

COVID-19: A Movie on the Screen of Life

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Recently, a report on the COVID-19 crisis was leaked from the German Interior Ministry.

The report states quite definitely that the whole threat has been overblown. It was a “false alarm.”

World media have taken very little notice.

As [sott.net](#) reveals, the report, [“Analysis of the Crisis Management”](#), was authored by “a scientific panel appointed by the interior ministry and composed by external medical experts from several German universities.”

“The report was the initiative of a department of the interior ministry called Unit KM4 and in charge [of] the ‘Protection of critical infrastructures’.”

“Some of the [leaked] report key passages are:

* The dangerousness of Covid-19 was overestimated: probably at no point did the danger posed by the new virus go beyond the normal level.

* The people who die from Corona are essentially those who would statistically die this year, because they have reached the end of their lives and their weakened bodies can no longer cope with any random everyday stress (including the approximately 150 viruses currently in circulation).

* Worldwide, within a quarter of a year, there has been no

more than 250,000 deaths from Covid-19, compared to 1.5 million deaths [25,100 in Germany] during the influenza wave 2017/18.

* The danger is obviously no greater than that of many other viruses. There is no evidence that this was more than a false alarm.

* A reproach could go along these lines: During the Corona crisis the State has proved itself as one of the biggest producers of Fake News.”

Of course, here in America, we're grateful that the New York Times, the Washington Post, and all the major television networks have been trumpeting news of the explosive findings in the leaked German report. Our major media have been on top of this story from the beginning, with page-one headlines and lead items every night on TV news broadcasts. We're grateful to Tony Fauci, Deb Birx, and the whole coronavirus task force crew for highlighting what's been happening in Germany in their daily press conferences. We appreciate the hour-to-hour updates on Germany from the CDC and the WHO. Bill Gates' breathless reports on YouTube, demolishing the official COVID narrative and praising the German leaker, have warmed our hearts.

WAIT. Sorry. For a minute there, I thought I was writing PR releases for...some honest US government agency and media consortium that don't actually exist. My mistake. Wrong country, wrong world, wrong universe.

Let me try to go back into the theater where the population is watching the movie called "COVID-19, Terrifying Pandemic."

Excuse me, what? I can't go in without a mask?

Problems, problems. I give up. I'll just stand outside.

-I've written about 140 articles so far about COVID, in which I've disassembled the plot line of the movie.

The movie, of course, seems to take no notice of this. It just keeps playing. The studio, the producers, and the director are finished with their work. No point in asking them to “retract” what they’ve already done. And the actors...well, are their roles real? Those roles are IN the movie.

I’m going to say something controversial now. Here’s the thing. This is a special kind of movie. By exposing the studio, the producers, the director, the actors; by revealing what we could loosely call their bad intent, and their specific lies, the movie itself can change. I know that sounds preposterous, but it’s true. And by change, I mean new story lines bleeding into the central plot. I also mean something more drastic: rips and tears and shreds in the screen itself, the screen on which the movie is being projected. THAT’S what I’m REALLY interested in.

The exposure of the fact that COVID is a movie in the first place.

Now, you have to understand that the audience in the theater is hypnotized by the movie—and they also have a role to play. Whenever one or two of them start to wake up, the rest of the crowd acts as a Greek chorus. Together they say: REAL PEOPLE ARE DYING, IT MUST BE THE VIRUS.

And then those few people starting to wake up go back to sleep. Everyone in the theater is in the trance again.

Of course, it doesn’t have to be the virus. People are dying of any number of causes. But the chorus wins out.

Let me explain all this in a somewhat different way.

Here is the headline:

The Blockbuster Movie Called Reality.

There is always a certain amount of whining and remorse as one enters the theater to see the movie called Reality, after

buying the ticket.

“Is this a good idea?” “Why did I do it?”

But you can already feel a merging sensation. The electromagnetic fields humming in the theater, even before the movie starts, are drawing you into the space.

Your perception of x dimensions is narrowing down to three.

You take your seat. You look at the note you’ve written to yourself, and you read it again:

“Don’t forget where you came from. Don’t forget this is just a movie. Don’t fall asleep. The serial time in the movie is an artifact. The binding feeling of sentimental sympathy is a trance-induction. It’s the glue that holds the movie fixed in your mind.”

“The movie will induce nostalgia for a past that doesn’t exist. Don’t surrender to it.”

“You’re here to find out why the movie has power.”

“You want to undergo the experience without being trapped in it.”

“The content of the movie will distract you from the fact that it is a construct.”

The lights dim.

On the big screen, against a gray background, the large blue word REALITY slowly forms.

Suddenly, you’re looking at a huge pasture filled with flowers. The sky is a shocking blue. You can feel a breeze on your arms and face.

You think, “This is a hypnotic weapon.”

Now, the pasture fades away and you're standing on an empty city street at night. It's drizzling. You hear sirens in the distance. A disheveled beggar approaches you and holds out his trembling hand.

He waits, then moves on.

You look at the wet shining pavement and snap your fingers, to change it into a lawn. Nothing happens.

You're shocked.

You wave your hand at a building. It doesn't disappear.

Incredible.

You reach into your pocket and feel a wallet. You walk over to a streetlight and open it. There's your picture on a plastic ID card. Your name is under the picture, followed by a number code. On the reverse side of the card, below a plastic strip, is a thumbprint.

There are other cards in the wallet, and a small amount of paper money. You look at the ID card again. There's an address.

Though it seems impossible, you remember the address. In your mind's eye, you see a small cottage at the edge of an industrial town. There's a pickup parked in the driveway.

It's your truck. You know it. But how can that be?

You walk toward larger buildings in the distance.

Three men in uniforms turn a corner and come up to you. Behind them emerges a short man in a business suit. He nods at you and holds out his hand.

You know what he wants. You pull out your wallet and give it to him. He looks at the ID card, at you, at the card again.

"You were reported missing," he says.

"Missing from what?" you say.

"Your home. Your job. What are doing here? Are you all right?"

"I'm fine," you say. "I was...taking a short trip. I'm just out for some air."

"In this part of the city?" he says. "That's not smart. We'll take you home. Our car is right over there."

One car sits on a side street. In large red letters printed on the trunk is the word Concern.

You walk with the men to the car.

Waves you've never felt before are emanating from it.

Mentally, you try to back up from them. They're targeting your body. You feel a haze settle over you.

In the haze dance little creatures. They're speaking. You try to hear what they're saying.

Now you do. "Real, real, real."

You look at the short man in the suit. He's smiling at you.

Suddenly, his smile is transcendent. It's so reassuring, tears fill your eyes.

You're thinking, "They built this so I would be lost, and then they found me. I'm supposed to be rescued. I've never experienced being rescued before. I never knew what it meant."

You hear faint music.

It grows louder. As you near the car, you realize you're listening to a chorus and an orchestra. The rising theme is Victory.

One of the uniformed men opens the car door.

You nod at him.

“My pleasure, sir,” he says.

The music fades away.

The scene shifts.

You're standing next to the pickup in your driveway alongside your cottage.

You're home.

Think, you tell yourself. What's going on?

You recognize your mind has sections. The first part registers sensations from this new reality. These sensations are meant to be sorted, in order to answer the question: How Am I Doing?

The second part of your mind is entirely devoted to perceiving problems and solving them. Everything at this level is organized to constitute problems.

You were never aware of these two distinct sectors of your mind before.

Where did they come from?

Now, as you walk into your cottage and instantly remember the rooms and the objects in these rooms, an accompanying sensation of Familiarity, slightly out of phase, grows stronger.

You realize, without knowing how, that you're supposed to feel tremendous relief. This is what's expected of you.

It's expected of everyone. They live with one another through the touchstone of the Familiar. They share it like bread.

They keep coming back to it. The Familiar is a sacrament.

It's built in. It's invented through...it's stamped on every object in this space...

...In order to suggest you've been here before. To suggest you belong here.

As you look around the cottage, you apprehend a third sector of your mind. You struggle to identify it.

It's the fount of a different kind of perception.

Yes.

You keep staring at the cottage and you see space.

You see pure space that...

Has been placed here. For you.

And at that moment, there is a small explosion behind your head.

And you're sitting in the theater again.

The movie is playing on the screen. All around you, in the seats, people are sitting with their eyes closed.

You feel a tap on your shoulder. You turn. It's an usher.

"Sir," he says. "Please follow me."

He leads you up the aisle into the lobby, which is empty.

An office door opens and a young woman steps out. She strides briskly over to you.

"You woke up and came back," she says. She gives you a tight smile. "So we're refunding your money. It's our policy."

She drops a check in your hand.

"What happened in there?" you say. "What happened?"

She shrugs.

“Only you would know that. You must have done something to interrupt the transmission.”

“And the rest of those people?”

She looks at her watch. “They’re probably into their fifth year by now. The fifth year is typically a time of conflict. They rebel. Well, some of them do. They rearrange systems. They replace leaders. They promote new ideals.”

“I had such a strong feeling I’d been there before.”

She smiles. “Apparently it wasn’t strong enough. You’re back here.”

“How do you do it?” you say.

“I’m sorry,” she says. “That’s proprietary information. Did you meet your family?”

“No,” you say. “But I was in a cottage. It was...home.”

She nods.

“If you hadn’t escaped, you would have been subjected to much stronger bioelectric bonding pulses. Do you have a family here?”

You start to answer and realize you don’t know.

She looks into your eyes.

“Go out to the street,” she says. “Walk around. Take a nice long walk for an hour. You’ll reorient. It’ll come back to you.”

“Why do you do it?” you say.

“Do what?”

“Sell this trip.”

“Oh,” she says. “Why does a travel agent book a vacation for a client? We’re in that business.”

You turn toward the exit. The sun is shining outside. People are walking past the doors.

You take a deep breath and leave the theater.

The street is surging with crowds. The noise is thunderous.

You notice you’re carrying a rolled up sheet of paper in your hand.

You open it.

It’s a non-disclosure agreement.

“If you return from your movie experience, you will not reveal or discuss, under penalty of law, anything about its nature, substance, or duration...”

You look at the sheet of paper, make up your mind, and it bursts into flames.