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A CURE FOR STUPID

We tried to warn people about the dangers of the Covid shots, but we were no match for the propagandists. The World Health Organization and Big Pharma silenced us online and conducted an incredibly effective fear campaign. America went from facemasks and social distancing, to lockdowns and business closures, then finally to needles.

The first people in line for the shots didn't fare so well. Hundreds had miscarriages, thousands developed palsies. But that didn't slow the program. The lines grew longer by the day. There were millions though who refused to take part. We knew that the government's "vaccines" were actually experiments in genetic manipulation, so we stood back and watched as the injected twitched and drooled. Some even changed color. It was spooky the way they turned green and developed a kind of brain fog. I felt like I was in a zombie movie, a bad one because in the good ones the plague comes out of nowhere. In real life our zombies had volunteered to become victims.

I already took vitamins C and D3 daily, and when Covid came along I added zinc and capers. Capers are high in quercetin, which opens up cell membranes so vitamins can get inside and stop viruses from replicating. I tried to explain this to my friends and family, but the most common response I got was, "I'll just wait for the vaccine."

My state dispensed the shots according to age groups, older people first. I declined when it was my group's turn. Then the shots were available to everyone and the government-controlled media began reporting on how many had received them.

They treated the situation like a race where we needed to reach ten percent, then fifteen percent and so on. When we passed twenty-five percent they began asking why the non-vaccinated were allowed to endanger the vaccinated. Which didn't make sense. Why would someone who'd been given the Covid shot need to worry about catching Covid?

Once we passed fifty percent we saw people being denied certain services if they hadn't taken the shot. I just did without those services. But then they introduced "vaccine passports" and made us show them when buying food. I snatched a passport from the pocket of a man lying dead in a gutter. A sticker on his shirt said "I got my shot." The smiley face on the sticker looked a lot like the man's grinning rictus.

Stolen passports worked until the swelling ranks of state enforcement officers began scrutinizing them more closely. I dodged detection by going to work at a city vaccination clinic. I'd been a medic in the Army and knew how to administer shots quickly and painlessly. And since I worked at a clinic, people assumed I'd had my shot. My employee I.D. got me through checkout lines, checkpoints and roadblocks.

I felt bad about injecting people, but they were begging for it. Fortunately nobody died on me. One man went into a seizure after I stuck him, and a couple passed out from anaphylactic shock. The orderlies would load the fallen into wheelchairs and say "Low blood sugar" to the other people waiting in line.

I never used the long swabs to collect lab samples from people's noses. I'd read once that the ancient Egyptians often punished slaves by piercing the membranes behind their sinuses with needles. Violate the membranes and pathogens can gain access to the brain. Some people get headaches after the swab tests, then later they die from en-

cephalitis or meningitis. I didn't want to contribute to that so I avoided doing the tests.

My psycho boss noticed this and began watching me. His name was Brent. He watched me so closely that when I got the chance I transferred to a clinic in a small town. I thought I'd be safe there, but out-of-the-way places were magnets for anti-shotters. The government raided the clinic not long after I arrived. Lucky for me I was off duty at the time and sleeping by the back door of my apartment. They didn't catch me in the roundup.

I had no place to go, so I left my car pointed one way on the side of a highway, then I hitched a ride going the other. I always carried a bug-out bag back then, and I asked the driver to drop me in a wooded area. When he pulled away I hiked into the trees.

Over the next few weeks I listened to a portable radio and lost weight eating jerky, vitamins and whatever I could scrounge up in the woods. The radio stations all got behind the vaccination push. Each day they reported on the percentage of unvaccinated people, then when the percentage hit single digits they switched to a headcount. There were thousands at first, then hundreds, and then just dozens. Finally they got down to the last ten that hadn't received the shot. My name was on the list. I listened to the radio as they removed a name or two each day. At last mine was the only one left. The state announced a reward for information leading to my capture. It was a huge sum, enough to set a person up for life.

I was starving by then and had no choice but to come out of hiding. I hiked back to the highway to catch a ride. With my weight loss, a growth of beard and a facemask I figured I wouldn't be recognized. I wasn't. The first guy to pick me up didn't know me even though my picture was staring at him from the newspaper on his dashboard.

My face was all over the internet too, but no one recognized me as I made my way back toward the city where I'd done my clinic work.

The drivers I rode with liked to talk about how they would spend their reward money if they caught me. One said he'd use a chunk of his on drugs to treat the side effects of the four different Covid shots he'd taken. After he got current on everything he would throw caution to the wind and peel away one of the three masks he wore. Another man said he wanted to buy an island so he could be completely alone. Drones would deliver his food and the latest shots.

I got to the city and pulled together a cardboard flop in an alley full of homeless people. I shaved my beard so I'd look like my pictures, then I covered my face again and headed for the clinic where I used to work.

Brent was on duty, my psycho ex-boss. I asked to speak to him, and when he came to the front desk I removed my mask. His eyes lit up and he called the law. Five minutes later the place was swarming with cops and news crews.

The police cuffed me and asked a couple of questions, but the reporters were more interested in Brent. They wanted to know how he planned to spend his reward money. While he talked about big houses and fast cars, I told one of the cops that Brent wasn't the one who caught me; it was the people from the homeless encampment. A half-dozen were waiting outside. I'd told them to follow me if they wanted to earn some easy money.

The cop broke the news to Brent, who naturally got upset. He gave me a murderous look and I asked the police to get me out of the clinic before somebody tried to vaccinate me. I said, "This place has bad vaccines. I used to work here so I know. Whatever you do, don't let them give me a shot from the Modernastrafizer batch they have in the

storeroom.”

I saw my words take root in the briar patch of Brent’s sadistic mind. He struck a righteous pose and said he couldn’t allow me to leave the building without being vaccinated. The police weren’t sure what to do, but with cameras pointed at them they didn’t want to make a mistake. They called a quick huddle and came out of it agreeing that I should be dosed. I got in a cop’s face and yelled, “But they’ll use the Modernastrafizer that’s behind the water heater!” My outburst earned me a faceplant on the linoleum and a boot on the neck. I heard Brent say he’d be right back.

A couple of minutes later they put me in a chair and rolled up a sleeve. Brent knelt down beside me and grinned maliciously as he drew a syringe full of fluid from a vial marked Modernastrafizer. He chuckled when he stuck the needle in my arm.

Back when I worked at the clinic, the competing drug companies flooded us with their products. The box of Modernastrafizer got buried and was quickly forgotten. During a lunch break one day I dug it out and replaced the vials with bottles of saline solution. With my fake labels on them they looked like the real thing.

So Brent injected me with water, but nobody knew that, and I had to pretend I’d gotten the actual poison. I slumped a little in my chair and squeezed out a fart. It sounded like a gunshot in the silent clinic. All of the cameras were on me, all eyes, every ear. I let some drool roll down my chin. It hung, swung and dropped. A nurse said, “There’s a shot for that side effect.”

I was afraid I’d overacted, so I sat up straight and gave the nurse a smile. “Don’t need it, ma’am. I feel great.” Brent scowled when his supervisor pronounced me A-OK and gave me a lollipop.

They kept me in jail overnight, then the next morning a judge declared me fit to reenter society.

Before I could go though I had to attend a ceremony on the front steps of the courthouse. The governor was there to proclaim the state fully vaccinated, and our masked president gave a pep talk from a big video screen. She told us we needed to remain as vigilant as the communist Chinese in our fight against antisocial behavior.

I got a passport and people leave me alone now. Some of those who recognize me say they admire the way I held out for so long. I can usually count on a free drink when I stop into a bar.

Mortuary science has become the most popular field of study in college. Makeshift funeral parlors have sprung up where small businesses lost their leases during the lockdowns. The Covid shots are by far the most successful soft-kill weapons ever deployed. Like cancer, they change your genetics so that your cells replicate in wild and deadly ways. Cases of liver failure and spongiform encephalopathy have gone through the roof. People who used to worry about sniffles are hysterical now that they have mad cow's disease. Our leaders say the spike in the death rate is due to a new strain of Covid, and they're working on a vaccine for it.

I knew a sergeant in the Army who liked to say, "There ain't no cure for stupid." He may have been right at the time, but things change. The Covid shots are a cure for stupid. Maybe the Final Solution for stupid.