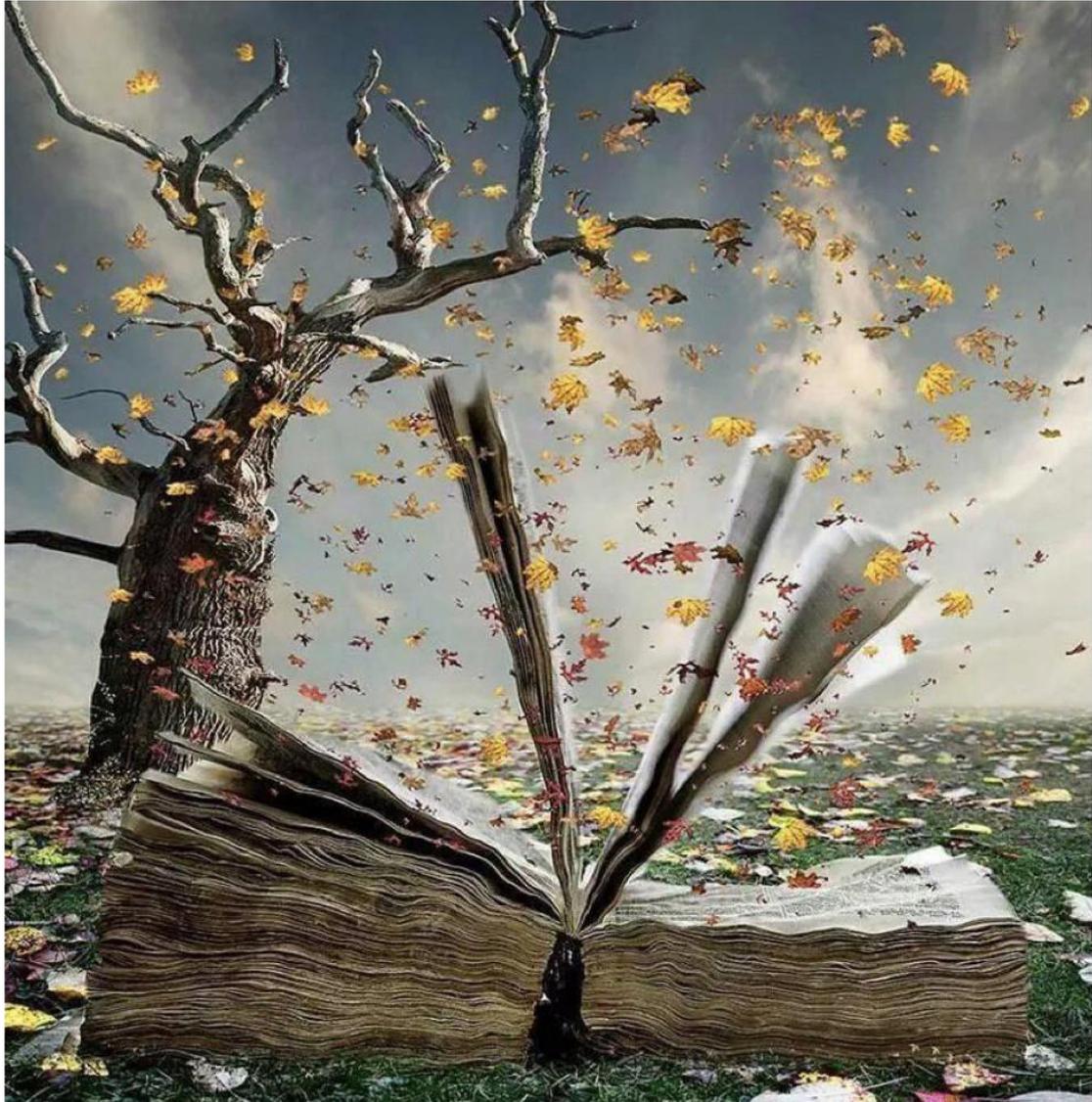


PARALLEL PLANDEMICS



**SHORT STORIES FROM
THE ANNALS OF PARALLEL EARTHS**

by
Mark the Mystic Activist

PRAISE FOR PARALLEL PLANDEMICS

“Bill and I had such a laugh reading The Stinky FauciGates Creature Story.
What an imagination!”

*Anthony Fauci,
Director of the Harry Potter Institute for Fabulous Diseases.*

“The story I most enjoyed was The Cull of the Uninjected.
Truly inspirational!”

*Klaus Schwab,
Executive Chairman, World Demonic Forum*

“Awesome! I loved the story about The War On Connection!”
*Words reportedly spoken by the life-size model of Mark Zuckerberg
at Madame Tussauds wax museum.*

“I’d recommended this book to any dog
who still considers themselves a pet!”

Toto, Terrier, Kansas.



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Mark the Mystic Activist**



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*"This is so instructive!" Taikán exclaimed,
"there's just so much we can learn from how other Earths have fared,
during their Plandemics.*

*It's so fascinating how differently
the peoples of different Earths have met their New World Orders -
some with bullets, some with argument,
some by fleeing, some with cheers and roses."*



Contents

1	- Auntie Val Receives The Annals Of Parallel Earths	6
2	- Sociopathic Global Technocratic Dictatorship (S.G.T.D.)	11
3	- How To Tell Green From Greeeeeen (In An Age When Tyranny Is Painting Itself Green)	14
4	- Auntie Val's Captains	20
5	- Is It OK To Be Blissful, And Not Just Furious (During An Attempted Great Takeover By A S.G.T.D.)?	22
6	- We Are Not The Resistance, We Are The Affirmation: The Stinky FauciGates Creature Story	26
7	- Bayo Billy & The War On Connection	31
8	- The Hobbit G7 Summit	36
9	- The 'Stop 'n' Sob' Initiative & Unity Circles	41
10	- Sleeping Beauty & The Needle Of Evil	46
11	- LovePods	51
12	- The Cull Of The Uninjected	55
13	- The Sanity Toolkit (The Original, Uncensored Intergalactic Reset Resistance PsyOps Docs.)	59
14	- Build A New Civilisation?! Who - Me And My Amigos?!	65
15	- Maybe's Child (A Love Story From A Smart City)	70
16	- Drunk On Vintageless Divine Wine	74



1

Auntie Val Receives The Annals Of Parallel Earths

I

I met Auntie Val (Mrs. Valery Mickey) on her deathbed.

Her twin brother, Taikán D. Mickey, had been reading her my booklet 'Soul Families', subtitled 'a resource you might find useful if you're interested in co-creating a new culture that's decentralised, co-operative, conscious, and rooted in nature'...

"He's the one! He's the one!" she had whispered, weakly. "He won't think I'm crazy. He'll understand."

Auntie Val lived on a small farm not far from the mediterranean coast, with five beloved friends. At her request, they'd put her deathbed next to the french windows in the living room – through which she looked out, dimly, upon the pine forested hills, and watched the gulls who glided inland when there was a storm at sea.

Convinced that Taikán had once read to her from a transdimensional tome entitled 'The Annals of Parallel Earths', which had then got lost - Auntie Val longed to find a writer to whom she could tell all she remembered, while she still did. "At the very least" she'd say softly, compassionately "I need to let people know about the Parallel Plandemics."

And since, as happenstance and destiny would have it, my own farm was less than twenty kilometres up the coast – when Taikán came by, and asked me to come over, though I'd never met him before, I said "of course, my friend, of course!"

II

And so it was that once, one evening, I came to sit beside Mrs Valery Mickey's deathbed, and listen (I must admit) mercifully, patronisingly - believing I was there to comfort, if not humour, a deluded, dying old lady...

It was summer, not long before the solstice. There was no longer a chill in the air after dusk. Nevertheless, for Auntie Val's sake, a massive, muscular man with dreadlocks was burning Evergreen Oak in the fireplace. An elegant and graceful Indian woman brought me Lemon Verbena tea.

"I was the Head Dinner Lady at the clifftop OmEgo Hardcore Cafeteria, the cafeteria of one of the world's largest Hardcore Meditation Hotels - for over forty years!" said Auntie Val, quietly, but clearly. "I ran a tight kitchen - but a happy one. I ruled with Hugs and Reggae! I was everyone's Auntie Val!" She smiled, with difficulty - fondly.

"Then, in the summer of 2020 - yes, just a few summers ago - my reality was disassembled! And not by The Virus Affair..."

The Virus Affair was generating (how could it not?) the full spectrum of responses - from horror to surrender... I don't know how that time was for you, Mark - but in lockdown at the OmEgo

Hardcore Meditation Hotel spirits were high. There was an excitement in the corridors – as if The Virus Affair was lifting up the bonnet of the great car of human civilisation; exposing the appalling state of the engine – the way Dorothy had unveiled the Wizard of Oz: somehow unbinding whatever was still spellbound within us. It felt like The Summer of Remembrance at the OmEgo Hotel - of "oops, yes, I'd suspected, but now I see!" It felt like the Summer of Return to our Sovereignty! We felt released, and united - and empowered! It felt like opportunity. It felt like a gift!"

I sipped my Lemon Verbena with composure; nodding subtly, calmly, condescendingly – yet internally I was quite taken aback by this almost-skeletal woman's clarity, coherence and eloquence.

"At mealtimes - the cafeteria windows and doors wide open to the sunshine - there was a thrill in the air. We all now saw the ugliness beneath the film-stars and flags and fancy cars in higher definition than ever. And we were pleased we had chosen beauty! It felt like the sidewalks and pavements of the world were cracking... An era ending, perhaps... Who knew? And that we, the staff and meditators at the OmEgo Hardcore Meditation Hotel, and everyone else who'd seen what we'd seen, were the wild seed that, coincidentally, was seeking cracks to grow in..."

It was within this setting, of an already-elated OmEgo Hotel, that I had my Disassemblage - and my Reassemblage:

In 2020, at the time of the strawberry full moon – an Extraterrestrial Creature entered my bedroom. To put it succinctly (in terms of terror, and in terms of transformation): of all the meetings I have ever had, ever, anywhere, with anyone, or anything – or any situation I have ever known - my meeting with That Creature outdid them all - effortlessly! I have never known such terror, nor such transformation!

I remember my bedroom at the OmEgo Hotel with awe. I'd always loved it. It was exceptionally large - and overlooked Port Nearby, with its sailing boats and fairy lights. But I remember it now with reverence: as the sacred place where an Extraterrestrial Creature appeared to me - the Annals of Parallel Earths tucked away in a side-pocket on its backpack...

III

It is five in the morning. I wake. Where am I? I am in my bed, in my huge bedroom, at the Retreat Hotel, at the seaside. I hear a voice. "Who's that?" A gentle voice... "Hello" it says, tentatively. I open my eyes - and scream! As I scream I shut my eyes - so I open them: to check. And yes! It's still there! I scream again! I close my eyes, I open my eyes, I look, I scream. I look again, I scream again. And so on. This goes on for, perhaps, an hour.

"Hello" it says, tentatively, again - as my breathing slows from terror, to panic - to the relief of this being nothing more than: the disintegration of my mind!

"What ARE you?" I blurt.

"I am a Transgalactic Interdimensional Monkey Angel" it says, "and more specifically: a traveller between Parallel Earths."

"Oh!" I say, very very quietly. Then scream again. And again. And still it was there!

This Transgalactic Interdimensional Creature glowed orange. Its backpack glowed a faint green. It had tiny wings that shimmered. It hovered, cross-legged, at bed height - between my bed and the window that overlooked the port. And it was a monkey! A huge, floating, glowing, orange monkey with wings! And I mean 'huge' - even cross-legged it had to bend its neck forwards to be able to

levitate like that, and still fit beneath the ceiling! And it was smiling! Affectionately! It was smiling so sweetly - like a Teletubbie! And it's eyes! Its eyes were white and inwards..."

Auntie Val paused. She hadn't looked at me until now. She turned her head slowly, and looked into my eyes. "Look" she said, with a power that betrayed her frailty "I know you don't know me, but let me be clear: I am not a drug taker, nor of unstable mental health. I maintained a high profile in the world of corporate cuisine - lecturing on desserts and table manners - for decades. I wrote a weekly agony aunt column in a national newspaper. I raised six children, went through two tooth and nail divorces - and all the while I was the Head Coach of a National Women's Skiing Team. I am not an embellisher! I don't make stuff up! I tell it straight! This is what happened to me. And it's how I came to receive The Annals of Parallel Earths".

I glanced over at Taikán, who was sitting on the living room sofa, next to the Indian woman, and a sparkly, nordic-looking woman, reading. He looked back at me with an expression that seemed to say "does not everyone inhabit a unique reality? You decide!" And Auntie Val resumed her tale...

IV

"I travel between Parallel Earths" the Monkey Angel said, gently. "In the Mirror of Me humanities see their choices."

But now I FELT its words! My whole body buzzed and twitched, and hummed and fluttered, and tickled all over with the sweetest pleasure - until it relaxed... Well, I can't remember being so relaxed since I was a child!

And so my questioning took another tone - gradually shifting from what-the-fuck towards a conversation so intimate it can only take place between those In Love.

"Where are you?" I asked the Transgalactic Interdimensional Monkey Angel. "I mean - are you HERE on Earth?"

"Valery" it said tenderly, "Where is anything - ultimately? But yes, I am here with you now..."

"Yes, but blind Extraterrestrial Teletubbie Monkey " I asked from my heart "are you real - or am I hallucinating?"

"Feel for yourself..." it said, kindly. And a huge, glowing, orange, angelic monkey hand reached across the bed towards me, picked up one of my fingers with utmost delicacy, and prodded my fingernail into its arm. And, yes - I could feel it! It was a bit spongy, I thought. But it was tangible, for sure...

I felt its arm, then its knee - and as the dawn sun brightened the night into day, the giant Monkey Angel and I embraced, and kissed - and Made Love! Although don't ask me how that's possible, because after we kissed neither of us moved an inch! But I have no doubt about it: it was inside me - and I inside it!"

I could sense all eyes on me. How would I react? The big man with dreadlocks and a pirate-style eye patch tended the fire unnecessarily - watching me, surreptitiously. Taikán, I could sense, had only one eye on his book. Another woman had come sliding down the stairwell bannister, and was now sipping tea discreetly with the other two women - though none of them spoke.

"Immediately after this explosive encounter, I was so dizzy - I didn't know if the room was spinning, or if I was! Then, after a few days and nights under the duvet, one night - I crept out into the strawberry-moonlit cliff-top gardens. Everything was so beautiful! I felt so happy!

If I had Made Love without moving, with an extraterrestrial traveller between Parallel Earths who, as it so happened, turned out to be a glowing, levitating, giant, blind, orange Monkey Angel - which I had - then what was all of this really? This reality could be anything! My conceptual frameworks weren't conceptualising at all well. I skipped about like Alice in OmEgoland - conceptless and free - along the rose tinted paths, and across the blushing lawns of the clifftop gardens, of the OmEgo Hardcore Meditation Hotel.

V

Since those days and nights dancing with the pink trees beneath the strawberry moon, my Monkey Angel Lover has returned to me many times... Flirting with me in my half sleep, kissing me quick upon my brow, or upon a cheek - or upon a rainbow... Mostly, we sit together In Love and touch, and meditate, and chat... And sometimes we sing, or do Yoga, or levitate."

Auntie Val held out her hand, for me to hold it - which I did, and she gripped mine with a strength as surprising as that of a baby. "Mark - I am In Love! I Am!" she confessed, "but not with my Monkey Angel. I love my Monkey Angel - of course I do! And my Monkey Angel loves me! But my Monkey Angel is not The Love I Am In! You might say I'm In Love, TOGETHER with my Monkey Angel! And I feel such gratitude..."

Mark - a giant, blind, orange Transgalactic Interdimensional Monkey Angel appeared to me - as palpably as a Sacred Ayahuascan Hallucination - one unimaginable morning in my beloved bedroom at the OmEgo Hardcore Meditation Hotel - and shocked me, and relaxed me, and introduced me to Love!

By the grace of my encounter with that straddler of parallel universes, my dry and defined reality has been replaced by a wet and wonderful one!

Mark, I am no fool - I know how strange this all sounds. And it is not helped by the fact that Taikán, Omar, Lotus, Mary and Kay no longer remember how I resigned as Head Dinner Lady at the OmEgo Hardcore Cafeteria (after all-those-years!); or how I bought a second-hand spaceship on the black market; or how we lived happily on it together - circling the Earth, just beyond the Exosphere; or how Taikán used to read us bedtime stories from the Parallel Plandemics section of the Annals of Parallel Earths... But Mark - do YOU believe me?

Humbled not by the sanity or insanity of this unique being on the threshold of death, but by the undiminished vibrant passion of her heart, I replied "Auntie Val, the point is not whether I believe you or not. How could I possibly judge? The point is what I feel when you speak. And I feel... well, intrigued - inspired, even!"

"That's the spirit!" she said softly, yet gaily - and I felt that if she could've moved, she would've jumped up and down! "Come back tomorrow, and I'll tell you more!"

And I did. And I went back the day after that too. And the day after that. And I recorded Auntie Val's every last word.





*“The Virus Affair was lifting up the bonnet of
the great car of human civilisation,
exposing the appalling state of the engine –
the way Dorothy had unveiled the Wizard of Oz:
somehow unbinding whatever was still spellbound within us.”*



2

Sociopathic Global Technocratic Dictatorship (S.G.T.D.)

I

"She's SO looking forward to seeing you!" said the tall, blonde, sparkly lady - as I arrived at their farm the next morning in my dusty 4x4. And what a summer's day it was! The sun was bright, the wind was warm, the fish were jumping, and the cotton was high...

"I'm Kay!" she said, excitedly. "Mark!" I replied - and we hugged, and kissed on both cheeks. Chickens clucked around our feet as we walked together towards the farmhouse. A donkey brayed, goats bleated, pigs grunted - everyone seemed happy that day!

Kay couldn't stay. Nor any of the others. There's a lot to do on a farm. They left me alone with Auntie Val and her deathbed. "Water?" Auntie Val asked as I sat down. "It's well water - not that shit from the taps!" I was liking her more and more!

"May I begin?" she asked. "But of course!" I replied. And she got straight to it...

II

"I feel The Annals of Parallel Earths, and particularly the Parallel Plandemics section, are just so important in these days of the ongoing attempted Lockdown of the Human Spirit..."

I would particularly recommend them to Police People, and Military People - because without their faithful support, the loveless leadership of humanity could not impose its fantasy of a microchipped humanity living wireless and free - happy in sleek Smart Cities, where genetically modified mosquitos don't bite, and genetically modified dogs don't shit on the shiny pavements, or bark too loud.

But I'd recommend The Annals to anyone! They remind us there are Other Ways - and help us clarify What we Really Want...

I remember a friend of mine, Edna, telling me she was at a demonstration against the electromagnetic nanoworms in facemasks, and all around her people were chanting "Freedom! Freedom! Freedom!" Then, apparently, someone on stilts, dressed as an alien, shouted: "Freedom? What Freedom? What Freedom do you want? The Freedom to work like a dog to maintain your kennel? The Freedom to go walkies at weekends? The Freedom to like what you've been told to like, Pavlov-like? The Freedom to live in mass manufactured alienation? What Freedom do you want?" And I think the Alien on Stilts had a point. What Freedom DID they want - and DO we want?

That was the question the Annals of Parallel Earths answered for me. They gave me clarity of spirit. They rooted me in the Peace of Love. They steadied my shaky heart. And a steady heart, I feel, is just so important - if we are to unite to meet the trembling now gripping the collective human psyche.

Actually, Edna's was a bit of a regular at the rallies, and was even part of the dance troupe that accompanied that Hymn of the Plandemic - the delicate yet epic "You can Stick your New World Order up your Arse!" It was a marvellously choreographed dance sequence, full of twerking and finger pointing - somehow expressing both the subtlety, and the Warrior Dignity, of the catchy, almost contagious, deeply human lyric. And yet, as I later watched the end-to-end encrypted video, the words of the Alien on Stilts repeated themselves inside my head: "what Freedom DO we want?"

III

Some people might question the relevance of Tales of Plandemics on Parallel Earths, when humanity (that is to say - both the majority of its leaders, and the majority of its led), seems to be driving blind - hypnotically set on living anaesthetised on an antiseptic Earth. And since, clearly, this hypnosis has gone into another gear these last years - and a Sociopathic Global Technocratic Dictatorship (S.G.T.D.) has made a grab for the wheel - and is steering humanity into mayhem - some people might argue: "Auntie Val, this is not a time for fantasy and escapism! This is a time to stand up, to speak out, to set up road blocks, to get back in the driving seat - and resist, and risk everything!"

To this passionate and righteous voice, I would say "fear not - it was precisely in order to address this accelerated, fascist/communist, digital tyranny that a giant, blind, orange Transgalactic Interdimensional Monkey Angel visited me, and handed me the Annals of Parallel Earths.

But I can understand how, perhaps, at first glance, people of principle, amidst the panic of the times, might miss the social and political relevance of the Words of Love of a Transgalactic Monkey Angel. Such things are easily done - people are just so busy.

Omar, Omar Ben Marley - the big chap who was here last night, lighting the fire - who was Joint World Cage Fighting Champion, five years in a row - once confided in me "Auntie Val, The Annals of Parallel Earths are deep shit! They've got me standing up - not just for what I stand for, but - for What I Am! They've brought me back to life! They speak to me. They say: "What do you stand for, Omar? And if it's another theory - that's not good enough!" And I get it. So now I stand for What We All Are!" Then suddenly, Auntie Val stopped talking, and closed her eyes.

Of course, I wondered if she was dead. "Don't worry" she said without opening her eyes, "I'm not dead." "Oh, good" I replied, perhaps selfishly - being eager to get to the actual Annals. "But I can't do more today, Mark" she said, sighing, "I'm exhausted". "Is there anything I can do for you before I go?" I asked, gentlemanly. "A sip of water would be nice" she said - and I lifted her up into a sipping position, thinking "she's so tiny, just skin and bones!" "I know, I know" she replied, telepathically - and once again I was struck by the contrast between her shrivelling body, and the power of the Life Force within it.

"The propaganda of the encroaching S.G.T.D is just so professional, and pervasive, and persuasive - and green. And existence so permissive. I do hope I don't die before I can share the Annals of Parallel Earths" she added, selflessly - as I took back the glass of water, and helped her lay back down.

I stood up, searched my pockets for my car keys, and walked out of the farmhouse into the summer. There were no humans in sight, but the donkeys brayed, the goats bleated, the pigs grunted, and the fields of grain waved to me, winking in the sunshine. I felt that everyone was happy I was helping Auntie Val...





*“Freedom? What Freedom?
What Freedom do you want?
The Freedom to work like a dog to maintain your kennel?
The Freedom to go walkies at weekends?
The Freedom to like what you’ve been told to like, Pavlov-like?
The Freedom to live in mass manufactured alienation?
What Freedom do you want?”*



3

How To Tell Green From Greeeeeen (In An Age When Tyranny Is Painting Itself Green)

I

"Let me tell you about life in outer space, aboard The Creativity - it was wonderful!" Auntie Val said, nostalgically. "But of course" I replied, as I sat down beside her deathbed for our next session. I set my recorder to 'record', and listened respectfully - as this astonishing woman, about to depart this dimension, entrusted me with her most sacred recollections...

"I remember when..." she began - but then she paused. It seemed to me that she was flicking through the pages of her memory, searching for a typical, illustrative moment. "OK!" she said. So I guessed she'd found one...

II

"We'd opted for a cosy evening of sofas with big cushions, nettle beer, pumpkin-flower crisps - and a selection of some of the week's best Alternative Media Videos... It would be the now-usual emotional ride through horror, and hope against hope, we knew - but still, we liked to keep up to date...

And that was what we did: we cuddled up close through the scary videos on bio-digital I.D. cards, and bracelets, and implants; we cried on each other's chests through the documentaries on the whole shameless, sickening, duplicitous, inter-governmental, private public partnership genocide, and coup du monde; we bounced up and down on the sofas and cheered at the videos of retired conjurers, professors of magic, white witches and escapologists explaining how illusion is done - and can be undone; and we sang along to songs of freedom from our favourite Pied Pipers and whistleblowers.

When I say 'we', I mean Omar, Lotus, Kay, Mary, Taikán and myself: the family and friends who surround me now - but who sadly suffer an uncommon form of collective amnesia. Before we were farmers we were the crew of The Creativity. And then, as now, we were a Siblinghood, a Soul Tribe - bonded redder than blood: bonded in The Great Mystery; bonded in Grace. In that sense, nothing has changed..."

At breakfast the next morning, when they asked me why I wasn't tucking into my toast with my characteristic enthusiasm, I said "I keep remembering the submission in those videos. I feel ill thinking about it. I just want to scream "RIP OFF YOUR FUCKING MASKS, YOU FOOLS!" But perhaps" I then reflected, less judgmentally "that's easy for me to say, floating up here in the Earth's exosphere, aboard The Creativity - where we haven't even got any masks..."

"And that Great Reset video has left me feeling nauseous - and RAGING!" I screamed, "that the S.G.T.D.'s (Sociopathic Global Technocratic Dictatorship's) latest self-promotional video is dripping fresh with Greenness - that the S.G.T.D. is now Painting Itself Green - is DISGUSTING!" I screamed, even louder... And then, somehow - my appetite for breakfast returned!

Taikán, who, among other things, is an Etymologist, explained that the Great Reset was not Green, but Greeeeeen. And as he said Greeeeeen, he stretched his lips into the Perfect Political Smile. And we all began to laugh... yet stopped - as if, in that instant, our minds had seen: not only the macabre and surreal spectacle of mass murderers dressed in Love of the Earth - but also the terrible and tremendous consequences of the superb acting, the pouting scripts - and the evocative, appalling images of polar bears stranded on luxury cruise ships - anchorless, supplies getting low; and the heart-tugging images of humanity working together, in photoshopped oneness, to bring them to port - to a new life, to a new hope...

"Perhaps they could construct a 5G Smart Arctic for the Polar Bears" quipped Mary, her lips quivering with amusement at her own humour; sipping at her tea, looking straight ahead... It was a soft, breezy, seductive Spring day aboard the season-controlled Creativity - the kind of day when one could easily forget about the swarms of midges and mosquitoes, and the battering midday heat, of the summer yet to come. Breakfast just went on and on... "Do you feel that people can tell Green from Greeeeeen?" Lotus asked us all. We all said we felt most couldn't.

III

I love Lotus's voice! It ripples like silk in the wind. "When one becomes green, the Hulk one becomes is not savage - it's innocent, erotic and pure!" she said. We laughed. "When one is green the world is one's body, and one exists throughout it! And one Loves this World. And one Loves Existing..." "Yes!" said Omar, lifting the pitch: "and I see that in you, Lotus; and in you Valery - and in all of us here! We can see it when it's there - and we can see it WHEN IT'S NOT!" Omar, who was probably approximately the same size as the Hulk, kicked back his breakfast chair, and paced the deck of the Creativity Lounge/Dining Room.

"There's no mischief in their eyes! There's no kindness in their eyes!" Omar moaned, "how can anyone trust such eyes?! And does the tone of their voices call us close! No! On the contrary - we recoil! We feel "beware! These are not real friends!" If they were green - we'd feel it - they'd be relaxed, personal, funny, real...

Do they 'feel the world is their body' like you say, Lotus? Do they even agree conceptually that the world is their body?! You must be joking! These are people who have never enjoyed a shit in the forest! These are people who peel organic potatoes! These are people whose nervous systems are tortured, daily, by electric lighting and central heating - people who live oblivious to the sun waving across the day sky, and to the sunflowers turning, smiling...

What did you say, Lotus? "Innocent, erotic and pure"? You must be joking! Their limbs are stiff as sticks! Erotic?! These are people who, year after year, never hear the Silence of the Trees, or feel themselves in loving equality with all creatures; or let go of everything, and give thanks - even for a moment! These are people who apologise for burping and farting and yawning - people who never scratch their genitals in public, however itchy they get! Green?! Green?! How can anyone believe these people are Green? People! Beware! Don't listen to their Green Words - SEE the Greeeeeen Mouths they're coming out of!"

IV

As Omar's pace slowed to a stroll, and Kay put the kettle on again, Taikán (who's full title is Roshi Taikán), and who studies consciousness with the precision of a statistician - said "well, it seems we

all share a similar feeling - we all feel sickened by the S.G.T.D's Green Spin. But is there any scientific evidence to substantiate our seemingly-similar feeling? You might be surprised to know that, yes, indeed - there is! Not on Our Earth, no - but it's there! I am referring to the results of the July 2020 'Survey of Heartfelt Greenness among Current World Leaders', to be found in the extensive appendices to the Parallel Plandemics section of the Annals of Parallel Earths. (The full academic title is: A Survey of the Degree of Genuinely Heartfelt Greenness present among the World's Current Sociopathic, Dictatorial Leadership.)

Predicated on the assumptions that (a) to be green is to love this world, and (b) that one loves to be with that which one loves (thus, for example, if one truly loves the moon, one looks at it, at least occasionally) - the survey proposed five categories: Greeeeeen (6 E's), Greeeeen (5 E's), Greeeen (4 E's), Green (3 E's), and Green - in which 'Greeeeeen' represented the extreme of Fake Love of the Earth, and 'Green' the extreme of Authentic Love. (As an aside, let me just add: I am told that in Next Year's Survey they are intending to add 'Gren', a Sixth Category - for those Humans who have said "Fuck it!", and gone feral. Apparently this demographic is forecast for rapid growth.)

Be that as it may, in that Survey of Heartfelt Greenness Among Current World Leaders - believe it or not - everyone scored six E's! There weren't even any Greeeeens or Greeeeens or Greeeen! They were all fully Greeeeeen! THAT, in my academic opinion, is quite conclusive socio-scientific confirmation of our seemingly-similar feeling! Look, here, for example, at the survey form filled out by Mikael Steponbrokolis, the billionaire arms and garden machinery manufacturer - the man who plans to aerosol the sky to stop global warming - despite the fact that his ancestors were directly responsible for the Ice Age!"

Taikán picked up the Annals of Parallel Earths carefully, almost-reverentially - and turned to the appendices of the section on Parallel Plandemics:

Q1. Mikael, how much waking time do you spend not thinking?

Mikael: As little as possible! (laughs) (Category: Greeeeeen)

Q2: Mikael, do you like the smell of your own armpits (when they're freshly sweaty)?

Mikael: No! (Category: Greeeeeen)

Q3: Mikael, how much time are you not inside a building, or travelling between buildings?

Mikael: Almost none. (Category: Greeeeeen)

Q4: Mikael, if you could become A.I. - would you?

Mikael: Of course! (Category: Greeeeeen)

Q5: Mikael, were there a lot of slugs in allotments in the northern hemisphere this Spring?

Mikael: I wouldn't know (Category: Greeeeeen)

Q6: Mikael, can more mass manufacturing save the Earth?

Mikael: But of course! (Category: Greeeeeen)

Q7: Mikael, during sex: does your penis fill with blood when your heart fills with Love?

Mikael: Um, I never noticed. (Category: Greeeeeen)

Q8: Mikael, when was the last time you knelt and kissed the ground?

Mikael: I never have. (Category: Greeeeeen)

"You see what I mean?!" Taikán exclaimed, closing the Annals conclusively "the stats back up our seemingly-similar feeling!" Still beaming, he added, authoritatively, that there was a detailed explanation of the survey's Categorisation Matrix at www.greensurvey.com, forward slash sociopaths and dictators, forward slash July 2020 - although, sadly, the link didn't work in our dimension.

The peanut butter and porridge continued to flow, Lotus flipped chapattis, Omar flipped pancakes - and spirits were high - despite our dismay and rage. Starlight from galaxies lightyears away glinted on The Creativity's front windscreen. Mary crocheted. "It's not like they're hiding it - at least not on Most Earths!" said Kay, casually. "Have you read the about the Megalomaniacs Alliance's coveted, prestigious Greeeeeen Oscar? On literally thousands of Earths this year's trophy and prize money were awarded to The Great Reset Psy Ops Team! Why? It was announced quite publicly: for the sheer brilliance of their green gloss finish..."

And this time it was Kay who opened the Annals of Parallel Earths almost-reverentially - and who turned to the Parallel Plandemics section, and read...

"In his acceptance speech on behalf of the Great Reset Psy Ops Team, John Smith the First, a genetically enhanced human with extra charisma, boasted: "Here, in the Great Reset Psy Ops Team, we are succeeding in presenting a vision of the future that is blatantly alienated from the elements, obviously artificial, and clearly unnatural - as a heaven of peace and love upon our Mother Earth!" The Megalomaniacs Alliance Greeeeeen Oscar Award Ceremony Audience were transported. Some even glanced, recklessly, at the megalomaniac in the seat next to them - in a friendly, conspiratorial manner. "Brilliant! Brilliant!" they screamed - and their teeth chattered excitedly, their necks nodded their approval at high speed - and they clapped their hands like crazy.

John went on: "Mind controllers everywhere doubted it could be done. "The public is too savvy!" they scoffed. "The public will realise that even a robot can't make itself; that even robots need robots to assemble them - robots who, in turn, need robots by whom to be assembled, and so on... The public will laugh out loud, and say "you can't fool us! We know you intend to keep on mass manufacturing! Drones, and electric cars, and the internet of things, and even implantable microchips (small as they might be), all necessitate mass mining facilities, mass manufacturing facilities, mass logistical facilities, mass transportation facilities, and so on..."

They said the public would say "it's obvious that The Great Reset is only painted Green - to look Green - but that it isn't really!" Could they have been more wrong, ladies and gentlemen?" John Smith the First asked - raising both arms questioningly, charismatically. "Yes, indeed, ladies and gentlemen" John went on, "today, as we speak, ever-more-millions of human beings believe the S.G.T.D.'s Great Reset comes in soft, heart-warming, cuddly, comforting shades of Green! Yes!" John Smith the First concluded, triumphantly "The Great Reset Psy Ops Team is convincing humanity that to become a bio-digital humanoid, living on modified food in a smart environment, under the all seeing eye of A.I. - is natural, eco, organic and GREEN!"

And more - more than that, ladies and gentlemen - much more: we are convincing humanity that to co-operate with the S.G.T.D.'s Great Reset is the responsible and caring way to save the Earth!" The audience arose - each pair of megalomaniacal hands trying to out-clap all others. It was to be a standing ovation - a unity that transcended all international agreements; a (strictly speaking) illegal unity, clearly contravening the C.M.T. (Conflict Must Thrive) Accord they had all signed with gusto. But casting caution and sanity aside - they applauded like mad; cried happy tears; blew into tiny plastic trumpets; whistled and cheered; and set off safety approved, holographic, digital fireworks." It was, after all (who could deny it?) - a great day for Greeeeeen."

Kay's reading had been so vivid and captivating that we only remembered where we were when she finished. And we were quiet. The Creativity's engines hummed like Tibetan monks groaning. Comets passed us, puzzled...

We were up in outer space, flying about, happy and free - and yet our brothers and sisters down

there on the surface of the Earth were filling their veins with venom, breathing-in fear of the air, and of each other – and being brainwashed to believe the goal of evolution was to all become machines.

VI

Mary had been half-listening to Kay, watching a video on her mobile phone, and crocheting. Now she was tut-tut-tutting. "Deary, deary me!" she muttered, "just listen to this dreadful man!" And she showed us the video...

"Devolution! Decentralisaton! Green Communities that Care for the Earth! We can do it - together! We can make humanity humane again!" declared the impassioned voice of Bill Pinch - ex-hitman of the V.M. (Vicious Mice) Cocaine Cartel, now a high-ranking photocopy machine repair man at the Offices of the World Economic Forum.

A ruthless and devout Darwinian, Bill believed in being on the Side of the Fittest. And although he had no voting power at the W.E.F., he made videos in his kitchen, on its behalf. "With enough centralised power we can supervise, and guarantee the efficiency of a revolutionary worldwide transition into a world of independent, empowered, green communities. Give All, and All shall Be Given!" Bill proclaimed, with a shameless audacity not dissimilar to that of those whose photocopy machines he felt so honoured to repair.

"You see!" exclaimed Omar, who couldn't seem to sit still "they could tie an octopus in knots!" None of us, however, were familiar with this expression - which, from our expressions, Omar could see. "It's an Old Ethiopian Rasta saying" he said, kindly.

"They mastered Orwellian doublespeak ages ago. Then they perfected triplespeak, then quadrospeak... Now they're up to Octospeak!" said Taikán, smiling. Omar agreed, and growled.





*"The Great Reset Psy Ops Team is convincing humanity that
to become a bio-digital humanoid,
living on modified food
in a smart environment,
under the all-seeing eye of A.I. -
is natural, eco, organic and GREEN!"*



4

Auntie Val's Captains

I

It was getting on for lunchtime. Everyone was coming indoors. It was too hot to work outside now. "We'd be absolutely delighted if you'd join us for lunch" offered the lady who'd come sliding down the bannister the first time I'd visited. "Well..." I hesitated... "Yes, please do!" interrupted Auntie Val, "and I can introduce you to everyone".

"Well then - I'd be most terrifically pleased to accept your invitation" I said, getting into the spirit of things... And soon the table was set with soups and salads, and breads and wines – and Taikán had wheeled Auntie Val's deathbed to the head of the table, where she lay propped up on a pile of cushions. Everyone tucked in heartily. Farming made you hungry - clearly. And I tucked in with them. There were questions concerning irrigation, and whether the wells would last the summer, and the unpredictability of the climate due to geoengineering. "But hey, everyone – Val would like to introduce us all to our guest" said Taikán, gallantly.

"Thank you, darling" said Auntie Val, softly... "Well on your left, Mark – is Kay: Captain Kay SeráSerá. Kay was the pilot of The Creativity. She was also our tarot card reader, tea leaf diviner, and specialist in extraterrestrial languages. Kay's cabin was decorated with posters of airplanes. She was, and still is - a child of the air. Kay is an excellent driver - having piloted rockets to Jupiter and Mars, raced go-karts, driven school buses, and sat on the backs of donkeys. She is also a professor at the Bahaman University of Astral Travel - and it was on her travels of That Nature that Kay acquired her extensive fluency in extraterrestrial tongues.

As you can see, Kay has eyes like crystals... Wherever Kay goes, a cool breeze goes with her. Kay is refreshing! If any of us need to lighten up, we think of Kay! Kay is bright, brilliant, radiant - and sparkles with intuition! I love you, Kay!"

"Thank you, Val" said Kay, without the slightest cynicism - just happy to be loved. "And on your right, Mark, is Captain Mary Poppins. Getting Mary to join the crew of The Creativity was a bit of a scoop. Mary had been a famous actress, and at the time I approached her, she was making a bit of a comeback to the big screen. Nevertheless, as soon as she heard about the giant, blind, orange Transgalactic Interdimensional Monkey Angel and the Annals of Parallel Earths, she instantly summoned all of her belongings into her carpet bag, popped open her parrot umbrella, and parachuted upwards - up into The Creativity. "This is MY kind of a holiday!" she announced on arrival, surveying the spaceship for things out of place, and dust.

Mary was our flight engineer, plumber, electrician, bricklayer, plasterer and chimneysweep. She kept our spaceship shipshape: scrubbing, ironing, sewing, knitting, crocheting, and playing ping pong - without ever getting up! And whatever she does, or doesn't do - Mary's always smiling that smile that lets you know, she's only ever acting! I love you too, Miss Poppins - if it's not too terribly bad mannered to say so, in public, like this!"

"Not at all, not at all, Mrs Mickey" said Mary, aristocratically, "the feeling is quite reciprocal". "Now Taikán you know, because he's been to your farm... Taikán, Captain Roshi Taikán, is my identical twin brother. Taikán was our computer man, and convened our meditation sessions. I loved having him on board..."

Our bond had been stretched for thirty years, while he walked the pathless pilgrim's path. He went away 'David', and came back barefoot 'Taikán'. I got him a job as a teacher at the OmEgo

Hardcore Meditation Hotel - and that was when we were rejoined.

When I was in my Reassemblage Phase - dancing about the OmEgo Clifftop Gardens in the strawberry moonlight, singing spontaneously about Monkey Angels, and Love and Belonging - many swore I was crazy... My dear Taikán said only "Sister, your eyes are so beautiful! And you dance with the grace of a bird!" I knew he was keeping an eye on me. Once he said "Sister, I feel your joy! It is so big! But do take care of your little body - especially near the cliffs!" I love you - identical twin bro.!"

Taikán too received her Love, uncritically. "Which leaves Captain Lotus and Captain Omar... We were all Captains, you see, Mark" Auntie Val explained... "Lotus - well Lotus is beauty itself. Omar, you might say, is the beast!

Omar, as you can see, is a thunderous giant - adorned with turban, eye patch and dreadlocks. He's an ex-captain in the Ethiopian army - a wild, marauding, berserker of a man who claims direct descendance from Bob Marley himself - and who insists he can shoot straighter when stoned! Omar is Instinct. Omar is Courage. Omar is hilarious.

And Omar is a superb masseur... "What strength - from one to ten - where one is softest, and ten is strongest?" he always asked, politely. Nobody ever asked for more than a two. Thanks to him, the whole crew got to know all the lyrics to all Bob Marley's songs. I love you too, Mr Omar Marley!

"And I you, Mrs Valery Mickey!" Omar boomed back. "Then finally, there's Captain Lotus Patel. Lotus is descended from Indian royalty - the idealistic daughter of the famously corrupt Maharaja and Maharani of Puranpuranpur. She is gorgeous and glamorous - and much desired. She has eyes shaped like almonds, lips as sweet as dates, and a tongue that tastes of curry...

Lotus remembers hundreds of past lives as a Temple Prostitute in South India - offering humble men her body, so that they might experience Oneness. In fact she modelled for most of the sculptures of female bodies in sexual ecstasy on the facades of South India's tantric temples. Lotus was the Ship's Officer for Loving Touch, and established daily Touch Breaks. She also organised our Spaceship Sports Days.

Interestingly, Lotus holds a Doctorate in Civilisation Design, and is the bestselling authoress of 'Touch Without Love Is Porn: The Pornographic Culture'. Her fascinating, vivid recall of the simple, sacred life of a temple prostitute over thousands of years - of serving the need for union of hunter gatherers, farmers, feudal lords, capitalists and communists, autocrats and anarcho-sydicalists - enabled her to formulate her revolutionary sociological theory. This was first published academically, as 'The Correlation between Civilisational Health and Interpersonal Loving Touch' - and then popularised in her bestseller 'The Pornographic Culture'. Thank you for everything, Lotus! You know I love you too!"

"Oh, thank you too, Auntie Val!" said Lotus, slightly tearfully - clearly moved by this bizarre eulogy. And I too found myself moved. Was Auntie Val completely nuts, or partially nuts - or did she inhabit a vaster reality than our own? I had no idea, but she was certainly wise and witty - and awoke Love in those around her...

"A toast to the crew of The Creativity!" said I - rising from my chair, raising my glass of ruby red wine. "To the crew The Creativity!" echoed the now well-earthed group of friends - every one a Captain!



5

Is It OK To Be Blissful, And Not Just Furious (During An Attempted Great Takeover By A S.G.T.D.)?

I

And so I drove home - not along the coastal road, but up and down the curvy hills, just inland - my heart full of the wonder of this new, unexpected encounter with Auntie Val and Friends. Both front windows open, I drove slowly through the sweet late afternoon summer sunshine – back to my own community of people and peacocks, chickens and ducks, fruit trees and vegetables, horses and goats, cats and rats and dogs, and wild insects, plants and birds...

There's always more to do on a farm - but it was light until late. Along with the others, I worked hard and joyfully, suppered and slept gratefully - and dreamed dreams of satisfaction... The next morning I was up at six-ish, and by ten-ish I was driving back south - back down to Auntie Val's farm...

The dogs now knew the sound of my car, and didn't bark. I entered the farmhouse almost-stealthily, and Auntie Val stirred on her deathbed, saying "welcome, Mark, welcome", without turning her head...

II

"I remember the day Omar (Captain Omar Ben Marley) began to pace the control deck of The Creativity just after breakfast - and didn't stop all day!" Auntie Val said, instantly - as soon as she heard the click on my recorder. "Up and down, up and down... As you know, he's a bear of a man - a big bear – not easy to not notice, what with his turban and dreadlocks; and his intensity, as he looks at you out of his one good eye. You could hardly not be aware of his pacing. Up and down, up and down - all day! Up and down, without a word - until, in the early evening, Omar suddenly stopped and stood and said:

"Last night, as I slept, I saw humanity on the verge of terrible things! I saw regiments of tanks coming over sleepy, green hills. It was a sunset that I saw..."

In the unsuspecting, quaint, yet plugged-in village nestled artfully down in the valley below, good and fashionable citizens stared blearily, electromagnetically, at their screens - getting their evening download.

The regiments of tanks were camouflaged as herds of rhinoceroses - not only so as to appear organic, natural and unthreatening, but in order to actively elicit sympathy as they approached - being themselves a species under threat of extinction. The barrels of the rhino tanks were great syringes - from which green acid dripped prematurely, burning holes in the grassy hills.

Soldiers were dressed as doctors, and doctors were dressed as soldiers... The rhino tanks rolled into the villages, syringes firing - and I woke up - trembling! I asked myself, aghast, "with what horror are they injecting themselves? With what horror are they injecting the children?!" Yes, I woke up

trembling with fury! I woke up ready to rip heads off - and smash up rhino syringe tanks!

I was still trembling at breakfast - and since then I've been on a Zen Meditation Walk. I have not been thinking, I have been walking. Walking, and feeling the trembling. My body is furious and frustrated!

Dear Family - through this walking, and loving self-acceptance, I have been returned to myself. And because myself belongs to life, I have been returned to my Belonging to Life. And Belonging is bliss! Don't get me wrong - I could still smash up a rhino tank - but now my fury and frustration feel like energetic currents trembling WITHIN the Bliss of my Belonging.

Every time I return to myself - it's such a relief! Without the bliss - the trembling's so-exhausting! It's so absorbing, and draining... "Oh yes, I'd forgotten - how embarrassing!" I say, every time I find myself again - like someone who, out for a stroll in the countryside, in a moment of existential recklessness, looks up from their mobile phone - and notices the world.

The world to which we belong is there all the time, like a fact... As the fifteenth century Zen Rasta Master, Baba Woo, so aptly said, "the faces of tyrants dry to dust, but the face of water is always wet."

III

I carried over a chair to where Omar stood, and he sat down on it. I served him Mint Tea, with heaps of Salvia Rebaudiana, the way he likes it. "A slice of more-or-less-vegan Basbousa Cake?" I asked. Omar nodded, humbly. He was tired after so much pacing. "Because we are One, we are indestructible" I said with great affection, "and yet our bodies, and minds, and hearts - are so fragile - and need so much tender Love."

The others (Mary, Kay, Lotus and Taikán) drew up chairs, and gathered around. We'd all been with Omar, emotionally, all day. And (we later found out) each of us, at some point in the day, had had the same thought: namely, that Omar was struggling with a question that wasn't only Omar's; that he was with a Collective Question: namely - how to be-with our fury? We all knew that bliss and fury are easier kept apart. And we all knew that Omar was too wise and authentic for that.

"It's OK to be blissful, even during an Attempted Great Takeover by a S.G.T.D." said Lotus, our Officer in Charge of Touch - softly, supportively; her words like fingertips upon his brow. "In fact, it's essential - because without the erotic Bliss of Belonging, the fury of the heart goes into the mind - and becomes another theory. And all theories are destined, eventually, inevitably, to clash with other theories" she said, eruditely.

Then fury rose within her too, and she too trembled - and like a Tantric Mistress wielding the sword of wisdom, she said sternly: "and however blissfully At One a person might feel - to feel no fury as the rhino tanks approach, firing their vile vials at our children, is not something spiritual - it is outrageous disconnection from one's humanity, and from one's Belonging to the human species, and from Love!"

IV

"Omar, darling" Lotus said more softly now - in fact, quite dreamily... "I remember a previous life in which I Made Love with Plato". (Lotus, as I told you, had been a sacred whore in a thousand

lives, and remembered them all!) "Plato, yes, with Plato" she insisted, "the famous, muscular, tanned and charming mediterranean philosopher. He invited me into a tent of veils, in the sandy olive groves of Herculaneum, in ancient Athens. It was a wonderful night - of passionate union, and ouzo breaks with fabulous conversations.

"Tell me, my love" I enquired, studiously, during one such lazy break, not long before dawn "if the comings and goings of this world are but shadows on a cave wall – should we be concerned by suffering? Should we object to injustice? Should we rile against cruelty? Should we oppose the advance of regiments of Rhino Syringe Tanks? I forget my exact words..."

"The shadows flickering on a cave wall might not be real, dear Lotus - but the souls entranced by such shadows are real" Plato replied, his eyes bright with kindness, "that is why the enlightened return!" "That is such a beautiful answer" I said, enchanted. "Uncaring, transcendent neutrality is an affliction caused by over-meditation" he said, laughing. And we breathed in the rosemary, thyme and stillness of the Greek olive grove night - until our bodies took up the conversation o...

I'm reminded now of that balmy night in ancient Greece, between the sheets with Plato, dear Omar, because your words remind me of his. I hear you advocate the same delicate balance: to be neither too close, nor too distant; to be neither consumed by fury, nor detached and unaffected; to rest in the Bliss of our Belonging, yet resist tyranny... I hear you say the same - and not many of the lovers I have known, life after life - rich or poor, peasant or prince, vaccinated or unvaccinated – not many have been as wise as Plato, or yourself..."

Omar thanked her. That felt affirming, he said. Energies were exploding within him, like fireworks on Guy Fawkes night - yet now he was also their background: the Canvas of the Night.

Lotus closed her long eyelashes upon her dark cheeks, and returned to the Ancient Mediterranean. Mary, Kay, Taikán and I, were just quiet. We felt we'd been with a collective question, and we felt connected to the collective. From up on the control deck of The Creativity, where we'd pulled up our chairs around Omar, we could see the Plandemicised Earth on the front windscreen... Our Love flowed out towards all the sleepy villagers and city dwellers on our home planet – towards all of our brothers and sisters who so easily lose touch with the innate spiritual bodily Biss of their Belonging... And our Love flowed out towards the fury of every noble human heart.





*“Is it OK to be blissful, and not just furious
(during an attempted great takeover
by a S.G.T.D.)?”*

*“It is not just OK, it is essential, because
to not be blissful is to not be in one’s Belonging -
and to not be in one’s Belonging
is to have lost touch with
that for which we stand,
that before which we bow -
that which would cuddle everyone
if they’d just let themselves be cuddled.”*



6

We Are Not The Resistance, We Are The Affirmation: The Stinky FauciGates Creature Story

I

"Oh - the Stinky FauciGates Creature story! I'd almost forgotten! Do we have time for one more before lunch?" Auntie Val asked me.

"I've no idea" I replied, honestly.

"That's good enough for me!" she said, and we laughed together – our eyes meeting more deeply than ever. She was so beautiful. So alive on her deathbed. "There are so many ways to Make Love!" I thought to myself.

"Taikán often used to read us bedtime stories from the Annals - particularly from the Parallel Plandemics section" she mused.

"Come on then" I said, encouragingly...

"Well, it was bedtime... Kay had slipped The Creativity into automatic pilot; and we, the captains and crew of The Creativity, were cuddled up, cosy and snug in the candlelight – excited like children... Taikán was about to read us another story from The Annals Of Parallel Earths... "I think you'll find this one apropos... It's from the Parallel Plandemics section, and clearly from an Earth not that different to our own" he said, seductively - looking possibly scholarly, and possibly enlightened, in his understated Zen dressing gown...

II

"And so it was that once upon a time, perhaps in your future, perhaps in your past, that the foul Fauci and the creepy Gates were expelled from the pack, by A.I. - scapegoated, spectacularly, amidst a media bonanza of unforgivable snapshots, and damning gossip.

And so it was that once upon a time, they wandered - the two Golums: slimy Fauci and slippery Gates, hand in hand, hating each other, yet uncannily bound - unwanted even at the all night fires of the homeless - sleeping in sewers; and in parks, beneath the judgmental stars...

Gradually their bond became telepathic. Gradually they became one. "We could get back at the pack by showing The Resistance how it's done!" whistled the FauciGates creature, through its rotting teeth, to itself, sneakily. "Yes, let's do it!" it hissed back at itself. And without further ado, the smelly and repulsive FauciGates creature set off on an epic quest to find The Resistance, and teach it 'how it's done'.

The Creature sailed the oceans, crawled the deserts, and clambered up and down big mountains. It even braved the streets of the masked. And eventually, as luck would have it, the creature came upon two women of dignity. Namely, Vandana Shiva and Helena Norberg-Hodge - who were sitting quietly, sipping chai with buffalo milk from Vandana's pet buffalo, Muddy, in the back garden of Vandana's ancestral home in Dehra Dun, Uttarakhand, India. Exhausted, quested out - the FauciGates creature collapsed in a puddle. Vandana and Helena took pity upon the disgusting, and

(quite frankly) undeserving, four armed, two headed Creature - and put it to bed with the frogs, where it looked like it might be comfortable.

When they went down to the pond the next morning, to see how the stinky creature was getting on, its eyes were almost popping out of its head - for it lay upon the threshold of death. Perhaps the quest had been too much for it. Its jelly-like body twitched, spasmodically; its eyeballs rolled - terrified, tormented; its claw-like fingernails tried to grip the ground - and, as Vandana and Helena leaned over, and leaned closer, it wheezed its last words - which were:

"It's all in the mind. You will never win if you think of yourselves as The Resistance. You must become The Affirmation... Create 'Affirmation Days'... Be The Affirmation!" And with these inspirational, almost Gandhian words of beauty (albeit uttered with bitter and malevolent intent) - the disgraceful FauciGates creature passed on, into 'Who Knows Where?'

Vandana and Helena arranged for the cremation, which used up a lot of wood, due to the inexplicable liquidity of the body. As the creature's skin crisped and crackled and popped, the two women contemplated the significance of this strange visit from this strange creature.

III

All day that day, as they planted, and pickled, and made pies; held zoom meetings, wrote articles, and gave interviews online - Vandana and Helena contemplated the words 'resistance', and 'affirmation'. And (all credit to the disgusting FauciGates creature) - into which better four ears might it have wheezed its last words, than those of these two women of dignity?! For if one wanted one's message to grow far and wide, who better to seed one's idea than Vandana Shiva - brave Queen of Seeds? And if one wanted Affirmation Days, who better to slot them into the calendars of local communities, than Dame Helena Norberg-Hodge?

Meanwhile, while here on Earth, wherever this is, Vandana and Helena continued to contemplate: somewhere else - in fact, 'Who Knows Where?' - the FauciGates creature was being baptised, by 'Who Knows What?'
- in the lake of Love Beyond Love!

And from this lake, as Vandana and Helena pondered on, the creature emerged, dripping with light, radiant and ecstatic - like an angel! As it familiarised itself with unfamiliar feelings - indeed, with the experience of feeling itself - the reborn divine FauciGates Being of Love and Light felt an urgent urge to thank Vandana and Helena for that wonderful last night with the frogs. "Vandana! Helena!" it called out, but Vandana and Helena couldn't hear it.

Understanding the trans-dimensional nature of the difficulty, the FauciGates Angel sought out Pingpongananda, a well known channel for angel to human communications; and, as his name might suggest - the All India Table Tennis Champion. "Knock, knock, knock upon Vandana's front door" the Angel instructed Pingpongananda - and knock he did. "Who is it?" asked Vandana's auntie. "Tell Vandana the disgusting FauciGates creature became an Angel of Love, and wants to speak to her and Helena", Pingpongananda replied.

And so it was that once upon a time, perhaps in your future, perhaps in your past, that messages passed back and forth like ping pong balls, between Vandana, Helena and the FauciGates Being of Light... "Firstly, thank you for that last night with the frogs!" echoed Pingpongananda's voice, angelically, "and secondly: it's all a question of branding!" "Did you say 'branding'?" Helena asked, surprised - and slightly suspiciously...

"Branding, yes, branding" replied Pingpongananda, melodiously, almost-cosmically. "But branding doesn't sound very angelic!" Helena objected. The FauciGates Angel of Light understood her hesitation, of course it did - yet it chose to cut to the chase: "The term 'The Resistance' comes dripping with opposition - in fact, without opposition, the term would cease to exist. And it comes dripping with the heroic ideal of 'the challenge of the big by the small' - that is to say, it drips with identification as 'the small'" it said, sublimely, through Pingpongananda.

"Absolutely!" smiled Vandana, obviously impressed. The FauciGates Angel smiled too - for clearly, it was getting through. "Answer me these two questions..." the FauciGates Being of Light challenged them, gaily. "OK" said Vandana and Helena. "When you feel you are The Resistance - what do you feel? And when you feel you are The Resistance - where is your attention focussed?" The two women of dignity answered these questions within themselves, experientially - while Pingpongananda slumped slightly, taking a break.

"It's clear" Helena stated, nudging Pingpongananda "it's clear: the term The Resistance makes the Globalists the centre of power; and in us, it generates disempowerment - and anger."

"You must think of yourselves as The Affirmation!" said Pingpongananda - whose eyes were open, yet turned upwards in their sockets - yes: like ping pong balls! (Such are life's mysterious synchronicities!) "Say more!" said Helena, enthusiastically...

IV

The FauciGates Angel of Love beyond Love spoke on, like a ventriloquist - through the mouth of Pingpongananda: "you might be temporarily resisting, but to resist is not your aim. To birth communities that affirm the beauty of life - and death; that affirm the beauty of existence... THAT is your aim - isn't it? To co-create conscious, Earth-embedded communities, and ultimately a conscious, decentralised civilisation - THAT is your aim - isn't it? To seed a civilisation that affirms everyone's uniqueness, that affirms everyone's absolute equality, that affirms that everyone is part of everything - THAT is your aim - isn't it?" And to that, they had to agree.

"So now answer me THESE two questions" said the Angel, spiritedly: "When you feel you are (not The Resistance, but) The Affirmation - what do you feel? And when you feel you are The Affirmation - where is your attention focussed?"

And once again, the two women of dignity answered these questions within themselves - experientially... This time the feeling was magnificent! It was orchestral! It was symphonic! It was not disempowered and angry - it was tremendous and celebratory!

The very next day, both women were at their keyboards - recounting their experience of the arrival and departure of the four-armed, two-headed, stinking FauciGates Golum; its transformation into an Angelic Being of Love Beyond Love - and its divine marketing message to stop self-imaging as The Resistance, and start self-imaging as The Affirmation.

Their emails and tweets and podcasts and posts went as viral as the Plandemic. No word was more hash-tagged, or googled, or copied and pasted, than 'affirmation'. "We no longer oppose inequality, we affirm equality!" social justice campaigners would declare. "We no longer oppose cruelty to animals, we affirm our capacity to love the innocence in their eyes!" vegan activists would declare. "We no longer fight illness, we affirm health!" revolutionary doctors and psychotherapists would declare... And so it was that, once upon a time: the multifarious multitudes of Resistances of the

World came to resonate, one by one, with this subtle yet potent reconceptualisation...

One by one they came - and the resonance of The Affirmation got stronger, and stronger - until: there came a moment, one day, when the resonance of The Affirmation began to rattle the collective consciousness of humankind, like an invisible earthquake. And still they came! And the resonance got stronger still. Until: there came a moment, one day, when, like a Hiroshima of Love and Light - The Affirmation burst upon the world; blasting through the ether of the Earth, exploding through the One Human Heart - healing mercilessly as it went; healing even hearts previously thought beyond soothing.

Take Klaus Schwab, for example - the well-known contracted, tight and rigid founder of the World Economic Forum; a man generally considered irredeemably emotionally incapacitated... As the nuclear fallout of The Affirmation settled like warm, loving snow upon the One Human Heart - even HE was heard saying: "it's the degree of poignancy we feel, that counts - the depth of our perception of every moment's innate sacredness... Ultimately - what else matters?! How can anything matter more than those balmy moments when one sits about idly, counting ants? Or those long afternoons rolling about in the mud, affectionately, with the water buffalo? Poignancy, my friends, not productivity, is what counts!"

And so it was that, once upon a time, perhaps in your future, perhaps in your past, that the Foul Fauci and the Creepy Gates were expelled from the pack; and became one; and wandered afar a-questing; and were transcendently transformed - and came back, and saved the human species.

And so it is, that we, here, now, on our Earth, are living - affirmatively ever after."

We all sighed. "That was beautiful!" said Lotus. "Delightful!" said Mary. "Thank you, Taikán, My Darling" I said. "Inspiring!" said Omar. "Affirming!" Kay giggled. We cuddled contentedly. Taikán blew out the candle...

Slowly, the images of the stinky FauciGates creature asleep with the frogs; of its baptism and emergence from the Lake of Love beyond Love, in slow motion, spraying Holy Water, like a Baywatch Star; and of Pingpongananda's eyeballs - all slipped out of our minds. But the feeling of the tale stayed inside us. And we rested - grateful for the night.





*"This has gone too far,
so we are resisting.
But we are not The Resistance,
we are The Affirmation."*



7

Bayo Billy & The War On Connection

I

And so it was that I went up and down the coast, back and forth between their farm and mine, recording anecdotes of (what Auntie Val claimed were her memories of) life aboard an untraceable spaceship called The Creativity; and tales she attributed to a mysterious, inter-dimensional book - The Annals of Parallel Earths - handed to her by an Intergalactic Monkey Angel! Bizarre and bonkers as it all was - there was no doubt about it: with every passing Mediterranean summer's day, I was more and more In Love with Auntie Val! She didn't apologise for her reality. Nor was she insensitive to the realities of others. She'd gone to the doctor with a persistent tickle in her throat, and discovered she had, at most, six months more in this world - yet she was so happy...

"It's so sad they've all forgotten" she confided in me, one morning... "I remember when Taikán was utterly engrossed in the Parallel Plandemics section of the Annals of Parallel Earths. We'd call him, but he was magnetised..."

He might have forgotten, but I still remember the day when he first read about Bayo Billy... "This is so instructive!" he declared, effusively. "There's just so much we can learn from how other Earths have fared, during their Plandemics! It's so fascinating how differently the peoples of different Earths have met their New World Orders - some with bullets, some with argument, some by fleeing, some with cheers and roses!"

"This one is particularly fascinating" he indicated, tapping the tome with his fingertip, "not only because it's from the near future, in a galaxy not far away; but because of the way it conceives of the resistance, and the nature of its resisting." We, the other captains, looked at each other... There was a meeting scheduled for right then - about important things... We looked at each other, questioningly... "Oh, come on, then!" said Captain Mary, indulgently. And we all relaxed - and huddled up, near Taikán...

II

"Bayo Billy was fifteen. His dad had dragged him to the Magneto Games, and sat him down next to him, up in the stands. But as his dad cheered and booed and cheered - Bayo Billy surreptitiously studied the illicit leaflet he had been handed at the main stadium entrance, on the way in, by a stranger.

The Magneto Games had been formally established in 2025, during the fifth year of the Plandemic, and were a celebration of humanity's ever-increasing magnetisation. After one or two injections, people had been able to pick up hair-clips and nail-clippers with their shoulders. After five or six, people had found they could walk about with toasters and microwave ovens stuck to the sides of their heads. After ten or twelve injections, people could spin shipping containers on their noses, bend bridges - and juggle airplanes. Quite naturally, therefore, people had wanted to fight about who was best - and The Magneto Games had been established.

The Plandemic was now in year ten - and Bayo Billy's Dad had been to every year's games. The crowd was supportively adorned with nail-clippers on their foreheads, spoons on their noses, and microwave ovens on their feet. Bayo Billy's dad was no exception - his whole body was dangling

with keys. Competing in the arena below were some of the most magnetic people on Earth - crude yet impressive examples of the trans-super-humans we might all someday become...

Quite frankly, though: Bayo Billy didn't give a shit. He didn't give a shit how many iron girders Bons Vlodik, a renowned and sensational competitor, could attract with his magnetic penis. In fact, he'd heard that after twenty injections people started sticking to each other - and he hoped they would! The leaflet was from The Unvaccinated! The Unvaccinated who lived like lepers and wolves in the hills - refining their bushcraft and foraging skills - and plotting their revolutions. It was said that viruses swarmed in their saliva, and sprouted in their dreadlocks... And yet, and yet... Bayo Billy just wasn't sure anymore. He took a sip from the can that hung from his chin.

"You are invited to meet The Unvaccinated. Do you dare question everything? Tomorrow at midnight... At a scary, secret location..." Bayo Billy glanced over at his dad, who jingled as he jumped and cheered the great creative feats of Bons, and other distinguished competitors. "This is a war. A war on connection..." "Bayo Billy boy!" his dad shouted "c'mon, come over here, put a bucket or something on your head - and get in the buzz!" "One sec, dad!" he said...

"Don't become a magnet! Stop injecting now! Yes, as a magnet you'll feel attractive. Yes, as a magnet you'll be able to ride on the roofs of cars, and never fall off. Yes, you'll be not only nigh on invincible, but entertaining. But magnets don't know connection, closeness, intimacy, Love... Magnets aren't ever intimate - even if they're inseparable! Imagine such a human future! Imagine no connection, no closeness, no Love - with people, with pets, with places - ever! Is that what you want?! Don't become a magnet! Choose connection! Stop injecting now! Dare to meet The Free! Dare to meet Love!"

"Is it as simple as that? Magnetism or connection?" Bayo Billy wondered, silently - while around him, impersonally, the stadium resounded with cathartic screams and groans, and the competitive clashing of metal. He glanced at the footnote on the word 'connection': "connection (noun, abstract), from the latin prefix 'con' (together), and the latin verb 'nectare' (to taste the nectar), meaning, therefore, 'to taste the nectar together'". "To Taste the Nectar?" Bayo Billy wondered what that meant; and whether he'd tasted it when he was a baby, and whether he still could...

There was a testimonial, too... "I was a Plandemic baby, born in the winter of 2020. By the time I was three and a half, I'd had seven injections. I was pumped. I started competing. My competition name was Magnetito. I got quite well known. I could do some crazy stuff - with airplanes, satellites, and UFO's. But then I met The Unvaccinated. "How are you?" they asked me. The question blew me away! What a question! In all my years, I'd never thought to ask! It took me a week, but finally I got there: I felt awful! More, precisely: I felt metallic and empty; and cold; and frightened, and needy...

Over the last six and a half years The Unvaccinated have demagnetised me, and charged me up with the nectar of connection! It's a lie that they're contagious! They just see the war for what it is. Is not everything marching us in the direction of disconnection?! Dare to meet them! They are not the zombies with dislocated knees you see in the mainstream media - their jowls leaking human blood, and disinformation. They are beautiful! They are proud! They are healthy - and they are playful! They are wise, and they are brave - and they are full of Love!"

It was, unquestionably, a resounding recommendation. Finally, Bayo Billy noted, at the bottom of the page, there was what looked like a call to action, or a challenge, or perhaps it was just plain rudeness:

"Disconnection is not opposed by theories of connection.

Disconnection is opposed by feeling connection.
So connect! Feed that feeling!
Do I hear you say "I agree, that's the way"?
Great! Now put your life where your mouth is!"

III

Bayo Billy whispered "yes" to himself, tentatively. He was afraid. How many viruses were there, really - swarming in the saliva of The Unvaccinated? If he went, that next night at midnight - and met the lepers, would some germ enter him, and never exit him? As Bayo Billy watched his dad jump and jingle; and the crowd revel in inanity, and revere absurdity - the words 'a war on connection' rattled about inside him. He began to shake, and sweat. And shake and sweat. And shake and sweat until - O.M.G. - he SAW it! In his heart! It WAS a war on connection! It WAS as simple as that! And connection wasn't faring so well! He'd be there, that next night! Bayo Billy felt suddenly committed to demagnetisation - and from deep down in his genealogical unconscious, memories looked up at him - memories of long gone, asymptomatic ancestors who'd held undisinfected hands, and cried on unmagnetised shoulders, and breathed on each other, and felt connected with the seasons, and fought off other fascisms...

"Bayo Billy boy! Look!" yelled his dad, hysterically. It was a big moment in the stadium. Bons Vlodik, who had had, some said, extra injections on the black market; in a spectacular bid to beat his own world record; was about to pull a pile of a hundred cars around the arena, by the power of his magnetic penis. Bayo Billy finished his fizzy drink, and tossed the can to the floor. The can, however, slid back to him, and stuck to his boot. "Oh dear" he said to himself "I'd better be quick!" And he wished tomorrow at midnight was then.

Soon, though, it WAS tomorrow at midnight. The secret location was a long abandoned park, where a pre-plandemicised humanity had once strolled and picnicked and played, unsurveilled. Tall trees creaked in the whistling wind, the moon shone ominously, contaminated cats chased rats through the overgrown undergrowth...

Once there, as per the instructions on the illicit leaflet, Bayo Billy sounded a loud, encrypted howl. The Unvaccinated, hidden in the shadows, smiled at each other, and nodded, and were touched. They knew the courage it took for a fifteen year old - for anyone, in fact - to say "I choose connection", in a way that wasn't ridiculously sentimental, or entirely superficial - and then put their life where their mouth was...

And as is so often the case: everything was easier than Bayo Billy had anticipated. Soon he was dancing around their secret campfire, happy as a puppy - drunk on relief. A group of teenagers took him under their unvaccinated wing, and for the first time in his ever more magnetic life, Bayo Billy looked into other people's eyes shamelessly; and saw himself there; and let others see themselves in his eyes - and knew the nectar of connection. "Will you join our little connection group?" they asked, respectfully "We call it a LovePod!"

"Will you come feed the feeling with us?" they asked. Billy was stunned. What would his dad say? Would he have to live in the forest? "You DO understand what a LovePod is?" enquired Feromina, - an attractive young lady who smelt oddly unmetallic. Bayo Billy said he wasn't sure he did. "It's a kind of soul family, a heart family, a tribe" she said, gently "and, right now, because we're at war: we're also a Special Ops Connection Guerrilla Squad - starting up secret, underground, unvaccinated community permaculture gardens; and setting up hush-hush, independent, off-grid, unvaccinated community economies..." Bayo Billy said: "Wow!"

"Think about it carefully" said Feromina, kindly. "For us, there's nothing more important than connecting. For us, acts of connection are today's most revolutionary acts... When we raise our glasses at breakfast, to toast each new day, we pray: 'may we feel our connection with ourselves, may we feel our connection with each other - and may we feel our connection with the Great Mystery of Existence!' It's a war on connection, Bayo Billy - people are being converted into super powered magnets. Authentic connection is being replaced by special effects. We have to resist this magnetisation together! What do you say, Bayo Billy - will you join our LovePod?" Bayo Billy said: "Fuck, Yes!"





*“From deep down in Bayo Billy’s genealogical unconscious,
memories looked up at him -
memories of long gone, asymptomatic ancestors
who’d held undisinfected hands,
and cried on unmagnetised shoulders,
and breathed on each other,
and felt connected with the seasons,
and fought off other fascisms.”*



8

The Hobbit G7 Summit

I

"A family of wild hogs broke through the fencing around the olive orchard last night" Mary, Kay and Lotus informed me, as I arrived at their farm. "They didn't damage the trees, but the vegetable gardens are next to the orchard – and they almost got to the courgettes, tomatoes, cucumbers, beans, peppers, onions, lettuce... Oh, what a shame that would have been! Well, for us - not for them!" they laughed - as they set off, down the sandy path, through the new day, towards the orchard - pushing wheelbarrows stacked with posts and spades, rolls of wire fencing, and bags of cement...

"Unlike on a farm, there's not much to do on a spaceship" Auntie Val said, as I arrived at her deathbed. "Have you ever played Plandemia? We used to play it a lot..." I said I'd never heard of it. It's a board game, not unlike Monopoly" she said, informatively. "It's identical in mood, but much more ambitious."

Captain Taikán didn't join in much – but the rest of us got quite expert at it. I remember, one time, as The Creativity slid through the silent, never-ending darkness; eternity watching over us, paternally - Captain Lotus called out "gotcha!", as she placed a bribe card on the square of the World Health Organisation. It was a good move. But Captain Mary had the propaganda card. (The 'P' card is the most powerful card in the game.) She waved it about, in front of her face, like a Spanish fan – smiling, teasingly... Where would she place it? On the square of the United Nations and the World Economic Forum (they shared a square), or on the square of The Resistance – on the square of localisation, and looking into each other's eyes?

It was a tense moment. Nevertheless, Captain Taikán - who was half playing Plandemia with us, and half absorbed in the Parallel Plandemics section of the Annals of Parallel Earths - insensitive to our competitive intensity – suddenly exclaimed: "The G7 Summit on Middle Earth! You must listen to this!" And disgruntled, yet intrigued - we did...

II

"And so it was, once upon a time - not long before the eclipse in Gemini, and not long after the Flower Full Moon of May, in the Shire of Cornwall, in Greater Britain - that the Seven Representatives of the Seven Nations of Middle Earth gathered for the Annual G7 Summit.

Selected via a bottoms up, grass roots, power to the shire, anarcho-syndicalist political process - each representative was an outstanding Hobbit... Each was a Hobbit who had kept finding their Heart, when the Hobbits about them had kept losing theirs. Each was a Hobbit who had been listened-to because they had consistently spoken on behalf of, and from inside of, that feeling-beyond-ideas that Unites all Hobbits as One.

Yes, they were Great Hobbits, all seven of them - a greatness illumined somehow by their obliviousness to greatness, and their unflinching simplicity. As they approached Carbis Bay on foot, local Hobbits lined the way - tossing rose petals in their path, offering them refreshment, and calling out their thanks. The seven representatives themselves were overcome with tears of joy to receive such a welcome - and their wet eyes met the wet eyes of the Cornish Hobbits - In Love.

III

It was the time of the Great Cornish Hayfever Celebrations - when the Hobbits of the Shires of the South West of Greater Britain would toss pasties, tippie mead, topple skittles, and compete in their famous, traditional sneezing competitions...

From Japan came the humble yet imposing Ograzoki. She was a hundred and fifty, a poetess and a priestess – and famed for her sense of smell. Strumming her ukulele as she strolled, she sung: "We all know what smells fishy, and we all know the scent of Spring!" - country and western style. Oggy, as she was fondly known, often came up with such memorable lyrics - and her protest slogans were legendary. Banners now common at Hobbit demos, like 'Blow Your Nose!', 'Smell for Yourself!', and 'Beware: Even your Smelling has Been Conditioned!' - were all Ograzoki quotes.

Alongside Ograzoki there walked another Great Hobbit - the exceptionally large footed representative of the German shires; that year's winner of the Golden Bilbo: the jolly, fat and biodynamic Baron Von Turf - the Hobbit who had led the campaign to rid Middle Earth of processed food - and won! (How Saruman had resisted signing THAT treaty - but he had!)

Many a Cornish Hobbit would walk with the fearless, tubby Baron a-while... As they rubbed their itchy eyes, and sniffed, and thanked him, he would recommend the intake of honey through the Spring as a Homeopathic Hay Fever inhibitor.

From the Shires of Greater Britain itself, came the saintly Boris Johnson - an Albino Hobbit of utter integrity. Boris was the Hobbit who had changed the history of Shires far and wide, when he'd gone on a hunger strike in the name of hunger. "It will only be acceptable for some Hobbits to banquet in repulsive ostentation, knock back top notch port and brandy, and puff on Cuban cigars - when every Hobbit can banquet in repulsive ostentation, knock back top notch port and brandy, and puff on Cuban cigars" he had proclaimed, bodhisattvically. And indeed, if ever there had been a hungry Hobbit on Middle Earth - there was no longer. "Thank you, Boris" the crowds called out. "Why waste millions on fake vaccines, when we can end world hunger for less?!" he called back, rhetorically, to the adoring, waving, sneezing crowd.

Boris The Radiant (as he'd been nicknamed by the media) walked along the petal laden, cobbled lanes of Carbis Bay - towards the small park with a pond where the Annual G7 Summit (which was actually more of a G7 Party) was to be convened. There he met the President of the United Shires of America, who had also been nicknamed, indigenously (in honour of genocides past), as 'He Who Runs with Rats'. Another Great Hobbit - he and Boris the Radiant hugged beneath the banner that hung over the cosy G7 Summit park - high above the 'please don't sit on the grass' signs.

"Do Nothing. Don't Interfere" said the sign, as it blew about in the pollen-full breeze. It was the summit's motto - for it had been found out long ago, in the days of the Hobbits of Old, that things worked out best on Middle Earth when governments and corporations got out of the way, and just let the Shires get on with it.

IV

The representatives of the other three Hobbit nations (the Canadian Hobbits, the Italian Hobbits, and the French Hobbits), joined Ograzoki, Baron Von Turf, Boris the Radiant, and He Who Runs with Rats, at the pond-side - and together they watched the Cornish Goldfish, who were just getting

on with it. Greater Britain was gorgeous in the sun, in the Spring.

Soon they sat down on the grass, and reviewed the agenda. Item one was a Five Rhythms expressive barn dance, followed by Chocolate Muffins. Item two was Zen meditation, followed by Noodles. Item three was a Heart Sharing Circle, over a full English breakfast. Item four was the proposed vaccination of Middle Earth, and ice cream. And Item five was Saruman's shpiel about the greenness, and convenience, of genetic modification - with strawberries and cream. "Wow - that 's a lot to get through!" they agreed, and spontaneously decided to eat the chocolate muffins BEFORE the free-form barn dance. "Could I possibly trouble you for just a spot more of your fine Cornish tea, to wash down these most delicious muffins?" asked Boris, who was well versed in the subtle etiquettes of the Cornish Hobbits.

And so it was that, on the parallel Earth known as Middle Earth - where the carbon footprint of the inhabitants is similar to that on most other Earths, but hairier - the representatives of the seven Hobbit nations ate and drunk and danced; and sat in silent stillness; and swallowed noodles; and shared their hearts, and laughed and cried - before coming to the question of vaccines.

"My owl's excreta tested positive for Covid!" remarked Zut Alors, the representative of the French Hobbit nation. "How odd!" sung Ograzoki, "so did my spring rolls!" "Well now there's a coincidence" remarked He Who Runs with Rats, "my McDonald's Locust-burger also tested positive!" "The whole vaccination narrative is an absurd fantasy" exclaimed Ronaldo Icko, the representative of the Italian Hobbits who had attracted the attention of the whole Hobbit world, when he had asserted that the reptilian brain controlled all of Saruman's minions.

"I propose we vaccinate all spring rolls!" he motioned, mockingly - adding "might it be possible, if it's no bother at all, for my tumbler to be refilled with your most excellent Cornish mead?" (Ronaldo picked up etiquettes quickly too.) The other Great Hobbits looked up, lovingly, at the "Do Nothing. Don't Interfere" banner above - a banner that had presided over a century of such summits; a wise old banner, full of tricky riddles... a banner that now asked them this: "How many false positives make a pandemic?" "Indeed!" the seven Great Hobbits replied - and that was that! As the Hobbit press later astutely and admiringly observed, "they chose to waste not even a minute on that crazy vaccination crap". And lo and behold - it was time for ice cream!

By the time the day was cooling off, and the pollen settling, the grass was covered in Hobbits. The little park with a pond was full. The Cornish Hobbits were gossiping with the Hobbits who had come from afar, and the mood was getting festive. "Party! Party! Party!" they chanted in unison. There was, however, still item five: Saruman's shpiel about the greenness of genetic modification (and strawberries and cream). Unbidden, the President of the American Shires stepped forward. "Look" he said, in utter honesty, "what Hobbit farmer really wants corn that can walk, or carrots that eat flies?" "It could be useful" said Justin 'Squirrel Hat' Trudeau - the mighty trapper and lumberjack known as the Wild Hobbit of the Rockies - the daunting representative of the Canadian Hobbit nation...

"I mean, it could be useful, at harvest, say - if the corn could queue up to be collected". The other six representatives of the Hobbit nations of Middle Earth looked at him, and said nothing. The Hobbits who filled the park hushed, and glanced uncertainly at each other. Between themselves they asked in whispers whether it could possibly be true, that Justin Squirrel Hat Trudeau, the mighty Wild Hobbit of the Rockies, was really in favour of eternally modifying the DNA of Middle Earth for the sake of some petty convenience. Eventually, the mighty Justin could bear it no longer "OK, OK" he said, flustered "I was just trying to be open minded".

And so it was that the G7 Summit in Carbis Bay, Cornwall, Greater Britain, Middle Earth - just as it

had wasted no time on that crazy vaccination crap - also wasted no time on all that fake eco shit... and everyone partied all night...

And so it was that the next day at dawn, few having slept, many-a-Hobbit walked slowly down to the ocean, and stood in a line, and looked out to sea - and contemplated what might've been, had vaccinations become mandatory on Middle Earth; or Saruman's wicked and sly 'green genetic modification' plan turned Middle Earth into a laboratory. And they gave thanks for the sanity of their representatives.





*“For it had been found out long ago,
in the days of the Hobbits of Old,
that things worked out best on Middle Earth
when governments and corporations got out of the way,
and just let the Shires get on with it.”*



9

The 'Stop 'n' Sob' Initiative & Unity Circles

I

And 'click'. I turned off the recorder. "I wish I could give thanks for the sanity of OUR leaders!" I said, woefully - and unexpectedly: not fury, like Omar's, overtook me - but grief...

"Click it on again" said Auntie Val – as she looked kindly, empathically, into my watery eyes... "Let me tell you about the Stop 'n' Sob Initiative, and about Unity Circles..."

Stop 'n' Sob is a Multiple Parallel Earths Initiative that proposes that - whatever each of us might be doing at midday, on any given day - we stop, and make space for our sorrow, and express it.

Its rationale is this: that just as the noble heart feels fury when a Sociopathic Global Technocratic Dictatorship spreads, cancerously, across the surface of one's Earth - the noble heart also feels a deep, heart-gripping grief. In fact, as a S.G.T.D. advances - as it does, over centuries – separating us from the land, and the seasons, and the other animals; seducing us into economic dependence; and then poisoning us with false food, and medicine, and television, and triviality - how can the noble heart NOT be gripped by grief?!

Both the Stop 'n' Sob Initiative and Unity Circles believe this grief can choke us, if not expressed - just as fury can consume us. And both believe we are united, profoundly, by expressing our grief - together.

So let me tell you how they began... According to the Annals of Parallel Earths, they began in a small community, not unlike our own, here on the farm – at a gathering that, interestingly, was brimming with rage... The passage I remember read like this:

II

"If I could strangle the seven necks of that seven-headed G7 Hydra, I would!" said Barny, the usually soft spoken Professor of Ornithology, who lived in a tree house at the edge of the Community. "Better a few Eugenicians die, than half the Human Race!" he added - with the mercilessness of a cat.

"If they come near my baby with their needles, I'll fucking murder them" said Nazomi, quite viciously - though it looked like butter wouldn't melt in her mouth - and not just because she was vegan, but because, usually, she was all sweetness and light.

That was the general mood of things. The community was raging. And we had no intention of minimising, or repressing our rage. We felt fully justified in our rage. In fact, we felt it was impossible to rage enough! And yet - then something happened...

III

Nazomi was whispering to her baby: "I'd fucking murder them, wouldn't I, my sweetheart! I'd fucking murder them if they came near you..." And as she whispered thus - much as one would

murmur sweet-nothings - stroking her baby's cheeks, and looking into its little eyes... Something went 'clack!' in her heart, and she ACTUALLY FELT the possibility of The Unvaccinated being seen as modern lepers, and ostracised; and her baby being confiscated, and injected - and Nazomi let rip the most gut-wrenching scream of despair! It cut through our rage like a razor! It ripped through the community air... And through the great tear it tore - first came Nazomi's desperate sobbing, then Barney's, then mine... until we were all sobbing - and it felt as authentic, if not more so, than our rage...

As we all sobbed, sometimes someone would speak - and name the atrocity that was breaking their heart. Thus, again and again, our sobbing washed the shores of our pain, in waves. Jen, who is ten, and usually oh-so-shy, somehow felt no shame amidst this outpouring of grief, and beat the community drum with uncharacteristic boldness. And as he drummed, steadily - we sobbed. And so did Jen.

Well, as George Harrison, the Buddha, and others, have often noted: all things must pass. And slowly, our sobbing approached the Arms of Silence... Silence, like a loving mother, seemed to take our sobbing in her arms, and hold us, and whisper oh-so-gently "My darlings, existence is a mystery, of which you are part... My darlings, you belong!"

And though we were comforted, the mind (as it does) objected "and so what? So what if we belong?" And it seemed that the holding, loving, silent Mystery of Existence replied - to each in their own way: "Rage! You MUST rage! But you must also sob! Sob together! The sobbing will unite the softness of your hearts - and nothing is more powerful than softness!"

And we did feel powerful. And in our soft unity, there WAS a sense of Belonging. It was true. It was strange. So we suggested an Evening of Sobbing to the community on the other side the valley - and Jen went along to drum...

IV

And yes - they had the same experience! The same experience! They too sobbed As One! Mario Muchacara, the gentleman who had kept his psychotherapy practice open until he was 105, and now coordinated their community's allotments, made (I thought) an interesting observation... "Our rage tends to be outward facing; accusatory and full of plans - and rightly so!" he said. "Our grief tends to be inward facing. It has no answers. It has no plans. It is broken. And if we let it, it can be the revelation of our pain - to others. If we let it - it can let others in. And it is precisely because it can let others in, that it can unite us so deeply!"

I told our neighbour, Brigadier Colonel Osprey, about our enhanced unity - and he was impressed. "Wars can go on for a long time, my dear" he said, knowingly, pompously "for example, The Fifty Year War went on for fifty years - more or less". I agreed. Well, it was hard not to. "And wars aren't all bombing and screams, you know! There can be long quiet stretches, when no one knows what's going on. Nothing, therefore, my dear, is more important than morale!" I agreed, again - yet, for me, this went deeper than morale... For me, this was about the Cry of the Soul of the World.

V

That night I meditated upon how the expression of our grief might bond and empower us - the big 'us': we the Resistance, the Affirmation; we who Refuse to be Bio-Digitalised, we the Awakening... I felt so-deeply that it would help us to sob, and to sob together - and I came up with this idea (or

this idea came up within me): that we could set our alarms for midday, and stop en masse, and make space en masse - for the massive shadow of sorrow that haunts our One Shared Heart... That we could do this for five minutes a day, at midday, everyday - for as many days, or weeks, or months as it took. That way, I said to myself, if it did catch on, our sorrow could swell, day by day, until, perhaps, it burst - through the whole damned slick, macabre, fascist-communist, bloodless, technocratic, genocidal circus. And you know what? It IS catching on!

Just yesterday, outside our local Town Hall, there was a lot of screaming, some shoving, and quite a bit of threatening; but, as yet, at that point - it hadn't come to blows. The police were dressed up, as usual, in Darth Vader riot costumes, and the protestors (anticipating this) had dressed up as Imperial Stormtroopers of the Galactic Empire... This they felt, would make it easy for passers-by to see who the goodies were...

There had been jostling and arguing over the future of planet Earth all morning... Then the bells of the Town Hall clock struck twelve... The Stormtroopers took off their helmets, and gave space for their pain - and sobbed, and let themselves be seen... The Darth Vaders took their fingers off the triggers of their tasers, and tear gas cannisters, and rubber bullet guns... Their thumbs twitched confusedly - they had never been challenged by tears before.

The Darth Vaders had been happy tossing insults back and forth between the light and dark sides. They had felt they were defending something. They had felt this 'something' was under attack. But now there was no attack... They shuffled about on the spot. They twiddled with their medals. They kept noting down the time - and they tried not to look into the Stormtroopers' eyes. Yet some Force inside them seemed to want to look. And some did! I saw it! I saw they saw the pain. And I saw them think "this can't be right! This can't be what I signed up for!"

Just how much will the Stop 'n' Sob Initiative catch on? Who knows?! Some of us are a little reticent. "I can't just sob on demand!" a friend of mine complained. I said "that's OK, just sniffle!"

Meanwhile - others are storming ahead with their sobbing. Just this morning, as I walked past the Honest Supermarket (where absolutely everything is labelled 'toxic'), not far from the Town Hall in fact - I overheard a young lady say: "I've started doing it! I stop at midday, wherever I am! I breathe - and I let my heart open! It's beautiful! It's painful, but it's beautiful! Especially when I meet A Sobber I don't know, and I look into eyes I've never met before, and let them see my grief, and they let me see theirs - and hands on hearts, for a moment, we know We Are One..."

To what extent will people take up this initiative? Who knows?! As the Great New Fourth Industrial World Order Reset Revolution aims its syringes and implants and upgrades at our children, and electromagnetises our cities, and puts even deserts and jungles on CCTV - how much of humanity will sob out loud? How much will at least sniffle? And how much, like Nazomi - will let-rip the Howl of Soul of the World? We shall see..."

VI

After hearing all of this, I, Mark, was wondering about suggesting Stopping 'n' Sobbing to the community at home, on our farm - when Auntie Val said, enthusiastically: "That's not the only mention of the Stop 'n' Sob Initiative in the Annals of Parallel Earths. The Annals also include an article published in a revolutionary Hindi newspaper (dubiously named 'One Love, Fuck You') - an article that tells the tale of the Stop 'n' Sob Initiative evolving into Unity Circles". "Say more", I said. And once again, Auntie Val displayed her capacity for almost total recall..."

"The article said" she said: "Kali Yugas have come and gone for eons. And yet somehow, they always take one by surprise! "Surely this one cannot be more degraded and destructive than the last!" one says to oneself, naively. But no... every Kali Yuga seems like the worst one yet!

And so it was, once upon such a yuga, that our Earth enjoyed a terror as never before... Yes, the great ten-headed, twenty-armed demon Ravana - eventually repeatedly-beheaded by Lord Rama, Hanuman, and the monkey legions of the Ramayana - had been a pain on our Earth. But that was nothing compared to this...

Evil emperors, mad monarchs, and prostituted politicians had declared war, unilaterally - upon their own species, upon the human race. Everywhere target-locked Syringe Drones rained down, out of the balmy summer skies. People rushed about beneath metal umbrellas - but even then, sometimes the Drones got them... People went shopping in anti-missile gear; people boarded up their windows, and only partied in bunkers, underground... Yet somehow, even then, sometimes, the Syringe Drones got them...

If a Syringe Drone did get you, despite your precautions, genetic mutation was more or less immediate... The bio-techno liquid slid confidently into your bloodstream; all emotion, intuition and logic clotted - and cockroach-burgers and chips suddenly made your modified mouth water.

It was odd because in the Zombie Apocalypses on screen, Zombies were deformed, and not too bright; but these Zombies could speak in weird, insane sentences that had an internal consistency; they were extremely talented at form filling; and, all things considered, for genetically modified Zombies - they were generally quite polite...

Throughout these summery days of metal umbrellas, Syringe Drones, form filling, and underground parties - a subversive leaflet, entitled Stop 'n' Sob, was being passed, from hand to hand, riskily; and from heart to heart, tenderly - among what remained of The Resistance. "Yes!" we agreed, fervently, as we read it "we must cry together for the loss of our Belonging - for the loss of our Oneness, for the loss of our innate freedom and joy - before they fade altogether from the collective human memory!"

And we did try... We took up the proposal... Wherever we were at midday, we'd stop, enthusiastically; and seek, in ourselves, the mood for sobbing... However, truth be told: it was hard to focus. And if you could, by the time you did, the five minutes were up. One secret Resistance Assembly after another had to acknowledge, sadly, that the Stop 'n' Sob Initiative wasn't working... It felt like a key - but a key that we didn't know how to turn...

VII

It was at this impasse, at one such secret assembly; in the dappled, afternoon shade; deep, deep in a faraway forest, where even the drones did not roam - that Joanna Macy, a resplendent, wrinkled elder of the Resistance, spoke in a voice that trembled with Love:

"Let's not try to sob" she suggested, quietly, to the respectful assembly. "Let's just, each of us, be-with one thing that disturbs us, however small... Let's each pick just one thing out of the whole cunning, corrupt, control-obsessed Plandemic freak-show... and, as we feel it, express it, one at a time - whether it's grief, or rage, or terror..."

But first - let's speak our Gratitude for the Gift of Existence; for the Beauty and Mystery of Our Belonging!" she proposed, "otherwise we might be overcome." And they did, one by one... They

thanked the warm air, the dry soil, the fruiting trees, the golden grasses, the mischievous birds, the innocent insects... And the forest thanked them back... One by one, and As One - they gave thanks for the Miraculous Unlikeliness of It All... "And now" prompted Joanna, "let's speak whatever it is we feel - as the Plandemicists push towards their New World Order."

The Assembly of the Resistance spoke - of deaths by needle, of zombification, of fake wars, of the nano-chipping of children... there was howling, and snarling, and tearing at hair... And there was sobbing - great sobbing - a painful summer rain of sobbing that refreshed the assembly soul...

As each individual expressed their pain, the assembly felt it with them. It was surprisingly easy; surprisingly natural - because, of course, the pain of others is also our own... And so it was that each individual let others look into their heart, and the assembly was flooded with Love – and what came to be known as Unity Circles were born...

Joanna wasn't much of a time keeper anymore, having even lost count of her years - and this certainly wasn't the five minutes a day proposal of the Stop 'n' Sob Initiative. But it felt SO right... THIS, they felt, was the tone in which to oppose the twisted, totalitarian dream future of the sociopaths and their sycophants!

Eventually their words fell back into Silence – and the secret forest assembly rested, once again, in gratitude. "Yes, THIS is how we stay strong!" the assembly said to itself - and soon talk of Unity Circles was circulating, encryptedly, between the clandestine Assemblies of the Resistance...

And so it was, once upon a dark Kali Yuga, that rather than stopping for a solitary sob on a street corner - or wherever one happened to be – the Resistance began to integrate Unity Circles into its Assemblies and Gatherings and Demonstrations and Parties - and came to know an unprecedented togetherness; and an unbreakable, unshakeable, unstoppable gentleness..."

VIII

Auntie Val paused. "I don't want to give the impression that what worked best on one Earth would necessarily be best for all Earths" she said, concerned. "I don't want to give the impression that Unity Circles are better than the more individual Stop 'n' Sob Initiative..."

I mean: I know people who live alone, who can't get out; who are housebound, and who couldn't get to a secret Resistance Assembly, even if they wanted to. And I know of others who live in isolation – hermits, and people like my friend Joshua Greenman - the bushcraft and survivalist specialist who lives on the move, in valleys and on hilltops, nowhere and everywhere... For him to get to a Resistance Assembly would be really awkward.

Actually, I told him about Stop 'n' Sob some time ago - and he recently told me that now, wherever he is, at midday, everyday, he stops, and hand on heart: he feels the worldwide suffering being inflicted by a clique of megalomaniac narcissists. And he suffers that suffering. And sometimes he sobs. And he tells me that knowing that others are also standing, or sitting, or lying down, hand on heart, like him there amidst the trees - he feels his heart One with theirs - and he feels that, together, they are Breathing Love Back into the splintered human species soul".



10

Sleeping Beauty & The Needle Of Evil

I

We only had one donkey on our farm. We called him Bob, and he was more of a pet than a worker. Well, his work was to nibble the grass in front of the main house, and keep it trim - which he did, excellently. We kept him on a long rope - otherwise he wandered off, Into The Great Unknown - so we'd untie him and re-tie him, from tree to tree, a few times a day, every day.

That afternoon, as the sun began to wane, Bob and I walked together towards the next tree - and I took the opportunity to get his opinion as to the reality and reliability of Auntie Val's monologues...

"Did Auntie Val REALLY receive a visitation from a giant, blind, orange Monkey Angel, Bob?" I enquired, soberly. "Is there REALLY a Parallel Earth inhabited by Hobbits where Boris Johnson is a saint? Can Bons Vlodik REALLY pull a hundred cars around an arena by the power of his magnetic penis? Did Lotus REALLY make love with Plato? Did The Great Reset Psy Ops Team REALLY win the Megalomaniacs Alliance's Greeeeeen Oscar on thousands of Parallel Earths?" Bob looked at me lazily through his long, grey eyelashes - as if to say "which question do you want me to answer first?"

"I know, I know - I'm sorry" I said - it's just all so overwhelming. Bob rubbed his neck against my cheek, reassuringly, and brayed: "talking of Plato - was it not Socrates whom the Oracle proclaimed the wisest of all - and was this not because Socrates confessed his own not-knowing?" "As far as I know, that's correct, Bob" I replied - and indeed, it was a timely reminder.

When then, the next day, I returned to Auntie Val's farm, I sat down by her deathbed with a quiet mind - unburdened by the Need to Know. Which was probably just as well...

II

"Ah, Mark, you have returned" Auntie Val said, smiling welcomingly, as I sat down. She seemed weaker today... "Was it not Socrates whom the Oracle proclaimed the wisest of all - and was this not because Socrates confessed his own not-knowing?" she asked me - echoing Bob's words, verbatim. I was gobsmacked - humbled and stunned. Auntie Val smiled shyly, enigmatically.

"Taikán was enchanted by The Annals of Parallel Earths, especially the Parallel Plandemics section. He read us story after story" she said, getting down to business. "I want to share this one with you, because I feel it is especially relevant - what with so many big demonstrations coming up..."

III

Once upon a time, not so long ago - when the self-terminating nature of modern human civilisation had been painstakingly researched and referenced, and meticulously ignored; and the people of the Earth - deaf to the symphonic wisdom of the forests and the seas - were praying to A.I. for salvation; there lived, in the hills, a five year old orphan girl - whose unapologetic Aunties had named 'Love'.

"What is Love?" Love asked her Auntie Joy, one cosy afternoon in their cottage, over gingerbread and cinnamon tea, "is it when adults kiss?" "It might be" Auntie Joy smiled, "but it might also not".

"Love is what you feel" she said, more contemplatively "when you feel the life in another, and you know that life is also your own". "Oh!" said Love, "then I love Putsy, and Crimble, and Torontonton, and..." (and one by one, she named the cottage cats, and the stick insects who lived out back, the foxes and frogs who lazed about around the pond - and the hundreds of trees who cradled her days).

"Indeed! Indeed you do!" exclaimed Auntie Joy, delightedly "and do you feel they love you?" "They love everything!" said Love, spontaneously – with a casual, yet halting authority.

IV

However... all was not well in the hills where love lived with her seven aunts: Auntie Joy, Auntie Oneness, Auntie I-Am-You, Auntie Absolute Equality, Auntie Open Mind, Auntie Magical Adventures, and Auntie The Mystery of Existence... For Love's seven aunts knew The Evil Needle was coming for her - as seemingly-unstoppably as industrialisation, urbanisation, the pain of alienation, the degeneration of the planetary ecosphere - and the prophecies in fairy tales.

Love's seven aunts knew that The Needle of Evil would search out Love's shoulder - because injection was written into the laws of their Earth... When Love's parents had died, her seven anarchist, activist aunts had snatched her away to the hills - despite the decree of Eugene the Eugenicist, Global Minister of Population and Health - which had made the bio-nanochipping of children obligatory, and recommended it be at birth. But the drones of Smart City Central scanned every millimetre of the mountains; and the seven aunts knew they knew where they were - and that those who saw through the drones' eyes made no exceptions...

And so it was that the seasons span... Love turned six, and seven, and eight nine ten... Around and around and around the seasons span - until, one unsuspecting, unlikely, windy day: a flyer blew into the hills - and into the hands of Love. And there, in the middle of the leaflet; in mouthwateringly photoshopped deliciousness - was the almost-divine image of a vegan strawberry ice cream. Beneath the image was written, shudderingly: "free with every jab. no parental consent required".

Was the leaflet scented, Love wondered - sniffing it. It smelt SO good! "No Child, it's not the leaflet" announced the hollow voice of a Transhuman Injection Agent, "it's this!" And the Injection Agent leapt upon Love - stabbing her in the left shoulder with The Needle of Evil; while, with astonishing, genetically-enhanced dexterity, it simultaneously placed the promised Vegan Ice Cream in the bewildered child's right hand.

V

"Why have you got such stupid names?" were Love's last words, as she arrived back at Cosy Cottage, stumbled at its threshold, and fell stiffly to the ground. Her seven activist anarchist aunts picked up her soft, little body, and put her gently to bed - where Love lay looking upwards, her eyeballs pulsing in their sockets as the evil liquid shot through her veins - deciding whether to kill her, or convert her into an Operative of Smart City Central.

Love's seven aunts placed candles around Love's bed, and cuddled her in prayer - and watched over her with tearful eyes, infuriated. They watched over her by day, and they watched over her by

night. Cats, stick insects, foxes and frogs - creatures of all sorts came to Love's vigil. Even the trees, who could not get in the room, held vigil - for there was nothing in the hills that did not love Love.

Little Love sweated so much she began to shrivel. Her blood boiled. And when she began to levitate horizontally, and scream vicious curses - much like the little girl in *The Exorcist* - her seven kind aunts strapped her wrists and ankles to the four posts of her four poster bed. "Ice cream, ice cream!" she screamed, grinning "give me strawberry ice cream!"

"Maybe a handsome prince will kiss her better" said Auntie Oneness - who was a sucker for romantic endings - though, really, she knew full-well that idealisation wasn't love - and that Love can only happen in equality - since to feel the life in another, one has to be feeling that life in oneself. "The prophecy predicts she will sleep for a hundred years!" wailed Auntie Joy, who would've gladly exchanged fates with Love...

The stick insects were more practical: they recited statistics - PCR test efficacy statistics, lockdown and mask and social distancing efficacy statistics, adverse reaction statistics, bribery and censorship statistics, and so on... "Why do you do this?" Auntie The Mystery of Existence asked them, mystified. "First she needs the facts!" they replied, chirpily. "Then what?" asked Auntie Open Mind. "Then we march on Smart City Central! Look!" they replied - and all seven aunts looked out of the window and saw: thousands of stick insects with banners, and rucksacks with picnics; thousands of cats, preening themselves in preparation - and thousands of frogs, mounted like knights, on the backs of wild foxes. "It's like *Avatar*!" exclaimed Auntie Magical Adventures.

"If we need to fight... well, who knows - perhaps we will" declared the stick insects - whose forearms were like tiny truncheons, and legs like little lances; "but only Love can awaken Love - so this is not like *Avatar*" they explained - "at least, not yet..." "And may it never be!" croaked Grandi, the venerable shaman elder of the frog nation, who was squatted on the sill of the open bedroom window.

VI

And so it was that the seven activist anarchist aunts unstrapped Love, and tied her securely upon a palanquin, and set off towards Smart City Central, in the company of many life forms - the trees waving them their blessings... Off they set, singing as they went - singing songs of winter, and songs of the return of spring...

And so it was that they entered Smart City Central, and flabbergasted the thousands upon thousands of screen linked City Surveillance Operatives, whose job it was to watch and inform. "Millions of stick insects, cats, and frogs on foxes, and seven old ladies" have entered the city streets, they reported - unable to believe their eyes; fearing for their insanity...

But the spectacle was too spectacular, and the Song of Love too loud... The Smart City Surveillance Grid spluttered, and spat glitches, and crashed. Serums exploded in their syringes. The knees of the good people of Smart City Central went wobbly, and they were flooded with human memories. And in the midst of it all - as 5G towers tumbled, like the statues of deposed dictators - the compressed intensity of so much Love woke Love, who looked up from her palanquin, confused - though seemingly refreshed.

"Aunties!" she called-out, "where am I?" "Oh, My Darling! You have awoken! Is that you? Are you back?" Auntie Oneness asked, almost desperately. "What do you mean?" asked Love, "I just nodded

off for a bit."

And so it WAS a happy ending, which pleased Auntie Oneness no end! Love herself yawned and stretched, as Auntie Joy unstrapped her - and she hopped off her palanquin, quite gaily. The many creatures cheered. The seven aunties sobbed with happiness. Surveillance cameras crackled, syringes burst, and 5G towers shattered like fireworks – in celebration. And slowly, slowly - for everything takes time - the good people of Smart City Central re-accustomed themselves to feeling the Love in their Blood - and other tender, forgotten emotions.





*“The self-terminating nature of modern human civilisation
had been painstakingly researched and referenced,
and meticulously ignored;
and the people of the Earth -
deaf to the symphonic wisdom of the forests and the seas -
were praying to A.I. for salvation.”*



11

LovePods

I

Auntie Val's death-day was approaching. Her skin was tightening on her bones. Her breathing was speeding up, and getting shallower. We knew, she knew – and I suspect the farm animals all knew too. "Grieve your loss, if you feel-to" she'd counsel her friends. "Grieve because all that's born dies; grieve because life is so pointedly poignant - but don't grieve for me! I am happy to go!" she'd say, excitedly. And like a professional Party Planner, she had already designed the décor, the guest list, the menu, the playlist – and all of the activities she wished to look down upon, when she arose from her body on her Big Day...

"Mark, did you ever wonder why I asked Taikán to ask YOU to be the one to sit here, and listen to me, and record these excerpts from the Parallel Plandemics section of the Annals of Parallel Earths - which, in effect, will be my last words to this world?" Auntie Val asked me, confrontingly, yet kindly. "Taikán told me it was because you liked my 'Soul Families' booklet about co-creating conscious community" I replied – sensing already that there was more to it than that...

"There's more to it than that" said Auntie Val. "Do you remember Bayo Billy" she asked me. I said that of course I did. "Do you remember he joined a LovePod?" she asked me. Again - I said I did. "Well your Soul Families are very similar to LovePods. They're like LovePods for This Earth – that's how I see them" she said, admiringly. I felt flattered. I took it as an inter-dimensional compliment.

II

"I was keen on LovePods from the moment Taikán read to us about them... We all were. I remember us enthusing about them, up on The Creativity..."

I remember Captain Taikán looking up from the Annals of Parallel Earths and exclaiming "the Digital Global Gulag they call their New World Order is an audacious, bold, grand vision! It might be insane, it might be evil - but it is daring, imaginative, and far-reaching – linking the intricacies of our DNA to the stars!" His words were difficult to hear, but we got his point. "So what is OUR vision?" he challenged us, passionately. We weren't sure...

"If LovePods were to sprout up everywhere, they'd overgrow their all-seeing, all-controlling, A.I.-automated New World Order!" Taikán now declared – revealing, in one simple sentence, his own audacious, bold, daring and far-reaching plan. "You mean like in the Day of the Triffids?" Mary quipped, wryly. "Yes, but they'd be nice Triffids" I quipped back – sticking up for my identical twin...

"You mean like the one Bayo Billy joined that night, during the Magneto Games?" asked Lotus, already enthralled. "Exactly!" said Taikán, hurriedly... "On Bayo Billy's Earth, LovePods are the social units of the Resistance. The Resistance is divided up into LovePods. It's a world unto itself, outside the magnetised mainstream. And that, just that, offers us a Vision of a New Culture!"

"You mean, like the family's been the basic social unit, here, mostly, until now?" Omar asked, sociologically. "Yes – AND there are parents with children in LovePods" said Taikán, who,

evidently, had thought-through the subtleties of his Grand Plan. "Omar, Valery, Lotus, Mary, Kay!" he continued, rousingly "after all my studies of Parallel Plandemics, on all sorts of Parallel Earths, I have come to the conclusion that LovePods are now called-for upon Our Earth!"

As Bayo Billy came to realise: there IS a war on connection. So to resist is to connect! And to connect is to resist! We need our own Grand Vision of Connection! We don't need new ideas – we need intimacy! We say we are committed, for example, to decentralisation - but are we committed to each other?!

We are many - we who refuse to be extras in a Dystopian Blockbuster; we who are already entertained enough - by the sky and the birds and the seasons of our own lives; we who feel we are already co-starring with all others in The Miracle of Existence... But we are disconnected from each other. We need to weave ourselves together. And this is what LovePods can offer us: a way to weave...

If their New World Order seeks to completely disconnect us from The Great Mystery, and separate us from each other - what could be more revolutionary than our closeness and connection to each other and the Great Mystery of Life?

Eco-villages are great, but setting one up can be quite complex... Why not form LovePods, and weave Deep Community where we already are, with those around us right now?!"

We were all a bit shocked. We'd never seen Taikán so animated, nor so persuasive... "How big's a Pod?" Omar asked, pragmatically. "It depends which Earth they're on..." "Just roughly" Omar interrupted – keen for a quick answer. "They're usually ten to twenty adults, plus the children."

"And what do they actually do - apart from connect" I asked, timidly. "There are thousands of types of LovePods, and styles of LovePods, on the many Parallel Earths - but in them all: people remember their Belonging, people care for each other, and they help each other survive and thrive without depending on a central government" Taikán replied, concisely.

"Did you ever read anything else about Bayo Billy?" Kay asked, warmly "do you know what happened to him after he said he wanted to join Feromina's LovePod?" "Oh yes" said Taikán...

III

"Bayo Billy ran away, and became part of their LovePod... He left a note he'd hoped would say more, on the kitchen table. But his parents and siblings had all been magnetised - both neurologically and intravenously - and sat all day in front of the television; nodding autistically, in agreement with the news, advertisements, documentaries, and even romantic thrillers. None of them noticed Bayo Billy go... Nor would his note be read..."

Soon it was Bayo Billy's first weekly gathering with the teenage LovePod he'd just joined - with whom he now shared his days, up in the faraway hills. They were gathered on the grass, somewhere in an afternoon forest. And it was spring - the season of new beginnings. "Big move, Bayo Billy! Welcome to the world of The Unvaccinated!" said Wing Claw, born Jean Pierre Secomsa, with warmth - and respect for Bayo Billy's life-changing choice. "First we begin by lighting the Fire of Love" Feromina explained, as she set the kindling and twigs, "every week we reaffirm that it is around the Fire of Love that our souls are gathered; and that it is the Fire of Love we serve".

"We could equally have called it the Fire of Freedom, or of Peace, or Gratitude, or Nowness" she

added, helpfully "but Love seemed to sum it all up - and hug it all together!" And with a spark from her flint, Feromina lit the Fire of Love.

The twelve teenagers - Bayo Billy among them - watched as the Flames of Love danced with definition, and yet, As One... They smiled at the fire. The fire smiled at them. The heat of Love entered their hearts. They felt that same heat inside each other. And they felt that same heat inside of everything...

"Wow!" said Bayo Billy. He felt great, somehow. And yet, he felt uncomfortable - perhaps it was just all so unfamiliar... Katniss was sitting next to him, on the same log. "Soon we'll each share how we're feeling" she whispered, supportively. "The idea's to say what you feel, and feel what you say - which can be quite a discipline!" she added. "Thanks" said Bayo Billy, who thought he'd listen a bit first, to get the hang of it. Which he did - and there, on the gay spring grass, amongst the colourful wild flowers, in a forest far away from the pandemonium of the Plandemic (now in its tenth year on that Earth), Bayo Billy listened as Wing Claw, Feromina, Katniss and the others spoke their hearts.

It was odd how they didn't attack each other, like at home. The openness, the trust, the Love - it was all quite bewildering. Sensing Bayo Billy's dizziness, Wing Claw said "it's very simple, Bayo Billy - say what you feel, and only what you feel; and feel what you say, when you say it". "Yes, I got that" said Bayo Billy, "Katniss told me. Can I have a go?" Which he did - and it was, completely unexpectedly - ecstatic! It was crazy - he'd never have imagined it! It was something about the way they all listened. It set him free! And in that freedom Bayo Billy expressed that which he had had nowhere to express - for years, and years, and years. In the liberating love of their listening: Bayo Billy cried, and cried, and cried...

There in the forested hills, gathered with his LovePod, around the Fire of Love; Billy cried his relief, his joy, and his homecoming; he cried the agony of his lifetime of disconnection; and he cried his sorrow for the whole vaccinated, nano-chipped, magnetised, plandemicised world... Bayo Billy sobbed and sobbed - and his newfound LovePod sobbed with him, at his side.

All LovePods have weekly gatherings, and all gatherings have three parts. First they remember their Belonging, then they speak and hear each other's hearts, then they discuss surviving and thriving outside the magnetised mainstream... But that day the afternoon had become the evening, and the evening had become the night; the swallows' graceful calligraphy had given way to the scribbling of the bats - and Bayo Billy sobbed on... Surviving and thriving would have to wait 'til next week...

The moon shone softly, the stars shone brightly; the wolves howled, the owls hooted - and Bayo Billy sobbed on... Bayo Billy sobbed on, and his LovePod sobbed on with him... Until, there came an unrehearsed moment when Bayo Billy's sobbing found, as all things do, its own end - and the forest was suddenly quiet; as was the night, all around them...

"Let's douse the Fire" suggested Jonti. The dousing was the final ritual act of their weekly LovePod gatherings... They stood up, in a circle, around the Fire of Love; and poured water on it - and as the Smoke of Love billowed forth; they blew kisses into it, and blessings, and a few jokes, and some wolf howls...

Feeling purged by crying; feeling stripped and raw; feeling fearless and loved - Bayo Billy looked around at his LovePod. Gratitude was not very familiar to him - certainly not like this! It broke his heart! "You are my LovePod!" he said, quietly - though everyone heard. "We are the Seed!" he said, smiling with contentment.





*“We say we are committed, for example - to decentralisation,
but are we committed to each other?”*

*“If their New World Order seeks to completely disconnect us
from The Great Mystery,
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what could be more revolutionary than
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*“Eco-villages are great, but setting one up can be quite complex...
Why not weave Deep Community
where we already are,
with those around us right now?!”*



12

The Cull Of The Uninjected

I

I drove home contemplatively, that midsummer afternoon. And that night, in the gentle yet evoking light of the Buck Full Moon, I sat alone in a rocking chair on our farmhouse balcony, and... well, I had to admit it - LovePods WERE just like the Soul Families I'd written about. Auntie Val was right.

"I wondered whether it might be possible that an identical concept HAD occurred to different human beings, on different planet Earths. And I wondered whether, perhaps, we weren't such different human beings – whether the identical concept had occurred to parallel me's... And I wondered, there in the horny midsummer night moonlight - whether those parallel Marks ever wondered about me...

It was late, and everyone else was in bed. We called ourselves a Soul Family - a Tribe. At OUR next weekly gathering, I'd tell them we were also a LovePod – and that maybe, though we didn't know it, and though I certainly couldn't prove it, we were part of a great Transgalactic Interdimensional network of LovePods on Parallel Earths – all of us in service of the same ideals; all of us Affirming Love in the face of a S.G.T.D..

II

The next morning, as I sat down next to Auntie Val's deathbed, I told her I agreed: it WAS as if I'd been writing about LovePods, just calling them 'Soul Families'. "I know" she said softly, weakly... "isn't it wonderful?!" She turned her head towards me, slowly – and looked at me. I found her eyes so beautiful, so peaceful, so vulnerable, so sacred... "And perhaps thousands of Marks on Parallel Earths are realising, right now, that they've been writing about Soul Families, just calling them LovePods" she said, mischievously. It was all, undoubtedly a great mystery... I took heart from Bob the Donkey's Socratic reminder: that it was OK not to know...

"Not long to go now 'til my Big Day" Auntie Val said, eagerly "but I'll see what more I can remember about LovePods before I go... There were SO many stories! Taikán used to read us tales from the Parallel Plandemics section of the Annals of Parallel Earths by candlelight, night after night. And though they came from galaxies intangible to us - they touched us, there on The Creativity, there in OUR Milky Way. We even came to refer to ourselves – not as the crew of The Creativity, but as The Creativity LovePod. That book inspired us...

And yet - there were also terrible tales, horror tales; tales that made us tremble; that shocked and broke our hearts: tales of the social-exclusion and persecution of The Uninjected and those who refused digitalisation; tales of attacks by crack commando Injection Squads with vaccination guns; tales of detention centres, tales of extermination camps...

And not all of them ended happily ever after, like the tale of Love and her seven anarchist aunts. I remember Taikán coming upon one such tale... "Perhaps this one is not for just before bed" he said, considerately. "Well, I'd like to hear" Omar said, calmly, thoughtfully "the tales that sicken me strengthen my "no" - and thus they strengthen my "yes"!"

Taikán saw we all agreed - and so he began to read:

III

Once upon a time, on an Earth near ours, in a nearby future, a Transhumanity lived and died beneath an aluminium sky... Its robo-population, with the ease with which we now download apps, would think nothing of chopping off an ear, and installing a supersonic cybernetic earpiece; or popping out an eyeball, and popping in a cyberball with x-ray vision, ultra-violet vision, rewind, a video editing suite, and many other useful extras... "There's no doubt about it" the Transhumans would affirm, over lab-grown coffee: "you feel enhanced; your friends are impressed - and it's fun!"

The Transhumans - all of them modified, one way or another; most of them modified beyond repair - would process ritually, once a year, out of their Smart Cities into The Wilds where The Uninjected roamed: nomadic hunter-gatherers descended from the humans who had refused to be injected, and nanochipped, and linked into a global A.I. Supermind.

The Transhumans would march looking straight ahead, solemnly - for these were the celebrations of Happy Day - the day A.I. had ascended to the throne of planet Earth. And this year, as every year, the celebrations would begin with the celebratory annual Human Cull...

You must remember that even the grandmothers of these generations of Transhumans were modified; that, for them, modification was as everyday as pacemakers and metal hips are, for you and me - and that (perhaps above all) none of them had ever met a Human... And that if they ever did, it would only be during the Annual Cull - when they'd kill them.

For them, on the hunt on Happy Day, when they spotted a Human - they would look upon it with curiosity, much as you and I might look upon wild deer running through the undergrowth. "Look how they scatter" they'd smile to themselves, fascinated... "These are the creatures we are descended from!" they'd say to each other, chattily, chuckling - as The Uninjected fled, stumbling, choked with terror...

And it was a slaughter. Of course it was a slaughter. Every year, it was a slaughter. The Transhumans picked off the Humans with the detachment with which you or I might pick a leaf off the arm of a tree; or an extraterrestrial biologist might dissect an abductee. How could it not be a slaughter? They sped through The Wilds on superspeed wheels (for which they'd exchanged their legs); they had guns in their fingers, and bombs in their toes - and all of them had all-seeing eyes...

There were prizes, of course - and interviews with the winners... The Cull Toll was kept by the Commanders of the World Happiness Organisation (the W.H.O.), an organisation prominent in the planning of Happy Day. In their prize-giving addresses on Happy Evening, safely back inside their Smart Cities, the Commanders would repeat, annually, that: "the Humans continue to breed, despite our spraying; and think and feel, whatever we're saying... They carry all sorts of viruses in their blood, vermin in their skin, and nits in their locks and pubes... And wherever they go they dig, and scratch about, and make campfires, and pull berries off trees, and disturb the local ecology... However, today, once again, the threat of this pest to the happiness of Happy Earth has been contained. And contained in the most sporting manner! Well played everyone! Congratulations to us all! AND: this year's Human Cull Champion is... "

IV

Every year, hundreds of thousands of Humans were slaughtered - in the name of the health of Transhumanity, the environment, sport, and fun. The A.I. Supermind would download self-congratulatory emotions into the Transhumans' nervous systems - and they would chant the A.I. Anthem; compose poetic eulogies to A.I; and Feel Happy - while out in The Wilds the unslaughtered Humans would light pyres, and sing dirges, and weep, on and on, through the night...

They would pound the ground with their grief and rage, and tear at their rags, and scream into the darkness. Some would wander off alone, in a suicidal trance, towards a Smart City; and stand naked before its great gates, and speak Great Truths - until the Defender Drones got bored and shot them. And every year hundreds of Humans would throw their own flesh upon the pyres. One can understand...

And so it was, Dearest Fellow Humans - that once upon a time, in a nearby future, on a not-atypical Earth Near Here - the ragged remains of Humanity danced around flaming pyres unconsolably; and kept on drumming the Heartbeat of the Earth, bravely, pitifully; and sobbed to the stars...

And so it was, Dearest Fellow Humans - that on an Earth Near Here; on a Parallel Earth, on a Potential Earth; that The Uninjected watched flesh become flame; and heart become heat; and The Being that had once been their mother, or father, or cousin, or lover, or friend - blaze into the Great Unknown...





*“Even the grandmothers
of these generations of Transhumans were modified.
For them, modification was as everyday
as pacemakers and metal hips are,
for you and me.”*



13

The Sanity Toolkit

(The Original, Uncensored, Intergalactic Reset Resistance PsyOps Docs)

I

Auntie Val lay on her deathbed by the french windows in the farmhouse living room, gazing lovingly at the birds hopping about in the branches of the sunlit trees - tears of joy flowing down, over her skeletal cheeks...

"Mark – the most comprehensive exposition of the LovePod concept that Taikán ever read to us was in the Intergalactic Reset Resistance PsyOps documents" she said blissfully, yet with urgency - as soon as I sat down next to her deathbed. "Oh, yes! Didn't you know?!" she said, wryly "they have their PsyOps, and we have ours!" It was, indeed, the first I'd heard of them...

"The Intergalactic Reset Resistance PsyOps Network (usually referred to as the Rerepon Network), for obvious reasons, has no offices, or postal address, or facebook page. But it is somewhere. And from its whereabouts unknown, it conceives and conducts strategic worldwide Creative Psychological Operations - that's to say: PsyOps designed, not to manipulate the choices of others, but to empower them to make their own. Somehow, from somewhere, or perhaps from many somewheres; Rerepon disseminates millions of posters, leaflets, podcasts, cryptic Tweets and Odysee, Rumble and Brandnewtube videos - all of which encourage individuation, integrity, humility, interdependence, gratitude - and a life lived in a climate of Love."

"Oh!" I said, "I'd always thought of PsyOps as malevolent and manipulative!" "Me too" Auntie Val concurred "until, on another evening at bedtime - I don't remember exactly when - while turning the pages of the Parallel Plandemics section of the Annals of Parallel Earths, Taikán came upon the Rerepon Sanity Toolkit - which declared:

II

In galaxies everywhere, humanities are having nervous breakdowns! Is yours one such galaxy? Is yours one such humanity? Looking about you – do you see sociopathic forces in the Collective Human Psyche endowed with outrageously disproportionate influence? Do you see terror and uncritical conformity? Do you see the psyches of those individuals who choose to Resist the Reset shaking, cracking, and too-often crumbling - as all remaining trust in the parental kindness of governments, banks, corporations, the law and the media comes tumbling down within them?

Brothers, sisters, and those of you who refuse binary gender definition – it's tough to stay sane in such circumstances... But better to be a pile of rubble on the living room floor - than let oneself be injected and inserted into the Eugenicist Transhumanist 'Green' Technocratic Universal Agenda! No?!

Brothers, Sisters – everyone: we, here at Rerepon (the Intergalactic Reset Resistance PsyOps Network) offer you our long-awaited, keenly-anticipated 'Sanity Toolkit' - a series of documents with hands-on, doable ideas to support your mental clarity, and emotional stability, and unflinching

spiritual determination in this era of intergalactic insanity... As the psyops teams of the Great Sociopathic Technocratic Reset bomb the Collective Human Psyche with the terror of the organic, of touching, of breathing, and of disobedience - here are some counter-psyops docs to ensure you stay sane...

How beneath this blitz, beneath this bombardment of sanitary insanity - how could you not be shaken? How, as seemingly-previously-rational, and even-kind human beings charge at your children with poison needles - how could you not be infuriated? As the police, military and complicit citizenship of the world pins you down, and restrains you - how could you not be imploding with frustration, disempowerment, and heartbreak?

To be shaken, to be scared; to sob, to be stricken - is not weakness, or psychological immaturity! It is natural, appropriate and proportionate. As one Rerepon psychiatrist recently observed "to NOT be disturbed when all the great fascists of the world form a club, and make a merry plan, and start to have fun, executing it - is emotional disassociation, at best... To breeze along, whistling through one 's days, when fascists from the left, fascists from the right, sly fascists who fight for both sides, and fascists who don't give a shit about sides, ALL sign a pact to Fuck Humanity Over, and start about their business with fine-timed efficiency, cunning, and a vicious determination - is not only disassociation; but denial; and delusion!

So wherever you are, in whichever galaxy you were born – please USE the Rerepon Sanity Toolkit (subtitled: How to Stay Sane, when the Collective Human Psyche is being Shaken by Insanity) – please use it to care for yourselves...

The Great Intergalactic Reset and New Universal Order is ugly! It has been called many things - from corrupt to insane. To this list we would like to add 'ugly'! It is SO ugly that all that breathes, and listens, and feels, and admires the Wonder of Existence shudders as it advances! How is it that you and we see this? Because, somehow, there seems to still be some beauty in us! But we must take care. We must take care of our individual beauty; of the beauty of the way we relate; of the beauty of the way we resist, and of the beauty of all we now co-create."

III

Auntie Val seemed, to me, to be between worlds. Half here, and half somewhere else. She seemed to be heartbroken by the beauty of the sunlight and birdsong – by the exquisiteness of all she knew she was leaving... From both of her eyes, the tears just rolled and rolled – like rivulets seeping from a natural spring: tears beyond words; tears of inexpressible appreciation - tears of gratitude and letting go... And yet, simultaneously, she spoke with utter clarity and without stopping – dictating her almost-photographic remembrance of bedtime stories and detailed documents she was convinced she'd heard (before she'd known she was terminally ill), not that long ago, in outer space, aboard a spaceship called The Creativity.

Sometimes I would dab her wet cheeks with cotton wool. Sometimes I would sit her up so she could sip water. And sometimes I would cry with her – overcome by the beauty of her being. "May I come to love this world as much as Auntie Val!" I prayed, inside myself, "and may I come to say goodbye with such grace!" And whenever I remembered that all she was dictating was not for herself, but for those of us who would remain, my heart would hurt - as if it couldn't accommodate so much beauty...

"Come on, Mark, dry your eyes!" she joked, at one point. And we laughed and sobbed together - then stopped - then laughed and sobbed together some more! I have never know such inexplicable,

impersonal, personal Love! I felt like a tightrope walker – or more accurately, a tightrope dancer – up on a high wire with Auntie Val – both of us so caring, and yet so carefree – high, high in the air; the infinite galaxies below us! And it was she, not I, who then said, “come on - let’s focus!”

“Tell me then” I said, responsibly, blowing my nose “what more did the Rerepon Sanity Toolkit have to say?” And she replied calmly, almost-casually - as if the timeless beauty we were sharing was something quite everyday – quoting the Rerepon psyops doc word for word:

“A would-be Sociopathic Global Technocratic Dictatorship (S.G.T.D.), on whatever Earth, in whichever galaxy - has what we might call ‘external’ and ‘internal’ plans. Its external plans are well known. It declares them blatantly, shamelessly, repeatedly. They have perhaps never been better summed up, than by Janice Tremendus, a cleaning lady at Neuralink, who once looked up from her mopping to predict “an app or a passport with all of our info is all very well; but, c’mon - you could drop either in a bucket of soapy water, like this one - and THEN how would Global Control know who you were?! No! We’ll only ever have everything under control when we can store that info in people’s blood and brains!”

Eugenics, Genocide, Transhumanism, Smart Cities, the A.I. Global One Mind - the would-be-resettlers’ psychotic vision of paradise (what we might call, their ‘external plan’) is already well on its way on many-an-Earth. What is less publicly, galactically understood, is their ‘internal plan’: their vision of the reset of the Collective Human Psyche.

Of course, anyone who’s ever seen a sci-fi horror film knows we all become enslaved robotic zombies - but that is hardly solid-enough ‘intel’ upon which to base a Resistance PsyOps Counter Initiative! However: over the last years, our Rerepon undercover agents at various, parallel World Economic Forums, C.I.A.’s, Zhongnanhais, Buckingham Palaces and Amazon Headquarters in Seattle, have all now confirmed that the core methodology of their ‘internal reset’ is this: Submission through Separation!

As one smug Bilderberg Group memo to one C.I.A. put it “we must mediate people’s contact with reality. They must have no direct access to nature, or ultimately, to each other. They will have to go through us. Once separated and isolated in this fashion, all anger will gradually subside (how long can one hit one’s head against one’s own wall?!) - and depression will arise. And who could be more compliant than the depressed?!”

Equipped with this One Great Clue, teams of Rerepon psychiatrists, social engineers, psychotherapists, psychics, gurus, reflexologists and water diviners were asked to formulate a detailed, actionable counter-psyops plan. Which they did. And they tested it, in several simulations, in a variety of geopolitical settings - and it works!

This document, the Rerepon Sanity Toolkit, makes this tested plan available to all - so that you, or your friends, or anyone anywhere, can implement it immediately - with no need for approval from us here at Rerepon, or from anyone else. Our teams of advisors call the plan the Worldwide Web of LovePods - or the LoveWeb, for short.”

IV

Auntie Val looked over at me – smiling, gently. “There they are again - you see! LovePods! Soul Families! Tribes!” she said, encouragingly. “Rerepon consulted with thousands of the most prestigious psychiatrists, social engineers and psychics in thousands of galaxies - and they came to the same simple conclusion: that whether we are going to fight in the streets, or argue in the courts;

whether we are going to resist peacefully, or with weapons; whether we going to disseminate counter-information, or unite through music, dance, and the arts; whether we are going to join an eco-village, or disconnect from the internet, opt out, and plant potatoes – simultaneously: we need to form Tribes!

Why? Because as Bayo Billy came to see – we’re fighting a war on connection! War has been declared on our Togetherness, on our Oneness - on Love! We need to form Tribes because we need to connect – we need to come to care for each other again! We need to come to care for more than a few relatives and friends. We need to know our neighbours’ worries, and dreams, and fears. We need to know each other. How can we care about each other, if we don’t know each other?!

I won’t recite the whole document to you, verbatim. I know you already know about Tribes, Tribes interconnecting as local communities, and local communities interconnecting regionally - and Sociocracy, and so on. That’s all part of the Rerepon longterm vision of the emergence of a new civilisation. And that IS important. As Dr. Terrance McKenna PhD, DMT advised "if you don’t have your own plan, you will become part of someone else’s plan!" As Taikán said, so rousingly "we need our own Grand Vision!" However: the Rerepon Sanity Toolkit insists, again and again, that if we’re not truly, authentically, vulnerably connected with each other; if we’re not intimately committed to the people with whom we share our everyday lives – then any Grand Vision of a decentralised, co-operative civilisation is, at best, a brittle-though-beautiful idea - an intellectual construct lacking real, felt, emotional foundation.

So is the Intergalactic Reset Resistance PsyOps Network’s Sanity Toolkit more than a personal, private self-help manual? Of course it is! Because how can we oppose separation and isolation alone?! Obviously - we can’t! That’s why the hundreds of Rerepon research teams were unanimous: our individual sanity is more than an individual affair.

And although the Rerepon Sanity Toolkit was originally published online on a multitude of Parallel Earths, it’s not about video-forwarding, information pinball, and squabbling on social media. It is not an online plan. It’s about forming real, fleshy, face to face, heart to heart, equal and ungoverned Tribes - then weaving these Tribes into local communities - and then, gradually, eventually, as the generations pass, weaving these local communities into a new civilisation...

V

"And are the LovePods that the Rerepon Sanity Toolkit recommends the same as Billy Bayo’s LovePod - the LovePods Taikán enthused about?" I asked, hesitantly. "Oh, absolutely!" Auntie Val replied, quietly, but confidently. "I remember Taikán quoting a member of a LovePod on an Earth not far from here, who said:

"Our LovePod is a small extended family of twenty beautiful adults - and our beautiful children... For us, this era of the Great Reset Conspiracy is both an emergency and an emergence.

We see it as an emergency in the expected sense – as a state of alarm. Indiscriminate genocide... The genetic modification of the species... Brutal digital totalitarianism... As the Rerepon teams of psychiatrists and electricians all confirm - to not be alarmed, right now - is to be switched off!

Yet we also see this as an era of emergence: as a time when we are being pushed into the presence of our innermost truths - a time when our innermost truths are challenging us, and demanding we decide whether we stand for sanity, or not – and a time when we, and millions like us, are looking our innermost truths in the eye, and emerging - answering proudly and passionately "Yes! We

choose Sanity! We choose Love! Absolutely! Come What May!"

"Wow! That's humbling" I said, "people are so brave! And - one more question: does the Sanity Toolkit recommend LovePods gather regularly, as Taikán put it: "to remember their Belonging, then care for each other's hearts, then help each other survive and thrive without depending on a central government"?" I felt I needed to confirm the specifics.

"Of course, Mark, of course!" Auntie Val said, almost-indulgently. "As you well know - without a shared sense of Belonging it's difficult to share the intimacies of our hearts. Egos bash against egos, people get offended and hurt, and division and conflict can easily split the Tribe apart. So each Tribe evolves its own ways of remembering our Belonging. That then allows them to hear each other's hearts with closeness - in deep friendship.

And as far as surviving and thriving self-sufficiently, without dependence on the insane mainstream - well, as we all know, soon there will be no bank notes or coins. Soon there will be only a Central Global Digital Bank, whose C.E.O. will be an A.I. that will monitor people's worthiness, and pay them their due directly to their I.D. card, or implant... However, LovePod people will have neither card nor implant - because their issue, or implantation, will be dependent upon injection. Which is why (whether we're fighting, or resisting peacefully, or opting out), simultaneously, we have to help each other survive and thrive without depending on central governments.

It's explained in far greater detail in the Sanity Toolkit itself. But that's the gist of it. Those are my words... Oh, I do hope I haven't made it sound as if living self-sufficiently, in our individual sovereignty and dignity, is a choice we're being pushed into - a choice we wouldn't otherwise have made..."

I could see Auntie Val was exhausted, and I suggested we leave it there for the day. "OK" she agreed, slightly-unwillingly. "I just want people to know that it's a Sign of Sanity to be grief-stricken and outraged that good citizens are being crippled, and paralysed, and dying by injection - while the mouths of power talk nonsensical statistics; smiling benevolently, like they care..."

I just want people to know it's a Sign of Sanity to be grief-stricken and outraged when it is revealed that the leadership of humanity has betrayed the species, and turned against its own - and the indoctrinated and obedient public mind continues to do it's bidding willingly...

Please make sure people know that if they're disturbed - that's a Sign of their Sanity - and that the challenge now - as the Rerepon Sanity Toolkit puts it: is how to STAY sane, when the collective human psyche is being shaken by insanity?"





*“If we’re not intimately committed to the people
with whom we share our everyday lives –
then any grand vision of a decentralised co-operative civilisation
is, at best, a brittle-though-beautiful idea -
an intellectual construct lacking real, felt, emotional foundation.”*

*“We see this as an era of emergence:
as a time when our innermost truths are challenging us,
and demanding we decide whether we stand for sanity, or not.”*



14

Build A New Civilisation?! Who - Me And My Amigos?!

I

To be living with someone who was dying – especially with someone who was dying so gratefully – seemed to slow everyone down. Most days, when I'd arrive at their farm, I'd step down out of my old 4x4 and meet Omar, or Taikán, or Lotus, or Kay, or Mary – and feel I'd entered a world that moved in slow motion. Whether we chatted about eagles, or toads, or butterflies; or exchanged gifts of goat's cheeses, or seeds – our every word seemed more pronounced, our every gesture more conscious. And the closer we got to Auntie Val's death-day, the more obvious this got.

It was as if we'd imbibed a sacred hallucinogen, or been drummed into a shamanic trance, or only eaten fruit for months... Auntie Val's love of every departing moment was contagious. Every little, everyday act became a ritual. And our hearts were so-sweetly open to each other...

That said, there was nothing holy-holy about Auntie Val, or any of us – or any of this. The atmosphere was easy, summery, light... "People are already implementing the Rerepon Sanity Toolkit, you know" Auntie Val told me, slowly – as I sat down next to her, feeling privileged to be with her again; feeling the loveliness of being with her again...

"That makes sense" I said, a bit clumsily, switching on the recorder...

II

"Once upon a time, upon a Parallel Earth as close to this Earth as one is to one's own ancestors, and as distant – a Parallel Sun shone upon a Parallel Mexico..."

The insects of the Earth carried on, as if there was no Plandemic. The birds too. Although perhaps they sensed an ominous, approaching, encroaching, electromagnetic evil - somewhere in the air. The Trees? Who knows...

"Build a New Civilisation?! An Alternative Culture?! An autonomous, co-operative, self-sufficient off-grid society, with an economy of its own?! Are you joking?!" Miguel de la Mente scoffed, mockingly, scathingly. "Give me five minutes" he said, pretending he was getting up to leave the meeting "I'm just gonna pop off and build a government, a legal system, a couple of hospitals, a few universities, and a shopping centre!"

Pablo El Grande, a once famous, now retired Mexican Drug Lord had convened a meeting in the Plaza of Enmedio de la Nada to present the Intergalactic Reset Resistance PsyOps Network's 'Sanity Toolkit'. It had been years since he'd strapped belts of bullets to his body. In fact he hadn't killed anyone for ages. But Pablo knew an enemy when he saw one. "You have a coconut, not a head!" Pablo boomed back at Miguel de la Mente's cynical, supposedly-realistic challenge - his nostrils twitching beneath his grand moustache, his fingertips twitching at his pistols.

"These sons of scorpions, these daughters of donkeys, these evil bastards - they have declared war on us all! Do you think wars are only fought with these?" (He indicated his eight holstered pistols,

the two shotguns strapped to his back, and the blades he had tucked in his socks.) "No! They come dressed as doctors! They come armed with needles! They pose as professors, and poison our minds! They come armed with algorithms that computerise everything; that turn everything into a thing - even children, even tortillas, even serenades!"

Enmedio de la Nada would soon be celebrating the Day of The Dead, and the packed plaza fidgeted uneasily, unsure if Miguel de la Mente was himself about to become an ancestor. But no - Pablo el Grande was in fabulous and magnanimous mood. He had called the meeting because he loved his pueblo. He knew every grandparent and every grandchild by name. Everyone was so stereotypical - and he loved them all! He loved the summer heat, the lazy days, the rowdy bars, the tortillas.... And if the Warlords of the Great Reset were coming, he was going to equip his pueblo with the Rerepon Sanity Toolkit. The armies of maniac scientists, and evil little bureaucrats, and possessed propaganda programmers of the Great Reset, might be invading the minds of the rest of the world, but Enmedio de la Nada would be one psychological step ahead...

III

And so it had come about that the pueblo was gathered in the plaza that summer's day - and Pablo el Grande was patiently explaining about the World Health Organisation, GAVI, the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation, and conflicts of interest; the World Economic Forum, the Davos Set, and megalomania; the validity of PCR tests, and the manipulation of statistics; the indemnification of pharmaceutical corporations; the unity of the One World Media, and the censorship of dissent; the smokescreen of environmentalism; technocracy and genocide - and the sociopathic push towards a One World Government capable of total, individualised, biometric surveillance and control.

And don't think that because people were chatting about the price of cattle, or singing as they sewed garlands of carnations for the upcoming festivities, that they weren't listening... Enmedio de la Nada was anything but naive. Their ancestors had defended the town from conquistadores and the clergy. And in his heyday, Pablo had shot geoengineers, GMO seed salesmen, property speculators, tax collectors, bankers, vaccinators and would-be educators of all sorts. "But this time we must do it differently!" Pablo announced, slightly disappointedly. "They will cut us off if we do not submit and comply; so we must examine our every dependency, and cut them off first!"

Pablo explained that at the heart of the Sanity Toolkit were small Tribes of ten to twenty people - LovePods... "I want the voluptuous María la Hermosa in my LovePod!" "I want María la Guapa in mine!" the boys shouted raunchily, chuckling. But when Abuelito Antonio de la Paz raised his cane, they shushed. Antonio was at least a hundred and fifty, and had been through nine plagues, eight civil wars, seven famines, and six attempted take overs of Enmedio de la Nada by psychologically damaged politicians. "So how do these LovePods actually go about creating an autonomous, self-sufficient culture?" he asked quietly, humbly, with genuine interest. Pablo replied, grandly, that:

"In the first part of the LovePod meeting we focus on consciousness. We remember - in song, in dance, in meditation - that We Are One. In the second we focus, on the heart - we bring love to everyone's struggles and joys. In the third part we focus on the body, on the physical, on the material - on the co-creation of our autonomous economy." Then in an incongruous, mystical aside, Pablo added "it could be said that in the first part we focus on the upper chakras, in the second on the middle chakras, and in the third on the lower chakras." Nobody knew what 'chakras' were, but Pablo's flamboyant gestures said it all.

"We remain neither stranded in spirit, nor drowned in emotion, nor lost in activity. And

consciousness plus heart plus action equals alignment. And when we're aligned we experience activation! And what's activation? Activation is like standing in fire! It's like lightening in your veins!" Men fired rifles at the sky, and whistled and cheered! Activation sounded fantastic! "Enmedio de la Nada activated - Si! Si! Si! - Viva! Viva! Viva!" chanted the crowd.

IV

"And so..." said Pablo, calling for quiet "in Oneness and in Love we get activated by building our own self-sufficient culture - a way of living together, here, as a pueblo, that doesn't depend on the services or institutions of the twisted technocratic bastards! We get activated by building a local, parallel, alternative, co-operative, sovereign, respectful, loving culture!" More guns, more "vivas!" - and many variations of sentences such as "I shit on the head of the mothers who birthed these reset bastards!" and "I spit on the graves of the fathers of these sociopathic lunatics!"

Pablo fired a bullet upwards, casually. "And so..." he went on, "you form your LovePod with those who live nearest; and you meet every week; and you dance and you cry; and when you come to the third part of the meeting, you talk about everything we depend on the sons of bitches for - and you work out how we can do that for ourselves. Our ancestors didn't need them, and nor do we! They are vampires - and we will not let them suck our blood!" (Viva! Viva! Gunshots! Viva!).

V

The sun was now lower in the sky. There was a cool breeze. The restaurants and bars around the plaza had opened after siesta time. Waitresses with long black hair, and long red skirts, and white carnations tucked behind their ears, served wine and bread and olives. Everyone was in the mood for a revolution...

"Is everyone ready? Let's build our own free world!" (Viva! Viva!) Get your LovePod going - and get together with the other LovePods - help each other - and let's build our independence! And to start with: we will need our own currency... (Pablo slipped his hand into his waistcoat pocket, and pulled out a piece of paper), which, as good fortune would have it, I have already designed - our own Enmedio de la Nada currency - the Pablito! One Pablito equals One Peso!" And he held up a sketch of his face, with the words 'One Pablito' written across his forehead. "I'd prefer to look at Maria la Hermosa on my money!" "Or Maria la Guapa!" heckled the boys.

"I am sure Pablo would like us to vote on it, when the day comes" said Abuelito Antonio, diplomatically. "But what about Al Lado de la Nada, and Cerca de la Nada, and Nada de Nada?" (the neighbouring pueblos) Antonio asked. "First we get our shit together, then we can help them with theirs!" Pablo replied, rotundly.

"Why not already tell them about the Sanity Toolkit, and the LovePods?" asked Valentina, who was ten, and whose best friend lived in Al Lado de la Nada "then they can also get started with their own autonomous culture!" "Viva Al Lado! Viva Cerca! Viva Nada!" people shouted. It was clearly a popular suggestion. Pablo paused. "Why not!" he smiled, embarrassedly, generously - and on that note Enmedio de la Nada burst into song - and the night's fiesta began...

As the guitarists got out their guitars, they wondered "how will I get new strings?" As saxophonists got out their saxophones, they wondered "how will I get new reeds?" As waitresses placed wine glasses on tables, they wondered "how will I get new glasses?" There was so much dependency. There was so much to learn...

The old sipped their wine gratefully. They weren't too worried. "We have our river" they said, "we have our seeds. We have our chickens and pigs. We can build, we can weave. We have ancient medicine. It's the people in the cities who should worry!" "May they hear the call of the spirit of the land, calling them home - before it's too late!" prayed Don Dismundos, the pueblo Shaman.

A group of teenagers argued about internet access. "What he's saying means no more internet!" said Alberto, disgruntledly. "No at all!" said Guillermo, eagerly "we just need our own, independent servers!" "What do you say?" Silvia asked Abuelita Dolores de la Pena, who happened to be walking past their argument, very slowly - for she was easily as old as Abuelito Antonio.

"I don't know" she confessed. "Computers and cell phones like the ones you have now - is it possible to manufacture them with love and respect for the Earth?" she asked. Alberto, Guillermo, Silvia and the others looked at each other, unsure - they'd been thinking more in terms of decentralised servers and crypto-currencies... "Is it possible to make computers out of clay?" Dolores asked. "I don't think so" said Silvia, kindly. "What about satellites?" Dolores asked. "Nor satellites, as far as I know..." Silvia said, gently.

But Abuelita Dolores de la Pena was playing with them. She was far from as doddering as she made out. In fact, she deeply appreciated the degree of complexity involved in detaching from a culture upon which people have become dependent, but which has turned against them. "I understand it like this" she offered, "in the first part of the LovePod meetings, we feel our Love of life; in the second part, we feel our Love for each other - and in the third part, we undertake Loving Action - that's what Pablo called alignment; and that's what will activate us! So we will have to find Loving ways to manufacture technology, won't we?!"

The teenagers looked at each other, a little shocked. "Life will be simpler, at least at first" Dolores added "like when I was your age. Simpler - and deeper and richer and more beautiful too!"

"Still - better some austerity while we work out new ways, I suppose, than surrender to the poison needle, and I.D. implants, and A.I." said Silvia, looking fondly, forlornly, at her new 5G phone...

Abuelito Antonio de la Paz sidled up to Abuelita Dolores de la Pena, and pinched her on the bum. "Antonio! Really!" she laughed, delighted, disapprovingly. "Don't be so heavy hearted!" he said to the youngsters, "enjoy your dependencies while you can!" And with those words of encouragement, the teenagers joined the dancing - leaving Antonio and Dolores to gaze into the ancient, loving wisdom in each other's sad, yet trusting eyes...





*“Consciousness plus heart plus action equals alignment.
And when we’re aligned, we experience activation!
And what’s activation?
Activation is like standing in fire!
It’s like lightening in your veins!”*



15

Maybe's Child

(A Love Story from A Smart City)

I

"This will be the last one, Mark – the last story from the Parallel Plandemics section of the Annals of Parallel Earths that I am going to narrate. I'd like you to come back tomorrow, Mark – but this is the last one I am going to narrate..."

The previous tale, from a Parallel Mexico on a Parallel Earth who-knows-where - well, it ended with Abuelito Antonio de la Paz and Abuelita Dolores de la Pena In Love. And this next one is a Love story in its entirety...

Oh, Mark – it's been so perfect having you here at my death-bedside these last weeks. I am still visited by my giant, blind, orange Monkey Angel - and he says the same: that he gave me the Annals of Parallel Earths In Love, and that it's so perfect that I am now passing them on (or at least some part of them), to you, Mark - In Love.

It's been so wonderful to have passed these last days, my final days, In Love, together, with you!"

I was crying softly, silently, as Auntie Val spoke. I had no words. Nor were any needed. I took her boney hand in mine; we looked into each other's eyes - and together we cried, such sweet tears...

II

"Once upon a time, there lived a Mr Winli Bishmi, and a Mrs Kwipin Bishmi, who were wise and true - even though being wise and true wasn't easy under A.I.'s rule. You had to be quite tricky, and streetwise - and extremely careful. Winli and Kwipin loved philosophy. Wherever they were, and whenever it was - they would chatter and laugh endlessly about the relativity of time and space. And in honour of this relativity, they named their daughter 'Maybe'.

And whenever they could, Winli and Kwipin would take Maybe on outings, out of Smart City 250 - to see trees, or watch the ants, or the seagulls. Oh, how she loved the trees, and the ants, and the seagulls! She has no idea how illicit and risky these trips were. She grew up innocent and happy; unaware you were supposed to despise the filthy soil, the contagious creatures, and the undisinfected air outside Smart City limits.

Maybe was a magical child - as if blessed. When she told you her name, the air sparkled with magic. The gay way she said it, made you sense that everything, ultimately, was beyond definition - a great mystery - and that that was something delightful, not terrifying.

As they do for everyone - the years passed. Maybe grew into womanhood - and although she was sterile, like everyone else, she became eligible to parent a lab baby of her own. The offer came as an email, straight into her neo-cortex, via her nano-neurochip-implant - and Maybe replied instantly, just by thinking: "yes! yes! yes!"

A few years previously, in a car accident, Maybe had been saved by an airbag. She owed her life to

that airbag. And in its honour, when she was asked, as all would-be-parents were, which particular genetic modifications she had chosen (from the catalogue) for her child-to-be, she answered, humbly "I want my child to have an airbag in its forehead, just in case of an accident, or some other dangerous event - might that be possible?" "But of course, Madam" said the Modifications Clerk, who himself had been empathically enhanced, and custom-designed with enhanced typing skills.

And so, once again, once upon a time: Wallop Bishmi was born, and Maybe raised him with all the kindness in her heart. It wasn't, however, until adolescence, when a pimple appeared in the whereabouts of his third eye, that any sign of the airbag appeared. Maybe kept a keen eye on that pimple - and sure enough: it grew, and grew, and grew.

The other adolescents teased Wallop abysmally; and Wallop would wander alone, along the clifftops, just north of Smart City 250, feeling sorry for himself, and angry with his mother. "Of all of the modifications available in the catalogue - why did she have to get me this custom-made monstrosity?" And Wallop would thump his fist against the great bulge that protruded from his forehead, resentfully - giving himself a headache.

And then, one day, once again upon a time: Wallop saw a girl, who saw him. Her name was Wololoo Crispow. Her parents had suffered great cold as children, and asked for her to have white fur - like a Polar Bear. Wallop saw beyond her unfortunate modification, and she saw him beyond his. They saw each other's essence. And that's called Love. And though, as you will now hear, chaos was about to break out in Smart City 250 - events only made their Love grow stronger.

Their one-and-only frustration was that they couldn't kiss - because Wallop Bishmi's custom-designed airbag got in the way. Oh, how their lips longed for each other! Oh, how delicious was that longing! That too, only made their Love grow stronger...

III

Now: it was at just around this time that Love was officially banned, and decrees issued for the arrest of anyone caught in the act of feeling Love. As was typical in Smart City 250, neighbours would betray each other enthusiastically. They would phone A.I. at Smart City Central, and tell tales such as "I saw my neighbour look suspiciously-affectionately at her dog!", or "I noticed my neighbour breathing the morning air, as if she was loving it!" And everywhere you went, people would walk around with deliberately-unloving expressions on, just in case.

It was in this enthusiastic, almost festive, atmosphere; that Anti Love Mobs would tear through the crowds in Downtown 250; beating up suspiciously gentle-looking individuals, and individuals who seemed happy doing nothing. Other mobs would cause chaos at concerts where people would be shamelessly, almost rebelliously, expressing their Love of music. Others would lay in wait for daring Lovers to slip out at night; and ambush them - and hurt them badly.

Wallop and Wololoo tried to stay as far away from it all as they could. In fact, both thought it best they stay as far away from each other as they could. Which they did. But that wasn't very far, because they were like sunshine for each other, and besides - the longing in their lips was like a conversation, and it only spoke about meeting. Which they did, from time to time, very secretly, with the greatest care, up on the cliffs to the north of Smart City 250.

And so it was, one fateful night upon a time, that Wallop Bishmi and Wololoo Crispow were lying side by side upon the clifftop grass in the moonlight; listening to the waves in the stoney bay below; smiling into each other's eyes - and laughing as they imagined the most ludicrous of

modifications... when, like hounds on the scent, a mob of Anti Love Fundamentalists came upon them in their happiness.

"Look, it's The Pimple Monster and Polar Bear Girl" the mob mocked - and they spat upon them, and laughed mightily. Then they picked them up, and threw them about like tennis balls (most had enhanced arm strength, it was a very popular choice). Until... soon... somehow... from somewhere - a chant took hold of the mob. "Over the cliff with them! Over the cliff!" went the chant, "Over the cliff! Over the cliff!" And over the cliff they went.

Down, down and down went Wallop Bishmi and Wololoo Crispow. Down and down they flew, like eagles, like angels. Down and down they drifted, as if in slow motion - knowing only the Love they shared, holding each other softly. Until: ka-splat!!! They hit the big stones in the bay below. And Wallop's airbag burst open - and saved them from certain death.

Then the bag deflated, and detached - as if knowing its destiny was complete - leaving Wallop and Wololoo face to face, lips to lips, for the first time. And they kissed, and kissed, and kissed.





*“Wallop saw beyond her unfortunate modification,
and she saw him beyond his.
They saw each other’s essence.
And that’s called Love.”*



16

Drunk On Vintageless Divine Wine

I

The next morning not only I, but Omar, Taikán, Mary, Lotus and Kay were all sat around Auntie Val's deathbed. She herself was in bliss. The previous evening, in the tradition of the great Yogis, Auntie Val had announced excitedly that in the morning she would be leaving. She would be leaving her body, leaving this world, leaving us... And she certainly looked like she was looking forward to the trip...

Out beyond the french windows, high in the sky, rays of sunshine fanned out through the mountainous clouds, biblically. The room was full of light. "Remember now, Omar – I want lots of Bob Marley! And Lotus, make sure there are too many samosas and pakoras – make sure there's much too much to eat! Mary, I know you will be the most wonderful Mistress of Ceremonies... Taikán, my beloved twin brother, I..."

But it was all too much for Taikán. He couldn't take it. He knew his identical twin sister was ecstatic, but in that moment, he couldn't contain his pain. A great unsurfable wave of lamentation overtook him – and he wailed his unspeakable loss...

Why I said it, I don't know. The words just came out of my mouth! "Bob Marley and the Wailers!" I said – and that was it: we all cracked up, and fell apart, and laughed and cried, and cried, and cried, and got covered in snot and tears – until none of us knew if we were happy or sad, or why, or how, or when... And Auntie Val just smiled....

II

Well, once we'd blown our noses, and freshened up, and re-seated ourselves around Auntie Val's deathbed, Auntie Val, who you might say was more spiritual than religious - but definitely not especially Christian - to our surprise, said this to us, in a whisper:

"Let me tell you a story about a Parallel Jesus. A story all of you except Mark once heard told aboard The Creativity. But no matter - hear it now, as if for the first time..."

Once upon a time, one balmy Sunday in spring, with Palestine in flower, as our own Earth's bible also recounts - Jesus smashed up the stalls of the marketeers who'd set up shop, irreverently, in the house of worship of that which contains all, of that which IS all – of that which is beyond all description and naming...

Up until here, the story in this Earth's bible, and the story in the Annals of Parallel Earths concur – but from here on, they differ...

Jesus, the narrator attests, was actually arrested, by the Jerusalem Metropolitan Police, on several accounts of illegal behaviour - not least of all: the destruction of private property, and disrupting the peace...

Because Jesus had unpaid donkey parking fines, and what's more, had constructed (with Joseph, his

terrestrial father) a barn extension illegally (that's to say, without planning permission), the Keepers of the Law were not lenient... And since, at that time, there was a wine shortage - they sentenced Jesus to forty days and nights of water-to-wine making community service...

III

And so it came to pass that, once upon a time, as Jesus laboured, day after day, night after night, watering-into-wine - a brawl broke out among a Bunch of Believers, and a Bunch of Unbelievers... "The Law is the Way!" the Unbelievers shouted, as they kicked and punched. "Love is the Way!" shouted the Believers, as they kicked and punched back. "Ask Jesus what he thinks!" screeched a (now-extinct) Arabian Ostrich. At least, that was what everyone heard.

"The Law is not The Way" said Jesus, soberly, "but neither is Love". The drunken brawlers, swaying as they stood, put their arms around each other's shoulders, to steady themselves... "So aren't we right then?" slurred a Believer. "The Way has no opposite" said Jesus, enigmatically. And truly, let it be said, for thus it was: that - though they were all too drunk to understand; the brawl now seemed irrelevant - and the line of linked shoulders became a circle; and the circle began to turn - and it seemed to matter no longer what beliefs your dancing partners held - as everyone span together, in oppositionless ecstasy: drunk on vintageless divine wine".

Mary arose, at that point, from her chair beside Auntie Val's death-bed; looked upon our mugs disapprovingly - and turned them into wineglasses. She then popped over to her carpet bag, popped it open, popped out a bottle of rosy red wine, popped it open - and popped some into everyone's glass. "There" she said, primly "that's much more satisfactory!" "Another toast?" she suggested. "To divine wine!" Taikán called out - drunk already, psychosomatically - on the thought of drinking the divine. "To divine wine!" we all called back, happy to sacrifice all understanding.



