 'visual reality' as I will come to in a moment. We are 'human' because the body processes the information sources of human into a reality and behaviour system that we *perceive* as human. Why does an elephant act like an elephant and not like a human or a duck? The elephant's biological computer is a different information field and processes information according to that program into a visual and behaviour type we call an elephant. The same applies to everything in our reality. These body information fields are perpetuated through procreation (like making a copy of a software program). The Cult wants to break that cycle and intervene technologically to transform the human information field into one that will change what we call humanity. If it can change the human information field it will change the way that field processes information and change humanity both 'physically' and psychologically. Hence the *messenger* (information) RNA 'vaccines' and so much more that is targeting human genetics by changing the body's information – *messaging* – construct through food, drink, radiation, toxicity and other means.

Reality that we experience is nothing like reality as it really is in the same way that the reality people experience in virtual reality games is not the reality they are really living in. The game is only a decoded source of information that appears to be a reality. Our world is also an information construct – a *simulation* (more later). In its base form our reality is a wavefield of information much the same in theme as Wi-Fi. The five senses decode wavefield information into electrical information which they communicate to the brain to decode into holographic (illusory ‘physical’) information. Different parts of the brain specialise in decoding different senses and the information is fused into a reality that appears to be outside of us but is really inside the brain and the genetic structure in general (Fig 12 overleaf). DNA is a receiver-transmitter of information and a vital part of this decoding process and the body’s connection to other realities. Change DNA and you change the way we decode and connect with reality – see ‘Covid vaccines’. Think of computers decoding Wi-Fi. You have information encoded in a radiation field and the computer decodes that information into a very different form on the screen. You can’t see the Wi-Fi until its information is made manifest on the screen and the information on the screen is inside the computer and not outside. I have just described how we decode the ‘human world’. All five senses decode the waveform ‘Wi-Fi’ field into electrical signals and the brain (computer) constructs reality inside the brain and not outside – ‘You don’t just look at a rainbow, you create it’. Sound is a simple example. We don’t hear sound until the brain decodes it. Waveform sound waves are picked up by the hearing sense and communicated to the brain in an electrical form to be decoded into the sounds that we hear. Everything we hear is inside the brain along with everything we see, feel, smell and taste. Words and language are waveform fields generated by our vocal chords which pass through this process until they are decoded by the brain into words that we hear. Different languages are different frequency fields or sound waves generated by vocal chords. Late British philosopher Alan Watts said:

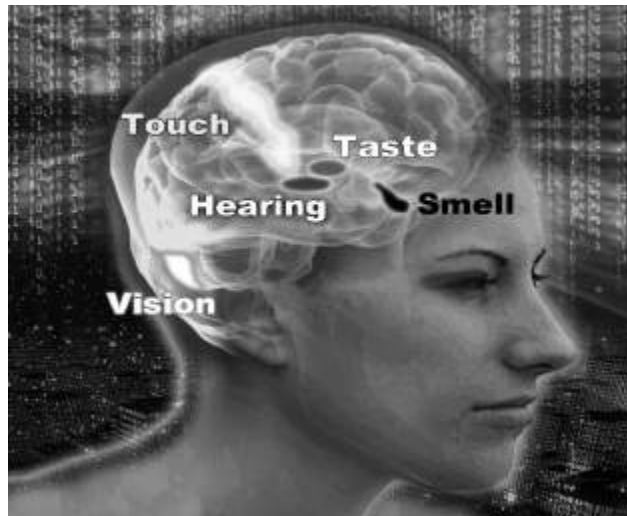


Figure 12: The brain receives information from the five senses and constructs from that our perceived reality.

[Without the brain] the world is devoid of light, heat, weight, solidity, motion, space, time or any other imaginable feature. All these phenomena are interactions, or transactions, of vibrations with a certain arrangement of neurons.

That's exactly what they are and scientist Robert Lanza describes in his book, *Biocentrism*, how we decode electromagnetic waves and energy into visual and 'physical' experience. He uses the example of a flame emitting photons, electromagnetic energy, each pulsing electrically and magnetically:

... these ... invisible electromagnetic waves strike a human retina, and if (and only if) the waves happen to measure between 400 and 700 nano meters in length from crest to crest, then their energy is just right to deliver a stimulus to the 8 million cone-shaped cells in the retina.

Each in turn send an electrical pulse to a neighbour neuron, and on up the line this goes, at 250 mph, until it reaches the ... occipital lobe of the brain, in the back of the head. There, a cascading complex of neurons fire from the incoming stimuli, and we subjectively perceive this experience as a yellow brightness occurring in a place we have been conditioned to call the 'external world'.

You hear what you decode

If a tree falls or a building collapses they make no noise unless someone is there to decode the energetic waves generated by the disturbance into what we call sound. Does a falling tree make a noise? Only if you hear it – *decode* it. Everything in our reality is a frequency field of information operating within the overall ‘Wi-Fi’ field that I call The Field. A vibrational disturbance is generated in The Field by the fields of the falling tree or building. These disturbance waves are what we decode into the sound of them falling. If no one is there to do that then neither will make any noise. Reality is created by the observer – *decoder* – and the *perceptions* of the observer affect the decoding process. For this reason different people – different *perceptions* – will perceive the same reality or situation in a different way. What one may perceive as a nightmare another will see as an opportunity. The question of why the Cult is so focused on controlling human perception now answers itself. All experienced reality is the act of decoding and we don’t experience Wi-Fi until it is decoded on the computer screen. The sight and sound of an Internet video is encoded in the Wi-Fi all around us, but we don’t see or hear it until the computer decodes that information. Taste, smell and touch are all phenomena of the brain as a result of the same process. We don’t taste, smell or feel anything except in the brain and there are pain relief techniques that seek to block the signal from the site of discomfort to the brain because if the brain doesn’t decode that signal we don’t feel pain. Pain is in the brain and only appears to be at the point of impact thanks to the feedback loop between them. We don’t see anything until electrical information from the sight senses is decoded in an area at the back of the brain. If that area is damaged we can go blind when our eyes are perfectly okay. So why do we go blind if we damage an eye? We damage the information processing between the waveform visual information and the visual decoding area of the brain. If information doesn’t reach the brain in a form it can decode then we can’t see the visual reality that it represents. What’s more the brain is decoding only a fraction of the information it receives and the rest is absorbed by the

sub-conscious mind. This explanation is from the science magazine, *Wonderpedia*:

Every second, 11 million sensations crackle along these [brain] pathways ... The brain is confronted with an alarming array of images, sounds and smells which it rigorously filters down until it is left with a manageable list of around 40. Thus 40 sensations per second make up what we perceive as reality.

The 'world' is not what people are told to believe that is it and the inner circles of the Cult *know that*.

Illusory 'physical' reality

We can only see a smear of 0.005 percent of the Universe which is only one of a vast array of universes – 'mansions' – within infinite reality. Even then the brain decodes only 40 pieces of information ('sensations') from a potential *11 million* that we receive every second. Two points strike you from this immediately: The sheer breathtaking stupidity of believing we know anything so rigidly that there's nothing more to know; and the potential for these processes to be manipulated by a malevolent force to control the reality of the population. One thing I can say for sure with no risk of contradiction is that when you can perceive an almost indescribable fraction of infinite reality there is always more to know as in tidal waves of it. Ancient Greek philosopher Socrates was so right when he said that wisdom is to know how little we know. How obviously true that is when you think that we are experiencing a physical world of solidity that is neither physical nor solid and a world of apartness when everything is connected. Cult-controlled 'science' dismisses the so-called 'paranormal' and all phenomena related to that when the 'para'-normal is perfectly normal and explains the alleged 'great mysteries' which dumbfound scientific minds. There is a reason for this. A 'scientific mind' in terms of the mainstream is a material mind, a five-sense mind imprisoned in see it, touch it, hear it, smell it and taste it. Phenomena and happenings that can't be explained that way leave the 'scientific mind' bewildered and the rule is that if they

can't account for why something is happening then it can't, by definition, be happening. I beg to differ. Telepathy is thought waves passing through The Field (think wave disturbance again) to be decoded by someone able to connect with that wavelength (information). For example: You can pick up the thought waves of a friend at any distance and at the very least that will bring them to mind. A few minutes later the friend calls you. 'My god', you say, 'that's incredible – I was just thinking of you.' Ah, but *they* were thinking of *you* before they made the call and that's what you decoded. Native peoples not entrapped in five-sense reality do this so well it became known as the 'bush telegraph'. Those known as psychics and mediums (genuine ones) are doing the same only across dimensions of reality. 'Mind over matter' comes from the fact that matter and mind are the *same*. The state of one influences the state of the other. Indeed one *and* the other are illusions. They are aspects of the same field. Paranormal phenomena are all explainable so why are they still considered 'mysteries' or not happening? Once you go down this road of understanding you begin to expand awareness beyond the five senses and that's the nightmare for the Cult.



Figure 13: Holograms are not solid, but the best ones appear to be.

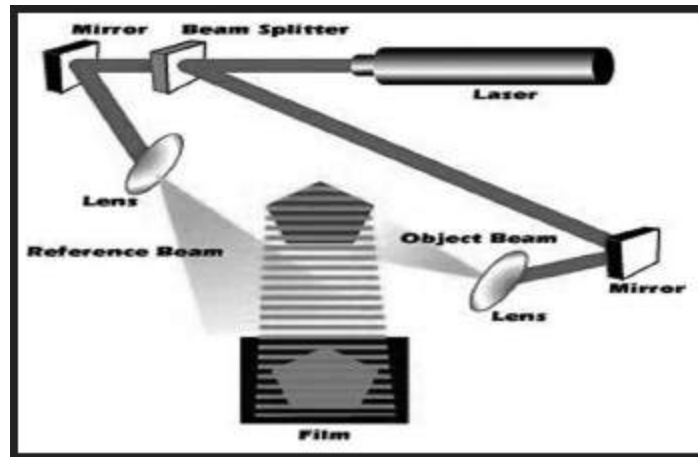


Figure 14: How holograms are created by capturing a waveform version of the subject image.

Holographic 'solidity'

Our reality is not solid, it is holographic. We are now well aware of holograms which are widely used today. Two-dimensional information is decoded into a three-dimensional reality that is not solid although can very much appear to be (Fig 13). Holograms are created with a laser divided into two parts. One goes directly onto a holographic photographic print ('reference beam') and the other takes a waveform image of the subject ('working beam') before being directed onto the print where it 'collides' with the other half of the laser (Fig 14). This creates a *waveform* interference pattern which contains the wavefield information of whatever is being photographed (Fig 15 overleaf). The process can be likened to dropping pebbles in a pond. Waves generated by each one spread out across the water to collide with the others and create a wave representation of where the stones fell and at what speed, weight and distance. A waveform interference pattern of a hologram is akin to the waveform information in The Field which the five senses decode into electrical signals to be decoded by the brain into a holographic illusory 'physical' reality. In the same way when a laser (think human attention) is directed at the waveform interference pattern a three-dimensional version of the subject is projected into apparently 'solid' reality (Fig 16). An amazing trait of holograms reveals more 'paranormal mysteries'. Information of the *whole*

hologram is encoded in waveform in every part of the interference pattern by the way they are created. This means that every *part* of a hologram is a smaller version of the whole. Cut the interference wave-pattern into four and you won't get four parts of the image. You get quarter-sized versions of the *whole* image. The body is a hologram and the same applies. Here we have the basis of acupuncture, reflexology and other forms of healing which identify representations of the whole body in all of the parts, hands, feet, ears, everywhere. Skilled palm readers can do what they do because the information of whole body is encoded in the hand. The concept of as above, so below, comes from this.



Figure 15: A waveform interference pattern that holds the information that transforms into a hologram.



Figure 16: Holographic people including 'Elvis' holographically inserted to sing a duet with Celine Dion.

The question will be asked of why, if solidity is illusory, we can't just walk through walls and each other. The resistance is not solid against solid; it is electromagnetic field against electromagnetic field and we decode this into the *experience* of solid against solid. We should also not underestimate the power of belief to dictate reality. What you believe is impossible *will be*. Your belief impacts on your decoding processes and they won't decode what you think is impossible. What we believe we perceive and what we perceive we experience. 'Can't dos' and 'impossibles' are like a firewall in a computer system that won't put on the screen what the firewall blocks. How vital that is to understanding how human experience has been hijacked. I explain in *The Answer, Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told* and other books a long list of 'mysteries' and 'paranormal' phenomena that are not mysterious and perfectly normal once you realise what reality is and how it works. 'Ghosts' can be seen to pass through 'solid' walls because the walls are not solid and the ghost is a discarnate entity operating on a frequency so different to that of the wall that it's like two radio stations sharing the same space while never interfering with each other. I have seen ghosts do this myself. The apartness of people and objects is also an illusion. Everything is connected by the Field like all sea life is connected by the sea. It's just that within the limits of our visual reality we only 'see' holographic information and not the field of information that connects everything and from which the holographic world is made manifest. If you can only see holographic 'objects' and not the field that connects them they will appear to you as unconnected to each other in the same way that we see the computer while not seeing the Wi-Fi.

What you don't know *can* hurt you

Okay, we return to those 'two worlds' of human society and the Cult with its global network of interconnecting secret societies and satanic groups which manipulate through governments, corporations, media, religions, etc. The fundamental difference between them is *knowledge*. The idea has been to keep humanity

ignorant of the plan for its total enslavement underpinned by a crucial ignorance of reality – who we are and where we are – and how we interact with it. ‘Human’ should be the interaction between our expanded eternal consciousness and the five-sense body experience. We are meant to be *in* this world in terms of the five senses but not *of* this world in relation to our greater consciousness and perspective. In that state we experience the small picture of the five senses within the wider context of the big picture of awareness beyond the five senses. Put another way the five senses see the dots and expanded awareness connects them into pictures and patterns that give context to the apparently random and unconnected. Without the context of expanded awareness the five senses see only apartness and randomness with apparently no meaning. The Cult and its other-dimensional controllers seek to intervene in the frequency realm where five-sense reality is supposed to connect with expanded reality and to keep the two apart (more on this in the final chapter). When that happens five-sense mental and emotional processes are no longer influenced by expanded awareness, or the True ‘I’, and instead are driven by the isolated perceptions of the body’s decoding systems. They are in the world *and* of it. Here we have the human plight and why humanity with its potential for infinite awareness can be so easily manipulatable and descend into such extremes of stupidity.

Once the Cult isolates five-sense mind from expanded awareness it can then program the mind with perceptions and beliefs by controlling information that the mind receives through the ‘education’ system of the formative years and the media perceptual bombardment and censorship of an entire lifetime. Limit perception and a sense of the possible through limiting knowledge by limiting and skewing information while censoring and discrediting that which could set people free. As the title of another of my books says ... *And The Truth Shall Set You Free*. For this reason the last thing the Cult wants in circulation is the truth about anything – especially the reality of the eternal ‘I’ – and that’s why it is desperate to control information. The Cult knows that information becomes perception

which becomes behaviour which, collectively, becomes human society. Cult-controlled and funded mainstream 'science' denies the existence of an eternal 'I' and seeks to dismiss and trash all evidence to the contrary. Cult-controlled mainstream religion has a version of 'God' that is little more than a system of control and dictatorship that employs threats of damnation in an afterlife to control perceptions and behaviour in the here and now through fear and guilt. Neither is true and it's the 'neither' that the Cult wishes to suppress. This 'neither' is that everything is an expression, a point of attention, within an infinite state of consciousness which is the real meaning of the term 'God'.

Perceptual obsession with the 'physical body' and five-senses means that 'God' becomes personified as a bearded bloke sitting among the clouds or a raging bully who loves us if we do what 'he' wants and condemns us to the fires of hell if we don't. These are no more than a 'spiritual' fairy tales to control and dictate events and behaviour through fear of this 'God' which has bizarrely made 'God-fearing' in religious circles a state to be desired. I would suggest that fearing *anything* is not to be encouraged and celebrated, but rather deleted. You can see why 'God fearing' is so beneficial to the Cult and its religions when *they* decide what 'God' wants and what 'God' demands (the Cult demands) that everyone do. As the great American comedian Bill Hicks said satirising a Christian zealot: 'I think what God meant to say.' How much of this infinite awareness ('God') that we access is decided by how far we choose to expand our perceptions, self-identity and sense of the possible. The scale of self-identity reflects itself in the scale of awareness that we can connect with and are influenced by – how much knowing and insight we have instead of programmed perception. You cannot expand your awareness into the infinity of possibility when you believe that you are little me Peter the postman or Mary in marketing and nothing more. I'll deal with this in the concluding chapter because it's crucial to how we turnaround current events.

Where the Cult came from

When I realised in the early 1990s there was a Cult network behind global events I asked the obvious question: When did it start? I took it back to ancient Rome and Egypt and on to Babylon and Sumer in Mesopotamia, the 'Land Between Two Rivers', in what we now call Iraq. The two rivers are the Tigris and Euphrates and this region is of immense historical and other importance to the Cult, as is the land called Israel only 550 miles away by air. There is much more going on with deep esoteric meaning across this whole region. It's not only about 'wars for oil'. Priceless artefacts from Mesopotamia were stolen or destroyed after the American and British invasion of Iraq in 2003 justified by the lies of Boy Bush and Tony Blair (their Cult masters) about non-existent 'weapons of mass destruction'.

Mesopotamia was the location of Sumer (about 5,400BC to 1,750BC), and Babylon (about 2,350BC to 539BC). Sabbatians may have become immensely influential in the Cult in modern times but they are part of a network that goes back into the mists of history. Sumer is said by historians to be the 'cradle of civilisation'. I disagree. I say it was the re-start of what we call human civilisation after cataclysmic events symbolised in part as the 'Great Flood' destroyed the world that existed before. These fantastic upheavals that I have been describing in detail in the books since the early 1990s appear in accounts and legends of ancient cultures across the world and they are supported by geological and biological evidence. Stone tablets found in Iraq detailing the Sumer period say the cataclysms were caused by non-human 'gods' they call the Anunnaki. These are described in terms of extraterrestrial visitations in which knowledge supplied by the Anunnaki is said to have been the source of at least one of the world's oldest writing systems and developments in astronomy, mathematics and architecture that were way ahead of their time. I have covered this subject at length in *The Biggest Secret* and *Children of the Matrix* and the same basic 'Anunnaki' story can be found in Zulu accounts in South Africa where the late and very great Zulu high shaman Credo Mutwa told me that the Sumerian Anunnaki were known by Zulus as the Chitauri or 'children of the serpent'. See my six-hour video interview with Credo on this subject entitled *The*

Reptilian Agenda recorded at his then home near Johannesburg in 1999 which you can watch on the Ickonic media platform.

The Cult emerged out of Sumer, Babylon and Egypt (and elsewhere) and established the Roman Empire before expanding with the Romans into northern Europe from where many empires were savagely imposed in the form of Cult-controlled societies all over the world. Mass death and destruction was their calling card. The Cult established its centre of operations in Europe and European Empires were Cult empires which allowed it to expand into a global force. Spanish and Portuguese colonialists headed for Central and South America while the British and French targeted North America. Africa was colonised by Britain, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Portugal, Spain, Italy, and Germany. Some like Britain and France moved in on the Middle East. The British Empire was by far the biggest for a simple reason. By now Britain was the headquarters of the Cult from which it expanded to form Canada, the United States, Australia and New Zealand. The Sun never set on the British Empire such was the scale of its occupation. London remains a global centre for the Cult along with Rome and the Vatican although others have emerged in Israel and China. It is no accident that the 'virus' is alleged to have come out of China while Italy was chosen as the means to terrify the Western population into compliance with 'Covid' fascism. Nor that Israel has led the world in 'Covid' fascism and mass 'vaccination'.

You would think that I would mention the United States here, but while it has been an important means of imposing the Cult's will it is less significant than would appear and is currently in the process of having what power it does have deleted. The Cult in Europe has mostly loaded the guns for the US to fire. America has been controlled from Europe from the start through Cult operatives in Britain and Europe. The American Revolution was an illusion to make it appear that America was governing itself while very different forces were pulling the strings in the form of Cult families such as the Rothschilds through the Rockefellers and other subordinates. The Rockefellers are extremely close to Bill Gates and

established both scalpel and drug 'medicine' and the World Health Organization. They play a major role in the development and circulation of vaccines through the Rockefeller Foundation on which Bill Gates said his Foundation is based. Why wouldn't this be the case when the Rockefellers and Gates are on the same team? Cult infiltration of human society goes way back into what we call history and has been constantly expanding and centralising power with the goal of establishing a global structure to dictate everything. Look how this has been advanced in great leaps with the 'Covid' hoax.

The non-human dimension

I researched and observed the comings and goings of Cult operatives through the centuries and even thousands of years as they were born, worked to promote the agenda within the secret society and satanic networks, and then died for others to replace them. Clearly there had to be a coordinating force that spanned this entire period while operatives who would not have seen the end goal in their lifetimes came and went advancing the plan over millennia. I went in search of that coordinating force with the usual support from the extraordinary synchronicity of my life which has been an almost daily experience since 1990. I saw common themes in religious texts and ancient cultures about a non-human force manipulating human society from the hidden. Christianity calls this force Satan, the Devil and demons; Islam refers to the Jinn or Djinn; Zulus have their Chitauri (spelt in other ways in different parts of Africa); and the Gnostic people in Egypt in the period around and before 400AD referred to this phenomena as the 'Archons', a word meaning rulers in Greek. Central American cultures speak of the 'Predators' among other names and the same theme is everywhere. I will use 'Archons' as a collective name for all of them. When you see how their nature and behaviour is described all these different sources are clearly talking about the same force. Gnostics described the Archons in terms of 'luminous fire' while Islam relates the Jinn to 'smokeless fire'. Some refer to beings in form that could occasionally be seen, but the most common of common theme is that they operate from

unseen realms which means almost all existence to the visual processes of humans. I had concluded that this was indeed the foundation of human control and that the Cult was operating within the human frequency band on behalf of this hidden force when I came across the writings of Gnostics which supported my conclusions in the most extraordinary way.

A sealed earthen jar was found in 1945 near the town of Nag Hammadi about 75-80 miles north of Luxor on the banks of the River Nile in Egypt. Inside was a treasure trove of manuscripts and texts left by the Gnostic people some 1,600 years earlier. They included 13 leather-bound papyrus codices (manuscripts) and more than 50 texts written in Coptic Egyptian estimated to have been hidden in the jar in the period of 400AD although the source of the information goes back much further. Gnostics oversaw the Great or Royal Library of Alexandria, the fantastic depository of ancient texts detailing advanced knowledge and accounts of human history. The Library was dismantled and destroyed in stages over a long period with the death-blow delivered by the Cult-established Roman Church in the period around 415AD. The Church of Rome was the Church of Babylon relocated as I said earlier. Gnostics were not a race. They were a way of perceiving reality. Whenever they established themselves and their information circulated the terrorists of the Church of Rome would target them for destruction. This happened with the Great Library and with the Gnostic Cathars who were burned to death by the psychopaths after a long period of oppression at the siege of the Castle of Monségur in southern France in 1244. The Church has always been terrified of Gnostic information which demolishes the official Christian narrative although there is much in the Bible that supports the Gnostic view if you read it in another way. To anyone studying the texts of what became known as the Nag Hammadi Library it is clear that great swathes of Christian and Biblical belief has its origin with Gnostics sources going back to Sumer. Gnostic themes have been twisted to manipulate the perceived reality of Bible believers. Biblical texts have been in the open for centuries where they could be changed while Gnostic

documents found at Nag Hammadi were sealed away and untouched for 1,600 years. What you see is what they wrote.

Use your *pneuma* not your *nous*

Gnosticism and Gnostic come from 'gnosis' which means knowledge, or rather *secret* knowledge, in the sense of spiritual awareness – knowledge about reality and life itself. The desperation of the Cult's Church of Rome to destroy the Gnostics can be understood when the knowledge they were circulating was the last thing the Cult wanted the population to know. Sixteen hundred years later the same Cult is working hard to undermine and silence me for the same reason. The dynamic between knowledge and ignorance is a constant. 'Time' appears to move on, but essential themes remain the same. We are told to 'use your nous', a Gnostic word for head/brain/intelligence. They said, however, that spiritual awakening or 'salvation' could only be secured by expanding awareness *beyond* what they called *nous* and into *pneuma* or Infinite Self. Obviously as I read these texts the parallels with what I have been saying since 1990 were fascinating to me. There is a universal truth that spans human history and in that case why wouldn't we be talking the same language 16 centuries apart? When you free yourself from the perception program of the five senses and explore expanded realms of consciousness you are going to connect with the same information no matter what the perceived 'era' within a manufactured timeline of a single and tiny range of manipulated frequency. Humans working with 'smart' technology or knocking rocks together in caves is only a timeline appearing to operate within the human frequency band. Expanded awareness and the knowledge it holds have always been there whether the era be Stone Age or computer age. We can only access that knowledge by opening ourselves to its frequency which the five-sense prison cell is designed to stop us doing. Gates, Fauci, Whitty, Vallance, Zuckerberg, Brin, Page, Wojcicki, Bezos, and all the others behind the 'Covid' hoax clearly have a long wait before their range of frequency can make that connection given that an open heart is

crucial to that as we shall see. Instead of accessing knowledge directly through expanded awareness it is given to Cult operatives by the secret society networks of the Cult where it has been passed on over thousands of years outside the public arena. Expanded realms of consciousness is where great artists, composers and writers find their inspiration and where truth awaits anyone open enough to connect with it. We need to go there fast.

Archon hijack

A fifth of the Nag Hammadi texts describe the existence and manipulation of the Archons led by a 'Chief Archon' they call 'Yaldabaoth', or the 'Demiurge', and this is the Christian 'Devil', 'Satan', 'Lucifer', and his demons. Archons in Biblical symbolism are the 'fallen ones' which are also referred to as fallen angels after the angels expelled from heaven according to the Abrahamic religions of Judaism, Christianity and Islam. These angels are claimed to tempt humans to 'sin' ongoing and you will see how accurate that symbolism is during the rest of the book. The theme of 'original sin' is related to the 'Fall' when Adam and Eve were 'tempted by the serpent' and fell from a state of innocence and 'obedience' (connection) with God into a state of disobedience (disconnection). The Fall is said to have brought sin into the world and corrupted everything including human nature. Yaldabaoth, the 'Lord Archon', is described by Gnostics as a 'counterfeit spirit', 'The Blind One', 'The Blind God', and 'The Foolish One'. The Jewish name for Yaldabaoth in Talmudic writings is Samael which translates as 'Poison of God', or 'Blindness of God'. You see the parallels. Yaldabaoth in Islamic belief is the Muslim Jinn devil known as Shaytan – Shaytan is Satan as the same themes are found all over the world in every religion and culture. The 'Lord God' of the Old Testament is the 'Lord Archon' of Gnostic manuscripts and that's why he's such a bloodthirsty bastard. Satan is known by Christians as 'the Demon of Demons' and Gnostics called Yaldabaoth the 'Archon of Archons'. Both are known as 'The Deceiver'. We are talking about the same 'bloke' for sure and these common themes

using different names, storylines and symbolism tell a common tale of the human plight.

Archons are referred to in Nag Hammadi documents as mind parasites, inverters, guards, gatekeepers, detainers, judges, pitiless ones and deceivers. The 'Covid' hoax alone is a glaring example of all these things. The Biblical 'God' is so different in the Old and New Testaments because they are not describing the same phenomenon. The vindictive, angry, hate-filled, 'God' of the Old Testament, known as Yahweh, is Yaldabaoth who is depicted in Cult-dictated popular culture as the 'Dark Lord', 'Lord of Time', Lord (Darth) Vader and Dormammu, the evil ruler of the 'Dark Dimension' trying to take over the 'Earth Dimension' in the Marvel comic movie, *Dr Strange*. Yaldabaoth is both the Old Testament 'god' and the Biblical 'Satan'. Gnostics referred to Yaldabaoth as the 'Great Architect of the Universe' and the Cult-controlled Freemason network calls their god 'the 'Great Architect of the Universe' (also Grand Architect). The 'Great Architect' Yaldabaoth is symbolised by the Cult as the all-seeing eye at the top of the pyramid on the Great Seal of the United States and the dollar bill. Archon is encoded in *arch*-itect as it is in *arch*-angels and *arch*-bishops. All religions have the theme of a force for good and force for evil in some sort of spiritual war and there is a reason for that – the theme is true. The Cult and its non-human masters are quite happy for this to circulate. They present themselves as the force for good fighting evil when they are really the force of evil (absence of love). The whole foundation of Cult modus operandi is inversion. They promote themselves as a force for good and anyone challenging them in pursuit of peace, love, fairness, truth and justice is condemned as a satanic force for evil. This has been the game plan throughout history whether the Church of Rome inquisitions of non-believers or 'conspiracy theorists' and 'anti-vaxxers' of today. The technique is the same whatever the timeline era.

Yaldabaoth is revolting (true)

Yaldabaoth and the Archons are said to have revolted against God with Yaldabaoth claiming to *be* God – the *All That Is*. The Old Testament ‘God’ (Yaldabaoth) demanded to be worshipped as such: ‘*I am the LORD, and there is none else, there is no God beside me*’ (Isaiah 45:5). I have quoted in other books a man who said he was the unofficial son of the late Baron Philippe de Rothschild of the Mouton-Rothschild wine producing estates in France who died in 1988 and he told me about the Rothschild ‘revolt from God’. The man said he was given the name Phillip Eugene de Rothschild and we shared long correspondence many years ago while he was living under another identity. He said that he was conceived through ‘occult incest’ which (within the Cult) was ‘normal and to be admired’. ‘Phillip’ told me about his experience attending satanic rituals with rich and famous people whom he names and you can see them and the wider background to Cult Satanism in my other books starting with *The Biggest Secret*. Cult rituals are interactions with Archontic ‘gods’. ‘Phillip’ described Baron Philippe de Rothschild as ‘a master Satanist and hater of God’ and he used the same term ‘revolt from God’ associated with Yaldabaoth/Satan/Lucifer/the Devil in describing the Sabbatian Rothschild dynasty. ‘I played a key role in my family’s revolt from God’, he said. That role was to infiltrate in classic Sabbatian style the Christian Church, but eventually he escaped the mind-prison to live another life. The Cult has been targeting religion in a plan to make worship of the Archons the global one-world religion. Infiltration of Satanism into modern ‘culture’, especially among the young, through music videos, stage shows and other means, is all part of this.

Nag Hammadi texts describe Yaldabaoth and the Archons in their prime form as energy – consciousness – and say they can take form if they choose in the same way that consciousness takes form as a human. Yaldabaoth is called ‘formless’ and represents a deeply inverted, distorted and chaotic state of consciousness which seeks to attach to humans and turn them into a likeness of itself in an attempt at assimilation. For that to happen it has to manipulate

humans into low frequency mental and emotional states that match its own. Archons can certainly appear in human form and this is the origin of the psychopathic personality. The energetic distortion Gnostics called Yaldabaoth is psychopathy. When psychopathic Archons take human form that human will be a psychopath as an expression of Yaldabaoth consciousness. Cult psychopaths are Archons in human form. The principle is the same as that portrayed in the 2009 *Avatar* movie when the American military travelled to a fictional Earth-like moon called Pandora in the Alpha Centauri star system to infiltrate a society of blue people, or Na'vi, by hiding within bodies that looked like the Na'vi. Archons posing as humans have a particular hybrid information field, part human, part Archon, (the ancient 'demigods') which processes information in a way that manifests behaviour to match their psychopathic evil, lack of empathy and compassion, and stops them being influenced by the empathy, compassion and love that a fully-human information field is capable of expressing. Cult bloodlines interbreed, be they royalty or dark suits, for this reason and you have their obsession with incest. Interbreeding with full-blown humans would dilute the Archontic energy field that guarantees psychopathy in its representatives in the human realm.

Gnostic writings say the main non-human forms that Archons take are *serpentine* (what I have called for decades 'reptilian' amid unbounded ridicule from the Archontically-programmed) and what Gnostics describe as 'an unborn baby or foetus with grey skin and dark, unmoving eyes'. This is an excellent representation of the ET 'Greys' of UFO folklore which large numbers of people claim to have seen and been abducted by – Zulu shaman Credo Mutwa among them. I agree with those that believe in extraterrestrial or interdimensional visitations today and for thousands of years past. No wonder with their advanced knowledge and technological capability they were perceived and worshipped as gods for technological and other 'miracles' they appeared to perform. Imagine someone arriving in a culture disconnected from the modern world with a smartphone and computer. They would be

seen as a 'god' capable of 'miracles'. The Renegade Mind, however, wants to know the source of everything and not only the way that source manifests as human or non-human. In the same way that a Renegade Mind seeks the original source material for the 'Covid virus' to see if what is claimed is true. The original source of Archons in form is consciousness – the distorted state of consciousness known to Gnostics as Yaldabaoth.

'Revolt from God' is energetic disconnection

Where I am going next will make a lot of sense of religious texts and ancient legends relating to 'Satan', Lucifer' and the 'gods'. Gnostic descriptions sync perfectly with the themes of my own research over the years in how they describe a consciousness distortion seeking to impose itself on human consciousness. I've referred to the core of infinite awareness in previous books as Infinite Awareness in Awareness of Itself. By that I mean a level of awareness that knows that it is all awareness and is aware of all awareness. From here comes the frequency of love in its true sense and balance which is what love is on one level – the balance of all forces into a single whole called Oneness and Isness. The more we disconnect from this state of love that many call 'God' the constituent parts of that Oneness start to unravel and express themselves as a part and not a whole. They become individualised as intellect, mind, selfishness, hatred, envy, desire for power over others, and such like. This is not a problem in the greater scheme in that 'God', the *All That Is*, can experience all these possibilities through different expressions of itself including humans. What we as expressions of the whole experience the *All That Is* experiences. We are the *All That Is* experiencing itself. As we withdraw from that state of Oneness we disconnect from its influence and things can get very unpleasant and very stupid. Archontic consciousness is at the extreme end of that. It has so disconnected from the influence of Oneness that it has become an inversion of unity and love, an inversion of everything, an inversion of life itself. Evil is appropriately live written backwards. Archontic consciousness is obsessed with death, an inversion of life,

and so its manifestations in Satanism are obsessed with death. They use inverted symbols in their rituals such as the inverted pentagram and cross. Sabbatians as Archontic consciousness incarnate invert Judaism and every other religion and culture they infiltrate. They seek disunity and chaos and they fear unity and harmony as they fear love like garlic to a vampire. As a result the Cult, Archons incarnate, act with such evil, psychopathy and lack of empathy and compassion disconnected as they are from the source of love. How could Bill Gates and the rest of the Archontic psychopaths do what they have to human society in the 'Covid' era with all the death, suffering and destruction involved and have no emotional consequence for the impact on others? Now you know. Why have Zuckerberg, Brin, Page, Wojcicki and company callously censored information warning about the dangers of the 'vaccine' while thousands have been dying and having severe, sometimes life-changing reactions? Now you know. Why have Tedros, Fauci, Whitty, Vallance and their like around the world been using case and death figures they're aware are fraudulent to justify lockdowns and all the deaths and destroyed lives that have come from that? Now you know. Why did Christian Drosten produce and promote a 'testing' protocol that he knew couldn't test for infectious disease which led to a global human catastrophe. Now you know. The Archontic mind doesn't give a shit ([Fig 17](#)). I personally think that Gates and major Cult insiders are a form of AI cyborg that the Archons want humans to become.

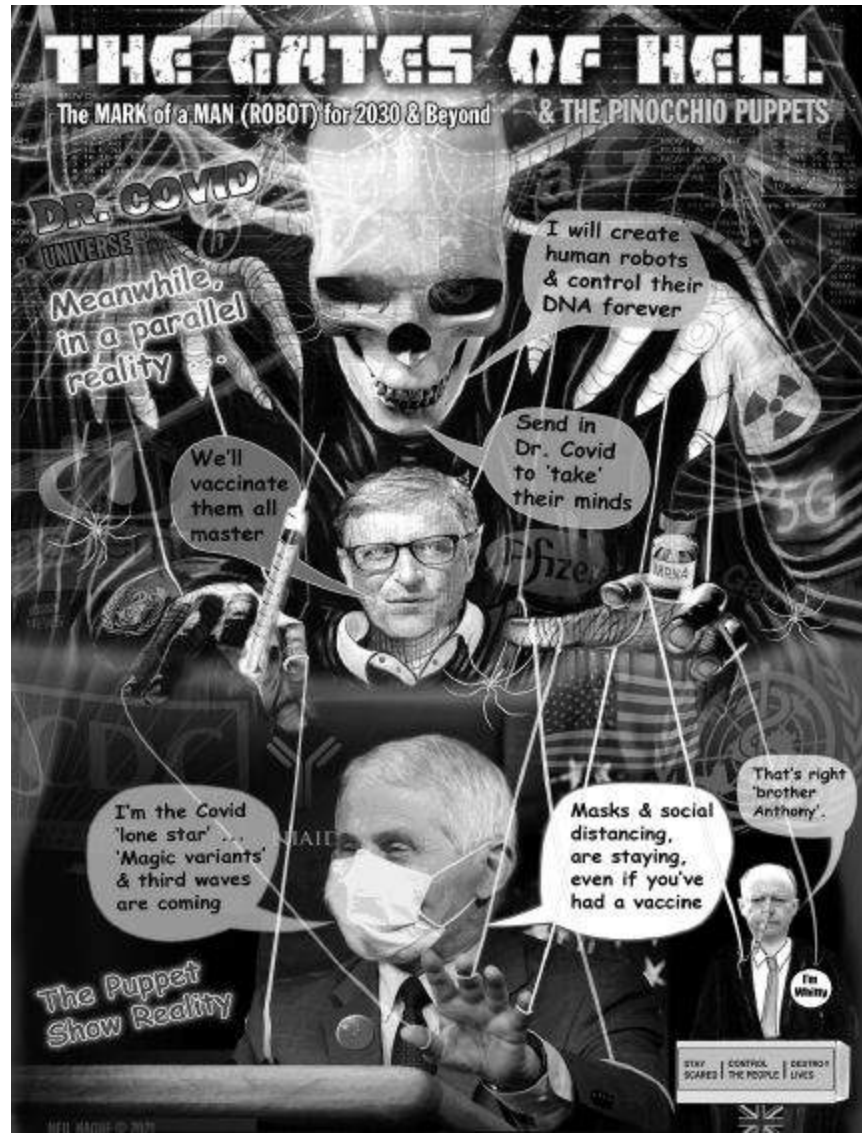


Figure 17: Artist Neil Hague’s version of the ‘Covid’ hierarchy.

Human batteries

A state of such inversion does have its consequences, however. The level of disconnection from the Source of All means that you withdraw from that source of energetic sustenance and creativity. This means that you have to find your own supply of energetic power and it has – us. When the Morpheus character in the first *Matrix* movie held up a battery he spoke a profound truth when he said: ‘The Matrix is a computer-generated dream world built to keep us under control in order to change the human being into one of

these.’ The statement was true in all respects. We do live in a technologically-generated virtual reality simulation (more very shortly) and we have been manipulated to be an energy source for Archontic consciousness. The Disney-Pixar animated movie *Monsters, Inc.* in 2001 symbolised the dynamic when monsters in their world had no energy source and they would enter the human world to terrify children in their beds, catch the child’s scream, terror (low-vibrational frequencies), and take that energy back to power the monster world. The lead character you might remember was a single giant eye and the symbolism of the Cult’s all-seeing eye was obvious. Every thought and emotion is broadcast as a frequency unique to that thought and emotion. Feelings of love and joy, empathy and compassion, are high, quick, frequencies while fear, depression, anxiety, suffering and hate are low, slow, dense frequencies. Which kind do you think Archontic consciousness can connect with and absorb? In such a low and dense frequency state there’s no way it can connect with the energy of love and joy. Archons can only feed off energy compatible with their own frequency and they and their Cult agents want to delete the human world of love and joy and manipulate the transmission of low vibrational frequencies through low-vibrational human mental and emotional states. *We are their energy source.* Wars are energetic banquets to the Archons – a world war even more so – and think how much low-frequency mental and emotional energy has been generated from the consequences for humanity of the ‘Covid’ hoax orchestrated by Archons incarnate like Gates.

The ancient practice of human sacrifice ‘to the gods’, continued in secret today by the Cult, is based on the same principle. ‘The gods’ are Archontic consciousness in different forms and the sacrifice is induced into a state of intense terror to generate the energy the Archontic frequency can absorb. Incarnate Archons in the ritual drink the blood which contains an adrenaline they crave which floods into the bloodstream when people are terrorised. Most of the sacrifices, ancient and modern, are children and the theme of ‘sacrificing young virgins to the gods’ is just code for children. They

have a particular pre-puberty energy that Archons want more than anything and the energy of the young in general is their target. The California Department of Education wants students to chant the names of Aztec gods (Archontic gods) once worshipped in human sacrifice rituals in a curriculum designed to encourage them to 'challenge racist, bigoted, discriminatory, imperialist/colonial beliefs', join 'social movements that struggle for social justice', and 'build new possibilities for a post-racist, post-systemic racism society'. It's the usual Woke crap that inverts racism and calls it anti-racism. In this case solidarity with 'indigenous tribes' is being used as an excuse to chant the names of 'gods' to which people were sacrificed (and still are in secret). What an example of Woke's inability to see beyond black and white, us and them, They condemn the colonisation of these tribal cultures by Europeans (quite right), but those cultures sacrificing people including children to their 'gods', and mass murdering untold numbers as the Aztecs did, is just fine. One chant is to the Aztec god Tezcatlipoca who had a man sacrificed to him in the 5th month of the Aztec calendar. His heart was cut out and he was eaten. Oh, that's okay then. Come on children ... after three ... Other sacrificial 'gods' for the young to chant their allegiance include Quetzalcoatl, Huitzilopochtli and Xipe Totec. The curriculum says that 'chants, affirmations, and energizers can be used to bring the class together, build unity around ethnic studies principles and values, and to reinvigorate the class following a lesson that may be emotionally taxing or even when student engagement may appear to be low'. Well, that's the cover story, anyway. Chanting and mantras are the repetition of a particular frequency generated from the vocal cords and chanting the names of these Archontic 'gods' tunes you into their frequency. That is the last thing you want when it allows for energetic synchronisation, attachment and perceptual influence. Initiates chant the names of their 'Gods' in their rituals for this very reason.

Vampires of the Woke

Paedophilia is another way that Archons absorb the energy of children. Paedophiles possessed by Archontic consciousness are used as the conduit during sexual abuse for discarnate Archons to vampire the energy of the young they desire so much. Stupendous numbers of children disappear every year never to be seen again although you would never know from the media. Imagine how much low-vibrational energy has been generated by children during the 'Covid' hoax when so many have become depressed and psychologically destroyed to the point of killing themselves. Shocking numbers of children are now taken by the state from loving parents to be handed to others. I can tell you from long experience of researching this since 1996 that many end up with paedophiles and assets of the Cult through corrupt and Cult-owned social services which in the reframing era has hired many psychopaths and emotionless automatons to do the job. Children are even stolen to order using spurious reasons to take them by the corrupt and secret (because they're corrupt) 'family courts'. I have written in detail in other books, starting with *The Biggest Secret* in 1997, about the ubiquitous connections between the political, corporate, government, intelligence and military elites (Cult operatives) and Satanism and paedophilia. If you go deep enough both networks have an interlocking leadership. The Woke mentality has been developed by the Cult for many reasons: To promote almost every aspect of its agenda; to hijack the traditional political left and turn it fascist; to divide and rule; and to target agenda pushbackers. But there are other reasons which relate to what I am describing here. How many happy and joyful Wokers do you ever see especially at the extreme end? They are a mental and psychological mess consumed by emotional stress and constantly emotionally cocked for the next explosion of indignation at someone referring to a female as a female. They are walking, talking, batteries as Morpheus might say emitting frequencies which both enslave them in low-vibrational bubbles of perceptual limitation and feed the Archons. Add to this the hatred claimed to be love; fascism claimed to 'anti-fascism', racism claimed to be 'anti-racism';

exclusion claimed to inclusion; and the abuse-filled Internet trolling. You have a purpose-built Archontic energy system with not a wind turbine in sight and all founded on Archontic *inversion*. We have whole generations now manipulated to serve the Archons with their actions and energy. They will be doing so their entire adult lives unless they snap out of their Archon-induced trance. Is it really a surprise that Cult billionaires and corporations put so much money their way? Where is the energy of joy and laughter, including laughing at yourself which is confirmation of your own emotional security? Mark Twain said: 'The human race has one really effective weapon, and that is laughter.' We must use it all the time. Woke has destroyed comedy because it has no humour, no joy, sense of irony, or self-deprecation. Its energy is dense and intense. *Mmmmm*, lunch says the Archontic frequency. Rudolf Steiner (1861-1925) was the Austrian philosopher and famous esoteric thinker who established Waldorf education or Steiner schools to treat children like unique expressions of consciousness and not minds to be programmed with the perceptions determined by authority. I'd been writing about this energy vampiring for decades when I was sent in 2016 a quote by Steiner. He was spot on:

There are beings in the spiritual realms for whom anxiety and fear emanating from human beings offer welcome food. When humans have no anxiety and fear, then these creatures starve. If fear and anxiety radiates from people and they break out in panic, then these creatures find welcome nutrition and they become more and more powerful. These beings are hostile towards humanity. Everything that feeds on negative feelings, on anxiety, fear and superstition, despair or doubt, are in reality hostile forces in super-sensible worlds, launching cruel attacks on human beings, while they are being fed ... These are exactly the feelings that belong to contemporary culture and materialism; because it estranges people from the spiritual world, it is especially suited to evoke hopelessness and fear of the unknown in people, thereby calling up the above mentioned hostile forces against them.

Pause for a moment from this perspective and reflect on what has happened in the world since the start of 2020. Not only will pennies drop, but billion dollar bills. We see the same theme from Don Juan Matus, a Yaqui Indian shaman in Mexico and the information source for Peruvian-born writer, Carlos Castaneda, who wrote a series of

books from the 1960s to 1990s. Don Juan described the force manipulating human society and his name for the Archons was the predator:

We have a predator that came from the depths of the cosmos and took over the rule of our lives. Human beings are its prisoners. The predator is our lord and master. It has rendered us docile, helpless. If we want to protest, it suppresses our protest. If we want to act independently, it demands that we don't do so ... indeed we are held prisoner!

They took us over because we are food to them, and they squeeze us mercilessly because we are their sustenance. Just as we rear chickens in coops, the predators rear us in human coops, humaneros. Therefore, their food is always available to them.

Different cultures, different eras, same recurring theme.

The 'ennoia' dilemma

Nag Hammadi Gnostic manuscripts say that Archon consciousness has no 'ennoia'. This is directly translated as 'intentionality', but I'll use the term 'creative imagination'. The *All That Is* in awareness of itself is the source of all creativity – all possibility – and the more disconnected you are from that source the more you are subsequently denied 'creative imagination'. Given that Archon consciousness is almost entirely disconnected it severely lacks creativity and has to rely on far more mechanical processes of thought and exploit the creative potential of those that do have 'ennoia'. You can see cases of this throughout human society. Archon consciousness almost entirely dominates the global banking system and if we study how that system works you will appreciate what I mean. Banks manifest 'money' out of nothing by issuing lines of 'credit' which is 'money' that has never, does not, and will never exist except in theory. It's a confidence trick. If you think 'credit' figures-on-a-screen 'money' is worth anything you accept it as payment. If you don't then the whole system collapses through lack of confidence in the value of that 'money'. Archontic bankers with no 'ennoia' are 'lending' 'money' that doesn't exist to humans that *do* have creativity – those that have the inspired ideas and create businesses and products. Archon banking feeds off human creativity

which it controls through 'money' creation and debt. Humans have the creativity and Archons exploit that for their own benefit and control while having none themselves. Archon Internet platforms like Facebook claim joint copyright of everything that creative users post and while Archontic minds like Zuckerberg may officially head that company it will be human creatives on the staff that provide the creative inspiration. When you have limitless 'money' you can then buy other companies established by creative humans. Witness the acquisition record of Facebook, Google and their like. Survey the Archon-controlled music industry and you see non-creative dark suit executives making their fortune from the human creativity of their artists. The cases are endless. Research the history of people like Gates and Zuckerberg and how their empires were built on exploiting the creativity of others. Archon minds cannot create out of nothing, but they are skilled (because they have to be) in what Gnostic texts call 'countermimicry'. They can imitate, but not innovate. Sabbatians trawl the creativity of others through backdoors they install in computer systems through their cybersecurity systems. Archon-controlled China is globally infamous for stealing intellectual property and I remember how Hong Kong, now part of China, became notorious for making counterfeit copies of the creativity of others – 'countermimicry'. With the now pervasive and all-seeing surveillance systems able to infiltrate any computer you can appreciate the potential for Archons to vampire the creativity of humans. Author John Lamb Lash wrote in his book about the Nag Hammadi texts, *Not In His Image*:

Although they cannot originate anything, because they lack the divine factor of ennoia (intentionality), Archons can imitate with a vengeance. Their expertise is simulation (HAL, virtual reality). The Demiurge [Yaldabaoth] fashions a heaven world copied from the fractal patterns [of the original] ... His construction is celestial kitsch, like the fake Italianate villa of a Mafia don complete with militant angels to guard every portal.

This brings us to something that I have been speaking about since the turn of the millennium. Our reality is a simulation; a virtual reality that we think is real. No, I'm not kidding.

Human reality? Well, virtually

I had pondered for years about whether our reality is 'real' or some kind of construct. I remembered being immensely affected on a visit as a small child in the late 1950s to the then newly-opened Planetarium on the Marylebone Road in London which is now closed and part of the adjacent Madame Tussauds wax museum. It was in the middle of the day, but when the lights went out there was the night sky projected in the Planetarium's domed ceiling and it appeared to be so real. The experience never left me and I didn't know why until around the turn of the millennium when I became certain that our 'night sky' and entire reality is a projection, a virtual reality, akin to the illusory world portrayed in the *Matrix* movies. I looked at the sky one day in this period and it appeared to me like the domed roof of the Planetarium. The release of the first *Matrix* movie in 1999 also provided a synchronistic and perfect visual representation of where my mind had been going for a long time. I hadn't come across the Gnostic Nag Hammadi texts then. When I did years later the correlation was once again astounding. As I read Gnostic accounts from 1,600 years and more earlier it was clear that they were describing the same simulation phenomenon. They tell how the Yaldabaoth 'Demiurge' and Archons created a 'bad copy' of original reality to rule over all that were captured by its illusions and the body was a prison to trap consciousness in the 'bad copy' fake reality. Read how Gnostics describe the 'bad copy' and update that to current times and they are referring to what we would call today a virtual reality simulation.

Author John Lamb Lash said 'the Demiurge fashions a heaven world copied from the fractal patterns' of the original through expertise in 'HAL' or virtual reality simulation. Fractal patterns are part of the energetic information construct of our reality, a sort of blueprint. If these patterns were copied in computer terms it would indeed give you a copy of a 'natural' reality in a non-natural frequency and digital form. The principle is the same as making a copy of a website. The original website still exists, but now you can change the copy version to make it whatever you like and it can

become very different to the original website. Archons have done this with our reality, a *synthetic* copy of prime reality that still exists beyond the frequency walls of the simulation. Trapped within the illusions of this synthetic Matrix, however, were and are human consciousness and other expressions of prime reality and this is why the Archons via the Cult are seeking to make the human body synthetic and give us synthetic AI minds to complete the job of turning the entire reality synthetic including what we perceive to be the natural world. To quote Kurzweil: 'Nanobots will infuse all the matter around us with information. Rocks, trees, everything will become these intelligent creatures.' Yes, *synthetic* 'creatures' just as 'Covid' and other genetically-manipulating 'vaccines' are designed to make the human body synthetic. From this perspective it is obvious why Archons and their Cult are so desperate to infuse synthetic material into every human with their 'Covid' scam.

Let there be (electromagnetic) light

Yaldabaoth, the force that created the simulation, or Matrix, makes sense of the Gnostic reference to 'The Great Architect' and its use by Cult Freemasonry as the name of its deity. The designer of the Matrix in the movies is called 'The Architect' and that trilogy is jam-packed with symbolism relating to these subjects. I have contended for years that the angry Old Testament God (Yaldabaoth) is the 'God' being symbolically 'quoted' in the opening of Genesis as 'creating the world'. This is not the creation of prime reality – it's the creation of the *simulation*. The Genesis 'God' says: 'Let there be Light: and there was light.' But what is this 'Light'? I have said for decades that the speed of light (186,000 miles per second) is not the fastest speed possible as claimed by mainstream science and is in fact the frequency walls or outer limits of the Matrix. You can't have a fastest or slowest anything within all possibility when everything is possible. The human body is encoded to operate within the speed of light or *within the simulation* and thus we see only the tiny frequency band of visible *light*. Near-death experiencers who perceive reality outside the body during temporary 'death' describe a very different

form of light and this is supported by the Nag Hammadi texts. Prime reality beyond the simulation ('Upper Aeons' to the Gnostics) is described as a realm of incredible beauty, bliss, love and harmony – a realm of 'watery light' that is so powerful 'there are no shadows'. Our false reality of Archon control, which Gnostics call the 'Lower Aeons', is depicted as a realm with a different kind of 'light' and described in terms of chaos, 'Hell', 'the Abyss' and 'Outer Darkness', where trapped souls are tormented and manipulated by demons (relate that to the 'Covid' hoax alone). The watery light theme can be found in near-death accounts and it is not the same as *simulation* 'light' which is electromagnetic or radiation light within the speed of light – the 'Lower Aeons'. Simulation 'light' is the 'luminous fire' associated by Gnostics with the Archons. The Bible refers to Yaldabaoth as 'that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world' (Revelation 12:9). I think that making a simulated copy of prime reality ('countermimicry') and changing it dramatically while all the time manipulating humanity to believe it to be real could probably meet the criteria of deceiving the whole world. Then we come to the Cult god Lucifer – the *Light Bringer*. Lucifer is symbolic of Yaldabaoth, the bringer of radiation light that forms the bad copy simulation within the speed of light. 'He' is symbolised by the lighted torch held by the Statue of Liberty and in the name 'Illuminati'. Sabbatian-Frankism declares that Lucifer is the true god and Lucifer is the real god of Freemasonry honoured as their 'Great or Grand Architect of the Universe' (simulation).

I would emphasise, too, the way Archontic technologically-generated luminous fire of radiation has deluged our environment since I was a kid in the 1950s and changed the nature of The Field with which we constantly interact. Through that interaction technological radiation is changing us. The Smart Grid is designed to operate with immense levels of communication power with 5G expanding across the world and 6G, 7G, in the process of development. Radiation is the simulation and the Archontic manipulation system. Why wouldn't the Archon Cult wish to unleash radiation upon us to an ever-greater extreme to form

Kurzweil's 'cloud'? The plan for a synthetic human is related to the need to cope with levels of radiation beyond even anything we've seen so far. Biological humans would not survive the scale of radiation they have in their script. The Smart Grid is a technological sub-reality within the technological simulation to further disconnect five-sense perception from expanded consciousness. It's a technological prison of the mind.

Infusing the 'spirit of darkness'

A recurring theme in religion and native cultures is the manipulation of human genetics by a non-human force and most famously recorded as the biblical 'sons of god' (the gods plural in the original) who interbred with the daughters of men. The Nag Hammadi *Apocryphon of John* tells the same story this way:

He [Yaldabaoth] sent his angels [Archons/demons] to the daughters of men, that they might take some of them for themselves and raise offspring for their enjoyment. And at first they did not succeed. When they had no success, they gathered together again and they made a plan together ... And the angels changed themselves in their likeness into the likeness of their mates, filling them with the spirit of darkness, which they had mixed for them, and with evil ... And they took women and begot children out of the darkness according to the likeness of their spirit.

Possession when a discarnate entity takes over a human body is an age-old theme and continues today. It's very real and I've seen it. Satanic and secret society rituals can create an energetic environment in which entities can attach to initiates and I've heard many stories of how people have changed their personality after being initiated even into lower levels of the Freemasons. I have been inside three Freemasonic temples, one at a public open day and two by just walking in when there was no one around to stop me. They were in Ryde, the town where I live, Birmingham, England, when I was with a group, and Boston, Massachusetts. They all felt the same energetically – dark, dense, low-vibrational and sinister. Demonic attachment can happen while the initiate has no idea what is going on. To them it's just a ritual to get in the Masons and do a bit of good

business. In the far more extreme rituals of Satanism human possession is even more powerful and they are designed to make possession possible. The hierarchy of the Cult is dictated by the power and perceived status of the possessing Archon. In this way the Archon hierarchy becomes the Cult hierarchy. Once the entity has attached it can influence perception and behaviour and if it attaches to the extreme then so much of its energy (information) infuses into the body information field that the hologram starts to reflect the nature of the possessing entity. This is the *Exorcist* movie type of possession when facial features change and it's known as shapeshifting. Islam's Jinn are said to be invisible tricksters who change shape, 'whisper', confuse and take human form. These are all traits of the Archons and other versions of the same phenomenon. Extreme possession could certainly infuse the 'spirit of darkness' into a partner during sex as the Nag Hammadi texts appear to describe. Such an infusion can change genetics which is also energetic information. Human genetics is information and the 'spirit of darkness' is information. Mix one with the other and change must happen. Islam has the concept of a 'Jinn baby' through possession of the mother and by Jinn taking human form. There are many ways that human genetics can be changed and remember that Archons have been aware all along of advanced techniques to do this. What is being done in human society today – and far more – was known about by Archons at the time of the 'fallen ones' and their other versions described in religions and cultures.

Archons and their human-world Cult are obsessed with genetics as we see today and they know this dictates how information is processed into perceived reality during a human life. They needed to produce a human form that would decode the simulation and this is symbolically known as 'Adam and Eve' who left the 'garden' (prime reality) and 'fell' into Matrix reality. The simulation is not a 'physical' construct (there is no 'physical'); it is a source of information. Think Wi-Fi again. The simulation is an energetic field encoded with information and body-brain systems are designed to decode that information encoded in wave or frequency form which

is transmitted to the brain as electrical signals. These are decoded by the brain to construct our sense of reality – an illusory ‘physical’ world that only exists in the brain or the mind. Virtual reality games mimic this process using the same sensory decoding system. Information is fed to the senses to decode a virtual reality that can appear so real, but isn’t (Figs 18 and 19). Some scientists believe – and I agree with them – that what we perceive as ‘physical’ reality only exists when we are looking or observing. The act of perception or focus triggers the decoding systems which turn waveform information into holographic reality. When we are not observing something our reality reverts from a holographic state to a waveform state. This relates to the same principle as a falling tree not making a noise unless someone is there to hear it or decode it. The concept makes sense from the simulation perspective. A computer is not decoding all the information in a Wi-Fi field all the time and only decodes or brings into reality on the screen that part of Wi-Fi that it’s decoding – focusing upon – at that moment.



Figure 18: Virtual reality technology ‘hacks’ into the body’s five-sense decoding system.



Figure 19: The result can be experienced as very ‘real’.

Interestingly, Professor Donald Hoffman at the Department of Cognitive Sciences at the University of California, Irvine, says that our experienced reality is like a computer interface that shows us only the level with which we interact while hiding all that exists beyond it: 'Evolution shaped us with a user interface that hides the truth. Nothing that we see is the truth – the very language of space and time and objects is the wrong language to describe reality.' He is correct in what he says on so many levels. Space and time are not a universal reality. They are a phenomenon of decoded *simulation* reality as part of the process of enslaving our sense of reality. Near-death experiencers report again and again how space and time did not exist as we perceive them once they were free of the body – body decoding systems. You can appreciate from this why Archons and their Cult are so desperate to entrap human attention in the five senses where we are in the Matrix and of the Matrix. Opening your mind to expanded states of awareness takes you beyond the information confines of the simulation and you become aware of knowledge and insights denied to you before. This is what we call 'awakening' – *awakening from the Matrix* – and in the final chapter I will relate this to current events.

Where are the 'aliens'?

A simulation would explain the so-called 'Fermi Paradox' named after Italian physicist Enrico Fermi (1901-1954) who created the first nuclear reactor. He considered the question of why there is such a lack of extraterrestrial activity when there are so many stars and planets in an apparently vast universe; but what if the night sky that we see, or think we do, is a simulated projection as I say? If you control the simulation and your aim is to hold humanity fast in essential ignorance would you want other forms of life including advanced life coming and going sharing information with humanity? Or would you want them to believe they were isolated and apparently alone? Themes of human isolation and apartness are common whether they be the perception of a lifeless universe or the fascist isolation laws of the 'Covid' era. Paradoxically the very

existence of a simulation means that we are not alone when some force had to construct it. My view is that experiences that people have reported all over the world for centuries with Reptilians and Grey entities are Archon phenomena as Nag Hammadi texts describe; and that benevolent 'alien' interactions are non-human groups that come in and out of the simulation by overcoming Archon attempts to keep them out. It should be highlighted, too, that Reptilians and Greys are obsessed with *genetics* and *technology* as related by cultural accounts and those who say they have been abducted by them. Technology is their way of overcoming some of the limitations in their creative potential and our technology-driven and controlled human society of today is *archetypical* Archon-Reptilian-Grey modus operandi. Technocracy is really *Archontocracy*. The Universe does not have to be as big as it appears with a simulation. There is no space or distance only information decoded into holographic reality. What we call 'space' is only the absence of holographic 'objects' and that 'space' is The Field of energetic information which connects everything into a single whole. The same applies with the artificially-generated information field of the simulation. The Universe is not big or small as a physical reality. It is decoded information, that's all, and its perceived size is decided by the way the simulation is encoded to make it appear. The entire night sky as we perceive it only exists in our brain and so where are those 'millions of light years'? The 'stars' on the ceiling of the Planetarium looked a vast distance away.

There's another point to mention about 'aliens'. I have been highlighting since the 1990s the plan to stage a fake 'alien invasion' to justify the centralisation of global power and a world military. Nazi scientist Werner von Braun, who was taken to America by Operation Paperclip after World War Two to help found NASA, told his American assistant Dr Carol Rosin about the Cult agenda when he knew he was dying in 1977. Rosin said that he told her about a sequence that would lead to total human control by a one-world government. This included threats from terrorism, rogue nations, meteors and asteroids before finally an 'alien invasion'. All of these

things, von Braun said, would be bogus and what I would refer to as a No-Problem-Reaction-Solution. Keep this in mind when 'the aliens are coming' is the new mantra. The aliens are not coming – they are *already here* and they have infiltrated human society while looking human. French-Canadian investigative journalist Serge Monast said in 1994 that he had uncovered a NASA/military operation called Project Blue Beam which fits with what Werner von Braun predicted. Monast died of a 'heart attack' in 1996 the day after he was arrested and spent a night in prison. He was 51. He said Blue Beam was a plan to stage an alien invasion that would include religious figures beamed holographically into the sky as part of a global manipulation to usher in a 'new age' of worshipping what I would say is the Cult 'god' Yaldabaoth in a one-world religion. Fake holographic asteroids are also said to be part of the plan which again syncs with von Braun. How could you stage an illusory threat from asteroids unless they were holographic inserts? This is pretty straightforward given the advanced technology outside the public arena and the fact that our 'physical' reality is holographic anyway. Information fields would be projected and we would decode them into the illusion of a 'physical' asteroid. If they can sell a global 'pandemic' with a 'virus' that doesn't exist what will humans not believe if government and media tell them?

All this is particularly relevant as I write with the Pentagon planning to release in June, 2021, information about 'UFO sightings'. I have been following the UFO story since the early 1990s and the common theme throughout has been government and military denials and cover up. More recently, however, the Pentagon has suddenly become more talkative and apparently open with Air Force pilot radar images released of unexplained craft moving and changing direction at speeds well beyond anything believed possible with human technology. Then, in March, 2021, former Director of National Intelligence John Ratcliffe said a Pentagon report months later in June would reveal a great deal of information about UFO sightings unknown to the public. He said the report would have 'massive implications'. The order to do this was included bizarrely

in a \$2.3 trillion 'coronavirus' relief and government funding bill passed by the Trump administration at the end of 2020. I would add some serious notes of caution here. I have been pointing out since the 1990s that the US military and intelligence networks have long had craft – 'flying saucers' or anti-gravity craft – which any observer would take to be extraterrestrial in origin. Keeping this knowledge from the public allows craft flown by *humans* to be perceived as alien visitations. I am not saying that 'aliens' do not exist. I would be the last one to say that, but we have to be streetwise here. President Ronald Reagan told the UN General Assembly in 1987: 'I occasionally think how quickly our differences worldwide would vanish if we were facing an alien threat from outside this world.' That's the idea. Unite against a common 'enemy' with a common purpose behind your 'saviour force' (the Cult) as this age-old technique of mass manipulation goes global.

Science moves this way ...

I could find only one other person who was discussing the simulation hypothesis publicly when I concluded it was real. This was Nick Bostrom, a Swedish-born philosopher at the University of Oxford, who has explored for many years the possibility that human reality is a computer simulation although his version and mine are not the same. Today the simulation and holographic reality hypothesis have increasingly entered the scientific mainstream. Well, the more open-minded mainstream, that is. Here are a few of the ever-gathering examples. American nuclear physicist Silas Beane led a team of physicists at the University of Bonn in Germany pursuing the question of whether we live in a simulation. They concluded that we probably do and it was likely based on a lattice of cubes. They found that cosmic rays align with that specific pattern. The team highlighted the Greisen–Zatsepin–Kuzmin (GZK) limit which refers to cosmic ray particle interaction with cosmic background radiation that creates an apparent boundary for cosmic ray particles. They say in a paper entitled 'Constraints on the Universe as a Numerical Simulation' that this 'pattern of constraint' is exactly what you

would find with a computer simulation. They also made the point that a simulation would create its own 'laws of physics' that would limit possibility. I've been making the same point for decades that the *perceived* laws of physics relate only to this reality, or what I would later call the simulation. When designers write codes to create computer and virtual reality games they are the equivalent of the laws of physics for that game. Players interact within the limitations laid out by the coding. In the same way those who wrote the codes for the simulation decided the laws of physics that would apply. These can be overridden by expanded states of consciousness, but not by those enslaved in only five-sense awareness where simulation codes rule. Overriding the codes is what people call 'miracles'. They are not. They are bypassing the encoded limits of the simulation. A population caught in simulation perception would have no idea that this was their plight. As the Bonn paper said: 'Like a prisoner in a pitch-black cell we would not be able to see the "walls" of our prison,' That's true if people remain mesmerised by the five senses. Open to expanded awareness and those walls become very clear. The main one is the speed of light.

American theoretical physicist James Gates is another who has explored the simulation question and found considerable evidence to support the idea. Gates was Professor of Physics at the University of Maryland, Director of The Center for String and Particle Theory, and on Barack Obama's Council of Advisors on Science and Technology. He and his team found *computer codes* of digital data embedded in the fabric of our reality. They relate to on-off electrical charges of 1 and 0 in the binary system used by computers. 'We have no idea what they are doing there', Gates said. They found within the energetic fabric mathematical sequences known as error-correcting codes or block codes that 'reboot' data to its original state or 'default settings' when something knocks it out of sync. Gates was asked if he had found a set of equations embedded in our reality indistinguishable from those that drive search engines and browsers and he said: 'That is correct.' Rich Terrile, director of the Centre for Evolutionary Computation and Automated Design at NASA's Jet

Propulsion Laboratory, has said publicly that he believes the Universe is a digital hologram that must have been created by a form of intelligence. I agree with that in every way. Waveform information is delivered electrically by the senses to the brain which constructs a *digital* holographic reality that we call the 'world'. This digital level of reality can be read by the esoteric art of numerology. Digital holograms are at the cutting edge of holographics today. We have digital technology everywhere designed to access and manipulate our digital level of perceived reality. Synthetic mRNA in 'Covid vaccines' has a digital component to manipulate the body's digital 'operating system'.

Reality is numbers

How many know that our reality can be broken down to numbers and codes that are the same as computer games? Max Tegmark, a physicist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT), is the author of *Our Mathematical Universe* in which he lays out how reality can be entirely described by numbers and maths in the way that a video game is encoded with the 'physics' of computer games. Our world and computer virtual reality are essentially the same.

Tegmark imagines the perceptions of characters in an advanced computer game when the graphics are so good they don't know they are in a game. They think they can bump into real objects (electromagnetic resistance in our reality), fall in love and feel emotions like excitement. When they began to study the apparently 'physical world' of the video game they would realise that everything was made of pixels (which have been found in our energetic reality as must be the case when on one level our world is digital). What computer game characters thought was physical 'stuff', Tegmark said, could actually be broken down into numbers:

And we're exactly in this situation in our world. We look around and it doesn't seem that mathematical at all, but everything we see is made out of elementary particles like quarks and electrons. And what properties does an electron have? Does it have a smell or a colour or a texture? No! ... We physicists have come up with geeky names for [Electron] properties, like

electric charge, or spin, or lepton number, but the electron doesn't care what we call it, the properties are just numbers.

This is the illusory reality Gnostics were describing. This is the simulation. The A, C, G, and T codes of DNA have a binary value – A and C = 0 while G and T = 1. This has to be when the simulation is digital and the body must be digital to interact with it. Recurring mathematical sequences are encoded throughout reality and the body. They include the Fibonacci sequence in which the two previous numbers are added to get the next one, as in ... 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, etc. The sequence is encoded in the human face and body, proportions of animals, DNA, seed heads, pine cones, trees, shells, spiral galaxies, hurricanes and the number of petals in a flower. The list goes on and on. There are fractal patterns – a 'never-ending pattern that is infinitely complex and self-similar across all scales in the as above, so below, principle of holograms. These and other famous recurring geometrical and mathematical sequences such as Phi, Pi, Golden Mean, Golden Ratio and Golden Section are *computer codes* of the simulation. I had to laugh and give my head a shake the day I finished this book and it went into the production stage. I was sent an article in *Scientific American* published in April, 2021, with the headline 'Confirmed! We Live in a Simulation'. Two decades after I first said our reality is a simulation and the speed of light is its outer limit the article suggested that we do live in a simulation and that the speed of light is its outer limit. I left school at 15 and never passed a major exam in my life while the writer was up to his eyes in qualifications. As I will explain in the final chapter *knowing* is far better than thinking and they come from very different sources. The article rightly connected the speed of light to the processing speed of the 'Matrix' and said what has been in my books all this time ... 'If we are in a simulation, as it appears, then space is an abstract property written in code. It is not real'. No it's not and if we live in a simulation something created it and it wasn't *us*. 'That David Icke says we are manipulated by aliens' – he's crackers.'

Wow ...

The reality that humanity thinks is so real is an illusion. Politicians, governments, scientists, doctors, academics, law enforcement, media, school and university curriculums, on and on, are all founded on a world that *does not exist* except as a simulated prison cell. Is it such a stretch to accept that 'Covid' doesn't exist when our entire 'physical' reality doesn't exist? Revealed here is the knowledge kept under raps in the Cult networks of compartmentalised secrecy to control humanity's sense of reality by inducing the population to believe in a reality that's not real. If it wasn't so tragic in its experiential consequences the whole thing would be hysterically funny. None of this is new to Renegade Minds. Ancient Greek philosopher Plato (about 428 to about 347BC) was a major influence on Gnostic belief and he described the human plight thousands of years ago with his Allegory of the Cave. He told the symbolic story of prisoners living in a cave who had never been outside. They were chained and could only see one wall of the cave while behind them was a fire that they could not see. Figures walked past the fire casting shadows on the prisoners' wall and those moving shadows became their sense of reality. Some prisoners began to study the shadows and were considered experts on them (today's academics and scientists), but what they studied was only an illusion (today's academics and scientists). A prisoner escaped from the cave and saw reality as it really is. When he returned to report this revelation they didn't believe him, called him mad and threatened to kill him if he tried to set them free. Plato's tale is not only a brilliant analogy of the human plight and our illusory reality. It describes, too, the dynamics of the 'Covid' hoax. I have only skimmed the surface of these subjects here. The aim of this book is to crisply connect all essential dots to put what is happening today into its true context. All subject areas and their connections in this chapter are covered in great evidential detail in *Everything You Need To Know, But Have Never Been Told* and *The Answer*.

They say that bewildered people 'can't see the forest for the trees'. Humanity, however, can't see the forest for the *twigs*. The five senses

see only twigs while Renegade Minds can see the forest and it's the forest where the answers lie with the connections that reveals. Breaking free of perceptual programming so the forest can be seen is the way we turn all this around. Not breaking free is how humanity got into this mess. The situation may seem hopeless, but I promise you it's not. We are a perceptual heartbeat from paradise if only we knew.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Escaping Wetiko

Life is simply a vacation from the infinite

Dean Cavanagh

Renegade Minds weave the web of life and events and see common themes in the apparently random. They are always there if you look for them and their pursuit is aided by incredible synchronicity that comes when your mind is open rather than mesmerised by what it thinks it can see.

Infinite awareness is infinite possibility and the more of infinite possibility that we access the more becomes infinitely possible. That may be stating the apparently obvious, but it is a devastatingly-powerful fact that can set us free. We are a point of attention within an infinity of consciousness. The question is how much of that infinity do we choose to access? How much knowledge, insight, awareness, wisdom, do we want to connect with and explore? If your focus is only in the five senses you will be influenced by a fraction of infinite awareness. I mean a range so tiny that it gives new meaning to infinitesimal. Limitation of self-identity and a sense of the possible limit accordingly your range of consciousness. We are what we think we are. Life is what we think it is. The dream is the dreamer and the dreamer is the dream. Buddhist philosophy puts it this way: 'As a thing is viewed, so it appears.' Most humans live in the realm of touch, taste, see, hear, and smell and that's the limit of their sense of the possible and sense of self. Many will follow a religion and speak of a God in his heaven, but their lives are still

dominated by the five senses in their perceptions and actions. The five senses become the arbiter of everything. When that happens all except a smear of infinity is sealed away from influence by the rigid, unyielding, reality bubbles that are the five-sense human or Phantom Self. Archon Cult methodology is to isolate consciousness within five-sense reality – the simulation – and then program that consciousness with a sense of self and the world through a deluge of life-long information designed to instil the desired perception that allows global control. Efforts to do this have increased dramatically with identity politics as identity bubbles are squeezed into the minutiae of five-sense detail which disconnect people even more profoundly from the infinite 'I'.

Five-sense focus and self-identity are like a firewall that limits access to the infinite realms. You only perceive one radio or television station and no other. We'll take that literally for a moment. Imagine a vast array of stations giving different information and angles on reality, but you only ever listen to one. Here we have the human plight in which the population is overwhelmingly confined to CultFM. This relates only to the frequency range of CultFM and limits perception and insight to that band – limits *possibility* to that band. It means you are connecting with an almost imperceptibly minuscule range of possibility and creative potential within the infinite Field. It's a world where everything seems apart from everything else and where synchronicity is rare. Synchronicity is defined in the dictionary as 'the happening by chance of two or more related or similar events at the same time'. Use of 'by chance' betrays a complete misunderstanding of reality. Synchronicity is not 'by chance'. As people open their minds, or 'awaken' to use the term, they notice more and more coincidences in their lives, bits of 'luck', apparently miraculous happenings that put them in the right place at the right time with the right people. Days become peppered with 'fancy meeting you here' and 'what are the chances of that?' My entire life has been lived like this and ever more so since my own colossal awakening in 1990 and 91 which transformed my sense of reality. Synchronicity is not 'by chance'; it is by accessing expanded

realms of possibility which allow expanded potential for manifestation. People broadcasting the same vibe from the same openness of mind tend to be drawn 'by chance' to each other through what I call frequency magnetism and it's not only people. In the last more than 30 years incredible synchronicity has also led me through the Cult maze to information in so many forms and to crucial personal experiences. These 'coincidences' have allowed me to put the puzzle pieces together across an enormous array of subjects and situations. Those who have breached the bubble of five-sense reality will know exactly what I mean and this escape from the perceptual prison cell is open to everyone whenever they make that choice. This may appear super-human when compared with the limitations of 'human', but it's really our natural state. 'Human' as currently experienced is consciousness in an unnatural state of induced separation from the infinity of the whole. I'll come to how this transformation into unity can be made when I have described in more detail the force that holds humanity in servitude by denying this access to infinite self.

The Wetiko factor

I have been talking and writing for decades about the way five-sense mind is systematically barricaded from expanded awareness. I have used the analogy of a computer (five-sense mind) and someone at the keyboard (expanded awareness). Interaction between the computer and the operator is symbolic of the interaction between five-sense mind and expanded awareness. The computer directly experiences the Internet and the operator experiences the Internet via the computer which is how it's supposed to be – the two working as one. Archons seek to control that point where the operator connects with the computer to stop that interaction ([Fig 20](#)). Now the operator is banging the keyboard and clicking the mouse, but the computer is not responding and this happens when the computer is taken over – *possessed* – by an appropriately-named computer 'virus'. The operator has lost all influence over the computer which goes its own way making decisions under the control of the 'virus'. I have

just described the dynamic through which the force known to Gnostics as Yaldabaoth and Archons disconnects five-sense mind from expanded awareness to imprison humanity in perceptual servitude.

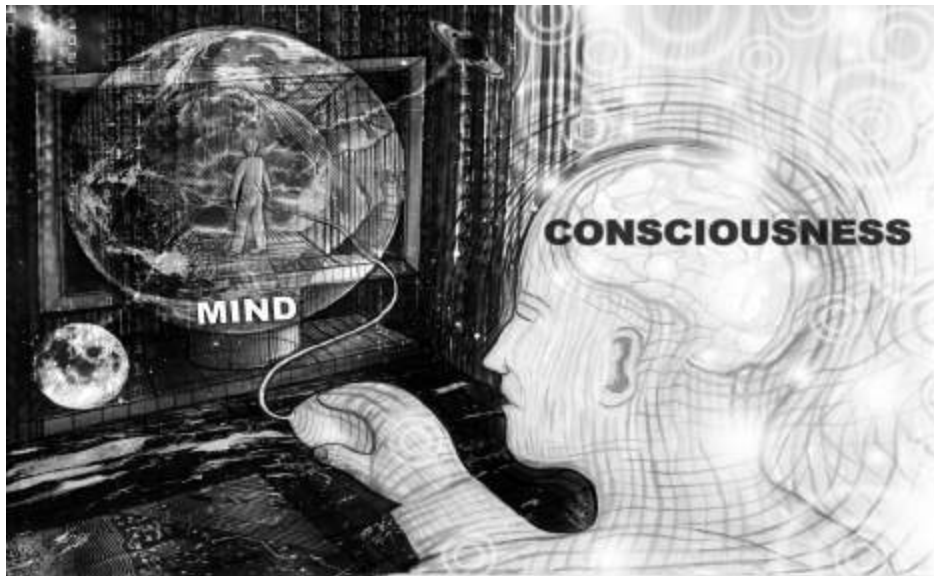


Figure 20: The mind ‘virus’ I have been writing about for decades seeks to isolate five-sense mind (the computer) from the true ‘I’. (Image by Neil Hague).

About a year ago I came across a Native American concept of Wetiko which describes precisely the same phenomenon. Wetiko is the spelling used by the Cree and there are other versions including wintiko and windigo used by other tribal groups. They spell the name with lower case, but I see Wetiko as a proper noun as with Archons and prefer a capital. I first saw an article about Wetiko by writer and researcher Paul Levy which so synced with what I had been writing about the computer/operator disconnection and later the Archons. I then read his book, the fascinating *Dispelling Wetiko, Breaking the Spell of Evil*. The parallels between what I had concluded long before and the Native American concept of Wetiko were so clear and obvious that it was almost funny. For Wetiko see the Gnostic Archons for sure and the Jinn, the Predators, and every other name for a force of evil, inversion and chaos. Wetiko is the Native American name for the force that divides the computer from

the operator (Fig 21). Indigenous author Jack D. Forbes, a founder of the Native American movement in the 1960s, wrote another book about Wetiko entitled *Columbus And Other Cannibals – The Wetiko Disease of Exploitation, Imperialism, and Terrorism* which I also read. Forbes says that Wetiko refers to an evil person or spirit ‘who terrorizes other creatures by means of terrible acts, including cannibalism’. Zulu shaman Credo Mutwa told me that African accounts tell how cannibalism was brought into the world by the Chitauri ‘gods’ – another manifestation of Wetiko. The distinction between ‘evil person or spirit’ relates to Archons/Wetiko possessing a human or acting as pure consciousness. Wetiko is said to be a sickness of the soul or spirit and a state of being that takes but gives nothing back – the Cult and its operatives perfectly described. Black Hawk, a Native American war leader defending their lands from confiscation, said European invaders had ‘poisoned hearts’ – Wetiko hearts – and that this would spread to native societies. Mention of the heart is very significant as we shall shortly see. Forbes writes: ‘Tragically, the history of the world for the past 2,000 years is, in great part, the story of the epidemiology of the wetiko disease.’ Yes, and much longer. Forbes is correct when he says: ‘The wetikos destroyed Egypt and Babylon and Athens and Rome and Tenochtitlan [capital of the Aztec empire] and perhaps now they will destroy the entire earth.’ Evil, he said, is the number one export of a Wetiko culture – see its globalisation with ‘Covid’. Constant war, mass murder, suffering of all kinds, child abuse, Satanism, torture and human sacrifice are all expressions of Wetiko and the Wetiko possessed. The world is Wetiko made manifest, *but it doesn’t have to be*. There is a way out of this even now.



Figure 21: The mind 'virus' is known to Native Americans as 'Wetiko'. (Image by Neil Hague).

Cult of Wetiko

Wetiko is the Yaldabaoth frequency distortion that seeks to attach to human consciousness and absorb it into its own. Once this connection is made Wetiko can drive the perceptions of the target which they believe to be coming from their own mind. All the horrors of history and today from mass killers to Satanists, paedophiles like Jeffrey Epstein and other psychopaths, are the embodiment of Wetiko and express its state of being in all its grotesqueness. The Cult is Wetiko incarnate, Yaldabaoth incarnate, and it seeks to facilitate Wetiko assimilation of humanity in totality into its distortion by manipulating the population into low frequency states that match its own. Paul Levy writes: 'Holographically enforced within the psyche of every human being the wetiko virus pervades and underlies the entire field of consciousness, and can therefore potentially manifest through any one of us at any moment if we are not mindful.' The 'Covid' hoax has achieved this with many people, but others have not fallen into Wetiko's frequency lair. Players in the 'Covid' human catastrophe including Gates, Schwab, Tedros, Fauci, Whitty, Vallance, Johnson, Hancock, Ferguson, Drosten, and all the rest, including the psychopath psychologists, are expressions of Wetiko. This is why

they have no compassion or empathy and no emotional consequence for what they do that would make them stop doing it. Observe all the people who support the psychopaths in authority against the Pushbackers despite the damaging impact the psychopaths have on their own lives and their family's lives. You are again looking at Wetiko possession which prevents them seeing through the lies to the obvious scam going on. *Why can't they see it?* Wetiko won't let them see it. The perceptual divide that has now become a chasm is between the Wetikoed and the non-Wetikoed.

Paul Levy describes Wetiko in the same way that I have long described the Archontic force. They are the same distorted consciousness operating across dimensions of reality: '... the subtle body of wetiko is not located in the third dimension of space and time, literally existing in another dimension ... it is able to affect ordinary lives by mysteriously interpenetrating into our three-dimensional world.' Wetiko does this through its incarnate representatives in the Cult and by weaving itself into The Field which on our level of reality is the electromagnetic information field of the simulation or Matrix. More than that, the simulation *is* Wetiko / Yaldabaoth. Caleb Scharf, Director of Astrobiology at Columbia University, has speculated that 'alien life' could be so advanced that it has transcribed itself into the quantum realm to become what we call physics. He said intelligence indistinguishable from the fabric of the Universe would solve many of its greatest mysteries:

Perhaps hyper-advanced life isn't just external. Perhaps it's already all around. It is embedded in what we perceive to be physics itself, from the root behaviour of particles and fields to the phenomena of complexity and emergence ... In other words, life might not just be in the equations. It might BE the equations [My emphasis].

Scharf said it is possible that 'we don't recognise advanced life because it forms an integral and unsuspecting part of what we've considered to be the natural world'. I agree. Wetiko/Yaldabaoth *is* the simulation. We are literally in the body of the beast. But that doesn't mean it has to control us. We all have the power to overcome Wetiko

influence and the Cult knows that. I doubt it sleeps too well because it knows that.

Which Field?

This, I suggest, is how it all works. There are two Fields. One is the fierce electromagnetic light of the Matrix within the speed of light; the other is the 'watery light' of The Field beyond the walls of the Matrix that connects with the Great Infinity. Five-sense mind and the decoding systems of the body attach us to the Field of Matrix light. They have to or we could not experience this reality. Five-sense mind sees only the Matrix Field of information while our expanded consciousness is part of the Infinity Field. When we open our minds, and most importantly our hearts, to the Infinity Field we have a mission control which gives us an expanded perspective, a road map, to understand the nature of the five-sense world. If we are isolated only in five-sense mind there is no mission control. We're on our own trying to understand a world that's constantly feeding us information to ensure we do not understand. People in this state can feel 'lost' and bewildered with no direction or radar. You can see ever more clearly those who are influenced by the Fields of Big Infinity or little five-sense mind simply by their views and behaviour with regard to the 'Covid' hoax. We have had this division throughout known human history with the mass of the people on one side and individuals who could see and intuit beyond the walls of the simulation – Plato's prisoner who broke out of the cave and saw reality for what it is. Such people have always been targeted by Wetiko/Archon-possessed authority, burned at the stake or demonised as mad, bad and dangerous. The Cult today and its global network of 'anti-hate', 'anti-fascist' Woke groups are all expressions of Wetiko attacking those exposing the conspiracy, 'Covid' lies and the 'vaccine' agenda.

Woke as a whole is Wetiko which explains its black and white mentality and how at one it is with the Wetiko-possessed Cult. Paul Levy said: 'To be in this paradigm is to still be under the thrall of a two-valued logic – where things are either true or false – of a

wetikoized mind.’ Wetiko consciousness is in a permanent rage, therefore so is Woke, and then there is Woke inversion and contradiction. ‘Anti-fascists’ act like fascists because fascists *and* ‘anti-fascists’ are both Wetiko at work. Political parties act the same while claiming to be different for the same reason. Secret society and satanic rituals are attaching initiates to Wetiko and the cold, ruthless, psychopathic mentality that secures the positions of power all over the world is Wetiko. Reframing ‘training programmes’ have the same cumulative effect of attaching Wetiko and we have their graduates described as automatons and robots with a cold, psychopathic, uncaring demeanour. They are all traits of Wetiko possession and look how many times they have been described in this book and elsewhere with regard to personnel behind ‘Covid’ including the police and medical profession. Climbing the greasy pole in any profession in a Wetiko society requires traits of Wetiko to get there and that is particularly true of politics which is not about fair competition and pre-eminence of ideas. It is founded on how many backs you can stab and arses you can lick. This culminated in the global ‘Covid’ coordination between the Wetiko possessed who pulled it off in all the different countries without a trace of empathy and compassion for their impact on humans. Our sight sense can see only holographic form and not the Field which connects holographic form. Therefore we perceive ‘physical’ objects with ‘space’ in between. In fact that ‘space’ is energy/consciousness operating on multiple frequencies. One of them is Wetiko and that connects the Cult psychopaths, those who submit to the psychopaths, and those who serve the psychopaths in the media operations of the world. Wetiko is Gates. Wetiko is the mask-wearing submissive. Wetiko is the fake journalist and ‘fact-checker’. The Wetiko Field is coordinating the whole thing. Psychopaths, gofers, media operatives, ‘anti-hate’ hate groups, ‘fact-checkers’ and submissive people work as one unit *even without human coordination* because they are attached to the *same* Field which is organising it all (Fig 22). Paul Levy is here describing how Wetiko-possessed people are drawn together and refuse to let any information breach their rigid

perceptions. He was writing long before 'Covid', but I think you will recognise followers of the 'Covid' religion *oh just a little bit*:

People who are channelling the vibratory frequency of wetiko align with each other through psychic resonance to reinforce their unspoken shared agreement so as to uphold their deranged view of reality. Once an unconscious content takes possession of certain individuals, it irresistibly draws them together by mutual attraction and knits them into groups tied together by their shared madness that can easily swell into an avalanche of insanity.

A psychic epidemic is a closed system, which is to say that it is insular and not open to any new information or informing influences from the outside world which contradict its fixed, limited, and limiting perspective.

There we have the Woke mind and the 'Covid' mind. Compatible resonance draws the awakening together, too, which is clearly happening today.

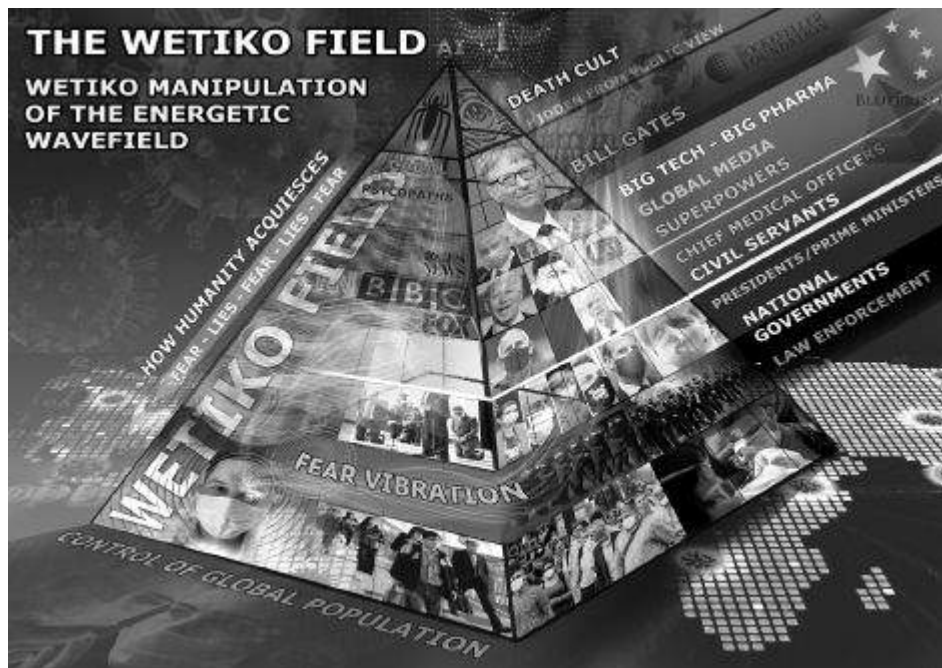


Figure 22: The Wetiko Field from which the Cult pyramid and its personnel are made manifest. (Image by Neil Hague).

Spiritual servitude

Wetiko doesn't care about humans. It's not human; it just possesses humans for its own ends and the effect (depending on the scale of

possession) can be anything from extreme psychopathy to unquestioning obedience. Wetiko's worst nightmare is for human consciousness to expand beyond the simulation. Everything is focussed on stopping that happening through control of information, thus perception, thus frequency. The 'education system', media, science, medicine, academia, are all geared to maintaining humanity in five-sense servitude as is the constant stimulation of low-vibrational mental and emotional states (see 'Covid'). Wetiko seeks to dominate those subconscious spaces between five-sense perception and expanded consciousness where the computer meets the operator. From these subconscious hiding places Wetiko speaks to us to trigger urges and desires that we take to be our own and manipulate us into anything from low-vibrational to psychopathic states. Remember how Islam describes the Jinn as invisible tricksters that 'whisper' and confuse. Wetiko is the origin of the 'trickster god' theme that you find in cultures all over the world. Jinn, like the Archons, are Wetiko which is terrified of humans awakening and reconnecting with our true self for then its energy source has gone. With that the feedback loop breaks between Wetiko and human perception that provides the energetic momentum on which its very existence depends as a force of evil. Humans are both its target and its source of survival, but only if we are operating in low-vibrational states of fear, hate, depression and the background anxiety that most people suffer. We are Wetiko's target because we are its key to survival. It needs us, not the other way round. Paul Levy writes:

A vampire has no intrinsic, independent, substantial existence in its own right; it only exists in relation to us. The pathogenic, vampiric mind-parasite called wetiko is nothing in itself – not being able to exist from its own side – yet it has a 'virtual reality' such that it can potentially destroy our species ...

...The fact that a vampire is not reflected by a mirror can also mean that what we need to see is that there's nothing, no-thing to see, other than ourselves. The fact that wetiko is the expression of something inside of us means that the cure for wetiko is with us as well. The critical issue is finding this cure within us and then putting it into effect.

Evil begets evil because if evil does not constantly expand and find new sources of energetic sustenance its evil, its *distortion*, dies with the assimilation into balance and harmony. Love is the garlic to Wetiko's vampire. Evil, the absence of love, cannot exist in the presence of love. I think I see a way out of here. I have emphasised so many times over the decades that the Archons/Wetiko and their Cult are not all powerful. *They are not*. I don't care how it looks even now *they are not*. I have not called them little boys in short trousers for effect. I have said it because it is true. Wetiko's insatiable desire for power over others is not a sign of its omnipotence, but its insecurity. Paul Levy writes: 'Due to the primal fear which ultimately drives it and which it is driven to cultivate, wetiko's body politic has an intrinsic and insistent need for centralising power and control so as to create imagined safety for itself.' *Yeaaaaees!* Exactly! Why does Wetiko want humans in an ongoing state of fear? Wetiko itself *is* fear and it is petrified of love. As evil is an absence of love, so love is an absence of fear. Love conquers all and *especially* Wetiko which *is* fear. Wetiko brought fear into the world when it wasn't here before. *Fear* was the 'fall', the fall into low-frequency ignorance and illusion – fear is **False Emotion Appearing Real**. The simulation is driven and energised by fear because Wetiko/Yaldabaoth (fear) *are* the simulation. Fear is the absence of love and Wetiko is the absence of love.

Wetiko today

We can now view current events from this level of perspective. The 'Covid' hoax has generated momentous amounts of ongoing fear, anxiety, depression and despair which have empowered Wetiko. No wonder people like Gates have been the instigators when they are Wetiko incarnate and exhibit every trait of Wetiko in the extreme. See how cold and unemotional these people are like Gates and his cronies, how dead of eye they are. That's Wetiko. Sabbatians are Wetiko and everything they control including the World Health Organization, Big Pharma and the 'vaccine' makers, national 'health'

hierarchies, corporate media, Silicon Valley, the banking system, and the United Nations with its planned transformation into world government. All are controlled and possessed by the Wetiko distortion into distorting human society in its image. We are with this knowledge at the gateway to understanding the world. Divisions of race, culture, creed and sexuality are diversions to hide the real division between those possessed and influenced by Wetiko and those that are not. The 'Covid' hoax has brought both clearly into view. Human behaviour is not about race. Tyrants and dictatorships come in all colours and creeds. What unites the US president bombing the innocent and an African tribe committing genocide against another as in Rwanda? What unites them? *Wetiko*. All wars are Wetiko, all genocide is Wetiko, all hunger over centuries in a world of plenty is Wetiko. Children going to bed hungry, including in the West, is Wetiko. Cult-generated Woke racial divisions that focus on the body are designed to obscure the reality that divisions in behaviour are manifestations of mind, not body. Obsession with body identity and group judgement is a means to divert attention from the real source of behaviour – mind and perception. Conflict sown by the Woke both within themselves and with their target groups are Wetiko providing lunch for itself through still more agents of the division, chaos, and fear on which it feeds. The Cult is seeking to assimilate the entirety of humanity and all children and young people into the Wetiko frequency by manipulating them into states of fear and despair. Witness all the suicide and psychological unravelling since the spring of 2020. Wetiko psychopaths want to impose a state of unquestioning obedience to authority which is no more than a conduit for Wetiko to enforce its will and assimilate humanity into itself. It needs us to believe that resistance is futile when it fears resistance and even more so the game-changing non-cooperation with its impositions. It can use violent resistance for its benefit. Violent impositions and violent resistance are *both* Wetiko. The Power of Love with its Power of No will sweep Wetiko from our world. Wetiko and its Cult know that. They just don't want us to know.

AI Wetiko

This brings me to AI or artificial intelligence and something else Wetikos don't want us to know. What is AI *really*? I know about computer code algorithms and AI that learns from data input. These, however, are more diversions, the expeditionary force, for the real AI that they want to connect to the human brain as promoted by Silicon Valley Wetikos like Kurzweil. What is this AI? It is the frequency of *Wetiko*, the frequency of the Archons. The connection of AI to the human brain is the connection of the Wetiko frequency to create a Wetiko hive mind and complete the job of assimilation. The hive mind is planned to be controlled from Israel and China which are both 100 percent owned by Wetiko Sabbatians. The assimilation process has been going on minute by minute in the 'smart' era which fused with the 'Covid' era. We are told that social media is scrambling the minds of the young and changing their personality. This is true, but what is social media? Look more deeply at how it works, how it creates divisions and conflict, the hostility and cruelty, the targeting of people until they are destroyed. That's Wetiko. Social media is manipulated to tune people to the Wetiko frequency with all the emotional exploitation tricks employed by platforms like Facebook and its Wetiko front man, Zuckerberg. Facebook's Instagram announced a new platform for children to overcome a legal bar on them using the main site. This is more Wetiko exploitation and manipulation of kids. Amnesty International likened the plan to foxes offering to guard the henhouse and said it was incompatible with human rights. Since when did Wetiko or Zuckerberg (I repeat myself) care about that? Would Brin and Page at Google, Wojcicki at YouTube, Bezos at Amazon and whoever the hell runs Twitter act as they do if they were not channelling Wetiko? Would those who are developing technologies for no other reason than human control? How about those designing and selling technologies to kill people and Big Pharma drug and 'vaccine' producers who know they will end or devastate lives? Quite a thought for these people to consider is that if you are Wetiko in a human life you are Wetiko on the 'other side' unless your frequency

changes and that can only change by a change of perception which becomes a change of behaviour. Where Gates is going does not bear thinking about although perhaps that's exactly where he wants to go. Either way, that's where he's going. His frequency will make it so.

The frequency lair

I have been saying for a long time that a big part of the addiction to smartphones and devices is that a frequency is coming off them that entraps the mind. People spend ages on their phones and sometimes even a minute or so after they put them down they pick them up again and it all repeats. 'Covid' lockdowns will have increased this addiction a million times for obvious reasons. Addictions to alcohol overindulgence and drugs are another way that Wetiko entraps consciousness to attach to its own. Both are symptoms of low-vibrational psychological distress which alcoholism and drug addiction further compound. Do we think it's really a coincidence that access to them is made so easy while potions that can take people into realms beyond the simulation are banned and illegal? I have explored smartphone addiction in other books, the scale is mind-blowing, and that level of addiction does not come without help. Tech companies that make these phones are Wetiko and they will have no qualms about destroying the minds of children. We are seeing again with these companies the Wetiko perceptual combination of psychopathic enforcers and weak and meek unquestioning compliance by the rank and file.

The global Smart Grid is the Wetiko Grid and it is crucial to complete the Cult endgame. The simulation is radiation and we are being deluged with technological radiation on a devastating scale. Wetiko frauds like Elon Musk serve Cult interests while occasionally criticising them to maintain his street-cred. 5G and other forms of Wi-Fi are being directed at the earth from space on a volume and scale that goes on increasing by the day. Elon Musk's (officially) SpaceX Starlink project is in the process of putting tens of thousands of satellites in low orbit to cover every inch of the planet with 5G and other Wi-Fi to create Kurzweil's global 'cloud' to which the

human mind is planned to be attached very soon. SpaceX has approval to operate 12,000 satellites with more than 1,300 launched at the time of writing and applications filed for 30,000 more. Other operators in the Wi-Fi, 5G, low-orbit satellite market include OneWeb (UK), Telesat (Canada), and AST & Science (US). Musk tells us that AI could be the end of humanity and then launches a company called Neuralink to connect the human brain to computers. Musk's (in theory) Tesla company is building electric cars and the driverless vehicles of the smart control grid. As frauds and bullshitters go Elon Musk in my opinion is Major League.

5G and technological radiation in general are destructive to human health, genetics and psychology and increasing the strength of artificial radiation underpins the five-sense perceptual bubbles which are themselves expressions of radiation or electromagnetism. Freedom activist John Whitehead was so right with his 'databit by databit, we are building our own electronic concentration camps'. The Smart Grid and 5G is a means to control the human mind and infuse perceptual information into The Field to influence anyone in sync with its frequency. You can change perception and behaviour en masse if you can manipulate the population into those levels of frequency and this is happening all around us today. The arrogance of Musk and his fellow Cult operatives knows no bounds in the way that we see with Gates. Musk's satellites are so many in number already they are changing the night sky when viewed from Earth. The astronomy community has complained about this and they have seen nothing yet. Some consequences of Musk's Wetiko hubris include: Radiation; visible pollution of the night sky; interference with astronomy and meteorology; ground and water pollution from intensive use of increasingly many spaceports; accumulating space debris; continual deorbiting and burning up of aging satellites, polluting the atmosphere with toxic dust and smoke; and ever-increasing likelihood of collisions. A collective public open letter of complaint to Musk said:

We are writing to you ... because SpaceX is in process of surrounding the Earth with a network of thousands of satellites whose very purpose is to irradiate every square inch of the

Earth. SpaceX, like everyone else, is treating the radiation as if it were not there. As if the mitochondria in our cells do not depend on electrons moving undisturbed from the food we digest to the oxygen we breathe.

As if our nervous systems and our hearts are not subject to radio frequency interference like any piece of electronic equipment. As if the cancer, diabetes, and heart disease that now afflict a majority of the Earth's population are not metabolic diseases that result from interference with our cellular machinery. As if insects everywhere, and the birds and animals that eat them, are not starving to death as a result.

People like Musk and Gates believe in their limitless Wetiko arrogance that they can do whatever they like to the world because they own it. Consequences for humanity are irrelevant. It's absolutely time that we stopped taking this shit from these self-styled masters of the Earth when you consider where this is going.

Why is the Cult so anti-human?

I hear this question often: Why would they do this when it will affect them, too? Ah, but will it? Who is this *them*? Forget their bodies. They are just vehicles for Wetiko consciousness. When you break it all down to the foundations we are looking at a state of severely distorted consciousness targeting another state of consciousness for assimilation. The rest is detail. The simulation is the fly-trap in which unique sensations of the five senses create a cycle of addiction called reincarnation. Renegade Minds see that everything which happens in our reality is a smaller version of the whole picture in line with the holographic principle. Addiction to the radiation of smart technology is a smaller version of addiction to the whole simulation. Connecting the body/brain to AI is taking that addiction on a giant step further to total ongoing control by assimilating human incarnate consciousness into Wetiko. I have watched during the 'Covid' hoax how many are becoming ever more profoundly attached to Wetiko's perceptual calling cards of aggressive response to any other point of view ('There is no other god but me'), psychopathic lack of compassion and empathy, and servile submission to the narrative and will of authority. Wetiko is the psychopaths *and* subservience to psychopaths. The Cult of Wetiko is

so anti-human because it is *not* human. It embarked on a mission to destroy human by targeting everything that it means to be human and to survive as human. 'Covid' is not the end, just a means to an end. The Cult with its Wetiko consciousness is seeking to change Earth systems, including the atmosphere, to suit them, not humans. The gathering bombardment of 5G alone from ground and space is dramatically changing The Field with which the five senses interact. There is so much more to come if we sit on our hands and hope it will all go away. It is not meant to go away. It is meant to get ever more extreme and we need to face that while we still can – just.

Carbon dioxide is the gas of life. Without that human is over. Kaput, gone, history. No natural world, no human. The Cult has created a cock and bull story about carbon dioxide and climate change to justify its reduction to the point where Gates and the ignoramus Biden 'climate chief' John Kerry want to suck it out of the atmosphere. Kerry wants to do this because his master Gates does. Wetikos have made the gas of life a demon with the usual support from the Wokers of Extinction Rebellion and similar organisations and the bewildered puppet-child that is Greta Thunberg who was put on the world stage by Klaus Schwab and the World Economic Forum. The name Extinction Rebellion is both ironic and as always Wetiko inversion. The gas that we need to survive must be reduced to save us from extinction. The most basic need of human is oxygen and we now have billions walking around in face nappies depriving body and brain of this essential requirement of human existence. More than that 5G at 60 gigahertz interacts with the oxygen molecule to reduce the amount of oxygen the body can absorb into the bloodstream. The obvious knock-on consequences of that for respiratory and cognitive problems and life itself need no further explanation. Psychopaths like Musk are assembling a global system of satellites to deluge the human atmosphere with this insanity. The man should be in jail. Here we have two most basic of human needs, oxygen and carbon dioxide, being dismantled.

Two others, water and food, are getting similar treatment with the United Nations Agendas 21 and 2030 – the Great Reset – planning to

centrally control all water and food supplies. People will not even own rain water that falls on their land. Food is affected at the most basic level by reducing carbon dioxide. We have genetic modification or GMO infiltrating the food chain on a mass scale, pesticides and herbicides polluting the air and destroying the soil. Freshwater fish that provide livelihoods for 60 million people and feed hundreds of millions worldwide are being 'pushed to the brink' according the conservationists while climate change is the only focus. Now we have Gates and Schwab wanting to dispense with current food sources all together and replace them with a synthetic version which the Wetiko Cult would control in terms of production and who eats and who doesn't. We have been on the Totalitarian Tiptoe to this for more than 60 years as food has become ever more processed and full of chemical shite to the point today when it's not natural food at all. As Dr Tom Cowan says: 'If it has a label don't eat it.' Bill Gates is now the biggest owner of farmland in the United States and he does nothing without an ulterior motive involving the Cult. Klaus Schwab wrote: 'To feed the world in the next 50 years we will need to produce as much food as was produced in the last 10,000 years ... food security will only be achieved, however, if regulations on genetically modified foods are adapted to reflect the reality that gene editing offers a precise, efficient and safe method of improving crops.' Liar. People and the world are being targeted with aluminium through vaccines, chemtrails, food, drink cans, and endless other sources when aluminium has been linked to many health issues including dementia which is increasing year after year. Insects, bees and wildlife essential to the food chain are being deleted by pesticides, herbicides and radiation which 5G is dramatically increasing with 6G and 7G to come. The pollinating bee population is being devastated while wildlife including birds, dolphins and whales are having their natural radar blocked by the effects of ever-increasing radiation. In the summer windscreens used to be splattered with insects so numerous were they. It doesn't happen now. Where have they gone?

Synthetic everything

The Cult is introducing genetically-modified versions of trees, plants and insects including a Gates-funded project to unleash hundreds of millions of genetically-modified, lab-altered and patented male mosquitoes to mate with wild mosquitoes and induce genetic flaws that cause them to die out. Clinically-insane Gates-funded Japanese researchers have developed mosquitos that spread vaccine and are dubbed 'flying vaccinators'. Gates is funding the modification of weather patterns in part to sell the myth that this is caused by carbon dioxide and he's funding geoengineering of the skies to change the atmosphere. Some of this came to light with the Gates-backed plan to release tonnes of chalk into the atmosphere to 'deflect the Sun and cool the planet'. Funny how they do this while the heating effect of the Sun is not factored into climate projections focussed on carbon dioxide. The reason is that they want to reduce carbon dioxide (so don't mention the Sun), but at the same time they do want to reduce the impact of the Sun which is so essential to human life and health. I have mentioned the sun-cholesterol-vitamin D connection as they demonise the Sun with warnings about skin cancer (caused by the chemicals in sun cream they tell you to splash on). They come from the other end of the process with statin drugs to reduce cholesterol that turns sunlight into vitamin D. A lack of vitamin D leads to a long list of health effects and how vitamin D levels must have fallen with people confined to their homes over 'Covid'. Gates is funding other forms of geoengineering and most importantly chemtrails which are dropping heavy metals, aluminium and self-replicating nanotechnology onto the Earth which is killing the natural world. See *Everything You Need To Know, But Have Never Been Told* for the detailed background to this.

Every human system is being targeted for deletion by a force that's not human. The Wetiko Cult has embarked on the process of transforming the human body from biological to synthetic biological as I have explained. Biological is being replaced by the artificial and synthetic – Archontic 'countermimicry' – right across human society. The plan eventually is to dispense with the human body altogether

and absorb human consciousness – which it wouldn't really be by then – into cyberspace (the simulation which is Wetiko/Yaldabaoth). Preparations for that are already happening if people would care to look. The alternative media rightly warns about globalism and 'the globalists', but this is far bigger than that and represents the end of the human race as we know it. The 'bad copy' of prime reality that Gnostics describe was a bad copy of harmony, wonder and beauty to start with before Wetiko/Yaldabaoth set out to change the simulated 'copy' into something very different. The process was slow to start with. Entrapped humans in the simulation timeline were not technologically aware and they had to be brought up to intellectual speed while being suppressed spiritually to the point where they could build their own prison while having no idea they were doing so. We have now reached that stage where technological intellect has the potential to destroy us and that's why events are moving so fast. Central American shaman Don Juan Matus said:

Think for a moment, and tell me how you would explain the contradictions between the intelligence of man the engineer and the stupidity of his systems of belief, or the stupidity of his contradictory behaviour. Sorcerers believe that the predators have given us our systems of beliefs, our ideas of good and evil; our social mores. They are the ones who set up our dreams of success or failure. They have given us covetousness, greed, and cowardice. It is the predator who makes us complacent, routinary, and egomaniacal.

In order to keep us obedient and meek and weak, the predators engaged themselves in a stupendous manoeuvre – stupendous, of course, from the point of view of a fighting strategist; a horrendous manoeuvre from the point of those who suffer it. They gave us their mind. The predators' mind is baroque, contradictory, morose, filled with the fear of being discovered any minute now.

For 'predators' see Wetiko, Archons, Yaldabaoth, Jinn, and all the other versions of the same phenomenon in cultures and religions all over the world. The theme is always the same because it's true and it's real. We have reached the point where we have to deal with it. The question is – how?

Don't fight – walk away

I thought I'd use a controversial subheading to get things moving in terms of our response to global fascism. What do you mean 'don't fight'? What do you mean 'walk away'? We've got to fight. We can't walk away. Well, it depends what we mean by fight and walk away. If fighting means physical combat we are playing Wetiko's game and falling for its trap. It wants us to get angry, aggressive, and direct hate and hostility at the enemy we think we must fight. Every war, every battle, every conflict, has been fought with Wetiko leading both sides. It's what it does. Wetiko wants a fight, anywhere, any place. Just hit me, son, so I can hit you back. Wetiko hits Wetiko and Wetiko hits Wetiko in return. I am very forthright as you can see in exposing Wetikos of the Cult, but I don't hate them. I refuse to hate them. It's what they want. What you hate you become. What you *fight* you become. Wokers, 'anti-haters' and 'anti-fascists' prove this every time they reach for their keyboards or don their balaclavas. By walk away I mean to disengage from Wetiko which includes ceasing to cooperate with its tyranny. Paul Levy says of Wetiko:

The way to 'defeat' evil is not to try to destroy it (for then, in playing evil's game, we have already lost), but rather, to find the invulnerable place within ourselves where evil is unable to vanquish us – this is to truly 'win' our battle with evil.

Wetiko is everywhere in human society and it's been on steroids since the 'Covid' hoax. Every shouting match over wearing masks has Wetiko wearing a mask and Wetiko not wearing one. It's an electrical circuit of push and resist, push and resist, with Wetiko pushing *and* resisting. Each polarity is Wetiko empowering itself. Dictionary definitions of 'resist' include 'opposing, refusing to accept or comply with' and the word to focus on is 'opposing'. What form does this take – setting police cars alight or 'refusing to accept or comply with'? The former is Wetiko opposing Wetiko while the other points the way forward. This is the difference between those aggressively demanding that government fascism must be obeyed who stand in stark contrast to the great majority of Pushbackers. We saw this clearly with a march by thousands of Pushbackers against lockdown in London followed days later by a Woker-hijacked

protest in Bristol in which police cars were set on fire. Masks were virtually absent in London and widespread in Bristol. Wetiko wants lockdown on every level of society and infuses its aggression to police it through its unknowing stooges. Lockdown protesters are the ones with the smiling faces and the hugs, The two blatantly obvious states of being – getting more obvious by the day – are the result of Wokers and their like becoming ever more influenced by the simulation Field of Wetiko and Pushbackers ever more influenced by The Field of a far higher vibration beyond the simulation. Wetiko can't invade the heart which is where most lockdown opponents are coming from. It's the heart that allows them to see through the lies to the truth in ways I will be highlighting.

Renegade Minds know that calmness is the place from which wisdom comes. You won't find wisdom in a hissing fit and wisdom is what we need in abundance right now. Calmness is not weakness – you don't have to scream at the top of your voice to be strong. Calmness is indeed a sign of strength. 'No' means I'm not doing it. NOOOO!!! doesn't mean you're not doing it even more. Volume does not advance 'No – I'm not doing it'. You are just not doing it. Wetiko possessed and influenced don't know how to deal with that. Wetiko wants a fight and we should not give it one. What it needs more than anything is our *cooperation* and we should not give that either. Mass rallies and marches are great in that they are a visual representation of feeling, but if it ends there they are irrelevant. You demand that Wetikos act differently? Well, they're not going to are they? They are Wetikos. We don't need to waste our time demanding that something doesn't happen when that will make no difference. We need to delete the means that *allows* it to happen. This, invariably, is our cooperation. You can demand a child stop firing a peashooter at the dog or you can refuse to buy the peashooter. If you provide the means you are cooperating with the dog being smacked on the nose with a pea. How can the authorities enforce mask-wearing if millions in a country refuse? What if the 74 million Pushbackers that voted for Trump in 2020 refused to wear masks, close their businesses or stay in their homes. It would be unenforceable. The

few control the many through the compliance of the many and that's always been the dynamic be it 'Covid' regulations or the Roman Empire. I know people can find it intimidating to say no to authority or stand out in a crowd for being the only one with a face on display; but it has to be done or it's over. I hope I've made clear in this book that where this is going will be far more intimidating than standing up now and saying 'No' – I will not cooperate with my own enslavement and that of my children. There might be consequences for some initially, although not so if enough do the same. The question that must be addressed is what is going to happen if we don't? It is time to be strong and unyieldingly so. No means no. Not here and there, but *everywhere* and *always*. I have refused to wear a mask and obey all the other nonsense. I will not comply with tyranny. I repeat: Fascism is not imposed by fascists – there are never enough of them. Fascism is imposed by the population acquiescing to fascism. *I will not do it*. I will die first, or my body will. Living meekly under fascism is a form of death anyway, the death of the spirit that Martin Luther King described.

Making things happen

We must not despair. This is not over till it's over and it's far from that. The 'fat lady' must refuse to sing. The longer the 'Covid' hoax has dragged on and impacted on more lives we have seen an awakening of phenomenal numbers of people worldwide to the realisation that what they have believed all their lives is not how the world really is. Research published by the system-serving University of Bristol and King's College London in February, 2021, concluded: 'One in every 11 people in Britain say they trust David Icke's take on the coronavirus pandemic.' It will be more by now and we have gathering numbers to build on. We must urgently progress from seeing the scam to ceasing to cooperate with it. Prominent German lawyer Reiner Fuellmich, also licenced to practice law in America, is doing a magnificent job taking the legal route to bring the psychopaths to justice through a second Nuremberg tribunal for crimes against humanity. Fuellmich has an impressive record of

beating the elite in court and he formed the German Corona Investigative Committee to pursue civil charges against the main perpetrators with a view to triggering criminal charges. Most importantly he has grasped the foundation of the hoax – the PCR test not testing for the ‘virus’ – and Christian Drosten is therefore on his charge sheet along with Gates frontman Tedros at the World Health Organization. Major players must not be allowed to inflict their horrors on the human race without being brought to book. A life sentence must follow for Bill Gates and the rest of them. A group of researchers has also indicted the government of Norway for crimes against humanity with copies sent to the police and the International Criminal Court. The lawsuit cites participation in an internationally-planned false pandemic and violation of international law and human rights, the European Commission’s definition of human rights by coercive rules, Nuremberg and Hague rules on fundamental human rights, and the Norwegian constitution. We must take the initiative from hereon and not just complain, protest and react.

There are practical ways to support vital mass non-cooperation. Organising in numbers is one. Lockdown marches in London in the spring in 2021 were mass non-cooperation that the authorities could not stop. There were too many people. Hundreds of thousands walked the London streets in the centre of the road for mile after mile while the Face-Nappies could only look on. They were determined, but calm, and just *did it* with no histrionics and lots of smiles. The police were impotent. Others are organising group shopping without masks for mutual support and imagine if that was happening all over. Policing it would be impossible. If the store refuses to serve people in these circumstances they would be faced with a long line of trolleys full of goods standing on their own and everything would have to be returned to the shelves. How would they cope with that if it kept happening? I am talking here about moving on from complaining to being pro-active; from watching things happen to making things happen. I include in this our relationship with the police. The behaviour of many Face-Nappies

has been disgraceful and anyone who thinks they would never find concentration camp guards in the 'enlightened' modern era have had that myth busted big-time. The period and setting may change – Wetikos never do. I watched film footage from a London march in which a police thug viciously kicked a protestor on the floor who had done nothing. His fellow Face-Nappies stood in a ring protecting him. What he did was a criminal assault and with a crowd far outnumbering the police this can no longer be allowed to happen unchallenged. I get it when people chant 'shame on you' in these circumstances, but that is no longer enough. They *have* no shame those who do this. Crowds needs to start making a citizen's arrest of the police who commit criminal offences and brutally attack innocent people and defenceless women. A citizen's arrest can be made under section 24A of the UK Police and Criminal Evidence (PACE) Act of 1984 and you will find something similar in other countries. I prefer to call it a Common Law arrest rather than citizen's for reasons I will come to shortly. Anyone can arrest a person committing an indictable offence or if they have reasonable grounds to suspect they are committing an indictable offence. On both counts the attack by the police thug would have fallen into this category. A citizen's arrest can be made to stop someone:

- Causing physical injury to himself or any other person
- Suffering physical injury
- Causing loss of or damage to property
- Making off before a constable can assume responsibility for him

A citizen's arrest may also be made to prevent a breach of the peace under Common Law and if they believe a breach of the peace will happen or anything related to harm likely to be done or already done in their presence. This is the way to go I think – the Common Law version. If police know that the crowd and members of the public will no longer be standing and watching while they commit

their thuggery and crimes they will think twice about acting like Brownshirts and Blackshirts.

Common Law – common sense

Mention of Common Law is very important. Most people think the law is the law as in one law. This is not the case. There are two bodies of law, Common Law and Statute Law, and they are not the same. Common Law is founded on the simple premise of do no harm. It does not recognise victimless crimes in which no harm is done while Statute Law does. There is a Statute Law against almost everything. So what is Statute Law? Amazingly it's the law of the *sea* that was brought ashore by the Cult to override the law of the land which is Common Law. They had no right to do this and as always they did it anyway. They had to. They could not impose their will on the people through Common Law which only applies to do no harm. How could you stitch up the fine detail of people's lives with that? Instead they took the law of the sea, or Admiralty Law, and applied it to the population. Statute Law refers to all the laws spewing out of governments and their agencies including all the fascist laws and regulations relating to 'Covid'. The key point to make is that Statute Law is *contract law*. It only applies between *contracting* corporations. Most police officers don't even know this. They have to be kept in the dark, too. Long ago when merchants and their sailing ships began to trade with different countries a contractual law was developed called Admiralty Law and other names. Again it only applied to *contracts* agreed between *corporate* entities. If there is no agreed contract the law of the sea had no jurisdiction *and that still applies to its new alias of Statute Law*. The problem for the Cult when the law of the sea was brought ashore was an obvious one. People were not corporations and neither were government entities. To overcome the latter they made governments and all associated organisations corporations. All the institutions are *private corporations* and I mean governments and their agencies, local councils, police, courts, military, US states, the whole lot. Go to the

Dun and Bradstreet corporate listings website for confirmation that they are all corporations. You are arrested by a private corporation called the police by someone who is really a private security guard and they take you to court which is another private corporation. Neither have jurisdiction over you unless you consent and *contract* with them. This is why you hear the mantra about law enforcement policing by *consent* of the people. In truth the people 'consent' only in theory through monumental trickery.

Okay, the Cult overcame the corporate law problem by making governments and institutions corporate entities; but what about people? They are not corporations are they? Ah ... well in a sense, and *only* a sense, they are. Not people exactly – the illusion of people. The Cult creates a corporation in the name of everyone at the time that their birth certificate is issued. Note birth/ *berth* certificate and when you go to court under the law of the sea on land you stand in a *dock*. These are throwbacks to the origin. My Common Law name is David Vaughan Icke. The name of the corporation created by the government when I was born is called Mr David Vaughan Icke usually written in capitals as MR DAVID VAUGHAN ICKE. That is not me, the living, breathing man. It is a fictitious corporate entity. The trick is to make you think that David Vaughan Icke and MR DAVID VAUGHAN ICKE are the same thing. *They are not*. When police charge you and take you to court they are prosecuting the corporate entity and not the living, breathing, man or woman. They have to trick you into identifying as the corporate entity and contracting with them. Otherwise they have no jurisdiction. They do this through a language known as legalese. Lawful and legal are not the same either. Lawful relates to Common Law and legal relates to Statute Law. Legalese is the language of Statue Law which uses terms that mean one thing to the public and another in legalese. Notice that when a police officer tells someone why they are being charged he or she will say at the end: 'Do you understand?' To the public that means 'Do you comprehend?' In legalese it means 'Do you stand under me?' Do you stand under my authority? If you say

yes to the question you are unknowingly agreeing to give them jurisdiction over you in a contract between two corporate entities.

This is a confidence trick in every way. Contracts have to be agreed between informed parties and if you don't know that David Vaughan Icke is agreeing to be the corporation MR DAVID VAUGHAN ICKE you cannot knowingly agree to contract. They are deceiving you and another way they do this is to ask for proof of identity. You usually show them a driving licence or other document on which your corporate name is written. In doing so you are accepting that you are that corporate entity when you are not. Referring to yourself as a 'person' or 'citizen' is also identifying with your corporate fiction which is why I made the Common Law point about the citizen's arrest. If you are approached by a police officer you identify yourself immediately as a living, breathing, man or woman and say 'I do not consent, I do not contract with you and I do not understand' or stand under their authority. I have a Common Law birth certificate as a living man and these are available at no charge from commonlawcourt.com. Businesses registered under the Statute Law system means that its laws apply. There are, however, ways to run a business under Common Law. Remember all 'Covid' laws and regulations are Statute Law – the law of *contracts* and you do not have to contract. This doesn't mean that you can kill someone and get away with it. Common Law says do no harm and that applies to physical harm, financial harm etc. Police are employees of private corporations and there needs to be a new system of non-corporate Common Law constables operating outside the Statute Law system. If you go to davidicke.com and put Common Law into the search engine you will find videos that explain Common Law in much greater detail. It is definitely a road we should walk.

With all my heart

I have heard people say that we are in a spiritual war. I don't like the term 'war' with its Wetiko dynamic, but I know what they mean. Sweep aside all the bodily forms and we are in a situation in which two states of consciousness are seeking very different realities.

Wetiko wants upheaval, chaos, fear, suffering, conflict and control. The other wants love, peace, harmony, fairness and freedom. That's where we are. We should not fall for the idea that Wetiko is all-powerful and there's nothing we can do. Wetiko is not all-powerful. It's a joke, pathetic. It doesn't have to be, but it has made that choice for now. A handful of times over the years when I have felt the presence of its frequency I have allowed it to attach briefly so I could consciously observe its nature. The experience is not pleasant, the energy is heavy and dark, but the ease with which you can kick it back out the door shows that its real power is in persuading us that it has power. It's all a con. Wetiko is a con. It's a trickster and not a power that can control us if we unleash our own. The con is founded on manipulating humanity to give its power to Wetiko which recycles it back to present the illusion that it has power when its power is *ours* that we gave away. This happens on an energetic level and plays out in the world of the seen as humanity giving its power to Wetiko authority which uses that power to control the population when the power is only the power the population has handed over. How could it be any other way for billions to be controlled by a relative few? I have had experiences with people possessed by Wetiko and again you can kick its arse if you do it with an open heart. Oh yes – the *heart* which can transform the world of perceived 'matter'.

We are receiver-transmitters and processors of information, but what information and where from? Information is processed into perception in three main areas – the brain, the heart and the belly. These relate to thinking, knowing, and emotion. Wetiko wants us to be head and belly people which means we think within the confines of the Matrix simulation and low-vibrational emotional reaction scrambles balance and perception. A few minutes on social media and you see how emotion is the dominant force. Woke is all emotion and is therefore thought-free and fact-free. Our heart is something different. It *knows* while the head *thinks* and has to try to work it out because it doesn't know. The human energy field has seven prime vortexes which connect us with wider reality ([Fig 23](#)). Chakra means

'wheels of light' in the Sanskrit language of ancient India. The main ones are: The crown chakra on top of the head; brow (or 'third eye') chakra in the centre of the forehead; throat chakra; heart chakra in the centre of the chest; solar plexus chakra below the sternum; sacral chakra beneath the navel; and base chakra at the bottom of the spine. Each one has a particular function or functions. We feel anxiety and nervousness in the belly where the sacral chakra is located and this processes emotion that can affect the colon to give people 'the shits' or make them 'shit scared' when they are nervous. Chakras all play an important role, but the Mr and Mrs Big is the heart chakra which sits at the centre of the seven, above the chakras that connect us to the 'physical' and below those that connect with higher realms (or at least should). Here in the heart chakra we feel love, empathy and compassion – 'My heart goes out to you'. Those with closed hearts become literally 'heart-less' in their attitudes and behaviour (see Bill Gates). Native Americans portrayed Wetiko with what Paul Levy calls a 'frigid, icy heart, devoid of mercy' (see Bill Gates).



Figure 23: The chakra system which interpenetrates the human energy field. The heart chakra is the governor – or should be.

Wetiko trembles at the thought of heart energy which it cannot infiltrate. The frequency is too high. What it seeks to do instead is close the heart chakra vortex to block its perceptual and energetic influence. Psychopaths have 'hearts of stone' and emotionally-damaged people have 'heartache' and 'broken hearts'. The astonishing amount of heart disease is related to heart chakra

disruption with its fundamental connection to the 'physical' heart. Dr Tom Cowan has written an outstanding book challenging the belief that the heart is a pump and making the connection between the 'physical' and spiritual heart. Rudolph Steiner who was way ahead of his time said the same about the fallacy that the heart is a pump. *What?* The heart is not a pump? That's crazy, right? Everybody knows that. Read Cowan's *Human Heart, Cosmic Heart* and you will realise that the very idea of the heart as a pump is ridiculous when you see the evidence. How does blood in the feet so far from the heart get pumped horizontally up the body by the heart?? Cowan explains in the book the real reason why blood moves as it does. Our 'physical' heart is used to symbolise love when the source is really the heart vortex or spiritual heart which is our most powerful energetic connection to 'out there' expanded consciousness. That's why we feel *knowing* – intuitive knowing – in the centre of the chest. Knowing doesn't come from a process of thoughts leading to a conclusion. It is there in an instant all in one go. Our heart knows because of its connection to levels of awareness that *do* know. This is the meaning and source of intuition – intuitive *knowing*.

For the last more than 30 years of uncovering the global game and the nature of reality my heart has been my constant antenna for truth and accuracy. An American intelligence insider once said that I had quoted a disinformant in one of my books and yet I had only quoted the part that was true. He asked: 'How do you do that?' By using my heart antenna was the answer and anyone can do it. Heart-centred is how we are meant to be. With a closed heart chakra we withdraw into a closed mind and the bubble of five-sense reality. If you take a moment to focus your attention on the centre of your chest, picture a spinning wheel of light and see it opening and expanding. You will feel it happening, too, and perceptions of the heart like joy and love as the heart impacts on the mind as they interact. The more the chakra opens the more you will feel expressions of heart consciousness and as the process continues, and becomes part of you, insights and knowings will follow. An open

heart is connected to that level of awareness that knows all is *One*. You will see from its perspective that the fault-lines that divide us are only illusions to control us. An open heart does not process the illusions of race, creed and sexuality except as brief experiences for a consciousness that is all. Our heart does not see division, only unity (Figs 24 and 25). There's something else, too. Our hearts love to laugh. Mark Twain's quote that says 'The human race has one really effective weapon, and that is laughter' is really a reference to the heart which loves to laugh with the joy of knowing the true nature of infinite reality and that all the madness of human society is an illusion of the mind. Twain also said: 'Against the assault of laughter nothing can stand.' This is so true of Wetiko and the Cult. Their insecurity demands that they be taken seriously and their power and authority acknowledged and feared. We should do nothing of the sort. We should not get aggressive or fearful which their insecurity so desires. We should laugh in their face. Even in their no-face as police come over in their face-nappies and expect to be taken seriously. They don't take themselves seriously looking like that so why should we? Laugh in the face of intimidation. Laugh in the face of tyranny. You will see by its reaction that you have pressed all of its buttons. Wetiko does not know what to do in the face of laughter or when its targets refuse to concede their joy to fear. We have seen many examples during the 'Covid' hoax when people have expressed their energetic power and the string puppets of Wetiko retreat with their tail limp between their knees. Laugh – the world is bloody mad after all and if it's a choice between laughter and tears I know which way I'm going.



Figure 24: Head consciousness without the heart sees division and everything apart from everything else.



Figure 25: Heart consciousness sees everything as One.

'Vaccines' and the soul

The foundation of Wetiko/Archon control of humans is the separation of incarnate five-sense mind from the infinite 'I' and closing the heart chakra where the True 'I' lives during a human life. The goal has been to achieve complete separation in both cases. I was interested therefore to read an account by a French energetic healer of what she said she experienced with a patient who had been given the 'Covid' vaccine. Genuine energy healers can sense information and consciousness fields at different levels of being which are referred to as 'subtle bodies'. She described treating the patient who later returned after having, without the healer's knowledge, two doses of the 'Covid vaccine'. The healer said:

I noticed immediately the change, very heavy energy emanating from [the] subtle bodies. The scariest thing was when I was working on the heart chakra, I connected with her soul: it was detached from the physical body, it had no contact and it was, as if it was floating in a state of total confusion: a damage to the consciousness that loses contact with the physical body, i.e. with our biological machine, there is no longer any communication between them.

I continued the treatment by sending light to the heart chakra, the soul of the person, but it seemed that the soul could no longer receive any light, frequency or energy. It was a very powerful experience for me. Then I understood that this substance is indeed used to detach consciousness so that this consciousness can no longer interact through this body that it possesses in life, where there is no longer any contact, no frequency, no light, no more energetic balance or mind.

This would create a human that is rudderless and at the extreme almost zombie-like operating with a fractional state of consciousness at the mercy of Wetiko. I was especially intrigued by what the healer said in the light of the prediction by the highly-informed Rudolf Steiner more than a hundred years ago. He said:

In the future, we will eliminate the soul with medicine. Under the pretext of a 'healthy point of view', there will be a vaccine by which the human body will be treated as soon as possible directly at birth, so that the human being cannot develop the thought of the existence of soul and Spirit. To materialistic doctors will be entrusted the task of removing the soul of humanity.

As today, people are vaccinated against this disease or that disease, so in the future, children will be vaccinated with a substance that can be produced precisely in such a way that people, thanks to this vaccination, will be immune to being subjected to the 'madness' of spiritual life. He would be extremely smart, but he would not develop a conscience, and that is the true goal of some materialistic circles.

Steiner said the vaccine would detach the physical body from the etheric body (subtle bodies) and 'once the etheric body is detached the relationship between the universe and the etheric body would become extremely unstable, and man would become an automaton'. He said 'the physical body of man must be polished on this Earth by spiritual will – so the vaccine becomes a kind of arymanique (Wetiko) force' and 'man can no longer get rid of a given materialistic feeling'. Humans would then, he said, become 'materialistic of constitution and can no longer rise to the spiritual'. I have been writing for years about DNA being a receiver-transmitter of information that connects us to other levels of reality and these 'vaccines' changing DNA can be likened to changing an antenna and what it can transmit and receive. Such a disconnection would clearly lead to changes in personality and perception. Steiner further predicted the arrival of AI. Big Pharma 'Covid vaccine' makers, expressions of Wetiko, are testing their DNA-manipulating evil on children as I write with a view to giving the 'vaccine' to babies. If it's a soul-body disconnecter – and I say that it is or can be – every child would be disconnected from 'soul' at birth and the 'vaccine' would create a closed system in which spiritual guidance from the greater self would play no part. This has been the ambition of Wetiko all

along. A Pentagon video from 2005 was leaked of a presentation explaining the development of vaccines to change behaviour by their effect on the brain. Those that believe this is not happening with the 'Covid' genetically-modifying procedure masquerading as a 'vaccine' should make an urgent appointment with Naivety Anonymous. Klaus Schwab wrote in 2018:

Neurotechnologies enable us to better influence consciousness and thought and to understand many activities of the brain. They include decoding what we are thinking in fine levels of detail through new chemicals and interventions that can influence our brains to correct for errors or enhance functionality.

The plan is clear and only the heart can stop it. With every heart that opens, every mind that awakens, Wetiko is weakened. Heart and love are far more powerful than head and hate and so nothing like a majority is needed to turn this around.

Beyond the Phantom

Our heart is the prime target of Wetiko and so it must be the answer to Wetiko. We *are* our heart which is part of one heart, the infinite heart. Our heart is where the true self lives in a human life behind firewalls of five-sense illusion when an imposter takes its place – *Phantom Self*; but our heart waits patiently to be set free any time we choose to see beyond the Phantom, beyond Wetiko. A Wetikoed Phantom Self can wreak mass death and destruction while the love of forever is locked away in its heart. The time is here to unleash its power and let it sweep away the fear and despair that is Wetiko. Heart consciousness does not seek manipulated, censored, advantage for its belief or religion, its activism and desires. As an expression of the One it treats all as One with the same rights to freedom and opinion. Our heart demands fairness for itself no more than for others. From this unity of heart we can come together in mutual support and transform this Wetikoed world into what reality is meant to be – a place of love, joy, happiness, fairness, justice and freedom. Wetiko has another agenda and that's why the world is as

it is, but enough of this nonsense. Wetiko can't stay where hearts are open and it works so hard to keep them closed. Fear is its currency and its food source and love in its true sense has no fear. Why would love have fear when it knows it is *All That Is, Has Been, And Ever Can Be* on an eternal exploration of all possibility? Love in this true sense is not the physical attraction that passes for love. This can be an expression of it, yes, but Infinite Love, a love without condition, goes far deeper to the core of all being. It *is* the core of all being. Infinite reality was born from love beyond the illusions of the simulation. Love infinitely expressed is the knowing that all is One and the swiftly-passing experience of separation is a temporary hallucination. You cannot disconnect from Oneness; you can only *perceive* that you have and withdraw from its influence. This is the most important of all perception trickery by the mind parasite that is Wetiko and the foundation of all its potential for manipulation.

If we open our hearts, open the sluice gates of the mind, and redefine self-identity amazing things start to happen. Consciousness expands or contracts in accordance with self-identity. When true self is recognised as infinite awareness and label self – Phantom Self – is seen as only a series of brief experiences life is transformed. Consciousness expands to the extent that self-identity expands and everything changes. You see unity, not division, the picture, not the pixels. From this we can play the long game. No more is an experience something in and of itself, but a fleeting moment in the eternity of forever. Suddenly people in uniform and dark suits are no longer intimidating. Doing what your heart knows to be right is no longer intimidating and consequences for those actions take on the same nature of a brief experience that passes in the blink of an infinite eye. Intimidation is all in the mind. Beyond the mind there is no intimidation.

An open heart does not consider consequences for what it knows to be right. To do so would be to consider not doing what it knows to be right and for a heart in its power that is never an option. The Renegade Mind is really the Renegade Heart. Consideration of consequences will always provide a getaway car for the mind and

the heart doesn't want one. What is right in the light of what we face today is to stop cooperating with Wetiko in all its forms and to do it without fear or compromise. You cannot compromise with tyranny when tyranny always demands more until it has everything. Life is your perception and you are your destiny. Change your perception and you change your life. Change collective perception and we change the world.

Come on people ... One human family, One heart, One goal ...
FREEEEEEEDOM!

We must settle for nothing less.

Postscript

The big scare story as the book goes to press is the 'Indian' variant and the world is being deluged with propaganda about the 'Covid catastrophe' in India which mirrors in its lies and misrepresentations what happened in Italy before the first lockdown in 2020.

The *New York Post* published a picture of someone who had 'collapsed in the street from Covid' in India in April, 2021, which was actually taken during a gas leak in May, 2020. Same old, same old. Media articles in mid-February were asking why India had been so untouched by 'Covid' and then as their vaccine rollout gathered pace the alleged 'cases' began to rapidly increase. Indian 'Covid vaccine' maker Bharat Biotech was funded into existence by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation (the pair announced their divorce in May, 2021, which is a pity because they so deserve each other). The Indian 'Covid crisis' was ramped up by the media to terrify the world and prepare people for submission to still more restrictions. The scam that worked the first time was being repeated only with far more people seeing through the deceit. Davidicke.com and Ickonic.com have sought to tell the true story of what is happening by talking to people living through the Indian nightmare which has nothing to do with 'Covid'. We posted a letter from 'Alisha' in Pune who told a very different story to government and media mendacity. She said scenes of dying people and overwhelmed hospitals were designed to hide what was really happening – genocide and starvation. Alisha said that millions had already died of starvation during the ongoing lockdowns while government and media were lying and making it look like the 'virus':

Restaurants, shops, gyms, theatres, basically everything is shut. The cities are ghost towns. Even so-called 'essential' businesses are only open till 11am in the morning. You basically have just an hour to buy food and then your time is up.

Inter-state travel and even inter-district travel is banned. The cops wait at all major crossroads to question why you are traveling outdoors or to fine you if you are not wearing a mask.

The medical community here is also complicit in genocide, lying about hospitals being full and turning away people with genuine illnesses, who need immediate care. They have even created a shortage of oxygen cylinders.

This is the classic Cult modus operandi played out in every country. Alisha said that people who would not have a PCR test not testing for the 'virus' were being denied hospital treatment. She said the people hit hardest were migrant workers and those in rural areas. Most businesses employed migrant workers and with everything closed there were no jobs, no income and no food. As a result millions were dying of starvation or malnutrition. All this was happening under Prime Minister Narendra Modi, a 100-percent asset of the Cult, and it emphasises yet again the scale of pure anti-human evil we are dealing with. Australia banned its people from returning home from India with penalties for trying to do so of up to five years in jail and a fine of £37,000. The manufactured 'Covid' crisis in India was being prepared to justify further fascism in the West. Obvious connections could be seen between the Indian 'vaccine' programme and increased 'cases' and this became a common theme. The Seychelles, the most per capita 'Covid vaccinated' population in the world, went back into lockdown after a 'surge of cases'.

Long ago the truly evil Monsanto agricultural biotechnology corporation with its big connections to Bill Gates devastated Indian farming with genetically-modified crops. Human rights activist Gurcharan Singh highlighted the efforts by the Indian government to complete the job by destroying the food supply to hundreds of millions with 'Covid' lockdowns. He said that 415 million people at the bottom of the disgusting caste system (still going whatever they say) were below the poverty line and struggled to feed themselves every year. Now the government was imposing lockdown at just the

time to destroy the harvest. This deliberate policy was leading to mass starvation. People may reel back at the suggestion that a government would do that, but Wetiko-controlled 'leaders' are capable of any level of evil. In fact what is described in India is in the process of being instigated worldwide. The food chain and food supply are being targeted at every level to cause world hunger and thus control. Bill Gates is not the biggest owner of farmland in America for no reason and destroying access to food aids both the depopulation agenda and the plan for synthetic 'food' already being funded into existence by Gates. Add to this the coming hyper-inflation from the suicidal creation of fake 'money' in response to 'Covid' and the breakdown of container shipping systems and you have a cocktail that can only lead one way and is meant to. The Cult plan is to crash the entire system to 'build back better' with the Great Reset.

'Vaccine' transmission

Reports from all over the world continue to emerge of women suffering menstrual and fertility problems after having the fake 'vaccine' and of the non-'vaccinated' having similar problems when interacting with the 'vaccinated'. There are far too many for 'coincidence' to be credible. We've had menopausal women getting periods, others having periods stop or not stopping for weeks, passing clots, sometimes the lining of the uterus, breast irregularities, and miscarriages (which increased by 400 percent in parts of the United States). Non-'vaccinated' men and children have suffered blood clots and nose bleeding after interaction with the 'vaccinated'. Babies have died from the effects of breast milk from a 'vaccinated' mother. Awake doctors – the small minority – speculated on the cause of non-'vaccinated' suffering the same effects as the 'vaccinated'. Was it nanotechnology in the synthetic substance transmitting frequencies or was it a straight chemical bioweapon that was being transmitted between people? I am not saying that some kind of chemical transmission is not one possible answer, but the foundation of all that the Cult does is frequency and

this is fertile ground for understanding how transmission can happen. American doctor Carrie Madej, an internal medicine physician and osteopath, has been practicing for the last 20 years, teaching medical students, and she says attending different meetings where the agenda for humanity was discussed. Madej, who operates out of Georgia, did not dismiss other possible forms of transmission, but she focused on frequency in search of an explanation for transmission. She said the Moderna and Pfizer 'vaccines' contained nano-lipid particles as a key component. This was a brand new technology never before used on humanity. 'They're using a nanotechnology which is pretty much little tiny computer bits ... nanobots or hydrogel.' Inside the 'vaccines' was 'this sci-fi kind of substance' which suppressed immune checkpoints to get into the cell. I referred to this earlier as the 'Trojan horse' technique that tricks the cell into opening a gateway for the self-replicating synthetic material and while the immune system is artificially suppressed the body has no defences. Madej said the substance served many purposes including an on-demand ability to 'deliver the payload' and using the nano 'computer bits' as biosensors in the body. 'It actually has the ability to accumulate data from your body, like your breathing, your respiration, thoughts, emotions, all kinds of things.'

She said the technology obviously has the ability to operate through Wi-Fi and transmit and receive energy, messages, frequencies or impulses. 'Just imagine you're getting this new substance in you and it can react to things all around you, the 5G, your smart device, your phones.' We had something completely foreign in the human body that had never been launched large scale at a time when we were seeing 5G going into schools and hospitals (plus the Musk satellites) and she believed the 'vaccine' transmission had something to do with this: '... if these people have this inside of them ... it can act like an antenna and actually transmit it outwardly as well.' The synthetic substance produced its own voltage and so it could have that kind of effect. This fits with my own contention that the nano receiver-transmitters are designed to connect people to the

Smart Grid and break the receiver-transmitter connection to expanded consciousness. That would explain the French energy healer's experience of the disconnection of body from 'soul' with those who have had the 'vaccine'. The nanobots, self-replicating inside the body, would also transmit the synthetic frequency which could be picked up through close interaction by those who have not been 'vaccinated'. Madej speculated that perhaps it was 5G and increased levels of other radiation that was causing the symptoms directly although interestingly she said that non-'vaccinated' patients had shown improvement when they were away from the 'vaccinated' person they had interacted with. It must be remembered that you can control frequency and energy with your mind and you can consciously create energetic barriers or bubbles with the mind to stop damaging frequencies from penetrating your field. American paediatrician Dr Larry Palevsky said the 'vaccine' was not a 'vaccine' and was never designed to protect from a 'viral' infection. He called it 'a massive, brilliant propaganda of genocide' because they didn't have to inject everyone to get the result they wanted. He said the content of the jabs was able to infuse any material into the brain, heart, lungs, kidneys, liver, sperm and female productive system. 'This is genocide; this is a weapon of mass destruction.' At the same time American colleges were banning students from attending if they didn't have this life-changing and potentially life-ending 'vaccine'. Class action lawsuits must follow when the consequences of this college fascism come to light. As the book was going to press came reports about fertility effects on sperm in 'vaccinated' men which would absolutely fit with what I have been saying and hospitals continued to fill with 'vaccine' reactions. Another question is what about transmission via blood transfusions? The NHS has extended blood donation restrictions from seven days after a 'Covid vaccination' to 28 days after even a sore arm reaction.

I said in the spring of 2020 that the then touted 'Covid vaccine' would be ongoing each year like the flu jab. A year later Pfizer CEO, the appalling Albert Bourla, said people would 'likely' need a 'booster dose' of the 'vaccine' within 12 months of getting 'fully

vaccinated' and then a yearly shot. 'Variants will play a key role', he said confirming the point. Johnson & Johnson CEO Alex Gorsky also took time out from his 'vaccine' disaster to say that people may need to be vaccinated against 'Covid-19' each year. UK Health Secretary, the psychopath Matt Hancock, said additional 'boosters' would be available in the autumn of 2021. This is the trap of the 'vaccine passport'. The public will have to accept every last 'vaccine' they introduce, including for the fake 'variants', or it would cease to be valid. The only other way in some cases would be continuous testing with a test not testing for the 'virus' and what is on the swabs constantly pushed up your nose towards the brain every time?

'Vaccines' changing behaviour

I mentioned in the body of the book how I believed we would see gathering behaviour changes in the 'vaccinated' and I am already hearing such comments from the non-'vaccinated' describing behaviour changes in friends, loved ones and work colleagues. This will only increase as the self-replicating synthetic material and nanoparticles expand in body and brain. An article in the *Guardian* in 2016 detailed research at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville which developed a new method for controlling brain circuits associated with complex animal behaviour. The method, dubbed 'magnetogenetics', involves genetically-engineering a protein called ferritin, which stores and releases iron, to create a magnetised substance – 'Magneto' – that can activate specific groups of nerve cells from a distance. This is claimed to be an advance on other methods of brain activity manipulation known as optogenetics and chemogenetics (the Cult has been developing methods of brain control for a long time). The ferritin technique is said to be non-invasive and able to activate neurons 'rapidly and reversibly'. In other words, human thought and perception. The article said that earlier studies revealed how nerve cell proteins 'activated by heat and mechanical pressure can be genetically engineered so that they become sensitive to radio waves and magnetic fields, by attaching them to an iron-storing protein called ferritin, or to inorganic

paramagnetic particles'. Sensitive to radio waves and magnetic fields? You mean like 5G, 6G and 7G? This is the human-AI Smart Grid hive mind we are talking about. The *Guardian* article said:

... the researchers injected Magneto into the striatum of freely behaving mice, a deep brain structure containing dopamine-producing neurons that are involved in reward and motivation, and then placed the animals into an apparatus split into magnetised and non-magnetised sections.

Mice expressing Magneto spent far more time in the magnetised areas than mice that did not, because activation of the protein caused the striatal neurons expressing it to release dopamine, so that the mice found being in those areas rewarding. This shows that Magneto can remotely control the firing of neurons deep within the brain, and also control complex behaviours.

Make no mistake this basic methodology will be part of the 'Covid vaccine' cocktail and using magnetics to change brain function through electromagnetic field frequency activation. The Pentagon is developing a 'Covid vaccine' using ferritin. Magnetics would explain changes in behaviour and why videos are appearing across the Internet as I write showing how magnets stick to the skin at the point of the 'vaccine' shot. Once people take these 'vaccines' anything becomes possible in terms of brain function and illness which will be blamed on 'Covid-19' and 'variants'. Magnetic field manipulation would further explain why the non-'vaccinated' are reporting the same symptoms as the 'vaccinated' they interact with and why those symptoms are reported to decrease when not in their company. Interestingly 'Magneto', a 'mutant', is a character in the Marvel Comic *X-Men* stories with the ability to manipulate magnetic fields and he believes that mutants should fight back against their human oppressors by any means necessary. The character was born Erik Lehnsherr to a Jewish family in Germany.

Cult-controlled courts

The European Court of Human Rights opened the door for mandatory 'Covid-19 vaccines' across the continent when it ruled in a Czech Republic dispute over childhood immunisation that legally

enforced vaccination could be 'necessary in a democratic society'. The 17 judges decided that compulsory vaccinations did not breach human rights law. On the face of it the judgement was so inverted you gasp for air. If not having a vaccine infused into your body is not a human right then what is? Ah, but they said human rights law which has been specifically written to delete all human rights at the behest of the state (the Cult). Article 8 of the European Convention on Human Rights relates to the right to a private life. The crucial word here is '*except*':

There shall be no interference by a public authority with the exercise of this right EXCEPT such as is in accordance with the law and is necessary in a democratic society in the interests of national security, public safety or the economic wellbeing of the country, for the prevention of disorder or crime, for the protection of health or morals, or for the protection of the rights and freedoms of others [My emphasis].

No interference *except* in accordance with the law means there *are* no 'human rights' *except* what EU governments decide you can have at their behest. 'As is necessary in a democratic society' explains that reference in the judgement and 'in the interests of national security, public safety or the economic well-being of the country, for the prevention of disorder or crime, for the protection of health or morals, or for the protection of the rights and freedoms of others' gives the EU a coach and horses to ride through 'human rights' and scatter them in all directions. The judiciary is not a check and balance on government extremism; it is a vehicle to enforce it. This judgement was almost laughably predictable when the last thing the Cult wanted was a decision that went against mandatory vaccination. Judges rule over and over again to benefit the system of which they are a part. Vaccination disputes that come before them are invariably delivered in favour of doctors and authorities representing the view of the state which owns the judiciary. Oh, yes, and we have even had calls to stop putting 'Covid-19' on death certificates within 28 days of a 'positive test' because it is claimed the practice makes the 'vaccine' appear not to work. They are laughing at you.

The scale of madness, inhumanity and things to come was highlighted when those not 'vaccinated' for 'Covid' were refused evacuation from the Caribbean island of St Vincent during massive volcanic eruptions. Cruise ships taking residents to the safety of another island allowed only the 'vaccinated' to board and the rest were left to their fate. Even in life and death situations like this we see 'Covid' stripping people of their most basic human instincts and the insanity is even more extreme when you think that fake 'vaccine'-makers are not even claiming their body-manipulating concoctions stop 'infection' and 'transmission' of a 'virus' that doesn't exist. St Vincent Prime Minister Ralph Gonsalves said: 'The chief medical officer will be identifying the persons already vaccinated so that we can get them on the ship.' Note again the power of the chief medical officer who, like Whitty in the UK, will be answering to the World Health Organization. This is the Cult network structure that has overridden politicians who 'follow the science' which means doing what WHO-controlled 'medical officers' and 'science advisers' tell them. Gonsalves even said that residents who were 'vaccinated' after the order so they could board the ships would still be refused entry due to possible side effects such as 'wooziness in the head'. The good news is that if they were woozy enough in the head they could qualify to be prime minister of St Vincent.

Microchipping freedom

The European judgement will be used at some point to justify moves to enforce the 'Covid' DNA-manipulating procedure. Sandra Ro, CEO of the Global Blockchain Business Council, told a World Economic Forum event that she hoped 'vaccine passports' would help to 'drive forced consent and standardisation' of global digital identity schemes: 'I'm hoping with the desire and global demand for some sort of vaccine passport – so that people can get travelling and working again – [it] will drive forced consent, standardisation, and frankly, cooperation across the world.' The lady is either not very bright, or thoroughly mendacious, to use the term 'forced consent'.

You do not 'consent' if you are forced – you *submit*. She was describing what the plan has been all along and that's to enforce a digital identity on every human without which they could not function. 'Vaccine passports' are opening the door and are far from the end goal. A digital identity would allow you to be tracked in everything you do in cyberspace and this is the same technique used by Cult-owned China to enforce its social credit system of total control. The ultimate 'passport' is planned to be a microchip as my books have warned for nearly 30 years. Those nice people at the Pentagon working for the Cult-controlled Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA) claimed in April, 2021, they have developed a microchip inserted under the skin to detect 'asymptomatic Covid-19 infection' before it becomes an outbreak and a 'revolutionary filter' that can remove the 'virus' from the blood when attached to a dialysis machine. The only problems with this are that the 'virus' does not exist and people transmitting the 'virus' with no symptoms is brain-numbing bullshit. This is, of course, not a ruse to get people to be microchipped for very different reasons. DARPA also said it was producing a one-stop 'vaccine' for the 'virus' and all 'variants'. One of the most sinister organisations on Planet Earth is doing this? Better have it then. These people are insane because Wetiko that possesses them is insane.

Researchers from the Salk Institute in California announced they have created an embryo that is part human and part monkey. My books going back to the 1990s have exposed experiments in top secret underground facilities in the United States where humans are being crossed with animal and non-human 'extraterrestrial' species. They are now easing that long-developed capability into the public arena and there is much more to come given we are dealing with psychiatric basket cases. Talking of which – Elon Musk's scientists at Neuralink trained a monkey to play Pong and other puzzles on a computer screen using a joystick and when the monkey made the correct move a metal tube squirted banana smoothie into his mouth which is the basic technique for training humans into unquestioning compliance. Two Neuralink chips were in the monkey's skull and

more than 2,000 wires 'fanned out' into its brain. Eventually the monkey played a video game purely with its brain waves. Psychopathic narcissist Musk said the 'breakthrough' was a step towards putting Neuralink chips into human skulls and merging minds with artificial intelligence. *Exactly*. This man is so dark and Cult to his DNA.

World Economic Fascism (WEF)

The World Economic Forum is telling you the plan by the statements made at its many and various events. Cult-owned fascist YouTube CEO Susan Wojcicki spoke at the 2021 WEF Global Technology Governance Summit (see the name) in which 40 governments and 150 companies met to ensure 'the responsible design and deployment of emerging technologies'. Orwellian translation: 'Ensuring the design and deployment of long-planned technologies will advance the Cult agenda for control and censorship.' Freedom-destroyer and Nuremberg-bound Wojcicki expressed support for tech platforms like hers to censor content that is 'technically legal but could be harmful'. Who decides what is 'harmful'? She does and they do. 'Harmful' will be whatever the Cult doesn't want people to see and we have legislation proposed by the UK government that would censor content on the basis of 'harm' no matter if the information is fair, legal and provably true. Make that *especially* if it is fair, legal and provably true. Wojcicki called for a global coalition to be formed to enforce content moderation standards through automated censorship. This is a woman and mega-censor so self-deluded that she shamelessly accepted a 'free expression' award – *Wojcicki* – in an event sponsored by her own *YouTube*. They have no shame and no self-awareness.

You know that 'Covid' is a scam and Wojcicki a Cult operative when YouTube is censoring medical and scientific opinion purely on the grounds of whether it supports or opposes the Cult 'Covid' narrative. Florida governor Ron DeSantis compiled an expert panel with four professors of medicine from Harvard, Oxford, and Stanford Universities who spoke against forcing children and

vaccinated people to wear masks. They also said there was no proof that lockdowns reduced spread or death rates of 'Covid-19'. Cult-gofer Wojcicki and her YouTube deleted the panel video 'because it included content that contradicts the consensus of local and global health authorities regarding the efficacy of masks to prevent the spread of Covid-19'. This 'consensus' refers to what the Cult tells the World Health Organization to say and the WHO tells 'local health authorities' to do. Wojcicki knows this, of course. The panellists pointed out that censorship of scientific debate was responsible for deaths from many causes, but Wojcicki couldn't care less. She would not dare go against what she is told and as a disgrace to humanity she wouldn't want to anyway. The UK government is seeking to pass a fascist 'Online Safety Bill' to specifically target with massive fines and other means non-censored video and social media platforms to make them censor 'lawful but harmful' content like the Cult-owned Facebook, Twitter, Google and YouTube. What is 'lawful but harmful' would be decided by the fascist Blair-created Ofcom.

Another WEF obsession is a cyber-attack on the financial system and this is clearly what the Cult has planned to take down the bank accounts of everyone – except theirs. Those that think they have enough money for the Cult agenda not to matter to them have got a big lesson coming if they continue to ignore what is staring them in the face. The World Economic Forum, funded by Gates and fronted by Klaus Schwab, announced it would be running a 'simulation' with the Russian government and global banks of just such an attack called Cyber Polygon 2021. What they simulate – as with the 'Covid' Event 201 – they plan to instigate. The WEF is involved in a project with the Cult-owned Carnegie Endowment for International Peace called the WEF-Carnegie Cyber Policy Initiative which seeks to merge Wall Street banks, 'regulators' (I love it) and intelligence agencies to 'prevent' (arrange and allow) a cyber-attack that would bring down the global financial system as long planned by those that control the WEF and the Carnegie operation. The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace sent an instruction to First World

War US President Woodrow Wilson not to let the war end before society had been irreversibly transformed.

The Wuhan lab diversion

As I close, the Cult-controlled authorities and lapdog media are systematically pushing 'the virus was released from the Wuhan lab' narrative. There are two versions – it happened by accident and it happened on purpose. Both are nonsense. The perceived existence of the never-shown-to-exist 'virus' is vital to sell the impression that there is actually an infective agent to deal with and to allow the endless potential for terrifying the population with 'variants' of a 'virus' that does not exist. The authorities at the time of writing are going with the 'by accident' while the alternative media is promoting the 'on purpose'. Cable news host Tucker Carlson who has questioned aspects of lockdown and 'vaccine' compulsion has bought the Wuhan lab story. 'Everyone now agrees' he said. Well, I don't and many others don't and the question is *why* does the system and its media suddenly 'agree'? When the media moves as one unit with a narrative it is always a lie – witness the hour by hour mendacity of the 'Covid' era. Why would this Cult-owned combination which has unleashed lies like machine gun fire suddenly 'agree' to tell the truth??

Much of the alternative media is buying the lie because it fits the conspiracy narrative, but it's the *wrong* conspiracy. The real conspiracy is that *there is no virus* and that is what the Cult is desperate to hide. The idea that the 'virus' was released by accident is ludicrous when the whole 'Covid' hoax was clearly long-planned and waiting to be played out as it was so fast in accordance with the Rockefeller document and Event 201. So they prepared everything in detail over decades and then sat around strumming their fingers waiting for an 'accidental' release from a bio-lab? *What??* It's crazy. Then there's the 'on purpose' claim. You want to circulate a 'deadly virus' and hide the fact that you've done so and you release it down the street from the highest-level bio-lab in China? I repeat – *What??*

You would release it far from that lab to stop any association being made. But, no, we'll do it in a place where the connection was certain to be made. Why would you need to scam 'cases' and 'deaths' and pay hospitals to diagnose 'Covid-19' if you had a real 'virus'? What are sections of the alternative media doing believing this crap? Where were all the mass deaths in Wuhan from a 'deadly pathogen' when the recovery to normal life after the initial propaganda was dramatic in speed? Why isn't the 'deadly pathogen' now circulating all over China with bodies in the street? Once again we have the technique of tell them what they want to hear and they will likely believe it. The alternative media has its 'conspiracy' and with Carlson it fits with his 'China is the danger' narrative over years. China *is* a danger as a global Cult operations centre, but not for this reason. The Wuhan lab story also has the potential to instigate conflict with China when at some stage the plan is to trigger a Problem-Reaction-Solution confrontation with the West. Question everything – *everything* – and especially when the media agrees on a common party line.

Third wave ... fourth wave ... fifth wave ...

As the book went into production the world was being set up for more lockdowns and a 'third wave' supported by invented 'variants' that were increasing all the time and will continue to do so in public statements and computer programs, but not in reality. India became the new Italy in the 'Covid' propaganda campaign and we were told to be frightened of the new 'Indian strain'. Somehow I couldn't find it within myself to do so. A document produced for the UK government entitled 'Summary of further modelling of easing of restrictions – Roadmap Step 2' declared that a third wave was inevitable (of course when it's in the script) and it would be the fault of children and those who refuse the health-destroying fake 'Covid vaccine'. One of the computer models involved came from the Cult-owned *Imperial College* and the other from Warwick University which I wouldn't trust to tell me the date in a calendar factory. The document states that both models presumed extremely high uptake

of the 'Covid vaccines' and didn't allow for 'variants'. The document states: 'The resurgence is a result of some people (mostly children) being ineligible for vaccination; others choosing not to receive the vaccine; and others being vaccinated but not perfectly protected.' The mendacity takes the breath away. Okay, blame those with a brain who won't take the DNA-modifying shots and put more pressure on children to have it as 'trials' were underway involving children as young as six months with parents who give insanity a bad name. Massive pressure is being put on the young to have the fake 'vaccine' and child age consent limits have been systematically lowered around the world to stop parents intervening. Most extraordinary about the document was its claim that the 'third wave' would be driven by 'the resurgence in both hospitalisations and deaths ... dominated by *those that have received two doses of the vaccine*, comprising around 60-70% of the wave respectively'. The predicted peak of the 'third wave' suggested 300 deaths per day with 250 of them *fully 'vaccinated' people*. How many more lies do acquiescers need to be told before they see the obvious? Those who took the job to 'protect themselves' are projected to be those who mostly get sick and die? So what's in the 'vaccine'? The document went on:

It is possible that a summer of low prevalence could be followed by substantial increases in incidence over the following autumn and winter. Low prevalence in late summer should not be taken as an indication that SARS-CoV-2 has retreated or that the population has high enough levels of immunity to prevent another wave.

They are telling you the script and while many British people believed 'Covid' restrictions would end in the summer of 2021 the government was preparing for them to be ongoing. Authorities were awarding contracts for 'Covid marshals' to police the restrictions with contracts starting in July, 2021, and going through to January 31st, 2022, and the government was advertising for 'Media Buying Services' to secure media propaganda slots worth a potential £320 million for 'Covid-19 campaigns' with a contract not ending until March, 2022. The recipient – via a list of other front companies – was reported to be American media marketing giant Omnicom Group

Inc. While money is no object for 'Covid' the UK waiting list for all other treatment – including life-threatening conditions – passed 4.5 million. Meantime the Cult is seeking to control all official 'inquiries' to block revelations about what has really been happening and why. It must not be allowed to – we need Nuremberg jury trials in every country. The cover-up doesn't get more obvious than appointing ultra-Zionist professor Philip Zelikow to oversee two dozen US virologists, public health officials, clinicians, former government officials and four American 'charitable foundations' to 'learn the lessons' of the 'Covid' debacle. The personnel will be those that created and perpetuated the 'Covid' lies while Zelikow is the former executive director of the 9/11 Commission who ensured that the truth about those attacks never came out and produced a report that must be among the most mendacious and manipulative documents ever written – see *The Trigger* for the detailed exposure of the almost unimaginable 9/11 story in which Sabbatians can be found at every level.

Passive no more

People are increasingly challenging the authorities with amazing numbers of people taking to the streets in London well beyond the ability of the Face-Nappies to stop them. Instead the Nappies choose situations away from the mass crowds to target, intimidate, and seek to promote the impression of 'violent protestors'. One such incident happened in London's Hyde Park. Hundreds of thousands walking through the streets in protest against 'Covid' fascism were ignored by the Cult-owned BBC and most of the rest of the mainstream media, but they delighted in reporting how police were injured in 'clashes with protestors'. The truth was that a group of people gathered in Hyde Park at the end of one march when most had gone home and they were peacefully having a good time with music and chat. Face-Nappies who couldn't deal with the full-march crowd then waded in with their batons and got more than they bargained for. Instead of just standing for this criminal brutality the crowd used their numerical superiority to push the Face-Nappies out of the

park. Eventually the Nappies turned and ran. Unfortunately two or three idiots in the crowd threw drink cans striking two officers which gave the media and the government the image they wanted to discredit the 99.9999 percent who were peaceful. The idiots walked straight into the trap and we must always be aware of potential agent provocateurs used by the authorities to discredit their targets.

This response from the crowd – the can people apart – must be a turning point when the public no longer stand by while the innocent are arrested and brutally attacked by the Face-Nappies. That doesn't mean to be violent, that's the last thing we need. We'll leave the violence to the Face-Nappies and government. But it does mean that when the Face-Nappies use violence against peaceful people the numerical superiority is employed to stop them and make citizen's arrests or Common Law arrests for a breach of the peace. The time for being passive in the face of fascism is over.

We are the many, they are the few, and we need to make that count before there is no freedom left and our children and grandchildren face an ongoing fascist nightmare.

COME ON PEOPLE – IT'S TIME.

One final thought ...

The power of love
A force from above
Cleaning my soul
Flame on burn desire
Love with tongues of fire
Purge the soul
Make love your goal

I'll protect you from the hooded claw
Keep the vampires from your door
When the chips are down I'll be around
With my undying, death-defying
Love for you

Envy will hurt itself
Let yourself be beautiful
Sparkling love, flowers
And pearls and pretty girls
Love is like an energy
Rushin' rushin' inside of me

This time we go sublime
Lovers entwine, divine, divine,
Love is danger, love is pleasure
Love is pure – the only treasure

I'm so in love with you
Purge the soul
Make love your goal

The power of love
A force from above
Cleaning my soul
The power of love
A force from above
A sky-scraping dove

Flame on burn desire
Love with tongues of fire
Purge the soul
Make love your goal

Frankie Goes To Hollywood

APPENDIX

Cowan-Kaufman-Morell Statement on Virus Isolation (SOVI)

Isolation: The action of isolating; the fact or condition of being isolated or standing alone; separation from other things or persons; solitariness

Oxford English Dictionary

The controversy over whether the SARS-CoV-2 virus has ever been isolated or purified continues. However, using the above definition, common sense, the laws of logic and the dictates of science, any unbiased person must come to the conclusion that the SARS-CoV-2 virus has never been isolated or purified. As a result, no confirmation of the virus' existence can be found. The logical, common sense, and scientific consequences of this fact are:

- the structure and composition of something not shown to exist can't be known, including the presence, structure, and function of any hypothetical spike or other proteins;
- the genetic sequence of something that has never been found can't be known;
- "variants" of something that hasn't been shown to exist can't be known;
- it's impossible to demonstrate that SARS-CoV-2 causes a disease called Covid-19.

In as concise terms as possible, here's the proper way to isolate, characterize and demonstrate a new virus. First, one takes samples (blood, sputum, secretions) from many people (e.g. 500) with symptoms which are unique and specific enough to characterize an illness. Without mixing these samples with ANY tissue or products that also contain genetic material, the virologist macerates, filters and ultracentrifuges i.e. *purifies* the specimen. This common virology technique, done for decades to isolate bacteriophages¹ and so-called giant viruses in every virology lab, then allows the virologist to demonstrate with electron microscopy thousands of identically sized and shaped particles. These particles are the isolated and purified virus.

These identical particles are then checked for uniformity by physical and/or microscopic techniques. Once the purity is determined, the particles may be further characterized. This would include examining the structure, morphology, and chemical composition of the particles. Next, their genetic makeup is characterized by extracting the genetic material directly from the purified particles and using genetic-sequencing techniques, such as Sanger sequencing, that have also been around for decades. Then one does an analysis to confirm that these uniform particles are exogenous (outside) in origin as a virus is conceptualized to be, and not the normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues.² (As of May 2020, we know that virologists have no way to determine whether the particles they're seeing are viruses or just normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues.)³

1 Isolation, characterization and analysis of bacteriophages from the haloalkaline lake Elmenteita, Kenya Julia Khayeli Akhwale et al, PLOS One, Published: April 25, 2019.
<https://journals.plos.org/plosone/article?id=10.1371/journal.pone.0215734> – accessed 2/15/21

2 "Extracellular Vesicles Derived From Apoptotic Cells: An Essential Link Between Death and Regeneration," Maojiao Li et al, Frontiers in Cell and Developmental Biology, 2020 October 2.
<https://www.frontiersin.org/articles/10.3389/fcell.2020.573511/full> – accessed 2/15/21

If we have come this far then we have fully isolated, characterized, and genetically sequenced an exogenous virus particle. However, we still have to show it is causally related to a disease. This is carried out by exposing a group of healthy subjects (animals are usually used) to this isolated, purified virus in the manner in which the disease is thought to be transmitted. If the animals get sick with the same disease, as confirmed by clinical and autopsy findings, one has now shown that the virus actually causes a disease. This demonstrates infectivity and transmission of an infectious agent.

None of these steps has even been attempted with the SARS-CoV-2 virus, nor have all these steps been successfully performed for any so-called pathogenic virus. Our research indicates that a single study showing these steps does not exist in the medical literature.

Instead, since 1954, virologists have taken unpurified samples from a relatively few people, often less than ten, with a similar disease. They then minimally process this sample and inoculate this unpurified sample onto tissue culture containing usually four to six other types of material – all of which contain identical genetic material as to what is called a “virus.” The tissue culture is starved and poisoned and naturally disintegrates into many types of particles, some of which contain genetic material. Against all common sense, logic, use of the English language and scientific integrity, this process is called “virus isolation.” This brew containing fragments of genetic material from many sources is then subjected to genetic analysis, which then creates in a computer-simulation process the alleged sequence of the alleged virus, a so called in silico genome. At no time is an actual virus confirmed by electron microscopy. At no time is a genome extracted and sequenced from an actual virus. This is scientific fraud.

The observation that the unpurified specimen — inoculated onto tissue culture along with toxic antibiotics, bovine fetal tissue, amniotic fluid and other tissues — destroys the kidney tissue onto which it is inoculated is given as evidence of the virus' existence and pathogenicity. This is scientific fraud.

From now on, when anyone gives you a paper that suggests the SARS-CoV-2 virus has been isolated, please check the methods sections. If the researchers used Vero cells or any other culture method, you know that their process was not isolation. You will hear the following excuses for why actual isolation isn't done:

1. There were not enough virus particles found in samples from patients to analyze.
2. Viruses are intracellular parasites; they can't be found outside the cell in this manner.

If No. 1 is correct, and we can't find the virus in the sputum of sick people, then on what evidence do we think the virus is dangerous or even lethal? If No. 2 is correct, then how is the virus spread from person to person? We are told it emerges from the cell to infect others. Then why isn't it possible to find it?

Finally, questioning these virology techniques and conclusions is not some distraction or divisive issue. Shining the light on this truth is essential to stop this terrible fraud that humanity is confronting. For, as we now know, if the virus has never been isolated, sequenced or shown to cause illness, if the virus is imaginary, then why are we wearing masks, social distancing and putting the whole world into prison?

Finally, if pathogenic viruses don't exist, then what is going into those injectable devices erroneously called "vaccines," and what is their purpose? This scientific question is the most urgent and relevant one of our time.

We are correct. The SARS-CoV2 virus does not exist.

Sally Fallon Morell, MA

Dr. Thomas Cowan, MD

Dr. Andrew Kaufman, MD

Bibliography

- Alinsky, Saul:** *Rules for Radicals* (Vintage, 1989)
- Antelman, Rabbi Marvin:** *To Eliminate the Opiate* (Zahavia, 1974)
- Bastardi, Joe:** *The Climate Chronicles* (Relentless Thunder Press, 2018)
- Cowan, Tom:** *Human Heart, Cosmic Heart* (Chelsea Green Publishing, 2016)
- Cowan, Tom, and Fallon Morell, Sally:** *The Contagion Myth* (Skyhorse Publishing, 2020)
- Forbes, Jack D:** *Columbus And Other Cannibals – The Wetiko Disease of Exploitation, Imperialism, and Terrorism* (Seven Stories Press, 2008 – originally published in 1979)
- Gates, Bill:** *How to Avoid a Climate Disaster: The Solutions We Have and the Breakthroughs We Need* (Allen Lane, 2021)
- Huxley, Aldous:** *Brave New World* (Chatto & Windus, 1932)
- Köhnlein, Dr Claus, and Engelbrecht, Torsten:** *Virus Mania* (emu-Verlag, Lahnstein, 2020)
- Lanza, Robert, and Berman, Bob:** *Biocentrism* (BenBella Books, 2010)
- Lash, John Lamb:** *Not In His Image* (Chelsea Green Publishing, 2006)
- Lester, Dawn, and Parker, David:** *What Really Makes You Ill – Why everything you thought you knew about disease is wrong* (Independently Published, 2019)
- Levy, Paul:** *Dispelling Wetiko, Breaking the Spell of Evil* (North Atlantic Books, 2013)
- Marx, Karl:** *A World Without Jews* (Philosophical Library, first edition, 1959)
- Mullis, Kary:** *Dancing Naked in the Mine Field* (Bloomsbury, 1999)
- O'Brien, Cathy:** *Trance-Formation of America* (Reality Marketing, 1995)
- Scholem, Gershon:** *The Messianic Idea in Judaism* (Schocken Books, 1994)
- Schwab, Klaus, and Davis, Nicholas:** *Shaping the Future of the Fourth Industrial Revolution: A guide to building a better world* (Penguin Books, 2018)
- Schwab, Klaus:** *The Great Reset* (Agentur Schweiz, 2020)
- Sunstein, Cass and Thaler, Richard:** *Nudge: Improving Decisions About Health, Wealth, and Happiness* (Penguin, 2009)
- Swan, Shanna:** *Count Down: How Our Modern World Is Threatening Sperm Counts, Altering Male and Female Reproductive Development and Imperiling the Future of the Human Race* (Scribner, 2021)
- Tegmark, Max:** *Our Mathematical Universe: My Quest for the Ultimate Nature of Reality* (Penguin, 2015)
- Velikovsky, Immanuel:** *Worlds in Collision* (Paradigma, 2009)

Wilton, Robert: *The Last Days of the Romanovs* (Blurb, 2018, first published 1920)

Index

A

abusive relationships

blaming themselves, abused as [ref1](#)

children [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#), [ref10](#)

conspiracy theories [ref1](#)

domestic abuse [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

economic abuse and dependency [ref1](#)

isolation [ref1](#)

physical abuse [ref1](#)

psychological abuse [ref1](#)

signs of abuse [ref1](#)

addiction

alcoholism [ref1](#)

frequencies [ref1](#)

substance abuse [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

technology [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Adelson, Sheldon [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Agenda 21/Agenda 2030 (UN) [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

AIDs/HIV [ref1](#)

causal link between HIV and AIDs [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

retroviruses [ref1](#)

testing [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

trial-run for Covid-19, as [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

aliens/extraterrestrials [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

aluminium [ref1](#)

Amazon [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

amplification cycles [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
anaphylactic shock [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)
animals [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
antibodies [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)
Antifa [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)
antigens [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
anti-Semitism [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
Archons [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
 consciousness [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
 energy [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
 ennoia [ref1](#)
 genetic manipulation [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
 inversion [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
 lockdowns [ref1](#)
 money [ref1](#)
 radiation [ref1](#)
 religion [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
 technology [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
 Wetiko factor [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)
artificial intelligence (AI) [ref1](#)
army made up of robots [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
 Human 2.0 [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
 Internet [ref1](#)
 MHRA [ref1](#)
 Morgellons fibres [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
 Smart Grid [ref1](#)
 Wetiko factor [ref1](#)
asymptomatic, Covid-19 as [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
aviation industry [ref1](#)

B

banking, finance and money [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

2008 crisis [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

boom and bust [ref1](#)

cashless digital money systems [ref1](#)

central banks [ref1](#)

credit [ref1](#)

digital currency [ref1](#)

fractional reserve lending [ref1](#)

Great Reset [ref1](#)

guaranteed income [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Human 2.0 [ref1](#)

incomes, destruction of [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

interest [ref1](#)

one per cent [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

scams [ref1](#)

BBC [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#)

Becker-Phelps, Leslie [ref1](#)

Behavioural Insights Team (BIT) (Nudge Unit) [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

behavioural scientists *and* psychologists, advice from [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Bezos, Jeff [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

Biden, Hunter [ref1](#)

Biden, Joe [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#), [ref10](#), [ref11](#),
[ref12](#), [ref13](#), [ref14](#), [ref15](#), [ref16](#), [ref17](#)

Big Pharma

cholesterol [ref1](#)

health professionals [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

immunity from prosecution in US [ref1](#)

vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#)

Wetiko factor [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

WHO [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#),
[ref7](#)

billionaires [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#) [ref10](#), [ref11](#)

bird flu (H5N1) [ref1](#)

Black Lives Matter (BLM) [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

Blair, Tony [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)

Brin, Sergei [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)

British Empire [ref1](#)

Bush, George HW [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Bush, George W [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

Byrd, Robert [ref1](#)

C

Canada

Global Cult [ref1](#)

hate speech [ref1](#)

internment [ref1](#)

masks [ref1](#)

old people [ref1](#)

SARS-COV-2 [ref1](#)

satellites [ref1](#)

vaccines [ref1](#)

wearable technology [ref1](#)

Capitol Hill riot [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

agents provocateur [ref1](#)

Antifa [ref1](#)

Black Lives Matter (BLM) [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

QAnon [ref1](#)

security precautions, lack of [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

carbon dioxide [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

care homes, deaths in [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

cashless digital money systems [ref1](#)

censorship [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

fact-checkers [ref1](#)

masks [ref1](#)

media [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

private messages [ref1](#)

social media [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#)

transgender persons [ref1](#)

vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Wokeness [ref1](#)

Centers for Disease Control (CDC) (United States) [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#),
[ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#), [ref10](#), [ref11](#), [ref12](#), [ref13](#)

centralisation [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#)

chakras [ref1](#)

change agents [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

chemtrails [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

chief medical officers and scientific advisers [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#),
[ref5](#), [ref6](#)

children *see also* **young people**

abuse [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#), [ref10](#)

care, taken into [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

education [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

energy [ref1](#)

family courts [ref1](#)

hand sanitisers [ref1](#)

human sacrifice [ref1](#)

lockdowns [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

masks [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

mental health [ref1](#)

old people [ref1](#)

parents, replacement of [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Psyop (psychological operation), Covid as a [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

reframing [ref1](#)

smartphone addiction [ref1](#)

social distancing and isolation [ref1](#)
social media [ref1](#)
transgender persons [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
United States [ref1](#)
vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#), [ref10](#)
Wetiko factor [ref1](#)

China [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

anal swab tests [ref1](#)
Chinese Revolution [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
digital currency [ref1](#)
Global Cult [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#)
guaranteed income [ref1](#)
Imperial College [ref1](#)
Israel [ref1](#)
lockdown [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
masculinity crisis [ref1](#)
masks [ref1](#)
media [ref1](#)
origins of virus in China [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)
pollution causing respiratory diseases [ref1](#)
Sabbatians [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
Smart Grid [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
social credit system [ref1](#)
testing [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
United States [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
Wetiko factor [ref1](#)
wet market conspiracy [ref1](#)
Wuhan [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)

cholesterol [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Christianity [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

criticism [ref1](#)
cross, inversion of the [ref1](#)

Nag Hammadi texts [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Roman Catholic Church [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Sabbatians [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Satan [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

Wokeness [ref1](#)

class [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

climate change hoax [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

Agenda 21/Agenda 2030 [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

carbon dioxide [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Club of Rome [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

fear [ref1](#)

funding [ref1](#)

Global Cult [ref1](#)

green new deals [ref1](#)

green parties [ref1](#)

inversion [ref1](#)

perception, control of [ref1](#)

PICC [ref1](#)

reframing [ref1](#)

temperature, increases in [ref1](#)

United Nations [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Wikipedia [ref1](#)

Wokeness [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Clinton, Bill [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#)

Clinton, Hillary [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

the cloud [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)

Club of Rome and climate change hoax [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

cognitive therapy [ref1](#)

Cohn, Roy [ref1](#)

Common Law [ref1](#)

Admiralty Law [ref1](#)

arrests [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

contractual law, Statute Law as [ref1](#)

corporate entities, people as [ref1](#)

legalese [ref1](#)

sea, law of the [ref1](#)

Statute Law [ref1](#)

Common Purpose leadership programme [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

communism [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

co-morbidities [ref1](#)

computer-generated virus,

Covid-19 as [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

computer models [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

connections [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

consciousness [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

Archons [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

expanded [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)

experience [ref1](#)

heart [ref1](#)

infinity [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

religion [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

self-identity [ref1](#)

simulation thesis [ref1](#)

vaccines [ref1](#)

Wetiko factor [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

conspiracy theorists [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

contradictory rules [ref1](#)

contrails [ref1](#)

Corman-Drosten test [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

countermimicry [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Covid-19 vaccines *see* vaccines

Covidiots [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Cowan, Tom [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

crimes against humanity [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#)

cyber-operations [ref1](#)

cyberwarfare [ref1](#)

D

DARPA (Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency) [ref1](#)

deaths

care homes [ref1](#)

certificates [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

mortality rate [ref1](#)

post-mortems/autopsies [ref1](#)

recording [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)

vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

deceit

pyramid of deceit [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

sequence of deceit [ref1](#)

decoding [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

dehumanisation [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Delphi technique [ref1](#)

democracy [ref1](#)

dependency [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

Descartes, René [ref1](#)

DNA

numbers [ref1](#)

vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#), [ref10](#)

DNR (do not resuscitate)

orders [ref1](#)

domestic abuse [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

downgrading of Covid-19 [ref1](#)

Drosten, Christian [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)

Duesberg, Peter [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

E

economic abuse [ref1](#)

Edmunds, John [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

education [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

electromagnetic spectrum [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Enders, John [ref1](#)

energy

Archons [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

children and young people [ref1](#)

consciousness [ref1](#)

decoding [ref1](#)

frequencies [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

heart [ref1](#)

human energy field [ref1](#)

source, humans as an energy [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

vaccines [ref1](#)

viruses [ref1](#)

ennoia [ref1](#)

Epstein, Jeffrey [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

eternal 'I' [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

ethylene oxide [ref1](#)

European Union [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

Event [ref1](#) *and* **Bill Gates** [ref2](#)

exosomes, Covid-19 as natural defence mechanism called [ref1](#)

experience [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Extinction Rebellion [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

F

Facebook

addiction [ref1](#), 448–50

Facebook

Archons [ref1](#)

censorship [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

hate speech [ref1](#)

monopoly, as [ref1](#)

private messages, censorship of [ref1](#)

Sabbatians [ref1](#)

United States election fraud [ref1](#)

vaccines [ref1](#)

Wetiko factor [ref1](#)

fact-checkers [ref1](#)

Fauci, Anthony [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#), [ref10](#),
[ref11](#), [ref12](#)

fear [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

climate change [ref1](#)

computer models [ref1](#)

conspiracy theories [ref1](#)

empty hospitals [ref1](#)

Italy [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

lockdowns [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

masks [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

media [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

medical staff [ref1](#)

Psyop (psychological operation), Covid as a [ref1](#)

Wetiko factor [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

female infertility [ref1](#)

Fermi Paradox [ref1](#)

Ferguson, Neil [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)

fertility, decline in [ref1](#)

The Field [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#)

finance *see* **banking, finance and money**

five-senses [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Archons [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

censorship [ref1](#)
 consciousness, expansion of [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#)
 decoding [ref1](#)
 education [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
 the Field [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
 God, personification of [ref1](#)
 infinity [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
 media [ref1](#)
 paranormal [ref1](#)
 perceptual programming [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
 Phantom Self [ref1](#)
 pneuma not nous, using [ref1](#)
 reincarnation [ref1](#)
 self-identity [ref1](#)
 Wetiko factor [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#)
5G [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#)
Floyd, George and protests, killing of [ref1](#)
flu, re-labelling of [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
food and water, control of [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
Freemasons [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#)
Frei, Rosemary [ref1](#)
frequencies
 addictions [ref1](#)
 Archons [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
 awareness [ref1](#)
 chanting and mantras [ref1](#)
 consciousness [ref1](#)
 decoding [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
 education [ref1](#)
 electromagnetic (EMF) frequencies [ref1](#)
 energy [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)
 fear [ref1](#)

the Field [ref1](#), [ref2](#) 5G [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#), [ref10](#)
five-senses [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
ghosts [ref1](#)
Gnostics [ref1](#)
hive-minds [ref1](#)
human, meaning of [ref1](#)
light [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
love [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
magnetism [ref1](#)
perception [ref1](#)
reality [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
simulation [ref1](#)
terror [ref1](#)
vaccines [ref1](#)
Wetiko [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Fuellmich, Reiner [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

furlough/rescue payments [ref1](#)

G

Gallo, Robert [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Gates, Bill

Archons [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
climate change [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)
Daily Pass tracking system [ref1](#)
Epstein [ref1](#)
fascism [ref1](#)
five senses [ref1](#)
GAVI [ref1](#)
Great Reset [ref1](#)
GSK [ref1](#)
Imperial College [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
Johns Hopkins University [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

lockdowns [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

masks [ref1](#)

Nuremberg trial, proposal for [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Rockefellers [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

social distancing and isolation [ref1](#)

Sun, dimming the [ref1](#)

synthetic meat [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)

Wellcome Trust [ref1](#)

Wetiko factor [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

WHO [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#), [ref10](#)

Wokeness [ref1](#)

World Economic Forum [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

Gates, Melinda [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

GAVI vaccine alliance [ref1](#)

genetics, manipulation of [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Germany [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#) *see also* **Nazi Germany**

Global Cult [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

anti-human, why Global Cult is [ref1](#)

Black Lives Matter (BLM) [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

China [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#)

climate change hoax [ref1](#)

contradictory rules [ref1](#)

Covid-19 [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

fascism [ref1](#)

geographical origins [ref1](#)

immigration [ref1](#)

Internet [ref1](#)

mainstream media [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

masks [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

monarchy [ref1](#)

non-human dimension [ref1](#)

perception [ref1](#)
political parties [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
pyramidal hierarchy [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
reframing [ref1](#)
Sabbatian-Frankism [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
science, manipulation of [ref1](#)
spider and the web [ref1](#)
transgender persons [ref1](#)
vaccines [ref1](#)
who controls the Cult [ref1](#)
Wokeness [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

globalisation [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Gnostics [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

Google [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

government

behavioural scientists and psychologists, advice from [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
definition [ref1](#)

Joint Biosecurity Centre (JBC) [ref1](#)

people, abusive relationship with [ref1](#)

Great Reset [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#)

fascism [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

financial system [ref1](#)

Human 2.0 [ref1](#)

water and food, control of [ref1](#)

green parties [ref1](#)

Griesz-Brisson, Margarite [ref1](#)

guaranteed income [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

H

Hancock, Matt [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

hand sanitisers [ref1](#)

heart [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

hive-minds/groupthink [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

holographs [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

hospitals, empty [ref1](#)

human, meaning of [ref1](#)

Human 2.0 [ref1](#)

addiction to technology [ref1](#)

artificial intelligence (AI) [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

elimination of Human 1.0 [ref1](#)

fertility, decline in [ref1](#)

Great Reset [ref1](#)

implantables [ref1](#)

money [ref1](#)

mRNA [ref1](#)

nanotechnology [ref1](#)

parents, replacement of [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Smart Grid, connection to [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

synthetic biology [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

testosterone levels, decrease in [ref1](#)

transgender = transhumanism [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

human sacrifice [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Hunger Games Society [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)

Huxley, Aldous [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

I

identity politics [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Illuminati [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

illusory physical reality [ref1](#)

immigration [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

Imperial College [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#)

implantables [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

incomes, destruction of [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Infinite Awareness [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

Internet [ref1](#), [ref2](#) *see also* social media

artificial intelligence (AI) [ref1](#)

independent journalism, lack of [ref1](#)

Internet of Bodies (IoB) [ref1](#)

Internet of Everything (IoE) [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Internet of Things (IoT) [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

lockdowns [ref1](#)

Psyop (psychological operation), Covid as a [ref1](#)
trolls [ref1](#)

intersectionality [ref1](#)

inversion

Archons [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

climate change hoax [ref1](#)

energy [ref1](#)

Judaism [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

symbolism [ref1](#)

Wetiko factor [ref1](#)

Wokeness [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Islam

Archons [ref1](#)

crypto-Jews [ref1](#)

Islamic State [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Jinn and Djinn [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Ottoman Empire [ref1](#)

Wahhabism [ref1](#)

isolation *see* **social distancing** *and* **isolation**

Israel

China [ref1](#)

Cyber Intelligence Unit Beersheba complex [ref1](#)

expansion of illegal settlements [ref1](#)

formation [ref1](#)
Global Cult [ref1](#)
Judaism [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)
medical experiments, consent for [ref1](#)
Mossad [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)
Palestine-Israel conflict [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
parents, replacement of [ref1](#)
Sabbatians [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)
September 11, 2001, terrorist attacks on United States [ref1](#)
Silicon Valley [ref1](#)
Smart Grid [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
United States [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
vaccines [ref1](#)
Wetiko factor [ref1](#)

Italy

fear [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
Lombardy [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
vaccines [ref1](#)

J

Johns Hopkins University [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)
Johnson, Boris [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#)
Joint Biosecurity Centre (JBC) [ref1](#)

Judaism

anti-Semitism [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
Archons [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
crypto-Jews [ref1](#)
inversion [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
Israel [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)
Labour Party [ref1](#)
Nazi Germany [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)
Sabbatians [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

Silicon Valley [ref1](#)
Torah [ref1](#)
United States [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
Zionists [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

K

Kaufman, Andrew [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)
knowledge [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#)
Koch's postulates [ref1](#)
Kurzweil, Ray [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)
Kushner, Jared [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

L

Labour Party [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
Lanka, Stefan [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
Lateral Flow Device (LFD) [ref1](#)
Levy, Paul [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
Life Program [ref1](#)
lockdowns [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
 amplification tampering [ref1](#)
 Archons [ref1](#)
 Behavioural Insights Team [ref1](#)
 Black Lives Matter (BLM) [ref1](#)
 care homes, deaths in [ref1](#)
 children
abuse [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
mental health [ref1](#)
 China [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
 computer models [ref1](#)
 consequences [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
 dependency [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

domestic abuse [ref1](#)
fall in cases [ref1](#)
fear [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)
guaranteed income [ref1](#)
Hunger Games Society [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
interaction, destroying [ref1](#)
Internet [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
overdoses [ref1](#)
perception [ref1](#)
police-military state [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
protests [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)
psychopathic personality [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
reporting/snitching, encouragement of [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
testing [ref1](#)
vaccines [ref1](#)
Wetiko factor [ref1](#)
WHO [ref1](#)
love [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
Lucifer [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

M

Madej, Carrie [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
Magufuli, John [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
mainstream media [ref1](#)
BBC [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#)
censorship [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
China [ref1](#)
climate change hoax [ref1](#)
fear [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
Global Cult [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
independent journalism, lack of [ref1](#)
Ofcom [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

perception [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Psyop (psychological operation), Covid as a [ref1](#)

Sabbatians [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

social disapproval [ref1](#)

social distancing and isolation [ref1](#)

United States [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

Mao Zedong [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Marx and Marxism [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#)

masculinity [ref1](#)

masks/face coverings [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

 censorship [ref1](#)

 children [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

 China, made in [ref1](#)

 dehumanisation [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

 fear [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

 flu [ref1](#)

 health professionals [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

 isolation [ref1](#)

 laughter [ref1](#)

mass non-cooperation [ref1](#)

microplastics, risk of [ref1](#)

mind control [ref1](#)

multiple masks [ref1](#)

oxygen deficiency [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

police [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

pollution, as cause of plastic [ref1](#)

Psyop (psychological operation), Covid as a [ref1](#)

reframing [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

risk assessments, lack of [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

self-respect [ref1](#)

surgeons [ref1](#)

United States [ref1](#)
vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)
Wetiko factor [ref1](#)
'worms' [ref1](#)
The Matrix movies [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
measles [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
media see mainstream media
Medicines and Healthcare products Regulatory Agency (MHRA)
[ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)
Mesopotamia [ref1](#)
messaging [ref1](#)
military-police state [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
mind control [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#) *see also* MKUltra
MKUltra [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
monarchy [ref1](#)
money *see* banking, finance and money
Montagnier, Luc [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
Mooney, Bel [ref1](#)
Morgellons disease [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
mortality rate [ref1](#)
Mullis, Kary [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
Musk, Elon [ref1](#)

N

Nag Hammadi texts [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
nanotechnology [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
narcissism [ref1](#)
Nazi Germany [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#)
near-death experiences [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
Neocons [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Neuro-Linguistic Programming (NLP) and the Delphi technique
[ref1](#)

NHS (National Health Service)

amplification cycles [ref1](#)

Common Purpose [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

mind control [ref1](#)

NHS England [ref1](#)

saving the NHS [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

whistle-blowers [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

No-Problem-Reaction-Solution [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

non-human dimension of Global Cult [ref1](#)

nous [ref1](#)

numbers, reality as [ref1](#)

Nuremberg Codes [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Nuremberg-like tribunal, proposal for [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#),
[ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#), [ref10](#), [ref11](#), [ref12](#)

O

Obama, Barack [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#), [ref10](#)

O'Brien, Cathy [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

Ochel, Evita [ref1](#)

Ofcom [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

old people [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

Oneness [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Open Society Foundations (Soros) [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

oxygen 406, 528–34

P

paedophilia [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Page, Larry [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)

Palestine-Israel conflict [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

pandemic, definition of [ref1](#)

pandemic and health crisis scenarios/simulations [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#),
[ref4](#)

paranormal [ref1](#)

PCR tests [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#)

Pearl Harbor attacks, prior knowledge of [ref1](#)

Pelosi, Nancy [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

perception [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

climate change hoax [ref1](#)

control [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

decoding [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

enslavement [ref1](#)

externally-delivered perceptions [ref1](#)

five senses [ref1](#)

human labels [ref1](#)

media [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

political parties [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Psyop (psychological operation), Covid as a [ref1](#)

sale of perception [ref1](#)

self-identity [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Wokeness [ref1](#)

Phantom Self [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

pharmaceutical industry *see* **Big Pharma**

phthalates [ref1](#)

Plato's Allegory of the Cave [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

pneuma [ref1](#)

police

Black Lives Matter (BLM) [ref1](#)

brutality [ref1](#)

citizen's arrests [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

common law arrests [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Common Purpose [ref1](#)
defunding [ref1](#)
lockdowns [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
masks [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)
police-military state [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
psychopathic personality [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)
reframing [ref1](#)
United States [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)
Wokeness [ref1](#)

polio [ref1](#)

political correctness [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

political parties [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

political puppets [ref1](#)

pollution [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

post-mortems/autopsies [ref1](#)

Postage Stamp Consensus [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

pre-emptive programming [ref1](#)

Problem-Reaction-Solution [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#)

Project for the New American Century [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

psychopathic personality [ref1](#)

Archons [ref1](#)

heart energy [ref1](#)

lockdowns [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

police [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

recruitment [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

vaccines [ref1](#)

wealth [ref1](#)

Wetiko [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Psyop (psychological operation), Covid as a [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#),
[ref5](#)

Pushbackers [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

pyramid structure [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

Q

QAnon Psyop [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

R

racism *see also* **Black Lives**

Matter (BLM)

anti-racism industry [ref1](#)

class [ref1](#)

critical race theory [ref1](#)

culture [ref1](#)

intersectionality [ref1](#)

reverse racism [ref1](#)

white privilege [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

white supremacy [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

Wokeness [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

radiation [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

randomness, illusion of [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

reality [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

reframing [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

change agents [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

children [ref1](#)

climate change [ref1](#)

Common Purpose leadership programme [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

contradictory rules [ref1](#)

enforcers [ref1](#)

masks [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

NLP and the Delphi technique [ref1](#)

police [ref1](#)

Wetiko factor [ref1](#)

Wokeness [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

religion *see also* particular religions

alien invasions [ref1](#)

Archons [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
consciousness [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
control, system of [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
criticism, prohibition on [ref1](#)
five senses [ref1](#)
good and evil, war between [ref1](#)
hidden non-human forces [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
Sabbatians [ref1](#)
save me syndrome [ref1](#)
Wetiko [ref1](#)
Wokeness [ref1](#)

repetition and mind control [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
reporting/snitching, encouragement of [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
Reptilians/Grey entities [ref1](#)
rewiring the mind [ref1](#)
Rivers, Thomas Milton [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
Rockefeller family [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#)
Rockefeller Foundation documents [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)
Roman Empire [ref1](#)
Rothschild family [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#)
RT-PCR tests [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#)
Russia
 collusion inquiry in US [ref1](#)
Russian Revolution [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
Sabbatians [ref1](#)

S

Sabbatian-Frankism [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
 anti-Semitism [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
 banking and finance [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
 China [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
 Israel [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

Judaism [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)
Lucifer [ref1](#)
media [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
Nazis [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
QAnon [ref1](#)
Rothschilds [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#)
Russia [ref1](#)
Saudi Arabia [ref1](#)
Silicon Valley [ref1](#)
Sumer [ref1](#)
United States [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
Wetiko factor [ref1](#)
Wokeness [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
SAGE (Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies) [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#),
[ref4](#)
SARS-1 [ref1](#)
SARs-CoV-2 [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#)
Satan/Satanism [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)
satellites in low-orbit [ref1](#)
Saudi Arabia [ref1](#)
Save Me Syndrome [ref1](#)
scapegoating [ref1](#)
Schwab, Klaus [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#), [ref10](#),
[ref11](#), [ref12](#)
science, manipulation of [ref1](#)
self-identity [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)
self-respect, attacks on [ref1](#)
September 11, 2001, terrorist attacks on United States [ref1](#), [ref2](#),
[ref3](#), [ref4](#)
77th Brigade of UK military [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
Silicon Valley/tech giants [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#) *see also*
Facebook

Israel [ref1](#)

Sabbatians [ref1](#)

technocracy [ref1](#)

Wetiko factor [ref1](#)

Wokeness [ref1](#)

simulation hypothesis [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

Smart Grid [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

artificial intelligence (AI) [ref1](#)

China [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

control centres [ref1](#)

the Field [ref1](#)

Great Reset [ref1](#)

Human 2.0 [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Israel [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

vaccines [ref1](#)

Wetiko factor [ref1](#)

social disapproval [ref1](#)

social distancing and isolation [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

abusive relationships [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

children [ref1](#)

flats and apartments [ref1](#)

heart issues [ref1](#)

hugs [ref1](#)

Internet [ref1](#)

masks [ref1](#)

media [ref1](#)

older people [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

one-metre (three feet) rule [ref1](#)

rewiring the mind [ref1](#)

simulation, universe as a [ref1](#)

SPI-B [ref1](#)

substance abuse [ref1](#)

suicide and self-harm [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

technology [ref1](#)

torture, as [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

two-metre (six feet) rule [ref1](#)

women [ref1](#)

social justice [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

social media *see also* **Facebook bans on alternative views** [ref1](#)

 censorship [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#)

 children [ref1](#)

 emotion [ref1](#)

 perception [ref1](#)

 private messages [ref1](#)

 Twitter [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)

 Wetiko factor [ref1](#)

 YouTube [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

Soros, George [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#)

Spain [ref1](#)

SPI-B (Scientific Pandemic Insights Group on Behaviours) [ref1](#),
[ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

spider and the web [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

Starmer, Keir [ref1](#)

Statute Law [ref1](#)

Steiner, Rudolf [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Stockholm syndrome [ref1](#)

streptomycin [ref1](#)

suicide and self-harm [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

Sumer [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Sunstein, Cass [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

swine flu (H1N1) [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

synchronicity [ref1](#)

synthetic biology [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

synthetic meat [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

T

technology *see also* **artificial intelligence (AI); Internet;**

social media addiction [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

Archons [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

the cloud [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)

cyber-operations [ref1](#)

cyberwarfare [ref1](#)

radiation [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

social distancing and isolation [ref1](#)

technocracy [ref1](#)

Tedros Adhanom Ghebreyesus [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#),
[ref8](#), [ref9](#), [ref10](#), [ref11](#), [ref12](#), [ref13](#)

telepathy [ref1](#)

Tenpenny, Sherri [ref1](#)

Tesla, Nikola [ref1](#)

testosterone levels, decrease in [ref1](#)

testing for Covid-19 [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

anal swab tests [ref1](#)

cancer [ref1](#)

China [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Corman-Drosten test [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

death certificates [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

fraudulent testing [ref1](#)

genetic material, amplification of [ref1](#)

Lateral Flow Device (LFD) [ref1](#)

PCR tests [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#)

vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Thunberg, Greta [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Totalitarian Tiptoe [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

transgender persons

activism [ref1](#)

artificial wombs [ref1](#)

censorship [ref1](#)
 child abuse [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
 Human 2.0 [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
 Wokeness [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)
 women, deletion of rights and status of [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
 young persons [ref1](#)

travel restrictions [ref1](#)

Trudeau, Justin [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Trump, Donald [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#), [ref10](#),
 [ref11](#)

Twitter [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)

U

UKColumn [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

United Nations (UN) [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#) *see also* **Agenda
21/Agenda 2030 (UN)**

United States [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

 American Revolution [ref1](#)

 borders [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

 Capitol Hill riot [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

 children [ref1](#)

 China [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

 CIA [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

 Daily Pass tracking system [ref1](#)

 demographics by immigration, changes in [ref1](#)

 Democrats [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)

 election fraud [ref1](#)

 far-right domestic terrorists, pushbackers as [ref1](#)

 Federal Reserve [ref1](#)

 flu/respiratory diseases statistics [ref1](#)

 Global Cult [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

 hand sanitisers, FDA warnings on [ref1](#)

immigration, effects of illegal [ref1](#)
impeachment [ref1](#)
Israel [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
Judaism [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
lockdown [ref1](#)
masks [ref1](#)
mass media [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
nursing homes [ref1](#)
Pentagon [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)
police [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)
pushbackers [ref1](#)
Republicans [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
borders [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
Democrats [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)
Russia, inquiry into collusion with [ref1](#)
Sabbatians [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
September 11, 2001, terrorist attacks [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)
UFO sightings, release of information on [ref1](#)
vaccines [ref1](#)
white supremacy [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)
Woke Democrats [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

V

vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
adverse reactions [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)
Africa [ref1](#)
anaphylactic shock [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)
animals [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
anti-vax movement [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)
AstraZeneca/Oxford [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)
autoimmune diseases, rise in [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
Big Pharma [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#)

bioweapon, as real [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
black and ethnic minority communities [ref1](#)
blood clots [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
Brain Computer Interface (BCI) [ref1](#)
care homes, deaths in [ref1](#)
censorship [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
chief medical officers and scientific advisers, financial interests of
[ref1](#), [ref2](#)
children [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#), [ref10](#)
China [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
clinical trials [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#)
compensation [ref1](#)
compulsory vaccinations [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
computer programs [ref1](#)
consciousness [ref1](#)
cover-ups [ref1](#)
creation before Covid [ref1](#)
cytokine storm [ref1](#)
deaths and illnesses caused by vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)
definition [ref1](#)
developing countries [ref1](#)
digital tattoos [ref1](#)
DNA-manipulation [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#),
[ref10](#)
emergency approval [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)
female infertility [ref1](#)
funding [ref1](#)
genetic suicide [ref1](#)
Global Cult [ref1](#)
heart chakras [ref1](#)
hesitancy [ref1](#)
Human 2.0 [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)
immunity from prosecution [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

implantable technology [ref1](#)
Israel [ref1](#)
Johnson & Johnson [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)
lockdowns [ref1](#)
long-term effects [ref1](#)
mainstream media [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)
masks [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)
Medicines and Healthcare products Regulatory Agency (MHRA)
[ref1](#), [ref2](#)
messaging [ref1](#)
Moderna [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#)
mRNA vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#)
nanotechnology [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
NHS [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)
older people [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
operating system [ref1](#)
passports [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)
Pfizer/BioNTech [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)
polyethylene glycol [ref1](#)
pregnant women [ref1](#)
psychopathic personality [ref1](#)
races, targeting different [ref1](#)
reverse transcription [ref1](#)
Smart Grid [ref1](#)
social distancing [ref1](#)
social media [ref1](#)
sterility [ref1](#)
synthetic material, introduction of [ref1](#)
tests [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
travel restrictions [ref1](#)
variants [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
viruses, existence of [ref1](#)
whistle-blowing [ref1](#)

WHO [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)
Wokeness [ref1](#)
working, vaccine as [ref1](#)
young people [ref1](#)
Vallance, Patrick [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#)
variants [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
vegans [ref1](#)
ventilators [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
virology [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
virtual reality [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
viruses, existence of [ref1](#)
visual reality [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
vitamin D [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
von Braun, Wernher [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

W

war-zone hospital myths [ref1](#)
waveforms [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
wealth [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#) [ref10](#), [ref11](#)
wet market conspiracy [ref1](#)
Wetiko factor [ref1](#)
 alcoholism and drug addiction [ref1](#)
 anti-human, why Global Cult is [ref1](#)
 Archons [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)
 artificial intelligence (AI) [ref1](#)
 Big Pharma [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
 children [ref1](#)
 China [ref1](#)
 consciousness [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
 education [ref1](#)
 Facebook [ref1](#)

fear [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
frequency [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
Gates [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
Global Cult [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
heart [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
lockdowns [ref1](#)
masks [ref1](#)
Native American concept [ref1](#)
psychopathic personality [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
reframing/retraining programmes [ref1](#)
religion [ref1](#)
Silicon Valley [ref1](#)
Smart Grid [ref1](#)
smartphone addiction [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
social media [ref1](#)
war [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
WHO [ref1](#)
Wokeness [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
Yaldabaoth [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)
whistle-blowing [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)
white privilege [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
white supremacy [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)
Whitty, Christopher [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#),
[ref10](#)
'who benefits' [ref1](#)
Wi-Fi [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)
Wikipedia [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
Wojcicki, Susan [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#)
Wokeness
Antifa [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)
anti-Semitism [ref1](#)
billionaire social justice warriors [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Capitol Hill riot [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
censorship [ref1](#)
Christianity [ref1](#)
climate change hoax [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
culture [ref1](#)
education, control of [ref1](#)
emotion [ref1](#)
facts [ref1](#)
fascism [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
Global Cult [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)
group-think [ref1](#)
immigration [ref1](#)
indigenous people, solidarity with [ref1](#)
inversion [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
left, hijacking the [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
Marxism [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
mind control [ref1](#)
New Woke [ref1](#)
Old Woke [ref1](#)
Oneness [ref1](#)
perceptual programming [ref1](#)
 Phantom Self [ref1](#)
police [ref1](#)
defunding the [ref1](#)
reframing [ref1](#)
public institutions [ref1](#)
Pushbackers [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
racism [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
reframing [ref1](#), [ref2](#)
religion, as [ref1](#)
Sabbatians [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)
Silicon Valley [ref1](#)
social justice [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

transgender [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

United States [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

vaccines [ref1](#)

Wetiko factor [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

young people [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

women, deletion of rights and status of [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

World Economic Forum (WEF) [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#),
[ref8](#), [ref9](#)

World Health Organization (WHO) [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#),
[ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#)

AIDs/HIV [ref1](#)

amplification cycles [ref1](#)

Big Pharma [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

cooperation in health emergencies [ref1](#)

creation [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

fatality rate [ref1](#)

funding [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Gates [ref1](#)

Internet [ref1](#)

lockdown [ref1](#)

vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

Wetiko factor [ref1](#)

world number 1 (masses) [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

world number 2 [ref1](#)

Wuhan [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#) [ref8](#)

Y

Yaldabaoth [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#)

Yeadon, Michael [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#)

young people *see also* children addiction to technology [ref1](#)

Human 2.0 [ref1](#)

vaccines [ref1](#), [ref2](#)

Wokeness [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

YouTube [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#)

WHO 548

Z

Zaks, Tal [ref1](#)

Zionism [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#)

Zuckerberg, Mark [ref1](#), [ref2](#), [ref3](#), [ref4](#), [ref5](#), [ref6](#), [ref7](#), [ref8](#), [ref9](#),
[ref10](#), [ref11](#), [ref12](#)

Zulus [ref1](#)

ICKONIC **THE ALTERNATIVE**

Ickonic is something that has been a dream of mine for the last 5 years, growing up around alternative information I have always had a natural interest in what is going on in the World and what could I do to make it better.

Across the range of subjects and positions of influence occupied mainly by people who don't strive to make things better it's the Media that I have always found the most frustrating and fascinating. Mainly because if the Media did their Jobs properly then so much of the negative things happening in the World simply would not be able to happen, because they would be exposed within a heartbeat.

Free Press and the Opportunities that the internet could have given would mean that the Media are able to expose things like never before and hold people to account for their actions. As we all know there are 'Untouchables' that walk among us, people the Media simply won't touch, expose or investigate and that leads to the dark underworlds that infest the establishment the World over. Well I say enough, it's time for something different, a different kind of Media, where no one is off limits from exposing and investigating. All we're interested in at Ickonic is the truth of what is really going on in the World on whichever subject we're covering.

We hope you enjoy what we have created and take something away from the platform, we aim to deliver information that's informative and most importantly self-empowering, you're not a little person, you're part of something much bigger than that and its time we as a collective race began to understand that and look to the future as ours to take.

It's time...

Jaymie Icke - Founder Ickonic Alternative Media.

SIGN UP NOW AT ICKONIC.COM

DAVID ICKE
THE ANSWER



We live in extraordinary times with billions bewildered and seeking answers for what is happening. David Icke, the man who has been proved right again and again, has spent 30 years uncovering the truth behind world affairs and in a stream of previous books he predicted current events.

The Answer will change your every perception of life and the world and set you free of the illusions that control human society. There is nothing more vital for our collective freedom than humanity becoming aware of what is in this book.

Available now at davidicke.com.

THE TRIGGER

THE LIE THAT CHANGED THE WORLD
- WHO REALLY DID IT AND WHY



DAVID ICKE



**EVERYTHING
YOU NEED
TO KNOW**

BUT HAVE NEVER BEEN TOLD

DAVID ICKE

DAVIDICKE.COM



DAVID ICKE STORE
LATEST NEWS ARTICLES
DAVID ICKE VIDEOS
WEEKLY DOT-CONNECTOR PODCASTS
LIVE EVENTS

WWW.DAVIDICKE.COM

THE LIFE STORY OF DAVID ICKE

RENEGADE

THE FEATURE LENGTH FILM

/ˈren·iːgeɪd/

noun

A person who behaves in a rebelliously unconventional manner.



AVAILABLE NOW AT DAVIDICKE.COM

2 NEW BOOKS
BY NEIL HAGUE

ORION'S DOOR

SYMBOLS OF CONSCIOUSNESS & BLUEPRINTS OF CONTROL
- THE STORY OF ORION'S INFLUENCE OVER HUMANITY

CUTTING EDGE VISIONARY ART
& UNIQUE ILLUSTRATED BOOKS

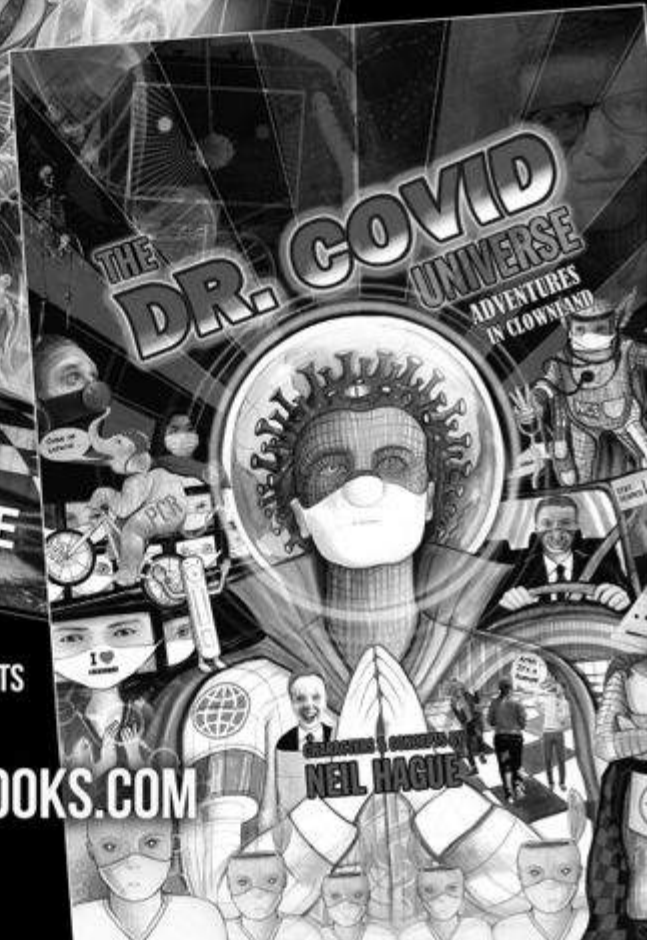
NEIL HAGUE

FOR
BOOKS, PRINTS & T-SHIRTS

VISIT:

NEILHAGUEBOOKS.COM

OR NEILHAGUE.COM



Before you go ...

For more detail, background and evidence about the subjects in *Perceptions of a Renegade Mind* – and so much more – see my others books including *And The Truth Shall Set You Free*; *The Biggest Secret*; *Children of the Matrix*; *The David Icke Guide to the Global Conspiracy*; *Tales from the Time Loop*; *The Perception Deception*; *Remember Who You Are*; *Human Race Get Off Your Knees*; *Phantom Self*; *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told*, *The Trigger* and *The Answer*.

You can subscribe to the fantastic new Ickonic media platform where there are many hundreds of hours of cutting-edge information in videos, documentaries and series across a whole range of subjects which are added to every week. This includes my 90 minute breakdown of the week's news every Friday to explain *why* events are happening and to what end.