

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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*"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."*



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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 cliff-top 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 Ayahuasca 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! Decentralisation! 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.



