

Fauci: A Conversation in Hell

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by [Jon Rappoport](#), [No More Fake News](#)

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Soon after his passing, Fauci found himself in a small office. A desk, two chairs, a floor lamp. The carpet was worn. The paint on the wall was peeling. A young man wearing a white tropical suit walked in and sat down behind the desk. He motioned Fauci to a chair.

Where am I?

This is Hell, Tony.

Thank God.

Really?

Of course. This is where the party is, right?

You could say that.

For years, I've been conducting private experiments on orphans. Trying to develop antibodies against Heaven. The results seemed promising, so I've been injecting myself every morning. You know, whatever works.

We've been looking forward to your arrival.

Good. Can I check into a hotel?

We have a room for you in the fortress. It has a view of the lake.

Just one room? I'd prefer a suite. How is the room service?

I'll need aides. I want to set up a lab.

You'll spend a great deal of time in a lab, Anthony. As a subject.

A subject? Of what?

We run experiments around the clock.

For purposes of enhancement? Life extension?

You don't need extension. This is forever.

What then?

We have a schedule for residents. On Mondays, we're doing high-dose AZT trials. We're calculating the rate of body breakdown. As you know, the drug stops all cells from replicating.

I helped pioneer the drug. There must be some mistake. I conduct and organize studies. I don't participate in them as a volunteer. That would be madness.

The other Monday option is six hours on the rack. Body-stretching. It's an extreme form of Pilates. You get one break for a vegan meal, two shots of wheatgrass, and ten minutes of chanting led by a failed Hollywood actress in spandex.

Something's wrong.

Maybe you've been wrong.

About what?

Let's see. Where to start? You helped lead the world into masks, distancing, lockdowns, economic devastation, a highly toxic vaccine.

There was a pandemic.

Anthony, there's no need for obfuscation. You're in Hell.

I take the Fifth. There was a plan. I helped carry it out. I was an administrator. It was my job. I followed orders.

You profited handsomely.

You have no idea. I made out like Rockefeller.

We know, Anthony. We're not distracted by limited hangouts or cover stories.

I have no intention of becoming a subject or a victim. It's below my rank and status. Talk to Hillary. Talk to Bill Gates.

We have a program specifically prepared for Hillary. Bill is a different story. He's one of our active agents on Earth. When he finally makes port here, his arrogant ego bloated beyond all reasonable standards of propriety, he'll require a step-down protocol designed by the Marquis.

De Sade?

None other.

This is starting to sound like a nightmare. There HAS to be a mistake. I deserve my rewards.

Do you have any idea how times I've heard that in this room, Anthony?

I'm a master of designing protocols and studies. I could help you.

Now on Tuesdays, we feature a forced march through thriving soldier-anthills and snake pits in a driving rain.

But Jesus is my Savior.

I doubt that.

Why?

Because you're here, Anthony. The proof of the pudding.

Remember the studies on orphans in New York, at the Incarnation Center? The body-ripping AIDS drugs administered by coercion and force? Through intubation? Many of those children died. Your agency funded the studies.

Okay, look, that's why I'm saying I can help you. I know how to do that work.

On Wednesdays, our residents can opt for a massive breakfast of methamphetamine, after which they crawl through dark tunnels and fight it out for access to a room where attendants are standing by with counteracting injections of Thorazine.

That's horrible.

You've done worse, Anthony.

But I wasn't on the receiving end.

Giving, receiving. A few of our scholars propose that, in the larger scheme of things, Hell is merely correcting an imbalance in Nature.

Talk to Biden. He'll vouch for me.

Biden? Really? Even if we wanted to, he's non compos mentis.

Does that mean he's not responsible for his own actions? He'll go to Heaven?

Good one, Anthony. We like jokes.

Did you hear the one about the rabbi performing brain surgery on the priest? I've got hundreds of medical side-splitters. Do you need a court jester? I can dance and sing.

Oh, you'll dance and sing, Anthony. Now, Thursday is straight immersion in the lake of fire. Or you can opt for being strapped in a chair and sprayed with chemicals that bring on a whole host of profound respiratory symptoms. Not being able to breathe results in some very interesting reactions. While this

is happening to you, you'll be forced to watch news anchors on television describing these symptoms as caused by a virus. For fourteen hours straight. It's quite delicious.

Again, you're talking about the kind of medical ops I administer. I can help you refine the parameters.

Our pros, Anthony, have been at this for a very long time. They know their business, believe me.

I'm Doctor Prestige. The most famous people in the world come to me for advice, on everything from experimental brain implants to nose jobs. Wherever I go, I'm celebrated. Feted. Showered with accolades and applause. Prime ministers want to kiss my ring.

And you'll reconnect with some of those prime ministers in the tunnel of meth, scratching and clawing and biting and ripping your way toward a shot of Thorazine.

I'm having a dream. This is a dream.

That's what everyone thinks. Until they don't. Given your Catholic upbringing, I'm surprised you're so surprised by Hell. Think Dante. The Inferno.

One of my Jesuit teachers told me Hell was just a con, a strategy to control the rubes and yokels.

Never believe a Jesuit, Anthony. Like the CIA, they wake up in the morning and they go to sleep at night lying.

And who are you? Who are you to consign me to a fate worse than death?

I'm the assistant director of Human Resources. I started out cleaning the horse stalls for the Riders of the Apocalypse and worked my way up.

I could work my way up. I'm very diligent. I can fill vials.

Prepare injections. Sweep animal cages. You know, when I was a child, I wanted to be a door man at a fancy apartment building, so I could wear a uniform. I could be a greeter. Hold umbrellas for people in the rain while they're getting in cabs.

We do have some former researchers who work in cages with animals.

You see? I could do that.

I wouldn't exactly call it work. We lock the researchers in cages with animals they used to torture.

My God. Has anyone ever escaped from here?

There are a few stories. According to legend, Heinrich Himmler, Reichsführer of the Nazi SS, almost made it in 2005. He was a few miles from the Unknown Forest, when he happened upon a group of gay Jewish men who were organizing a Pride event. One of the men recognized him. We might have surveillance video footage in our archive. I'll see if I can dig it up. Now let me show you to your room. As I say, it has a nice view of the lake..

I have money.

We're cashless.

I have connections. I'll give you their phone numbers.

Don't be silly. We're bloated with connections.

I'll give you my honor. Or dishonor. I'll give you my soul.

You're here, Anthony. We have you. Whole. Sliced and diced. Every which way. Now come with me. It's a short boat ride to the Fortress along the river of ammonia. Don't forget to put on your mask. I'd recommend two.

Connect with Jon Rappoport

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