

How We Beat the Green Passport and the Covidian National Socialist Hypochondriac Party

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Thursday, August 19, 2021. The winds of Covidian Nazism are blowing strong. Pfizer lab rats, to the right. Those who insist on maintaining their humanity, to the left.

We have a family membership at the country club for the pool and the gym. I work out there several times a week and we take our kids swimming often as well. Management knows us.

We do not carry the green Swastika. We have no "green pass". We will not even be part of it by getting a fake one. We have never taken a single serological or PCR test. We never, ever, wear masks, we do not quarantine (unless we are actually symptomatically sick and it makes sense of course). We are not part of the Covidian National Socialist Hypochondriac Party. We do not consent, and we will not comply.

We drive to the pool. Me, my wife, and my 5 kids, ages 11 to 2. Our plan is to walk straight in, ignore any requests to present a green pass, and just go right to the pool. Before we enter, we pray to the Holy One Blessed Be He to protect us from Covidian Nazis and to give us strength to maintain our calm. I tell my kids, "As long as we are doing the right thing, Hashem (God) will protect us." I look each of them in the eye. We walk on.

We get nearer to the door, and there it is. That revolting green Swastika. That nauseating green pass sign that says we are now less than human because we refuse to submit to a mass medical experiment. We ignore it. We enter the building, and walk past the turnstile.

"Do you have a *Tav Yarok* (green pass)?" asks the clerk.

"No, we do not."

"Then you have to come here to take a corona test."

"No, we will not." And we keep walking.

"Wait! Stop!"

I turn back to her as I'm walking in the direction of the pool.

"Call the police if you want. We are going swimming."

She picks up the phone to call the head manager. We head to the pool and put our stuff down on the turf. There is almost

nobody there at all. Very rare for a hot August day, day one of Green Pass enforcement. We see the manager, who knows us, walking towards us. Before he even gets near us, I say loudly, "I'm not interested in talking about it at all. Call the police if you want to. We are going swimming."

He says he is calling the police. He picks up his phone and walks away.

Thirty minutes pass by as we enjoy the pool, almost alone. We explain to our older kids what is going on and why the police might come and arrest us soon. They understand. We are shaking in the pool as the 4 year old is swimming between us. We are trying to maintain calm, wondering if the police are going to come fish us out of the pool any second. All the sudden the manager comes back out and asks politely to me, "Can I talk to you for a second?"

This sounded reasonable, so I said yes, sure.

"Look, you're my customers, and I don't want to call the police on you. Nobody's coming anymore and I don't want to lose you as customers. I know a lot of people like you and I understand. But there are laws in this country and I have to follow them."

"I will not follow them. The Nazis had laws, too."

"I can't say anything to that, but I won't bother you. Just, there are ways to go about this. You don't just barge in like that," he says. Fair enough.

"Look, I'm sorry about that. You know me. I'm glad that you understand, and I respect you and I thank you. I've been under pressure for 18 months now and I am sick of the injustice of all this. I'm sorry I barged in, but I'm just very short on patience. I don't want to cause you any trouble at all. Just know that I am going to keep coming here, I will walk straight in, do my work out, I do not have a green pass, and I will

never take a single test, ever.”

“Then that’s at your own risk,” he says.

“Of course, 100%. It’s my responsibility, not yours. Thank you very much, and I’m glad we’re on the same page.”

My wife and I hug, he turns back and sees us, he smiles. We have a very nice swim with our children. I ask my 7-year-old son how he’s feeling. He says to me, “I knew the police weren’t going to come.” He seemed very confident, without a worry in the world.

“I wasn’t so sure, but I guess you were right. I should be more brave like you,” I tell him. Pride swells and I have a lump in my throat. He is a good man.

Anyone can do this. Anywhere. You **must** do this. Just walk in, and call their bluff. Tell them to call the police. The worst that will happen, if you are calm and stand your ground, is that you will get a ticket, that you can then appeal in court, and the ticket will be cancelled, because they do not want anything going to court, lest they lose, there’s precedent, and the whole totalitarian system crumbles.

Call. Their. Bluff. This is all just fear. There is nothing to be afraid of. Pool conquered. Gym conquered. [Supermarket conquered.](#) The counterattack progresses.

Thank you God for giving us the strength to do Your will and to fight back.

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