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THE COINCIDENCE THEORIST

“Fascinating,” Agent Jones said. He looked up from his computer. Sherwin Fahquar sat facing him across the table. “So you believe Kennedy’s Secret Service detail was called off of his car in Dallas just . . . because.”

“Sure,” Fahquar shrugged. “It was just a coincidence that he got shot a few minutes later.”

“And what about the September eleventh attacks? In two thousand and one?”

“What about them?”

“Well, the government was running a series of drills on the East Coast that day. Operation Vigilant Guardian. One of the drills simulated hijacked airplanes being flown into buildings.”

“I didn’t know that.”

Jones leaned back in his chair, sighed and adjusted his facemask.

“Okay then, what about this Covid business, the reason we’re wearing masks? They did a drill for that too.”

“Really?”

“Yes. The World Health Organization, Bill Gates and some others conducted a drill called Event 201. It simulated a deadly coronavirus escaping from a lab in Wuhan, China. They mapped the projected spread of infection and discussed ways to deal with it. And then, the week the drill ended, the Wuhan virus appeared for real. What do you think about that?”

“Well, I guess it’s a good thing they had the drill, so they’d know what to do. It was a lucky coincidence.”

“There. That’s what I find so curious about

you, Fahquar, that you would think a drill like that is just a coincidence. Don't you see some kind of . . . intent? Think about it. A coronavirus drill mirrored exactly what we're going through now."

"Why's that so strange? Bill Gates and those folks are pretty smart, so of course they'd be able to predict problems."

Jones shook his head and looked around at the tiny interrogation room. The table and two chairs were the only furniture in it. A camera high in a corner was recording everything.

Jones had already established that Fahquar didn't know why he'd been pulled in for questioning. He said he'd been working at the marina, replacing sparkplugs in his fishing boats, when the police showed up and told him to come with them. Jones knew from Fahquar's file that he used to own eight boats but was now down to two. His rental business died during the lockdowns. Then to make matters worse his wife was declared a nonessential employee and lost her job. The boats they sold didn't bring much, so the couple was forced to tap into their savings to get by. But their account balance was too thin to break their fall. The Fahquar's were about to hit bottom.

"Is that all?" Fahquar asked. "Can I go now?"

"No." Jones gestured to his computer. "According to reports you're a radical."

Fahquar chuckled behind his mask.

"I'm not a radical. You arrested the wrong guy."

"The warrant is for Sherwin J. Fahquar."

"But there must be lots of men with . . . Or, at least one man with the same name. He's the one you want. I'm no radical."

"But you voted for Donald Trump, didn't you?"

Fahquar's eyes showed confusion at the question, and Jones waited for the truth of the situation to dawn on him.

While he waited he thought back to the election, to before the election, when Trump was denied his mega-rallies by the conveniently-timed pandemic. The political establishment was desperate. Trump couldn't be allowed another four years; despite his self-crippling ego he was restoring America to its preeminent position in the world, and that was antithetical to the plan for a one-world government. So the establishment had its media paint Trump as a bigot and call his supporters racists and Nazis. Democrats attacked Republicans on the streets. Videos of leftist groups beating up people who wore Trump caps were kept off the evening news, but they went viral on the internet. Support for Trump grew. The establishment was losing the battle for the soul of the nation and had no choice but to make a bold move on election night. Trump owned a commanding lead as America went to bed, but then while the country slept the vote tallies in several key states spiked in Biden's favor. It was obvious that a theft had taken place, but people put their trust in the court system to straighten things out. Unfortunately the courts were part of the problem. A stunning number of district attorneys and judges turned out to be bought and paid for by leftist money, and recounts were thwarted. And if you protested the situation you were arrested. The left had rioted and burned with impunity for months before the election, but if you were at the Trump rally at the US capitol on January sixth you were hunted down and locked up. From there the list of Trump-supporting offenses grew. Having donated to the campaign became a matter for the FBI to investigate. Trump supporters were banned from social media and put on no-fly lists. Anybody with more than one active neuron could see where things were headed—Biden had promised to “heal” a wounded America, and if necessary he would

keep that promise by scabbing the wound with the blood of political opponents.

Agent Jones suppressed a yawn. He had no problem with the political situation, as long as he got his paycheck on time. The job was boring though, so he looked forward to the little breaks that people like Fahquar provided. How could anyone be so clueless?

“So what about Trump?” he prompted. “Did you vote for him?”

Fahquar squirmed. “I don’t see how that’s any of your business. Besides, maybe the other Sherwin Fahquar voted for him.”

“Right,” Jones sighed. “Your ‘wrong man’ theory. You think this is all just, what’d you say . . . a coincidence?”

“It must be.”

“And you don’t see anything sinister in being arrested? You don’t see a conspiracy?”

Fahquar started to answer but pulled back. “Nice try,” he said. His mask wrinkled above what Jones knew was meant to be a knowing smile. “No, I don’t see a conspiracy. Only crackpots believe in conspiracy theories.”

Jones stared at him for a moment, marveling at the power of denial, then he returned to his computer. “Fascinating,” he said under his breath.