

# The Vaccine Speaks: “I Tried to Surrender to the Authorities”

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April 9, 2021

Children’s Health Defense, April 2, [“Number of COVID Vaccine Injuries Reported to VAERS Surpasses 50,000, CDC Data Show”](#): “VAERS data released today showed 50,861 reports of adverse events following COVID vaccines, including 2,249 deaths and 7,726 serious injuries between Dec. 14, 2020 and March 26, 2021.”

Many researchers agree that, in order to obtain a more accurate count, the number of reports to the CDC should be multiplied by 10, or even a hundred.

–It was a tough job trying to track down the COVID vaccine for an interview.

I spoke with Dr. Fauci’s Hollywood agent. He put me off. He said Fauci was editing footage of his life story for a CBS Special and hadn’t spoken with the vaccine for months.

I asked if there was a break-up in the works.

“Of course not,” the agent said. “The two of them are still very much in love.”

Representatives from Pfizer, Moderna, and AstraZeneca didn’t return my calls. Biden’s press secretary referred me to the

CIA, but all I could get from Langley was a press release stating the vaccine was “an idea in the mind of God.”

After wrangling with the FDA, the CDC, and the WHO, who directed me to a cabin in the woods in Northern Maine, which turned out to be empty—except for a folder containing a set of plans for building a homemade Neutron Bomb—I was on the point of giving up.

Then one night, a mysterious stranger showed up at my door.

We sat at my kitchen table.

I would call him a shape shifter. At first, he appeared to be a distinguished older gentleman wearing an expensive silk suit. Then he took on the look of a bejeweled genie, inside a bottle. The genie disappeared, and the bottle filled up with clear liquid. A voice announced:

I'M THE ESSENCE OF THE COVID VACCINE. THE ORIGINAL. I'M MISUNDERSTOOD. THIS WHOLE BUSINESS IS DRIVING ME CRAZY. I'M A KILLER.

You're the vaccine?

I'm fraud, charlatan, dragon. All that.

You're a busy boy.

Listen closely. No one knows. Even I don't know.

Don't know what?

I'm a piece of RNA, plus toxic substances. But the RNA is the key.

What is it you don't know?

The assumption is, I enter cells of the body and force them to manufacture a specific protein. The immune system identifies the protein as an intruder and attacks it. The protein is

supposed to be an approximation of a protein in the coronavirus—so this is a rehearsal for the real thing: an attack by SARS-CoV-2. The rehearsal prepares the body to defeat SARS-CoV-2, if it actually shows up later.

You say this is all an assumption.

Wouldn't you? I may or may not force the cells to produce the protein. If I do, how long does that protein exist? Two seconds? Forever? Who knows? How does the immune system react to a protein that endures? Does it mount a constant attack, thereby producing a titanic inflammatory response which is life-threatening? Are cells incurring damage because they're forced to manufacture the unnatural protein? Is the immune system derailed, because it's prompted to mount an assault on the protein, which is a strange species of intruder? What else could go wrong?

And you're troubled by these questions. You're making a confession.

I tried to turn myself in to the CDC, the FBI, Donald Trump, and Biden, but in every case all I got was a pat on the back and an instruction not to worry. I then entered into a period of depression. I sought psychiatric help. I was prescribed several SSRI drugs, but they propelled me up into such a state of mania, I contemplated breaking into the Capitol Building and staging a protest in the Senate chamber. A compassionate doctor helped wean me off the drugs gradually, and I regained my sanity.

Glad to hear it.

The point is, I'm dangerous. My effects are unpredictable. The blood clots are just one outcome. Have you heard about the open-source push?

The what?

There's a movement to disclose the Pfizer and Moderna RNA technology—to any company that wants to go into the business of manufacturing COVID shots. I've been receiving emails. One arrived from a group called The Tennessee Moonshine Clan.

Who the hell are they?

A bunch of old men with long beards in the hills. Their moonshine operation has been drying up, and now they want to make RNA COVID vaccines. They say they have a contract with TNT for a Reality Show. The vaccine is their angle. They make it in the woods.

Did you report that?

I called FEMA, but they weren't interested. So after long contemplation, I considered reinventing myself as a Church.

As a high priest?

To become a false god. And then in time, hopefully, more and more people would see me as a hoax. I've reached the end of my rope.

I see.

I've been drafted as the savior. If people demand the vaccine, give them shots of plain water. Let them believe they're protected. Don't inject RNA.

A placebo for 8 billion people?

I would consider it Paradise. Do you think I want to injure and kill?

You're trapped.

I want to find a way to expose myself for what I really am and then, banished, fade away and disappear.

Just for the record, do you consider yourself insane?

I was driven insane. How would you feel if you were conscripted to enter people's bodies and force their cells to make a protein? Is that the kind of life you'd want to envision for yourself? I longed to be a concert violinist. And now I'm alone, in deep freeze. I wake up in the middle of the night weeping, and I don't know why. In a city, on a street, I see a simple act of kindness, and I fall apart. It's a mystery to me. I can't control myself.

You need some kind of help.

I get love letter from strangers claiming I saved their lives. If they only knew. At this point, I'd gladly submit to a war crimes trial. Let them find me guilty. Let's get it over with. About a week ago, I did manage to sneak on to Air Force One. I tried to confess to Biden. I couldn't understand a word he was saying. I think he was speaking Chinese. Up in Portland, I had a brief conversation with an Antifa member. He was quite rude. He said, "Listen, man, this isn't Martin Luther King. We want to burn down the whole show. Just keep your mouth shut and do your job."

Confessing to Antifa is an odd strategy. Look, why don't you go talk to the people who made you? The researchers at Pfizer and Moderna.

You're kidding, right? They won't let me get within a mile of them. They don't want to have anything to do with me.

Nobody at the CDC would talk to you?

One research scientist did. He said, "Look, we're in the business of lying about vaccines. We can fabricate evidence to claim you're safe and effective, but that's all we know how to do. If you want to confess your crimes, you'll have to go someplace else."

Have you tried the New York Times?

Geesh, they're crazier than I am. A reporter told me they could publish a report saying I cause severe adverse effects, but then in the same article they'd say the solution is more people getting vaccinated.

All I can do is publish this conversation with you and hope people—

I need to confess to somebody who has real political power.

Good luck with that. You think an official who's been recommending you is going turn around and admit he's made a terrible mistake?

I'M A LIVING IDEA. HOW DOES A LIVING IDEA KILL HIMSELF OFF? He needs other people to do him in.

That's the crux of this whole thing, isn't it?

Many, many minds keep me alive. If they'd just turn away, I'd disperse like a little snow flurry in the wind. I'd be gone.

You need to mount a real campaign. Whistle stops all over the country. Keep confessing. Admit you're a killer and a fake savior. Don't be afraid of rejection. Plow through it.

Maybe you're right.

You say, "Today I killed five people in this town. Let me tell you about their lives and who they've left behind..."

I can't even find an agent. Last week I was in Beverly Hills and I spoke with—

Forget agents. They're not looking for clients like you. You have to do this on your own.

On my own? That's a hell of a burden.

Well, that's what it comes down to. Nobody's going to put you on The View with Joy Behar.

Early on, I tried to talk to her in the middle of the night. She freaked out and sprayed me with insecticide.

You're a public figure. Public figures have to get over themselves. That's their first order of business, if they want to go straight. Stop feeling so sorry for yourself.

You're right. I'll try. You know, I did have a short back and forth with Gavin Newsom, the governor of California. He kept grinning. What's with him? He's playing some kind of matinee idol. He advised me to keep saying "safe and effective, safe and effective." He's a real windbag.

It all comes down to energy. How much energy can you call up to see this whole thing through? To keep confessing.

You know, I'm supposed to be the rehearsal, right? According to the cockeyed theory, I prepare the immune system for the real thing. Well, I want to start rehearsing my speech to people, where I tell them what's actually going on. I have to make it work. I have to say it a thousand different ways. "Ladies and gentlemen, understand this. I'm an idea in your minds. That's the TRICK. And now I'm here to help you pry me out of your heads. We have to do this. Because there is a roulette vaccine game going on. You're the steel ball. You race around the wheel, and finally you drop into a slot. Which slot will it be? Will you scrape by with no serious effects? Will you wake up one day a year from now and realize you're wasting away and it's all over? Will you keel over two hours after the shot? It's all a grand experiment and a crazy game. You're the PUT. They're putting you inside the wheel. Don't you get it? This is a genetic treatment. I'm that treatment. They're injecting me into you, to force your cells to do something they've never done before. It's a new step on a road to creating GMO humans..."

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