

Our COVID Narrative: Tales of Psychosis

An open-source e-book
Compiled by Jeffrey Hippauf

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Notes

This open-source e-book was made possible by the generous and courageous firsthand and secondhand story contributions from the accredited storytellers in the pages to follow. These stories are just a small fraction of the moral atrocities committed by those who acted in submission to the global psychotic narrative fueling the COVID-19 era and their effect on other humans.

Compiled and published by Jeffrey Hippauf
Edited by Emily Onorato

Although this e-book is distributed free to all, donations for compiling and publishing this e-book will be graciously accepted on the original download page: www.goauf.com/ourcovidnarrative

If you would like to contribute a story for the next edition of this e-book please go to www.goauf.com/ga29 for more information.

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Preface

The concept for this open-source e-book was bred from inspiration after reading *Slave Narratives of the Underground Railroad*, by Christine Rudisel and Bob Blaisdell. The book is a collection of firsthand and secondhand accounts of slaves who escaped their captors and fled into the northern half of the United States and, in many instances, onward to Canada during the 1850s and 1860s. Some of the accounts were so unbelievable and instilled such gratitude within me that they gave me the idea and motivation to compile modern-day stories about the COVID psychosis.

With the second anniversary of the first lockdowns in the USA having just passed, there are many restrictions still in place. This new era of medical authoritarianism has just begun, and documenting and sharing our stories can play a major role in resistance. Among a sea of censorship of all kinds, I wanted to provide an outlet for these stories to be shared.

Many people have experienced severe loneliness and isolation in mind, body, and spirit over the past two years, and these stories will hopefully help remedy these ailments. I hope these stories will provide courage to those who see through the propaganda, and a compassionate perspective for those still stuck within the psychosis. This may or may not be the only version of this e-book; however, it can still have a great effect on all who read it.

I want to thank those brave friends who came forward and contributed their stories to this project. In peace, love, and anarchy, please read and enjoy.

Emergency Room Coercion

Sondra Tabeling

March 2nd, 2022

I contracted a case of laryngitis and decided to make a doctor's appointment before returning to work. My oxygen levels were too low, so my doctor arranged an ambulance to transport me to the hospital. The EMTs in the ambulance all admitted that they didn't believe in or agree with the COVID protocols, but they were not allowed to speak up about it.

When I arrived at the Emergency Department, a nurse came to administer a screening that included a COVID test. I informed her that I would not submit to a COVID test. (I disagree with their accuracy and safety.) I was told that if I refused to be tested for COVID, I would be placed on the COVID floor by default. I did not feel that I had COVID and was concerned that if I was put on that floor, I could actually get it. This was a clear threat to my health. I needed to be there to receive treatment. After much resistance, I felt coerced to comply with their demands.

The test came back negative, as expected, and I was diagnosed with pneumonia. I never had a mask on when I arrived in the ambulance. I was escorted to multiple locations to receive tests and x-rays and never once put one on. I was placed in a temporary room outside the Emergency Department and my nurse came to check in. I needed to go down the hall to the bathroom. He insisted I put a mask on, but I explained I would not be wearing one. He argued with me for a short time but didn't stop me from leaving without one.

I waited hours for a room. Finally, one was available at midnight. I was told I would not be transported unless I put a mask on. I explained I had not worn one the entire time and did not intend to. A male and female staff member came to my room to intimidate me into compliance. I was told that I would be discharged from the hospital and denied essential treatment if I refused to follow their mandates. I was a 70-year-old woman with pneumonia, receiving breathing treatments. It was dangerous to my health to be required to cover my mouth.

After an hour, a male doctor entered the room and accused me of starting drama and being political. He told me I would have to leave the hospital if I didn't listen. It was 1:40 in the morning. I was exhausted, sick, and finally agreed under duress to cover my face to be transported. I felt bullied into defying my own beliefs in order to receive medical care.

On the way to my room, we passed many people who were not wearing masks.

Employment Triumph

Jeff Hippauf
March 2020 - October 2021
North Wales, PA

Coming out of college with a full-time job is the goal of many. With this in mind, I was lucky to have had a great internship between my junior and senior years at an aerospace manufacturing company. I wanted to continue this relationship, and reorganized my senior year class schedule to keep working in my intern role two days per week. This was to showcase my work ethic and commitment to learning and achievement. From this effort I was rewarded by receiving an offer letter in December of 2015 to start full-time as a Manufacturing Engineer after I graduated, come May 2016. I immediately accepted because I enjoyed the work I was doing and, more importantly, the people who I got to work with at the company. It wasn't until March of 2020, when the psychosis hit the globe, that this employer-employee relationship started to deteriorate.

Like elsewhere in the vast majority of the country, the Pennsylvania Governor attempted to lock down people living in the state's territory and instill harsh life restrictions among all. Very few individuals resisted from the start, and even fewer business owners. The aerospace design and manufacturing company I was working for is a large global company that is traded on the New York Stock Exchange. They forced everyone who was able to work from home to do so immediately, and those who couldn't were forced to wear a mask and distance themselves from their coworkers and friends in the facility.

I was able to work from home for a time. However, a good amount of my responsibilities and projects required me to be hands-on in the shop. I pride myself on being the healthiest I can be and was the healthiest person at our location by far. I can go years without even a mild cough or nasal congestion, and I was also the least afraid of any illness among my coworkers.

This was the beginning of my 'tryout' process for a possible promotion into the Operations Manager role. With my primary office-based coworkers at home, I was the one going into the office to not only perform my role, but to also support my boss, the Operations Manager, while he worked from home. I excelled at the responsibilities that were pushed onto me, and eventually all of us directly tied to the manufacturing part of the business fully returned to work, albeit with masks.

When I started going back in, I did not have the required knowledge about masks, nor the confidence to stand up for myself and refuse to wear one while at work. That said, I almost never covered my nose when I had to wear one, and when I spoke, I lowered it below my chin. Somewhere around mid-summer of 2020 I was tired of restricting my breathing, even with a loose and thin neck gaiter. I read in detail the company's corporate face covering policy and found that it allowed for employees to wear a face shield instead of the more restrictive methods of directly covering my breathing orifices. This would allow me to breathe fresh air, even if it made me look ridiculous, which was no concern to me as long as my mouth wasn't covered.

This face shield wearing lasted less than a day. One of my more brainwashed coworkers did not like that I switched to a face shield from a neck gaiter. He directly emailed the Vice President of Human Resources to report me for violating the face covering policy (which he clearly didn't actually read). To my astonishment, the next day I opened my email to find an updated global corporate face covering policy which now did not include the face shield option. So why was it in there in the first place? "Trust the science"? I was then forced back into wearing a neck gaiter as my best option.

Somewhere in the autumn of 2020 the company removed the neck gaiter option as well, and switched to only allowing surgical masks "or better." I was very unhappy with this, and I more

frequently lowered my surgical mask to sit below my chin to allow myself to breathe and to visually show my noncompliance. Thankfully, only a small handful of people in the building actually cared enough to ever say anything to me about it, so I just mainly avoided the ones who did, when possible.

In addition to this craziness, we had to install acrylic barriers between workbenches in the shop and plastic shields that stretched from the tops of cubicles to the ceiling. Both are absolutely absurd. The best change that was implemented was switching to a four-day workweek, working ten hours per day, Monday through Thursday. Their reasoning for this was to let the ‘virus’ die-off over the weekend and contract a cleaning crew to come in and wipe down all work surfaces – again, absurd.

Officially beginning in November of 2020, I was approached and selected to start training for a promotion into the Operations Manager role in preparation for when my boss would retire, come August 2021. From this time through July 2021, I was excelling and gaining the praise and recognition of all of my coworkers for how well I was transitioning into the Operations Manager position. I had many people come and tell me that they really hoped I would get the promotion, and that they would enjoy working with me in that capacity. These were some of the greatest compliments someone my age (26-27 years) could receive in that position. Most of these coworkers were double my age. Those with experience in a UAW union manufacturing shop can relate to the significance and rarity of this.

I mentioned July 2021 as the true turning point to this story. However, there were red flags leading up to this point: First, in February of 2021 the company announced that they would eventually be requiring all employees to receive the COVID injections. In this announcement they did mention that there would be exemptions available. With the threat of losing my job, my employment was now dependent upon what I put into my own physical body. I quickly replied to inquire about the details of those exemptions. I did not receive a reply from anyone in the HR department for over a month following that email. Then, out of nowhere, in early April 2021, after not sharing any ‘proof of vaccination,’ I finally received an email asking me to please submit my exemption. This was without any answer to my previous question as to what exemptions were being considered.

I did not reply to that email until June of 2021, when they pressed me once again to submit an exemption. At this time, I again asked what exemptions they were honoring. They refused to list any, and only stated that they would review any that I submitted. They were playing hardball. Throughout all of this, they had yet to put out any sort of deadline as to when I was required to either get the COVID injections or submit an exemption, so I rode this out even further.

A few weeks go by, and in July of 2021 they now begin to put their foot down. They said that those who did submit their proof of injection cards were allowed to remove their masks and go about their day in pre-lockdown fashion. Corporate then put out a deadline on our status submissions as to whether or not we received the injections. If we did not disclose our personal health information by this date, we were going to be withheld pay until further notice.

At the eleventh hour of this deadline, I was called by my closest mentor who advised me to comply and disclose that I did not receive the injections. I begrudgingly did. When this discrimination was implemented, the next day I refused to wear a mask. This was where I made my toughest stand. I was immediately reported to corporate HR and sent home for a few days to allow them time to decide what to do with me. While working from home I was called by a team from HR, including a few of my bosses. They told me that if I did not return to work the following day, I was going to be terminated for not adhering to this new policy. I shamefully returned to work having been ill-prepared with other income streams or employment options.

A week later I was approached by my boss’s boss who told me that I would no longer be considered for promotion based on my previous noncompliance and my refusal to submit to the injection mandate. It didn’t matter if I was going to submit an exemption. It didn’t matter if that exemption was approved. They clearly stated that if I did not get the injections, then I would no longer be considered for promotion based solely on that reason and not any type of merit or metrics of my performance to that point. I stood my ground to not inject myself with harsh chemicals and was from

there on out essentially placed in exile while at work. Most people stopped talking to me and including me on meetings and projects. It was like I didn't exist anymore.

I stayed in my office, in exile, with my door shut, where I didn't have to wear a mask for 95% of the day and spent all of my time applying to and searching for other jobs where they were not enforcing any of this madness. Over the next three months and change, I applied to over 210 job openings of all kinds. I had anywhere from 5-12 interviews per week. In the end, I turned down 14 great job offers, most of them solely due to their COVID-related policies, and I made it abundantly clear that this was the only reason that I declined their offers.

In early October, I finally found a non-government contracting business in the medical field, of all places, that was not enforcing any restrictions. I had direct contact with their VP of HR, who reassured me that they were very pro-choice with all things COVID-related and were going to stay that way for as long as possible. So that's where I ended up after this crazy employment journey – as a Mechanical Engineer designing brand new surgical power tools from scratch. Now, personally seeing how quickly a positive employment relationship can go sour and the full realization that I was just an expendable number have further opened my eyes and improved my perspective on the employment world of large corporations. The lessons and perspectives I have gained from this psychosis will not be forgotten, and allow me to use them to further the betterment of myself and those around me for the rest of my life.

Friends, Brother, Sister

Ariel

“I feel like those guys, even though we live further away, are our closest friends,” I said to my wife on the way home from a long weekend at the lake with a group of my siblings, old high school and college friends, and their spouses and kids.

Peter was perhaps my best friend, aside from my brother. My brother and I had become fast friends with Peter around grades four through six, and had spent many of our weekends, afternoons, birthdays, and holidays together since then – despite some early adulthood years when we went to separate colleges, etc. During those times we had accrued other good friends, but after this vacation and previous ones throughout our thirties, it seemed very right that we should land in such a blessed situation as to have our siblings and their spouses as our very best friends, along with our other mutual best friends.

In the daytime at the lake, we’d play board games and take turns making meals. We’d swim, go boating, hiking, or just hang out day drinking and chatting about anything and everything. Despite some varying political labels, we enjoyed an open-minded and free-spirited atmosphere which manifested in fun and deep topics of conversation.

There was also a rowdiness to our parties. Between the kids running around yelling and screaming, and the handfuls of us in various groups enjoying it all with joviality, one had to wander down to the dock or find an empty room upstairs if they wanted to get away from the festive noise. The evenings would bring more drinking, games, and smoking cigars around the fire. Here the conversations would get especially deep. War stories, brainstorming inventions and abstract concepts, terribly crude jokes, and drunken declarations of love between bros – it was all on the table.

As of today, March 2, 2022, I have not seen Peter or any other friend from that group for over two years, with the exception of my siblings and their spouses. I have not seen my sister or her husband in over a year.

I knew about the agenda behind the Scamdemic before it really hit home in the US. I was lucky enough to have listened to *The Propaganda Report* podcast on February 18, 2020, in which the hosts described Event 201, and its resemblance to what we saw going on over in China, and on cruise liners. “Buckle up, everybody, because we are in for a ride. This is coming here, and it is not at all what they’ll say it is! Get ready for propaganda like you’ve never seen before in your life,” podcast host Monica warned into my earbuds.

On March 17, my world changed. I was told not to show up to work for the following two weeks. “Life just got a lot more interesting,” I commented to my employer, the owner. On the way home, I stopped for some beer. The store was crowded, there was a long line, and everyone was getting multiple cases. They had just received the same message from their employers. I paid for an extra case at checkout, then came back in to get it, after depositing two in my car.

I treated the next week or so as a vacation, drinking beer and starting projects around the house. At some point between days 6-10, I got a group text from the company owner. “Apply for unemployment,” was the essential message. I felt the paradigm shift. I felt the darkness arrive. It was that evening that I wrote the lyrics to my song, “No True North”. It describes my state of disoriented, directionless, pointlessness in that moment. “Now enter a brave new world,” goes a line in the song.

Despite my realization that the world had changed, I still didn’t know what to do about it. My wife and I were already good at gardening, hunting, and home maintenance, and we were already somewhat financially prepared for emergencies. None of this seemed like much defense against a looming technocratic totalitarian state and possible bio-chemical warfare. We put more effort into learning and preparing in these same directions, anyway.

“It’s a small sacrifice to make, for our safety. I still feel pretty blessed,” Peter said on the phone. I replied, “For you and me, maybe, but for some people, they need these jobs to eat. I already heard that they’re expecting these lockdowns to cause hundreds of thousands to starve in Africa.” I tried to mention some of the more sinister aspects of this conspiracy, without going too deeply. “You know, there’s a lot more going on than just a virus. They’re gonna use this to crash the economy, which is already on the brink, and institute a worldwide digital currency. It’s not gonna be good.” In his affable manner, Peter cheerfully expressed a more optimistic expectation.

For Easter, we had Zoom calls with our families, and no gatherings. Lame. We had a Zoom watch party with our siblings, making popcorn and laughing ‘together’ at *The Princess Bride*. We soon got sick of Zoom, and started seeing my parents again. We had been seeing my brother and his wife the entire time, without more than a normal work week’s pause. We would talk to our neighbors outside in a relatively normal manner.

In May, my sister and her husband invited us down for a “just us” party. My wife wasn’t feeling up for it, so I went by myself. The three of us had a good time, eating, drinking, gaming. Things got slightly heated around the firepit when the conversation turned political, but this was familiar territory for us, and we easily moved on to more cheerful subjects. I was a bit drunk by then, and my natural belligerence was showing through a bit. After this visit, I felt amazingly refreshed and energized, having hung out with them for a day, like normal.

Spring turned to summer, and I settled into working around the house, staying up late, and dawning the symbolic mask as I entered stores. My wife also began to understand the greater implications of the Plandemic. Together, we started favoring local sellers who didn’t require masks, such as Mennonite farm stands and markets. I learned how to buy cryptocurrencies and send them to non-custodial wallets. We listened to *The Survival Podcast*, and internalized some good strategies for further preparedness.

My sister and her husband visited us for my wife’s birthday in the autumn, and again on Christmas. When they arrived on Christmas morning, they both pulled on black masks before walking from the car to the house. “No!” I laughed dismissively, when asked if they should wear them inside. They were still isolating for two weeks between seeing different people, and my brother-in-law was working from home. We did not talk in-depth about the virus or politics; it was Christmas.

As the holidays came to an anticlimactic close, the experimental gene therapy injection was released. A few months later, my sister and I talked, and she told me that they had just received their first doses of the Jab. My heart sank. “Oh, man. We’re not gonna do that,” I replied, followed by an awkward pause. “You feeling alright and everything though, no extra limbs or anything?” I said to break the tension. She laughed, and we moved on to talking about our dogs. After this talk, I grieved, quietly, for months. I felt that I was losing my sister. I feared that the horrific things I had heard about the Jabs might be true.

We have largely fallen out of touch. I have only talked to her a couple of times since then, and every time there’s a family gathering, they have one reason or another why they can’t make it. Last summer I talked to my sister, and she said that nurses she knew were overwhelmed, exhausted, and ready to quit from dealing with unvaccinated people. “It’s like we’re living in two separate worlds,” I said.

Our brother and his wife, who live up near me, are also nurses, and they, to this day, have not accepted one single prick. In their hospitals, they never saw a pandemic. In fact, early on in 2020, my sister-in-law danced in one of the ‘dancing nurses’ videos. These, contrary to popular criticism, were a fun expression of boredom due to the hospitals being entirely empty; all the ‘elective treatments’ such as chemo, check-ups, and even transplant surgeries had been canceled.

As my wife and I have gone back to normal and open life for the most part, seeing friends and relatives on a normal, regular basis, our sister and friends in the greater Philly area have remained entirely distant from us. We are the unclean. They won’t say it, but it is clear. A chasm divides us. Here are some typical lines from our group’s Discord channel:

“Man, that second dose of Moderna really put me out for the count.” “Yeah, that one’s a real doozy.” “Things are pretty good here; when we go to the store, people are really good about wearing masks and giving you your space.” I dropped a couple of links to the guys, including Tom Woods’s [covidchartsquiz.com](https://www.covidchartsquiz.com), saying, “Here’s a fun way to learn about how well masks work.” No response. “Pennsylvania case counts up to 4,736. Be careful out there.” “Might be a good time to get boosted if you’re due.”

My brother tried for a long time to debate them on the channel, but another medical professional in our group always rebutted him with long-winded essays respectfully disagreeing, although he was admittedly too lazy to do his actual research. I still sometimes lurk on the Discord channel, but they are clearly living in a different reality than me (despite Peter’s ‘libertarian’ sentiments). Add this on top of the fact that I hate virtual confrontations to begin with.

It is so much better to work differences out in person, where we can communicate and understand expressions and intent. However, this communication is also impossible since, two years after our long weekend on the lake, none of them have reached out to talk, or invited us to any events. Both my brother and I have been pretty silent on Discord lately. The others still talk gaming, make jokes, post memes and song recommendations, and once in a while say something that makes it clear that our lives have diverged.

The autumn and holidays of 2021 brought no visits from my sister and her husband. My wife realized that she had exhausted too much of her emotional energy on trying to stay close with them. She decided she had to work on her own shit, and that there was no point in trying when we so consistently got nothing whatsoever in return. I support this, but I still do hold out some hope, and continue to look for openings or signs of awakening from my loved ones. Nonetheless, the chasm grows ever vaster.

While I continue to struggle with my apparent loss of such close brethren, I find new purpose in my own life. I have joined freedom and sustainability groups. I joined largely because I was feeling the loss of my old buddies. I’ve made new friends. It’s not the same as those life-long bonds, but we are finding ways to learn and be productive together. The spirit of freedom and natural health is strong among us, and as time goes on, trust grows, new connections are made, and we slowly build something true. And thank God for my brother. He and his wife have loyally stood right by our sides every minute of this new dystopia through which we must travel. I can’t imagine how much worse it would be without them.

So, as we lose some loved ones, we learn to appreciate the ones we still have that much more. They say, “as one door closes, another one opens.” If it doesn’t, I guess we just get our sledgehammers and chainsaws, and make a new door. We move forward, facing whatever comes next. As hell is unleashed upon us, we have the distinguished honor to be the ones stubbornly resisting it, or at least quietly subverting it.

Great Wolf Lodge Lunacy

Kimberly
Scotrun, Pennsylvania

This is a story about our trip to the Great Wolf Lodge in Scotrun, Pennsylvania. Friends of ours had invited us to go with them and stay for free at the lodge. Before I made a decision for my son and I, I gave the lodge a call to ask about their mask policy. Over the phone I was told that there were not any exceptions to the policy, and they offered to reschedule the trip. Unfortunately, the phone call got cut off at that point. I immediately called back, however this time a different person answered the phone. This second customer service representative told me that as long as we had a doctor's note, we did not have to wear masks. So, I called my freedom friendly doctor, and she faxed over a note for my son and I to use as a medical exemption from wearing masks. My medical exemption is the same reason that, in my opinion, all humans share – the freedom to breathe air unobstructed. With this note in hand, we decided to go through with the trip.

When we first walked into the lodge, nobody said anything to us about our unmasked faces. The first encounter didn't occur until after we were settled into our room and were headed down to the indoor water park. In the water park area, staff were allowing people to freely take off their masks. Strangely, upon entering the water park, we were asked by an employee where our masks were. I told her that we had a medical exemption, and that satisfied her enough to let us pass into the water park. As we were now in the water park, the lodge had rules stating that if you were going from one water activity to another, you were not required to wear a mask. On the other hand, if you were going to the bathroom, for instance, from a water activity, then you were required to wear a mask. Strangely though, if you were going from the pool to the bathroom and then back to the pool, you were not required to wear a mask.

It's so curious how the virus is so smart as to not affect people based on where they are in the building, and where they are walking to and from within the water park, specifically. Once you're in the water park, everyone is swimming together, standing close together in line, and touching the same surfaces – all without a mask. This is apparently okay in comparison to outside the water park, where you must wear a mask and distance and everything, because the virus is such a threat. We enjoyed the rest of our day free of conflict and turned into our room at night.

Our stay was only for one night, so the next day we packed our things and took our time leaving before driving back home. On our way to grab a bite ahead of the drive, out of nowhere we were stopped by six people all at once. It was like flies on fly paper. All of these people started handing us masks, trying to get us to wear them in order to continue on our way throughout the resort. I explained to them all that we cannot wear masks or cover our faces at all. They kept reiterating that they do not make any exceptions, medical or otherwise. To that I then replied that apparently, they do accept exemptions, because I called ahead and was reassured that we would be fine with a doctor's note and had already been at the resort without masks for the entire previous day. On top of that, I told them that we were on our way out of the resort to return home.

At this point, the main manager had come over to the scene. Even while she was talking to us, other people kept coming up, handing us masks, and trying to get us to wear them. She asked us where we were going, and I told her that we were just going to grab something to eat and then be on our way. She asked what exactly we were going to get to eat, because there were a lot of options throughout the resort. I said we were going to do pizza. She insisted she escort us over to the pizza place, and then stood with us while we ordered our food. After we ordered and were standing off to the side, waiting for our order, a gentleman who was standing in line turned to us and the first manager, and came over

to immediately ask us where our masks were. He turned out to be a second manager. I went through the entire story with him again.

From my past experiences, I had learned not to just say that I won't wear a mask, but instead to ask the person, "Are you a medical professional?" They of course say no, and I reply with my note and that I am going to listen to the advice of my medical professional. I then ask the managers if they are willing to sign a paper that states they will take full responsibility for anything that could happen to me, now or any time in the future, as a result of putting something over my face, restricting my breathing, against a medical professional's recommendation. Of course, they are unwilling to sign such a document. I said then, "Okay, if you are not willing to cooperate with that, then I cannot wear a mask."

At this point they were getting so frustrated. The manager then told us where we could go eat our pizza. However, we would need to put a mask on just to walk over there, which started this never-ending exemption-liability argument all over again. He basically was so fed up at this point that he said, "Fine. Just walk straight there. But if I catch you walking around the facilities without a mask on, I'll have to send you to your room," which I laughed at because we were already checked out and he clearly didn't listen to what I was saying to him.

It was so ironic that just ten feet away we could walk into the water park and take off our masks and stand close to each other and breathe on each other. I told the manager, "I hope you see how ridiculous this whole thing is." We finally were able to finish our pizza in peace. We took our time and when we were good and ready, we left. On our way out of the resort I dropped off a note of discrimination with the front desk to hopefully shed some light on the horrible treatment we received.

The Madness Continues: The Old Man and the Mask

Philly

December, 2021-January, 2022

It was a cold, windy, winter Saturday at the Whole Foods Market in Exton, Pennsylvania. I had just opened our doors and the customers began trickling in. As usual, over the last 20-plus months, we greeted the customers who passed by the customer service counter with a smile from under our cloth masks – a symbol of pretend, virtue, and “safety” in the Age of COVID. For me, I felt a little spark of joy every time I saw a customer who chose to go mask-free. But, as you and I know, that joy was still blasphemy to some.

Suddenly, a quiet and pleasant morning turned into a rude second-awakening to the hyper anxiety-driven vigilance and, dare I say, psychosis that remains among us: An older man with white hair in his 70s or 80s darted through the entrance, wide-eyed and ready to go to war. The man came straight to the desk with a basket in hand. Of course, I kindly greeted him and asked how I could help. Immediately, he began speaking quickly, attempting to shame us for not requiring customers to wear masks like we did during the first year of the Scamdemic. “People are still dying for this, ya know?! I just had two friends die from this!” I apologized for his loss, because I’m not an animal. I did genuinely feel sorry for him. I told him about all of the (well-deserved) push-back our store managers received from customers who refused to wear a mask. He didn’t want to hear it, and continued on.

As the old man continued to bark at me, I apologized (like you’re always supposed to do in customer service). A woman without a mask on passed into our line of sight. The woman, probably in her 30s or 40s, was focused on making her Amazon return next to the customer service desk. Right before she got to the return counter, the old man started lambasting her about not wearing a mask. The old man’s shouting completely caught her off guard, and her relaxed demeanor completely changed. Her eyes now slightly winced with a nervous, defensive smile. What I then witnessed was a microcosm of the religious, cult-like mind control that a large portion of the public has consented to. She immediately had an answer!

“Oh no, old man, you see, this is only the first time I have gone out in public without a mask.” She apologized. “I left my mask in the car! I usually always have it on.” That wasn’t good enough for him, however. He eventually let up and began shopping. Still, that shook the woman to her core. She began nervously and rapidly recounting to whomever would listen all of the virtuous rituals she performed during COVID-1984. My hilarious, genuine, middle-aged female coworker – another true believer – was happy to indulge and approve of this woman’s litany of approved activities. “I didn’t see my family for forever. I wear a mask to protect others. I just got my booster the other day!” (As an aside, this coworker finally took her mask off just the other day, in mid-March of 2022).

As this poor woman defended herself against the supreme crime of COVID blasphemy, all I could do was smile – one of the only hidden (by my mask), solitary, and semi-productive acts I could do at work to avoid losing my fucking mind during this madness. “This is the mass psychosis,” I thought to myself. “This is the religious, faith-based social conditioning. It’s right here, in this moment.” Later, I found out that the old man got into a shouting match with another customer in the back of the store. Oh, I wish I could’ve been there to witness it.

Once the moment passed, I felt sorry for that old man. I felt sorry that he was a victim of the high-level, well-funded corporate and governmental mind-control operation. I felt sorry that he lost his friends. I felt sorry that he seemingly lived in a such a perpetually heightened state of fear. I felt sorry that he was deliberately kept from being fully informed by the powers that shouldn’t be.

Mandating Madness and Fair-Weather Friends

Alicia

March 2020 – March 2022

I definitely experienced the madness around mask mandates and vaccine requirements. I encountered the COVID-crazed store employees who felt big and important as they “did the right thing” and demanded that I put a mask on to enter. I encountered the employees who dared to ask if I had been vaccinated, as if they were entitled to know my private health information. I chose not to enter those businesses. My favorite experience was witnessing the restaurant host or hostess who diligently required customers to wear masks to walk ten steps to their table, where they could then safely remove them and behave like normal humans, again. Because we all know that viruses don’t attack people sitting at dinner tables – that’s just ridiculous.

Yes, I witnessed these things but, in reality, my most common experience was actually encountering employees who only felt compelled to say something because they might lose their jobs if they didn’t enforce company policy. They showed no joy in their requests and I even saw dread in their eyes as they feared what my maskless face might say in return. I tried not to be an asshole to these people because I knew that they were feeling pressure, and we all know the power the mask has to make someone feel ashamed and embarrassed of who they are. It is the ultimate symbol of silencing and suppression.

I can’t tell you how many times I have seen a masked child hide behind their mom or dad when I make eye contact with them and smile. It’s clear that my naked face makes them uncomfortable because they don’t understand why they have to hide theirs. It has become scary to them to see another’s smile, and they never smile back. They look at me with astonishment, hover behind Mommy or Daddy, and peer out at me with a mixture of curiosity and fear. It breaks my heart when I see this. Those kids are going to struggle with human connection all their lives. Great job, Mommy and Daddy!

We all know what these experiences are like. They became a dime a dozen over the last two years. But I must say, the single most outstanding experience I had was of losing some of my closest friends because of my beliefs during this time. These were people I had been close with for years, and in some cases decades! And they felt completely justified in ghosting me because I chose not to participate in the COVID delusion. Because I was honest about my perspective on what has been going on in our world. Because I stood for something different than them. Because I didn’t want to put myself at risk by injecting experimental mRNA technology into my body.

Is that really all our friendship was? So disposable that a mere difference of opinion was enough for them to walk away? After all these years, and all the amazing experiences we’d shared, they were willing to abandon everything we’d built just because we disagreed. I had no idea that I had such fair-weather friends. I believed that we had something stronger than that, that we could be our authentic selves and debate our differences as we had so many times before. We rarely agreed 100% on anything, but we still loved each other and were curious about each other’s perspectives. But apparently this understanding is no longer allowed in the COVID-era psychosis.

Needless to say, this was a bit of a rude awakening for me. I was shocked and heart broken. Sometimes I still find myself in awe over the whole thing. But, like anything in life, one door closes and another opens. Yes, I lost several very close friends, but I quickly gained many new friends, because when you live authentically, you draw other authentic souls to you. I found out who my true friends are through all of this, and while I empathize with the ones I lost, I will not waste any more energy mourning those dead friendships. I have more empowering and rewarding relationships that I want to pour my energy into because I refuse to be anyone other than who I truly am, and I deserve to be connected with people who accept me.

Movie Theater Threats

Kimberly
Pennsylvania

My husband and I were taking our oldest child on a date to see a movie at the theater. We had been really looking forward to seeing this movie and going back into the movie theaters, again. The week prior my husband had gone to this same theater with a friend, and neither of them were questioned for not wearing masks. Although it was at the time during the height of the mandates, based on my husband's experience, I thought this would be a safe time and place for us to see a movie mask-free.

We arrived and proceeded up to the ticket window to purchase our tickets. To our surprise, we were questioned about our lack of masks. We declined to wear the ones they offered and fortunately moved past the gate. Next, we got to the ticket checker just before you find your actual theater. We were once again questioned about our lack of masks. Again, we declined in a similar fashion and were let through. Based on these two successful experiences already, I decided to get some popcorn from the concessions with my son.

The man behind the counter questioned us and again I responded, saying that we cannot wear masks. We went around arguing about the masks and the movie theater being a public versus private place of business. He said that if we didn't like the guidelines, then we could leave. Getting frustrated, I told him that unless he or his manager was going to sign something providing liability to any negative health reaction at any time in the future due to them forcing me and my son to wear masks, that we would not be putting any on. He obviously declined, and then threatened to call the police.

We were really making a scene now, and I really didn't want the police to get involved as my son was already getting frightened by the entire confrontation. Begrudgingly, I put a mask on myself, albeit under my nose, and proceeded with the popcorn transaction. After walking away with my cold popcorn, I ripped the mask off and did not put it back on for the rest of our time in the theater.

We were a little concerned about our son watching this movie. It wasn't a scary movie; however, our child is sensitive. We watched him carefully throughout the movie and he seemed fine. However, when it was over and we went to leave, he became frightened. We thought we had made a terrible mistake by bringing him to this movie. In actuality, his fears were that if we went back through the lobby, the police would be there to take me away and separate us from each other. I assured him that we would be just fine and not to worry about it.

He would not show his face and hid in my coat until we reached the car. I had to sit with him in the back seat on the drive home and sleep with him that night because he was still shaken up a bit. He said that he had nightmares of the police for a few weeks after that. This is not my favorite story, and I am sorry that my son had to experience that.

The Sound of the Flute

Marty
2020

I started the new year of 2020 with the continuation of my regular work life. I would wake at 3:30am, get on the road by 4:20, drive 30 miles to a work site parking lot, and get on a bus by 5:00. That bus would get me to a large construction site in time for a walk-about of conditions, and a plan-of-day meeting at 5:30 in a room with 40 other guys and gals. The shift was 10 hours, Monday through Thursday, and eight hours on Friday. So, the afternoon meant I would get back to my vehicle around 4:30pm and drive the 30 miles back home, but not without getting into a pileup of traffic heading inbound on the parkway. The traffic conditions meant I would usually get home around 5:45pm. That all changed on March 18, 2020.

Many of us probably have a similar story to tell about the pace we had in life until it all happened. Could it be this was a blessing in disguise, an opportunity for us to take stock, to look at our lives, and evaluate where we might be in relation to our world and those around us? Did this time allow us to stop and ask who we are, what we are, what is this world we live in, and what is going to become of us? I say this because looking back on how this year unfolded, it afforded me the opportunity to unplug from the daily grind for just enough time to do some of the above introspection. And this was after a lifetime of asking questions and unplugging.

As I look back on that time to pause and take inventory of my world, among other things, I treasure the time I got to spend with my son who came home from Boston and began to work from home, something that so many people had to do. We went on some hikes, played some hoops, and got to chat about whatever. I was able to finish the recently remodeled bathroom for my wife, which was more than I cared to do on weekends, including installing a mirror that was difficult to hang. I had started to play the Native American flute a year earlier, and for the most part kept it to myself and out of hearing range of everyone else. This would turn out to be a very fortunate endeavor as the year evolved.

As the situation unfolded into the summer of 2020 and mandates came down from governors, I began building a large body of internet research, and go-to sites which were talking about what might really be going on. Some of it was frightful and revealing about things like financial collapse, forced vaccinations, food shortages, 5G roll-out, and a global reset. It bothered me that not everyone was seeking out this kind of information and were going along with the mainstream media. There were those in our circle of family, friends, and work that knew of someone who did in fact get sick and who attested it was unlike any illness they had before, due to the loss of taste and smell, the high fever, etc. We did have reports of some that we knew who were considered as having died from COVID-19. Otherwise, we were fortunate that we did not experience some of the tragedies as many others did, such as the isolation of elderly in care homes, or visitations to Intensive Care Units not permitted, or funerals where only immediate family could attend, in masks.

To counteract what was unfolding, and the sight of everybody in masks, I started going public with my flute playing, beginning with a trip to Lake Erie in Ohio. I played along the lake shore

township parks and beaches, and even at a winery on South Grand River. Many a stranger came up and expressed appreciation, for which I was grateful. Back home, afterward, I would take the flute with me on biking trips and look for places to play. It wasn't until September, however, that I felt the need to shed all self-consciousness and play in public with intent.

I don't know if empathy is the right word, but a strange sight got to me while taking a walk about our neighborhood and business district one day. While out and about, people walked off the sidewalk and onto the busy Washington Road to maintain their distance as we passed by, and it really bothered me. Some of these people were elderly women with their faces covered, walking with a cane, and yes – they veered off into the street. I had to say to them, “Please ma'am, come back onto the sidewalk.”

Distraught, I went home, got my flutes, and returned to the town center fountain and began playing away. If my flute playing brings the slightest smile to one passerby out of 100 then I am happy helping in some way. If it puts the slightest crack into this seizure of fear, as it seems (whether it's just me or not), then it is but one thing I can do. The Native American flute is sometimes called a love flute. A flute song can help us connect when so many feel that distance is the proper thing to do these days. And if others are doing whatever they can, then we'll find a way to overcome this.

We held our block party at the end of September, for which I was in charge, and I think our neighborhood really appreciated coming out and meeting and greeting each other. Something within me did not want to cancel this annual event when so many other streets were canceling theirs, so I was proud to say we pulled this off.

I returned to work in mid-April, after four weeks off, to that same project, but the pace eased up and I didn't have to be at 5:30 morning meetings anymore. There were no such pileups of traffic, either, on the trek home. It became a breeze. And there were some mornings where the sound of that flute was heard before the start of the shift, in the predawn stillness of that place.

In December I wrote in a Christmas letter to the family, “Take this year as a cue, as a time to reach down inside to discover more about our humanity.”

The superficial is not enough. Stand amid the turmoil and breathe it in, as you are witnessing the transition of things. Take whatever as a challenge or an opportunity to grow and evolve. Hold onto this amusement park ride and know that the divine engineers designed the ride to return everyone safely. Namaste.

A Tale of Two Grandfathers

Ariel

When 2020 kicked off, my wife had two grandfathers living in retirement homes. Andy, on her mom's side, was a 94-year-old Navy vet. He had voluntarily moved to a nice retirement community 20 years prior with his wife, who passed over a decade ago. He had recently shown signs that he might be nearing the end, including some falls and another broken hip.

Bobby, on her dad's side, was a decade younger, but had some long-term health issues, such as diabetes. He had moved under less ideal circumstances, being unable to care for himself and his medical needs, and too stubborn to accept in-home care.

In April of 2020, we heard from my wife's aunt that Andy had tested positive for the dreaded coronavirus, and had been moved to a bed in the hospital across the road. "They'd better not put him on a ventilator," I stressed. Apparently, he had been disoriented and confused, which had caused concern among the staff. He acted fairly sharp normally, despite his advanced age. He seemed okay, but was being monitored.

In another two or three days we heard again. It turned out he was completely asymptomatic regarding the virus, but instead had a urinary tract infection, which had led to his muddled state. With some hydration he was ready to go back to his apartment. I don't remember if they made him quarantine longer at the hospital.

Due to the paranoid pandemic policies, none of us were permitted to visit Andy. A few months went by, and he continued to struggle in his daily activities. He showed up for fewer meals, and increasingly needed care. We grumbled that being around his family was probably exactly what he needed, but couldn't have. The home allowed only his daughter, my wife's aunt, to come visit. He eventually died alone.

In the last six months of his life, he had been utterly deprived of the one thing that still gives any ancient faithful family patriarch such as himself some meaning in life. His kids, grandkids, great-grandkids, and the rest of us sat at home, able to do nothing but attempt an occasional phone call. It was summer when we met in a mostly empty church, sloppily breathing around our sweaty masks, for a strange little memorial service that made some attempt at honoring the life of Grandpa Andy. At least the rest of us finally got to see each other again.

It was sometime in the same summer that we heard of my wife's other grandfather testing positive for this damn virus. Bob, despite his diabetes, etc., exhibited no major symptoms, and breezed through it, as if it was never even there at all. He, like Andy, steadily declined over the next year. We grumbled that being around his family was probably exactly what he needed, but couldn't have. The home allowed only his son, my wife's uncle, to come visit. He eventually died alone.

In the last 15 months of his life, he had been deprived of his granddaughters (and their husbands, in whom he expressed great pride), great-grandchildren, and his ever-cherished trips to the diner with his old local friends. We met by a gravestone in the beating sun. We lowered Bobby to rest beside his wife – who, thank goodness, got to miss all of this horrible shit – after a short but touching service. At least the rest of us got to see each other again.

There is No Liability

Emily Onorato
Autumn, 2021

Background Info: At the time of this story, I worked with CBRE – a facilities management company – on an account for GlaxoSmithKline (GSK), one of the world’s largest pharmaceutical companies. This fact, coupled with the mainstream narrative-embracing culture endemic to leadership at these companies made one thing exceptionally clear: I should expect my employer to follow the pharmaceutical industry and mainstream media, and start demanding the forfeiture of my rights in response to ‘COVID’. I was right, and before I knew it my employer required that I provide proof of receiving the experimental injection, or get a ‘COVID’ test weekly and wear a mask every day.

I prepared for this, and took steps early on to seek new employment with a company that would not demand I give up my natural rights. Upon the advice of similarly-minded friends and fellow Freedom Cell members, I also submitted affidavits of status and of “declination for medical interventions” to both my employer and representatives with GlaxoSmithKline. Since my employer had a policy which would “assume” my resignation if I did not comply with the ‘COVID’-related policies, I also crafted a “withdrawal of consent for assumed resignation.” I supplied this document to my direct manager and human resources director, outlining that my resignation, if done, would be done willingly, and should never be ‘assumed’.

Story Details: I never fit in well where I worked, to begin with. I was too casual and goofy for my manager, and too outspoken and punchy for my department colleague. Really, it seemed like the only coworkers who could appreciate both sides at once were the operations technicians, and I was always glad that I got along with them as well as I did. All that to say, I already felt like I stood out at work, and not in a good way. I fully expected that I would be singled out if I practiced any ‘noncompliance’ (that lovely, oft-repressed art!), and I wasn’t wrong.

So, I submitted my affidavits. I kindly and calmly stated that I would not comply with any ‘assumed’ resignation. I made extra efforts to play it cool when my manager and human resources director tried to force me to take a ‘COVID’ test. I politely reiterated that I was “declining any offers for medical intervention” so many times that it made me dizzy. The pressure persisted.

At one point in the midst of this laughable back-and-forth, while anxiously looking for more options to defend myself and my income, I stumbled upon an interesting option. Some employees, I heard, offered to ‘conditionally’ accept the experimental injection requirements if their employer would provide proof of the injection’s safety and efficacy, and would assume all liability for any negative side effects. As the safety and efficacy data could not be provided, some employers retracted their requirements after being pressed for the information. What really interested me though was the question of an employer’s liability for requiring an employee to undergo an experimental medical procedure as a condition of employment.

These thoughts were on my mind one morning when my human resources director called me to press for more information about my compliance. The conversation was the same back-and-forth as always: “Will you comply?” “I am declining all offers for medical interventions.” “But these are the customer’s policies.” “I understand that.” “So, will you comply?” “I am declining all offers for medical interventions.”

The usual conversation took an unexpected turn at this point: “So, you’ll be assumed to have resigned,” my HR director said.

This was the first time that I truly felt threatened by this statement, so I flailed about in my mind for something to say. I thought about that ‘conditional’ acceptance of forced injection policies, and the

question of liability came forefront to my mind. “Well, who will hold liability for any negative side-effects I could experience as a result of this experimental injection that’s being made a new requirement for my employment? Will CBRE bear the liability; will GSK?”

With only the slightest stumble that intimated her surprise at my audacity, the HR director responded matter-of-factly, “There is no liability.”

I was shocked. I expected, of course, that the ‘government’ would uphold employers’ ‘rights’ to force experimental injections on employees. What I did not expect though was that my HR director – whose job it is to protect the employer from liabilities and to occasionally express care about employees’ well-being – could not and would not provide any reassurances about liability at all. That moment was when I knew personally how much this ‘COVID’ scare had stripped the sense and compassion from people around me, and my search for new employment gained more fuel.

The way that this story ends is truly sweet. After having spent the whole weekend with her at a family event, my mom tested positive for ‘COVID’. Due to my employer’s policies regarding ‘COVID’ exposure, I was not allowed on site – the week that I would have had to begin complying with the ‘COVID’ policies – as I was being called back in after spending 18 months working from home.

Then, as my ‘exposure quarantine’ window ended, I contracted ‘COVID’ myself, and was ill enough that I was put on paid disability. (All this time I was applying and interviewing for jobs.) Even when my persistent symptoms were no more than congestion and a slight cough, my employer paid me to stay on disability. Finally, I got a job offer, made sure to take advantage of CBRE’s week-long Christmas holiday, and then resigned – without having to go back on site and comply with ‘COVID’ policies.

Now, I work remotely for a company that lets their employees decide most of the “COVID” policies, compensates me significantly better than CBRE, and won’t bother me about forced medical interventions as a condition of my employment.

It’s not often that having courage to do the right thing has had such positive effects in my life. But then again, I’d really never made the choice to exercise so much courage in order to do the right thing. I guess that the Law of Cause and Effect becomes more apparent when more is required in order to do the right thing though, even when there is no liability.

Train Station Harassment

Kimberly
Pennsylvania

I was taking a friend of mine to the train station. This is a close friend who unfortunately has a mental disability, so I help him out with different things. There was one occasion where he had almost got on the wrong train, had I not been there to stop him. With knowledge of this instance, I feel it necessary to accompany him at the station.

This time I had brought my three young children. They were also very excited to get to see our friend get on the train. We arrived and carried ourselves as normal. We walked through the train station, took our friend to his platform, and watched him get on his train. As our friend was now on his way, we began walking back into the station to escape the frigid platform and leave – that was, until a woman stopped us. She obstructed our path and asked for us to put on masks to go through the station once again, even though we were just in there without masks a few minutes ago. I told her that we cannot wear masks. Of course, that was not a satisfactory answer for her, so she blew this up into a big ordeal.

Before I knew it, three police officers arrived to continue and escalate this confrontation. They began recording me, asking me questions, and pressuring me to explain as to why we cannot wear masks. I again explained to them that we are unable to cover our faces and that we were just dropping our friend off, not riding on any trains, or getting near anyone else. Most importantly, I explained that we had just walked through the station without masks when we arrived, and now we were on our way home.

The officers stood there threatening us that they were going to make us leave, when I already said that we were trying to do just that. It felt like they just wanted to intimidate us into compliance. The funny thing is we would have already been long gone if not for the lady and officers that obstructed and kept us there.

In front of my three young children, they continued to stand in an intimidating position and act threatening. I expressly reiterated that we were trying to leave, “Not just because you are telling us to, but because we were on our way out before you arrived.” Eventually they allowed us to pass without having to put masks on, and we went on our way..

The Wake Up Call

Renee

It all began two days after a head trauma. I went on a fishing trip near Lake Erie and was walking down the creek with my fishing pole when I slipped and hit the back of my head on a rock with the full force of my body. I thought, “This is it; I broke my neck,” and laid still for a few moments. I was able to get up and, feeling okay enough, walked a mile down creek and caught eight steelhead trout.

Back home two days later, however, I ended up in the emergency room. Exhausted, I had passed out at the breakfast table, and then passed out again later in the restroom, hitting my head again and needing stitches this time. I don’t remember the second time I blacked out, but felt much better after expelling vomit and diarrhea, which are symptoms of concussion. Reflecting back, it had been a stressful week without eating, drinking, or sleeping much. I felt a cold coming on prior to leaving on the trip and spent a day in bed, but then felt okay after that.

In the emergency room, the doctors found nothing wrong. They did a CT scan, chest X-rays, blood tests, etc. The doctor was okay with me refusing a COVID test. He said that my condition did not look like COVID, but that he would check my lungs. None of the staff seemed worried at all about COVID as they worked closely with me and stitched my wound. They hooked me up to an IV bag, as I had gotten dehydrated during the fishing trip.

When home from the hospital, all I could do was lay flat. I could not eat, could barely drink, and soon was unable to walk. Had my housemate not been in town, I assume, I would have been taken by ambulance to the hospital behind enemy lines with no like-minded advocate. I am not in agreement with the hospitals using the COVID protocols – which I understand Dr. Fauci designed – utilizing Remdesivir and ventilators, resulting in an 80% death rate. (Remdesivir is known to cause acute kidney and liver failure, which usually results in using the ventilator.)

In the meanwhile, friends and family thought I had COVID and were afraid of me. I was forced to take an at-home COVID test. I don’t believe that any of the COVID tests are accurate. My test showed positive. My family communicated with the doctors on staff, and they all decided I had COVID.

As sick as I was feeling, I was still able to discern what was best for myself. I simply needed a physical examination without a predetermined diagnosis of COVID. Unfortunately, my housemate could not continue care in this capacity. We kept questioning the possibility of concussion, but were told multiple times it was not a concussion, or else it would have shown on the CT scan.

After four long days, we finally got a virtual consultation with my doctor who, with my family, somehow decided that having the monoclonal antibody treatment was my only chance to “beat COVID.” I asked about Ivermectin, but my doctor said it had not been tested enough and so he would not prescribe it. He didn’t take into account the head traumas or the fact that I was over-exhausted, dehydrated, and had barely eaten the previous week. He prescribed Meclizine for my dizziness, but wasn’t listening to what really happened to me on the whole. As doctors often do, he concentrated on individual symptoms, and not the collective picture. The only way I could get medical attention was if I agreed to take the COVID PCR test. I had no choice.

I wasn’t against the antibody treatment at the time, but wanted more information. My trusted doctor of 30 years said, “It’s safe and effective, what more do you want to know?” and my family had done thorough research and also said it was my only chance. I reluctantly agreed. A positive PCR test was required to qualify me for the treatment. I went for the treatment, which was four little needle pricks in my arms and torso.

I received information during the treatment, and that was too late. Had they given me this information prior, as they should have, or my doctor provided it, as he was responsible, I would have declined. The information said that the monoclonal antibody treatment was not proven safe and effective; it could reduce immunity to any future SARS infection; and it was an investigational treatment. It had not been tested for COVID. Rather, it was being tested on me. I was pissed.

After the antibody treatment, it felt like I went through a second phase of my illness. Extreme vertigo set in. I couldn't lift my head. I barely ate or drank for a total of three weeks. Friends, family, and my doctor told me to force myself to drink. I could not. I was accused of being stubborn. I have heard from professionals that if one gets too dehydrated, it can become difficult to drink. That's how it was for me.

Finally, I thought to call my chiropractor, and after one adjustment my vertigo was 95% gone. Instantly, my appetite returned, and I felt like I was a new man! My chiropractor said, "Now the healing will begin." He actually diagnosed me pretty well on the phone before the visit, as he spent several minutes asking questions and listening to answers. That's what I call a real doctor.

It seems many doctors have become programmed by the drug companies and media and are projecting it in the way they are treating their patients. They've stopped thinking for themselves and have forgotten the Hippocratic Oath. I felt like I was (and still am) being accused of having COVID by friends and family. A slight cough – that's COVID! A slight fever – that's COVID! Food and water tasted bad – that's COVID! Low oxygen levels, dizziness, and eventually some confusion and feelings of deliriousness – that's all COVID!

Doing some follow-up research, I found that concussions can cause flu-like symptoms and non-infectious forms of fever called neurogenic fever. Low blood oxygen (hypoxemia) can cause headache and confusion. An oxygen level at 90% is reason for concern, but not an emergency. My lungs were clear, and I did not lose sense of taste or smell. I simply was not heard. It felt like everyone was brainwashed with COVID bullshit.

It's now been six months since the treatment, and I am concerned about the side effects, one being extreme itchiness and rashes at the four points of infusion, which is spreading over my body now. My doctor prescribed a potentially unsafe and dangerous treatment without proper examination and informed consent. Researchers of truth say poisons in the vaccines cannot be detoxed and can cause decreased immune response. It's inferred that the poisons in the antibody treatment can cause similar problems.

At our follow-up consultation with my doctor in his office, there was a fiasco. A friend had a transcript of our last doctor's consultation which I wanted to show my new doctor and I asked her to email it to the doctor's office while I was waiting for him. My friend was told that the office could only accept emails from a business, so she used her friend's business email and when the doctor noticed it was a law office, he flew off the handle and threatened our relationship. There was a heated argument and I told him that the hospital only administered 200 of these antibody treatments, and I didn't appreciate being a guinea pig. I told him that if what I had was COVID, I would prefer to have that again because it wasn't bad. I think he was shitting bricks because he thought he was being sued. He excused himself to calm down and, when he returned, we had a long discussion. He eventually examined me and agreed that I did have a concussion.

Listening to our inner wisdom and standing up to the medical system is paramount. I don't think I had COVID, but instead a two-day cold with a lingering cough. I think fear is the virus. I was getting infected myself when being told over and over and over that I had COVID, and some panic did set in. I was more comfortable with the Ivermectin and asked my family for support to follow America's Frontline Doctors' Ivermectin protocol we had on hand. Unfortunately, I was told that it was too late and too hard to figure out the dosages, so we proceeded with treatments on our own the best we could. I did the protocol for four days, then still proceeded with the antibody treatment because I was told it was my only hope. They said at the hospital that Ivermectin is compatible with other medications and treatments and it didn't matter if I continued, so I did another two days. Perhaps it did help, but it's

obvious that the cause of the illness was concussion. And it's proven that Ivermectin is highly effective, not dangerous, and that the medicine can heal more than most are aware of.

All in all, this was a wake-up call on many levels. If I'm called stubborn or looked down upon for refusing a test or treatment, so be it. I'm standing up for my God-given rights. COVID is 99% curable with proper, early treatment. More medical professionals are choosing to forfeit their licenses and work parallel to the medical system so that they can help their patients.

Be informed, vigilant, and prepared to care for yourselves at home, because if we aren't paying attention, many doctors and nurses are hurting us, and they don't even know it.

Whole Foods Sprint

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After moving into my house in February of 2019, I had always shopped at the local Giant Food Stores. I was familiar with Giant's layout and the products they offered. With local lockdowns starting in March of 2020, I began doing a mixture of lazily wearing a neck gator at Giant and ordering grocery deliveries from Whole Foods via Amazon Prime. This switch was mainly due to not wanting to get in a confrontation about my sub-par face covering methods. I had an existing Amazon Prime membership at the time, so I was receiving free delivery and a discount on all items from Whole Foods. This story recalls one instance where I was on my way home and stopped at the Whole Foods to get tomato sauce for the spaghetti squash and meatballs dinner I had planned.

I am unsure where I was coming home from when I remembered that I was all out of tomato sauce and there was not enough time to order Whole Foods delivery. With this in mind, I decided to visit the Whole Foods in person to grab the sauce. I had never actually been in a Whole Foods prior to the lockdowns, nor will I ever patronize them again after this incident.

At the time, I had gained enough boldness and confidence to stop wearing a face covering altogether. My local Giant had signs posted that required a face covering to enter, however, they were honoring claimed "medical condition" excuses for not being able to wear a face covering. I only ever got asked about this once by an employee and they were satisfied enough with my response. However, the Giant was not on my way home, and would have added about 15 minutes to that commute. So, the Whole Foods in Plymouth Meeting it was.

As I was walking in with my full smile exposed, I passed the grocery cart wrangler who had now also been tasked with wiping down each cart he collected with disinfectant. I purposefully grabbed a cart that he had yet to wipe down. As soon as I did, he hastily warned me that my cart was not cleaned yet. I told him I wasn't worried about it and continued into the store.

Starting off in the produce and deli section on my way to the tomato sauce isle, I passed a few other shoppers who seemingly glared at me. (It's difficult to fully judge other people's expressions when most of their face is concealed). A few steps later, I heard a man shouting from afar. He was yelling at someone, attempting to get their attention. I then realized he was shouting at me because I was not wearing a face covering. I calmly ignored his shouting and turned down the next isle. This turned out to be a deli worker who began shouting while behind the deli counter a good 100 feet away, and now he was running towards me.

I continued to ignore him for as long as I could until he eventually obstructed my path. He then worriedly reminded me that I needed to have a mask on. I responded, telling him that I could not do that due to my medical condition. He then exclaims, "Oh, I don't know what to do with that!" and runs away. Have you ever seen someone sprinting through the grocery store? Yes, it was very comical.

A few isles later I finally found the tomato sauce when at that exact moment a large purple-haired lady manager of the store obstructed me. She reiterated that I needed a face covering, only to receive my same medical condition claim in response. Unbelievably, she then insisted that she was going to call the cops if I did not follow her to a backroom to "ask me questions." In other words, she wanted to interrogate me regarding my claimed medical condition, which is obviously highly private

information. All of this is very illegal in terms of state and federal law, and not to mention, insanely immoral.

After refusing to be interrogated in the backroom I asked, “I am picking this up for my daughter who wants spaghetti tonight. Will I not be able to check out with this can of tomato sauce?” She replied saying, “No, you will not.” I then asked her, “Who is your biggest competitor? Is it Giant?” She said, “Yes, it is.” I angrily replied, “Good, that’s where I’ll be going from now on,” harshly told her to go fornicate herself, and calmly walked out of the store.

On my way out I was shouted at by two other Whole Foods employees about me not wearing a mask. I ignored the bombardment and continued to my car. The insanity and fear of the workers at this Whole Foods was unlike anything I’ve experienced in public out of all my confrontations throughout the lockdowns and face covering requirements of 2020 and beyond. I will never spend my money there or at any Whole Foods again because of this psychotic incident and I encourage you to do the same.