



PRINCE HARRY

SPARE



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RANDOM HOUSE  
NEW YORK

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Published in the United Kingdom by Transworld Publishers Ltd, a division of Penguin  
Random House UK and in Canada by Random House Canada.

Part Two opening photograph © MoD/Newspix International

Prince Harry wishes to support British charities with donations from his proceeds from SPARE. The Duke of Sussex has donated \$1,500,000 to Sentebale, an organization he founded with Prince Seeiso in their mothers' legacies, which supports vulnerable children and young people in Lesotho and Botswana affected by HIV/AIDS. Prince Harry will also donate to the nonprofit organization WellChild in the amount of £300,000. WellChild, which he has been Royal patron of for fifteen years, makes it possible for children and young people with complex health needs to be cared for at home instead of hospital, wherever possible.

Hardback ISBN 9780593593806

Ebook ISBN 9780593593813

[randomhousebooks.com](http://randomhousebooks.com)

*Book design by Simon M. Sullivan, adapted for ebook*

Cover design: Christopher Brand

Front-cover photograph: Ramona Rosales

Back-cover photograph: © Martin Keene - PA Images/PA Images via Getty Images

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The past is never dead. It's not even past.

—WILLIAM FAULKNER

**W**E AGREED TO MEET a few hours after the funeral. In the Frogmore gardens, by the old Gothic ruin. I got there first.

I looked around, saw no one.

I checked my phone. No texts, no voicemails.

They must be running late, I thought, leaning against the stone wall.

I put away my phone and told myself: Stay calm.

The weather was quintessentially April. Not quite winter, not yet spring. The trees were bare, but the air was soft. The sky was gray, but the tulips were popping. The light was pale, but the indigo lake, threading through the gardens, glowed.

How beautiful it all is, I thought. And also how sad.

Once upon a time, this was going to be my forever home. Instead it had proved to be just another brief stop.

When my wife and I fled this place, in fear for our sanity and physical safety, I wasn't sure when I'd ever come back. That was January 2020. Now, fifteen months later, here I was, days after waking to thirty-two missed calls and then one short, heart-racing talk with Granny: *Harry... Grandpa's gone.*

The wind picked up, turned colder. I hunched my shoulders, rubbed my arms, regretted the thinness of my white shirt. I wished I'd not changed out of my funeral suit. I wished I'd thought to bring a coat. I turned my back to the wind and saw, looming behind me, the Gothic ruin, which in reality was no more Gothic than the Millennium Wheel. Some clever architect, some bit of stagecraft. Like so much around here, I thought.

I moved from the stone wall to a small wooden bench. Sitting, I checked my phone again, peered up and down the garden path.

*Where are they?*

Another gust of wind. Funny, it reminded me of Grandpa. His wintry demeanor, maybe. Or his icy sense of humor. I recalled one particular shooting weekend years ago. A mate, just trying to make conversation,

asked Grandpa what he thought of my new beard, which had been causing concern in the family and controversy in the press. *Should the Queen Force Prince Harry to Shave?* Grandpa looked at my mate, looked at my chin, broke into a devilish grin. *THAT'S no beard!*

Everyone laughed. To beard or not to beard, that was the question, but leave it to Grandpa to demand *more* beard. *Let grow the luxurious bristles of a bloody Viking!*

I thought of Grandpa's strong opinions, his many passions—carriage driving, barbecuing, shooting, food, beer. The way he embraced *life*. He had that in common with my mother. Maybe that was why he'd been such a fan. Long before she was Princess Diana, back when she was simply Diana Spencer, kindergarten teacher, secret girlfriend of Prince Charles, my grandfather was her loudest advocate. Some said he actually brokered my parents' marriage. If so, an argument could be made that Grandpa was the Prime Cause in my world. But for him, I wouldn't be here.

Neither would my older brother.

Then again, maybe our mother *would* be here. If she hadn't married Pa...

I recalled one recent chat, just me and Grandpa, not long after he'd turned ninety-seven. He was thinking about the end. He was no longer capable of pursuing his passions, he said. And yet the thing he missed most was work. Without work, he said, everything crumbles. He didn't seem sad, just ready. *You have to know when it's time to go, Harry.*

I glanced now into the distance, towards the mini skyline of crypts and monuments alongside Frogmore. The Royal Burial Ground. Final resting place for so many of us, including Queen Victoria. Also, the notorious Wallis Simpson. Also, her doubly notorious husband Edward, the former King and my great-great-uncle. After Edward gave up his throne for Wallis, after they fled Britain, both of them fretted about their ultimate return—both obsessed about being buried right here. The Queen, my grandmother, granted their plea. But she placed them at a distance from everyone else, beneath a stooped plane tree. One last finger wag, perhaps. One final exile, maybe. I wondered how Wallis and Edward felt now about all their fretting. Did any of it matter in the end? I wondered if they wondered at all. Were

they floating in some airy realm, still mulling their choices, or were they Nowhere, thinking Nothing? Could there really be Nothing after this? Does consciousness, like time, have a stop? Or maybe, I thought, just maybe, they're here right now, next to the fake Gothic ruin, or next to me, eavesdropping on my thoughts. And if so...*maybe my mother is too?*

The thought of her, as always, gave me a jolt of hope, and a burst of energy.

And a stab of sorrow.

I missed my mother every day, but that day, on the verge of that nerve-racking rendezvous at Frogmore, I found myself longing for her, and I couldn't say just why. Like so much about her, it was hard to put into words.

Although my mother was a princess, named after a goddess, both those terms always felt weak, inadequate. People routinely compared her to icons and saints, from Nelson Mandela to Mother Teresa to Joan of Arc, but every such comparison, while lofty and loving, also felt wide of the mark. The most recognizable woman on the planet, one of the most beloved, my mother was simply indescribable, that was the plain truth. And yet...how could someone so far beyond everyday language remain so real, so palpably present, so exquisitely vivid in my mind? How was it possible that I could see her, clear as the swan skimming towards me on that indigo lake? How could I hear her laughter, loud as the songbirds in the bare trees—still? There was so much I didn't remember, because I was so young when she died, but the greater miracle was all that I did. Her devastating smile, her vulnerable eyes, her childlike love of movies and music and clothes and sweets—and us. Oh how she loved my brother and me. *Obsessively*, she once confessed to an interviewer.

Well, Mummy...vice versa.

Maybe she was omnipresent for the very same reason that she was indescribable—because she was light, pure and radiant light, and how can you really describe light? Even Einstein struggled with that one. Recently, astronomers rearranged their biggest telescopes, aimed them at one tiny crevice in the cosmos, and managed to catch a glimpse of one breathtaking

sphere, which they named Earendel, the Old English word for Morning Star. Billions of miles off, and probably long vanished, Earendel is closer to the Big Bang, the moment of Creation, than our own Milky Way, and yet it's somehow still visible to mortal eyes because it's just so awesomely bright and dazzling.

*That* was my mother.

That was why I could see her, sense her, always, but especially that April afternoon at Frogmore.

That—and the fact that I was carrying her flag. I'd come to those gardens because I wanted peace. I wanted it more than anything. I wanted it for my family's sake, and for my own—but also for hers.

People forget how much my mother strove for peace. She circled the globe many times over, traipsed through minefields, cuddled AIDS patients, consoled war orphans, always working to bring peace to someone somewhere, and I knew how desperately she would want—no, *did* want—peace between her boys, and between us two and Pa. And among the whole family.

For months the Windsors had been at war. There had been strife in our ranks, off and on, going back centuries, but this was different. This was a full-scale public rupture, and it threatened to become irreparable. So, though I'd flown home specifically and solely for Grandpa's funeral, while there I'd asked for this secret meeting with my older brother, Willy, and my father to talk about the state of things.

To find a way out.

But now I looked once more at my phone and once more up and down the garden path and I thought: Maybe they've changed their minds. Maybe they're not going to come.

For half a second I considered giving up, going for a walk through the gardens by myself or heading back to the house where all my cousins were drinking and sharing stories of Grandpa.

Then, at last, I saw them. Shoulder to shoulder, striding towards me, they looked grim, almost menacing. More, they looked tightly aligned. My

stomach dropped. Normally they'd be squabbling about one thing or another, but now they appeared to be in lockstep—in league.

The thought occurred: Hang on, are we meeting for a walk...or a duel?

I rose from the wooden bench, made a tentative step towards them, gave a weak smile. They didn't smile back. Now my heart really started thrashing in my chest. Deep breaths, I told myself.

Apart from fear, I was feeling a kind of hyper-awareness, and a hugely intense vulnerability, which I'd experienced at other key moments of my life.

Walking behind my mother's coffin.

Going into battle for the first time.

Giving a speech in the middle of a panic attack.

There was that same sense of embarking on a quest, and not knowing if I was up to it, while also fully knowing that there was no turning back. That Fate was in the saddle.

OK, Mummy, I thought, picking up the pace, here goes. Wish me luck.

We met in the middle of the path. *Willy? Pa? Hello.*

*Harold.*

Painfully tepid.

We wheeled, formed a line, set off along the gravel path over the little ivy-covered stone bridge.

The way we simply fell into this synchronous alignment, the way we wordlessly assumed the same measured paces and bowed heads, plus the nearness of those graves—how could anyone not be reminded of Mummy's funeral? I told myself not to think about that, to think instead about the pleasing crunch of our footsteps, and the way our words flew away like wisps of smoke on the wind.

Being British, being Windsors, we began chatting casually about the weather. We compared notes about Grandpa's funeral. He'd planned it all himself, down to the tiniest detail, we reminded each other with rueful smiles.

Small talk. The smallest. We touched on all secondary subjects and I kept waiting for us to get to the primary one, wondering why it was taking

so long and also how on earth my father and brother could appear so calm.

I looked around. We'd covered a fair bit of terrain, and were now smack in the middle of the Royal Burial Ground, more up to our ankles in bodies than Prince Hamlet. Come to think of it...didn't I myself once ask to be buried here? Hours before I'd gone off to war my private secretary said I needed to choose the spot where my remains should be interred. *Should the worst happen, Your Royal Highness...war being an uncertain thing...*

There were several options. St. George's Chapel? The Royal Vault at Windsor, where Grandpa was being settled at this moment?

No, I'd chosen this one, because the gardens were lovely, and because it seemed peaceful.

Our feet almost on top of Wallis Simpson's face, Pa launched into a micro-lecture about this personage over here, that royal cousin over there, all the once-eminent dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies, currently residing beneath the lawn. A lifelong student of history, he had loads of information to share, and part of me thought we might be there for hours, and that there might be a test at the end. Mercifully, he stopped, and we carried on along the grass around the edge of the lake, arriving at a beautiful little patch of daffodils.

It was there, at last, that we got down to business.

I tried to explain my side of things. I wasn't at my best. For starters, I was still nervous, fighting to keep my emotions in check, while also striving to be succinct and precise. More, I'd vowed not to let this encounter devolve into another argument. But I quickly discovered that it wasn't up to me. Pa and Willy had their parts to play, and they'd come ready for a fight. Every time I ventured a new explanation, started a new line of thought, one or both of them would cut me off. Willy in particular didn't want to hear anything. After he'd shut me down several times, he and I began sniping, saying some of the same things we'd said for months—years. It got so heated that Pa raised his hands. *Enough!*

He stood between us, looking up at our flushed faces: *Please, boys—don't make my final years a misery.*

His voice sounded raspy, fragile. It sounded, if I'm being honest, old.

I thought about Grandpa.

All at once something shifted inside of me. I looked at Willy, really looked at him, maybe for the first time since we were boys. I took it all in: his familiar scowl, which had always been his default in dealings with me; his alarming baldness, more advanced than my own; his famous resemblance to Mummy, which was fading with time. With age. In some ways he was my mirror, in some ways he was my opposite. My beloved brother, my arch nemesis, how had that happened?

I felt massively tired. I wanted to go home, and I realized what a complicated concept home had become. Or maybe always was. I gestured at the gardens, the city beyond, the nation, and said: *Willy, this was supposed to be our home. We were going to live here the rest of our lives.*

*You left, Harold.*

*Yeah—and you know why.*

*I don't.*

*You...don't?*

*I honestly don't.*

I leaned back. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. It was one thing to disagree about who was at fault or how things might have been different, but for him to claim total ignorance of the reasons I'd fled the land of my birth—the land for which I'd fought and been ready to die—my Mother Country? That fraught phrase. To claim no knowledge of why my wife and I took the drastic step of picking up our child and just running like hell, leaving behind everything—house, friends, furniture? Really?

I looked up at the trees: *You don't know!*

*Harold...I honestly don't.*

I turned to Pa. He was gazing at me with an expression that said: *Neither do I.*

Wow, I thought. Maybe they really don't.

Staggering. But maybe it was true.

And if they didn't know why I'd left, maybe they just didn't know me. At all.

And maybe they never really did.

And to be fair, maybe I didn't either.  
The thought made me feel colder, and terribly alone.  
But it also fired me up. I thought: *I have to tell them.*  
*How can I tell them?*  
*I can't. It would take too long.*  
*Besides, they're clearly not in the right frame of mind to listen.*  
*Not now, anyway. Not today.*  
And so:  
Pa? Willy?  
World?  
Here you go.

part 1 out of the night that covers  
me



# 1.

**T**HERE WERE ALWAYS STORIES.

People would whisper now and then about folks who hadn't fared well at Balmoral. The long-ago Queen, for instance. Mad with grief, she'd locked herself inside Balmoral Castle and vowed never to come out. And the very proper former prime minister: he'd called the place "surreal" and "utterly freaky."

Still, I don't think I heard those stories until much later. Or maybe I heard them and they didn't register. To me Balmoral was always simply Paradise. A cross between Disney World and some sacred Druid grove. I was always too busy fishing, shooting, running up and down "the hill" to notice anything off about the feng shui of the old castle.

What I'm trying to say is, I was happy there.

In fact, it's possible that I was never happier than that one golden summer day at Balmoral: August 30, 1997.

We'd been at the castle for one week. The plan was to stay for another. Same as the previous year, same as the year before that. Balmoral was its own micro-season, a two-week interlude in the Scottish Highlands to mark the turn from high summer to early autumn.

Granny was there too. Naturally. She spent most of every summer at Balmoral. And Grandpa. And Willy. And Pa. The whole family, with the exception of Mummy, because Mummy was no longer part of the family. She'd either bolted or been thrown out, depending on whom you asked, though I never asked anyone. Either way, she was having her own holiday elsewhere. Greece, someone said. No, Sardinia, someone said. No, no, someone chimed in, your mother's in Paris! Maybe it was Mummy herself who said that. When she phoned earlier that day for a chat? Alas, the memory lies, with a million others, on the other side of a high mental wall. Such a horrid, tantalizing feeling, to know they're over there, just on the other side, mere inches away—but the wall is always too high, too thick. Unscalable.

Not unlike the turrets of Balmoral.

Wherever Mummy was, I understood that she was with her new *friend*. That was the word everyone used. Not boyfriend, not lover. Friend. Nice enough bloke,

I thought. Willy and I had just met him. Actually, we'd been with Mummy weeks earlier when *she* first met him, in St. Tropez. We were having a grand time, just the three of us, staying at some old gent's villa. There was much laughter, horseplay, the norm whenever Mummy and Willy and I were together, though even more so on that holiday. Everything about that trip to St. Tropez was heaven. The weather was sublime, the food was tasty, Mummy was smiling.

Best of all, there were jet skis.

Whose were they? Don't know. But I vividly remember Willy and me riding them out to the deepest part of the channel, circling while waiting for the big ferries to come. We used their massive wakes as ramps to get airborne. I'm not sure how we weren't killed.

Was it after we got back from that jet-ski misadventure that Mummy's friend first appeared? No, more likely it was just before. *Hello there, you must be Harry.* Raven hair, leathery tan, bone-white smile. *How are you today? My name is blah blah.* He chatted us up, chatted Mummy up. Specifically Mummy. Pointedly Mummy. His eyes plumping into red hearts.

He was cheeky, no doubt. But, again, nice enough. He gave Mummy a present. Diamond bracelet. She seemed to like it. She wore it a lot. Then he faded from my consciousness.

As long as Mummy's happy, I told Willy, who said he felt the same.

## 2.

**A**SHOCK TO THE SYSTEM, going from sun-drenched St. Tropez to cloud-shadowed Balmoral. I vaguely remember that shock, though I can't remember much else about our first week at the castle. Still, I can almost guarantee it was spent mostly outdoors. My family lived to be outdoors, especially Granny, who got cross if she didn't breathe at least an hour of fresh air each day. What we did outdoors, however, what we said, wore, ate, I can't conjure. There's some reporting that we journeyed by the royal yacht from the Isle of Wight to the castle, the yacht's final voyage. Sounds lovely.

What I do retain, in crisp detail, is the physical setting. The dense woods. The deer-nibbled hill. The River Dee snaking down through the Highlands. Lochnagar

soaring overhead, eternally snow-spattered. Landscape, geography, architecture, that's how my memory rolls. Dates? Sorry, I'll need to look them up. Dialogue? I'll try my best, but make no verbatim claims, especially when it comes to the nineties. But ask me about any space I've occupied—castle, cockpit, classroom, stateroom, bedroom, palace, garden, pub—and I'll re-create it down to the carpet tacks.

Why should my memory organize experience like this? Is it genetics? Trauma? Some Frankenstein-esque combination of the two? Is it my inner soldier, assessing every space as potential battlefield? Is it my innate homebody nature, rebelling against a forced nomadic existence? Is it some base apprehension that the world is essentially a maze, and you should never be caught in a maze without a map?

Whatever the cause, my memory is my memory, it does what it does, gathers and curates as it sees fit, and there's just as much truth in what I remember and how I remember it as there is in so-called objective facts. Things like chronology and cause-and-effect are often just fables we tell ourselves about the past. *The past is never dead. It's not even past.* When I discovered that quotation not long ago on BrainyQuote.com, I was thunderstruck. I thought, Who the *fook* is Faulkner? And how's he related to us Windsors?

And so: Balmoral. Closing my eyes, I can see the main entrance, the paneled front windows, the wide portico and three gray-black speckled granite steps leading up to the massive front door of whisky-colored oak, often propped open by a heavy curling stone and often manned by one red-coated footman, and inside the spacious hall and its white stone floor, with gray star-shaped tiles, and the huge fireplace with its beautiful mantel of ornately carved dark wood, and to one side a kind of utility room, and to the left, by the tall windows, hooks for fishing rods and walking sticks and rubber waders and heavy waterproofs—so many waterproofs, because summer could be wet and cold all over Scotland, but it was biting in this Siberian nook—and then the light brown wooden door leading to the corridor with the crimson carpet and the walls papered in cream, a pattern of gold flock, raised like braille, and then the many rooms along the corridor, each with a specific purpose, like sitting or reading, TV or tea, and one special room for the pages, many of whom I loved like dotty uncles, and finally the castle's main chamber, built in the nineteenth century, nearly on top of the site of another castle dating to the fourteenth century, within a few generations of another Prince Harry, who got himself exiled, then came back and annihilated everything and everyone in sight. My distant kin. My kindred spirit, some would claim. If nothing else, my

namesake. Born September 15, 1984, I was christened Henry Charles Albert David of Wales.

But from Day One everyone called me Harry.

In the heart of this main chamber was the grand staircase. Sweeping, dramatic, seldom used. Whenever Granny headed up to her bedroom on the second floor, corgis at her heels, she preferred the lift.

The corgis preferred it too.

Near Granny's lift, through a pair of crimson saloon doors and along a green tartan floor, was a smallish staircase with a heavy iron banister; it led up to the second floor, where stood a statue of Queen Victoria. I always bowed to her as I passed. *Your Majesty!* Willy did too. We'd been told to, but I'd have done it anyway. I found the "Grandmama of Europe" hugely compelling, and not just because Granny loved her, nor because Pa once wanted to name me after her husband. (Mummy blocked him.) Victoria knew great love, soaring happiness—but her life was essentially tragic. Her father, Prince Edward, Duke of Kent and Strathearn, was said to be a sadist, sexually aroused by the sight of soldiers being horsewhipped, and her dear husband, Albert, died before her eyes. Also, during her long, lonely reign, she was shot at eight times, on eight separate occasions, by seven different subjects.

Not one bullet hit the mark. Nothing could bring Victoria down.

Beyond Victoria's statue things got tricky. Doors became identical, rooms interlocked. Easy to get lost. Open the wrong door and you might burst in on Pa while his valet was helping him dress. Worse, you might blunder in as he was doing his headstands. Prescribed by his physio, these exercises were the only effective remedy for the constant pain in Pa's neck and back. Old polo injuries, mostly. He performed them daily, in just a pair of boxers, propped against a door or hanging from a bar like a skilled acrobat. If you set one little finger on the knob you'd hear him begging from the other side: *No! No! Don't open! Please God don't open!*

Balmoral had fifty bedrooms, one of which had been divided for me and Willy. Adults called it the nursery. Willy had the larger half, with a double bed, a good-sized basin, a cupboard with mirrored doors, a beautiful window looking down on the courtyard, the fountain, the bronze statue of a roe deer buck. My half of the room was far smaller, less luxurious. I never asked why. I didn't care. But I also didn't need to ask. Two years older than me, Willy was the Heir, whereas I was the Spare.

This wasn't merely how the press referred to us—though it was definitely that. This was shorthand often used by Pa and Mummy and Grandpa. And even Granny. The Heir and the Spare—there was no judgment about it, but also no ambiguity. I was the shadow, the support, the Plan B. I was brought into the world in case something happened to Willy. I was summoned to provide backup, distraction, diversion and, if necessary, a spare part. Kidney, perhaps. Blood transfusion. Speck of bone marrow. This was all made explicitly clear to me from the start of life's journey and regularly reinforced thereafter. I was twenty the first time I heard the story of what Pa allegedly said to Mummy the day of my birth: *Wonderful! Now you've given me an Heir and a Spare—my work is done.* A joke. Presumably. On the other hand, minutes after delivering this bit of high comedy, Pa was said to have gone off to meet with his girlfriend. So. Many a true word spoken in jest.

I took no offense. I felt nothing about it, any of it. Succession was like the weather, or the positions of the planets, or the turn of the seasons. Who had the time to worry about things so unchangeable? Who could bother with being bothered by a fate etched in stone? Being a Windsor meant working out which truths were timeless, and then banishing them from your mind. It meant *absorbing* the basic parameters of one's identity, knowing by instinct who you were, which was forever a byproduct of who you weren't.

I wasn't Granny.

I wasn't Pa.

I wasn't Willy.

I was third in line behind them.

Every boy and girl, at least once, imagines themselves as a prince or princess. Therefore, Spare or no Spare, it wasn't half bad to actually *be* one. More, standing resolutely behind the people you loved, wasn't that the definition of honor?

Of love?

Like bowing to Victoria as you passed?

### 3.

**N**EXT TO MY BEDROOM was a sort of round sitting room. Round table, wall mirror, writing desk, fireplace with cushioned hearth surround. In the far

corner stood a great big wooden door that led to a bathroom. The two marble basins looked like prototypes for the first basins ever manufactured. Everything at Balmoral was either old or made to look so. The castle was a playground, a hunting lodge, but also a stage.

The bathroom was dominated by a claw-footed tub, and even the water spurting from its taps seemed old. Not in a bad way. Old like the lake where Merlin helped Arthur find his magic sword. Brownish, suggestive of weak tea, the water often alarmed weekend guests. *Sorry, but there seems to be something wrong with the water in my loo?* Pa would always smile and assure them that nothing was wrong with the water; on the contrary it was filtered and sweetened by the Scottish peat. *That water came straight off the hill, and what you're about to experience is one of life's finest pleasures—a Highland bath.*

Depending on your preference, your Highland bath could be Arctic cold or kettle hot; taps throughout the castle were fine-tuned. For me, few pleasures compared with a scalding soak, but especially while gazing out of the castle's slit windows, where archers, I imagined, once stood guard. I'd look up at the starry sky, or down at the walled gardens, picture myself floating over the great lawn, smooth and green as a snooker table, thanks to a battalion of gardeners. The lawn was so perfect, every blade of grass so precisely mown, Willy and I felt guilty about walking across it, let alone riding our bikes. But we did it anyway, all the time. Once, we chased our cousin across the lawn. We were on quads, the cousin was on a go-kart. It was all fun and games until she crashed head-on into a green lamppost. Crazy fluke—the only lamppost within a thousand miles. We shrieked with laughter, though the lamppost, which had recently been a tree in one of the nearby forests, snapped cleanly in two and fell on top of her. She was lucky not to be seriously hurt.

On August 30, 1997, I didn't spend a lot of time looking at the lawn. Both Willy and I hurried through our evening baths, jumped into our pajamas, settled eagerly in front of the TV. Footmen arrived, carrying trays covered with plates, each topped with a silver dome. The footmen set the trays upon wooden stands, then joked with us, as they always did, before wishing us bon appétit.

Footmen, bone china—it sounds posh, and I suppose it was, but under those fancy domes was just kiddie stuff. Fish fingers, cottage pies, roast chicken, green peas.

Mabel, our nanny, who'd once been Pa's nanny, joined us. As we all stuffed our faces we heard Pa padding past in his slippers, coming from his bath. He was

carrying his “wireless,” which is what he called his portable CD player, on which he liked to listen to his “storybooks” while soaking. Pa was like clockwork, so when we heard him in the hall we knew it was close to eight.

Half an hour later we picked up the first sounds of the adults beginning their evening migration downstairs, then the first bleaty notes of the accompanying bagpipes. For the next two hours the adults would be held captive in the Dinner Dungeon, forced to sit around that long table, forced to squint at each other in the dim gloom of a candelabra designed by Prince Albert, forced to remain ramrod straight before china plates and crystal goblets placed with mathematical precision by staff (who used tape measures), forced to peck at quails’ eggs and turbot, forced to make idle chitchat while stuffed into their fanciest kit. Black tie, hard black shoes, trews. Maybe even kilts.

I thought: What hell, being an adult!

Pa stopped by on his way to dinner. He was running late, but he made a show of lifting a silver dome—*Yum, wish I was having that!*—and taking a long sniff. He was always sniffing things. Food, roses, our hair. He must’ve been a bloodhound in another life. Maybe he took all those long sniffs because it was hard to smell anything over his personal scent. *Eau Sauvage*. He’d slather the stuff on his cheeks, his neck, his shirt. Flowery, with a hint of something harsh, like pepper or gunpowder, it was made in Paris. Said so on the bottle. Which made me think of Mummy.

*Yes, Harry, Mummy’s in Paris.*

Their divorce had become final exactly one year before. Almost to the day.

*Be good, boys.*

*We will, Pa.*

*Don’t stay up too late.*

He left. His scent remained.

Willy and I finished dinner, watched some more TV, then got up to our typical pre-bedtime hijinks. We perched on the top step of a side staircase and eavesdropped on the adults, hoping to hear a naughty word or story. We ran up and down the long corridors, under the watchful eyes of dozens of dead stag heads. At some point we bumped into Granny’s piper. Rumpled, pear-shaped, with wild eyebrows and a tweed kilt, he went wherever Granny went, because she loved the sound of pipes, as had Victoria, though Albert supposedly called them a “bestly instrument.” While summering at Balmoral, Granny asked that the piper play her awake and play her to dinner.

His instrument looked like a drunken octopus, except that its floppy arms were etched silver and dark mahogany. We'd seen the thing before, many times, but that night he offered to let us hold it. Try it.

*Really?*

*Go on.*

We couldn't get anything out of the pipes but a few piddly squeaks. We just didn't have the puff. The piper, however, had a chest the size of a whisky barrel. He made it moan and scream.

We thanked him for the lesson and bade him good night, then took ourselves back to the nursery, where Mabel monitored the brushing of teeth and the washing of faces. Then, to bed.

My bed was tall. I had to jump to get in, after which I rolled down into its sunken center. It felt like climbing onto a bookcase, then tumbling into a slit trench. The bedding was clean, crisp, various shades of white. Alabaster sheets. Cream blankets. Eggshell quilts. (Much of it stamped with ER, *Elizabeth Regina*.) Everything was pulled tight as a snare drum, so expertly smoothed that you could easily spot the century's worth of patched holes and tears.

I pulled the sheets and covers to my chin, because I didn't like the dark. No, not true, I loathed the dark. Mummy did too, she told me so. I'd inherited this from her, I thought, along with her nose, her blue eyes, her love of people, her hatred of smugness and fakery and all things posh. I can see myself under those covers, staring into the dark, listening to the clicky insects and hooty owls. Did I imagine shapes sliding along the walls? Did I stare at the bar of light along the floor, which was always there, because I always insisted on the door being left open a crack? How much time elapsed before I dropped off? In other words, how much of my childhood remained, and how much did I cherish it, savor it, before groggily becoming aware of—

*Pa?*

He was standing at the edge of the bed, looking down. His white dressing-gown made him seem like a ghost in a play.

*Yes, darling boy.*

He gave a half-smile, averted his gaze.

The room wasn't dark anymore. Wasn't light either. Strange in-between shade, almost brownish, almost like the water in the ancient tub.

He looked at me in a funny way, a way he'd never looked at me before. With... fear?

*What is it, Pa?*

He sat down on the edge of the bed. He put a hand on my knee. *Darling boy, Mummy's been in a car crash.*

I remember thinking: Crash...OK. But she's all right? Yes?

I vividly remember that thought flashing through my mind. And I remember waiting patiently for Pa to confirm that indeed Mummy was all right. And I remember him not doing that.

There was then a shift internally. I began silently pleading with Pa, or God, or both: *No, no, no.*

Pa looked down into the folds of the old quilts and blankets and sheets. *There were complications. Mummy was quite badly injured and taken to hospital, darling boy.*

He always called me "darling boy," but he was saying it quite a lot now. His voice was soft. He was in shock, it seemed.

*Oh. Hospital?*

*Yes. With a head injury.*

Did he mention paparazzi? Did he say she'd been chased? I don't think so. I can't swear to it, but probably not. The paps were such a problem for Mummy, for everyone, it didn't need to be said.

I thought again: Injured...but she's OK. She's been taken to hospital, they'll fix her head, and we'll go and see her. Today. Tonight at the latest.

*They tried, darling boy. I'm afraid she didn't make it.*

These phrases remain in my mind like darts in a board. He did say it that way, I know that much for sure. *She didn't make it.* And then everything seemed to come to a stop.

That's not right. Not *seemed*. Nothing at all *seemed*. Everything distinctly, certainly, irrevocably, came to a stop.

None of what I said to him then remains in my memory. It's possible that I didn't say anything. What I do remember with startling clarity is that I didn't cry. Not one tear.

Pa didn't hug me. He wasn't great at showing emotions under normal circumstances, how could he be expected to show them in such a crisis? But his hand did fall once more on my knee and he said: *It's going to be OK.*

That was quite a lot for him. Fatherly, hopeful, kind. And so very untrue.

He stood and left. I don't recall how I knew that he'd already been in the other room, that he'd already told Willy, but I knew.

I lay there, or sat there. I didn't get up. I didn't bathe, didn't pee. Didn't get dressed. Didn't call out to Willy or Mabel. After decades of working to reconstruct that morning I've come to one inescapable conclusion: I must've remained in that room, saying nothing, seeing no one, until nine A.M. sharp, when the piper began to play outside.

I wish I could remember what he played. But maybe it doesn't matter. With bagpipes it's not the tune, it's the tone. Thousands of years old, bagpipes are built to amplify what's already in the heart. If you're feeling silly, bagpipes make you sillier. If you're angry, bagpipes bring your blood to a higher boil. And if you're in grief, even if you're twelve years old and don't know you're in grief, maybe *especially* if you don't know, bagpipes can drive you mad.

## 4.

**I**T WAS SUNDAY. So, as always, we went to church.

Crathie Kirk. Walls of granite, large roof of Scottish pine, stained-glass windows donated decades earlier by Victoria, perhaps to atone for the upset she caused in worshipping there. Something about the head of the Church of England worshipping in the Church of Scotland—it caused a stir, which I never understood.

I've seen photographs of us going into the church that day, but they bring back no memories. Did the minister say anything? Did he make it worse? Did I listen to him or stare at the back of the pew and think about Mummy?

On the way back to Balmoral, a two-minute drive, it was suggested that we stop. People had been gathering all morning outside the front gates, some had begun leaving things. Stuffed animals, flowers, cards. Acknowledgment should be made.

We pulled over, stepped out. I could see nothing but a matrix of colored dots. Flowers. And more flowers. I could hear nothing but a rhythmic clicking from across the road. The press. I reached for my father's hand, for comfort, then cursed myself, because that gesture set off an explosion of clicks.

I'd given them exactly what they wanted. Emotion. Drama. Pain.

They fired and fired and fired.

## 5.

**H**OURS LATER PA LEFT FOR PARIS. Accompanied by Mummy's sisters, Aunt Sarah and Aunt Jane. They needed to learn more about the crash, someone said. And they needed to arrange for the return of Mummy's body.

*Body.* People kept using that word. It was a punch in the throat, and a bloody lie, because Mummy wasn't dead.

That was my sudden insight. With nothing to do but roam the castle and talk to myself, a suspicion took hold, which then became a firm belief. This was all a trick. And for once the trick wasn't being played by the people around me, or the press, but by Mummy. *Her life's been miserable, she's been hounded, harassed, lied about, lied to. So she's staged an accident as a diversion and run away.*

The realization took my breath away, made me gasp with relief.

*Of course! It's all a ruse, so she can make a clean start! At this very moment she's undoubtedly renting an apartment in Paris, or arranging fresh flowers in her secretly purchased log cabin somewhere way up high in the Swiss Alps. Soon, soon, she'll send for me and Willy. It's all so obvious! Why didn't I see it before? Mummy isn't dead! She's hiding!*

I felt so much better.

Then doubt crept in.

*Hang on! Mummy would never do this to us. This unspeakable pain, she'd never allow that, let alone cause it.*

Then back to relief: *She had no choice. It was her only hope of freedom.*

Then doubt again: *Mummy wouldn't hide, she's too much of a fighter.*

Then relief: *This is her way of fighting. She'll be back. She has to be. It's my birthday in two weeks.*

But Pa and my aunts came back first. Their return was reported by every TV channel. The world watched as they stepped onto the tarmac at RAF Northolt. One channel even added music to the arrival: someone mournfully singing a psalm. Willy and I were kept from the TV, but I think we heard that.

The next few days passed in a vacuum, no one saying anything. We all remained ensconced inside the castle. It was like being inside a crypt, except a crypt where everyone's wearing trows and keeping to normal routines and schedules. If anyone talked about anything, I didn't hear them. The only voice I heard was the one droning in my head, arguing with itself.

*She's gone.*

*No, she's hiding.*

*She's dead.*

*No, she's playing dead.*

Then, one morning, it was time. Back to London. I remember nothing about the trip. Did we drive? Did we fly on the Royal Flight? I can see the reunion with Pa, and the aunts, and the pivotal encounter with Aunt Sarah, though it's wreathed in fog and might be slightly out of sequence. At times my memory places it right there, in those horrid first days of September. But at other times memory casts it forward, to many years later.

Whenever it happened, it happened like this:

*William? Harry? Aunt Sarah has something for you, boys.*

She stepped forward, holding two tiny blue boxes. *What's this?*

*Open it.*

I lifted off the top of my blue box. Inside was...a moth?

No.

A mustache?

No.

*What's...?*

*Her hair, Harry.*

Aunt Sarah explained that, while in Paris, she'd clipped two locks from Mummy's head.

So there it was. Proof. *She's really gone.*

But then immediately came the reassuring doubt, the lifesaving uncertainty: *No, this could be anybody's hair.* Mummy, her beautiful blond hair intact, was out there somewhere.

*I'd know if she weren't. My body would know. My heart would know. And neither knows any such thing.*

Both were just as full of love for her as ever.

ILLY AND I WALKED UP and down the crowds outside Kensington Palace, smiling, shaking hands. As if we were running for office. Hundreds and hundreds of hands were thrust continually into our faces, the fingers often wet.

From what? I wondered.

Tears, I realized.

I disliked how those hands felt. More, I hated how they made me feel. Guilty. Why were all these people crying when I wasn't—and hadn't?

I wanted to cry, and I'd tried to, because Mummy's life had been so sad that she'd felt the need to disappear, to invent this massive charade. But I couldn't squeeze out one drop. Maybe I'd learned too well, absorbed too deeply, the ethos of the family, that crying wasn't an option—ever.

I remember the mounds of flowers all around us. I remember feeling unspeakable sorrow and yet being unfailingly polite. I remember old ladies saying: *Oh, my, how polite, the poor boy!* I remember muttering thanks, over and over, thank you for coming, thank you for saying that, thank you for camping out here for several days. I remember consoling several folks who were prostrate, overcome, as if they knew Mummy, but also thinking: You didn't, though. You act as if you did...*but you didn't know her.*

That is...you *don't* know her. Present tense.

After offering ourselves up to the crowds, we went inside Kensington Palace. We entered through two big black doors, into Mummy's apartment, went down a long corridor and into a room off the left. There stood a large coffin. Dark brown, English oak. Am I remembering or imagining that it was draped in...*a Union Jack?*

That flag mesmerized me. Maybe because of my boyish war games. Maybe because of my precocious patriotism. Or maybe because I'd been hearing rumblings for days about the flag, the flag, the flag. That was all anyone could talk about. People were up in arms because the flag hadn't been lowered to half-mast over Buckingham Palace. They didn't care that the Royal Standard never flew at half-mast, no matter what, that it flew when Granny was in residence, and didn't fly when she was away, full stop. They cared only about seeing some official show of mourning, and they were enraged by its absence. That is, they were whipped into rage by the British papers, which were trying to deflect attention from their role in Mummy's disappearance. I recall one headline, addressed pointedly at Granny: *Show Us Your Care.* How *rich*, coming from the same fiends who "cared"

so much about Mummy that they chased her into a tunnel from which she never emerged.

By now I'd overheard this "official" version of events: Paps chased Mummy through the streets of Paris, then into a tunnel, where her Mercedes crashed into a wall or cement pillar, killing her, her friend, and the driver.

Standing before the flag-draped coffin, I asked myself: Is Mummy a patriot? What does Mummy really think of Britain? Has anyone bothered to ask her?

*When will I be able to ask her myself?*

I can't recollect anything the family said in that moment, to each other or to the coffin. I don't recall a word that passed between me and Willy, though I do remember people around us saying "the boys" look "shell-shocked." Nobody bothered to whisper, as if we were so shell-shocked that we'd gone deaf.

There was some discussion about the next day's funeral. Per the latest plan, the coffin would be pulled through the streets on a horse-drawn carriage by the King's Troop while Willy and I followed on foot. It seemed a lot to ask of two young boys. Several adults were aghast. Mummy's brother, Uncle Charles, raised hell. *You can't make these boys walk behind their mother's coffin! It's barbaric.*

An alternative plan was put forward. Willy would walk alone. He was fifteen, after all. *Leave the younger one out of it.* Spare the Spare. This alternative plan was sent up the chain.

Back came the answer.

It must be both princes. To garner sympathy, presumably.

Uncle Charles was furious. But I wasn't. I didn't want Willy to undergo an ordeal like that without me. Had the roles been reversed, he'd never have wanted me—indeed, allowed me—to go it alone.

So, come morning, bright and early, off we went, all together. Uncle Charles on my right, Willy to his right, followed by Grandpa. And on my left was Pa. I noted at the start how serene Grandpa looked, as if this was merely another royal engagement. I could see his eyes, clearly, because he was gazing straight ahead. They all were. But I kept mine down on the road. So did Willy.

I remember feeling numb. I remember clenching my fists. I remember keeping a fraction of Willy always in the corner of my vision and drawing loads of strength from that. Most of all I remember the sounds, the clinking bridles and clapping hooves of the six sweaty brown horses, the squeaking wheels of the gun carriage they were hauling. (A relic from the First World War, someone said, which seemed right, since Mummy, much as she loved peace, often seemed a soldier, whether she

was warring against the paps or Pa.) I believe I'll remember those few sounds for the rest of my life, because they were such a sharp contrast to the otherwise all-encompassing silence. There wasn't one engine, one lorry, one bird. There wasn't one human voice, which was impossible, because two million people lined the roads. The only hint that we were marching through a canyon of humanity was the occasional wail.

After twenty minutes we reached Westminster Abbey. We filed into a long pew. The funeral began with a series of readings and eulogies, and culminated with Elton John. He rose slowly, stiffly, as if he was one of the great kings buried for centuries beneath the abbey, suddenly roused back to life. He walked to the front, seated himself at a grand piano. Is there anyone who doesn't know that he sang "Candle in the Wind," a version he'd reworked for Mummy? I can't be sure the notes in my head are from that moment or from clips I've seen since. Possibly they're vestiges of recurring nightmares. But I do have one pure, indisputable memory of the song climaxing and my eyes starting to sting and tears nearly falling.

Nearly.

Towards the end of the service came Uncle Charles, who used his allotted time to blast everyone—family, nation, press—for stalking Mummy to her death. You could feel the abbey, the nation outside, recoil from the blow. Truth hurts. Then eight Welsh Guards moved forward, hoisted the enormous lead-lined coffin, which was now draped in the Royal Standard, an extraordinary break with protocol. (They'd also yielded to pressure and lowered the flag to half-mast; not the Royal Standard, of course, but the Union Jack—still, an unprecedented compromise.) The Royal Standard was always reserved for members of the Royal Family, which, I'd been told, Mummy wasn't anymore. Did this mean she was forgiven? By Granny? Apparently. But these were questions I couldn't quite formulate, let alone ask an adult, as the coffin was slowly carried outside and loaded into the back of a black hearse. After a long wait the hearse drove off, rolled steadily through London, which surged on all sides with the largest crowd that ageless city had ever seen—twice as large as the crowds that celebrated the end of the Second World War. It went past Buckingham Palace, up Park Lane, towards the outskirts, over to the Finchley Road, then Hendon Way, then the Brent Cross flyover, then the North Circular, then the M1 to Junction 15a and northwards to Harlestone, before passing through the iron front gate of Uncle Charles's estate.

Althorp.

Willy and I watched most of that car ride on TV. We were already at Althorp. We'd been speeded ahead, though it turned out there was no need to hurry. Not only did the hearse go the long way round, it was delayed several times by all the people heaping flowers onto it, blocking the vents and causing the engine to overheat. The driver had to keep pulling over so the bodyguard could get out and clear the flowers off the windscreen. The bodyguard was Graham. Willy and I liked him a lot. We always called him Crackers, as in Graham Crackers. We thought that was hysterical.

When the hearse finally got to Althorp the coffin was removed again and carried across the pond, over a green iron bridge hastily positioned by military engineers, to a little island, and there it was placed upon a platform. Willy and I walked across the same bridge to the island. It was reported that Mummy's hands were folded across her chest and between them was placed a photo of me and Willy, possibly the only two men who ever truly loved her. Certainly the two who loved her most. For all eternity we'd be smiling at her in the darkness, and maybe it was this image, as the flag came off and the coffin descended to the bottom of the hole, that finally broke me. My body convulsed and my chin fell and I began to sob uncontrollably into my hands.

I felt ashamed of violating the family ethos, but I couldn't hold it in any longer. It's OK, I reassured myself, it's OK. There aren't any cameras around.

Besides, I wasn't crying because I believed my mother was in that hole. Or in that coffin. I promised myself I'd never believe that, no matter what anyone said.

No, I was crying at the mere idea.

It would just be so unbearably tragic, I thought, if it was actually true.

## 7.

**T**HEN EVERYONE MOVED ON.

The family went back to work, and I went back to school, same as I did after every summer holiday.

Back to normal, everyone said cheerily.

From the passenger seat of Pa's open-topped Aston Martin everything certainly looked the same. Ludgrove School, nestled in the emerald Berkshire countryside,

looked as ever like a country church. (Come to think of it, the school motto was from Ecclesiastes: *Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.*) Then again, not many country churches could boast two hundred acres of woodland and meadows, sports fields and tennis courts, science labs and chapels. Plus a well-stocked library.

If you wanted to find me in September 1997, the library would've been the last place to look. Better to check the woods. Or the sports fields. I was always trying to keep moving, keep busy.

I was also, most often, alone. I liked people, I was gregarious by nature, but just then I didn't want anyone too close. I needed space.

That was a tall order, however, at Ludgrove, where more than one hundred boys lived in proximity. We ate together, bathed together, slept together, sometimes ten to a room. Everyone knew everyone's business, down to who was circumcised and who wasn't. (We called it Roundheads versus Cavaliers.)

And yet I don't believe one boy so much as mentioned my mother when that new term began. Out of respect?

More likely fear.

I certainly said nothing to anyone.

Days after my return I had a birthday. September 15, 1997. I turned thirteen. By long-standing Ludgrove tradition there would be a cake, sorbet, and I was allowed to choose two flavors. I chose black currant.

And mango.

Mummy's favorite.

Birthdays were always a huge deal at Ludgrove, because every boy, and most teachers, had a ravenous sweet tooth. There was often a violent struggle for the seat next to the birthday boy: that's where you'd be assured of the first and biggest slice. I don't remember who managed to win the seat beside me.

*Make a wish, Harry!*

*You want a wish? All right, I wish my mother was—*

Then, out of nowhere—

Aunt Sarah?

Holding a box. *Open it, Harry.*

I tore at the wrapping paper, the ribbon. I peered inside.

*What...?*

*Mummy bought it for you. Shortly before...*

*You mean in Paris?*

*Yes. Paris.*

It was an Xbox. I was pleased. I loved video games.

That's the story, anyway. It's appeared in many accounts of my life, as gospel, and I have no idea if it's true. Pa said Mummy hurt her head, but perhaps I was the one with brain damage? As a defense mechanism, most likely, my memory was no longer recording things quite as it once did.

## 8.

**D**ESPITE ITS TWO MALE HEADMASTERS—Mr. Gerald and Mr. Marston, both legends—Ludgrove was largely run by women. We called them the matrons. Whatever tenderness we got, day to day, came from them. The matrons hugged us, kissed us, bandaged our injuries, wiped our tears. (All except mine, that is. After that one graveside outburst I'd not cried again.) They fancied themselves our surrogates. Mums-Away-From-Mums, they'd always chirp, which had always been odd, but now was especially confusing, because of Mummy's disappearance, and also because the matrons were suddenly...hot.

I had a crush on Miss Roberts. I felt certain I'd marry her one day. I also recall two Miss Lynns. Miss Lynn Major and Miss Lynn Minor. They were sisters. I was deeply smitten with the latter. I reckoned I'd marry her too.

Three times a week, after dinner, the matrons would assist the youngest boys with the nightly wash. I can still see the long row of white baths, each with a boy reclining like a little pharaoh, awaiting his personalized hair-washing. (For older boys who'd reached puberty there were two tubs in a separate room, behind a yellow door.) The matrons came down the row of tubs with stiff brushes, bars of floral soap. Every boy had his own towel, embossed with his school number. Mine was 116.

After shampooing a boy the matrons would ease back his head, give him a slow and luxurious rinse.

Confusing as hell.

Matrons would also help with the crucial extraction of lice. Outbreaks were common. Nearly every week another boy would come down with a fierce case. We'd all point and laugh. *Nyah, nyah, you've got nits!* Before long a matron would

be kneeling over the patient, rubbing some solution into his scalp, then scraping out the dead beasts with a special comb.

As a thirteen-year-old I graduated from matronly bathing assistance. But I still depended on their nightly tuck-ins, still treasured their morning greetings. They were the first faces we saw each day. They swept into our rooms, threw open our curtains. *Morning, boys!* Bleary, I'd gaze up into a beautiful visage framed by a halo of sun...

*Is that...could that be...?*

It never was.

The matron I dealt with the most was Pat. Unlike the other matrons, Pat wasn't hot. Pat was cold. Pat was small, mousy, frazzled, and her hair fell greasily into her always tired eyes. Pat didn't seem to get much joy out of life, though she did find two things reliably satisfying—catching a boy somewhere he wasn't supposed to be, and shutting down any bouts of roughhousing. Before every pillow fight we'd put a sentry on the door. If Pat (or the headmasters) approached, the sentry was instructed to cry: *KV! KV!* Latin, I think? Someone said it meant: The head's coming! Someone else said it meant: Beware!

Whichever, when you heard it you knew to get out of there. Or pretend to be asleep.

Only the newest and stupidest boys would go to Pat with a problem. Or, worse, a cut. She wouldn't bandage it: she'd poke it with a finger or squirt something into it that hurt twice as much. She wasn't a sadist, she just seemed "empathy-challenged." Odd, because she knew about suffering. Pat had many crosses to bear.

The biggest seemed her knees and spine. The latter was crooked, the former chronically stiff. Walking was hard, stairs were torture. She'd descend backwards, glacially. Often we'd stand on the landing below her, doing antic dances, making faces.

Do I need to say which boy did this with the most enthusiasm?

We never worried about Pat catching us. She was a tortoise and we were tree frogs. Still, now and then the tortoise would luck out. She'd lunge, grab a fistful of boy. Aha! That lad would then be well and truly fucked.

Didn't stop us. We went on mocking her as she came down the stairs. The reward was worth the risk. For me, the reward wasn't tormenting poor Pat, but making my mates laugh. It felt so good to make others laugh, especially when I hadn't laughed for months.

Maybe Pat knew this. Now and then she'd turn, see me being a perfect ass, and she'd laugh too. That was the best. I loved cracking up my mates, but nothing quite did it for me like making the otherwise miserable Pat bust a gut.

## 9.

**W**E CALLED THEM GRUB DAYS.

They were Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, I think. Immediately after lunch we'd queue in the corridor, along the wall, craning to see, just ahead, the grub table, piled high with sweets. Munchies, Skittles, Mars Bars and, best of all, Opal Fruits. (I took great offense when Opal Fruits changed their name to Starburst. Pure heresy. Like Britain changing its name.)

Just the sight of that grub table made us swoon. Mouths watering, we'd talk about the impending sugar rush as farmers in a drought talk about a forecast of rain. Meanwhile, I devised a way of super-sizing my sugar rush. I'd take all my Opal Fruits and squeeze them together into one massive gobstopper, then jam it into the side of my mouth. As the wad melted my bloodstream would become a frothy cataract of dextrose. *Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.*

The opposite of grub day was letter-writing day. Every boy was required to sit down and compose a missive to his parents. At the best of times this was drudgery. I could barely remember when Pa and Mummy weren't divorced, so writing to them without touching on their mutual grievances, their messy breakup, required the finesse of a career diplomat.

Dear Pa, How's Mummy?

Hm. No.

Dear Mummy, Pa says you haven't...

No.

But after Mummy disappeared, letter-writing day became impossible.

I've been told the matrons asked me to write a "final" letter to Mummy. I have a vague memory of wanting to protest that she was still alive, and yet not doing so, for fear they'd think I was mad. Also, what was the point? Mummy would read the letter when she came out of hiding, so it wouldn't be a total waste of effort.

I probably dashed off something pro forma, saying I missed her, school was fine, so on and so forth. I probably folded it once and handed it to the matron. I remember, immediately thereafter, regretting that I hadn't taken the writing more seriously. I wished I'd dug deep, told my mother all the things weighing on my heart, especially my regret over the last time we'd spoken on the phone. She'd called early in the evening, the night of the crash, but I was running around with Willy and my cousins and didn't want to stop playing. So I'd been short with her. Impatient to get back to my games, I'd rushed Mummy off the phone. I wished I'd apologized for it. I wished I'd searched for the words to describe how much I loved her.

I didn't know that search would take decades.

## 10.

**A** MONTH LATER it was half-term. I was going home at last.  
Wait—no, I wasn't.

Pa, apparently, didn't want me to spend the break wandering aimlessly around St. James's Palace, where he'd been mostly living since his breakup with Mummy, and where Willy and I had lived whenever it was our allotted time with Pa. He feared what I might get up to in that big palace all by myself. He feared I might glimpse a newspaper, overhear a radio. More, he feared I might be photographed through an open window, or while playing with my toy soldiers in the gardens. He could imagine reporters trying to speak to me, shouting questions. *Hi, Harry, do you miss your mum?* The nation was in a state of hysterical grief, but the press's hysteria had veered into psychosis.

Worst of all, Willy wouldn't be at home to watch over me. He was at Eton.

So Pa announced that he'd be taking me with him on a planned work trip. To South Africa.

*South Africa, Pa? Really?*

*Yes, darling boy. Johannesburg.*

He had a meeting with Nelson Mandela...and the Spice Girls?

I was thrilled. And baffled. The Spice Girls, Pa? He explained that the Spice Girls were giving a concert in Johannesburg, so they were calling on President

Mandela to pay their respects. Great, I thought, that explains why *the Spice Girls* are going to be there...what about us? I didn't get it. I'm not sure Pa wanted me to get it.

The truth was, Pa's staff hoped a photo of him standing alongside the world's most revered political leader and the world's most popular female musical act would earn him some positive headlines, which he sorely needed. Since Mummy's disappearance he'd been savaged. People blamed him for the divorce and thus for all that followed. His approval rating around the world was single digits. In Fiji, to pick just one example, a national holiday in his honor had been rescinded.

Whatever the official reason for the trip, I didn't care. I was just glad to be going along. It was a chance to get away from Britain. Better yet, it was proper time with Pa, who seemed sort of checked out.

Not that Pa hadn't always been a bit checked out. He'd always given an air of being not quite ready for parenthood—the responsibilities, the patience, the time. Even he, though a proud man, would've admitted as much. But single parenthood? Pa was never made for that.

To be fair, he tried. Evenings, I'd shout downstairs: *Going to bed, Pa!* He'd always shout back cheerfully: *I'll be there shortly, darling boy!* True to his word, minutes later he'd be sitting on the edge of my bed. He never forgot that I didn't like the dark, so he'd gently tickle my face until I fell asleep. I have the fondest memories of his hands on my cheeks, my forehead, then waking to find him gone, magically, the door always considerately left open a crack.

Other than those fleeting moments, however, Pa and I mostly coexisted. He had trouble communicating, trouble listening, trouble being intimate face-to-face. On occasion, after a long multi-course dinner, I'd walk upstairs and find a letter on my pillow. The letter would say how proud he was of me for something I'd done or accomplished. I'd smile, place it under my pillow, but also wonder why he hadn't said this moments ago, while seated directly across from me.

Thus the prospect of days and days of unrestricted Pa time was exhilarating.

Then came the reality. This was a work trip for Pa. And for me. The Spice Girls concert represented my first public appearance since the funeral, and I knew, through intuition, through bits of overheard conversations, that the public's curiosity about my welfare was running high. I didn't want to let them down, but I also wanted them all to go away. I remember stepping onto the red carpet, screwing a smile onto my face, suddenly wishing I was in my bed at St. James's Palace.

Beside me was Baby Spice, wearing white plastic shoes with chunky twelve-inch platform heels. I fixated on those heels while she fixated on my cheeks. She kept pinching them. So chubby! So cute! Then Posh Spice surged forward and clutched my hand. Farther down the line I spied Ginger Spice, the only Spice with whom I felt any connection—a fellow ginger. Also, she was world-famous for recently wearing a minidress made of the Union Jack. *Why's there a Union Jack on the coffin?* She and the other Spices were cooing at me, saying things I didn't understand, while bantering with the journalists, who were shouting at me. *Harry, over here, Harry, Harry, how are you doing, Harry?* Questions that weren't questions. Questions that were traps. Questions that were flung at my head like cleavers. The journalists didn't give a toss how I was doing, they were trying to get me to say something messy, newsy.

I gazed into their flashes, bared my teeth, said nothing.

If I was intimidated by the flashes, the Spice Girls were intoxicated. Yes, yes, a thousand times yes, that was their attitude every time another flash went off. Fine by me. The more out-front they were, the more I could fade into the woodwork. I remember they talked to the press about their music and their mission. I didn't know they had a mission, but one Spice compared the group's crusade against sexism to Mandela's struggle against apartheid.

At last someone said it was time for the concert to begin. *Off you go. Follow your father.*

Concert? Pa?

Impossible to believe. Even more impossible while it was actually happening. But I saw it with my own eyes, Pa gamely nodding to the beat and tapping his foot:

*If you want my future, forget my past  
If you wanna get with me, better make it fast*

After, on the way out, there were more flashes. This time the Spice Girls weren't there to deflect attention. It was just Pa and me.

I reached for him, grabbed his hand—hung on.

I recall, bright as the flashes: Loving him.

Needing him.

THE NEXT MORNING PA and I went to a beautiful lodge on a snaky river. KwaZulu-Natal. I knew about this place, where Redcoats and Zulu warriors clashed in the summer of 1879. I'd heard all the stories, legends, and I'd seen the movie *Zulu* countless times. But now I was going to become a bona fide expert, Pa said. He'd arranged for us to sit on camp chairs before a log fire and listen to a world-famous historian, David Rattray, re-create the battle.

It might've been the first lecture to which I ever really paid attention.

The men who fought on this ground, Mr. Rattray said, were heroes. On both sides—heroes. The Zulus were ferocious, utter wizards with a short spear known as the *iklwa*, which was named for the sucking sound it made when pulled from a victim's chest. And yet a mere 150 British soldiers on hand managed to hold off four thousand Zulus, and that improbable stand, called Rorke's Drift, instantly became part of British mythology. Eleven soldiers were awarded the Victoria Cross, the greatest number ever won in one battle by a single regiment. Another two soldiers, who held off the Zulus one day before Rorke's Drift, became the first to win the Victoria Cross posthumously.

*Posthumously, Pa?*

*Er, yes.*

*What does it mean?*

*After they, you know.*

*What?*

*Died, darling boy.*

Though a source of pride for many Britons, Rorke's Drift was the outgrowth of imperialism, colonialism, nationalism—in short, theft. Great Britain was trespassing, invading a sovereign nation and trying to steal it, meaning the precious blood of Britain's finest lads had been wasted that day, in the eyes of some, among them Mr. Rattray. He didn't glide over such difficult facts. When necessary, he condemned the British roundly. (Locals called him the White Zulu.) But I was too young: I heard him and also didn't hear. Maybe I'd seen the movie *Zulu* too many times, maybe I'd waged too many pretend battles with my toy Redcoats. I had a view of battle, of Britain, which didn't permit new facts. So I zoomed in on the bits about manly courage, and British power, and when I should've been horrified, I was inspired.

On the way home I told myself the whole trip had been a smash. Not only a terrific adventure, but a bonding experience with Pa. Surely life would now be altogether different.

## 12.

**M**OST OF MY TEACHERS WERE kind souls who just let me be, who understood all that I was dealing with and didn't want to give me more. Mr. Dawson, who played the organ in the chapel, was extremely gentle. Mr. Little, the drum teacher, was exceedingly patient. Confined to a wheelchair, he'd turn up for drum lessons in his van, and it would take us forever to get him out of the van and into the classroom, and then we'd have to leave enough time to get him back into the van after the lesson, so we'd never have more than twenty minutes of actual teaching. I didn't mind, and in return Mr. Little didn't ever complain that my drumming wasn't really improving.

Some teachers, however, gave me no quarter. Like my history teacher, Mr. Hughes-Games.

Day and night, from Mr. Hughes-Games's bungalow beside the sports fields, came the shrill yelps of his pointers, Tosca and Beade. They were beautiful, spotted, gray-eyed, and Mr. Hughes-Games cherished them as children. He kept silver-framed photos of them on his desk, which was one reason many boys thought Mr. Hughes-Games a tad eccentric. So it came as a roaring shock when I realized that Mr. Hughes-Games believed me to be the odd one. What could be odder, he said to me one day, than a British prince not knowing British history?

*I cannot fathom it, Wales. We're talking about your blood relatives—does that mean nothing to you?*

*Less than nothing, sir.*

It wasn't just that I didn't know anything about my family's history: I didn't want to know anything.

I liked British history *in theory*. I found certain bits intriguing. I knew a few things about the signing of the Magna Carta, for instance—June 1215, at Runnymede—but that was because I'd once glimpsed the place where it happened through the window of Pa's car. Right by the river. Looked beautiful. Perfect spot

to establish peace, I thought. But micro details about the Norman Conquest? Or the ins and outs of the beef between Henry VIII and the Pope? Or the differences between the First and Second Crusades?

Please.

It all came to a head one day when Mr. Hughes-Games was talking about Charles Edward Stuart, or Charles III, as he thought of himself. Pretender to the Throne. Mr. Hughes-Games had strong opinions about the fellow. While he shared them with us, in a hot rage, I stared at my pencil and tried not to fall asleep.

Suddenly Mr. Hughes-Games stopped and posited a question about Charles's life. The answer was a cinch if you'd done the reading. No one had.

*Wales—you must know this.*

*Why must I?*

*Because it's your family!*

Laughter.

I dropped my head. The other boys knew I was royal, of course. If they forgot for half a second, my omnipresent bodyguard (armed) and uniformed police scattered across the grounds would be more than happy to remind them. But did Mr. Hughes-Games need to shout it from the rooftops? Did he need to use that loaded word—family? My family had declared me a nullity. The Spare. I didn't complain about it, but I didn't need to dwell on it either. Far better, in my mind, not to think about certain facts, such as the cardinal rule for royal travel: Pa and William could never be on the same flight together, because there must be no chance of the first and second in line to the throne being wiped out. But no one gave a damn whom I traveled with; the Spare could always be spared. I knew this, knew my place, so why go out of my way to study it? Why memorize the names of past spares? What was the sense in that?

More, why trace my family tree when all tracery led to the same severed branch—Mummy?

After class I went up to Mr. Hughes-Games's desk and asked him to please stop.

*Stop what, Wales?*

*Embarrassing me, sir.*

His eyebrows flew up to his hairline, like startled birds.

I argued that it would be cruel to single out any other boy the way he did me, to ask any other student at Ludgrove such pointed questions about his great-great-grand-whatever.

Mr. Hughes-Games harrumphed and snuffled. He'd overstepped, he knew it. But he was stubborn.

*It's good for you, Wales. The more I call on you, the more you'll learn.*

Days later, however, at the start of class, Mr. Hughes-Games made a proffer of peace, Magna Carta style. He presented me with one of those wooden rulers, engraved along both sides with the names of every British monarch since Harold in 1066. (Rulers, get it?) The royal line, inch by inch, right up to Granny. He said I could keep it at my desk, refer to it as needed.

Gosh, I said. Thanks.

## 13.

LATE AT NIGHT, AFTER lights-out, some of us would sneak out, go roaming up and down the corridors. A strict violation of the rules, but I was lonely and homesick, probably anxious and depressed, and I couldn't abide being locked into my dormitory.

There was one particular teacher who, whenever he caught me, would give me a tremendous clout, always with a copy of the *New English Bible*. The hardback version. It is indeed, I always thought, a very hard back. Getting hit with it made me feel bad about myself, bad about the teacher, and bad about the Bible. Nevertheless, the next night I'd go right back to flouting the rules.

If I wasn't roaming the corridors, I was roaming the school grounds, usually with my best mate, Henners. Like me, Henners was officially a Henry, but I always called him Henners, and he called me Haz.

Skinny, with no muscles, and hair that stood up in permanent surrender, Henners was all heart. Whenever he smiled, people melted. (He was the only boy who mentioned Mummy to me after she disappeared.) But that winning smile, that tender nature, made you forget that Henners could be *quite* naughty.

A huge "pick your own" farm lay beyond the school grounds, on the other side of a low fence, and one day Henners and I hopped over, landing face-first in carrot furrows. Row after row. Nearby were some fat, juicy strawberries. We went along, stuffing our mouths, popping up now and then like meerkats to make sure the coast

was clear. Whenever I bite into a strawberry I'm there again, in those furrows, with lovely Henners.

Days later we went back. This time, after we'd eaten our fill and hopped over the fence, we heard our names.

We were heading along a cart track in the direction of the tennis courts and slowly we turned. Coming straight for us was one of the teachers.

*You there! Stop!*

*Hello, sir.*

*What are you two doing?*

*Nothing, sir.*

*You've been to the farm.*

*No!*

*Open your hands.*

We did. Busted. Crimson palms. He reacted as if it were blood.

I can't remember what punishment we received. Another clout with the *New English Bible*? Detention? (Often called det.) A trip to Mr. Gerald's office? Whatever it was, I know I didn't mind. There was no torture Ludgrove could dish out that surpassed what was going on inside me.

## 14.

MR. MARSTON, while patrolling the dining room, often carried a little bell. It reminded me of the bell on the front desk of a hotel. *Ding, have you a room?* He'd ring the bell whenever he wanted to get a group of boys' attention. The sound was constant. And utterly pointless.

Abandoned children don't care about a bell.

Frequently Mr. Marston would feel the need to make an announcement during meals. He'd begin speaking and no one would listen, or even lower their voice, so he'd ring his bell.

*Ding.*

A hundred boys would keep on talking, laughing.

He'd ring it harder.

*Ding! Ding! Ding!*

Each time the bell failed to bring silence, Mr. Marston's face would grow a shade redder. *Fellas! Will you LISTEN?*

No, was the simple answer. We would not. It wasn't disrespect, however; it was simple acoustics. We couldn't hear him. The hall was too cavernous, and we were too absorbed in our conversations.

He didn't accept this. He seemed suspicious, as if our disregard of his bell was part of some greater coordinated plot. I don't know about the others, but I was part of no plot. Also, I wasn't disregarding him. Quite the contrary: I couldn't take my eyes off the man. I often asked myself what an outsider might say if they could witness this spectacle, a hundred boys chatting away while a grown man stood before them frantically and uselessly abusing a tiny brass bell.

Adding to this general sense of bedlam was the psychiatric hospital down the road. Broadmoor. Some time before I came to Ludgrove, a Broadmoor patient had escaped and killed a child in one of the nearby villages. In response Broadmoor installed a warning siren, and now and then they'd test it, to make sure it was in working order. A sound like Doomsday. Mr. Marston's bell on steroids.

I mentioned this to Pa one day. He nodded sagely. He'd recently visited a similar place as part of his charitable work. The patients were mostly gentle, he assured me, though one stood out. A little chap who claimed to be the Prince of Wales.

Pa said he'd wagged a finger at this impostor and severely reprimanded him. *Now look here. You cannot be the Prince of Wales! I'm the Prince of Wales.*

The patient merely wagged his finger back. *Impossible! I'm the Prince of Wales!*

Pa liked telling stories, and this was one of the best in his repertoire. He'd always end with a burst of philosophizing: If this mental patient could be so thoroughly convinced of his identity, no less than Pa, it raised some very Big Questions indeed. Who could say which of us was sane? Who could be sure *they* weren't the mental patient, hopelessly deluded, humored by friends and family? *Who knows if I'm really the Prince of Wales? Who knows if I'm even your real father? Maybe your real father is in Broadmoor, darling boy!*

He'd laugh and laugh, though it was a remarkably unfunny joke, given the rumor circulating just then that my actual father was one of Mummy's former lovers: Major James Hewitt. One cause of this rumor was Major Hewitt's flaming ginger hair, but another cause was sadism. Tabloid readers were delighted by the idea that the younger child of Prince Charles wasn't the child of Prince Charles.

They couldn't get enough of this "joke," for some reason. Maybe it made them feel better about their lives that a young prince's life was laughable.

Never mind that my mother didn't meet Major Hewitt until long after I was born, the story was simply too good to drop. The press rehashed it, embroidered it, and there was even talk that some reporters were seeking my DNA to prove it—my first intimation that, after torturing my mother and sending her into hiding, they would soon be coming for me.

To this day nearly every biography of me, every longish profile in a paper or magazine, touches on Major Hewitt, treats the prospect of his paternity with some seriousness, including a description of the moment Pa finally sat me down for a proper heart-to-heart, reassuring me that Major Hewitt wasn't my real father. Vivid scene, poignant, moving, and wholly made up. If Pa had any thoughts about Major Hewitt, he kept them to himself.

## 15.

**M**Y MOTHER LEGENDARILY SAID there were three people in her marriage. But her maths was off.

She left Willy and me out of the equation.

We didn't understand what was going on with her and Pa, certainly, but we intuited enough, we sensed the presence of the Other Woman, because we suffered the downstream effects. Willy long harbored suspicions about the Other Woman, which confused him, tormented him, and when those suspicions were confirmed he felt tremendous guilt for having done nothing, said nothing, sooner.

I was too young, I think, to have suspicions. But I couldn't help but feel the lack of stability, the lack of warmth and love, in our home.

Now, with Mummy missing, the maths swung hard in Pa's favor. He was free to see the Other Woman, openly, as often as he liked. But seeing wasn't sufficient. Pa wanted to be public about it. He wanted to be aboveboard. And the first step towards that aim was to bring "the boys" into the fold.

Willy went first. He'd bumped into the Other Woman, once, at the palace, but now he was formally summoned from Eton for a high-stakes private meeting. At Highgrove, I think. Over tea, I believe. It went well, I gathered from Willy later,

though he didn't go into details. He merely gave me the impression that the Other Woman, Camilla, had made an effort, which he appreciated, and that was all he cared to say.

My turn came next. I told myself: No big deal. Just like getting an injection. Close your eyes, over before you know it.

I have a dim recollection of Camilla being just as calm (or bored) as me. Neither of us much fretted about the other's opinion. She wasn't my mother, and I wasn't her biggest hurdle. In other words, I wasn't the Heir. This bit with me was mere formality.

I wonder what we found to talk about. Horses, probably. Camilla loved them, and I knew how to ride. Hard to think of any other subject we might've scrounged up.

I recall wondering, right before the tea, if she'd be mean to me. If she'd be like all the wicked stepmothers in storybooks. But she wasn't. Like Willy, I did feel real gratitude for that.

At last, with these strained Camilla summits behind us, there was a final conference with Pa.

*So, what do you boys think?*

We thought he should be happy. Yes, Camilla had played a pivotal role in the unraveling of our parents' marriage, and yes, that meant she'd played a role in our mother's disappearance, but we understood that she'd been trapped like everyone else in the riptide of events. We didn't blame her, and in fact we'd gladly forgive her if she could make Pa happy. We could see that, like us, he wasn't. We recognized the vacant looks, the empty sighs, the frustration always visible on his face. We couldn't be absolutely sure, because Pa didn't talk about his feelings, but we'd pieced together, through the years, a fairly accurate portrait of him, based on little things he'd let slip.

For instance, Pa confessed around this time that he'd been "persecuted" as a boy. Granny and Grandpa, to toughen him up, had shipped him off to Gordonstoun, a boarding school, where he was horrendously bullied. The most likely victims of Gordonstoun bullies, he said, were creative types, sensitive types, bookish types—in other words, Pa. His finest qualities were bait for the toughs. I remember him murmuring ominously: *I nearly didn't survive*. How had he? Head down, clutching his teddy bear, which he still owned years later. Teddy went everywhere with Pa. It was a pitiful object, with broken arms and dangly threads, holes patched up here and there. It looked, I imagined, like Pa might have after the

bullies had finished with him. Teddy expressed eloquently, better than Pa ever could, the essential loneliness of his childhood.

Willy and I agreed that Pa deserved better. Apologies to Teddy, Pa deserved a proper companion. That was why, when asked, Willy and I promised Pa that we'd welcome Camilla into the family.

The only thing we asked in return was that he not marry her. You don't need to remarry, we pleaded. A wedding would cause controversy. It would incite the press. It would make the whole country, the whole world, talk about Mummy, compare Mummy and Camilla, and nobody wanted that. Least of all Camilla.

We support you, we said. We endorse Camilla, we said. *Just please don't marry her. Just be together, Pa.*

He didn't answer.

But she answered. Straightaway. Shortly after our private summits with her, she began to play the long game, a campaign aimed at marriage and eventually the Crown. (With Pa's blessing, we presumed.) Stories began to appear everywhere, in all the papers, about her private conversation with Willy, stories that contained pinpoint accurate details, none of which had come from Willy, of course.

They could only have been leaked by the one other person present.

And the leaking had obviously been abetted by the new spin doctor Camilla had talked Pa into hiring.

## 16.

**I**N THE EARLY AUTUMN of 1998, having completed my education at Ludgrove the previous spring, I entered Eton.

A profound shock.

The finest school in the world for boys, Eton was *meant* to be a shock, I think. Shock must've been part of its original charter, even perhaps a part of the instructions given to its first architects by the school's founder, my ancestor Henry VI. He deemed Eton some sort of holy shrine, a sacred temple, and to that end he wanted it to overwhelm the senses, so visitors would feel like meek, abased pilgrims.

In my case, mission accomplished.

(Henry even vested the school with priceless religious artifacts, including part of Jesus's Crown of Thorns. One great poet called the place "Henry's holy shade.")

Over the centuries Eton's mission had become somewhat less pious, but the curriculum had become more shockingly rigorous. There was a reason Eton now referred to itself not as a school but simply as...School. For those in the know, there simply was no other choice. Eighteen prime ministers had been molded in Eton's classrooms, plus thirty-seven winners of the Victoria Cross. Heaven for brilliant boys, it could thus only be purgatory for one very unbrilliant boy.

The situation became undeniably obvious during my very first French lesson. I was astounded to hear the teacher conducting the entire class in rapid, nonstop French. He assumed, for some reason, that we were all fluent.

Maybe everyone else was. But me? Fluent? Because I did passably well on the entrance exam? *Au contraire, mon ami!*

Afterwards I went up to him, explained that there'd been a dreadful mistake and I was in the wrong class. He told me to relax, assured me I'd be up to speed in no time. He didn't get it; he had faith in me. So I went to my housemaster, begged him to put me with the slower talkers, the more glacial learners, boys *exactement comme moi*.

He did as I asked. But it was a mere stopgap.

Once or twice I'd confess to a teacher or fellow student that I wasn't merely in the wrong class but in the wrong location. I was in way, way over my head. They'd always say the same thing: Don't worry, you'll be all right. *And don't forget you always have your brother here!*

But I wasn't the one forgetting. Willy told me to pretend I didn't know him.

*What?*

*You don't know me, Harold. And I don't know you.*

For the last two years, he explained, Eton had been his sanctuary. No kid brother tagging along, pestering him with questions, pushing up on his social circle. He was forging his own life, and he wasn't willing to give that up.

None of which was all that new. Willy always hated it when anyone made the mistake of thinking us a package deal. He loathed it when Mummy dressed us in the same outfits. (It didn't help that her taste in children's clothes ran to the extreme; we often looked like the twins from *Alice in Wonderland*.) I barely took notice. I didn't care about clothes, mine or anyone else's. So long as we weren't wearing kilts, with that worrisome knife in your sock and that breeze up your arse,

I was good. But for Willy it was pure agony to wear the same blazer, the same tight shorts, as me. And now, to attend the same school, was pure murder.

I told him not to worry. *I'll forget I ever knew you.*

But Eton wasn't going to make that easy. Thinking to be helpful, they put us under the same bloody roof. Manor House.

At least I was on the ground floor.

Willy was way upstairs, with the older boys.

## 17.

**M**ANY OF THE SIXTY BOYS in Manor House were as welcoming as Willy. Their indifference, however, didn't unsettle me as much as their *ease*. Even the ones my age acted as if they'd been born on the school grounds. Ludgrove had its problems, but at least I knew my way around, knew how to fox Pat, knew when sweets got handed out, how to survive letter-writing days. Over time I'd scratched and clawed my way to the top of the Ludgrove pyramid. Now, at Eton, I was at the bottom again.

Starting over.

Worse, without my best friend, Henners. He was attending a different school.

I didn't even know how to get dressed in the morning. Every Etonian was required to wear a black tailcoat, white collarless shirt, white stiff collar pinned to the shirt with a stud—plus pinstripe trousers, heavy black shoes, and a tie that wasn't a tie, more like a cloth strip folded into the white detachable collar. Formal kit, they called it, but it wasn't formal, it was funereal. And there was a reason. We were supposed to be in perpetual mourning for old Henry VI. (Or else for King George, an early supporter of the school, who used to have the boys over to the castle for tea—or something like that.) Though Henry was my great-great-great-great-great-grandfather, and though I was sorry for his passing, and for whatever pain it had caused those who loved him, I wasn't keen on mourning the man around the clock. Any boy might balk at taking part in a never-ending funeral, but for a boy who'd just lost his mum it was a daily kick in the balls.

First morning: It took forever to fasten my trousers, button my waistcoat, fold my stiff collar, before finally getting out the door. I was frantic, desperate not to be

late, which would mean being forced to write my name in a large ledger, the Tardy Book, one of many new traditions I'd need to learn, along with a long list of new words and phrases. Classes were no longer classes: they were divs. Teachers were no longer teachers: they were beaks. Cigarettes were tabbage. (Seemingly everyone had a raging tabbage habit.) Chambers was the mid-morning meeting of the beaks, when they discussed the students, especially the problem students. I often felt my ears burning during Chambers.

Sport, I decided, would be my thing at Eton. Sporty boys were separated into two groups: dry bobs and wet bobs. Dry bobs played cricket, football, rugby, or polo. Wet bobs rowed, sailed, or swam. I was a dry who occasionally got wet. I played every dry sport, though rugby captured my heart. Beautiful game, plus a good excuse to run into stuff very hard. Rugby let me indulge my rage, which some had now taken to calling a "red mist." Plus, I simply didn't feel pain the way other boys did, which made me scary on a pitch. No one had an answer for a boy actually *seeking* external pain to match his internal.

I made some mates. It wasn't easy. I had special requirements. I needed someone who wouldn't tease me about being royal, someone who wouldn't so much as mention my being the Spare. I needed someone who'd treat me normal, which meant ignoring the armed bodyguard sleeping down the hall, whose job was to keep me from being kidnapped or assassinated. (To say nothing of the electronic tracker and panic alarm I carried with me at all times.) My mates all met these criteria.

Sometimes my new mates and I would escape, head for Windsor Bridge, which connected Eton to Windsor over the River Thames. Specifically we'd head to the underside of the bridge, where we could smoke tabbage in privacy. My mates seemed to enjoy the naughtiness of it, whereas I just did it because I was on autopilot. Sure, I fancied a cig after a McDonald's, who didn't? But if we were going to bunk off, I'd much prefer heading over to Windsor Castle golf course, knocking a ball around, while drinking a wee beer.

Still, like a robot, I took every cig offered me, and in the same automatic, unthinking way, I soon graduated to weed.

THE GAME REQUIRED A BAT, a tennis ball, and a total disregard for one's physical safety. There were four players: a bowler, a batsman, and two fielders stationed mid-corridor, each with one foot in the corridor and one in a room. Not always our rooms. We often intruded on other boys trying to work. They'd beg us to go away.

Sorry, we said. *This is our work.*

The radiator represented the wicket. There was an endless debate about what constituted a catch. Off the wall? Yes, catch. Off a window? No catch. One hand, one bounce? Half out.

One day the sportiest member of our group hurled himself at a ball, trying to make a tricky catch, and landed face-first on a fire extinguisher hooked to the wall. His tongue split wide open. You'd think after that, after the carpet had been permanently soiled with his blood, we'd have called an end to Corridor Cricket.

We didn't.

When not playing Corridor Cricket we'd loll in our rooms. We got very good at affecting postures of supreme indolence. The point was to look as if you had no purpose, as if you'd bestir yourself only to do something bad or, better yet, stupid. Near the end of my first half we hit on something supremely stupid.

Someone suggested that my hair was a complete disaster. Like grass on the moors.

*Well...what can be done?*

*Let me have a go at it.*

*You?*

*Yeah. Let me shave it off.*

Hm. That didn't sound right.

But I wanted to go along. I wanted to be a top bloke. A funny bloke.

*All right.*

Someone fetched the clippers. Someone pushed me into a chair. How quickly, how blithely, after a lifetime of healthy growth, it all went cascading off my head. When the cutter was done I looked down, saw a dozen pyramids of ginger on the floor, like red volcanoes seen from a plane, and knew I'd made a legendary mistake.

I ran to the mirror. Suspicion confirmed. I screamed in horror.

My mates screamed too. With laughter.

I ran in circles. I wanted to reverse time. I wanted to scoop up the hair from the floor and glue it back on. I wanted to wake from this nightmare. Not knowing

where else to turn, I violated the sacred rule, the one shining commandment never to be broken, and ran upstairs to Willy's room.

Of course, there was nothing Willy could do. I was just hoping he'd tell me it would be OK, don't freak out, keep calm, Harold. Instead, he laughed like the others. I recall him sitting at his desk, bent over a book, chuckling, while I stood before him fingering the nubs on my newly bare scalp.

*Harold, what have you done?*

What a question. He sounded like Stewie from *Family Guy*. Wasn't it obvious?

*You shouldn't have done it, Harold!*

So we're just stating the obvious now?

He said a few more things that were immensely unhelpful and I walked out.

Worse ridicule was yet to come. A few days later, on the front page of the *Daily Mirror*, one of the tabloids, there I was with my new haircut.

Headline: *Harry the Skinhead*.

I couldn't imagine how they'd got wind of the story. A schoolmate must have told someone who told someone who told the papers. They had no photo, thank goodness. But they'd improvised. The image on the front page was a "computer-generated" rendering of the Spare, bald as an egg. A lie. More than a lie, really.

I looked bad, but not that bad.

## 19.

I DIDN'T THINK it could get worse. What a grievous mistake it is for a member of the Royal Family, when considering the media, to imagine that things can't get worse. Weeks later the same newspaper put me on the front page again.

*HARRY'S HAD AN ACCIDENT.*

I'd broken a bone in my thumb playing rugby, no big deal, but the paper decided to make out that I was on life support. Bad taste, under any circumstances, but a little more than a year after Mummy's alleged accident?

C'mon, fellas.

I'd dealt with the British press all my life, but they'd never before singled me out. In fact, since Mummy's death an unspoken agreement had governed press treatment of both her sons, and the agreement went like this: *Lay off*.

*Let them have their education in peace.*

Apparently that agreement had now expired, because there I was, splattered across the front page, made out to seem a delicate flower. Or an ass. Or both.

And knocking on death's door.

I read the article several times. Despite the somber subtext—something's very wrong with Prince Harry—I marveled at its tone: larky. My existence was just fun and games to these people. I wasn't a human being to them. I wasn't a fourteen-year-old boy hanging on by his fingernails. I was a cartoon character, a glove puppet to be manipulated and mocked for fun. So what if their fun made my already difficult days more difficult, made me a laughingstock before my schoolmates, not to mention the wider world? So what if they were torturing a child? All was justified because I was royal, and in their minds royal was synonymous with non-person. Centuries ago royal men and women were considered divine; now they were insects. What fun, to pluck their wings.

Pa's office lodged a formal complaint, publicly demanded an apology, accused the paper of bullying his younger son.

The newspaper told Pa's office to sod off.

Before trying to move on with my life I took one last look at the article. Of all the things that surprised me about it, the truly flabbergasting thing was the absolutely shitty writing. I was a poor student, a dreadful writer, and yet I had enough education to recognize that this right here was a master class in illiteracy.

To take one example: After explaining that I'd been grievously injured, that I was nearly at death's door, the article went on to caution breathlessly that the exact nature of my injury couldn't be revealed because the Royal Family had forbidden the editors to do so. (As if my family had any control over these ghouls.) "To reassure you, we can say that Harry's injuries are NOT serious. But the accident was considered grave enough for him to be taken to hospital. But we believe you are entitled to know if an heir to the throne is involved in any accident, however small, if it results in injury."

The two "buts" in a row, the smug self-regard, the lack of coherence and absence of any real point, the hysterical nothingness of it all. This dog's dinner of a paragraph was said to be edited—or, more likely, written—by a young journalist whose name I scanned and then quickly forgot.

I didn't think I'd ever run across it, or him, again. The way he wrote? I couldn't imagine he'd be a working journalist much longer.

## 20.

**I** FORGET WHO USED THE WORD FIRST. Someone in the press, probably. Or one of my teachers. Whoever—it took hold and circulated. I'd been cast in my role in the Rolling Royal Melodrama. Long before I was old enough to drink a beer (legally) it became dogma.

*Harry? Yeah, he's the naughty one.*

Naughty became the tide I swam against, the headwind I flew against, the daily expectation I could never hope to shake.

I didn't want to be naughty. I wanted to be noble. I wanted to be good, work hard, grow up and do something meaningful with my days. But every sin, every misstep, every setback triggered the same tired label, and the same public condemnations, and thereby reinforced the conventional wisdom that I was innately naughty.

Things might have been different if I'd achieved good grades. But I didn't and everyone knew it. My reports were in the public domain. The whole Commonwealth was aware of my academic struggles, which were largely due to being overmatched at Eton.

But no one ever discussed the *other* probable cause.

Mummy.

Study, concentration, requires an alliance with the mind, and in my teen years I was waging all-out war with mine. I was forever fending off its darkest thoughts, its basest fears—its fondest memories. (The fonder the memory, the deeper the ache.) I'd found strategies for doing this, some healthy, some not, but all quite effective, and whenever they were unavailable—for instance, when I was forced to sit quietly with a book—I freaked out. Naturally, I avoided such situations.

At all costs, I avoided sitting quietly with a book.

It struck me at some point that the whole basis of education was memory. A list of names, a column of numbers, a mathematical formula, a beautiful poem—to learn it you had to upload it to the part of the brain that stored stuff, but that was the same part of my brain I was resisting. My memory had been spotty since Mummy disappeared, by design, and I didn't want to fix it, because memory equaled grief.

Not remembering was balm.

It's also possible that I'm misremembering my own struggles with memory from back then, because I do recall being very good at memorizing *some* things, like long passages from *Ace Ventura* and *The Lion King*. I'd recite them often, to mates, to myself. Also, there's a photo of me, sitting in my room, at my pull-out desk, and there amid the cubbyholes and chaotic papers sits a silver-framed photo of Mummy. So. Despite my clear memory of not wanting to remember her, I was also trying gamely not to forget her.

Difficult as it was for me to be the naughty one, and the stupid one, it was anguish for Pa, because it meant I was his opposite.

What troubled him most was how I went out of my way to avoid books. Pa didn't merely enjoy books, he exalted them. Especially Shakespeare. He adored *Henry V*. He compared himself to Prince Hal. There were multiple Falstaffs in his life, like Lord Mountbatten, his beloved great-uncle, and Laurens van der Post, the irascible intellectual acolyte of Carl Jung.

When I was about six or seven, Pa went to Stratford and delivered a fiery public defense of Shakespeare. Standing in the place where Britain's greatest writer was born and died, Pa decried the neglect of Shakespeare's plays in schools, the fading of Shakespeare from British classrooms, and from the nation's collective consciousness. Pa peppered this fiery oration with quotations from *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *The Tempest*, *The Merchant of Venice*—he plucked the lines from thin air, like petals from one of his homegrown roses, and tossed them into the audience. It was showmanship, but not in an empty way. He was making the point: You should all be able to do this. You should all know these lines. They're our shared heritage, we should be cherishing them, safeguarding them, and instead we're letting them die.

I never doubted how much it upset Pa that I was part of the Shakespeare-less hordes. And I tried to change. I opened *Hamlet*. Hmm: Lonely prince, obsessed with dead parent, watches remaining parent fall in love with dead parent's usurper...?

I slammed it shut. No, thank you.

Pa never stopped fighting the good fight. He was spending more time at Highgrove, his 350-acre estate in Gloucestershire, and it was just down the road from Stratford, so he made a point of taking me now and then. We'd turn up unannounced, watch whatever play they were putting on, it didn't matter to Pa. Didn't matter to me either, though for different reasons.

It was all torture.

On many nights I didn't understand most of what was taking place or being said onstage. But when I did understand, worse for me. The words burned. They troubled. Why would I want to hear about a grief-stricken kingdom "contracted in one brow of woe"? That just put me in mind of August 1997. Why would I want to meditate upon the inalterable fact that "all that lives must die, passing through nature to eternity..."? I had no time to think about eternity.

The one piece of literature I remember enjoying, even savoring, was a slender American novel. *Of Mice and Men* by John Steinbeck. We were assigned it in our English divs.

Unlike Shakespeare, Steinbeck didn't need a translator. He wrote in plain, simple vernacular. Better yet, he kept it tight. *Of Mice and Men*: a brisk 150 pages.

Best of all, its plot was diverting. Two blokes, George and Lennie, gadding about California, looking for a place to call their own, trying to overcome their limitations. Neither's a genius, but Lennie's trouble seems to be more than low IQ. He keeps a dead mouse in his pocket, strokes it with his thumb—for comfort. He also loves a puppy so much that he kills it.

A story about friendship, about brotherhood, about loyalty, it was filled with themes I found relatable. George and Lennie put me in mind of Willy and me. Two pals, two nomads, going through the same things, watching each other's back. As Steinbeck has one character say: "A guy needs somebody—to be near him. A guy goes nuts if he ain't got nobody."

So true. I wanted to share it with Willy.

Too bad he was still pretending not to know me.

## 21.

**M**UST'VE BEEN EARLY spring, 1999. I must've been home from Eton for the weekend.

I woke to find Pa on the edge of my bed, saying I was going back to Africa.

*Africa, Pa?*

*Yes, darling boy.*

*Why?*

It was the same old problem, he explained. I was facing a longish school holiday, over Easter, and something needed to be done with me. So, Africa. Botswana, to be precise. A safari.

Safari! With you, Pa?

No. Alas, he wouldn't be going along this time. But Willy would.

Oh, good.

And someone very special, he added, acting as our African guide.

*Who, Pa?*

*Marko.*

Marko? I barely knew the man, though I'd heard good things. He was Willy's minder, and Willy seemed to like him very much. Everyone did, for that matter. Of all Pa's people there was consensus that Marko was the best. The roughest, the toughest, the most dashing.

Longtime Welsh Guard. Raconteur. Man's man, through and through.

I was so excited about the prospect of this Marko-led safari, I don't know how I got through the following weeks of school. I don't actually *recall* getting through them, in fact. Memory winks out completely, right after Pa delivered the news, then snaps back into focus as I'm boarding a British Airways jet with Marko and Willy and Tiggy—one of our nannies. Our favorite nanny, to be accurate, though Tiggy couldn't stand being called that. She'd bite the head off anyone who tried. *I'm not the nanny, I'm your friend!*

Mummy, sadly, didn't see it that way. Mummy saw Tiggy not as a nanny but as a rival. It's common knowledge that Mummy suspected Tiggy was being groomed as her future replacement. (Did Mummy see Tiggy as her Spare?) Now this same woman whom Mummy feared as her possible replacement was her actual replacement—how dreadful for Mummy. Every hug or head pat from Tiggy, therefore, must've unleashed some twinge of guilt, some throb of disloyalty, and yet I don't remember that. I remember only heart-racing joy to have Tiggy next to me, telling me to buckle my seatbelt.

We flew direct to Johannesburg, then by prop plane to Maun, the largest city in northern Botswana. There we met up with a large group of safari guides, who steered us into a convoy of open-topped Land Cruisers. We drove off, straight into pure wilderness, towards the vast Okavango Delta, which I soon discovered was possibly the most exquisite place in the world.

The Okavango is often called a river, but that's like calling Windsor Castle a house. A vast inland delta, smack in the middle of the Kalahari Desert, one of the

largest deserts on earth, the lower Okavango is bone dry for part of the year. But come late summer it begins to fill with floodwaters from upstream, little droplets that begin as rainfall in the Angola highlands and slowly swell to a trickle, then a flow, which steadily transforms the delta into not one river but dozens. From outer space it looks like the chambers of a heart filling with blood.

With water comes life. A profusion of animals, possibly the most biodiverse collection anywhere, they come to drink, bathe, mate. Imagine if the Ark suddenly appeared, then capsized.

As we neared this enchanted place, I had trouble catching my breath. Lions, zebras, giraffes, hippos—surely this was all a dream. At last we stopped—our campsite for the next week. The spot was bustling with more guides, more trackers, a dozen people at least. Lots of high fives, bear hugs, names flung at us. *Harry, William, say hello to Adi!* (Twenty years old, long hair, sweet smile.) *Harry, William, say hi to Roger and David.*

And at the center of it all stood Marko, like a traffic cop, directing, cajoling, embracing, barking, laughing, always laughing.

In no time he'd pulled our campsite into shape. Big green canvas tents, soft canvas chairs grouped in circles, including one enormous circle around a stone-rimmed campfire. When I think about that trip, my mind goes immediately to that fire—just as my skinny body did then. The fire was where we'd all collect at regular intervals throughout the day. First thing in the morning, again at midday, again at dusk—and, above all, after supper. We'd stare into that fire, then up at the universe. The stars looked like sparks from the logs.

One of the guides called the fire Bush TV.

Yes, I said, every time you throw a new log on, it's like changing the channel.

They all loved that.

The fire, I noticed, hypnotized, or narcotized, every adult in our party. In its orange glow their faces grew softer, their tongues looser. Then, as the hour got later, out came the whisky, and they would all undergo another sea change.

Their laughter would get...louder.

I'd think: *More of this, please.* More fire, more talk, more loud laughter. I'd been scared of darkness all my life, and it turned out Africa had a cure.

The campfire.

## 22.

**M**ARKO, THE LARGEST MEMBER OF THE GROUP, also laughed the loudest. There was some ratio between the size of his body and the radius of his bellows. Also, there was a similar link between the volume of his voice and the bright shade of his hair. I was a ginger, self-conscious about it, but Marko was an *extreme* ginger and owned it.

I gawped at him and thought: *Teach me to be like that.*

Marko, however, wasn't your typical teacher. Perpetually moving, perpetually *doing*, he loved many things—food, travel, nature, guns, us—but he had no interest in giving lectures. He was more about leading by example. And having a good time. He was one great big ginger Mardi Gras, and if you wanted to join the party, wonderful, and if not, that was grand too. I wondered many times, watching him wolf his dinner, gulp his gin, shout another joke, slap another tracker on the back, why more people weren't like this guy.

Why didn't more at least try?

I wanted to ask Willy what it was like to have such a man minding him, guiding him, but apparently the Eton rule carried over to Botswana: Willy didn't want to know me in the bush any more than he did back at school.

The one thing about Marko that gave me pause was his time in the Welsh Guards. I'd sometimes look at him on that trip and see those eight Welsh Guards in their red tunics, hoisting that coffin onto their shoulders and marching down the abbey aisle...I tried to remind myself that Marko wasn't there that day. I tried to remind myself that, anyway, the box was empty.

All was well.

When Tiggy "suggested" I go to bed, always before everyone else, I didn't squawk. The days were long, the tent was a welcome cocoon. Its canvas smelt pleasantly of old books, its floor was covered with soft antelope skins, my bed was wrapped in a cozy African rug. For the first time in months, years, I'd drop off straightaway. Of course it helped to have that campfire glowing against the wall, to hear those adults on the other side, and the animals beyond. Screeches, bleats, roars, what a racket they made after dark—their busy time. Their rush hour. The later it got, the louder they got. I found it soothing. I also found it hilarious: no matter how loud the animals, I could still hear Marko laughing.

One night, before I fell asleep, I made myself a promise: I'm going to find a way to make that guy laugh.

## 23.

**L**IKE ME, MARKO HAD A SWEET TOOTH. Like me, he particularly loved puddings. (He always called them “puds.”) So I got the idea of spiking his pudding with Tabasco sauce.

At first he'd howl. But then he'd realize it was a trick, and laugh. Oh, how he'd laugh! Then he'd realize it was me. And laugh louder!

I couldn't wait.

The next night, as everyone tucked into their dinner, I tiptoed out of the meal tent. I went down the footpath, fifty meters, into the kitchen tent, and poured a whole teacup of Tabasco into Marko's bowl of pudding. (It was bread and butter, Mummy's favorite.) The kitchen crew saw me, but I put a finger to my lips. They chuckled.

Scurrying back into the meal tent, I gave Tiggy a wink. I'd already taken her into my confidence and she thought the whole caper brilliant. I don't remember if I told Willy what I was up to. Probably not. I knew he wouldn't have approved.

I squirmed, counting the minutes until dessert was served, fighting back giggles.

Suddenly someone cried out: *Whoa!*

Someone else cried: *What the—!*

In unison we all turned. Just outside the open tent was a tawny tail swishing through the air.

*Leopard!*

Everyone froze. Except me. I took a step towards it.

Marko gripped my shoulder.

The leopard walked away, like a prima ballerina, across the footpath where I'd just been.

I turned back in time to see the adults all look at one another, mouths open. *Holy fuck.* Then their eyes turned towards me. *Holy fuuuuck.*

They were all thinking the same thing, picturing the same banner headline back home.

*Prince Harry Mauled by Leopard.*

The world would reel. Heads would roll.

I wasn't thinking about any of that. I was thinking about Mummy. That leopard was *clearly* a sign from her, a messenger she'd sent to say:

All is well. And all will be well.

At the same time I also thought: The horror!

What if Mummy were to come out of hiding at last, only to learn that her younger son had been eaten alive?

## 24.

**A**S A ROYAL YOU WERE ALWAYS TAUGHT to maintain a buffer zone between you and the rest of Creation. Even working a crowd you always kept a discreet distance between Yourself and Them. Distance was right, distance was safe, distance was survival. Distance was an essential bit of *being* royal, no less than standing on the balcony, waving to the crowds outside Buckingham Palace, your family all around you.

Of course, family included distance as well. No matter how much you might love someone, you could never cross that chasm between, say, monarch and child. Or Heir and Spare. Physically, but also emotionally. It wasn't just Willy's edict about giving him space; the older generation maintained a nearly zero-tolerance prohibition on all physical contact. No hugs, no kisses, no pats. Now and then, maybe a light touching of cheeks...on special occasions.

But in Africa none of this was true. In Africa distance dissolved. All creatures mingled freely. Only the lion walked with his head in the air, only the elephant had an emperor's strut, and even they weren't totally aloof. They mingled daily among their subjects. They had no choice. Yes, there was predation and prey, life could be nasty and brutish and short, but to my teenage eyes it all looked like distilled democracy. Utopia.

And that wasn't even counting the bear hugs and high fives from all the trackers and guides.

On the other hand, maybe it wasn't the mere closeness of living things that I liked. Maybe it was the mind-boggling number. In a matter of hours I'd gone from a place of aridity, sterility, death, to a wetland of teeming fertility. Maybe that was what I yearned for most of all—life.

Maybe that was the real miracle I found in the Okavango in April 1999.

I don't think I blinked once that whole week. I don't think I stopped grinning, even while asleep. Had I been transported back to the Jurassic period, I couldn't have been more awed—and it wasn't just *T. rexes* that had me captivated. I loved the littlest creatures too. And the birds. Thanks to Adi, clearly the savviest guide in our group, I began to recognize hooded vultures, cattle egrets, southern carmine bee-eaters, African fish eagles, in flight. Even the bugs were compelling. Adi taught me to really *see* them. Look down, he said, note the different species of beetle, admire the beauty of larvae. Also, appreciate the baroque architecture of termite mounds—the tallest structures built by any animal besides humans.

*So much to know, Harry. To appreciate.*

*Right, Adi.*

Whenever I went with him on a wander, whenever we'd come upon a fresh carcass crawling with maggots or wild dogs, whenever we'd stumble on a mountain of elephant dung sprouting mushrooms that looked like the Artful Dodger's top hat, Adi never cringed. *Circle of life, Harry.*

Of all the animals in our midst, Adi said, the most majestic was the water. The Okavango was just another living thing. He'd walked its entire length as a boy, with his father, carrying nothing but bedrolls. He knew the Okavango inside and out, and felt for it something like romantic love. Its surface was a poreless cheek, which he often lightly stroked.

But he also felt for the river a kind of sober awe. Respect. Its innards were death, he said. Hungry crocs, ill-tempered hippos, they were all down there, in the dark, waiting for you to slip up. Hippos killed five hundred people a year; Adi drummed it into my head over and over, and all these years later I can still hear him: *Never go into the dark water, Harry.*

One night around the fire, all the guides and trackers discussed the river, shouting stories about riding it, swimming it, boating it, fearing it, everyone talking over each other. I heard it all that night, the mysticism of the river, the sacredness of the river, the weirdness of the river.

Speaking of weirdness...The smell of marijuana wafted on the air.

The stories grew louder, sillier.

I asked if I could try.

Everyone guffawed. *Sod off!*

Willy looked at me in horror.

But I wouldn't back off. I pleaded my case. I was *experienced*, I said.

Heads swung round. *Oh really?*

Henners and I had recently pinched two six-packs of Smirnoff Ice and drunk them till we passed out, I boasted. Plus, Tiggy always let me have a nip of her flask on stalking trips. (Sloe gin, she was never without it.) I thought it best to leave out the full breadth of my experience.

The adults exchanged sly glances. One shrugged, rolled a new joint, passed it to me.

I took a puff. Coughed, retched. African weed was much harsher than Eton weed. And the high was less too.

But at least I was a man.

No. I was still a wee baby.

The "joint" was just fresh basil wrapped in a bit of filthy rolling paper.

## 25.

**H**UGH AND EMILIE were old friends of Pa's. They lived in Norfolk, and we often went to visit them for a week or two, during school holidays and summers. They had four sons with whom Willy and I were always thrown together, like pups into a bunch of pit bulls.

We played games. One day Hide and Seek, the next Capture the Flag. But whatever the game it was always an excuse for a massive scrap, and whatever the scrap, there were no winners because there were no rules. Hair-pulling, eye-gouging, arm-twisting, sleeper holds, all was fair in love and war and at Hugh and Emilie's country house.

As the youngest and smallest I always took the brunt. But I also did the most escalating, the most asking for it, so I deserved everything I got. Black eye, violet welt, puffed lip, I didn't mind. On the contrary. Maybe I wanted to look tough. Maybe I just wanted to feel *something*. Whatever my motivation, my simple philosophy when it came to scrapping was: More, please.

The six of us cloaked our pretend battles in historic names. Hugh and Emilie's house would often be converted into Waterloo, the Somme, Rorke's Drift. I can see us charging each other, screaming: *Zulu!*

Battle lines were often blood lines, though not always. It wasn't always Windsor versus Others. We'd mix and match. Sometimes I was fighting alongside Willy, sometimes against. No matter the alliances, though, it often happened that one or two of Hugh and Emilie's boys would turn and set upon Willy. I'd hear him crying out for help and down would come the red mist, like a blood vessel bursting behind my eyes. I'd lose all control, all ability to focus on anything but family, country, tribe, and hurl myself at someone, everyone. Kicking, punching, strangling, taking out legs.

Hugh and Emilie's boys couldn't deal with that. There *was* no dealing with it.

*Get him off, he's mad!*

I don't know how effective or skilled a fighter I was. But I always succeeded in providing enough diversion for Willy to get away. He'd check his injuries, wipe his nose, then jump straight back in. When the scrap finally ended for good, when we hobbled away together, I always felt such love for him, and I sensed love in return, but also some embarrassment. I was half Willy's size, half his weight. I was the younger brother: he was supposed to save me, not the other way around.

Over time the scraps became more pitched. Small-arms fire was introduced. We'd hurl Roman candles at each other, make rocket launchers from golf-ball tubes, stage night battles with two of us defending a stone pillbox in the middle of an open field. I can still smell the smoke and hear the hiss as a projectile rocketed towards a victim, whose only armor would be a puffer jacket, some wool mittens, maybe some ski goggles, though often not.

Our arms race accelerated. As they do. We began to use BB guns. At close range. How was no one maimed? How did no one lose an eye?

One day all six of us were walking in the woods near their house, looking for squirrels and pigeons to cull. There was an old army Land Rover. Willy and the boys smiled.

*Harold, jump in, drive away, and we'll shoot you.*

*With what?*

*Shotgun.*

*No, thanks.*

*We're loading. Either get in and drive or we shoot you right here.*

I jumped in, drove away.

Moments later, *bang*. Buckshot rattling off the back.

I cackled and hit the accelerator.

Somewhere on their estate was a construction site. (Hugh and Emilie were building a new house.) This became the setting for possibly our fiercest battle. It was around dusk. One brother was in the shell of the new house, taking heavy fire. When he retreated we bombarded him with rockets.

And then...he was gone.

*Where's Nick?*

We shone a torch. No Nick.

We marched forward, steadily, came upon a giant hole in the ground, almost like a square well, alongside the construction site. We peered over the edge and shone the torch down. Far below, lying on his back, Nick was moaning. Damned lucky to be alive, we all agreed.

What a great opportunity, we said.

We lit some firecrackers, big ones, and dropped them down into the pit.

## 26.

**W**HEN THERE WERE NO other boys around, no other common enemies, Willy and I would turn on each other.

It happened most often in the back seat while Pa drove us somewhere. A country house, say. Or a salmon stream. Once, in Scotland, on the way to the River Spey, we started scuffling, and soon were in a full scrap, rolling back and forth, trading blows.

Pa swerved to the side of the road, shouted at Willy to get out.

*Me? Why me?*

Pa didn't feel the need to explain. *Out.*

Willy turned to me, furious. He felt I got away with everything. He stepped out of the car, stomped to the backup car with all the bodyguards, strapped himself in. (We always wore seatbelts after Mummy's disappearance.) The convoy resumed.

Now and then I peered out the back window.

Behind us, I could just make out the future King of England, plotting his revenge.

## 27.

**T**HE FIRST TIME I KILLED anything, Tiggy said: *Well done, darling!*

She dipped her long, slender fingers into the rabbit's body, under the flap of smashed fur, scooped out a dollop of blood and smeared it tenderly across my forehead, down my cheeks and nose. *Now*, she said, in her throaty voice, *you are blooded.*

Blooding—a tradition from the ages. A show of respect for the slain, an act of communion by the slayer. Also, a way to mark the crossing from boyhood into... not manhood. No, not that. But something close.

And so, notwithstanding my hairless torso and chirpy voice, I considered myself, post-blooding, to be a full-fledged stalker. But around my fifteenth birthday I was informed that I'd be undertaking the true stalker initiation.

Red deer.

It happened at Balmoral. Early morning, fog on the hills, mist in the hollows. My guide, Sandy, was a thousand years old. He looked as if he'd stalked mastodons. Proper old-school, that was how Willy and I described him and other such gents. Sandy talked old-school, smelt old-school, and definitely dressed old-school. Faded camo jacket over ragged green sweaters, Balmoral tweed plus fours, socks covered with burrs, Gore-Tex walking boots. On his head was a classic tweed flat cap, thrice my age, browned by eons of sweat.

I crept beside him through the heather, through the bog, all morning long. My stag appeared ahead. Inching closer, ever closer, we finally stopped and watched the stag munch some dry grass. Sandy made sure we were still downwind.

Now he pointed at me, pointed at my rifle. Time.

He rolled away, giving me space.

He raised his binoculars. I could hear his rattly breath as I took slow aim, squeezed the trigger. One sharp, thunderous crack. Then, silence.

We stood, walked forward. When we reached the stag I was relieved. Its eyes were already cloudy. The worry was always that you'd merely cause a flesh wound and send the poor animal dashing into the woods to suffer alone for hours. As its eyes turned more and more opaque, Sandy knelt before it, took out his gleaming knife, bled it from the neck and slit open the belly. He motioned for me to kneel. I knelt.

I thought we were going to pray.

Sandy snapped at me: *Closer!*

I knelt closer, close enough to smell Sandy's armpits. He placed a hand gently behind my neck, and now I thought he was going to hug me, congratulate me. *Atta boy*. Instead he pushed my head inside the carcass.

I tried to pull away, but Sandy pushed me deeper. I was shocked by his insane strength. And by the infernal smell. My breakfast jumped up from my stomach. *Oh please oh please do not let me vomit inside a stag carcass*. After a minute I couldn't smell anything, because I couldn't breathe. My nose and mouth were full of blood, guts, and a deep, upsetting warmth.

Well, I thought, so this is death. The ultimate bleeding.

Not what I'd imagined.

I went limp. Bye, all.

Sandy pulled me out.

I filled my lungs with fresh morning air. I started to wipe my face, which was dripping, but Sandy grabbed my hand. *Nae, lad, nae*.

*What?*

*Let it dry, lad! Let it dry!*

We radioed back to the soldiers in the valley. Horses were sent. While waiting, we got down to work, gave the stag a full gralloching, the Old Scottish word for disemboweling. We removed the stomach, scattered the junky bits on the hillside for hawks and buzzards, carved out the liver and heart, snipped the penis, careful not to pop the cord, which would douse you with urine, a stench that ten Highland baths wouldn't cleanse.

The horses arrived. We slung our gralloched stag across a white drum stallion, sent it off to the larder, then walked shoulder to shoulder back to the castle.

As my face dried, as my stomach settled, I felt swelling pride. I'd been good to that stag, as I'd been taught. One shot, clean through the heart. Besides being painless, the instant kill had preserved the meat. Had I merely wounded him, or let him get a glimpse of us, his heart would've raced, his blood would've filled with adrenaline, his steaks and fillets would've been inedible. This blood on my face contained no adrenaline, a credit to my marksmanship.

I'd also been good to Nature. Managing their numbers meant saving the deer population as a whole, ensuring they'd have enough food for winter.

Finally, I'd been good to the community. A big stag in the larder meant plenty of good meat for those living around Balmoral.

These virtues had been preached to me from an early age, but now I'd lived them, and felt them on my face. I wasn't religious, but this "blood facial" was, to me, baptismal. Pa was deeply religious, he prayed every night, but now, in this moment, I too felt close to God. If you loved Nature, Pa always said, you had to know when to leave it alone, and when to manage it, and managing meant culling, and culling meant killing. It was all a form of worship.

At the larder Sandy and I took off our clothes and checked each other for ticks. Red deer in those woods were rife and once a tick got onto your leg it would burrow deep under the skin, often crawl up into your balls. One poor gamekeeper had recently been felled by Lyme disease.

I panicked. Every freckle looked like doom. *Is that a tick? Is that?*

*Nae, lad, nae!*

I got dressed.

Turning to Sandy to say goodbye, I thanked him for the experience. I wanted to shake his hand, give him a hug. But a small, still voice inside me said:

Nae, lad. Nae.

## 28.

**W**ILLY ENJOYED STALKING too, so that was his excuse for not coming to Klosters that year. He preferred to stay behind at Granny's estate in Norfolk, twenty thousand acres we both adored: Sandringham.

Rather shoot partridges, he told Pa.

A lie. Pa didn't know it was a lie, but I did. The real reason Willy was staying at home was that he couldn't face the Wall.

Before skiing at Klosters we'd always have to walk to a designated spot at the foot of the mountain and stand before seventy or so photographers, arranged in three or four ascending tiers—the Wall. They'd point their lenses and shout our names and shoot us while we squinted and fidgeted and listened to Pa answer their daft questions. The Wall was the price we paid for a hassle-free hour on the slopes. Only if we went before the Wall would they briefly leave us in peace.

Pa disliked the Wall—he was famous for disliking it—but Willy and I *despised* it.

Hence, Willy was at home, taking it out on the partridges. I'd have stayed with him, if I could, but I wasn't old enough to assert myself like that.

In Willy's absence, Pa and I had to face the Wall ourselves, which made it that much more unpleasant. I stuck close to Pa's side while the cameras whirred and clicked. Memories of the Spice Girls. Memories of Mummy, who also despised Klosters.

This is why she's hiding, I thought. This right here. This shit.

Mummy had other reasons besides the Wall for hating Klosters. When I was three, Pa and a friend were involved in a gruesome accident on the slopes there. A massive avalanche overtook them. Pa narrowly escaped, but the friend didn't. Buried under that wall of snow, the friend's final breaths must have been snow-filled gasps. Mummy often spoke of him with tears in her eyes.

After the Wall, I tried to put my mind to having fun. I loved skiing and I was good at it. But once Mummy was in my thoughts, I was buried under my own private avalanche of emotions. And questions. *Is it wrong to enjoy a place that Mummy despises? Am I being mean to her if I have fun today on these slopes? Am I a bad son for feeling excited to get on the chairlift alone with Pa? Will Mummy understand that I miss her and Willy but also enjoy having Pa briefly to myself?*

How would I explain any of this to her when she returned?

Some time after that trip to Klosters I shared my theory with Willy, about Mummy being in hiding. He admitted that he'd once entertained a similar theory. But, ultimately, he'd discarded it.

*She's gone, Harold. She's not coming back.*

No, no, no, I wouldn't hear such a thing. *Willy, she always said she wanted to just disappear! You heard her!*

*Yes, she did. But, Harold, she'd never do this to us!*

I'd had the very same thought, I told him. *But she wouldn't die either, Willy! She'd never do that to us either!*

*Fair point, Harold.*

E ROLLED DOWN THE LONG DRIVE, past Granny's white stag ponies through the golf course, past the green where the Queen Mother once scored a hole in one, past the policeman in his little hut (crisp salute) and over a couple of speed bumps, then over a small stone bridge and onto a quiet country lane.

Pa, driving, squinted through the windscreen. *Splendid evening, isn't it?*  
Balmoral. Summer. 2001.

We went up a steep hill, past the whisky distillery, along a blowy lane and down between sheep fields, which were overrun by rabbits. That is, those lucky enough to escape us. We'd shot a bunch earlier that day. After a few minutes we turned onto a dusty track, drove four hundred meters to a deer fence. I hopped out, opened the padlocked gate. Now, at last, because we were on remote private roads, I was allowed to drive. I jumped behind the wheel, hit the accelerator, put into practice all those driving lessons from Pa through the years, often seated on his lap. I steered us through the purple heather into the deepest folds of that immense Scottish moorland. Ahead, like an old friend, stood Lochnagar, splotchy with snow.

We came to the last wooden bridge, the tires making that soothing lullaby I always associated with Scotland. *Da dong, da dong...da dong, da dong*. Just below us, a burn seethed after recent heavy rain up top. The air was thick with midges. Through the trees, in the last moments of daylight, we could faintly make out huge stags peering at us. Now we arrived in a great clearing, an old stone hunting lodge to the right, the cold stream running down to the river through the wood on our left, and there she was. Inchnabobart!

We ran inside the lodge. The warm kitchen! The old fireplace! I fell onto the fender, with its worn red cushion, and inhaled the smell of that huge pyramid of silver birch firewood stacked beside it. If there's a smell more intoxicating or inviting than silver birch, I don't know what it could be. Grandpa, who'd set off half an hour before us, was already tending his grill at the back of the lodge. He stood amid a thick cloud of smoke, tears streaming from his eyes. He wore a flat cap, which he took off now and then to mop his brow or smack a fly. As the fillets of venison sizzled he turned them with a huge pair of tongs, then put on a loop of Cumberland sausages. Normally I'd beg him to make a pot of his specialty, spaghetti Bolognese. This night, for some reason, I didn't.

Granny's specialty was the salad dressing. She'd whisked a large batch. Then she lit the candles down the long table and we all sat on wooden chairs with creaky straw seats. Often we had a guest for these dinners, some famous or eminent

personage. Many times I'd discussed the temperature of the meat or the coolness of the evening with a prime minister or bishop. But tonight it was just family.

My great-grandmother arrived. I jumped up, offered her my hand. I always offered her my hand—Pa had drummed it into me—but that night I could see Gan-Gan really needed the extra help. She'd just celebrated her 101st birthday and was looking frail.

Still natty, however. She wore blue, I recall, all blue. Blue cardigan, blue tartan skirt, blue hat. Blue was her favorite color.

She asked for a martini. Moments later, someone handed her an ice-cold tumbler filled with gin. I watched her take a sip, expertly avoiding the lemon floating along the top, and on an impulse I decided to join her. I'd never had a cocktail in front of my family, so this would be an event. A bit of rebellion.

Empty rebellion, it turned out. No one cared. No one noticed. Except Gan-Gan. She perked up for a moment at the sight of me playing grown-up, gin and tonic in hand.

I sat beside her. Our conversation started out as lively banter, then evolved, gradually settling into something deeper. A connection. Gan-Gan was really speaking to me that night, really listening. I couldn't quite believe it. I wondered why. Was it the gin? Was it the four inches I'd grown since last summer? At six foot I was now one of the tallest members of the family. Combined with Gan-Gan's shrinkage, I towered over her.

I wish I could recall specifically what we talked about. I wish I'd asked more questions, and jotted down her answers. She'd been the War Queen. She'd lived at Buckingham Palace while Hitler's bombs rained from the skies. (Nine direct hits on the Palace.) She'd dined with Churchill, wartime Churchill. She'd once possessed a Churchillian eloquence of her own. She was famous for saying that, no matter how bad things got, she'd never, ever leave England, and people loved her for it. I loved her for it. I loved my country, and the idea of declaring you'd never leave struck me as wonderful.

She was, of course, *infamous* for saying other things. She came from a different era, enjoyed being Queen in a way that looked unseemly to some. I saw none of that. She was my Gan-Gan. She was born three years before the aeroplane was invented yet still played the bongo drums on her hundredth birthday. Now she took my hand as if I were a knight home from the wars, and spoke to me with love and humor and, that night, that magic night, respect.

I wish I'd asked about her husband, King George VI, who died young. Or her brother-in-law, King Edward VIII, whom she'd apparently loathed. He gave up his crown for love. Gan-Gan believed in love, but nothing transcended the Crown. She also reportedly despised the woman he'd chosen.

I wish I'd asked about her distant ancestors in Glamis, home to Macbeth.

She'd seen so much, knew so much, there was so much to be learned from her, but I just wasn't mature enough, despite the growth spurt, or brave enough, despite the gin.

I did, however, make her laugh. Normally that was Pa's job; he had a knack for finding Gan-Gan's funny bone. He loved her as much as he loved anybody in the world, perhaps more. I recall him glancing over several times and looking pleased that I was getting such good giggles out of his favorite person.

At one point I told Gan-Gan about Ali G, the character played by Sacha Baron Cohen. I taught her to say *Booyakasha*, showing her how to flick her fingers the way Sacha did. She couldn't grasp it, she had no idea what I was talking about, but she had such fun trying to flick and say the word. With every repetition of that word, *Booyakasha*, she'd shriek, which would make everyone else smile. It tickled me, thrilled me. It made me feel...a part of things.

This was my family, in which I, for one night at least, had a distinctive role.

And that role, for once, wasn't the Naughty One.

## 30.

**W**EEKS LATER, BACK at Eton, I was walking past two blue doors, almost exactly the same blue as one of Gan-Gan's kilts. She'd have liked these doors, I thought.

They were the doors to the TV room, one of my sanctuaries.

Almost every day, straight after lunch, my mates and I would head to the TV room and watch a bit of *Neighbours*, or maybe *Home and Away*, before going off to sports. But this day in September 2001 the room was packed and *Neighbours* wasn't on.

The news was on.

And the news was a nightmare.

Some buildings on fire?

*Oh, wow, where's that?*

*New York.*

I tried to see the screen through all the boys massed in the room. I asked the boy to my right what was going on.

He said America was under attack.

Terrorists had flown planes into the Twin Towers in New York City.

People were...jumping. From the tops of buildings half a kilometer high.

More and more boys gathered, stood around, biting their lips, their nails, tugging their ears. In stunned silence, in boyish confusion, we watched the only world we'd ever known disappear in clouds of toxic smoke.

*World War Three*, someone muttered.

Someone propped open the blue doors. Boys kept streaming in.

None made a sound.

So much chaos, so much pain.

What can be done? What can we do?

What will we be called to do?

Days later I turned seventeen.

## 31.

I'D OFTEN SAY IT TO MYSELF first thing in the morning: *Maybe this is the day.*

I'd say it after breakfast: *Maybe she's going to reappear this morning.*

I'd say it after lunch: *Maybe she's going to reappear this afternoon.*

It had been four years, after all. Surely she'd established herself by now, forged a new life, a new identity. *Maybe, at long last, she's going to emerge today, hold a press conference—shock the world.* After answering the shouted questions from the astonished reporters, she'd lean into the microphone: *William! Harry! If you can hear me, come to me!*

At night I had the most elaborate dreams. They were essentially the same, though the scenarios and costumes were slightly different. Sometimes she'd orchestrate a triumphant return; other times I'd simply bump into her somewhere. A street corner. A shop. She was always wearing a disguise—a big blond wig. Or big black sunglasses. And yet I'd always recognize her.

I'd step forward, whisper: *Mummy? Is it you?*

Before she could answer, before I could find out where she'd been, why she hadn't come back, I'd snap awake.

I'd look around the room, feeling the crushing disappointment.

Only a dream. Again.

But then I'd tell myself: *Maybe that means...today's the day?*

I was like those religious fanatics who believe the world will end on such and such a date. And when the date passes uneventfully, their faith remains undaunted.

*I must've misread the signs. Or the calendar.*

I suppose I knew the truth deep in my heart. The illusion of Mummy hiding, preparing to return, was never so real that it could blot out reality

entirely. But it blotted it out enough that I was able to postpone the bulk of my grief. I still hadn't mourned, still hadn't cried, except that one time at her grave, still hadn't processed the bare facts. Part of my brain knew, but part of it was wholly insulated, and the division between those two parts kept the parliament of my consciousness divided, polarized, gridlocked. Just as I wanted it.

Sometimes I'd have a stern talk with myself. *Everyone else seems to believe that Mummy is dead, full stop, so maybe you should get on board.*

But then I'd think: I'll believe it when I have proof.

With solid proof, I thought, I could properly mourn and cry and move on.

## 32.

I DON'T REMEMBER how we got the stuff. One of my mates, I expect. Or maybe several. Whenever we found ourselves in possession, we'd commandeer a tiny upstairs bathroom, wherein we'd implement a surprisingly thoughtful, orderly assembly line. Smoker straddled the loo beside the window, second boy leaned against the basin, third and fourth boys sat in the empty bath, legs dangling over, waiting their turns. You'd take a hit or two, blow the smoke out of the window, then move on to the next station, in rotation, until the spliff was gone. Then we'd all head to one of our rooms and giggle ourselves sick over an episode or two of a new show. *Family Guy*. I felt an inexplicable bond with Stewie, prophet without honor.

I knew this was bad behavior. I knew it was wrong. My mates knew too. We talked about it often, while stoned, how stupid we were to be wasting an Eton education. Once, we even made a pact. At the start of exam period, called Trials, we vowed to quit cold turkey, until after the final Trial. But the very next night, lying in bed, I heard my mates in the hall, cackling,

whispering. Headed to the loo. *Bloody hell, they're already breaking the pact!* I got out of bed, joined them. As the assembly line cranked up, bath to basin to loo, as the weed began to take effect, we shook our heads.

What idiots we were, thinking we could change.

Pass the spliff, mate.

One night, straddling the loo, I took a big hit and gazed up at the moon, then down at the school grounds. I watched several Thames Valley police officers marching back and forth. They were stationed out there because of me. But they didn't make me feel safe. They made me feel caged.

Beyond them, however, that was where safety lay. All was peaceful and still *out there*. I thought: How beautiful. So much peace in the wider world...for some. For those free to search for it.

Just then I saw something dart across the quad. It froze under one of the orange streetlights. I froze too, and leaned out of the window.

*A fox! Staring straight at me! Look!*

*What, mate?*

*Nothing.*

I whispered to the fox: *Hello, mate. How's it going?*

*What are you on about?*

*Nothing, nothing.*

Maybe it was the weed—undoubtedly it was the weed—but I felt a piercing and powerful kinship with that fox. I felt more connected to that fox than I did to the boys in the bathroom, the other boys at Eton—even the Windsors in the distant castle. In fact, this little fox, like the leopard in Botswana, seemed like a messenger, sent to me from some other realm. Or perhaps from the future.

If only I knew who sent it.

And what the message was.

**W**HENEVER I WAS HOME from school, I hid.

I hid upstairs in the nursery. I hid inside my new video games. I played Halo endlessly against an American who called himself Prophet and knew me only as BillandBaz.

I hid in the basement beneath Highgrove, usually with Willy.

We called it Club H. Many assumed the H stood for Harry, but in fact it stood for Highgrove.

The basement had once been a bomb shelter. To get down to its depths you went through a heavy white ground-level door, then down a steep flight of stone stairs, then groped your way along a damp stone floor, then descended three more stairs, walked down a long damp corridor with a low arched roof, then past several wine cellars, wherein Camilla kept her fanciest bottles, on past a freezer and several storerooms full of paintings, polo gear, and absurd gifts from foreign governments and potentates. (No one wanted them, but they couldn't be regifted or donated, or thrown out, so they'd been carefully logged and sealed away.) Beyond that final storeroom were two green doors with little brass handles, and on the other side of those was Club H. It was windowless, but the brick walls, painted bone white, kept it from feeling claustrophobic. Also, we kitted out the space with nice pieces from various royal residences. Persian rug, red Moroccan sofas, wooden table, electric dartboard. We also put in a huge stereo system. It didn't sound great, but it was loud. In a corner stood a drinks trolley, well stocked, thanks to creative borrowing, so there was always a faint aroma of beer and other booze. But thanks to a big vent in good working order, there was also the smell of flowers. Fresh air from Pa's gardens was pumped in constantly, with hints of lavender and honeysuckle.

Willy and I would start a typical weekend evening by sneaking into a nearby pub, where we'd have a few drinks, a few pints of Snake Bite, then round up a group of mates and bring them back to Club H. There were never more than fifteen of us, though somehow there were never less than fifteen either.

Names float back to me. Badger. Casper. Nisha. Lizzie. Skippy. Emma. Rose. Olivia. Chimp. Pell. We all got on well, and sometimes a bit more

than well. There was plenty of innocent snogging, which went hand in hand with the not-so-innocent drinking. Rum and Coke, or vodka, usually in tumblers, with liberal splashes of Red Bull.

We were often tipsy, and sometimes smashed, and yet there wasn't a single time that anyone used or brought drugs down there. Our bodyguards were always nearby, which kept a lid on things, but it was more than that. We had a sense of boundaries.

Club H was the perfect hideout for a teenager, but especially this teenager. When I wanted peace, Club H provided. When I wanted mischief, Club H was the safest place to act out. When I wanted solitude, what better than a bomb shelter in the middle of the British countryside?

Willy felt the same. I often thought he seemed more at peace down there than anywhere else on earth. And it was a relief, I think, to be somewhere that he didn't feel the need to pretend I was a stranger.

When it was just the two of us down there, we'd play games, listen to music—talk. With Bob Marley, or Fatboy Slim, or DJ Sakin, or Yomanda thumping in the background, Willy sometimes tried to talk about Mummy. Club H felt like the one place secure enough to broach that taboo subject.

Just one problem. I wasn't willing. Whenever he went there...I changed the subject.

He'd get frustrated. And I wouldn't acknowledge his frustration. More likely, I couldn't even recognize it.

Being so obtuse, so emotionally unavailable, wasn't a choice I made. I simply wasn't capable. I wasn't close to ready.

One topic that was always safe was how wonderful it felt to be unseen. We talked at length about the glory, the luxury, of privacy, of spending an hour or two away from the press's prying eyes. Our one true haven, we said, where those lot can never ever find us.

And then they found us.

At the tail end of 2001 Marko visited me at Eton. We met for lunch at a café in the heart of town, which I thought quite a treat. Plus an excuse to bunk off, leave school grounds? I was all smiles.

But no. Marko, looking grim, said this was no larky outing.

*What's up, Marko?*

*I've been asked to find out the truth, Harry.*

*About what?*

I suspected he was referring to my recent loss of virginity. Inglorious episode, with an older woman. She liked horses, quite a lot, and treated me not unlike a young stallion. Quick ride, after which she'd smacked my rump and sent me off to graze. Among the many things about it that were wrong: It happened in a grassy field behind a busy pub.

Obviously someone had seen us.

*The truth, Marko?*

*About whether or not you're doing drugs, Harry.*

*What?*

It seemed that the editor of Britain's biggest tabloid had recently phoned my father's office to say she'd uncovered "evidence" of my doing drugs in various locations, including Club H. Also, a bike shed behind a pub. (Not the pub where I'd lost my virginity.) My father's office immediately dispatched Marko to take a clandestine meeting with one of this editor's lieutenants, in some shady hotel room, and the lieutenant laid out the tabloid's case. Now Marko laid it out for me.

He asked again if it was true.

Lies, I said. All lies.

He went item by item through the editor's evidence. I disputed all of it. Wrong, wrong, wrong. The basic facts, the details, it was all wrong.

I then questioned Marko. Who the hell is this editor?

Loathsome toad, I gathered. Everyone who knew her was in full agreement that she was an infected pustule on the arse of humanity, plus a shit excuse for a journalist. But none of that mattered, because she'd managed to wriggle her way into a position of great power and lately she was focusing all that power upon...me. She was hunting the Spare, straight out, and making no apologies for it. She wouldn't stop until my balls were nailed to her office wall.

I was lost. *For doing basic teenage stuff, Marko?*

*No, boy, no.*

In this editor's estimation, Marko said, I was a drug addict.

*A what?*

And one way or another, Marko said, that was the story she was going to publish.

I offered a suggestion about what this editor could do with her story. I told Marko to go back, tell her she had it all wrong.

He promised he would.

He rang me days later, said he'd done what I asked, but the editor didn't believe him, and she was now vowing not only to get me, but to get Marko.

Surely, I said, Pa will do something. Stop her.

Long silence.

No, Marko said. Pa's office had decided on a...different approach. Rather than telling the editor to call off the dogs, the Palace was opting to play ball with her. They were going full Neville Chamberlain.

Did Marko tell me why? Or did I learn only later that the guiding force behind this putrid strategy was the same spin doctor Pa and Camilla had recently hired, the same spin doctor who'd leaked the details of our private summits with Camilla? This spin doctor, Marko said, had decided that the best approach in this case would be to spin me—right under the bus. In one swoop this would appease the editor and also bolster the sagging reputation of Pa. Amid all this unpleasantness, all this extortion and gamesmanship, the spin doctor had discovered one silver lining, one shiny consolation prize for Pa. No more the unfaithful husband, Pa would now be presented to the world as the harried single dad coping with a drug-addled child.

## 34.

**I** WENT BACK TO ETON, tried to put all this out of my mind, tried to focus on my schoolwork.

Tried to be calm.

I listened over and over to my go-to soothing CD: *Sounds of the Okavango*. Forty tracks: Crickets. Baboons. Rainstorm. Thunder. Birds. Lions and hyenas scrapping over a kill. At night, shutting off the lights, I'd hit play. My room sounded like a tributary of the Okavango. It was the only way I could sleep.

After a few days the meeting with Marko receded from consciousness. It began to feel like a nightmare.

But then I woke to the actual nightmare.

A blaring front-page headline: *Harry's Drugs Shame*.

January 2002.

Spread over seven pages inside the newspaper were all the lies Marko had presented to me, and many more. The story not only had me down as a habitual drug user, it had me recently going to rehab. *Rehab!* The editor had got her mitts on some photos of Marko and me paying a visit to a suburban rehab center, months earlier, a typical part of my princely charitable work, and she'd repurposed the photos, made them visual aids for her libelous fiction.

I gazed at the photos and read the story in shock. I felt sickened, horrified. I imagined everyone, all my countrymen and countrywomen, reading these things, believing them. I could hear people all across the Commonwealth gossiping about me.

*Crikey, the boy's a disgrace.*

*His poor dad—after all he's been through?*

More, I felt heartbroken at the idea that this had been partly the work of my own family, my own father and future stepmother. They'd abetted this nonsense. For what? To make their own lives a bit easier?

I phoned Willy. I couldn't speak. He couldn't either. He was sympathetic, and more. (*Raw deal, Harold.*) At moments he was even angrier about the whole thing than I was, because he was privy to more details about the spin doctor and the backroom dealings that had led to this public sacrifice of the Spare.

And yet, in the same breath, he assured me that there was nothing to be done. This was Pa. This was Camilla. This was royal life.

This was our life.

I phoned Marko. He too offered sympathy.

I asked him to remind me, What was this editor's name? He said it, and I committed it to memory, but in the years since then I've avoided speaking it, and I don't wish to repeat it here. Spare the reader, but also myself. Besides, can it possibly be a coincidence that the name of the woman who pretended I went to *rehab* is a perfect anagram for...*Rehabber* Kooks? Is the universe not saying something there?

Who am I not to listen?

Over several weeks, newspapers continued to rehash the Rehabber Kooks libels, along with various new and equally fabricated accounts of goings-on in Club H. Our fairly innocent teenage clubhouse was made to sound like Caligula's bedchamber.

Around this time one of Pa's dearest friends came to Highgrove. She was with her husband. Pa asked me to give them a tour. I walked them around the gardens, but they didn't care about Pa's lavender and honeysuckle.

The woman asked eagerly: *Where's Club H?*

An avid reader of all the papers.

I led her to the door, opened it. I pointed down the dark steps.

She breathed in deeply, smiled. *Oh, it even smells of weed!*

It didn't, though. It smelt of damp earth, stone and moss. It smelt of cut flowers, clean dirt—and maybe a hint of beer. Lovely smell, totally organic, but the power of suggestion had taken hold of this woman. Even when I swore to her that there was no weed, that we'd never once done drugs down there, she gave me a wink.

I thought she was going to ask me to sell her a bag.

OUR FAMILY WAS NO longer getting larger. There were no new spouses on the horizon, no new babies. My aunts and uncles, Sophie and Edward, Fergie and Andrew, had stopped growing their families. Pa, too, of course. An era of stasis had set in.

But now, in 2002, it dawned on me, dawned on all of us, that the family wasn't static after all. We were about to get smaller.

Princess Margaret and Gan-Gan were both unwell.

I didn't know Princess Margaret, whom I called Aunt Margo. She was my great-aunt, yes, we shared 12.5 percent of our DNA, we spent the bigger holidays together, and yet she was almost a total stranger. Like most Britons, I mainly knew *of* her. I was conversant with the general contours of her sad life. Great loves thwarted by the Palace. Exuberant streaks of self-destruction splashed across the tabloids. One hasty marriage, which looked doomed at the outset and ended up being worse than expected. Her husband leaving poisonous notes around the house, scalding lists of things wrong with her. *Twenty-four reasons why I hate you!*

Growing up, I felt nothing for her, except a bit of pity and a lot of jumpiness. She could kill a houseplant with one scowl. Mostly, whenever she was around, I kept my distance. On those rarer-than-rare occasions when our paths crossed, when she deigned to take notice of me, to speak to me, I'd wonder if she had any opinion of me. It seemed that she didn't. Or else, given her tone, her coldness, the opinion wasn't much.

Then one Christmas she cleared up the mystery. The whole family gathered to open gifts on Christmas Eve, as always, a German tradition that survived the anglicizing of the family surname from Saxe-Coburg-Gotha to Windsor. We were at Sandringham in a big room with a long table covered with white cloth and white name cards. By custom, at the start of the night, each of us located our place, stood before our mound of presents. Then suddenly, everyone began opening at the same time. A free-for-all, with scores of family members talking at once and pulling at bows and tearing at wrapping paper.

Standing before my pile, I chose to open the smallest present first. The tag said: *From Aunt Margo.*

I looked over, called out: *Thank you, Aunt Margo!*

*I do hope you like it, Harry.*

I tore off the paper. It was...

A biro?

I said: *Oh. A biro. Wow.*

She said: *Yes. A biro.*

I said: *Thank you so much.*

But it wasn't just any biro, she pointed out. It had a tiny rubber fish wrapped around it.

I said: *Oh. A fish biro! OK.*

I told myself: That is cold-blooded.

Now and then, as I grew older, it struck me that Aunt Margo and I should've been friends. We had so much in common. Two Spares. Her relationship with Granny wasn't an *exact* analog of mine with Willy, but pretty close. The simmering rivalry, the intense competition (driven largely by the older sibling), it all looked familiar. Aunt Margo also wasn't that dissimilar from Mummy. Both rebels, both labeled as sirens. (Pablo Picasso was among the many men obsessed with Margo.) So my first thought when I learned in early 2002 that she'd been taken ill was to wish there'd been more time to get to know her. But we were well past that. She was unable to care for herself. After badly burning her feet in a bath, she was confined to a wheelchair, and said to be swiftly declining.

When she died, February 9, 2002, my first thought was that this would be a heavy blow to Gan-Gan, who was also in decline.

Granny tried to talk Gan-Gan out of attending the funeral. But Gan-Gan dragged herself out of her sickbed, and shortly after that day took a bad fall.

It was Pa who told me she'd been confined to her bed at Royal Lodge, the sprawling country house in which she'd lived part-time for the last fifty years, when she wasn't at her main residence, Clarence House. Royal Lodge was three miles south of Windsor Castle, still in Windsor Great Park, still part of the Crown Estate, but like the castle it had one foot in another world. Dizzily high ceilings. Pebbled driveway winding serenely through vivid gardens.

Built not long after the death of Cromwell.

I felt comforted to hear that Gan-Gan was there, a place I knew she loved. She was in her own bed, Pa said, and not suffering.

Granny was often with her.

Days later, at Eton, while studying, I took the call. I wish I could remember whose voice was at the other end; a courtier, I believe. I recall that it was just before Easter, the weather bright and warm, light slanting through my window, filled with vivid colors.

*Your Royal Highness, the Queen Mother has died.*

Cut to Willy and me, days later. Dark suits, downcast faces, eyes filled with déjà vu. We walked slowly behind the gun carriage, bagpipes playing, hundreds of them. The sound threw me back in time.

I began shaking.

Once again we made that hideous trek to Westminster Abbey. Then we stepped into a car, joined the cortège—from the center of town, along Whitehall, out to the Mall, on to St. George's Chapel.

Throughout that morning my eye kept going to the top of Gan-Gan's coffin, where they'd set the crown. Its three thousand diamonds and jeweled cross winked in the spring sunlight. At the center of the cross was a diamond the size of a cricket ball. Not just a diamond, actually; the Great Diamond of the World, a 105-karat monster called the Koh-i-Noor. Largest diamond ever seen by human eyes. "Acquired" by the British Empire at its zenith. Stolen, some thought. I'd heard it was mesmerizing, and I'd heard it was cursed. Men fought for it, died for it, and thus the curse was said to be masculine.

Only women were permitted to wear it.

TRANGE, AFTER SO much mourning, to just...*party*. But months later came the Golden Jubilee. Fiftieth anniversary of Granny's reign.

**S** Over four days that summer of 2002, Willy and I were constantly pulling on another set of smart clothes, jumping into another black car, rushing to yet another venue for another party or parade, reception or gala.

Britain was intoxicated. People did jigs in the streets, sang from balconies and rooftops. Everyone wore some version of the Union Jack. In a nation known for its reticence, this was a startling expression of unbridled joy.

Startling to me anyway. Granny didn't seem startled. I was startled at how unstartled she was. It wasn't that she felt no emotions. On the contrary, I always thought that Granny experienced all the normal human emotions. She just knew better than the rest of us mortals how to control them.

I stood beside or behind her through much of the Golden Jubilee Weekend and I often thought: If this can't shake her then she's truly earned her reputation for imperturbable serenity. In which case, I thought, maybe I'm a foundling? Because I'm a nervous wreck.

There were several reasons for my nerves, but the main one was a brewing scandal. Just before the Jubilee I'd been summoned by one of the courtiers to his little office and without much buildup he'd asked: *Harry—are you doing cocaine?*

Shades of my lunch with Marko.

*What? Am I—? How could—? No!*

*Hm. Well. Could there be a photo out there? Is it possible that someone somewhere might have a photo of you doing cocaine?*

*God, no! That's ridiculous! Why?*

He explained that he'd been approached by a newspaper editor who claimed to have come into possession of a photo showing Prince Harry snorting a line.

*He's a liar. It's not true.*

*I see. Be that as it may, this editor is willing to lock the photo into his safe forever. But in exchange he wants to sit down with you and explain that what you're doing is very damaging. He wants to give you some life advice.*

*Ah. Creepy. And devious. Diabolical, in fact, because if I agree to this meeting, then I'm admitting guilt.*

*Right.*

I told myself: After Rehabber Kooks, they all want a go at me. She'd scored a direct hit, and now her competitors are lining up to be next.

When will it end?

I reassured myself that the editor had nothing, that he was just fishing. He must've heard a rumor and he was tracking it down. Stay the course, I told myself, and then I told the courtier to call the journalist's bluff, vigorously refute the claim, turn down the deal. Above all, reject the proffered meeting.

*I'm not going to submit to blackmail.*

The courtier nodded. Done.

Of course...I *had* been doing cocaine around this time. At someone's country house, during a shooting weekend, I'd been offered a line, and I'd done a few more since. It wasn't much fun, and it didn't make me particularly happy, as it seemed to make everyone around me, but it did make me feel *different*, and that was the main goal. Feel. Different. I was a deeply unhappy seventeen-year-old boy willing to try almost anything that would alter the status quo.

That was what I told myself anyway. Back then, I could lie to myself as effortlessly as I'd lied to that courtier.

But now I realized coke hadn't been worth the candle. The risk far outweighed the reward. Threatened with exposure, faced with the prospect of fouling up Granny's Golden Jubilee, walking a knife's edge with the mad press—nothing was worth any of that.

On the bright side, I'd played the game well. After I'd called the journalist's bluff, he went silent. As suspected, he had no photo, and when his con game didn't work, he slithered off. (Or not quite. He slithered into Clarence House, and became very good friends with Camilla and Pa.) I was ashamed for lying. But also proud. In a tight spot, a hugely scary crisis, I hadn't felt any serenity, like Granny, but at least I'd managed to project it. I'd channeled *some* of her superpower, her heroic stoicism. I regretted

giving the courtier a cock-and-bull story, but the alternative would've been ten times worse.

So...job well done?

Maybe I wasn't a foundling after all.

## 37.

ON TUESDAY, THE CULMINATING day of the Jubilee, millions watched Granny go from Palace to church. A special thanksgiving service. She rode with Grandpa in a carriage of gold—all of it, every square inch, lustrous gold. Gold doors, gold wheels, gold roof, and on top of it all a gold crown, held aloft by three angels cast in glowing gold. The carriage was built thirteen years before the American Revolution, and still ran like a top. As it sped her and Grandpa through the streets, somewhere in the distance a massive choir blasted the coronation anthem. *Rejoice! Rejoice!* We did! We did! For even the grumpiest anti-monarchists, it was hard not to feel at least one goosebump.

There was a luncheon that day, I think, and a dinner party, but it all felt a bit anticlimactic. The main event, everyone acknowledged, had taken place the night before, in the gardens outside Buckingham Palace—a performance by some of the greatest musical artists of the century. Paul McCartney sang “Her Majesty.” Brian May, on the roof, played “God Save the Queen.” How marvelous, many said. And how miraculous that Granny should be so hip, so modern, that she should allow, indeed relish, all this modern rock.

Sitting directly behind her, I couldn't help thinking the same thing. To see her tapping her foot, and swaying in time, I wanted to hug her, though of course I didn't. Out of the question. I never had done and couldn't imagine any circumstance under which such an act might be sanctioned.

There was a famous story about Mummy trying to hug Granny. It was actually more a lunge than a hug, if eyewitnesses can be believed; Granny swerved to avoid contact, and the whole thing ended very awkwardly, with averted eyes and murmured apologies. Every time I tried to picture the scene it reminded me of a thwarted pickpocketing, or a rugby tap-tackle. I wondered, watching Granny rock out to Brian May, if Pa ever tried? Probably not. When he was five or six, Granny left him, went off on a royal tour lasting several months, and when she returned, she offered him a firm handshake. Which may have been more than he ever got from Grandpa. Indeed, Grandpa was so aloof, so busy traveling and working, he barely saw Pa for the first several years of his life.

As the concert went on and on, I began to feel tired. I had a headache from the loud music, and from the stress of the last few weeks. Granny, however, showed no signs of fading. Still going strong. Still tapping and swaying.

Suddenly, I looked closer. I noticed something in her ears. Something—gold?

Gold as the golden carriage.

Gold as the golden angels.

I leaned forward. Maybe not quite gold.

No, maybe it was more yellow.

Yes. Yellow ear plugs.

I looked into my lap and smiled. When I lifted my head again, I watched with glee as Granny kept time to music she couldn't hear, or music she'd found a clever and subtle way of...distancing. Controlling.

More than ever before, I wanted to give my Granny a hug.

SAT DOWN WITH PA that summer, possibly at Balmoral, though it might've been Clarence House, where he was now living more or less full-time. He'd moved in shortly after Gan-Gan's death, and wherever he lived, I lived.

When I wasn't living at Manor House.

My final year at Eton drawing near, Pa wanted to chat about how I envisaged my life post-Eton. Most of my mates would be headed off to university. Willy was already at St. Andrews and thriving. Henners had just finished his A levels at Harrow School and was planning to go to Newcastle.

*And you, darling boy? Have you given any thought to...the future?*

Why, yes. Yes, I had. For several years I'd talked in all seriousness about working at the ski resort in Lech am Arlberg, where Mummy used to take us. Such wonderful memories. Specifically, I wanted to work at the fondue hut in the center of town, which Mummy loved. That fondue could change your life. (I really was that mad.) But now I told Pa I'd given up the fondue fantasy, and he sighed with relief.

Instead I was taken with notions of becoming a ski instructor...

Pa tensed again. *Out of the question.*

*OK.*

Long pause.

*How about...safari guide?*

*No, darling boy.*

This wasn't going to be easy.

Part of me really did want to do something totally outside the box, something that would make everyone in the family, in the country, sit up and say: *What the—?* Part of me wanted to drop out, disappear—as Mummy did. And other princes. Wasn't there one in India, a long time ago, a bloke who just walked out of the palace and sat under a lovely banyan tree? We'd read about him at school. Or, we were supposed to.

But another part of me felt hugely ambitious. People assumed that the Spare wouldn't or shouldn't have any ambition. People assumed that royals generally had no career desires or anxieties. You're royal, everything's done

for you, why worry? But in fact I worried quite a lot about making my own way, finding my purpose in this world. I didn't want to be one of those cocktail-slurping, eyeroll-causing sloths everyone avoided at family gatherings. There had been plenty of those in my family, going back centuries.

Pa, in fact, might've become one. He'd always been discouraged from hard work, he told me. He'd been advised that the Heir shouldn't "do too much," shouldn't try too hard, for fear of outshining the monarch. But he'd rebelled, listened to his inner voice, discovered work that excited him.

He wanted that for me.

That was why he didn't press me to go to university. He knew it wasn't in my DNA. Not that I was anti-university, *per se*. In fact, the University of Bristol looked interesting. I'd pored over its literature, even considered a course in art history. (Lots of pretty girls took that subject.) But I just couldn't picture myself spending years bent over a book. My Eton housemaster couldn't either. He'd told me straight-out: *You're not the university type, Harry*. Now Pa added his assent. It was no secret, he said gently, that I wasn't the "family scholar."

He didn't mean it as a dig. Still, I winced.

He and I went round and round, and in my head I went back and forth, and by a process of elimination we landed on the Army. It made sense. It aligned with my desire to be outside the box, to disappear. The military would take me away from the prying eyes of the public and the press. But it also fitted with my hope of making a difference.

And it accorded with my personality. My prized toys as a boy had always been miniature soldiers. I'd spent thousands of hours planning and waging epic battles with them at Kensington Palace and in Highgrove's Rosemary Verey-designed gardens. I'd also treated every game of paintball as though the future of the Commonwealth depended on the outcome.

Pa smiled. *Yes, darling boy. The Army sounds like just the thing.*

*But first*, he added...

Many people took a gap year as a matter of course. Pa, however, considered a gap year to be one of the most formative periods in a person's

life.

*See the world, darling boy! Have adventures.*

So I sat down with Marko and tried to decide what those adventures might look like. We settled first on Australia. Spend half the year working on a farm.

Excellent.

As for the second half of the year, Africa. I told Marko I'd like to join the fight against AIDS. That this would be an homage to Mummy, an explicit continuation of her work, didn't need to be spelled out.

Marko went away, did some research, came back to me and said: Lesotho.

Never heard of it, I confessed.

He educated me. Landlocked country. Lovely country. Bordering South Africa. Lots of need, loads of work to be done.

I was overjoyed. A plan—at last.

Soon after, I visited Henners. A weekend in Edinburgh. Autumn 2002. We went to a restaurant and I told him all about it. *Good for you, Haz!* He was taking a gap year as well, in East Africa. Uganda, as I recall. Working in a rural school. At the moment, however, he was working a part-time job—at Ludgrove. Working as a stooge. (The Ludgrovian word for “handyman.”) It was a very cool job, he said. He got to be with kids, got to fix things all over the grounds.

Plus, I teased him: *All the free strawberries and carrots you can eat!*

But he was quite serious about it. *I like teaching, Haz.*

*Oh.*

We talked excitedly about Africa, made plans to meet up there. After Uganda, after college, Henners too would probably go into the Army. He was going to be a Green Jacket. It wasn't really a decision; his family had been in uniform for generations. We talked about meeting up there too. Maybe, we said, we'll find ourselves side by side one day, marching into battle or helping people on the other side of the world.

The future. We wondered aloud what it held. I worried about it, but not Henners. He didn't take the future seriously, didn't take anything seriously.

Life as it comes, Haz. That was Henners, always and forever. I envied his tranquility.

For now, however, he was heading to one of Edinburgh's casinos. He asked if I wanted to come along. Ah, can't, I said. I couldn't possibly be seen in a casino. It would cause a huge scandal.

Too bad, he said.

Cheers, we both said, promising to talk again soon.

Two months later, a Sunday morning—just before Christmas 2002. The news must have come in the form of a phone call, though I only dimly recall holding the phone, hearing the words. Henners and another boy, leaving a party near Ludgrove, drove into a tree. Though the call's a blur, I vividly remember my reaction. Same as when Pa told me about Mummy. *Right...so Henners was in an accident. But he's in hospital, right? He's going to be OK?*

No, he wasn't.

And the other boy, the driver, had been critically injured.

Willy and I went to the funeral. A little parish church down the road from where Henners grew up. I remember hundreds of people squeezing into creaky wooden pews. I remember, after the service, queueing up to hug Henners's parents, Alex and Claire, and his brothers, Thomas and Charlie.

I think, while we waited, I overheard whispered discussions of the crash.

*It was foggy, you know...*

*They weren't going far...*

*But where were they going?*

*And at that time of night?*

*They were at a party and the sound system was knackered!*

*So they ran off to get another.*

*No!*

*They went to borrow a CD player from a friend. Short distance, you know...*

*So they didn't bother with seatbelts...*

Just like Mummy.

And yet, unlike Mummy, there was no way to spin this as a disappearance. This was death, no two ways about it.

Also, unlike Mummy, Henners wasn't going that fast.

Because he wasn't being chased.

Twenty miles an hour, tops, everyone said.

And yet the car went straight into an old tree.

Old ones, someone explained, are much harder than young ones.

## 39.

THEY WOULDN'T LET ME out of Eton until I acted. That was what they said: I needed to take part in one of their formal dramas before they'd punch my ticket and release me into the wild.

It sounded ridiculous, but theater was deadly serious at Eton. The drama department staged several productions each year, and the year-end production was always the most major of them all.

In the late spring of 2003 it was Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*.

I was cast as Conrade. Minor character. He was, perhaps, a drinker, perhaps a drunkard, which gave the press all sorts of clever openings for calling me a drunkard too.

*What's this? Bit of typecasting, is it?*

Stories wrote themselves.

Eton's drama teacher said nothing about typecasting when he gave me the role. He just told me I was Conrade—*Have fun with it, Harry*—and I didn't question his motives. I wouldn't have questioned them even if I'd suspected he was taking the piss, because I wanted to get out of Eton, and to get out of Eton you had to act.

Among other things, I learned from studying the play that it was wrongheaded, and reductive, to focus on Conrade's alcohol consumption. He was a fascinating guy, really. Loyal, but also immoral. Full of advice,

but essentially a follower. Above all, he was a henchman, a sidekick, whose main function, seemingly, was to give the audience a laugh or two. I found it easy to throw myself into such a role, and discovered during dress rehearsals that I had a hidden talent. Being royal, it turned out, wasn't all that far from being onstage. Acting was acting, no matter the context.

Opening night, my father sat dead center in a packed Farrer Theatre and no one had a better time. Here it was, his dream come true, a son performing Shakespeare, and he was getting his money's worth. He roared, he howled, he applauded. But, inexplicably, at all the wrong moments. His timing was bizarrely off. He sat mute when everyone else was laughing. He laughed when everyone else was silent. More than noticeable, it was bloody distracting. The audience thought Pa was a plant, part of the performance. *Who's that over there, laughing at nothing? Oh—is that the Prince of Wales?*

Later, backstage, Pa was all compliments. *You were wonderful, darling boy.*

But I couldn't help looking cross.

*What's the matter, darling boy?*

*Pa, you laughed at all the wrong times!*

He was baffled. I was too. How could he have no idea what I was talking about?

Slowly it became clear. He'd told me once that, when he was my age, acting in his own school performance of Shakespeare, Grandpa turned up and did exactly the same thing. Laughed at all the wrong times. Made a complete spectacle. Was Pa modeling his own father? Because he knew no other way to parent? Or was it more subliminal, some recessive gene expressing itself? Is each generation doomed to unwittingly repeat the sins of the last? I wanted to know, and I might've asked, but that wasn't the sort of thing you could ever raise with Pa. Or Grandpa. So I put it out of my mind and tried to focus on the good.

Pa is here, I told myself, and he's proud, and that's not nothing.

That was more than a lot of kids had.

I thanked him for coming, gave him a kiss on each cheek.

As Conrade says: *Can you make no use of your discontent?*

## 40.

I COMPLETED MY EDUCATION AT Eton in June 2003, thanks to hours of hard work and some extra tutoring arranged by Pa. No small feat for one so unscholarly, so limited, so distracted, and while I wasn't proud of myself, exactly, because I didn't know how to be proud of myself, I felt a distinct pause in my nonstop internal self-criticism.

And then I was accused of cheating.

An art teacher came forward with evidence of cheating, which turned out not to be evidence of cheating. It turned out to be nothing at all, and I was later cleared by the exam board. But the damage was done. The accusation stuck.

Brokenhearted, I wanted to release a statement, hold a press conference, tell the world: I did the work! I didn't cheat!

The Palace wouldn't let me. In this, as in most things, the Palace stuck fast to the family motto: *Never complain, never explain*. Especially if the complainer was an eighteen-year-old boy.

Thus I was forced to sit by and say nothing while the papers called me a cheat and a dummy every day. (Because of an art project! I mean, how do you "cheat" on an art project?) This was the official start of that dreaded title: Prince Thicko. Just as I was cast as Conrade without my consultation or consent, I was now cast in this role. The difference was, we did *Much Ado About Nothing* for three nights. This had the look of a role that would last a lifetime.

*Prince Harry? Oh, yeah, not too bright.*

*Can't pass a simple test without cheating, that's what I read!*

I talked to Pa about it. I was near despair.

He said what he always said.

*Darling boy, just don't read it.*

He never read it. He read everything else, from Shakespeare to white papers on climate change, but never the news. (He did watch the BBC, but he'd often end up throwing the controller at the TV.) The problem was, everyone else read it. Everyone in my family claimed not to, just like Pa, but even as they were making this claim to your face, liveried footmen were bustling around them, fanning every British newspaper across silver platters, as neatly as the scones and marmalades.

## 41.

**T**HE FARM WAS CALLED Tooloombilla. The people who owned it were the Hills.

Noel and Annie. They'd been friends of Mummy. (Annie had been Mummy's flatmate when she first started dating Pa.) Marko helped me find them, and somehow persuaded them to let me be their unpaid summer jackaroo.

The Hills had three children. Nikki, Eustie, and George. The eldest, George, was exactly my age, though he looked much older, perhaps due to years and years of toil under the boiling Australian sun. Upon arriving I learned that George would be my mentor, my boss—my headmaster, in a way. Though Tooloombilla was nothing like Eton.

In fact it was like no place I'd ever been.

I came from a green place. The Hills' farm was an ode to brown. I came from a place where every move was monitored, catalogued, and subjected to judgment. The Hills' farm was so vast and remote that no one would see me for most of each day but George. And the odd wallaby.

Above all, I came from a place that was temperate, rainy, cool. The Hills' farm was hot.

I wasn't sure I could endure this kind of hot. The Australian Outback had a climate I didn't understand and which my body couldn't seem to accept. Like Pa, I wilted at the mere *mention* of heat: how was I supposed to put up with an oven inside a blast furnace inside a nuclear reactor set on top of an active volcano?

Bad spot for me, but worse for my bodyguards. Those poor lads—of all the assignments. Plus, their lodging was extra spartan, an outbuilding on the edge of the farm. I rarely saw them and often imagined them out there, sitting in their briefs before a noisy electric fan, grumpily polishing their CVs.

The Hills let me bunk with them in the main house, a sweet little bungalow with white clapboard, wooden steps leading to a wide porch, a front door that gave out a kittenish squeak every time you pulled it open and a loud bang every time you let it fly shut. The door had a tight screen, to keep out mosquitoes, which were big as birds. That first night, sitting over dinner, I couldn't hear anything but the rhythmic slap of bloodsuckers against mesh.

There wasn't much else to hear. We were all a bit awkward, trying to pretend that I was a jackaroo, not a prince, trying to pretend that we weren't thinking about Mummy, who'd loved Annie, and whom Annie had loved in turn. Annie clearly wanted to talk about Mummy, but as with Willy, I just couldn't. So I shoveled in the food, and praised it, and asked for seconds, and searched my brain for anodyne topics of conversation. But I couldn't think of any. The heat had already impaired my cognitive skills.

Falling asleep those first nights in the outback, I'd conjure up the image of Marko and worriedly ask him: *Did we really think this through, mate?*

THE REMEDY TO ALL problems, as always, was work. Hard, sweaty, nonstop labor, that was what the Hills had to offer, and plenty of it, and I couldn't get enough. The harder I worked, the less I felt the heat, and the easier it was to talk—or not talk—around the supper table.

But this wasn't merely work. Being a jackaroo required stamina, to be sure, but it also demanded a certain artistry. You had to be a whisperer with the animals. You had to be a reader of the skies, and the land.

You also had to possess a superior level of horsemanship. I'd come to Australia thinking I knew my way around horses, but the Hills were Huns, each born in a saddle. Noel was the son of a professional polo player. (He'd been Pa's former polo coach.) Annie could stroke a horse's nose and tell you what that beast was thinking. And George climbed into a saddle more easily than most people get into their beds.

A typical working day began in the middle of the night. Hours before dawn George and I would stumble outside, tackle the first chores, trying to get as much done as possible before the sun ascended. At first light we'd saddle up, gallop to the edges of the Hills' forty thousand acres (double the size of Balmoral) and begin to muster. That is, move the herd of cattle from here to there. We'd also search for individual cows that had strayed overnight, and drive them back into the herd. Or load some onto a trailer and take them to another section. I rarely knew exactly why we were moving these cows or those, but I got the bottom line:

Cows need their space.

I felt them.

Whenever George and I found a group of strays, a rebellious little cattle cabal, that was especially challenging. It was vital to keep them together. If they scattered, we'd be proper fucked. It would take hours to round them up and then the day would be wrecked. If one darted off, into a stand of trees, say, George or I would have to ride full speed after it. Every now and then, mid-chase, you'd get whipped out of the saddle by a low-hanging branch, maybe knocked cold. When you came to, you'd do a check for broken bones, internal bleeding, while your horse stood morosely over you.

The trick was never letting a chase last too long. Long chases wore out the cow, reduced its body fat, slashed its market value. Fat was money, and there was no margin for error with Aussie cattle, which had so little fat to begin with. Water was scarce, grass was scarce, and what little there was often got grubbed by kangaroos, which George and his family viewed as other people view rats.

I always flinched, and chuckled, at the way George spoke to errant cattle. He harangued them, abused them, cursed them, favoring one curse word in particular, a word many people go a lifetime without using. George couldn't go five minutes. Most people dive under a table when they hear this word, but for George it was the Swiss Army knife of language—endless applications and uses. (He also made it sound almost charming, with his Aussie accent.)

It was merely one of dozens of words in the complete George lexicon. For instance, a *fat* was a plump cow ready for slaughter. A *steer* was a young bull that should've been castrated but hadn't been yet. A *weaner* was a calf newly split from its mother. A *smoko* was a cigarette break. *Tucker* was food. I spent a lot of late 2003 sitting high in the saddle, watching a weaner while sucking a smoko and dreaming of my next tucker.

Sometimes hard, sometimes tedious, mustering could be unexpectedly emotional. Young females were easier, they went where you nudged them, but young males didn't care for being bossed around, and what they really didn't like was being split from their mums. They cried, moaned, sometimes charged you. A wildly swung horn could ruin a limb or sever an artery. But I wasn't afraid. Instead...I was empathetic. And the young males seemed to know.

The one job I wouldn't do, the one piece of hard work I shied from, was snipping balls. Every time George brought out that long shiny blade I'd raise my hands. *No, mate, can't do it.*

*Suit yourself.*

At day's end I'd take a scalding shower, eat a gargantuan supper, then sit with George on the porch, rolling cigarettes, sipping cold beers. Sometimes we'd listen to his small CD player, which made me think of Pa's wireless.

Or Henners. *He and the other boy went to borrow another CD player...* Often we'd just sit gazing into the distance. The land was so tabletop flat you could see thunderstorms brewing hours ahead of when they arrived, the first spidery bolts flicking the far-off land. As the bolts got thicker, and closer, wind would race through the house, ruffling the curtains. Then the rooms would flutter with white light. The first thunderclaps would shake the furniture. Finally, the deluge. George would sigh. His parents would sigh. Rain was grass, rain was fat. Rain was money.

If it didn't rain, that also felt like a blessing, because after a windstorm the clear sky would be peppered with stars. I'd point out to George what the gang in Botswana had pointed out to me. *See that bright one next to the moon? That's Venus. And over there, that's Scorpius—best place to see it is the southern hemisphere. And there's Pleiades. And that's Sirius—brightest star in the sky. And there's Orion: the Hunter. All comes down to hunting, doesn't it? Hunters, hunted...*

*What's that, Harry?*

*Nothing, mate.*

The thing I found endlessly mesmerizing about the stars was how far away they all were. The light you saw was born hundreds of centuries ago. In other words, looking at a star, you were looking at the past, at a time long before anyone you knew or loved had lived.

Or died.

Or disappeared.

George and I usually hit the sack about eight thirty. Often we were too tired to take off our clothes. I was no longer afraid of the dark, I craved it. I slept as if dead, woke as if reborn. Sore, but ready for more.

There were no days off. Between the relentless work, the relentless heat, the relentless cows, I could feel myself being whittled down, lighter each morning by a kilo, quieter by a few dozen words. Even my British accent was being pared away. After six weeks I sounded nothing like Willy and Pa. I sounded more like George.

And dressed a bit like him as well. I took to wearing a slouchy felt cowboy hat like his. I carried one of his old leather whips.

Finally, to go with this new Harry, I acquired a new name. Spike.

It happened like this. My hair had never fully recovered after I'd let my Eton schoolmates shave it. Some strands shot up like summer grass, some lay flat, like lacquered hay. George often pointed at my head and said: *You look a right mess!* But on a trip to Sydney, to see the Rugby World Cup, I'd made an official appearance at the Taronga Zoo, and I'd been asked to pose for a photo with something called an echidna. A cross between a hedgehog and an anteater, it had hard spiky hair, which was why the zookeepers named it Spike. It looked, as George would say, a right mess.

More to the point, it looked like me. A lot like me. And when George happened to see a photo of me posing with Spike, he yelled.

*Haz—that thing's got your hair!*

Thereafter, he never called me anything but Spike. And then my bodyguards took up the chorus. Indeed, they made Spike my code name on the radio. Some even printed up T-shirts, which they wore while guarding me: *Spike 2003*.

Soon enough my mates at home got wind of this new nickname, and adopted it. I *became* Spike, when I wasn't Haz, or Baz, or Prince Jackaroo, or Harold, or Darling Boy, or Scrawny, a nickname given me by some Palace staff. Identity had always been problematic, but with a half dozen formal names and a full dozen nicknames it was turning into a hall of mirrors.

Most days I didn't care what people called me. Most days I thought: Don't care who I am, so long as it's someone new, someone other than Prince Harry. But then an official package would arrive from London, from the Palace, and the old me, the old life, the royal life, would come racing back.

The packet usually arrived in the everyday mail, though sometimes it was under the arm of a new bodyguard. (There was a constant changing of the guard, every couple of weeks, to keep them fresh and let them see their families.) Inside the packet would be letters from Pa, office paperwork, plus some briefs about charities in which I was involved. All stamped: ATT HRH PRINCE HENRY OF WALES.

One day the package contained a series of memos from the Palace comms team about a delicate matter. Mummy's former butler had penned a tell-all, which actually told nothing. It was merely one man's self-justifying, self-centering version of events. My mother once called this butler a dear friend, trusted him implicitly. We did too. Now this. He was milking her disappearance for money. It made my blood boil. I wanted to fly home, confront him. I phoned Pa, announced that I was getting on a plane. I'm sure it was the one and only conversation I had with him while I was in Australia. He—and then, in a separate phone call, Willy—talked me out of it.

All we could do, they both said, was issue a united condemnation.

So we did. Or they did. I had nothing to do with the drafting. (Personally, I'd have gone much further.) In measured tones it called out the butler for his treachery, and publicly requested a meeting with him, to uncover his motives and explore his so-called revelations.

The butler answered us publicly, saying he welcomed such a meeting. But not for any constructive purpose. To one newspaper he vowed: "I'd love to give them a piece of my mind."

*He wanted to give us a piece of his mind?*

I waited anxiously for the meeting. I counted the days.

Of course it didn't happen.

I didn't know why; I assumed the Palace quashed it.

I told myself: Shame.

I thought of that man as the one errant *steer* that got away that summer.

## 43.

**I** DON'T RECALL HOW I learned about the first man trying to sneak onto the farm. Maybe from George? While we were out mustering?

I do remember that it was the local police who nabbed the intruder and got rid of him.

December 2003.

The police were pleased with themselves. But I was glum. I knew what was coming. Paps were like ants. There was never just one.

Sure enough, the very next day, two more crept onto the farm.

Time to go.

I owed so much to the Hills, I didn't want to repay them by ruining their lives. I didn't want to be the cause of them losing the one resource more precious than water—privacy. I thanked them for nine of the best weeks of my life, and flew home, arriving just before Christmas.

I went straight to a club my first night home. And the next night. And the next. The press thought I was still in Australia, and I decided their ignorance gave me *carte blanche*.

One night I met a girl, chatted with her over drinks. I didn't know she was a page-three girl. (That was the accepted, misogynistic, objectifying term for young topless women featured each day on page three of Rupert Murdoch's *The Sun*.) I wouldn't have cared if I'd known. She seemed smart and fun.

I left the club wearing a baseball cap. Paps everywhere. So much for *carte blanche*. I tried to blend into the crowd, walked casually down the road with my bodyguard. We went through St. James's Square and got into an unmarked police car. Just as we pulled away, a Mercedes with blacked-out windows jumped the pavement and swiped our car, nearly slamming head-on into the rear passenger door. We could see it coming, the driver not looking ahead, too busy trying to shoot photos. The story in the papers the next morning should've been about Prince Harry nearly being killed by a reckless pap. Instead it was about Prince Harry meeting and supposedly kissing a page-three girl, along with much frantic commentary about the horrors of the Spare dating...such a fallen woman.

Third in line to the throne...dating *her*?

The snobbery, the classism, was nauseating. The out-of-order priorities were baffling.

But it all greatly enhanced my sense of joy and relief at running away.  
Again.

Gap Year, Part Two.

Days later I was on a plane to Lesotho.

Better yet, it was decided that I could take along a mate.

The plan, once upon a time, had been to go with Henners.

In his stead I now asked George.

## 44.

**L**ESOTHO WAS BEAUTIFUL. But also one of the grimmest places on earth. It was the epicenter of the global AIDS pandemic, and in 2004 the government had just declared a medical disaster. Tens of thousands had fallen to the disease, and the nation was turning into one vast orphanage. Here and there, you'd glimpse young children running about, lost looks on their faces.

*Where's Daddy? Where's Mummy?*

George and I signed up to help at several charities and schools. We were both bowled over by the lovely people we met, their resilience, their grace, their courage and good cheer in the face of so much suffering. We worked as hard as we'd worked on his farm, gladly and eagerly. We built schools. We repaired schools. We mixed gravel, poured cement, whatever was needed.

In this same spirit of service, I agreed one day to perform a task that might otherwise have been unthinkable—an interview. If I truly wanted to shine a light on conditions here, I had no choice: I'd have to cooperate with the dreaded press.

But this was more than cooperating. This would be my first-ever solo session with a reporter.

We met on a grassy hillside, early one morning. He started by asking: Why this place? Of all places?

I said that children in Lesotho were in trouble, and I loved children, understood children, so naturally I wanted to help.

He pressed. Why did I love children?

I gave my best guess: My incredible immaturity?

I was being glib, but the reporter chuckled and moved on to his next question. The subject of children had opened the door to the subject of my childhood, and that was the gateway to the only subject he, or anyone, really wanted to ask me about.

*Do you think about...her...a lot through something like this?*

I looked off, down the hillside, responded with a series of disjointed words: *Unfortunately it's been a long time now, um, not for me but for most people, it's been a long time since she's died, but the stuff that's come out has been bad, all the stuff that's come out, all these tapes...*

I was referring to recordings my mother had made before her death, a kind of quasi-confessional, which had just been leaked to the press, to coincide with release of the butler's memoir. Seven years after being hounded into hiding my mother was still being hounded, and libeled—it didn't make sense. In 1997 there'd been a nationwide reckoning, a period of collective remorse and reflection among all Britons. Everyone had agreed that the press was a pack of monsters, but consumers accepted blame as well. We all needed to do better, most people said. Now, many years later, all was forgotten. History was repeating itself daily, and I told the reporter it was "a shame."

Not a momentous declaration. But it represented the first time that either Willy or I had ever spoken publicly about Mummy. I was amazed to be the one going first. Willy always went first, in all things, and I wondered how this would go over—with him, with the world, but especially with Pa. (Not well, Marko told me later. Pa was dead-set against me addressing that topic; he didn't want either of his sons speaking about Mummy, for fear it would cause a stir, distract from his work, and perhaps shine an unflattering light on Camilla.)

Finally, with a completely false air of bravado, I shrugged and said to the reporter: *Bad news sells. Simple as that.*

Speaking of bad news...the reporter now referenced my most recent scandal.

The page-three girl, of course.

He mentioned that *some were wondering* if I'd really learned anything from my visit to the rehab clinic. Had I truly "converted"? I don't remember if he used that word, *converted*, but at least one paper had.

Did Harry need to be converted?

Harry the Heretic?

I could barely make out the reporter through the sudden red mist. How are we even talking about this? I blurted something about not being normal, which caused the reporter's mouth to fall open. *Here we go.* He was getting his headline, his news fix. Were his eyes rolling up into his head?

And *I* was supposed to be the addict?

I explained what I meant by normal. I didn't lead a normal life, because I couldn't lead one. *Even my father reminds me that unfortunately Willy and I can't be normal.* I told the reporter that no one but Willy understood what it was like to live in this surreal fishbowl, in which normal events were treated as abnormal, and the abnormal was routinely normalized.

That was what I was trying to say, starting to say, but then I took another look down the hillside. Poverty, disease, orphans—death. It rendered everything else rubbish. In Lesotho, no matter what you were going through, you were well-off compared to others. I suddenly felt ashamed, and wondered if the journalist had sense enough to be ashamed too. Sitting here above all this misery and talking about page-three girls? Come on.

After the interview I went and found George and we drank beer. A lot of beer. Gallons of beer.

I believe that was also the night I smoked an entire shopping bag of weed.

I don't recommend it.

Then again, it might have been another night. Hard to be precise when it comes to a shopping bag full of weed.

## 45.

**G**EORGE AND I FLEW from Lesotho to Cape Town, to meet up with some mates, and Marko.

March 2004.

We were staying at the home of the consulate general, and one night we talked about having some people over. For dinner. Just one small problem. We didn't know anyone in Cape Town.

But wait—that wasn't completely true. I'd met someone years earlier, a girl from South Africa. At the Berkshire Polo Club.

Chelsy.

I remembered her being...

Different.

I went through my phone, found her number.

Give her a call, Marko said.

*Really?*

*Why not?*

To my shock, the number worked. And she answered.

Stammering, I reminded her who I was, said I was in her town, wondered if she might like to come over...

She sounded unsure. She sounded as if she didn't believe it was me. Flustered, I handed the phone to Marko, who promised that it was really me, and that the invitation was sincere, and that the evening would be very low-key—nothing to worry about. Pain-free. Maybe even fun.

She asked if she could bring her girlfriend. And her brother.

*Of course! The more the merrier.*

Hours later, there she was, sailing through the door. Turned out, my memory hadn't lied. She was...*different*. That was the word that had come to mind when I first met her, and it immediately came to mind now, and then again and again during the barbecue. Different.

Unlike so many people I knew, she seemed wholly unconcerned with appearances, with propriety, with royalty. Unlike so many girls I met, she

wasn't visibly fitting herself for a crown the moment she shook my hand. She seemed immune to that common affliction sometimes called *throne syndrome*. It was similar to the effect that actors and musicians have on people, except with actors and musicians the root cause is talent. I had no talent—so I'd been told, again and again—and thus all reactions to me had nothing to do with me. They were down to my family, my title, and consequently they always embarrassed me, because they were so unearned. I'd always wanted to know what it might be like to meet a woman and not have her eyes widen at the mention of my title, but instead to widen them myself, using my mind, my heart. With Chelsy that seemed a real possibility. Not only was she uninterested in my title, she seemed bored by it. *Oh, you're a prince? Yawn.*

She knew nothing about my biography, less than nothing about my family. Granny, Willy, Pa—who're they? Better yet, she was remarkably incurious. She probably didn't even know about my mother; she was likely too young to recall the tragic events of August 1997. I couldn't be sure this was true, of course, because to Chelsy's credit we didn't talk about it. Instead we talked about the main thing we had in common—Africa. Chelsy, born and raised in Zimbabwe, now living in Cape Town, loved Africa with all her soul. Her father owned a big game farm, and that was the fulcrum of her world. Though she'd enjoyed her years at a British boarding school, Stowe, she'd always hurried home for the holidays. I told her I understood. I told her about my life-changing experiences in Africa, my first formative trips. I told her about the strange visitation from the leopard. She nodded. She got it. *Brilliant. Africa does offer moments like that, if you're ready. If you're worthy.*

At some point in the evening I told her I'd soon be entering the Army. I couldn't gauge her reaction. Maybe she had none? At least it didn't seem a deal-breaker.

Then I told her that George and Marko and I were all heading off the next day to Botswana. We were going to meet up with Adi, some others, float upriver. *Come with us?*

She smiled shyly, gave it a moment's thought. She and her girlfriend had other plans...

*Oh. Too bad.*

But they'd cancel them, she said. They'd love to come with us.

## 46.

**W**E SPENT THREE DAYS walking, laughing, drinking, mingling with the animals. Not just wild animals. By chance we met up with a snake wrangler, who showed us his cobra, his rattlesnake. He manipulated the snakes up and down his shoulders, his arms, giving us a private show.

Later that night, Chelsy and I had our first kiss under the stars.

George, meanwhile, fell head over heels in love with her girlfriend.

When the time came for Chelsy and her girlfriend to go home, and George to go back to Australia, and Marko to go back to London, there were sad goodbyes all around.

Suddenly I found myself alone in the bush, with just Adi.

*What now?*

We heard about a camp nearby. Two filmmakers were doing a wildlife documentary and we were invited to go round and meet them.

We jumped into a Land Cruiser and soon found ourselves in the middle of a raucous bush party. Men and women drinking, dancing, all wearing bizarre animal masks made from cardboard and pipe cleaners. An Okavango Carnival.

The leaders of this mayhem were a couple in their thirties: Teej and Mike. They were the filmmakers, I gathered. In fact, they owned a whole film company, plus this camp. I introduced myself, complimented them on their ability to throw a truly epic bash. They laughed and said they were going to pay for it tomorrow.

Both had to get up early for work.

I asked if I could tag along. I'd love to see how the filmmaking was done.

They looked at me, then at each other. They knew who I was, and while it was surprising enough to meet me in the bush, the idea of hiring me as a helper was a lot to take in.

Mike said: *Course you can come. But you'll have to work. Lift heavy boxes, lug cameras around.*

I could see from their faces that they expected that to be the end of it.

I smiled and said: *Sounds great.*

They were shocked. And pleased.

It felt something like love at first sight. On both sides.

Teej and Mike were Africans. She was from Cape Town; he was from Nairobi. She'd been born in Italy, however, spent her first years in Milan, and took special pride in her Milanese roots, the source of her soulfulness, she said, which was as close to a boast as you'd ever hear from Teej. She'd even grown up speaking Italian, though she'd forgotten it, she said sadly. Except she hadn't. Any time she went into a hospital she shocked everyone by coming out of the anesthetic speaking fluent Italian.

Mike had grown up on a farm, learned to ride horses not long after he'd learned to walk. By chance his next-door neighbor was one of the first-ever wildlife filmmakers. Every time Mike got a free minute he'd run next door and sit with this neighbor, barrage him with questions. Mike had found his one true calling and the neighbor recognized it, fostered it.

Both Teej and Mike were talented, brilliant, and wholly devoted to wildlife. I wanted to spend as much time as possible with these two, not just on this trip but in general. The problem was, would they let me?

I'd often catch Teej looking in my direction, sizing me up, a curious smile on her face—as though I were something wild that had unexpectedly wandered into their camp. But instead of shooing me, or using me, as many would've done, she reached out and...petted me. Decades of observing wildlife had given her a feel for wildness, a reverence for it as a virtue and even a basic right. She and Mike were the first people ever to cherish whatever wildness was still inside me, whatever hadn't been lost to grief—

and paps. They were outraged that others wanted to eliminate this last bit, that others were keen to put me into a cage.

On that trip, or perhaps the next, I asked Teej and Mike how they'd met. They smiled guiltily.

Mutual friend, Mike mumbled.

Blind date, Teej whispered.

The setting was a small restaurant. When Mike walked in, Teej was already at the table, her back to the door. She couldn't see Mike, she could only hear his voice, but even before turning around she knew, from the tone, the timbre, the change in room temperature, that she was in big trouble.

They got on beautifully over dinner, and the next day Teej went to Mike's place for coffee. She nearly fainted when she walked in. On the top shelf of his bookcase was a book by her grandfather, Robert Ardrey, a legendary scientist, essayist, writer. (He'd won an Oscar nomination for the screenplay of *Khartoum*.) In addition to her grandfather's books, Mike had all Teej's other favorites *arranged in the same order as they were arranged on her own shelves*. She put a hand to her mouth. This was synchronicity. This was a sign. She never went back to her apartment, except to pack her stuff. She and Mike had been together ever since.

They told me this story around the campfire. With Marko and that lot, the campfire was central, but with Teej and Mike it was sacrosanct. The same drinks went round, the same riveting stories, but it felt more ritualistic. There are few places where I've felt closer to truth, or more alive.

Teej saw it. She could tell how at home I felt with them. She said: *I think your body was born in Britain, but your soul was born here in Africa.*

Possibly the highest compliment I'd ever received.

After a few days of walking with them, eating with them, falling in love with them, I felt an overwhelming peace.

And an equally overwhelming need to see Chelsy again.

What to do? I wondered. How to make it happen? How to get into Cape Town without the press seeing and ruining it?

Adi said: Let's drive!

*Drive? Huh. Yes. Brilliant!*

It was only two days, after all.

We jumped into a car, drove without stopping, drinking whisky and gobbling chocolate for energy. I arrived at Chelsy's front door barefoot, scruffy, crowned with a filthy beanie, a huge smile creasing my dirty face.

She gasped...then laughed.

Then...opened the door a bit wider.

## 47.

**C**HELSEY AND I LEARNED an important lesson. Africa was Africa...but Britain was always Britain.

Soon after we arrived back at Heathrow we were papped.

Never fun for me, but not a shock either. There'd been a few years, after Mummy disappeared, when I'd hardly ever been papped, but now it was constant. I advised Chelsy to treat it like a chronic illness, something to be managed.

But she wasn't sure she wanted to have a chronic illness.

I told her I understood. Perfectly valid feeling. But this was my life, and if she wanted to share any part of it, she'd have to share this too.

You get used to it, I lied.

Thereafter, I put the chances at fifty-fifty, maybe sixty-forty, I'd ever see Chels again. Odds were, the press would cost me another person I cared about. I tried to reassure myself that it was fine, that I didn't really have time for a relationship just then.

I had work to do.

For starters, I was facing the entrance exams required for the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst.

They took four days, and they were nothing like exams at Eton. There was *some* bookwork, *some* written stuff, but mostly they were tests for psychological toughness and leadership skills.

Turned out...I had both. I passed with flying colors.

I was delighted. My trouble concentrating, my trauma over my mother, none of that came into play. None of that counted against me with the British Army. On the contrary, I discovered, those things made me all the more ideal. The Army was *looking* for lads like me.

What's that you say, young man? Parents divorced? Mum's dead? Unresolved grief or psychological trauma? Step this way!

Along with news that I'd passed I received a report date, several months away. Which meant I'd have time to gather my thoughts, tie up loose ends. Even better, time to spend with Chels...if she'd have me?

She would. She invited me to come back to Cape Town, meet her parents.

I did. And liked them instantly. They were impossible not to like. They enjoyed funny stories, gin and tonics, good food, stalking. Her father was bear-sized, broad-shouldered, cuddly, but also a definite alpha. Her mother was petite, an amazing listener, and a frequent bestower of epic hugs. I didn't know what the future held, I didn't want to put any carts before any horses, but I thought: If you designed in-laws from the ground up, you couldn't do much better than these guys.

## 48.

**T**HERE MUST HAVE BEEN something in the air. Just as I was embarking on my new romance, Pa announced that he'd decided to marry. He'd asked Granny's permission, and she'd granted it. Reluctantly, it was reported.

Despite Willy and me urging him not to, Pa was going ahead. We pumped his hand, wished him well. No hard feelings. We recognized that he was finally going to be with the woman he loved, the woman he'd always loved, the woman Fate might've intended for him in the first place. Whatever bitterness or sorrow we felt over the closing of another loop in Mummy's story, we understood that it was beside the point.

Also, we sympathized with Pa and Camilla as a couple. They'd taken star-crossed to new levels. After years of thwarted longing, they were now just a few steps from happiness...and new obstacles kept appearing. First there was the controversy over the nature of the ceremony. Courtiers insisted it would have to be a civil ceremony, because Pa, as future supreme governor of the Church of England, couldn't marry a divorcée in the church. That set off a furious debate about locations. If the civil ceremony were to be held at Windsor Castle, the couple's first choice, then Windsor would first need to be licensed for civil weddings, and if that were to happen then everyone in Britain would be allowed to have their civil weddings there. No one wanted that.

The decision was therefore made that the wedding would take place at Windsor Guildhall.

But then the Pope died.

Bewildered, I asked Willy: *What's the Pope got to do with Pa?*

Loads, it turned out. Pa and Camilla didn't want to get married on the same day the Pope was being laid to rest. Bad karma. Less press. More to the point, Granny wanted Pa to represent her at the funeral.

The wedding plans were changed yet again.

Delay after delay—if you listened carefully you could hear, wafting across the Palace grounds, the shrieks and groans of despair. You just couldn't tell whose they were: the wedding planner's or Camilla's (or Pa's).

Other than feeling sorry for them, I couldn't help but think that some force in the universe (Mummy?) was blocking rather than blessing their union. Maybe the universe delays what it disapproves of?

When the wedding did finally take place—without Granny, who chose not to attend—it was almost cathartic for everyone, even me. Standing near

the altar I mostly kept my head bowed, eyes on the floor, just as I had during Mummy's funeral, but I did sneak several long peeks at the groom and the bride and each time I thought: Good for you.

Though, also: Goodbye.

I knew without question that this marriage would take Pa away from us. Not in any real sense, not in any deliberate or malicious way, but nevertheless—away. He was entering a new space, a closed space, a tightly insular space. Willy and I would see less of Pa, I predicted, and that left me with mixed feelings. I didn't relish losing a second parent, and I had complex feelings about gaining a step-parent who, I believed, had recently sacrificed me on her personal PR altar. But I saw Pa's smile and it was hard to argue with that, and harder still to deny the cause: Camilla. I wanted so many things, but I was surprised to discover at their wedding that one of the things I wanted most, still, was for my father to be happy.

In a funny way I even wanted Camilla to be happy.

Maybe she'd be less dangerous if she was happy?

There are published reports that Willy and I snuck out of the church and hung JUST MARRIED signs on their car. I don't think so. I might've hung a sign: BE HAPPY. If I'd thought of it at the time.

I do remember watching them drive off and thinking: They're happy. They're really happy.

Damn, I'd like all of us to be happy.

## 49.

**A**ROUND THIS TIME, just before the wedding, or perhaps just after, I went off with Willy to train with the British Special Boat Service. It wasn't official training. Just a bit of boys and toys, as we called it. Mostly a lark, though it did grow out of long-standing and solemn tradition.

Our family had always maintained close ties with the British military. Sometimes that meant an official visit, sometimes a casual lunch. Sometimes it meant a private chat with men and women home from the wars. But sometimes it meant taking part in rigorous exercises. Nothing showed respect for the military like doing, or trying to do, what they did.

Such exercises were always kept secret from the press. The military preferred it that way, and God knows the royals did too.

It was Mummy who took Willy and me on our first military exercise—a “killing house” in Herefordshire. The three of us were put into a room, told not to move. Then the room went dark. A squad kicked down the door. They threw flash bangs, scared the devil out of us, which was their aim. They wanted to teach us how to respond “if ever” our lives were in danger.

*If ever?* That made us laugh. *Have you seen our mail?*

But this day with Willy was different. Much more physical, more participatory. Less about teaching, more about adrenaline. We raced across Poole Harbour on speedboats, “attacked” a frigate, clambered up its cable ladders while shooting 9-mm MP5s loaded with paintball rounds. In one exercise we scurried down a flight of metal stairs into the frigate’s hold. Someone cut the lights, to make it more interesting, I suppose. In the pitch-dark, four steps from the bottom, I fell, landed on my left knee, which was immediately impaled on a fixed bolt sticking out of the floor.

Blinding pain washed over me.

I managed to get up, keep going, finish the drill. But at the end of the exercise we jumped off the boat’s helipad, into the water, and I found my knee wasn’t working. My whole leg wasn’t working. When I got out of the water and stripped off the dry suit, Willy looked down and turned pale.

My knee was gushing blood.

Paramedics were there within minutes.

The Palace announced some weeks later that my entry into the Army would be postponed. Indefinitely.

Reporters demanded to know why.

The Palace comms team told them: *Prince Harry has injured his knee playing rugby.*

Reading the papers, my leg iced and elevated, I threw back my head and laughed. I couldn't help savoring one small particle of self-indulgent glee as the papers, for once, *unwittingly* printed a lie about me.

They soon got their revenge, however. They began pushing a story that I was *afraid* to go into the Army, that I was bunking off, using a fake knee injury as a way of stalling.

I was, they said, a coward.

## 50.

ONE OF WILLY'S friends was having a birthday party. In the countryside near Gloucestershire. More than a birthday party, it was a fancy-dress party, with a cringy theme. Natives and colonials. Guests were *required* to dress accordingly.

January 2005.

I didn't love fancy-dress parties. And I couldn't stand themes. For Willy's last birthday, or the one before, he'd had a fancy-dress party with a theme: *Out of Africa*. I found it irritating and baffling. Every time I'd gone to Africa I'd worn shorts and a T-shirt, maybe a *kikoi*. *Would that do, Willy?* But this was magnitudes worse.

Not one item of native or colonial garb hung in my wardrobe. I was crashing with Pa and Camilla, some days at St. James's, some days at Highgrove, largely living out of a suitcase, so I didn't give a damn about clothes. I looked most days as if I'd got dressed in a very dark and disordered room. A fancy-dress party, therefore, *with a theme*, was my nightmare.

Pass. Hard pass.

Willy, however, insisted. *We'll find you something to wear, Harold.*

His new girlfriend promised to help.

I liked his new girlfriend. She was carefree, sweet, kind. She'd done a gap year in Florence, knew about photography, art. And clothes. She loved clothes.

Her name was Kate. I forget what native or colonial thing she was wearing to the party, but with her help Willy had chosen for himself some kind of...feline outfit. Skintight leotard with (am I remembering this correctly?) a springy, bouncy tail. He tried it on for us and he looked like a cross between Tigger and Baryshnikov. Kate and I had a great time pointing our fingers at him and rolling around on the floor. It was ridiculous, especially in a three-way mirror. But ridiculous, they both said, was the point of the upcoming party.

I liked seeing Kate laugh. Better yet, I liked making her laugh. And I was quite good at it. My transparently silly side connected with her heavily disguised silly side. Whenever I worried that Kate was going to be the one to take Willy from me, I consoled myself with thoughts of all our future laughing fits together, and I told myself how great everything would be when I had a serious girlfriend who could laugh along with us. Maybe it would be Chelsy.

Maybe, I thought, I can make Kate laugh with my costume.

But what would it be? What's Harold going to be? This became our constant topic.

On the day of the party it was decided that I'd go to a nearby village, Nailsworth, where there was a well-known costume shop. Surely I could find something there.

It's a bit blurry, though some things come back with total certainty. The shop had an unforgettable smell. I remember its musty, moldy funk, with an undercurrent of something else, something indefinable, some airborne by-product of a tightly sealed room, containing hundreds of pairs of trousers, shared over several decades, by thousands of humans.

I went up and down the rows, sifting through the racks, seeing nothing I liked. With time running out I narrowed my options to two.

A British pilot's uniform.

And a sand-colored Nazi uniform.

With a swastika armband.

And a flat cap.

I phoned Willy and Kate, asked what they thought.

Nazi uniform, they said.

I rented it, plus a silly mustache, and went back to the house. I tried it all on. They both howled. Worse than Willy's leotard outfit! Way more ridiculous!

Which, again, was the point.

But the mustache needed trimming, so I snipped the long bits on the ends, made it a proper Hitler mouser. Then added in some cargo trousers.

Off we went to the party, where no one looked twice at my costume. All the natives and colonials were more focused on getting drunk and groping each other. No one took any notice of me, which I put down as a small win.

Someone, however, snapped photos. Days later this someone saw a chance to make some cash, or some trouble, and sought out a reporter. *How much for snaps from a recent party attended by young royals?* The crown jewel of the photos was thought to be Willy in his leotard.

But the reporter spotted something else. Hello, what's this? The Spare? As a Nazi?

There was some haggling over price, according to reports I've heard. A sum of five thousand pounds was agreed upon and weeks later the photo appeared in every paper in the known world, beneath titanic headlines.

*Heil Harry!*

*Heir Aberrant.*

*Royal Heil to Pay.*

What followed was a firestorm, which I thought at times would engulf me. And I felt that I deserved to be engulfed. There were moments over the course of the next several weeks and months when I thought I might die of shame.

The typical response to the photos was: What could he have been *thinking*? The simplest answer was: I wasn't. When I saw those photos, I recognized immediately that my brain had been shut off, that perhaps it had been shut off for some time. I wanted to go around Britain knocking on

doors, explaining to people: *I wasn't thinking. I meant no harm.* But it wouldn't have made any difference. Judgment was swift, harsh. I was either a crypto Nazi or else a mental defective.

I turned to Willy. He was sympathetic, but there wasn't much to say. Then I phoned Pa. To my surprise he was serene. At first I was suspicious. I thought maybe he was seeing my crisis as another opportunity to bolster his PR. But he spoke to me with such tenderness, such genuine compassion, that I was disarmed. And grateful.

He didn't gloss over the facts. *Darling boy, how could you be so foolish?* My cheeks burned. *I know, I know.* But he quickly went on to say that it was the foolishness of youth, that he remembered being publicly vilified for youthful sins, and it wasn't fair, because youth is the time when you're, by definition, unfinished. You're still growing, still becoming, still learning, he said. He didn't specifically cite any of his youthful humiliations, but I knew. His most intimate conversations had been leaked, his most ill-conceived remarks had been trumpeted. Past girlfriends had been interrogated, their rating of his lovemaking spread across tabloids, even books. He knew all about humiliation.

He promised that the fury about this would blow over, the shame would fade. I loved him for that promise, even though—or maybe because—I knew it to be false. The shame would never fade. Nor should it.

Day after day the scandal grew. I was excoriated in newspapers, on radio, on TV. Members of Parliament called for my head on a spike. One said I should be barred from entering Sandhurst.

The blowing-over, therefore, according to Pa's staff, would need some help. I'd need to make some sort of public atonement.

Fine by me, I said. Sooner the better.

So Pa sent me to a holy man.

**B**EARDED, BESPECTACLED, with a deeply lined face and dark, wise eyes, he was Chief Rabbi of Britain, that much I'd been told. But right away I could see he was much more. An eminent scholar, a religious philosopher, a prolific writer with more than two dozen books to his name, he'd spent many of his days staring out of windows and thinking about the root causes of sorrow, of evil, of hate.

He offered me a cup of tea, then dived straight in. He didn't mince words. He condemned my actions. He wasn't unkind, but it had to be done. There was no way round it. He also placed my stupidity in historical context. He spoke about the six million, the annihilated. Jews, Poles, dissenters, intellectuals, homosexuals. Children, babies, old people, turned to ash and smoke.

A few short decades ago.

I'd arrived at his house feeling shame. I now felt something else, a bottomless self-loathing.

But that wasn't the rabbi's aim. That certainly wasn't how he wanted me to leave him. He urged me not to be devastated by my mistake, but instead to be motivated. He spoke to me with the quality one often encounters in truly wise people—forgiveness. He assured me that people do stupid things, say stupid things, but it doesn't need to be their intrinsic nature. I was showing my true nature, he said, by seeking to atone. Seeking absolution.

To the extent that he was able, and qualified, he absolved me. He gave me grace. He told me to lift my head, go forth, use this experience to make the world better. To become a teacher of this event. Hennes, I thought, would've liked the sound of that. Hennes with his love of teaching.

No matter what I did, the calls grew louder for me to be barred from the Army. The top brass, however, were holding fast. If Prince Harry had been in the Army when he dolled himself up as the Führer, they said, he'd have been disciplined.

But he's not in the Army yet, they added.

So he's perfectly free to be a thicko.

HE WAS TO BE OUR NEW private secretary: Jamie Lowther-Pinkerton was his name. But I don't remember Willy and me referring to him as anything other than JLP.

We should've just called him Marko II. Or maybe Marko 2.0. He was meant to be Marko's replacement, but also a more official, more detailed, more permanent version of our dear friend.

All the things Marko had been doing informally, the minding and guiding and advising, JLP would now do formally, we were told. In fact it was Marko who'd found JLP, and recommended him to Pa, and then trained him. So we already trusted the man, right from the start. He came with that all-important seal of approval. Marko said he was a good man.

Deeply calm, slightly stiff, JLP wore shiny gold cufflinks and a gold signet ring, symbols of his probity, constancy, and stalwart belief in a certain kind of steadfast style. You always got the sense that, even on the morning of Armageddon, JLP would button in these amulets before leaving the house.

Despite his spit and polish, however, his enameled exterior, JLP was a force, the product of Britain's finest military training, which meant, among other things, that he didn't deal in bullshit. He didn't give it, didn't take it, and everyone, far and wide, seemed to know. When British officials decided to launch a massive offensive against a Colombian drug cartel, they chose JLP to lead it. When the actor Ewan McGregor decided to take a three-month motorbike trip through Mongolia and Siberia and Ukraine, for which he'd require survival training, he turned to JLP.

To me, JLP's finest trait was his reverence for truth, his expertise in truth. He was the opposite of so many people in government and working in the Palace. So, not long after he started working for Willy and me, I asked him to get me some truth—in the form of the secret police files on Mummy's crash.

He looked down, looked away. Yes, he worked for Willy and me, but he cared about us too, and he cared about tradition, chain of command. My request seemed to jeopardize all three. He grimaced and furrowed his brow, an amorphous area, since JLP didn't have a lot of hair. Finally, he smoothed back the charcoal bristles remaining on each side and said that, were he to procure said files, it would be very upsetting for me. *Very upsetting indeed, Harry.*

*Yes. I know. Sort of the point.*

He nodded. *Ah. Hmm. I see.*

A few days later he brought me into a tiny office up a back staircase in St. James's Palace and handed me a brown Do Not Bend envelope. He said he'd decided against showing me *all* the police files. He'd gone through and removed the more...“challenging” ones. *For your sake.*

I was frustrated. But I didn't argue. If JLP didn't think I could handle them, then I probably couldn't.

I thanked him for protecting me.

He said he'd leave me to it, then walked out.

I took several breaths, opened the file.

Exterior photos. Outside the tunnel in which the crash occurred. Looking into the mouth of the tunnel.

Interior photos. A few feet inside the tunnel.

Deep interior photos. Well inside the tunnel. Looking down the tunnel, and out the other end.

Finally...close-ups of the smashed Mercedes, which was said to have entered the tunnel around midnight and never emerged in one piece.

All seemed to be police photos. But then I realized that many, if not most, were from paps and other photographers at the scene. The Paris police had seized their cameras. Some photos were taken moments after the crash, some much later. Some showed police officers walking about, others showed onlookers milling and gawping. All gave a sense of chaos, a disgraceful carnival atmosphere.

Now came more detailed photos, clearer, closer, inside the Mercedes. There was the lifeless body of Mummy's friend, whom I now knew to be

her boyfriend. There was her bodyguard, who'd survived the crash, though it left him with gruesome injuries. And there was the driver, slumped over the wheel. He was blamed by many for the crash, because there was allegedly alcohol in his blood, and because he was dead and couldn't answer.

At last I came to the photos of Mummy. There were lights around her, auras, almost halos. How strange. The color of the lights was the same color as her hair—golden. I didn't know what the lights were, I couldn't imagine, though I came up with all sorts of supernatural explanations.

As I realized their true origin, my stomach clenched.

Flashes. They were flashes. And within some of the flashes were ghostly visages, and half visages, paps and reflected paps and refracted paps on all the smooth metal surfaces and glass windscreens. Those men who'd chased her...they'd never stopped shooting her while she lay between the seats, unconscious, or semiconscious, and in their frenzy they'd sometimes accidentally photographed each other. Not one of them was checking on her, offering her help, not even comforting her. They were just shooting, shooting, shooting.

I hadn't known. I hadn't dreamed. I'd been told that paps chased Mummy, that they'd hunted her like a pack of wild dogs, but I'd never dared to imagine that, like wild dogs, they'd also feasted on her defenseless body. I hadn't been aware, before this moment, that the last thing Mummy saw on this earth was a flashbulb.

Unless...Now I looked much closer at Mummy: no visible injuries. She was slumped, out of it, but generally...fine. Better than fine. Her dark blazer, her glowing hair, her radiant skin—doctors at the hospital where she was taken couldn't stop remarking how beautiful she was. I stared, trying to make myself cry, but I couldn't, because she was so lovely, and so alive.

Maybe the photos JLP held back were more definitive. Maybe they showed death in plainer terms. But I didn't consider that possibility too closely. I slammed the folder shut and said: *She's hiding.*

I'd requested this file because I sought proof, and the file proved nothing, except that Mummy was in a car crash, after which she looked

generally unharmed, while those who chased her continued to harass her. That was all. Rather than proof, I'd discovered more reasons for rage. In that little office, seated before that wretched Do Not Bend envelope, the red mist came down, and it wasn't a mist, it was a torrent.

## 53.

I CARRIED A SMALL overnight bag containing a few personal items, plus one standard-size ironing board, slung jauntily under my arm like a surfboard. The Army had ordered me to bring it. From here on my shirts and trousers would need to be crease-free.

I knew as much about operating an ironing board as I did about operating a tank—less, actually. But that was now the Army's problem. I was now the Army's problem.

I wished them luck.

So did Pa. It was he who dropped me off in Camberley, Surrey, at the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst.

May 2005.

He stood to one side and watched me put on my red name tag, WALES, then sign in. He told reporters how proud he was.

Then extended his hand. *Off you go, darling boy.*

Photo op. Click.

I was assigned to a platoon of twenty-nine young men and women. Early the next day, after pulling on our new combats, we filed into an ancient room, hundreds of years old. You could smell the history—it seemed to come off the wood-paneled walls like steam. We recited an oath to the Queen. *I swear allegiance to Crown and country...* The lad beside me shot an elbow into my ribs. *Bet you say Granny rather than Queen!*

That was the last time, for the next five weeks, that he or anyone else would venture a joke. There was nothing funny about boot camp.

Boot camp—such a benign name for what happened. We were pushed to our limits, physically, mentally, spiritually. We were taken—or dragged—to a place beyond our limits, and then a bit further, by a stolid group of lovable sadists called color sergeants. Large, loud, extremely masculine men—and yet they all had tiny little dogs. I’ve never heard or read an explanation for this, and I can’t venture one. I’ll only say that it was odd to see these testosterone-rich, mostly bald ogres cooing at their poodles, shih tzus and pugs.

I’d say they treated us like dogs, except they treated their dogs so much better. With us they never said: *There’s a good boy!* They got up in our faces, shouted at us through the clouds of their aftershave, and never, ever let up. They belittled us, harassed us, shrieked at us, and made no secret of their intent. They meant to break us.

If they couldn’t break us, brilliant. Welcome to the Army! If they could, even better. Better to know now. Better that *they* should break us than the enemy.

They used a variety of approaches. Physical duress, psychological intimidation—and humor? I remember one color sergeant pulling me aside. *Mr. Wales, I was on guard one day at Windsor Castle, wearing my bearskin, and along came a boy who kicked gravel on my boots! And that boy...was YOU!*

He was joking, but I wasn’t sure I should laugh, and I wasn’t sure it was true. I didn’t recognize him, and I certainly didn’t remember kicking gravel on any guardsmen. But if it *was* true, I apologized and hoped we could put it behind us.

Within two weeks several cadets had tapped out. We woke to find their beds made, their stuff gone. No one thought less of them. This shit wasn’t for everybody. Some of my fellow cadets would confess, before lights out, that they feared being next.

I never did, however. I was, for the most part, fine. Boot camp was no picnic, but I never wavered in my belief that I was exactly where I was meant to be. They can’t break me, I thought. Is it, I wondered, because I’m already broken?

Also, no matter what they did to us, it was done away from the press, so for me every day was a kind of holiday. The training center was like Club H. No matter what the color sergeants dished out, there was always, always the compensatory bonus of no paps. Nothing could really hurt me in a place where the press couldn't find me.

And then they found me. A reporter from *The Sun* sneaked onto the grounds and shambled around, holding a phony bomb, trying to prove—what? No one knew. *The Sun* said their reporter, this faux flâneur, was trying to expose the training center's lax security, to prove that Prince Harry was in danger.

The truly scary part was that some readers actually believed their rubbish.

## 54.

**E**VERY DAY, UPON waking at five A.M., we were forced to down a huge bottle of water. The bottle was Army-issued, black plastic, a leftover from the Boer War. Any liquid inside tasted of first-generation plastic. And piss. Plus, it was piss warm. So, after the guzzling, moments before setting out on our morning run, some of us would fall to the ground and vomit the water straight back up.

No matter. Next day, you had to guzzle that plastic piss water again, from the same water bottle, and then get out there for another post-vomit run.

Oh, the running. We ran constantly. We ran around a track. We ran along a road. We ran through deep woods. We ran across meadows. Sometimes we ran with 40 kilograms on our backs, sometimes carrying a huge log. We ran and ran and ran until we passed out, which we sometimes did while still running. We'd lie there, half conscious, legs still pumping, like sleeping dogs chasing squirrels.

In between the runs we'd drag our bodies up ropes, or hurl them at walls, or ram them against each other. At night something more than pain would creep into our bones. It was a deep, shuddering throb. There was no way to survive that throb except to dissociate from it, tell your mind that *you* were not *it*. Sunder yourself from yourself. The color sergeants said this was part of their Grand Plan. Kill the Self.

Then we'd all be on the same page. Then we'd truly be One Unit.

As the primacy of Self fades, they promised, the idea of Service takes over.

Platoon, country, that'll be all you know, cadets. And that'll bloody well be enough.

I couldn't tell how the other cadets felt about all this, but I bought in, all the way. Self? I was more than ready to shed that dead weight. Identity? Take it.

I could understand, for someone attached to their self, their identity, that this experience might be harsh. Not me. I rejoiced as slowly, steadily, I felt myself being reduced to an essence, the impurities removed, only the vital stuff remaining.

A little like what happened in Tooloombilla. Only more so.

It all felt like an enormous gift, from the color sergeants, from the Commonwealth.

I loved them for it. At night, before blacking out, I gave thanks.

## 55.

**A**FTER THOSE FIRST FIVE weeks, after the close of boot camp, the color sergeants eased up. Ever so slightly. They didn't shout at us quite so much. They treated us like soldiers.

As such, however, it was time to learn about war. How to make it, how to win it. Some of this involved stupefyingly boring classroom lessons. The

better bits involved drills simulating different ways of being killed, or not, depending.

CBRN, they were called. Chemical, biological, radiological, nuclear. We practiced putting on protective gear, pulling it off, cleaning and wiping the poisons and other muck that might be thrown, dropped or sprayed on us. We dug countless trenches, donned masks, curled into the fetal position, rehearsed the Book of Revelation over and over.

One day the color sergeants assembled us outside a redbrick building, which had been turned into a CS gas chamber. They ordered us inside, activated the gas. We took off our gas masks, put them on again, took them off. If you weren't quick about it, you got a mouthful, a lungful. But you couldn't always be quick, and that was the point, so eventually everyone sucked gas. The exercises were supposed to be about war; to me they were about death. The whole leitmotif of Army training was death. How to avoid it, but also how to face it, head-on.

It felt natural, therefore, almost inevitable, that they put us on buses and took us to Brookwood Military Cemetery, to stand on graves, to listen as someone read a poem.

“For the Fallen.”

The poem predated the ghastliest wars of the twentieth century, so it still had a trace of innocence.

*They shall not grow old,  
As we that are left grow old...*

It was striking how much of our earliest training was intercut, leavened, with poetry. The glory of dying, the beauty of dying, the necessity of dying, these concepts were pounded into our heads along with the skills to avoid dying. Sometimes it was explicit, but sometimes it was right in our faces. Whenever we were herded into chapel we'd look up and see etched in stone: *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*.

Sweet and fitting it is to die for one's country.

Words first written by an ancient Roman, an exile, then repurposed by a young British soldier who'd died for his country. Repurposed ironically, but no one told us that. They certainly weren't etched ironically into that stone.

Poetry, for me, was slightly preferable to history. And psychology. And military strategy. I wince just remembering those long hours, those hard chairs in Faraday Hall and Churchill Hall, reading books and memorizing dates, analyzing famous battles, writing essays on the most esoteric concepts of military strategy. These, for me, were the ultimate trials of Sandhurst.

Given a choice, I'd have taken five more weeks of boot camp.

I fell asleep in Churchill Hall, more than once.

*You there, Mr. Wales! You're sleeping!*

We were advised, when feeling sleepy, to jump up, get the blood flowing. But that seemed overly confrontational. By standing you were informing the instructor that he or she was a bore. What sort of mood would they be in when it came time to mark your next paper?

Weeks ran together. In week nine—or was it ten?—we learned bayoneting. Wintry morning. A field in Castlemartin, Wales. The color sergeants put on head-splitting punk rock music, full volume, to rouse our animal spirits, and then we began running at sandbag dummies, bayonets high, slashing and shouting: *KILL! KILL! KILL!*

When the whistles blew, when the drill was “over,” some guys couldn't turn it off. They kept stabbing and stabbing their dummies. A quick glimpse into the dark side of human nature. Then we all laughed and pretended we hadn't seen what we'd just seen.

Week twelve—or maybe thirteen?—was guns and grenades. I was a good shot. I'd been shooting rabbits and pigeons and squirrels with a .22 since I was twelve.

But now I got better.

So much better.

## 56.

**I**N LATE SUMMER WE were shipped to Wales and put through a punishing exercise called Long Reach. A nonstop march, yomp and run over several days, up and down barren countryside, with a load of gear strapped to our backs, equivalent to the weight of one young teenager. Worse, Europe was suffering a historic heat wave, and we set out at the crest of the wave, the hottest day of the year.

A Friday. We were told that the exercise would run through Sunday night.

Late Saturday, during our only enforced rest, we slept in bags on a dirt track. After two hours we were awakened by thunder and hard rain. I was in a team of five, and we stood up, held our faces to the rain, drinking the drops. It felt so good. But then we were wet. And it was time to march again.

Sopping wet, in driving rain, marching now became something altogether different. We were grunting, panting, groaning, slipping. Gradually I felt my resolve start to give way.

At a momentary stop, a checkpoint, I felt a burning in my feet. I sat on the ground, pulled off my right boot and sock, and the bottom of my foot peeled away.

Trench foot.

The soldier beside me shook his head. *Shit. You can't go on.*

I was gutted. But, I confess, also relieved.

We were on a country road. In a nearby field stood an ambulance. I staggered towards it. As I got close, medics lifted me onto the open tailgate. They examined my feet, said this march was over for me.

I nodded, slumped forward.

My team was getting ready to leave. *Goodbye, lads. See you back at camp.*

But then one of our color sergeants appeared. Color Sergeant Spence. He asked for a word. I hopped off the tailgate, limped with him over to a

nearby tree.

His back to the tree, he spoke to me in a level tone. It was the first time in months he hadn't shouted at me.

*Mr. Wales, you've got one last push. You've literally got six or eight miles left, that's all. I know, I know, your feet are shit, but I suggest you don't quit. I know you can do this. You know you can do this. Push on. You'll never forgive yourself if you don't.*

He walked away.

I limped back to the ambulance, asked for all their zinc oxide tape. I wrapped my feet tightly and rammed them back into my boots.

Uphill, downhill, forward, I went on, trying to think of other things to distract myself from the agony. We neared a stream. The icy water would be a blessing, I thought. But no. All I could feel were the rocks in the bed pressing against the raw flesh.

The last four miles were among the most difficult steps I've ever taken on this planet. As we crossed the finish line I began to hyperventilate with relief.

One hour later, back in camp, everyone put on trainers. For the next several days we shuffled about the barracks like old men.

But proud old men.

At some point I limped up to Color Sergeant Spence, thanked him.

He gave a little smile and walked away.

## 57.

**T**HOUGH EXHAUSTED, though a bit lonely, I felt radiant. I was in the shape of my life, I was thinking and seeing more clearly than ever before. The feeling was not unlike that described by people who enter monastic orders. Everything felt lit up.

As with monks, each cadet had his own cell. It had to be pristine at all times. Our small beds had to be made—tight. Our black boots had to be bulled—shiny as wet paint. Our cell doors had to be propped open—always. Even though you could close the door at night, color sergeants could—and often did—walk in at any time.

Some cadets complained bitterly. *No privacy!*

That made me laugh. Privacy? What's that?

At the end of each day I'd sit in my cell, bulling my boots, spitting on them, rubbing them, making them mirrors in which I could see my shorn head. No matter what institution I landed in, it seemed, a tragically bad haircut was the first order of business. Then I'd text Chels. (I was allowed to keep my mobile, for security reasons.) I might tell her how things were going, tell her I missed her. Then I'd loan my phone to any other cadets who might want to text their girlfriends or boyfriends.

Then it was lights-out.

No problem. I was no longer remotely afraid of the dark.

## 58.

**I**T WAS NOW OFFICIAL. I was no longer Prince Harry. I was Second Lieutenant Wales of the Blues and Royals, second oldest regiment of the British Army, part of the Household Cavalry, bodyguards to the Monarch.

The “passing out,” as they called it, took place on April 12, 2006.

On hand were Pa and Camilla, Grandpa, Tiggy and Marko.

And, of course, Granny.

She hadn't attended a passing-out parade for decades, so her appearance was a dazzling honor. She smiled for all to see as I marched past.

And Willy saluted. He was at Sandhurst too now. A fellow cadet. (He'd started after me, because he'd gone to university first.) He couldn't resort to

his typical attitude when we were sharing an institution, couldn't pretend not to know me—or he'd be insubordinate.

For one brief moment, Spare outranked Heir.

Granny inspected the troops. When she came to me, she said: *Oh...hello.*

I smiled. And blushed.

The passing-out ceremony was followed by the playing of “Auld Lang Syne,” and then the college adjutant rode his white horse up the steps of the Old College.

Last, there was a lunch in the Old College. Granny gave a lovely speech. As the day petered out, the adults left, and the real partying began. A night of serious drinking, raucous laughter. My date was Chels. There was eventually a second passing out, as it were. I woke the next morning with a wide grin and a slight headache.

Next stop, I said to the shaving mirror, Iraq.

Specifically, southern Iraq. My unit would be relieving another unit, which had spent months doing advanced reconnaissance. Dangerous work, constantly dodging roadside IEDs and snipers. In that same month ten British soldiers had been killed. In the previous six months, forty.

I searched my heart. I wasn't fearful. I was committed. I was eager. But also: war, death, whatever, anything was better than remaining in Britain, which was its own kind of battle. Just recently, the papers had run a story about Willy leaving a voicemail for me, pretending to be Chels. They'd also run a story about me asking JLP for help on a Sandhurst research project. Both stories, for once, were true. The question was—how could the papers have known such deeply private things?

It made me paranoid. Willy too. It made us reconsider Mummy's so-called paranoia, view it through a very different lens.

We began to examine our inner circle, to question our most trusted friends—and their friends. With whom had they been speaking? In whom had they confided? No one was above suspicion because no one could be. We even doubted our bodyguards, and we'd always worshipped our bodyguards. (Hell, officially *I* was now a bodyguard—the Queen's

bodyguard.) They'd always been like big brothers to us. But now they were also suspects.

For a fraction of a second we even doubted Marko. That was how toxic the suspicion became. No one was above it. Some person, or persons, extremely close to me and Willy, was sneaking stuff to the newspapers, so everyone needed to be considered.

What a relief it will be, I thought, to be in a proper war zone, where none of this is part of my daily calculus.

Please, put me on a battlefield where there are clear rules of engagement. Where there's some sense of honor.

part 2 bloody, but unbowed



# 1.

**B**RITAIN'S MINISTRY OF DEFENCE told the world in February 2007 that I was deploying, that I would be commanding a group of light tanks along the Iraqi border, near Basra. It was official. I was off to war.

Public reaction was peculiar. Half of Britons were furious, calling it dreadful to risk the life of the Queen's youngest grandson. Spare or not, they said, it's unwise to send a royal into a war zone. (It was the first time in twenty-five years that such a thing had been done.)

Half, however, said bravo. Why should Harry get special treatment? What a waste of taxpayers' money it would be to train the boy as a soldier and then not to use him.

If he dies, he dies, they said.

The enemy certainly felt that way. By all means, said the insurgents, who were trying to foment a civil war across Iraq, send us the boy.

One of the insurgent leaders extended a formal invitation worthy of high tea.

"We are awaiting the arrival of the young handsome spoiled prince with bated breath..."

There was a plan for me, the insurgent leader said. They were going to kidnap me, then decide what to do with me—torture, ransom, kill.

In seeming direct contradiction of this plan, he concluded by promising that the handsome prince would return to his grandmother "without ears."

I remember hearing that and feeling the tips of my ears grow warm. I flashed back to childhood, when a friend suggested my ears be surgically pinned back, to prevent or correct the family curse. I said, flatly, no.

Days later, another insurgent leader invoked my mother. He said that I should learn from her example, break away from my family. *Rebel against the imperialists, Harry.*

Or else, he warned, a prince's "blood will flow into our desert."

I would've worried about Chels hearing any of this, but since we'd begun dating she'd been so harassed by the press that she'd completely unplugged. The papers didn't exist for her. The internet was off-limits.

The British military, however, was very plugged in. Two months after announcing my deployment, the head of the Army, General Dannatt, abruptly called it off. Besides the public threats from insurgent leaders, British intelligence learned that my photo had been distributed among a group of Iraqi snipers, with instructions that I was the "mother of all targets." These snipers were elite: they'd recently cut down six British soldiers. So the mission had simply become too dangerous, for me, for anyone who might have the bad luck to be standing next to me. I'd become, in the assessment of Dannatt and others, a "bullet magnet." And the reason, he said, was the press. In his public statement canceling my deployment, he blasted journalists for their overwrought coverage, their wild speculations, which had "exacerbated" the threat level.

Pa's staff also issued a public statement, saying I was "very disappointed," which was untrue. I was crushed. When word first reached me I was at Windsor Barracks, sitting with my guys. I took a moment to collect myself, then told them the bad news. Though we'd just spent months traveling, training together, during which we'd become brothers in arms, they were now on their own.

It wasn't simply that I felt sorry for myself. I worried about my team. Someone else would have to do my job, and I'd have to live forever with the wondering, the guilt. What if they were no good?

The following week, several papers reported that I was in deep depression. One or two, however, reported that the abrupt about-face in my deployment had been my own doing. The coward story, again. They said that, behind the scenes, I'd pressed my superiors to pull the plug.

PONDERED QUITTING the Army. What was the point of staying if I couldn't actually be a soldier?

I talked it over with Chels. She was torn. On the one hand she couldn't hide her relief. On the other she knew how much I wanted to be there for my team. She knew that I'd long felt persecuted by the press, and that the Army had been the one healthy outlet I'd found.

She also knew that I believed in the Mission.

I talked it over with Willy. He had complicated feelings as well. He sympathized, as a soldier. But as a sibling? A highly competitive older brother? He couldn't bring himself to totally regret this turn of events.

Most of the time Willy and I didn't have any truck with all that Heir-Spare nonsense. But now and then I'd be brought up short and realize that on some level it really did matter to him. Professionally, personally, he cared where I stood, what I was doing.

Not getting comfort from any quarter, I looked for it in vodka and Red Bull. And gin and tonic. I was photographed around this time going into or coming out of multiple pubs, clubs, house parties, at wee hours.

I didn't love waking to find a photo of myself on the front page of a tabloid. But what I really couldn't bear was the sound of the photo being taken in the first place. That click, that terrible noise, from over my shoulder or behind my back or within my peripheral vision, had always triggered me, had always made my heart race, but after Sandhurst it sounded like a gun cocking or a blade being notched open. And then, even a little worse, a little more traumatizing, came that blinding flash.

Great, I thought. The Army has made me more able to recognize threats, to *feel* threats, to become adrenalized in the face of those threats, and now it's casting me aside.

I was in a bad, bad place.

Paps, somehow, knew. Around this time they began hitting me with their cameras, deliberately, trying to incite me. They'd brush, smack, jostle, or just straight wallop me, hoping to get a rise, hoping I'd retaliate, because that would create a better photo, and thus more money in their pockets. A snap of me in 2007 fetched about thirty thousand pounds. Down payment

on a flat. But a snap of me doing something *aggressive*? That might be a down payment on a house in the countryside.

I got into one scrap that became big news. I came away with a swollen nose, and my bodyguard was livid. *You made those paps rich, Harry! You happy?*

Happy? No, I said. No, I'm not happy.

The paps had always been grotesque people, but as I reached maturity they were worse. You could see it in their eyes, their body language. They were more emboldened, more radicalized, just as young men in Iraq had been radicalized. Their mullahs were editors, the same ones who'd vowed to do better after Mummy died. The editors promised publicly to never again send photographers chasing after people, and now, ten years later, they were back to their old ways. They justified it by no longer sending their own photographers, directly; instead they contracted with pap agencies, who sent the photographers, a distinction without a shred of difference. The editors were still inciting and handsomely rewarding thugs and losers to stalk the Royal Family, or anyone else unlucky enough to be deemed famous or newsworthy.

And no one seemed to give a shit. I remember leaving a club in London and being swarmed by twenty paps. They surrounded me, then surrounded the police car in which I was sitting, threw themselves across the bonnet, all wearing football scarves around their faces and hoods over their heads, the uniform of terrorists everywhere. It was one of the scariest moments of my life, and I knew no one cared. Price you pay, people would say, though I never understood what they meant.

Price for what?

I was particularly close to one of my bodyguards. Billy. I called him Billy the Rock, because he was so solid, so dependable. He once pounced on a grenade someone tossed at me from a crowd. Luckily, it turned out not to be a real one. I promised Billy I wouldn't push any more paps. But neither could I just stroll into their ambushes. So, when we left a club, I said, *You're going to have to stuff me into the boot of the car, Billy.*

He looked at me, wide-eyed. *Really?*

*That's the only way I won't be tempted to have a go at them, and they won't be able to make any money out of me.*

Win-win.

I didn't tell Billy that this was something my mother used to do.

Thus began a very strange routine between us. When leaving a pub or club in 2007, I'd have the car pull into a back alley or underground parking lot, climb into the boot and let Billy shut the lid, and I'd lie there in the dark, hands across my chest, while he and another bodyguard ferried me home. It felt like being in a coffin. I didn't care.

### 3.

**T**O MARK THE tenth anniversary of our mother's death, Willy and I organized a concert in her honor. The proceeds would go to her favorite charities, and to a new charity I'd just launched—Sentebale. Its mission: the fight against HIV in Lesotho, particularly among children. (*Sentebale* is the Sesotho word for “forget-me-not,” Mummy's favorite flower.)

While planning the concert Willy and I were emotionless. All business. *It's the anniversary, we need to do this, there are a million details, full stop.* The venue had to be big enough (Wembley Stadium) and the tickets had to be priced right (forty-five pounds) and the entertainers had to be A-list (Elton John, Duran Duran, P. Diddy). But on the night of the event, standing backstage, looking out at all those faces, feeling that pulsing energy, that pent-up love and longing for our mother, we crumpled.

Then Elton walked onstage. He seated himself at a grand piano and the place went mad. I'd asked him to sing “Candle in the Wind,” but he said no, he didn't want to be morbid. He chose instead: “Your Song.”

*I hope you don't mind*

*That I put down in words  
How wonderful life is while you're in the world*

He sang it with a twinkle and a smile, aglow with good memories. Willy and I tried for that same energy, but then photos of Mummy began flashing on the screen. Each one more radiant. We went from being crumpled to being swept away.

As the song ended Elton jumped up, introduced us. *Their Royal Highnesses, Prince William and Prince Harry!* The applause was deafening, like nothing we'd ever heard. We'd been applauded in the streets, at polo games, parades, operas, but never in a place this cavernous, or in a context this charged. Willy walked out, I followed, each of us wearing a blazer and open shirt, as if going to a school dance. We were both frightfully nervous. On any topic, but especially on the topic of Mummy, we weren't accustomed to public speaking. (In fact, we weren't accustomed to *private* speaking about her.) But standing before 65,000 people, and another 500 million watching live in 140 countries, we were paralyzed.

Maybe that was the reason we didn't actually...say anything? I look at the video now and it's striking. Here was a moment, maybe *the* moment, for us to describe her, to dig down deep and find the words to remind the world of her sterling qualities, her once-a-millennium magic—her disappearance. But we didn't. I'm not suggesting a full-blown homage was in order, but maybe some small personal tribute?

We offered no such thing.

It was still too much, too raw.

The only thing I said that was real, that came from my heart, was a shout-out to my team. *I'd also like to take this opportunity to say hi to all the guys in A Squadron, Household Cavalry, who are serving out in Iraq at the moment! I wish I was there with you. I'm sorry I can't be! But to you and everybody else on operations at the moment, we'd both like to say: Stay safe!*

## 4.

**D**AYS LATER I WAS IN Botswana, with Chels. We went to stay with Teej and Mike. Adi was there too. The first convergence of those four special people in my life. It felt like bringing Chels home to meet Mum and Dad and big bro. Major step, we all knew.

Luckily, Teej and Mike and Adi loved her. And she saw how special they were too.

One afternoon, as we were all getting ready to go for a walk, Teej started nagging me.

*Bring a hat!*

*Yeah, yeah.*

*And sunscreen! Lots of sunscreen! Spike, you're going to fry with that pale skin!*

*All right, all right.*

*Spike—*

*Okaaay, Mom.*

It just flew out of my mouth. I heard it, and stopped. Teej heard it and stopped. But I didn't correct myself. Teej looked shocked, but also moved. I was moved as well. Thereafter, I called her Mom all the time. It felt good. For both of us. Though I made a point, always, to call her Mom, rather than Mum.

There was only one Mum.

A happy visit, overall. And yet there was a constant subtext of stress. It was evident in how much I was drinking.

At one point Chels and I took a boat, drifted up and down the river, and the main thing I remember is Southern Comfort and Sambuca. (Sambuca Gold by day, Sambuca Black by night.) I remember waking in the morning with my face stuck to a pillow, my head not feeling like it was fastened to my neck. I was having fun, sure, but also dealing in my own way with unsorted anger, and guilt about not being at war—not leading my lads. And I wasn't dealing well. Chels and Adi, Teej and Mike said nothing. Maybe

they saw nothing. I was probably doing a pretty good job of covering it all up. From the outside my drinking probably looked like partying. And that was what I told myself it was. But deep down, on some level, I knew.

Something had to change. I knew I couldn't go on like this.

So the moment I got back to Britain I asked for a meeting with my commanding officer, Colonel Ed Smyth-Osbourne.

I admired Colonel Ed. And I was fascinated by him. He wasn't put together like other men. Come to mention it, he wasn't put together like any other human I'd encountered. The basic ingredients were different. Scrap iron, steel wool, lion's blood. He *looked* different too. His face was long, like a horse's, but not equine smooth; he had a distinctive tuft of hair on each cheek. His eyes were large, calm, capable of wisdom and stoicism. My eyes, by contrast, were still bloodshot from my Okavango debauch, and darting all around as I delivered my pitch.

*Colonel, I need to find a way of getting back onto operations, or else I'm going to have to quit the Army.*

I'm not certain Colonel Ed believed my threat. I'm not certain I did. Still, politically, diplomatically, strategically, he couldn't afford to discount it. A prince in the ranks was a big public-relations asset, a powerful recruiting tool. He couldn't ignore the fact that, if I bolted, his superiors might blame him, and their superiors too, and up the chain it might go.

On the other hand, much of what I saw from him that day was genuine humanity. The guy got it. As a soldier, he felt for me. He shuddered at the thought of being kept from a scrap. He really did want to help.

*Harry, there might be a way...*

Iraq was permanently off the table, he said. Alas. *No two ways about that, I'm afraid.* But maybe, he added, Afghanistan was an option.

I squinted. *Afghanistan?*

He muttered something about it being "the safer option."

*Riiiiight...safer...*

What on earth was he banging on about? Afghanistan was worlds more dangerous than Iraq. At that moment Britain had seven thousand soldiers in

Afghanistan and each day found them engaged in some of the fiercest combat since the Second World War.

But who was I to argue? If Colonel Ed thought Afghanistan safer, and if he was willing to send me there, great.

*What job would I do in Afghanistan, Colonel?*

*FAC. Forward air controller.*

I blinked.

Highly sought-after job, he explained. FACs were tasked with orchestrating all air power, giving cover to lads on the ground, calling in raids—not to mention rescues, medevacs, the list went on. It wasn't a new job, certainly, but it was newly vital in this new sort of warfare.

*Why's that, sir?*

*Because the bloody Taliban is everywhere! And nowhere!*

You simply couldn't *find* them, he explained. Terrain was too rugged, too remote. Mountains and deserts honeycombed with tunnels and caves—it was like hunting goats. Or ghosts. You had to get the bird's-eye view.

Since the Taliban had no air force, not one plane, that was easy. We British, plus the Yanks, owned the air. But FACs helped us press that advantage. Say a squadron out on patrol needed to know about nearby threats. The FAC checked with drones, checked with fighter pilots, checked with helicopters, checked his high-tech laptop, created a 360-degree picture of the battlefield.

Say that same squadron suddenly came under fire. The FAC consulted a menu—Apache, Tornado, Mirage, F-15, F-16, A-10—and ordered up the aircraft best suited to the situation, or the best one available, then guided that aircraft onto the enemy. Using cutting-edge hardware, FACs didn't simply rain fire on the enemy's heads, they placed it there, like a crown.

Then he told me that all FACs get a chance to go up in a Hawk and experience being in the air.

By the time Colonel Ed stopped talking I was salivating. *FAC it is, sir. When do I leave?*

*Not so fast.*

FAC was a plum job. Everyone wanted it. So that would take some doing. Also, it was a complex job. All that technology and responsibility required loads of training.

First things first, he said. I'd have to go through a challenging certification process.

*Where, sir?*

*At RAF Leeming.*

*In...the Yorkshire Dales?*

## 5.

**E**ARLY AUTUMN. DRYSTONE WALLS, patchwork fields, sheep snacking on grassy slopes. Dramatic limestone cliffs and crags and scree. In every direction, another beautiful purple moor. The landscape wasn't quite so famous as the Lake District, just over to the west, but it was still breathtaking, and still inspired some of the great artists in British history. Wordsworth, for one. I'd managed to avoid reading that old gent's stuff in school, but now I thought he must be pretty damn good if he spent time around these parts.

It felt like sacrilege to be standing on a cliff above this place and trying to obliterate it.

Of course it was pretend obliteration. I didn't actually blow up one single dale. Still, at the end of each day I felt I had. I was studying the Art of Destruction, and the first thing I learned was that destruction is partially creative. It begins with imagination. Before destroying something you have to imagine it destroyed, and I was getting very good at imagining the dales as a smoking hellscape.

The drill each day was the same. Rise at dawn. Glass of orange juice, bowl of porridge, then a full English, then head into the fields. As first daylight poured over the horizon I'd begin speaking to an aircraft, usually a

Hawk. The aircraft would reach its IP, initial point, five to eight nautical miles away, and then I'd give the target, signal the run. The aircraft would turn and commence. I'd talk it through the sky, over the countryside, using different landmarks. L-shaped wood. T-shaped dike. Silver barn. In selecting landmarks I'd been instructed to start big, move on to something medium, then pick something small. Picture the world, I was told, as a hierarchy.

*Hierarchy, you say? Think I can handle that.*

Each time I called out a landmark, the pilot would say back: *Affirm.*

Or else: *I am visual.* I liked that.

I enjoyed the rhythms, the poetry, the meditative chant of it all. And I found deeper meanings in the exercise. I'd often think: It's the whole game, isn't it? Getting people to see the world as you see it? And say it all back to you?

Typically the pilot would be flying low, five hundred feet off the deck, level with the rising sun, but sometimes I'd send him lower and put him into a pop-up. As he streaked towards me at the speed of sound, he'd pull back, shoot upwards at a forty-five-degree angle. Then I'd begin a new series of descriptions, new details. As he reached the top of his climb and rolled his wings, as he leveled and started to feel negative g-force, he'd see the world just as I'd painted it, then swoop down.

Suddenly he'd cry out: *Tally target!* Then: *In dry!*

Then I'd say: *Clear dry.*

Meaning, his bombs were but spirits melting into air.

Then I'd wait, listening keenly for the pretend explosions.

The weeks just flew by.

NCE I WAS A TRAINED FAC, I had to become combat ready, which meant mastering twenty-eight different combat “controls.”

**O** A control was basically an interaction with an aircraft. Each control was a scenario, a little play. For instance, imagine two aircraft come into your airspace. *Good morning, this is Dude Zero One and Dude Zero Two. We're a pair of F-15s with two PGMs on board, plus one JDAM, we've got a playtime of ninety minutes and we are currently two nautical miles east of your location at Flight Level 150, waiting for talk-on...*

I needed to know precisely what they were saying, and how to respond to them precisely in their own jargon.

Sadly, I wouldn't be able to do this in a normal training area. The normal areas, like Salisbury Plain, were too out in the open. Someone would see me, and tip off the press, and my cover would be blown; I'd be back where I started. Instead, Colonel Ed and I decided that I should learn the controls somewhere remote...somewhere like...

*Sandringham.*

We both smiled when the thought occurred. Then laughed.

The last place anyone would think of Prince Harry getting himself combat ready. Granny's country estate.

I got a room at a small hotel near Sandringham—Knights Hill. I'd known the place all my life, driven past it a million times. Whenever we visited Granny at Christmas, our bodyguards would sleep there. Standard room: hundred quid.

In summers, Knights Hill tended to be full of bird-watchers, wedding parties. But now, in the autumn, it was empty.

The privacy was thrilling, and would've been total, if not for the older lady in the pub connected to the hotel. She watched me, goggle-eyed, every time I passed.

Alone, *almost* anonymous, my existence narrowed to one interesting task, I was delirious. I tried not to say so to Chelsy when I phoned her in the evenings, but it was the kind of happiness that's hard to hide.

I recall one difficult chat. What were we doing? Where were we heading?

She knew I cared about her. But she felt unseen. *I am not visual.*

She knew how desperate I was to go to war. How could she not forgive my being a bit detached? I was taken aback.

I explained that this was what I needed to do, the thing I'd wanted to do all my life, and I needed to do it with all my heart and soul. If that meant there was less heart and soul left over for anything or anyone else, well...I was sorry.

## 7.

**P**A KNEW I WAS living at Knights Hill, knew what I was up to. And he was just down the road at Sandringham on an extended visit. And yet he never dropped in. Giving me space, I guess.

Also, he was still very much in his newlywed phase, even though the wedding was more than two years prior.

Then one day he looked up in the sky and saw a Typhoon aircraft doing low passes along the seawall and he figured it must be me. So he got into his Audi and hurried over.

He found me in the marshes, on a quad bike, talking to a Typhoon some miles off. While I waited for the Typhoon to appear in the sky overhead we had a quick chat. He said he could see how good I was getting at this new job. Above all, he could see how hard I was working at it, and that delighted him.

Pa had always been a worker. He believed in work. Everyone must *work*, he often said. But his own work was also a kind of religion, because he was furiously trying to save the planet. He'd been fighting for decades to alert people to climate change, never flagging, despite being cruelly mocked by the press as a Henny Penny. Countless times, late at night, Willy and I would find him at his desk amid mountains of bulging blue postbags—his correspondence. More than once we discovered him, face on the desk, fast

asleep. We'd shake his shoulders and up he'd bob, a piece of paper stuck to his forehead.

But along with the importance of work, he also believed in the magic of flight. He was a helicopter pilot, after all, so he particularly loved seeing me steer these jets over the marshy flats at ungodly speeds. I mentioned that the good citizens of Wolferton didn't share his enthusiasm. A ten-thousand-kilo jet roaring just over their tiled roofs didn't exactly cause jubilation. RAF Marham had received dozens of complaints. Sandringham was supposed to be a no-fly zone.

All complainants were told: Such is war.

I loved seeing Pa, loved feeling his pride, and I felt buoyed by his praise, but I had to get back to work. I was mid-control, couldn't tell the Typhoon to please hold on a moment.

*Yes, yes, darling boy, back to work.*

He drove off. As he went down the track I told the Typhoon: *New target. Gray Audi. Headed southeast from my position down track. Towards a big silver barn oriented east-west.*

The Typhoon tracked Pa, did a low pass straight over him, almost shattering the windows of his Audi.

But ultimately spared him. On my orders.

It went on to blow a silver barn to smithereens.

## 8.

ENGLAND WAS IN THE semifinal of the 2007 Rugby World Cup. No one had predicted that. No one had believed England was any good this time round, and now they were on the verge of winning it all. Millions of Britons were swept away with rugby fever, including me.

So when I was invited to attend the semifinal, that October, I didn't hesitate. I said yes immediately.

Bonus: The semifinal was being held that year in Paris—a city I'd never visited.

The World Cup provided me with a driver, and on my first night in the City of Light I asked him if he knew the tunnel where my mother...

I watched his eyes in the rearview, growing large.

He was Irish, with a kindly, open face, and I could easily discern his thoughts: *What the feck? I didn't sign on for this.*

The tunnel is called Pont de l'Alma, I told him.

Yes, yes. He knew it.

*I want to go through it.*

*You want to go through the tunnel?*

*At sixty-five miles per hour—to be precise.*

*Sixty-five?*

*Yes.*

The exact speed Mummy's car had supposedly been driving, according to police, at the time of the crash. Not 120 miles per hour, as the press originally reported.

The driver looked over at the passenger seat. Billy the Rock nodded gravely. *Let's do it.* Billy added that if the driver ever revealed to another human that we'd asked him to do this, we'd find him and there would be hell to pay.

The driver gave a solemn nod.

Off we went, weaving through traffic, cruising past the Ritz, where Mummy had her last meal, with her boyfriend, that August night. Then we came to the mouth of the tunnel. We zipped ahead, went over the lip at the tunnel's entrance, the bump that supposedly sent Mummy's Mercedes veering off course.

But the lip was nothing. We barely felt it.

As the car entered the tunnel I leaned forward, watched the light change to a kind of watery orange, watched the concrete pillars flicker past. I counted them, counted my heartbeats, and in a few seconds we emerged from the other side.

I sat back. Quietly I said: *Is that all of it? It's...nothing. Just a straight tunnel.*

I'd always imagined the tunnel as some treacherous passageway, inherently dangerous, but it was just a short, simple, no-frills tunnel.

*No reason anyone should ever die inside it.*

The driver and Billy the Rock didn't answer.

I looked out of the window: *Again.*

The driver stared at me in the rearview. *Again?*

*Yes. Please.*

We went through again.

*That's enough. Thank you.*

It had been a very bad idea. I'd had plenty of bad ideas in my twenty-three years, but this one was uniquely ill-conceived. I'd told myself that I wanted closure, but I didn't really. Deep down, I'd hoped to feel in that tunnel what I'd felt when JLP gave me the police files—disbelief. Doubt. Instead, that was the night all doubt fell away.

She's dead, I thought. *My God, she's really gone for good.*

I got the closure I was pretending to seek. I got it in spades. And now I'd never be able to get rid of it.

I'd thought driving the tunnel would bring an end, or brief cessation, to the pain, the decade of unrelenting pain. Instead it brought on the start of Pain, Part Deux.

It was close to one o'clock in the morning. The driver dropped me and Billy at a bar, where I drank and drank. Some mates were there, and I drank with them, and tried to pick fights with several. When the pub threw us out, when Billy the Rock escorted me back to the hotel, I tried to pick a fight with him too. I growled at him, swung on him, slapped his head.

He barely reacted. He just frowned like an ultra-patient parent.

I slapped him again. I loved him, but I was determined to hurt him.

He'd seen me like this before. Once, maybe twice. I heard him say to another bodyguard: *He's a handful tonight.*

Oh, you want to see a handful? Here you go, here's a handful.

Somehow Billy and the other bodyguard got me up to my room, poured me onto my bed. But after they left I popped right up again.

I looked around the room. The sun was just coming up. I stepped outside, into the hall. There was a bodyguard on a chair beside the door, but he was sound asleep. I tiptoed past, got into the lift, left the hotel.

Of all the rules in my life, this was considered the most inviolate. Never leave your bodyguards. Never wander off by yourself, anywhere, but especially not in a foreign city.

I walked along the Seine. I squinted at the Champs-Élysées in the distance. I stood next to some big Ferris wheel. I went past little book stalls, past people drinking coffee, eating croissants. I was smoking, keeping my gaze unfocused. I have a dim recollection of a few people recognizing me, and staring, but thankfully this was before the age of smartphones. No one stopped me to take a photo.

Later, after I'd had a sleep, I rang Willy, told him about my night.

None of it came as news to him. Turned out, he'd driven the tunnel too.

He was coming to Paris for the rugby final. We decided to do it together.

Afterwards, we talked about the crash, for the first time ever. We talked about the recent inquest. A joke, we both agreed. The final written report was an insult. Fanciful, riddled with basic factual errors and gaping logical holes. It raised more questions than it answered.

After all these years, we said, and all that money—how?

Above all, the summary conclusion, that Mummy's driver was drunk and thereby the sole cause of the crash, was convenient and absurd. Even if the man had been drinking, even if he was shit-faced, he wouldn't have had any trouble navigating that short tunnel.

Unless paps had chased and blinded him.

Why were those paps not more roundly blamed?

Why were they not in jail?

Who sent them? And why were *they* not in jail?

Why indeed—unless corruption and cover-ups were the order of the day?

We were united on all these points, and also on next steps. We'd issue a statement, jointly call for the inquiry to be reopened. Maybe hold a press

conference.

We were talked out of it by the powers that be.

## 9.

ONE MONTH LATER I WENT to RAF Brize Norton and boarded a C-17. There were dozens of other soldiers on the plane, but I was the only stowaway. With help from Colonel Ed and JLP, I boarded in secret, then crept into an alcove behind the cockpit.

The alcove had bunkbeds for the crew on overnight flights. As the big engines fired, as the plane roared down the runway, I lay down on a bottom bunk, my small rucksack as a pillow. Somewhere below, in the cargo hold, my Bergen was neatly packed with three pairs of camo trousers, three clean T-shirts, one pair of goggles, one air bed, one small notebook, one tube of sun cream. It felt like more than enough. I could honestly say that nothing I needed or wanted in life had been left behind, other than a few pieces of Mummy's jewelry, and the lock of her hair in the little blue box, and the silver-framed photo of her that used to sit on my desk at Eton, all of which I'd stashed in a safe place. And, of course, my weapons. My 9-mm and SA80A had been surrendered to a stern-faced clerk, who'd locked them in a steel box that also went into the hold. I felt their absence most acutely, since, for the first time in my life, other than that wobbly morning stroll in Paris, I was about to venture forth into the wide world without armed bodyguards.

The flight was eternal. Seven hours? Nine? I can't say. It felt like a week. I tried to sleep, but my head was too full. I spent most of the time staring. At the upper bunk. At my feet. I listened to the engines, listened to the other soldiers on board. I replayed my life. I thought about Pa and Willy. And Chels.

The papers reported that we'd broken up. (One headline: HOORAY HARRY'S DUMPED.) The distance, the different life goals were too much. It was hard enough maintaining a relationship in the same country, but with me going off to war, it just didn't seem feasible. Of course, none of this was true. We'd not broken up. She'd given me a touching, tender farewell, and promised to wait for me.

She knew, therefore, to disregard all the other stories in the papers, about how I'd reacted to the breakup. Reportedly, I'd gone on a pub crawl and guzzled a few dozen vodkas before staggering into a waiting car. One paper actually asked the mother of a soldier recently killed in action how she felt about my being publicly intoxicated.

(She was against it.)

If I die in Afghanistan, I thought, at least I'll never have to see another fake headline, read another shameful lie about myself.

I thought a lot on that flight about dying. What would it mean? Did I care? I tried to picture my funeral. Would it be a state funeral? Private? I tried to imagine the headlines: *Bye, Harry*.

How would I be remembered by history? For the headlines? Or for who I actually was?

Would Willy walk behind my coffin? Would Grandpa and Pa?

Before I'd shipped out, JLP sat me down, told me I needed to update my will.

*My will? Really?*

If anything happened, he said, the Palace needed to know what I wanted to be done with my few belongings, and where I wished to be...buried. He asked so plainly, so calmly, as you'd ask somebody where they'd like to have lunch. But that was his gift. The truth was the truth, no sense leaning away from it.

I looked away. I couldn't really think of a spot where I wanted to spend the hereafter. I couldn't think of any spot that felt sacred, besides Althorp, maybe, and that was out of the question. So I said: Frogmore Gardens?

It was beautiful, and slightly removed from things. Peaceful.

JLP gave a nod. He'd see to it.

Amid these thoughts and recollections I managed to doze off for a few minutes, and when I opened my eyes we were swooping down to Kandahar Airfield.

Time to put on the body armor. Time to put on the Kevlar.

I waited for everyone else to disembark, then some Special Forces guys appeared in the alcove. They returned my weapons and handed me a vial of morphine, to keep on my person at all times. We were now in a place where pain, injuries, trauma were commonplace. They hurried me off the plane into a four-by-four with blacked windows and dusty seats. We drove to a different part of the base, then hurried into a Portakabin.

Empty. Not a soul.

*Where is everybody? Bloody hell, was peace declared while I was in the air?*

No, the whole base was out on a mission.

I looked around. Apparently they'd left in the middle of a meal. Tables were covered with half-empty pizza boxes. I tried to remember what I'd eaten on the flight. Nothing. I began shoving cold pizza into my mouth.

I took my in-theater test, one last barrier to entry, one last measure to prove that I knew how to do the job. Shortly after, I climbed into a Chinook and flew about fifty miles to a much smaller outpost. Forward Operating Base Dwyer. Long, unwieldy name for what was little more than a sandcastle made of sandbags.

I was met by a sand-covered soldier who said he'd been ordered to show me around.

*Welcome to Dwyer.*

*Thanks.*

I asked how the place got its name.

*One of our lads. K-I-A. Vehicle hit a land mine.*

The quick tour revealed Dwyer to be even more spartan than it looked from the Chinook. No heat, few lights, not much water. There was plumbing, of a sort, but the pipes were usually clogged or frozen. There was also a building that purported to be a "shower block," but I was advised: use at your peril.

Basically, my tour guide told me, just give up being clean. Focus instead on staying warm.

*It gets that cold here?*

He chortled.

Dwyer was home to about fifty soldiers, mostly artillery and Household Cavalry. I met them in twos and threes. They were all sandy-haired, by which I mean their hair was matted with sand. Their faces and necks and eyelashes—also encrusted. They looked like fillets of fish that'd been breadcrumbbed before frying.

Within one hour, I did too.

Everyone and everything at Dwyer was either caked with sand or sprinkled with sand or painted the color of sand. And out beyond the sand-colored tents and sandbags and sand walls was an infinite ocean of...sand. Fine, fine sand, like talcum powder. The lads spent much of their day gazing at all that sand. So, after completing my tour, getting my cot and some chow, I did too.

We told ourselves we were scanning for the enemy, and we were, I suppose. But you couldn't stare at that many grains of sand without also thinking about eternity. All that shifting, swirling, whirling sand, you felt it saying something to you about your minuscule niche in the cosmos. Ashes to ashes. Sand to sand. Even when I retired, settled onto my metal cot, drifted off to sleep, sand was uppermost on my mind. I heard it out there, having whispery conversations with itself. I felt a grain on my tongue. On my eyeball. I dreamed of it.

And when I woke, there was a spoonful of it in my mouth.

## 10.

**A**T THE CENTER OF DWYER was a towering spike, a kind of makeshift Nelson's Column. Nailed to it were dozens of arrows, pointing every

which way, each arrow painted with the name of a place some soldier at Dwyer called home.

*Sydney Australia 7223 miles*

*Glasgow 3654 miles*

*Bridgwater Somerset 3610 miles*

That first morning, walking past the spike, I had a thought. Maybe I should write my own home up there.

*Clarence House 3456 miles*

That'd get a laugh.

But no. Just as none of us was eager to draw the Taliban's attention, I was eager not to draw the attention of my fellow squaddies. My main goal was to blend in.

One of the arrows pointed towards "The Cannons," two enormous 105-mm guns at the back of the non-working shower block. Nearly every day, several times a day, Dwyer fired off those big guns, lobbed massive shells in a smoky parabola towards Taliban positions. The noise made your blood stop, fried your brains. (One day the guns were fired at least a hundred times.) For the rest of my life, I knew, I'd be hearing some vestige of that sound; it would echo forever in some part of my being. I would also never forget, when the guns finally stopped, that immense silence.

## 11.

**D**WYER'S OPS ROOM was a box wrapped in desert camo. The floor was thick black plastic made of interlinked pieces, like a jigsaw puzzle. It made a weird noise when you walked across it. The focal point of the room, indeed the whole camp, was the main wall, which featured a giant map of Helmand Province, with pins (yellow, orange, green, blue) representing units of the battle group.

I was greeted by Corporal of Horse Baxter. Older than me, but my coloring. We exchanged a few wry cracks, a rueful smile about involuntary membership in the League of Redheaded Gentlemen. Also, the Balding Brotherhood. Like me, Baxter was fast losing coverage on top.

I asked where he was from.

*County Antrim.*

*Irish, eh?*

*Sure.*

His lilting accent made me think he could be kidded. I gave him a hard time about the Irish, and he returned fire, laughing, but his blue eyes looked unsure. *Crikey, I'm taking the piss out of a prince.*

We got down to work. He showed me several radios stacked along a desk under the map. He showed me the Rover terminal, a pudgy little laptop with compass points stenciled along the sides. *These radios are your ears. This Rover is your eyes.* Through them I'd make a picture of the battlefield, then try to control what happened in and above it. In one sense I'd be no different from the air-traffic controllers at Heathrow: I'd spend my time guiding jets to and fro. But often the job wouldn't even be that glamorous: I'd be a security guard, blearily monitoring feeds from dozens of cameras, mounted on everything from recon aircraft to drones. The only fighting I'd be doing would be against the urge to sleep.

*Jump in. Have a seat, Lieutenant Wales.*

I cleared my throat, sat down. I watched the Rover. And watched.

Minutes passed. I turned up the volume on the radios. Turned it down.

Baxter chuckled. *That's the job. Welcome to the war.*

## 12.

**T**HE ROVER HAD AN ALTERNATIVE NAME, because everything in the Army needed an alternative name.

Kill TV.

As in:

*Whatcha doing?*

*Just watching a bit of Kill TV.*

The name was meant to be ironic, I figured. Or else it was just blatantly fake advertising. Because the only thing getting killed was time.

You watched an abandoned compound thought to have been used by the Taliban.

Nothing happened.

You watched a tunnel system suspected to have been used by the Taliban.

Nothing happened.

You watched a sand dune. And another sand dune.

If there's anything duller than watching paint dry, it's watching desert... *desert*. I wondered how Baxter hadn't gone mad.

So I asked him.

He said that after hours of nothing, there'd be something. The trick was staying alert for *that*.

If Kill TV was dull, Kill Radio was mad. All the handsets along the desk gave off a constant babble, in a dozen accents, British, American, Dutch, French, to say nothing of the various personalities.

I began trying to match the accents with the call signs. American pilots were Dude. Dutch pilots were Rammit. French were Mirage, or Rage. Brits were Vapor.

Apache helicopters were called Ugly.

My personal call sign was Widow Six Seven.

Baxter told me to grab a handset, say hello. *Introduce yourself*. When I did, the voices all perked up, turned their attention to me. They were like baby birds demanding to be fed. Their food was information.

*Who are you? What's happening down there? Where am I going?*

Besides information, the thing they wanted most often was permission. To enter my air space or to leave it. Rules forbade pilots to pass overhead without assurance that it was safe, that a battle wasn't raging, that Dwyer

wasn't blasting away its heavy guns. In other words, was it a hot ROZ (restricted operating zone)? Or cold? Everything about the war revolved around this binary question. Hostilities, weather, water, food—hot or cold?

I liked this role, keeper of the ROZ. I liked the idea of working closely with top guns, being the eyes and ears for such highly skilled men and women, their last link to terra firma, their alpha and omega. I was...Earth.

Their need for me, their dependency, created instant bonds. Strange emotions flowed, weird intimacies took shape.

*Hey there, Widow Six Seven.*

*Hey, Dude.*

*How's your day?*

*Quiet so far, Dude.*

We were mates instantly. Comrades. You could feel it.

After they checked in with me, I'd hand them over to the FAC in Garmsir, a little river town nearby.

*Thanks, Widow Six Seven. Goodnight.*

*Roger, Dude. Stay safe.*

## 13.

**A**FTER RECEIVING PERMISSION to cross my airspace, a pilot wouldn't always cruise on through, he'd arrow through, and sometimes his need to know conditions on the ground would be urgent. Every second mattered. Life and death were in my hands. I was calmly seated at a desk, holding a fizzy drink and a biro (*Oh. A biro. Wow.*) but I was also in the middle of the action. It was exhilarating, the thing I'd trained for, but terrifying. Shortly before my arrival an FAC got one number wrong when reading out the geo coordinates to an American F-15; the result was an errant bomb landing on British forces instead of the enemy. Three soldiers killed, two horribly maimed. So every word and digit I spoke would have

consequences. We were “providing support,” that was the phrase used constantly, but I realized how euphemistic it was. No less than the pilots, we were sometimes delivering death, and when it came to death, more so than life, you had to be precise.

I confess: I was happy. This was important work, patriotic work. I was using skills honed in the Dales, and at Sandringham, and all the way back to boyhood. Even to Balmoral. There was a bright line connecting my stalking with Sandy and my work here now. I was a British soldier, on a battlefield, at last, a role for which I’d been preparing all my life.

I was also Widow Six Seven. I’d had plenty of nicknames in my life, but this was the first nickname that felt more like an alias. I could really and truly *hide* behind it. For the first time I was *just* a name, a random name, and a random number. No title. And no bodyguard. *Is this what other people feel like every day?* I savored the normality, wallowed in it, and also considered how far I’d journeyed to find it. Central Afghanistan, the dead of winter, the middle of the night, the midst of a war, while speaking to a man fifteen thousand feet above my head—how abnormal is your life if that’s the first place you ever feel normal?

After every action there would be a lull, which was sometimes harder to deal with psychologically. Boredom was the enemy and we fought it by playing rugby, our ball a heavily taped-up roll of loo paper, or by jogging on the spot. We also did a thousand press-ups, and built primitive weightlifting equipment, taping wooden crates to metal bars. We made punch bags out of duffels. We read books, organized marathon chess matches, slept like cats. I watched grown men log twelve hours a day in bed.

We also ate and ate. Dwyer had a full kitchen. Pasta. Chips. Beans. We were given thirty minutes each week on the sat phone. The phone card was called Paradigm, and it had a code on the back, which you punched into the keypad. Then a robot, a nice-sounding woman, told you how many minutes you had left. Next thing you knew...

*Spike, that you?*

Chels.

Your old life, down the line. The sound always made you catch your breath. To think of home was never easy, for a complex set of reasons. To *hear* home was a stab in the chest.

If I didn't call Chels, I called Pa.

*How are you, darling boy?*

*Not bad. You know.*

But he asked me to write rather than call. He loved my letters.

He said he'd much prefer a letter.

## 14.

**A**T TIMES I WORRIED that I was actually missing out on the real war. Was I perhaps sitting in the war's waiting room? The real war, I feared, was just down the valley; I could see the thick puffs of smoke, the plumes from explosions, mostly in and around Garmsir. A place of tremendous strategic importance. Critical gateway, river port through which supplies, especially guns, flowed to the Taliban. Plus, an entry point for new fighters. They'd be issued an AK-47, a fistful of bullets, and told to head towards us through their maze of trenches. This was their initiation test, which the Taliban called their "bleeding."

*Were Sandy and Tiggy working for the Taliban?*

It happened often. A Taliban recruit would pop up, fire at us, and we'd return fire with twenty times the force. Any Taliban recruit who survived that barrage would then be promoted, sent to fight and die in one of the bigger cities, like Gereshk, or Lashkar Gah, which some called Lash Vegas. Most, however, didn't survive. The Taliban left their bodies to rot. I watched dogs the size of wolves chew many a recruit off the battlefield.

I began pleading with my commanding officers: Get me out of here. A few guys made the same plea, but for different reasons. I was begging to go closer to the front. *Send me to Garmsir.*

Finally, on Christmas Eve 2007, my request was approved. I was to replace an outgoing FAC at Forward Operating Base Delhi, which was inside an abandoned Garmsir school.

Small gravel courtyard, corrugated tin roof. Someone said the school had been an agricultural university. Someone else said it had been a madrassa. For the moment, however, it was a part of the British Commonwealth. And my new home.

It was also home to a company of Gurkhas.

Recruited from Nepal, from the remotest villages along the foothills of the Himalayas, the Gurkhas had fought in every British war of the last two centuries, and distinguished themselves in each one. They scrapped like tigers, never gave up, and as a result they held a special place in the British Army—and in my heart. I'd been hearing about the Gurkhas since I was a boy: one of the first uniforms I'd ever worn was a Gurkha uniform. At Sandhurst the Gurkhas always played the enemy in military exercises, which always felt a bit ridiculous because they were beloved.

After the exercises a Gurkha would invariably walk up to me and offer me a cup of hot chocolate. They had a solemn reverence for royalty. A king, to their minds, was divine. (Their own king was believed to be the reincarnated Hindu god Vishnu.) A prince, therefore, wasn't far off. I'd felt this growing up, but now felt it again. As I walked through Delhi, the Gurkhas all bowed. They called me *saab*.

*Yes, saab. No, saab.*

I pleaded: Don't. I'm just Lieutenant Wales. I'm just Widow Six Seven.

They laughed. *No chance, saab.*

Neither would they have dreamed of allowing me to go anywhere by myself. Royal persons required royal escort. Often I'd be headed to the mess, or the loo, and suddenly become aware of a shadow on my right. Then another on my left. *Hello, saab.* It was embarrassing, albeit touching. I adored them, as did the local Afghans, who sold the Gurkhas many chickens and goats and even bantered with them about recipes. The Army talked a lot about winning Afghan "hearts and minds," meaning converting

locals to democracy and freedom, but only the Gurkhas seemed to be actually doing it.

When they weren't escorting me, the Gurkhas were intent on fattening me up. Food was their love language. And while each Gurkha thought himself a five-star chef, they all had the same speciality. Goat curry.

I remember one day hearing rotors overhead. I looked up. Everyone on the base looked up. A chopper slowly descending. And hanging from the skids, wrapped in a net, was a goat. Christmas present for the Gurkhas.

In a great burst of dust the helicopter touched down. Out jumped a man, bald, blondish, the picture of a British officer.

He was also vaguely familiar.

*I know this bloke*, I said aloud.

I snapped my fingers. *It's good old Bevan!*

He'd worked for Pa for a few years. He'd even chaperoned us one winter in Klosters. (I recalled him skiing in a Barbour jacket, so quintessentially aristocratic.) Now, apparently, he was the brigade commander's number two. And thus, delivering goats on behalf of the commander to the beloved Gurkhas.

I was floored to bump into him, but he was only mildly surprised—or interested. He was too preoccupied with those goats. Besides the one in the net, he'd cradled one between his knees on the whole flight, and he now guided this little fellow on a lead, like a cocker spaniel, over to a Gurkha.

Poor Bevan. I could see how he'd bonded with that goat, how unprepared he was for what was coming.

The Gurkha took out his kukri and lopped off its head.

The tan, bearded face dropped to the ground like one of the taped-up loo rolls we used for rugby balls.

The Gurkha then neatly, expertly collected the blood in a cup. Nothing was to be wasted.

As for the second goat, the Gurkha handed me the kukri, asked if I'd like to do the honors.

Back home I had several kukris. They'd been gifts from Gurkhas. I knew how to handle one. But no, I said, no, thank you, not here, not just now.

I wasn't sure why I said no. Maybe because there was enough killing all around me without adding more. I flashed back to telling George that I absolutely didn't want to snip off any balls. Where did I draw the line?

At suffering, that's where. I didn't want to go all Henry VIII on that goat mainly because I wasn't skilled in the art, and if I missed or miscalculated the poor thing would suffer.

The Gurkha nodded. *As you wish, saab.*

He swung the kukri.

Even after the goat's head hit the ground, I remember, its yellow eyes kept blinking.

## 15.

**M**Y JOB AT DELHI WAS similar to the one I'd had at Dwyer. Only the hours were different. Constant. At Delhi I was on call, day and night.

The ops room was a former classroom. Like seemingly everything else in Afghanistan, the school that housed Delhi had been bombed—dangling wood beams, tipped-over desks, floors scattered with spilled papers and books—but the ops room looked as if it had been ground zero. A disaster area. On the plus side, during night shifts, the many holes in the walls gave a stunning view of the stars.

I recall one shift, around one A.M. I asked a pilot overhead for his code, so I could key it into my Rover and see his feed.

The pilot answered sourly that I was doing it wrong.

*Doing what wrong?*

*It's not the Rover, it's the Longhorn.*

*The Long what?*

*You're new, huh?*

He described the Longhorn, a machine no one had bothered to tell me about. I looked around, found it. Big black briefcase covered with dust. I brushed it off, turned it on. The pilot talked me through getting it operational. I didn't know why the Longhorn was required for him instead of the Rover, but I wasn't about to ask and irritate him even more.

Especially since the experience had been bonding. Thereafter he and I were mates.

His call sign was Magic.

I'd often pass an entire night chatting to Magic. He and his crew liked to talk, to laugh, eat. (I dimly recall them feasting one night on fresh crabs.) Above all they loved practical jokes. After one sortie, Magic zoomed out his camera, told me to look. I leaned into my screen. From twenty thousand feet his view of the curvature of Earth was astonishing.

Slowly, he turned his camera.

My screen filled with breasts.

Porn magazine.

*Ah, you got me, Magic.*

Some pilots were women. Exchanges with them went very differently. One night I found myself speaking to a British pilot who mentioned how gorgeous the moon was.

*It's full, she said. You should see it, Widow Six Seven.*

*I see it. Through one of the holes in my wall. Lovely.*

Suddenly the radio burst to life: a shrill chorus. The guys back at Dwyer told us to "get a room." I felt myself blushing. I hoped the pilot hadn't thought I was flirting. I hoped she wouldn't think so now. Above all, I hoped she, and all other pilots, wouldn't work out who I was, and tell the British press that I was using the war as a way to meet women. I hoped the press wouldn't then treat her as they'd treated every other girl I'd ever had anything to do with.

Before that shift ended, however, the pilot and I overcame this brief awkwardness and did some solid work together. She helped me monitor a Taliban bunker, right in the heart of no-man's-land, not far beyond Delhi's

walls. There were thermals around the bunker...human forms. A dozen, I guessed. Maybe fifteen.

Taliban, for sure, we said. Who else would be moving in those trenches?

I went through the Checklist to make sure. Pattern of life, the Army called it. Can you see women? Can you see children? Can you see dogs? Cats? Is there anything to indicate that this target might be next door to a hospital? A school?

Any civvies (civilians) whatsoever?

No. All no.

It added up to Taliban, and nothing but Taliban.

I planned a strike for the next day. I was assigned to work it out with two American pilots. Dude Zero One and Dude Zero Two. I briefed them on the target, told them I wanted a 2,000-pound JDAM (Joint Direct Attack Munition). I wondered why we used that clunky name. Why not just call it a bomb? Maybe because this was no ordinary bomb; it had radar-controlled guidance systems. And it was heavy. It weighed as much as a black rhino.

Typically, with a smattering of Taliban fighters, the standard request would be a 500-pounder. But I didn't think that would be enough force to penetrate the fortified bunkers I was seeing on my screen.

Granted, FACs never thought 500 pounds was enough. We always wanted 2,000-pounders. Go big or go home, we always said. But in this case I felt strongly that only big would do the job. The bunker system would withstand anything less. Not only did I want a 2,000-pound JDAM on top of the bunker, I wanted the second aircraft to follow up with a 20-mm, strafe the trenches running from the bunker, pick off guys as they "ex-filled."

Negative, said Dude Zero One.

The Americans saw no need for a 2,000-pound bomb.

*We prefer to drop two 500-pound bombs, Widow Six Seven.*

How very un-American.

I felt strongly that I was right, and I wanted to argue, but I was new and lacked self-confidence. This was my first airstrike. So I just said:

*Roger that.*

New Year's Eve. I held the F-15s at bay, about eight kilometers, so the noise of their engines wouldn't spook the targets. When conditions looked to be just right, all calm, I summoned them.

*Widow Six Seven, we're in hot.*

*Dude Zero One, Dude Zero Two, you're cleared hot.*

*Cleared hot.*

They went streaking towards the target.

On my screen I watched the pilot's crosshair settle over the bunker.

One second.

Two.

White flash. Loud bang. The wall of the ops room shuddered. Dust and pieces of stone rained down from the ceiling.

I heard Dude Zero One's voice: *Delta Hotel* (direct hit). Stand by for BDA (battle damage assessment).

Plumes of smoke rose from the desert.

Moments later...just as I'd feared, Taliban came running out of the trench. I groaned at my Rover, then stomped outside.

The air was cold, the sky pulsing blue. I could hear Dude Zero One and Dude Zero Two way above, tailing off. I could hear the echo of their bombs. Then all was silent.

Not all of them got away, I consoled myself. Ten, at least, didn't make it out of that trench.

Still—a bigger bomb would've really done the trick.

Next time, I told myself. Next time, I'll trust my gut.

## 16.

**I** GOT PROMOTED, SORT OF. To a small lookout high above the battlefield. For quite some time the lookout had been driving the Taliban mad. We had it, they wanted it, and if they couldn't get it then they were bound to destroy

it. They'd attacked the lookout scores of times in the months before I got there.

Hours after my arrival at the lookout, here they came again.

AK-47s rattling, bullets whizzing by. It sounded like someone throwing beehives through our window. There were four Gurkhas with me, and they unleashed a Javelin missile in the direction of the incoming fire.

Then they told me to take a seat behind the 50-cal. *Jump on, saab!*

I climbed into the gun nest, grabbed the big handles. I shoved in my earplugs, took aim through the mesh hanging from the window. I squeezed the trigger. The feeling was like a train through the middle of my chest. The sound was locomotive-like as well. *Chugga chugga chugga*. The gun spat bullets across the desert, and shell casings flew around the lookout like popcorn. It was the first time I'd ever fired a 50-cal. I simply couldn't believe the power.

In my direct line of sight was abandoned farmland, ditches, trees. I lit it all up. There was an old building with two domes that looked like a frog's eyes. I peppered those domes.

Meanwhile, Dwyer began lobbing its big guns.

All was mayhem.

I don't remember much after that, but I don't need to—there's video. The press was there, by my side, filming. I hated them being there, but I'd been ordered to take them on an outing. In return they'd agreed to sit on any images or information they gathered until I was out of the country.

How many did we kill? the press wanted to know.

We couldn't be sure.

Indeterminate, we said.

I thought I'd be in that lookout for a long time. But soon after that day I was summoned up north to FOB Edinburgh. I boarded a Chinook full of mailbags, lay down among them to hide. Forty minutes later I was hopping off, into knee-deep mud. *When the hell did it rain?* I was shown to my quarters in a sandbag house. A tiny bed.

And a roommate. Estonian signals officer.

We hit it off. He gave me one of his badges as a welcome gift.

Five miles away was Musa Qala, a town that had once been a Taliban fortress. In 2006 we'd seized it, after some of the worst fighting British soldiers had seen in half a century. More than a thousand Taliban had been subdued. After paying such a price, however, the town was quickly, carelessly, lost again. Now we'd won it a second time, and we aimed to keep it.

And a nasty job it was. One of our lads had just been blown up by an IED.

Plus, we were despised in and around the town. Locals who'd cooperated with us had been tortured, their heads put on spikes along the town walls.

There would be no winning of either hearts or minds.

## 17.

I WENT ON PATROL. I drove with a convoy of Scimitar tanks from FOB Edinburgh through Musa Qala, and beyond. The road took us down through a wadi, in which we soon came upon an IED.

The first one I'd encountered.

It was my job to call in the bomb experts. One hour later the Chinook arrived. I found it a secure location for landing, threw a smoke grenade to indicate the best spot, and to show which way the wind was blowing.

A team quickly hopped out, approached the IED. Slow, painstaking work. It took them forever. Meanwhile, we were all totally exposed. We expected Taliban contact any second; around us we heard whizzing motorbikes. Taliban scouts, no doubt. Clocking our location. When the motorbikes got too close, we fired flare guns, warning them off.

In the distance were poppy fields. I looked off, thought of the famous poem. *In Flanders fields the poppies blow...* In Britain the poppy was a symbol of remembrance, but here it was just the coin of the realm. All those poppies would soon be processed into heroin, sales of which would pay for

the Taliban bullets fired at us, and the IEDs left for us under roads and wadis.

Like this one.

At last the bomb experts blew up the IED. A mushroom cloud shot into the air, which was so dust-saturated you didn't think there could be room for any more.

Then they packed up and left, and we continued north, deeper and deeper into the desert.

## 18.

**W**E MADE A SQUARE of our vehicles, which we called a harbor. The next day, and the day after, and so on, we ventured out to do patrols around the town.

Show of presence, we were told.

Keep moving, we were told.

Keep the Taliban wondering, we were told. Keep 'em off balance.

Overall, however, the base mission was to support an ongoing American offensive. There was a constant roar of American jets overhead, and explosions in a nearby village. We worked in very close concert with the Americans, engaging the Taliban in frequent firefights.

A day or two after we'd established our harbor, we were sitting on high ground, watching shepherds in the distance. All we could see for miles around were these men and their sheep. The scene looked innocent enough. But the shepherds were getting too close to the Americans, making them nervous. The Americans fired several warning shots. Inevitably, they hit one of the shepherds. He'd been riding a motorbike. We couldn't tell from our distance if it had been an accident or deliberate. We watched the sheep scatter, then saw the Americans swoop in and pick up the shepherds.

When they'd gone I went out into the field, with a few Fijian soldiers, and picked up the motorbike. I wiped it down, put it aside. Took care of it. After the Americans had questioned the shepherd, bandaged and released him, he came to us.

He was shocked that we'd retrieved his motorbike.

He was more shocked that we'd cleaned it.

And he nearly passed out when we gave it back.

## 19.

**T**HE NEXT DAY, OR PERHAPS the day after, our convoy was joined by three journalists. I was ordered to take them into the battlefield, give them a tour—with an explicit understanding that the news embargo was still in effect.

I was in a Spartan, up front of the convoy, the journalists stowed inside. They kept popping up, nagging me. They wanted to get out, take some photos, get some film. But it wasn't safe. The Americans were still clearing the area.

I was standing in the turret when one journalist tapped my leg, asked yet again for permission to get out.

I sighed: *OK. But be careful of mines. And stay close.*

They all piled out of the Spartan, started setting up their camera.

Moments later, the guys ahead of us came under attack. Rounds went sizzling over our heads.

The journalists froze, looked at me, helpless.

*Don't just stand there! Get back in!*

I didn't want them there in the first place, but I especially didn't want anything happening to them on my watch. I didn't want any journalist's life on my ledger. I couldn't handle the irony.

Was it hours later, or days, that we learned the Americans had dropped a Hellfire missile on the nearest village? There were many injured. A boy was brought out of the village, up the ridge, in a wheelbarrow, his legs hanging over the side. They were ripped to pieces.

Two men were pushing the barrow, straight towards us. I couldn't tell who they were to the boy. Family? Friends? When they reached us, they weren't able to explain. None spoke English. But the boy was in a shit state, that was clear, and I watched as our medics quickly began treating him.

One terp (interpreter) tried to calm the boy, while also trying to learn the facts from his escorts.

*How did this happen?*

*Americans.*

I was edging closer, but I was stopped by a sergeant on his sixth tour. *No, boss, you don't wanna see this. You'll never be able to get it out of your head if you do.*

I backed off.

Minutes later, a whistle, then a zip. A huge explosion behind us.

I felt it in my brain.

I looked around. Everyone was on their stomachs. Except me, and two others.

*Where did that come from?*

A few of our guys pointed into the distance. They were desperate to return fire, and asked me for permission.

*Yes!*

But the Taliban who fired were already gone. We'd missed our chance.

We waited for the adrenaline to fade, for the ringing in our ears to stop. It took a long time. I remember one of our guys whispering over and over: *Fuck me that was close.*

We tried for hours to piece it all together, what happened. Some of us believed the Americans wounded that boy; others felt that the boy had been a pawn in a classic Taliban feint. The wheelbarrow thing had been a little charade designed to keep us on the hill, distracted, immobile, so the Taliban

could fix our position. The enemy had messed up that boy in the barrow, then used him as bait.

*Why did the boy and the men go along with it?*

*Because if they didn't, they'd be killed.*

*Along with everyone they loved.*

## 20.

**W**E COULD SEE THE LIGHTS of Musa Qala in the distance. February 2008. Our tanks were in a harbor and we were eating dinner out of bags, talking in low voices.

After the meal, around midnight, I went on radio stag. Sitting in the back of a Spartan, the big door open, I had the desk pulled down and I was taking notes off the radio. My only light was a dim bulb overhead in a wire cage. The stars in the desert sky were brighter than that bulb, and seemed closer.

I was running the radio off the Spartan's battery, so every now and then I'd start the engine to give the battery a charge. I didn't like making noise, for fear of attracting the Taliban's attention, but I had no choice.

After a while I tidied up the Spartan, poured myself a cup of hot chocolate from a thermos, which didn't warm me. Nothing could. The desert could get so cold. I was wearing desert combats, desert boots, a green puffer, a wool beanie—and still shivering.

I tweaked the radio's volume, tried to pick up the voices between its crackles and squelches. Mission reports being sent in. Info about mail deliveries. Messages being passed through battle group net, none of which related to my squadron.

I think it was about one A.M. when I heard several people talking about Red Fox.

Zero Alpha, the officer in command, was telling someone that Red Fox this and Red Fox that...I jotted a few notes, but stopped writing and looked

up at the stars when I heard them mention...C Squadron.

The voices were saying that this Red Fox was in trouble, no doubt about it.

I made out that Red Fox was a person. Had he done something wrong?

No.

Were others planning to do him wrong?

Yes.

Judging from the tone of the voices, Red Fox was about to be murdered. I swallowed a mouthful of hot chocolate and blinked at the radio and knew with total certainty that Red Fox was me.

Now the voices were saying more explicitly that Red Fox's cover had been blown, that he was exposed to the enemy, that he needed to be extracted immediately.

Fuck, I said. Fuck fuck *fuck*.

My mind flashed back to Eton. The fox I'd glimpsed, when stoned, from the window of the loo. So, he really had been a messenger from the future after all. *One day you'll be alone, late at night, in the darkness, hunted like me...see how you like it.*

Next day we went on patrol and I was full-on paranoid, worried I'd be recognized. I wore a *shemagh* tightly over my face, with blacked-out ski goggles, while keeping my head on a swivel and my finger tight on the trigger of my machine gun.

After dusk Special Forces collected me, their Chinook escorted by two Apaches I was chatting with over the radio. They flew me across the valley, back to FOB Edinburgh. We landed in darkness and I couldn't see a thing. I ran into the FOB, then into a green canvas tent, where it was even darker.

I heard a squeak.

A soft light came on.

A man stood before me, screwing a small lightbulb into a socket dangling from the roof.

Colonel Ed.

His long face seemed longer than I remembered, and he was wearing a long green overcoat, like something straight out of the First World War. He

filled me in on what happened. An Australian magazine had outed me, told the world I was in Afghanistan. The magazine was inconsequential, so no one noticed at first, but then some bell-end in America picked up the story, posted it on his worthless website, and that got picked up by the crawlers. Now the news was everywhere. The worst-kept secret in the Milky Way was the presence of one Prince Harry in Helmand Province.

*So—you're out.*

Colonel Ed apologized. He knew this wasn't when or how I wanted to end my tour of duty. On the other hand, he wanted me to know that his superiors had been pressing for weeks to pull me, so I was lucky the tour hadn't been shorter. I'd eluded the powers that be, and the Taliban, and managed to put together a respectably long stint with a sterling record. Bravo, he said.

I was on the verge of begging to stay, but I could see there was no chance. My presence would put everyone around me in grave peril. Including Colonel Ed. Now that the Taliban knew I was in the country, and roughly where, they'd throw everything they had into killing me. The Army didn't want me dying, but it was the same story as one year earlier: The Army was extra keen that others not die because of me.

I shared that sentiment.

I shook Colonel Ed's hand, left the tent. I grabbed my few belongings, said a few quick goodbyes, then jumped back on the Chinook, which was still turning and burning.

Within an hour I was back in Kandahar.

I showered, shaved, got ready to catch a big plane bound for England. There were other soldiers milling about, waiting to board as well. Their mood was very different. They were all jubilant. Going home.

I stared at the ground.

Eventually we all began to realize that the boarding process was taking an inordinately long time.

What's the holdup? we asked, impatiently.

A crew member said we were waiting on one last passenger.

Who?

A Danish soldier's coffin was being loaded into the cargo hold.  
We all fell silent.

When we eventually got on, and took off, the curtain at the front of the plane swung open briefly. I could see three guys on hospital beds. I unbuckled my seatbelt, walked up the aisle and discovered three gravely injured British soldiers. One, I recall, had gruesome injuries from an IED. Another was wrapped head to toe in plastic. Despite being unconscious, he was clutching a test tube containing bits of shrapnel removed from his neck and head.

I spoke with the doctor caring for them, asked if the lads would live. He didn't know. But even if they did, he said, they faced a very tough road.

I felt angry with myself for having been so self-absorbed. I spent the rest of that flight thinking about the many young men and women going home in similar shape, and all the ones not going home at all. I thought about the people at home who didn't know the first thing about this war—by choice. Many opposed it, but few knew a damned thing about it. I wondered why. Whose job was it to tell them?

Oh, yes, I thought. The press.

## 21.

**I** LANDED ON MARCH 1, 2008. The obligatory press conference stood between me and a proper meal. I held my breath, went before the chosen reporter, answered his questions. He used the word *hero*, which I wouldn't stand for. *The heroes are the guys on the plane. Not to mention the guys still back at Delhi and Dwyer and Edinburgh.*

I walked out of the room, straight into Willy and Pa. I think Willy hugged me. I think I gave Pa a kiss on each cheek. He might also have... squeezed my shoulder? It would've appeared, to anyone at a distance, a

normal family greeting and interaction, but for us it was a flamboyant, unprecedented demonstration of physical affection.

Then they both stared at me, wide-eyed. I looked exhausted. Haunted.

*You look older, Pa said.*

*I am.*

We piled into Pa's Audi and zoomed off towards Highgrove. Along the way we spoke as if we were in a library. Very hushed.

*How are you, Harold?*

*Oh, I dunno. How are you?*

*Not bad.*

*How's Kate?*

*Good.*

*I miss anything?*

*No. Same old.*

I rolled down the window, watched the countryside fly by. My eyes couldn't quite absorb all that color, all that green. I breathed in the fresh air and wondered which was the dream, the months in Afghanistan or this trip in the car? The guns of Dwyer, the beheaded goats, the boy in the wheelbarrow—was that reality? Or was reality these soft leather seats and Pa's cologne?

## 22.

**I** WAS GIVEN A MONTH OFF. I spent the first part of it with mates. They heard I was home, rang me up, asked me out for a drink.

*OK, but just one.*

A place called the Cat and Custard Pot. Me: sitting in a dark corner, nursing a gin and tonic. Them: laughing and chatting and making all sorts of plans for trips and projects and holidays.

Everyone seemed so loud. Had they always been so loud?

They all said I seemed quiet. Yeah, I said, yeah, I guess so.

*How come?*

*No reason.*

I just felt like being quiet.

I felt out of place, a bit distant. At times I felt sort of panicky. At other times I felt angry. *Do you folks know what's happening on the other side of the world right now?*

After a day or two I rang Chels, asked to see her. Begged. She was in Cape Town.

She invited me to come.

Yes, I thought. That's what I need right now. A day or two with Chels and her folks.

After, she and I ran off to Botswana, met up with the gang. We started at Teej and Mike's house. Big hugs and kisses at the door; they'd been worried sick about me. Then they fed me, and Mike kept handing me drinks, and I was in the place I loved most, under the sky I loved most, so happy that at one point I wondered if I might not have tears in my eyes.

A day or two later Chels and I drifted upriver on a rented houseboat. The *Kubu Queen*. We cooked simple meals, slept on the upper deck of the boat, under the stars. Gazing at Orion's Belt, the Little Dipper, I'd try to decompress, but it was hard. The press got wind of our trip, and they were papping us constantly, every time the boat neared the shore.

After a week or so we went back to Maun, ate a farewell dinner with Teej and Mike. Everyone turned in early, but I sat up with Teej, told her a bit about the war. Just a bit. It was the first time I'd spoken of it since arriving home.

Willy and Pa had asked. But they hadn't asked the way Teej asked.

Nor had Chelsy. Did she tiptoe around the subject because she still disliked my going? Or because she knew it would be hard for me to talk about it? I wasn't sure, and I felt that she wasn't sure, that neither of us was sure about anything.

Teej and I talked about that too.

*She likes me, I said. Loves me, I guess. But she doesn't like the baggage that comes with me, doesn't like everything that comes with being royal, the press and so forth, and none of that is ever going away. So what hope is there?*

Teej asked point-blank if I could see myself married to Chels.

I tried to explain. I cherished Chels's carefree and authentic spirit. She never worried about what other people thought. She wore short skirts and high boots, danced with abandon, drank as much tequila as I did, and I cherished all those things about her...but I couldn't help worrying how Granny might feel about them. Or the British public. And the last thing I wanted was for Chels to change to accommodate them.

I wanted so badly to be a husband, a father...but I just wasn't sure. *It takes a certain kind of person to withstand the scrutiny, Teej, and I don't know if Chels can handle it. I don't know that I want to ask her to handle it.*

## 23.

**T**HE PRESS REPORTED BREATHLESSLY on our return to Britain, how we dashed to Chelsy's off-campus flat in Leeds, where she lived with two girls, whom I trusted, and who, more important, trusted me, and how I snuck into their flat disguised in a hoodie and baseball cap, giving her flatmates a laugh, and how I loved pretending to be a university student, going for pizza and hanging out in pubs, even wondering if I'd made the right choice in skipping university—not one word of which was true.

I went to Chels's Leeds flat twice.

I barely knew her flatmates.

And I never once regretted my decision to skip university.

But the press was getting worse. They were now just peddling fantasies, phantasms, while physically stalking and harassing me and everyone in my

inner circle. Chels told me that paps had been following her to and from lectures—she asked me to do something about it.

I told her I'd try. I told her how sorry I was.

When she was back in Cape Town she phoned me and said people were tailing her everywhere and it was driving her crazy. She couldn't imagine how they always knew where she was and where she'd be. She was freaking out. I talked it over with Marko, who advised me to ask Chels's brother to check the underside of the car.

Sure enough: tracking device.

Marko and I were able to tell her brother exactly what to check for, and where, because it had happened to so many other people around me.

Chels said again that she just wasn't sure if she was up for this. A lifetime of being stalked?

What could I say?

I'd miss her, so much. But I completely understood her desire for freedom.

If I had a choice, I wouldn't want this life either.

## 24.

**F**LACK, THEY CALLED HER.

She was funny. And sweet. And cool. I met her at a restaurant with some mates, months after Chels and I had gone our separate ways.

*Spike, this is Flack.*

*Hi. What do you do, Flack?*

She was on TV, she explained. She was a presenter.

*Sorry, I said. I don't watch much TV.*

She wasn't taken aback that I didn't recognize her, which I liked. She didn't have a big ego.

Even after she explained who she was and what she did, I still wasn't certain. *What's your full name again?*

*Caroline Flack.*

Days later we met for dinner and games. Poker night at Marko's flat, Bramham Gardens. After an hour or so I stepped outside, disguised in one of Marko's cowboy hats, to speak with Billy the Rock. As I exited the building I lit a cigarette and looked right. There, behind a parked car...two sets of feet.

And two bobbing heads.

Whoever it was didn't recognize me in Marko's hat. So I was able to stroll casually down to Billy and lean into his police car and whisper: *Bogey at three o'clock.*

*What? No!*

*Billy, how could they have known?*

*Search me.*

*No one knows I'm here. Are they tracking me? Are they getting into my phone? Or Flack's?*

Billy bolted from the car, ran around the corner, surprised the two paps. He screamed at them. But they screamed right back. Entitled. Emboldened.

They didn't get their photo that night—small victory. But very soon after they papped me and Flack, and those photos set off a frenzy. Within hours a mob was camped outside Flack's parents' house, and all her friends' houses, and her grandmother's house. She was described in one paper as my "bit of rough," because she'd once worked in a factory or something.

Jesus, I thought, are we really such a country of insufferable snobs?

I continued to see Flack on and off, but we didn't feel free anymore. We kept on, I think, because we genuinely enjoyed each other's company, and because we didn't want to admit defeat at the hands of these arseholes. But the relationship was tainted, irredeemably, and in time we agreed that it just wasn't worth the grief and harassment.

Especially for her family.

Goodbye, we said. Goodbye and good luck.

## 25.

I WENT WITH JLP to Kensington Palace for a cocktail with General Dannatt. As we knocked at the door to the general's apartment I felt jumpier than I had when leaving for war.

The general and his wife, Pippa, greeted us warmly, congratulated me on my service.

I smiled, but then frowned. Yes, they said. They were sorry about my deployment being cut short.

*The press—they ruin everything, don't they?*

*They do, they surely do.*

The general poured me a gin and tonic. We gathered in chairs, a sitting area, and I took a big gulp and felt the gin go down and blurted that I needed to get back. I needed to do a full and proper tour.

The general stared. *Oh. I see. Well, if that's the case...*

He began thinking aloud, running through different options, analyzing all the politics and ramifications of each.

*What about...becoming a helicopter pilot?*

Wow. I leaned back. Hadn't ever considered that. Maybe because Willy and my father—and Grandpa and Uncle Andrew—were pilots. I was always keen on following my own line, doing my own thing, but General Dannatt said this would be the best way. The only way. I'd be safer, so to speak, above the fray, among the clouds. So would everyone else serving with me. Even if the press were to find out I'd gone back to Afghanistan, even if they did something stupid again—even *when* they did something stupid again—so what? The Taliban might know where I was, but good luck to them tracking me in the air.

*How long until I can qualify as a pilot, General?*

*About two years.*

I shook my head. *Too long, sir.*

He shrugged. *It takes what it takes. And for good reason.*

There was a great deal of schoolwork involved, he explained.

Bloody hell. At every turn, life was determined to drag me back into a classroom.

I thanked him, told him I'd think about it.

## 26.

**B**UT I SPENT THAT SUMMER of 2008 not thinking about it.

I didn't think much about anything, besides the three wounded soldiers who'd been with me on the plane home. I wanted other people to think about them too, and talk about them. Not enough people were thinking and talking about British soldiers coming back from the battlefield.

With every free minute I was trying to work out a way I could change that.

In the meantime, the Palace was keeping me busy. I was sent to America, my first official working trip there. (I'd been to Colorado once, white-water rafting, and touring Disney World with Mummy.) JLP was involved in drafting the itinerary, and he knew exactly the kinds of things I wanted to do. I wanted to visit wounded soldiers, and I wanted to lay a wreath at the site of the World Trade Center. And I wanted to meet the families of those who'd died on September 11, 2001. He made it all happen.

I remember little else of that trip besides those moments. I look back and read stories of the hullabaloo, everywhere I went, the giddy discussions of my mother, much of it due to her love of America and her historic visits there, but what I remember most is sitting with wounded soldiers, visiting military gravesites, talking to families swamped in grief.

I held their hands, I nodded and told them: *I know*. I think we all made each other feel better. Grief is a thing best shared.

I returned to Britain firmer in my belief that more needed to be done for everyone affected by the war on terror. I pushed myself hard—too hard. I was burned out, and didn't know it, and many mornings I woke feeling

weak with fatigue. But I didn't see how I could slow down, because so many were asking for help. So many were suffering.

Around this time I learned about a new British organization: Help for Heroes. I loved what they were doing, the awareness they were bringing to the plight of soldiers. Willy and I reached out to them. *What can we do?*

There is something, said the founders, parents of a British soldier. *Would you wear our wristband?*

Of course! We wore one at a football game, with Kate, and the effect was electrifying. Demand for the wristband skyrocketed, donations began rolling in. It was the start of a long, meaningful relationship. More, it was a visceral reminder of the power of our platform.

Still, I did most of my work behind the scenes. I spent many days at Selly Oak Hospital, and Headley Court, chatting with soldiers, listening to their stories, trying to give them a moment of peace or a laugh. I never alerted the press and only let the Palace do so once, I think. I didn't want a reporter within a mile of those encounters, which might look casual on the surface, but were in reality searingly intimate.

*You were in Helmand Province too?*

*Oh, yes.*

*Lose any guys out there?*

*Yeah.*

*Anything I can do?*

*You're doing it, mate.*

I stood by the bedsides of men and women in a terrible state, and often with their families. One young lad was wrapped in bandages, head to foot, in an induced coma. His mum and dad were there, and they told me they'd been keeping a diary about his recovery; they asked me to read it. I did. Then, with their permission, I wrote something in it for him to read when he woke. Afterwards, we all hugged, and when we said goodbye it felt like family.

Finally, I went to a physical rehab center for an official engagement and met with one of the soldiers from the flight home. Ben. He told me how the

IED had taken off his left arm and right leg. Boiling hot day, he said. He was running, heard a blast, then felt himself flying twenty feet into the air.

He remembered *seeing* his leg leaving his body.

He told me this with a faint, brave smile.

The day before my visit he'd received his new prosthetic leg. I glanced down. *Very sleek, mate. Looks quite strong!* We'll soon see, he said. His rehab regime called for him to go up and down a climbing wall that day.

I hung around, watched.

He settled into a harness, grabbed a rope, shimmied up the wall. He gave a rousing whoop and cheer at the top, then a wave, then climbed back down.

I was astounded. I'd never been so proud—to be British, to be a soldier, to be his brother in arms. I told him so. I told him I wanted to buy him a beer for getting to the top of that wall. No, no, a crate of beer.

He laughed. *Wouldn't say no to that, mate!*

He said something about wanting to run a marathon.

I said if he ever did, when he did, he'd find me waiting at the finish line.

## 27.

TOWARDS THE END OF that summer I went to Botswana, met up with Teej and Mike. They'd recently done masterwork on the David Attenborough series *Planet Earth*, and a few other BBC films, and now they were shooting an important film about elephants. Several herds, stressed by habitat encroachment and drought, were stampeding into Namibia in search of food, running straight into the arms of poachers—hundreds, armed with AK-47s. Teej and Mike hoped their film might shine a light on this rolling massacre.

I asked if I could help. They didn't hesitate. *Course, Spike.*

In fact, they offered to hire me as a credited, though unpaid, cameraman.

From Day One they talked about how *different* I seemed. Not that I wasn't always a hard worker, but clearly I'd learned from the Army how to take direction. They never had to tell me anything twice.

Many times during that shoot we'd be riding around the bush in their flatbed truck and I'd gaze off and think: How bizarre. My whole life I've despised photographers, because they specialize in stealing your freedom, and now I'm a working photographer, fighting to preserve the freedom of these majestic animals. And feeling freer in the process.

More ironic, I was filming veterinarians as they put tracking devices on the animals. (The devices would help researchers better understand the herd's migration patterns.) Until now, I didn't have the happiest associations with tracking devices.

One day we filmed a vet dart a big bull elephant, then wrap a tracking collar around his neck. But the dart only nicked the elephant's tough skin, so he was able to gather himself and charge away.

Mike yelled: *Grab the camera, Spike! Run!*

The elephant was tearing through thick bush, mostly along a sandy path, though sometimes there was no path. The vet and I tried to stay in his footprints. I couldn't believe the animal's speed. He went eight kilometers before slowing, then stopping. I kept my distance, and when the vet caught up, I watched him put another dart into the elephant. Finally the big fella went down.

Moments later Mike came roaring up in his truck. *Good job, Spike!*

I was panting, hands on my knees, bathed in sweat.

Mike looked down in horror. *Spike. Where are your shoes?*

*Oh. Yeah. Left them on the truck. Didn't think there was time to grab them.*

*You ran eight kilometers...through the bush...in no shoes?*

I laughed. *You told me to run. Like you said, the Army taught me how to take direction.*

## 28.

**R**IGHT AT THE TURN OF the new year, 2009, a video went viral.

Me, as a cadet, three years earlier, sitting with other cadets.

At an airport. Cyprus, perhaps? Or else maybe waiting to fly to Cyprus?

The video was shot by me. Killing time before our flight, messing around, I panned the group, gave a running commentary on each lad, and when I came to my fellow cadet and good friend Ahmed Raza Kahn, a Pakistani, I said: *Ah, our little Paki friend...*

I didn't know that Paki was a slur. Growing up, I'd heard many people use that word and never saw anyone flinch or cringe, never suspected them of being racist. Neither did I know anything about unconscious bias. I was twenty-one, awash in isolation and privilege, and if I thought anything about this word at all, I thought it was like Aussie. Harmless.

I'd sent the footage to a fellow cadet, who was making an end-of-year video. Since then, it had circulated, flitted from computer to computer, and ultimately ended up in the hands of someone who sold it to the *News of the World*.

Heated condemnations began rolling in.

I'd learned nothing, people said.

I'd not matured one bit after the Nazi debacle, people said.

Prince Harry is worse than a thicko, they said, worse than a party boy—he's a racist.

The Tory leader denounced me. A cabinet minister went on TV to flog me. Ahmed's uncle condemned me to the BBC.

I was sitting in Highgrove, watching this furor rain down, barely able to process it.

My father's office issued an apology on my behalf. I wanted to issue one as well, but courtiers advised against it.

*Not the best strategy, sir.*

*To hell with strategy.* I didn't care about strategy. I cared about people not thinking I was a racist. I cared about *not being* a racist.

Above all, I cared about Ahmed. I connected with him directly, apologized. He said he knew I wasn't a racist. No big deal.

But it was. And his forgiveness, his easy grace, only made me feel worse.

## 29.

AS THAT CONTROVERSY CONTINUED to spread, I shipped off to RAF Barkston Heath. Strange time to begin flight training, to begin any kind of training. My congenitally weak powers of concentration were never weaker. But maybe, I told myself, it's also the best time. I wanted to hide from humanity, flee the planet, and since a rocket wasn't available, maybe an aeroplane would do.

Before I could climb into any aircraft, however, the Army would need to make sure I had the right stuff. For several weeks they poked my body, probed my mind.

Drug-free, they concluded. They seemed surprised.

Also, videos to the contrary notwithstanding, not a total thicko.

So...proceed.

My first aircraft would be a Firefly, they said. Bright yellow, fixed wing, single prop.

Simple machine, according to my first flight instructor, Sergeant Major Booley.

I got in and thought: Really? Didn't look simple to me.

I turned to Booley, studied him. He wasn't simple either. Short, solid, tough, he'd fought in Iraq and the Balkans and should've been a hard case, given all he'd seen and been through, but in fact he seemed to suffer no ill-effects from his tours of combat. On the contrary, he was all gentleness.

He needed to be. With so much on my mind, I entered our sessions wildly distracted, and it showed. I kept expecting Booley to lose patience,

to begin shouting at me, but he never did. In fact, after one session, he invited me for a motorbike ride in the country. *Let's go and clear our heads, Lieutenant Wales.*

It worked. Like a charm. And the motorbike, a gorgeous Triumph 675, was a timely reminder of what I was after in these flight lessons. Speed and power.

And freedom.

Then we discovered we weren't free: the press had followed us the whole way and papped us outside Booley's house.

After a period of acclimatizing to the Firefly's cockpit, becoming familiar with the control panel, we finally took her up. On one of our first flights together, with no warning, Booley threw the aircraft into a stall. I felt the left wing dip, a sickening feeling of disorder, of entropy, and then, after several seconds that felt like decades, he recovered the aircraft and leveled the wings.

I stared at him. *What in the absolute—?*

Was this an aborted suicide attempt?

No, he said gently. This was the next stage in my training. Countless things can go wrong in the air, he explained, and he needed to show me what to do—but also how to do it.

Stay. Cool.

Our next flight, he pulled the same stunt. But this time he didn't recover the aircraft. As we went spinning and pirouetting towards Earth he said: *It's time.*

*For what?*

*For YOU to...DO IT.*

He looked at the controls. I grabbed them, stuck the boot in, regained the aircraft in what felt like the nick of time.

I looked at Booley, waited for congratulations.

Nothing. Barely any reaction at all.

Over time Booley would do this again and again, cut the power, put us into freefall. As the creaking metal and roaring white noise of the stilled engine became deafening he'd turn calmly to his left: *It's time.*

*Time?*

*You have control.*

*I have control.*

After I restored the power, after we returned to base safely, there was never any fanfare. Not even much chatter. No medals in Booley's cockpit for simply doing your job.

At last, one clear morning, after a routine handful of circuits over the airfield, we landed softly and Booley jumped out as if the Firefly were on fire.

*What's the matter?*

*It's time, Lieutenant Wales.*

*Time?*

*For you to solo.*

*Oh. OK.*

Up I went. (After first making sure my parachute was strapped on.) I did one or two circuits round the airfield, talking to myself all the while: *Full power. Keep the wheel on the white line. Pull up...slowly! Dip the nose. Don't stall! Turn in the climb. Level off. OK, now you're downwind. Radio the tower. Check your ground markers.*

*Pre-landing checks.*

*Reduce power!*

*Start to descend in the turn.*

*There you go, steady now.*

*Roll out there, line up, line it up.*

*Three-degree flight path, get the nose on the piano keys.*

*Request clearance to land.*

*Point the aircraft where you want it to land...*

I made an uneventful one-bounce landing and taxied off the runway. To the average person it would've looked like the most mundane flight in the history of aviation. To me it was one of the most wonderful moments of my life.

Was I a pilot now? Hardly. But I was on my way.

I jumped out, marched up to Booley. My God, I wanted to high-five him, take him out for drinks, but it was out of the question.

The one thing I absolutely didn't want to do was say goodbye to him, but that was what needed to happen next. Now that I'd soloed, I needed to embark on the next phase of my training.

As Booley was so fond of saying, it was time.

## 30.

**I** SHIPPED OFF TO RAF Shawbury and discovered that helicopters were much more complex than Fireflies.

Even the preflight checks were more extensive.

I stared at the galaxy of toggles and switches and thought: *How am I going to memorize all this?*

Somehow I did. Slowly, under the watchful eyes of my two new instructors, Sergeant Majors Lazel and Mitchell, I learned them all.

In no time we were lifting off, rotors beating the frothy clouds, one of the great physical sensations anyone can experience. The purest form of flying, in many ways. The first time we ascended, straight vertical, I thought: I was born for this.

But *flying* the helicopter, I learned, wasn't the hard part. Hovering was. At least six long lessons were devoted to this one task, which sounded easy at first and quickly came to seem impossible. In fact, the more you practiced hovering, the more impossible it seemed.

The main reason was a phenomenon called "hover monkeys." Just above the ground a helicopter falls prey to a fiendish confluence of factors: air flow, downdraft, gravity. First it wobbles, then it rocks, then it pitches and yaws—as if invisible monkeys are hanging from both its skids, yanking. To land the helicopter you have to shake off those hover monkeys, and the only way to do that is by...ignoring them.

Easier said. Time and time again the hover monkeys got the better of me, and it was small consolation that they also got the better of every other pilot training with me. We talked among ourselves about these little bastards, these invisible gremlins. We grew to hate them, to dread the shame and rage that came with being bested by them yet again. None of us could work out how to restore the aircraft's equilibrium and put it on the deck without denting the fuselage. Or scraping the skids. To walk away from a landing with a long, crooked mark on the tarmac behind you—that was the ultimate humiliation.

Come the day of our first solos we were all basket cases. *The hover monkeys, the hover monkeys*, that was all you heard around the kettle and the coffee pot. When it was my turn I climbed into the helicopter, said a prayer, asked the tower for clearance. *All clear*. I started her up, lifted off, did several laps around the field, no problem, despite strong winds.

Now it was zero hour.

On the apron were eight circles. You had to land inside one. Left of the apron was an orange brick building with huge glass windows where the other pilots and students waited their turn. I knew they were all standing at those windows, watching, as I felt the hover monkeys take hold. The aircraft was rocking. *Get off*, I shouted, *leave me alone*.

I fought the controls and managed to set the helicopter inside one of the circles.

Walking inside the orange building, I threw out my chest and proudly took my place at the windows to watch the others. Sweaty but smiling.

Several student pilots had to abort their landings that day. One had to set down on a nearby patch of grass. One landed so hot and wobbly, fire trucks and an ambulance rushed to the scene.

When he walked into the orange building I could see in his eyes that he felt as I would've felt in his shoes.

Part of him honestly wished he'd crashed and burned.

## 31.

**D**URING THIS TIME I WAS LIVING in Shropshire, with Willy, who was also training to become a pilot. He'd found a cottage ten minutes from the base, on someone's estate, and invited me to stay with him. Or maybe I invited myself?

The cottage was cozy, charming, just up a narrow country lane and behind some thickly canopied trees. The fridge was stuffed with vacuum-packed meals sent by Pa's chefs. Creamy chicken and rice, beef curry. At the back of the house there were beautiful stables, which explained the horse smell in every room.

Each of us enjoyed the arrangement: our first time living together since Eton. It was fun. Better yet, we were together for the decisive moment, the triumphal unraveling of Murdoch's media empire. After months of investigation, a gang of reporters and editors at Murdoch's trashiest newspaper were finally being identified, handcuffed, arrested, charged with harassment of politicians, celebrities—and the Royal Family. Corruption was being exposed, finally, and punishments were forthcoming.

Among the soon-to-be-exposed villains was the Thumb, that same journalist who'd long ago published an absurd non-story about my thumb injury at Eton. I'd healed up nicely, but the Thumb had never mended his ways. On the contrary he'd got a whole lot worse. He'd moved up the ranks of the newspaper world, becoming a boss, with a whole team of Thumbs at his command (under his thumb?), many of them hacking willy-nilly into people's phones. Blatant criminality, which the Thumb claimed, laughably, to know nothing about.

Also going down? Rehabber Kooks! The same loathsome editor who'd cooked up my rehab charade—she'd been “resigned.” Two days later the cops arrested her.

Oh, the relief we felt when we heard. For us and our country.

A similar fate was soon to befall the others, all the plotters and stalkers and liars. Soon enough they would all lose their jobs, and their ill-gotten

fortunes, amassed during one of the wildest crime sprees in British history.

Justice.

I was overjoyed. So was Willy. More, it was glorious to finally have our suspicions validated and our circle of closest friends vindicated, to know that we hadn't been stark, staring paranoid. Things really had been amiss. We'd been betrayed, as we'd always suspected, but not by bodyguards or best mates. It was those Fleet Street weasels yet again. And the Metropolitan Police, who'd inexplicably failed to do their jobs, refusing time and again to investigate and arrest obvious lawbreakers.

The question was why? Pay-offs? Collusion? Fear?

We'd soon find out.

The public was horrified. If journalists could use the mighty powers vested in them for evil, then democracy was in sorry shape. More, if journalists were allowed to probe and foil the security measures that notable figures and government officials required to stay safe, then they'd ultimately show terrorists how to do it too. And then it would be a free-for-all. No one would be safe.

For generations Britons had said with a wry laugh: Ah, well, of course our newspapers are shit—but what can you do? Now they weren't laughing. And there was general agreement: We need to do something.

There were even death rattles coming from the most popular Sunday newspaper, Murdoch's *News of the World*. The leading culprit in the hacking scandal, its very survival was in doubt. Advertisers were talking about fleeing, readers were talking about boycotts. Was it possible? Murdoch's baby—his grotesque two-headed circus baby—might finally expire?

A new era was at hand?

Strange. While all this put Willy and me in a chipper mood, we didn't talk much about it explicitly. We had loads of laughs in that cottage, passed many happy hours talking about all kinds of things, but seldom that. I wonder if it was just too painful. Or maybe still too unresolved. Maybe we didn't want to jinx it, didn't dare pop the cork on the champagne until we saw photos of Rehabber Kooks and the Thumb sharing a cell.

Or maybe there was some tension under the surface between us, which I wasn't fully comprehending. While sharing that cottage we agreed to a rare joint interview, in an airplane hangar at Shawbury, during which Willy griped endlessly about my habits. Harry's a slob, he said. Harry snores.

I turned and gave him a look. Was he joking?

I cleaned up after myself, and I didn't snore. Besides, our rooms were separated by thick walls, so even if I did snore there was no way he heard. The reporters were having fits of giggles about it all, but I cut in: *Lies! Lies!*

That only made them laugh harder. Willy too.

I laughed as well, because we often bantered like that, but when I look back on it now, I can't help but wonder if there wasn't something else at play. I was training to get to the front lines, the same place Willy had been training to get, but the Palace had scuttled his plans. The Spare, sure, let him run around a battlefield like a chicken with its head cut off, if that's what he likes.

But the Heir? No.

So Willy was now training to be a search and rescue pilot, and perhaps feeling quietly frustrated about it. In which case, he was seeing it all wrong. He was doing remarkable, vital work, I thought, saving lives every week. I was proud of him, and full of respect for the way he was dedicating himself wholeheartedly to his preparation.

Still, I should've figured out how he might have been feeling. I knew all too well the despair of being pulled from a fight for which you've spent years preparing.

## 32.

**F**ROM SHAWBURY I MOVED ON to Middle Wallop. I now knew how to fly a helicopter, the Army conceded, but next I needed to learn how to fly one *tactically*. While doing other things. Many other things. Like reading a

map and locating a target and firing missiles and talking on the radios and peeing into a bag. Multitasking in the air at 140 knots—not for everyone. To accomplish this Jedi mind trick, my brain would first need to be reshaped, my synapses rewired, and my Yoda in this massive neuro-reengineering would be Nigel.

A.k.a. Nige.

It was he who drew the unenviable task of becoming my fourth, and arguably most important, flight instructor.

The aircraft on which we'd be conducting our sessions was the Squirrel. That was the colloquial name for the little French-made single-engine helicopter on which most British students trained. But Nige was less focused on the actual Squirrel in which we sat than the squirrels inside my head. Head squirrels were the ancient enemies of human concentration, Nige assured me. Without my being aware of it they'd taken up residence in my consciousness. More devious than the hover monkeys, he said, they were also far more dangerous.

The only way to get rid of head squirrels, Nige insisted, was iron discipline. A helicopter is easily mastered, but the head takes more time and more patience.

Time and patience, I thought impatiently. I don't have much of either, Nige, so let's crack on...

It also takes a kind of self-love, Nige said, and this manifests as confidence. *Confidence, Lieutenant Wales. Believe in yourself—that's everything.*

I saw the truth in his words, but I couldn't imagine ever putting that truth into practice. The fact was, I *didn't* believe in myself, didn't believe in much of anything, least of all me. Whenever I made a mistake, which was often, I was quite harsh with Harry. It felt as if my mind were seizing up like an overheated engine, the red mist would come down, and I'd stop thinking, stop functioning.

No, Nige would say softly whenever this happened. *Don't let one mistake destroy this flight, Lieutenant Wales.*

But I let one mistake ruin many a flight.

Sometimes my self-loathing would spill onto Nige. After having a go at me, I'd have a go at him. *Fuck it, you fly the damn thing!*

He'd shake his head. *Lieutenant Wales, I'm not touching the controls. We are going to get down on the ground and you're going to get us there and then we'll talk about it all afterwards.*

He had a herculean will. You'd never have guessed it from his appearance. Average height, average build, steel-gray hair combed neatly to one side. He wore spotless green overalls, spotless clear spectacles. He was a Navy civvie, a kindly grandpa who loved sailing—a top bloke. But he had the heart of a fucking ninja.

And at that moment I needed a ninja.

### 33.

OVER SEVERAL MONTHS NIGE the Ninja managed to show me how to fly a helicopter while doing other things, countless other things, and, what was more, to do so with something approaching self-love. These were flying lessons, but I think back on them as life lessons, and gradually there were more good ones than bad.

Good or bad, however, every ninety-minute session in Nige's Squirrel Dojo left me hooped. Upon landing I'd think: *I need a nap.*

But first: the debrief.

This was where Nige the Ninja really put me through it, because he sugarcoated nothing. He spoke bluntly and wounded blithely. There were things I needed to hear, and he didn't care about his tone when he told me.

I got defensive.

He pressed on.

I shot him hate-you-forever stares.

He pressed on.

I said, *Yeah, yeah, I get it.*

He pressed on.

I stopped listening.

Poor Nige...He pressed on.

He was, I realize now, one of the most truthful people I've ever known, and he knew a secret about truth that many people are unwilling to accept: it's *usually* painful. He wanted me to believe in myself, but that belief could never be based on false promises or fake compliments. The royal road to mastery was paved with facts.

Not that he was categorically opposed to compliments. One day, almost in passing, he said that I appeared to lack any...fear. *You're not terribly concerned, if I may say, Lieutenant Wales, with dying.*

*That's true.*

I explained that I hadn't been afraid of death since the age of twelve.

He nodded once. He got it. We moved on.

## 34.

**N**IGE EVENTUALLY RELEASED ME, set me free like a wounded bird restored to health, and with his certification the Army pronounced me ready to fly Apaches.

But nope—it was a trick. I wasn't going to fly Apaches. I was going to sit in a windowless classroom and *read* about Apaches.

I thought: Could anything be crueler? Promise me a helicopter, hand me a stack of homework?

The course lasted three months, during which I nearly went insane. Every night I'd slump back to my cell-like room in the officers' mess and vent to a mate on the phone, or else to my bodyguard. I considered leaving the course altogether. I'd never even wanted to fly Apaches, I said to everyone, petulantly. I wanted to fly the Lynx. It was simpler to learn, and

I'd get back to the war faster. But my commanding officer, Colonel David Meyer, quashed that idea. *Not a chance, Harry.*

*Why, Colonel?*

*Because you've had operational ground experience in reconnaissance, you were a very fine FAC, and you're a bloody good pilot. You're going to fly Apaches.*

*But—*

*I can tell from the way you fly, the way you read the ground, this is what you were meant to do.*

Meant to do? The course was torture!

And yet I was on time every day. I showed up with my three-ring binders full of info about the Apache engines, and listened to the lectures, and fought like crazy to keep up. I tried to draw on everything I'd learned from my flight instructors, from Booley to Nige, and treated the classroom as an aircraft going down. My job was to regain control.

And then one day...it was over. They said I'd be permitted at long last to strap myself into an honest-to-God Apache.

For...ground taxiing.

*Are you joking?*

Four lessons, they said.

*Four lessons...on taxiing?*

As it turned out, four lessons was barely enough to absorb all there was to know about ground taxiing that massive bird. I felt, while taxiing, as if the aircraft was on stilts, set on a bed of jelly. There were moments when I truly wondered if I'd ever be able to do it, if this whole journey might be at an end here, before it had even begun.

I blamed part of my struggle on the seating arrangement. In the Firefly, in the Squirrel, the instructor was always right next to me. He could reach over, fix my mistakes straightaway, or else model the correct way. Booley would put his hand on the controls, or Nige would do the pedals, and I'd do the same. I realized that much of what I'd learned in life had come through this sort of modeling. More than most people I needed a guide, a guru—a partner.

But in the Apache the instructor was either way up front or way in the back—unseen.

I was all alone.

## 35.

**T**HE SEATING ARRANGEMENT eventually became less of an issue. Day by day the Apache felt less alien, and some days it even felt good.

I learned to be alone in there, to think alone, function alone. I learned to communicate with this big, fast, nasty, beautiful beast, to speak its language, to listen when it talked. I learned to perform one set of skills with my hands, while doing another with my feet. I learned to appreciate how phenomenal this machine was: unthinkably heavy, yet capable of ballet-like suppleness. The most technologically complex helicopter in the world, and also the most nimble. I could see why only a handful of people on earth knew how to fly Apaches, and why it cost millions of dollars to train each of those people.

And then...it was time to do it all at night.

We started with an exercise called “the bag,” which was just what it sounded like. The Apache’s windows were covered and you felt as if you were inside a brown-paper bag. You had to take all data about conditions outside the aircraft through instruments and gauges. Eerie, unnerving—but effective. You were forced to develop a kind of second sight.

Then we took the Apache up into the actual night sky, made our way around the base, slowly expanded beyond. I was a bit trembly the first time we sailed across Salisbury Plain, over those desolate valleys and woods where I’d crawled and dragged my arse through those first exercises. Then I was flying over more populated areas. Then: London. The Thames glistening in the darkness. The Millennium Wheel winking at the stars. The Houses of Parliament, and Big Ben, and the palaces. I wondered if Granny

was in, and if she was awake. Were the corgis settling down while I did these graceful whirls over their fuzzy heads?

Was the flag up?

In darkness I became fully proficient with the monacle, the most astonishing and iconic part of the Apache's technology. A sensor in the Apache's nose transmitted images through a cable, up to the cockpit, where it fed into the monacle, which was clipped to my helmet, in front of my right eyeball. Through that monacle I got all my knowledge of the outside world. All my senses were reduced to that one small portal. It felt at first like writing with my toe or breathing through my ear, and then it became second nature. And then it became mystical.

Circling London one night, I was suddenly blinded, and thought for half a second that I might drop into the Thames. I saw bright colors, mostly emerald green, and after a few seconds I realized: someone on the ground had hit us with a laser pen. I was disoriented. And furious. But I told myself to be grateful for the experience, for the practice. I was also perversely grateful for the stray memory it knocked loose. Mohamed Al Fayed, giving Willy and me laser pens from Harrods, which he owned. He was the father of Mummy's boyfriend, so maybe he was trying to win us over. If so, job done. We thought those lasers were genius.

We whipped them around like light sabers.

## 36.

**N**EAR THE TAIL END OF my Apache training, at Wattisham Airfield in Suffolk, I got one more instructor.

It was his job to put on the finishing touches.

Upon meeting, shaking hands, he gave me a knowing smile.

I smiled back.

He kept smiling.

I smiled back, but started to wonder: What?  
I thought he was about to pay me a compliment. Or ask a favor.  
Instead he asked if I recognized his voice.  
*No.*  
He was part of the team that extracted me, he said.  
*Oh, back in 2008?*  
*Yes.*  
We'd talked briefly over the radio that night, I recalled.  
*I remember how gutted you were.*  
*Yeah.*  
*I could hear it in your voice.*  
*Yeah. I was devastated.*  
He smiled wider. *Now look at you.*

## 37.

I WAS TURNING TWENTY-FIVE in a few days, and it felt like more than just another birthday. Mates told me twenty-five was the Watershed Age, the moment when many young men and women come to a fork in their personal road. At twenty-five you take a concrete step forward...or else begin to slide backwards. I was ready to move forward. I felt, in many ways, that I'd been bag-flying for years.

I reminded myself that it ran in the family, that twenty-five had been a big year for many of us. Granny, to name one. At twenty-five she'd become the sixty-first monarch in the history of England.

So I decided to mark this milestone birthday with a trip.  
Botswana again.

The whole gang was there, and in between cake and cocktails they said how different I seemed—again. I had seemed older, harder, after my first combat tour. But now, they said, I seemed more...grounded.

Odd, I thought. Through flight training...I've become more grounded?

No one gave me more praise or love than Teej and Mike. Late one night, however, Mike sat me down for a somber heart-to-heart. At their kitchen table he spoke at length about my relationship with Africa. The time's come, he said, for that relationship to change. Until then the relationship had been all take, take, take—a fairly typical dynamic for Brits in Africa. But now I needed to give back. For years I'd heard him and Teej and others lamenting the crises facing this place. Climate change. Poaching. Drought. Fires. I was the only person they knew who had any kind of influence, any kind of global megaphone—the only person who might actually be able to do something.

*What can I do, Mike?*

*Shine a light.*

## 38.

**A** GROUP OF US piled into flat-bottomed boats and steered upriver. We camped for a few days, explored some remote islands. No one for miles and miles around.

One afternoon we stopped off on Kingfisher Island, and mixed up some drinks, and watched the sunset. Rain was falling, which made the light look pink. We listened to music, everything mellow, dreamy, and lost all track of time. As we were pushing off, getting back onto the river, we suddenly ran into two big problems.

Darkness.

And a major storm.

Each was a problem you never wanted to encounter on the Okavango. But both at the same time? We were in trouble.

Now came the wind.

In the dark, in the maelstrom, the river was impossible to navigate. The water pitched and rolled. Plus the driver on our boat was wasted. We kept plowing into sandbars.

I thought: We might end up in this river tonight.

I shouted that I was taking the wheel.

I recall brilliant flashes of lightning, seismic claps of thunder. There were twelve of us on two boats and no one was saying a word. Even the most experienced Africa hands were tight-faced, though we tried to pretend we were in control by continuing to blast the music.

Suddenly the river narrowed. Then bent sharply. We were desperate to get back, but we had to be patient. Obey the river. Go where it led us.

Just then, a massive flash. Everything bright as noon for about two seconds, long enough to see, standing directly before us, in the middle of the river, a group of enormous elephants.

In the flare-up I locked eyes with one. I saw her snow-white tusks swooping up, I saw every wrinkle in her dark wet skin, the hard water line above her shoulders. I saw her giant ears, shaped like an angel's wings.

Someone whispered: *Holy shit.*

Someone cut the music.

Both drivers killed the engines.

In total silence we floated on the swollen river, waiting for the next lightning flash. When it came, there they were again, those majestic creatures. This time, when I stared at the elephant closest to me, when I looked deep into her eyeball, when she looked back into mine, I thought of the all-seeing eye of the Apache, and I thought of the Koh-i-Noor diamond, and I thought of a camera's lens, convex and glassy like the elephant's eye, except that a camera lens always made me nervous and this eye made me feel safe. This eye wasn't judging, wasn't taking—it just *was*. If anything, the eye was slightly...tearful? Was that possible?

Elephants have been known to weep. They hold funerals for loved ones, and when they come upon an elephant lying dead in the bush they stop and pay their respects. Were our boats intruding on some such ceremony? Some sort of gathering? Or maybe we'd interrupted some kind of rehearsal. From

antiquity comes a story of one elephant who was observed privately practicing complicated dance steps he'd need to perform in an upcoming parade.

The storm was getting worse. We had to go. We restarted the boats, cruised away. Goodbye, we whispered to the elephants. I eased into the middle of the current, lit a cigarette, told my memory to hold on to this encounter, this unreal moment when the line between me and the external world grew blurry or disappeared outright.

Everything, for one half second, was one. Everything made sense.

Try to remember, I thought, how it felt to be that close to the truth, the real truth:

That life isn't all good, but it isn't all bad either.

Try to remember how it felt, finally, to understand what Mike had been trying to say.

*Shine a light.*

## 39.

**I** GOT MY WINGS. Pa, as Army Air Corps Colonel-in-Chief, pinned them to my chest.

May 2010.

Happy day. Pa, wearing his blue beret, officially presented me with mine. I put it on and we saluted each other. It felt almost more intimate than a hug.

Camilla was on hand. And Mummy's sisters. And Chels. We were back together.

Then broke up soon after.

We had no choice—yet again. We had all the same old problems, nothing had been solved. Also, Chels wanted to travel, have fun, be young, but I was once again on a path to war. I'd soon be shipping off. If we stayed

together, we'd be lucky to see each other a handful of times over the next two years, and that was no kind of relationship. Neither of us was surprised when we found ourselves in the same old emotional cul-de-sac.

*Goodbye, Chels.*

*Goodbye, Hazza.*

The day I got my wings, I figured she got hers.

We went to Botswana one last time. One last trip upriver, we said. One last visit to Teej and Mike.

We had great fun, and naturally wavered about our decision. I tried now and then, and talked now and then, of different ways this might still work. Chels played along. We were being so obviously, willfully delusional, that Teej felt the need to step in.

*It's over, kids. You're postponing the inevitable. And making yourselves crazy in the process.*

We were staying in a tent in her garden. She sat with us in the tent, delivering these difficult truths while holding hands with each of us. Looking us in the eyes, she urged us to let this breakup be final.

*Don't waste the most precious thing there is. Time.*

She was right, I knew. As Sergeant Major Booley said: It's time.

So I forced myself to put the relationship out of my mind—in fact, all relationships. Stay busy, I told myself as I flew away from Botswana. In the short while left before you ship to Afghanistan, just stay busy.

To that end, I went to Lesotho with Willy. We visited several schools built by Sentebale. Prince Seeiso was with us; he'd co-founded the charity with me back in 2006, shortly after losing his own mother. (His mother had also been a fighter in the war against HIV.) He took us to meet scores of children, each with a wrenching story. The average life expectancy in Lesotho at that time was forty-something, while in Britain it was seventy-nine for men, eighty-two for women. Being a child in Lesotho was like being middle-aged in Manchester, and while there were various complicated reasons for this, the main one was HIV.

A quarter of all Lesotho adults were HIV-positive.

After two or three days we set off with Prince Seeiso towards more remote schools, off the grid. Way off. As a gift Prince Seeiso gave us wild ponies, to ride part of the way, and tribal blankets for the cold. We wore them as capes.

Our first stop was a frozen village in the clouds: Semonkong. Some seven thousand feet above sea level, it lay between snow-tipped mountains. Plumes of warm air spurted from the horses' noses as we pushed them up, up, but when the climb got too steep, we switched to trucks.

Upon arriving we went straight into the school. Shepherd boys would come here twice a week, have a hot meal, go to a class. We sat in semi-darkness, beside a paraffin lamp, watching a lesson, and then we sat on the ground with a dozen boys, some as young as eight. We listened to them describe their daily trek to our school. It defied belief: after twelve hours of tending their cattle and sheep, they'd walk for two hours through mountain passes just to learn maths, reading, writing. Such was their hunger to learn. They braved sore feet, bitter cold—and far worse. They were so vulnerable on the road, so exposed to the elements, several had died from lightning strikes. Many had been attacked by stray dogs. They dropped their voices and told us that many had also been sexually abused by wanderers, rustlers, nomads, and other boys.

I felt ashamed to think of all my bitching about school. About anything.

Despite what they'd suffered, the boys were still boys. Their joy was irrepressible. They thrilled at the gifts we'd brought—warm coats, wool beanies. They put on the clothes, danced, sang. We joined them.

One boy kept to the side. His face was round, open, transparent. There was obviously a terrible burden on his heart. I felt it would be prying to ask. But I had one more gift in my bag, a torch, and I gave it to him.

I said I hoped it would light his way each day to school.

He smiled.

I wanted to tell him that his smile would light mine. I tried.

Alas, my Sesotho wasn't very good.

## 40.

**S**OON AFTER WE RETURNED to Britain the Palace announced that Willy was going to marry.

November 2010.

News to me. All that time together in Lesotho, he'd never mentioned it.

The papers published florid stories about the moment I realized Willy and Kate were well matched, the moment I appreciated the depth of their love and thus decided to gift Willy the ring I'd inherited from Mummy, the legendary sapphire, a tender moment between brothers, a bonding moment for all three of us, and absolute rubbish: none of it ever happened. I never gave Willy that ring because it wasn't mine to give. He already had it. He'd asked for it after Mummy died, and I'd been more than happy to let it go.

Now, as Willy focused on wedding preparations, I wished him well and turned sharply inward. I thought long and hard about my singlehood. I'd always assumed I'd be the first to be married, because I'd wanted it so badly. I'd always assumed that I'd be a young husband, a young father, because I'd resolved not to become my father. He'd been an older dad, and I'd always felt that this created problems, placed barriers between us. In his middle years he'd become more sedentary, more habitual. He liked his routines. He wasn't the kind of father who played endless rounds of tag, or tossed a ball until long after dark. He'd been so once. He'd chased us all over Sandringham, making up wonderful games, like the one where he wrapped us in blankets, like hot dogs, until we screamed with helpless laughter, and then yanked the blanket and shot us out of the other end. I don't know if Willy or I have ever laughed harder. But, long before we were ready, he stopped engaging in that kind of physical fun. He just didn't have the enthusiasm—the puff.

But I would, I always promised myself. I would.

Now I wondered: Will I?

Was that the real me who made that promise to become a young father? Or was this the real me, struggling to find the right person, the right partner,

while also struggling to work out who I was?

Why is this thing, which I supposedly want so badly, not happening?

And what if it never happens? What will my life mean? What will my ultimate purpose be?

War, I reckoned. When all else failed, as it usually did, I still had soldiering. (If only I had a deployment date.)

And after the wars, I thought, there will always be charitable work. Since the Lesotho trip, I'd felt more passionate than ever about continuing Mummy's causes. And I was determined to take up the cause Mike gave me at his kitchen table. That's enough for a full life, I told myself.

It seemed like serendipity, therefore, like a synthesis of all my thinking, when I heard from a group of wounded soldiers planning a trek to the North Pole. They were hoping to raise millions for Walking With The Wounded, and also to become the first amputees ever to reach the Pole unsupported. They invited me to join them.

I wanted to say yes. I was dying to say yes. Just one problem. The trek was in early April, dangerously close to Willy's announced wedding date. I'd have to get there and back with no hitches, or risk missing the ceremony.

But the North Pole wasn't a place you could ever be sure of getting to and from without hitches. The North Pole was a place of infinite hitches. There were always variables, usually related to weather. So I was nervous at the prospect, and the Palace was doubly nervous.

I asked JLP for his advice.

He smiled. *It's a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.*

*Yes. It is.*

*You've got to go.*

But first, he said, there was one other place I needed to go.

In a direct continuation of conversations he and I had begun five years earlier, after my Nazi debacle, he'd organized a trip to Berlin.

And so. December 2010. A bitterly cold day. I put my fingertips to the bullet holes in the city's walls, the still-fresh scars from Hitler's insane vow to fight to the last man. I stood at the former site of the Berlin Wall, which

had also been the site of SS torture chambers, and swore I could hear the echoes of agonized screams on the wind. I met a woman who'd been sent to Auschwitz. She described her confinement, the horrors she saw, heard, smelt. Her stories were as difficult to hear as they were vital. But I won't retell them. They're not mine to retell.

I'd long understood that the photo of me in a Nazi uniform had been the result of various failures—failure of thinking, failure of character. But it had also been a failure of education. Not just school education, but self-education. I hadn't known enough about the Nazis, hadn't taught myself enough, hadn't asked enough questions of teachers and families and survivors.

I'd resolved to change that.

I couldn't become the person I hoped to be until I changed that.

## 41.

**M**Y PLANE LANDED on an archipelago called Svalbard. March 2011. Stepping off the plane I did a slow turn, taking it all in. White, white, and more white. As far as the eye could see, nothing but ivory, snowy whiteness. White mountains, white snowdrifts, white hills, and threaded through it were narrow white roads, and not many of those. Most of the two thousand local residents had a snowmobile, not a car. The landscape was so minimalist, so spare, I thought: Maybe I'll move here.

Maybe *this* is my purpose.

Then I found out about the local law forbidding anyone to leave town *without* a gun, because the hills beyond were patrolled by desperately hungry polar bears, and I thought: Maybe not.

We drove into a town called Longyearbyen, the northernmost town on earth, a mere eight hundred miles from the apex of the planet. I met my fellow trekkers. Captain Guy Disney, a cavalryman who'd lost the lower

part of his right leg to an RPG. Captain Martin Hewitt, a paratrooper whose arm became paralyzed after he'd been shot. Private Jaco Van Gass, another paratrooper, who'd lost much of his left leg and half his left arm to an RPG. (He gave the remaining nub of his arm a jaunty nickname, Nemo, which always cracked us up.) Sergeant Steve Young, a Welshman, whose back had been broken by an IED. Doctors said he'd never walk again, and now he was about to tug a 200-pound sledge to the North Pole.

Inspiring lot. I told them I was honored to join them, honored just to be in their company, and it didn't matter that the temperature was thirty below. In fact, the weather was so bad we were delayed in setting off.

Ugh, Willy's wedding, I thought, my face in my hands.

We spent several days waiting, training, eating pizza and chips at the local pub. We did some exercises to acclimatize to the harsh temperatures. We pulled on orange immersion suits, jumped into the Arctic Ocean. Shocking how much warmer the water was than the brutally cold air.

But mostly we got to know each other, bonded.

When the weather finally cleared we hopped onto an Antonov and flew up to a makeshift ice camp, then switched to helicopters and flew to within two hundred miles of the Pole. It was about one A.M. when we landed, but bright as midday in a desert. There was no darkness up there: darkness had been banished. We waved goodbye to the helicopters and began.

Experts on Arctic conditions had urged the team to avoid sweating, because any moisture freezes instantly at the North Pole, which causes all kinds of problems. But no one told me. I'd missed those training sessions with the experts. So there I was, after the first day's walk, after the pulling of heavy sledges, absolutely gushing perspiration, and sure enough my clothes were turning to solid ice. More alarming, I was beginning to notice the first spots of trouble on my fingers and ears.

Frostnip.

I didn't complain. How could I, among that bunch? But I also didn't feel like complaining. Despite the discomfort, I felt only gratitude at being with such heroes, at serving such a worthy cause, at seeing a place so few people

ever get to see. In fact, on Day Four, when it came time to leave, I didn't want to. Also, we hadn't yet reached the Pole.

Alas, I had no choice. It was leave now or miss my brother's wedding.

I got onto a helicopter, bound for Barneo Airfield, from which my plane was to take off.

The pilot hesitated. He insisted that I needed to see the Pole before leaving. *You can't come all this way and not see it*, he said. So he flew me there and we hopped out into total whiteout. Together, we located the exact spot with GPS.

Standing on top of the world.

Alone.

Holding the Union Jack.

Back on the helicopter, off to Barneo. But just then, a powerful storm came sweeping across the top of the earth, canceling my flight, canceling all flights. Hurricane winds battered the area, growing so intense that they cracked the runway.

Repairs would be required.

While waiting, I hung out with an assortment of engineers. We drank vodka, sat in their makeshift sauna, then jumped into the ice-cold ocean. Many times I tipped back my head, downed another shot of delicious vodka, told myself not to stress about the runway, the wedding, anything.

The storm passed, the runway got rebuilt, or moved, I forget which. My plane went roaring down the ice and lifted me into the blue sky. I waved out the window. Goodbye, my brothers.

## 42.

**O**N THE EVE OF THE wedding Willy and I had dinner at Clarence House with Pa. Also present were James and Thomas—Willy's best men.

The public had been told that I was to be best man, but that was a bare-faced lie. The public expected me to be best man, and thus the Palace saw no choice but to say that I was. In truth, Willy didn't want me giving a best-man speech. He didn't think it safe to hand me a live mic and put me in a position to go off script. I might say something wildly inappropriate.

He wasn't wrong.

Also, the lie gave cover to James and Thomas, two civilians, two innocents. Had they been outed as Willy's best men, the rabid press would've chased them, tracked them, hacked them, investigated them, ruined their families' lives. Both chaps were shy, quiet. They couldn't handle such an onslaught, and shouldn't be expected to.

Willy explained all this to me and I didn't blink. I understood. We even had a laugh about it, speculating about the inappropriate things I might've said in my speech. And so the pre-wedding dinner was pleasant, jolly, despite Willy visibly suffering from standard groom jitters. Thomas and James forced him to down a couple of rum and Cokes, which did seem to settle his nerves. Meanwhile I regaled the company with tales of the North Pole. Pa was very interested, and sympathetic about the discomfort of my frostnipped ears and cheeks, and it was an effort not to overshare and tell him also about my equally tender penis. Upon arriving home I'd been horrified to discover that my nether regions were frostnipped as well, and while the ears and cheeks were already healing, the todger wasn't.

It was becoming more of an issue by the day.

I don't know why I should've been reluctant to discuss my penis with Pa, or all the gentlemen present. My penis was a matter of public record, and indeed some public curiosity. The press had written about it extensively. There were countless stories in books, and papers (even *The New York Times*) about Willy and me not being circumcised. Mummy had forbidden it, they all said, and while it's absolutely true that the chance of getting penile frostbite is much greater if you're not circumcised, all the stories were false. I was snipped as a baby.

After dinner we moved to the TV room and watched the news. Reporters were interviewing folks who'd camped just outside Clarence House, in

hopes of getting a front-row seat at the wedding. We went to the window and looked at the thousands of them, in tents and bedrolls, up and down the Mall, which runs between Buckingham Palace and Trafalgar Square. Many were drinking, singing. Some were cooking meals on portable stoves. Others were wandering about, chanting, celebrating, as if *they* were getting married in the morning.

Willy, rum-warmed, shouted: *We should go and see them!*

He texted his security team to say he wanted to do so.

The security team answered: *Strongly advise against.*

*No*, he shot back. *It's the right thing to do. I want to go out there. I need to see them!*

He asked me to come. He begged.

I could see in his eyes that the rum was really hitting hard. He needed a wingman.

Painfully familiar role for me. But all right.

We went out, walked the edge of the crowd, shaking hands. People wished Willy well, told him they loved him, loved Kate. They gave us both the same teary smiles, the same looks of fondness and pity we'd seen that day in August 1997. I couldn't help but shake my head. Here it was, the eve of Willy's Big Day, one of the happiest of his life, and there was simply no avoiding the echoes of his Worst Day. Our Worst Day.

I looked at him several times. His cheeks were bright crimson, as if he was the one with frostnip. Maybe that was the reason we bade farewell to the crowd, turned in early. He was tipsy.

But also, emotionally, physically, we were both all in. We needed rest.

I was shocked, therefore, when I went to collect him in the morning and he looked as if he hadn't slept a wink. His face was gaunt, his eyes red.

*You OK?*

*Yeah, yeah, fine.*

But he wasn't.

He was wearing the bright red uniform of the Irish Guards, not his Household Cavalry frock coat uniform. I wondered if that was the matter. He'd asked Granny if he could wear his Household Cavalry kit and she'd

turned him down. As the Heir, he must wear the Number One Ceremonial, she decreed. Willy was glum at having so little say in what he wore to get married, at having his autonomy taken from him on such an occasion. He'd told me several times that he felt frustrated.

I assured him that he looked bloody smart in the Harp of Ireland, with the Crown Imperial and the forage cap with the regimental motto: *Quis Separabit? Who shall separate us?*

It didn't seem to make an impression.

I, on the other hand, did not look smart, nor did I feel comfortable, in my Blues and Royals uniform, which protocol dictated that I wear. I'd never worn it before and hoped not to wear it again anytime soon. It had huge shoulder pads, and huge cuffs, and I could imagine people saying: *Who's this idiot?* I felt like a kitsch version of Johnny Bravo.

We climbed into a plum-colored Bentley. Neither of us said anything as we waited for the driver to pull out.

As the car pulled away, finally, I broke the silence. *You reek.*

The aftermath of last night's rum.

I jokingly cracked a window, pinched my nose—offered him some mints.

The corners of his mouth bent slightly upward.

After two minutes, the Bentley stopped. *Short trip,* I said.

I peered out of the window:

Westminster Abbey.

As always, my stomach lurched. I thought: Nothing like getting married in the same place where you did your mum's funeral.

I shot a glance at Willy. Was he thinking the same thing?

We went inside, shoulder to shoulder. I looked again at his uniform, his cap. *Who shall separate us?* We were soldiers, grown men, but walking with that same tentative, boyish gait as when we'd trailed Mummy's coffin. *Why did the adults do that to us?* We marched into the church, down the aisle, made for a side room off the altar—called the Crypt. Everything in that building spoke of death.

It wasn't just the memories of Mummy's funeral. More than three thousand bodies lay beneath us, behind us. They were buried under the pews, wedged into the walls. War heroes and poets, scientists and saints, the cream of the Commonwealth. Isaac Newton, Charles Dickens, Chaucer, plus thirteen kings and eighteen queens, they were all interred there.

It was still so hard to think of Mummy in the realm of Death. Mummy, who'd danced with Travolta, who'd quarreled with Elton, who'd dazzled the Reagans—could she really be in the Great Beyond with the spirits of Newton and Chaucer?

Between these thoughts of Mummy and death and my frostnipped penis, I was in danger of becoming as anxious as the groom. So I started pacing, shaking my arms, listening to the crowd murmuring in the pews. They'd been seated two hours before we arrived. *You just know many of them need a pee*, I said to Willy, trying to break the tension.

No reaction. He stood up, started pacing too.

I tried again. *The wedding ring! Oh, no—where is it? Where did I put the bloody thing?*

Then I pulled it out. *Phew!*

He gave a smile, went back to his pacing.

I couldn't have lost that ring if I'd wanted to. A special kangaroo pouch had been sewn inside my tunic. My idea, actually, that was how seriously I took the solemn duty and honor of bearing it.

Now I took the ring from its pouch, held it to the light. A thin band of Welsh gold, shaved off a hunk given to the Royal Family nearly a century before. The same hunk had provided a ring for Granny when she married, and for Princess Margaret, but it was nearly exhausted now, I'd heard. By the time I got married, if I ever got married, there might be none left.

I don't recall leaving the Crypt. I don't recall walking out to the altar. I have no memory of the readings, or removing the ring, or handing it to my brother. The ceremony is mostly a blank in my mind. I recall Kate walking down the aisle, looking incredible, and I recall Willy walking her back up the aisle, and as they disappeared through the door, into the carriage that

would convey them to Buckingham Palace, into the eternal partnership they'd pledged, I recall thinking: Goodbye.

I loved my new sister-in-law, I felt she was more *sister* than in-law, the sister I'd never had and always wanted, and I was pleased that she'd forever be standing by Willy's side. She was a good match for my older brother. They made each other visibly happy, and therefore I was happy too. But in my gut I couldn't help feeling that this was yet another farewell under this horrid roof. Another sundering. The brother I'd escorted into Westminster Abbey that morning was gone—forever. Who could deny it? He'd never again be first and foremost Willy. We'd never again ride together across the Lesotho countryside with capes blowing behind us. We'd never again share a horsey-smelling cottage while learning to fly. *Who shall separate us?*

Life, that's who.

I'd had the same feeling when Pa got married, the same presentiment, and hadn't it come true? In the Camilla era, as I'd predicted, I saw him less and less. Weddings were joyous occasions, sure, but they were also low-key funerals, because after saying their vows people tended to disappear.

It occurred to me then that identity is a hierarchy. We are primarily one thing, and then we're primarily another, and then another, and so on, until death—in *succession*. Each new identity assumes the throne of Self, but takes us further from our original self, perhaps our core self—the child. Yes, evolution, maturation, the path towards wisdom, it's all natural and healthy, but there's a purity to childhood, which is diluted with each iteration. As with that hunk of gold, it gets whittled away.

At least, that was the thought I had that day. My big brother Willy had moved on, moved up the line, and thereafter he'd be first a husband, then a father, then grandfather, and so on. He'd be a new person, many new persons, and none of them would be Willy. He'd be The Duke of Cambridge, the title chosen for him by Granny. Good for him, I thought. Great for him. But a loss for me all the same.

I think my reaction was also somewhat reminiscent of what I'd felt the first time I climbed inside an Apache. After being accustomed to having someone at my side, someone to model, I found myself terrifyingly alone.

And a eunuch to boot.

What was the universe out to prove by taking my penis at the same moment it took my brother?

Hours later, at the reception, I made a few quick remarks. Not a speech, just a brief two-minute intro to the real best men. Willy told me several times that I was to act as “compère.”

I had to look the word up.

The press reported extensively on my preparations for this intro, how I phoned Chels and tested some of the lines on her, bristling but ultimately caving when she urged me not to reference “Kate’s killer legs,” all of which was horseshit. I never phoned Chels about my remarks; she and I weren’t in regular touch, which was why Willy checked with me before inviting her to the wedding. He didn’t want either of us to feel uncomfortable.

The truth is, I road-tested a few lines on JLP, but mostly I winged it. I told a few jokes about our childhood, a silly story about Willy’s days playing water polo, and then I read a few hilarious snippets culled from letters of support sent in by the general public. One American bloke wrote to say that he’d wanted to make something special for the new Duchess of Cambridge, so he’d set out to capture a ton of ermine, traditional fur of royalty. This overenthusiastic Yank explained that he’d intended to catch *one thousand ermines* for the item of clothing he had in mind (God, was it a tent?) but unfortunately he’d only managed to scare up...two.

Rough year for ermine, I said.

Still, I added, the Yank improvised, made the best of things, as Yanks do, and cobbled together what he had, which I now held aloft.

The room let out a collective gasp.

It was a thong.

Soft, furry, a few silken strings attached to a V-shaped ermine pouch no larger than the ring pouch inside my tunic.

After the collective gasp came a warm, gratifying wave of laughter.

When it died away I closed on a serious note. Mummy: *How she’d have loved to have been here. How she’d have loved Kate, and how she’d have loved seeing this love you’ve found together.*

As I spoke these words I didn't look up. I didn't want to risk making eye contact with Pa or Camilla—and above all with Willy. I hadn't cried since Mummy's funeral, and I wasn't going to break that streak now.

I also didn't want to see anyone's face but Mummy's. I had the clearest vision in my mind of her beaming on Willy's Big Day, and having a proper laugh about that dead ermine.

## 43.

UPON REACHING THE TOP OF the world, the four wounded soldiers uncorked a bottle of champagne and drank to Granny. They were kind enough to phone me and let me listen to their joy.

They'd set a world record, raised a truckload of cash for wounded veterans, and reached the bloody North Pole. What a coup. I congratulated them, told them I missed them, wished I could've been there.

A white lie. My penis was oscillating between extremely sensitive and borderline traumatized. The last place I wanted to be was Frostnipistan.

I'd been trying some home remedies, including one recommended by a friend. She'd urged me to apply Elizabeth Arden cream.

*My mum used that on her lips. You want me to put that on my todger?*

*It works, Harry. Trust me.*

I found a tube, and the minute I opened it the smell transported me through time. I felt as if my mother was right there in the room.

Then I took a smidge and applied it...down there.

“Weird” doesn't really do the feeling justice.

I needed to see a doctor, ASAP. But I couldn't ask the Palace to find me one. Some courtier would get wind of my condition and leak it to the press and the next thing I knew my todger would be all over the front pages. I also couldn't just call a doctor on my own, at random. Under normal circumstances that would be impossible, but now it was doubly so. *Hi,*

*Prince Harry here—listen, I seem to be having a spot of bother with my nether regions and I was just wondering if I could pop around and...*

I asked another mate to find me, very discreetly, a dermatologist who specialized in certain appendages...and certain personages. Tall order.

But the mate came back and said his father knew just the bloke. He gave me a name and address and I jumped into a car with my bodyguards. We sped to a nondescript building on Harley Street, where lots of doctors were housed. One bodyguard snuck me through a back door, into an office. I saw the doctor, seated behind a big wooden desk, making notes, presumably about the previous patient. Without looking up from his notes he said, *Yes, yes, do come in.*

I walked in, watched him writing for what seemed an inordinately long time. The poor chap who went before me, I thought, must have had a lot going on.

Still not looking up, the doctor ordered me to step behind the curtain, take off my clothes, he'd be with me in a moment.

I went behind, stripped, hopped onto the examination table. Five minutes passed.

At last the curtain pulled back and there was the doctor.

He looked at me, blinked once, and said: *Oh. I see. It's you.*

*Yes. I thought you'd been warned, but I get the sense you hadn't.*

*Right. So, you're here. Riiight. OK. It's you. Hm. Remind me of the problem?*

I showed him my todger, softened by Elizabeth Arden.

He couldn't see anything.

Nothing to see, I explained. It was an invisible scourge. For whatever reason, my particular case of frostnip manifested as greatly heightened *sensation...*

How did this happen? he wanted to know.

North Pole, I told him. I went to the North Pole and now my South Pole is on the fritz.

His face said: Curiouser and curiouser.

I described the cascading dysfunctions. *Everything's difficult, Doctor. Sitting. Walking.* Sex, I added, was out of the question. Worse, my todger constantly felt like it was *having* sex. Or ready to. I was sort of losing it, I told him. I'd made the mistake of googling this injury, and I'd read horror stories about *partial penectomies*, a phrase you never want to come across when googling your symptoms.

The doctor assured me it was unlikely I'd need one of those.

*Unlikely?*

He said he was going to try to rule out other things. He gave me a full examination, which was more than invasive. No stone unturned, so to speak.

The likeliest cure, he announced at last, would be time.

*What do you mean? Time?*

*Time*, he said, *heals*.

Really, Doc? That hasn't been my experience.

## 44.

IT WAS HARD SEEING CHELS at Willy's wedding. There were loads of feelings still there, feelings I'd suppressed, feelings I hadn't suspected. I also felt a certain way about the hungry-looking men trailing after her, circling her, nagging her to dance.

Jealousy got the better of me that night, and I told her so, which made me feel worse. And a bit pathetic.

I needed to move on, meet someone new. Time, as the doctor predicted, would fix my todger. When would it work its magic on my heart?

Mates tried to help. They mentioned names, arranged meetings, dates.

Nothing ever panned out. So I was barely listening when they mentioned another name in the summer of 2011. They told me a bit about her—brilliant, beautiful, cool—and mentioned her relationship status. She'd just recently become single, they said. And she won't be single long, Spike!

*She's free, man. You're free.*

*Am I?*

*And you're well matched! No doubt you two will hit it off.*

I rolled my eyes. When does that prediction ever pan out?

But then, wonder of wonders, it did. We did. We sat at the bar, chatted and laughed, while the friends with us melted away, along with the walls and the drinks and the barman. I suggested the whole group go back to Clarence House for a nightcap.

We sat around talking, listened to music. Lively group. Merry group. When the party broke up, when everybody cleared out, I gave Florence a lift home. That was her name. Florence. Though everyone called her Flea.

She lived in Notting Hill, she said. Quiet street. When we pulled up outside her flat she invited me up for a cup of tea. Sure, I said.

I asked my bodyguard to drive around the block a few hundred times.

Was it that night or another that Flea told me about her distant ancestor? Actually, it was probably neither. A mate told me later, I think. In any event, he'd led the Charge of the Light Brigade, the doomed advance on Russian guns in Crimea. Incompetent, possibly mad, he'd caused the deaths of a hundred men. A shameful chapter, the polar opposite of Rorke's Drift, and now I was taking a page from his book, bullishly charging full steam ahead. Over that first cup of Earl Grey, I was asking myself: Could she be my person?

The connection was that strong.

But I was also that mad. And I could see she knew it, read it all over my non-poker face. I hoped she found it charming.

Apparently she did. The weeks that followed were idyllic. We saw each other often, laughed a lot, and no one knew.

Hope got the better of me.

Then the press found out and down came the curtain on our idyll.

Flea phoned me in tears. *There were eight paps outside her flat.* They'd chased her halfway across London.

She'd just seen herself described by one paper as "an underwear model." Based on a photoshoot done years and years before! Her life boiled down to one photo, she said. It was so reductive, so degrading.

Yes, I said quietly. *I know what that feels like.*

They were digging, digging, ringing up everyone she'd ever known. They were already after her family. They were giving her the full Caroline Flack treatment, while still giving it to Caroline as well.

Flea just kept saying: *I can't do this.*

She said she was under twenty-four-hour surveillance. Like some kind of criminal. I could hear sirens in the background.

She was upset, crying, and I felt like crying, but of course I didn't.

She said one last time: *I can't do this anymore, Harry.*

I had the phone on speaker. I was on the second floor of Clarence House, standing by the window, surrounded by beautiful furnishings. Lovely room. The lamps were low, the rug at my feet was a work of art. I pressed my face

against the window's cold polished glass and asked Flea to see me one last time, at least talk it over.

Soldiers went marching past the house. Changing of the guard.

*No.*

She was firm.

Weeks later I got a call from one of the friends who'd set us up at the bar.

*Didja hear? Flea's got back with the old boyfriend!*

*Has she?*

*Wasn't meant to be, I guess.*

*Right.*

The friend told me he'd heard that it was Flea's mother who told her to end things, who warned her that the press would destroy her life. *They'll hound you to the gates of Hell*, her mother said.

*Yeah, I told the friend. Mums do know best.*

## 45.

I STOPPED SLEEPING.

I simply stopped. I was so disappointed, so profoundly dejected, that I just stayed up night after night, pacing, thinking. Wishing I had a TV.

But I was living on a military base now, in a cell-like room.

Then, mornings, on zero sleep, I'd try to fly an Apache.

Recipe for disaster.

I tried herbal remedies. They helped, a bit, I was able to get an hour or two of sleep, but they left me feeling brain-dead most mornings.

Then the Army informed me I'd be hitting the road—a series of maneuvers and exercises.

Maybe just the thing, I thought. Snap me out of it.

Or it might be the last straw.

First they sent me to America. The southwest. I spent a week or so hovering over a bleak place called Gila Bend. Conditions were said to be similar to Afghanistan. I became more fluid with the Apache, more lethal with its missiles. More at home in the dust. I blew up a lot of cacti. I wish I could say it wasn't fun.

Next I went to Cornwall. A desolate place called Bodmin Moor.

January 2012.

From blazing hot to bitter cold. The moors are always cold in January, but I arrived just as a fierce winter storm was blowing in.

I was billeted with twenty other soldiers. We spent the first few days trying to acclimatize. We rose at five A.M., got the blood flowing with a run and a vomit, then bundled into classrooms and learned about the latest methods that bad actors had devised for snatching people. Many of these methods would be put to use against us over the next few days, as we tried to navigate a long march across the frigid moor. The exercise was called Escape and Evasion, and it was one of the last hurdles for flight crews and pilots before deployment.

Trucks took us to an isolated spot, where we did some field lessons, learned some survival techniques. We caught a chicken, killed it, plucked it, ate it. Then it started to rain. We were instantly soaked. And exhausted. Our superiors looked amused.

They grabbed me, and two others, loaded us onto a truck, drove us to a place even more remote.

*Out.*

We squinted at the terrain, the skies. *Really? Here?*

Colder, heavier rain started to come down. The instructors shouted that we should imagine our helicopter had just crash-landed behind enemy lines, and our only hope of survival was to go by foot from one end of the moor to the other, a distance of ten miles. We'd been given a meta narrative, which we now recalled: We were a Christian army, fighting a militia sympathetic to Muslims.

Our mission: Evade the enemy, escape the forbidding terrain.

Go.

The truck roared away.

Wet, cold, we looked around, looked at each other. *Well, this sucks.*

We had a map, a compass, and each man had a bivvy bag, essentially a body-length waterproof sock, to sleep in. No food was allowed.

*Which way?*

*This way?*

*OK.*

Bodmin was desolate, allegedly uninhabited, but here and there in the distance we saw farmhouses. Lighted windows, smoke curling from brick chimneys. How we longed to knock on a door. In the good old days people would help out the soldiers on exercise, but now things were different. Locals had been scolded many times by the Army; they knew not to open their doors to strangers with bivvy bags.

One of the two men on my team was my mate Phil. I liked Phil, but I started to feel something like unbounded love for the other man, because he told us he'd visited Bodmin Moor as a summer walker and he knew where we were. More, he knew how to get us out.

He led, we followed like children, through the dark and into the next day.

At dawn we found a wood of fir trees. The temperature approached freezing, the rain fell even harder. We said to hell with our solitary bivvy bags, and curled up together, spooned actually, each trying to get into the middle, where it was warmer. Because I knew him, spooning Phil felt less awkward, and at the same time much more. But the same went for spooning the third man. *Sorry, that your hand?* After a few hours of something vaguely approximating sleep we peeled ourselves apart and began the long march again.

The exercise required that we stop at several checkpoints. At each one we had to complete a task. We managed to hit every checkpoint, perform every task, and at the last checkpoint, a kind of safe house, we were told the exercise was over.

It was the middle of the night. Pitch-black. The directing staff appeared and announced: *Well done, guys! You made it.*

I nearly passed out on my feet.

They loaded us onto a truck, told us we were headed back to the base. Suddenly a group of men in camo jackets and black balaclavas appeared. My first thought was Lord Mountbatten being ambushed by the IRA—I don't know why. Entirely different circumstance, but maybe some vestigial memory of terrorism, deep in my DNA.

There were explosions, gunshots, guys storming the truck and screaming at us to look down at the ground. They wrapped blacked-out ski goggles over our eyes, zip-tied our hands, dragged us off.

We were pushed into what sounded like an underground bunker system. Damp, wet walls. Echoey. We were taken from room to room. The bags over our heads were ripped off, then put back on. In some rooms we were treated well, in others we were treated like dirt. Emotions went up and down. One minute we'd be offered a glass of water, the next we'd be shoved to our knees and told to keep our hands above our heads. Thirty minutes. An hour. From one stress position to another.

We hadn't really slept in seventy-two hours.

Much of what they did to us was illegal under the rules of the Geneva Conventions, which was the goal.

At some point I was blindfolded, moved into a room, where I could sense that I wasn't alone. I had a feeling it was Phil in there with me, but maybe it was the other guy. Or a guy from one of the other teams. I didn't dare ask.

Now we could hear faint voices somewhere above or below, inside the building. Then a strange noise, like running water.

They were trying to confuse, disorient us.

I was terrifyingly cold. I'd never been so cold. Far worse than the North Pole. With the cold came numbness, drowsiness. I snapped to attention when the door burst open and our captors barged in. They took off our blindfolds. I was right, Phil was there. Also the other guy. We were ordered to strip. They pointed at our bodies, our flaccid cocks. They went on and on about how small. I wanted to say: You don't know the half of what's wrong with this appendage.

They interrogated us. We gave them nothing.

They took us into separate rooms, interrogated us some more.

I was told to kneel. Two men walked in, screamed at me.

They left.

Atonal music was piped in. A violin being scraped by an angry two-year-old.

*What is that?*

A voice answered: *Silence!*

I became convinced that the music wasn't a recording, but an actual child, perhaps also being held prisoner. What in heaven's name was that kid doing to that violin? More—what were they doing to that kid?

The men returned. Now they had Phil. They'd gone through his social media, studied him, and they began saying things about his family, his girlfriend, which scared him. It was astonishing how much they knew. How can perfect strangers know so much?

I smiled: Welcome to the party, pal.

I wasn't taking this seriously enough. One of the men grabbed me, shoved me against a wall. He wore a black balaclava. He pressed his forearm into my neck, spitting every word from his mouth. He pressed my shoulders against the concrete. He ordered me to stand three feet from the wall, arms above my head, all ten fingertips against the wall.

Stress position.

Two minutes.

Ten minutes.

My shoulders started to seize.

I couldn't breathe.

A woman entered. She was wearing a *shemagh* over her face. She went on and on about something, I didn't understand. I couldn't keep up.

Then I realized. Mummy. She was talking about my mother.

*Your mother was pregnant when she died, eh? With your sibling? A Muslim baby!*

I fought to turn my head, to look at her. I said nothing but I screamed at her with my eyes. *You doing this for my benefit now—or yours? Is this the exercise? Or you getting a cheap thrill?*

She stormed out. One of the captors spat in my face.

We heard the sound of gunshots.

And a helicopter.

We were dragged into a different room and someone called out, *OK, that's it. End exercise!*

There was a debrief, during which one of the instructors offered a half-arsed apology about the stuff to do with my mother.

*Hard for us to find something about you that you'd be shocked we knew.*

I didn't answer.

*We felt you needed to be tested.*

I didn't answer.

*But that took it a bit too far.*

*Fair enough.*

Later I learned that two other soldiers in the exercise had gone mad.

## 46.

I'D BARELY RECOVERED from Bodmin Moor when word came down from Granny. She wanted me to go to the Caribbean. A two-week tour to commemorate her sixtieth year on the throne, my first official royal tour representing her.

It was strange to be called away so suddenly, with a finger snap, from my Army duties, especially so close to deployment.

But then I realized it wasn't strange at all.

She was, after all, my commander.

March 2012. I flew to Belize, drove from the airport to my first event along roads thronged with people, all waving signs and flags. At my first stop, and every stop thereafter, I drank toasts to Granny and my hosts with homemade alcohol, and performed many rounds of a local dance called the punta.

I also had my first taste of cow-foot soup, which had more of a kick than the homemade alcohol.

At one stop I told a crowd: *Unu come, mek we goo paati*. In Creole that means: *Come on, let's party*. The crowd lost it.

People cheered my name, and shouted my name, but many shouted my mother's name. At one stop a lady hugged me and cried: *Diana's baby!* Then fainted.

I visited a lost city called Xunantunich. Thriving Mayan metropolis, centuries ago, a guide told me. I climbed a stone temple, El Castillo, which was intricately carved with hieroglyphs, friezes, faces. At the top someone said this was the highest point in the whole nation. The view was stunning, but I couldn't help looking down at my feet. Below were the bones of untold numbers of dead Mayan royals. A Mayan Westminster Abbey.

In the Bahamas I met ministers, musicians, journalists, athletes, priests. I attended church services, street festivals, a state dinner, and drank more toasts. I rode out to Harbour Island in a speedboat that broke down and began to sink. As we took on water, along came the press boat. I wanted to say no thanks, never, but it was either join them or swim for it.

I met India Hicks, Pa's goddaughter, one of Mummy's bridesmaids. She took me along the Harbour Island beach. The sand was bright pink. *Pink sand?* It made me feel stoned. Not altogether unpleasant. She told me why the sand was pink, a scientific explanation, which I didn't understand.

At some point I visited a stadium full of children. They lived in abject poverty, faced daily challenges, and yet they greeted me with jubilant cheers and laughter. We played, danced, did a little boxing. I'd always loved children, but I felt an even keener connection to this group because I'd just become a godfather—to Marko's son Jasper. Deep honor. And an important signpost, I thought, I hoped, in my evolution as a man.

Towards the end of the visit the Bahamian children gathered around me and presented me with a gift. A gigantic silver crown and an enormous red cape.

One of them said: *For Her Majesty*.

*I'll see that she gets it.*

I hugged many of them on my way out of the stadium, and on the plane to the next stop I donned their crown proudly. It was the size of an Easter basket and my staff dissolved into fits of hysterical laughter.

*You look a perfect idiot, sir.*

*That may be. But I'm going to wear it at the next stop.*

*Oh, sir, no, sir, please!*

I still don't know how they talked me out of it.

I went to Jamaica, bonded with the prime minister, ran a footrace with Usain Bolt. (I won, but cheated.) I danced with a woman to Bob Marley's "One Love."

*Let's get together to fight this holy Armagiddyon (one love)*

At every stop, it seemed, I planted a tree, or several. Royal tradition—though I added a twist. Normally, when you arrive at a tree planting, the tree is already in the ground, and you just throw a ceremonial bit of soil into the hole. I insisted on actually planting the tree, covering the roots, giving it some water. People seemed shocked by this break with protocol. They treated it as radical.

I told them: *I just want to make sure the tree will live.*

## 47.

**W**HEN I GOT HOME, the reviews were raves. I'd represented the Crown well, according to courtiers. I reported back to Granny, told her about the tour.

*Marvelous. Well done,* she said.

I wanted to celebrate, felt I deserved to celebrate. Also, with war in the offing, it was celebrate now or maybe never.

Parties, clubs, pubs, I went out a lot that spring, and tried not to care that, no matter where I went, two paps were always present. Two sorry-looking, extremely terrible paps: Tweedle Dumb and Tweedle Dumber.

For much of my adult life there had been paps waiting for me outside public places. Sometimes a mob of them, sometimes a handful. The faces always varied, and often I couldn't even see the faces. But now there were always these two faces, and always clearly visible. When there was a mob, they were right in the middle. When there was no one else, they were there all by themselves.

But it wasn't just public places. I'd be walking down a side street, which I'd only decided to walk down seconds before, and they'd leap from a phone box or from under a parked car. I'd leave a friend's apartment, certain that no one knew I'd been there, and they'd be standing outside the building, in the middle of the street.

Besides being everywhere, they were ruthless, much more aggressive than other paps. They'd block my path, they'd chase me to my police car. They'd block me from getting into the car, then chase the car down the street.

Who were they? How were they doing this? I didn't think they had any kind of sixth sense or extrasensory perception. On the contrary, they looked as if they didn't possess one full frontal cortex between them. So, what hidden trick were they leveraging? An invisible tracker? A source inside the police?

They were after Willy too. He and I talked about them a lot that year, talked about their unsettling appearance, their complementary ruthlessness and idiocy, their take-no-prisoners approach. But mainly we discussed their omnipresence.

*How do they know? How do they always know?*

Willy had no idea, but was determined to find out.

Billy the Rock was determined as well. He walked up to the Tweedles several times, interrogated them, looked deep into their eyes. He managed to get a sense of them. The older, Tweedle Dumb, was doughy, he reported, with close-cropped black hair and a smile that chilled the blood. Tweedle

Dumber, on the other hand, never smiled, and rarely spoke. He seemed to be some sort of apprentice. Mostly he just stared.

What was their game? Billy didn't know.

Following me everywhere, tormenting me, getting rich off me, even that wasn't enough for them. They also liked to rub my nose in it. They'd run alongside me, taunt me, while pressing the buttons on their cameras, reeling off two hundred photos in ten seconds. Many paps wanted a reaction, a tussle, but what Tweedle Dumb and Tweedle Dumber seemed to want was a fight to the death. Blinded, I'd fantasize about punching them. Then I'd take deep breaths, remind myself: Don't do it. That's just what they want. So they can sue and become famous.

Because, in the end, I decided *that* was their game. That was what it was all about: two fellas who weren't famous, thinking it must be fabulous to be famous, trying to become famous by attacking and ruining the life of someone famous.

Why did they want to be famous? That was the thing I never understood. Because fame is the ultimate freedom? What a joke. Some kinds of fame provide extra freedom, maybe, I suppose, but royal fame was fancy captivity.

The Tweedles couldn't fathom this. They were children, incapable of understanding anything nuanced. In their simplified cosmology: You're royal. So. This is the price you pay for living in a castle.

Sometimes I wondered how it might go if I could just talk to them, calmly, explain that I didn't live in a castle, my grandmother lived in a castle, that in fact Tweedle Dumb and Tweedle Dumber both had far grander lifestyles than mine. Billy had done a deep dive on their finances, so I knew. Each Tweedle owned multiple houses, and several luxury cars, purchased with proceeds from their photos of me and my family. (Offshore bank accounts too, like their sponsors, the media barons who funded them, chiefly Murdoch and the impossibly Dickensian-sounding Jonathan Harmsworth, 4th Viscount Rothermere.)

It was around this time that I began to think Murdoch was evil. No, strike that. I began to know that he was. Firsthand. Once you've been

chased by someone's henchmen through the streets of a busy modern city you lose all doubt about where they stand on the Great Moral Continuum. All my life I'd heard jokes about the links between royal misbehavior and centuries of inbreeding, but it was then that I realized: Lack of genetic diversity was nothing compared to press gaslighting. Marrying your cousin is far less dicey than becoming a profit center for Murdoch Inc.

Of course I didn't care for Murdoch's politics, which were just to the right of the Taliban's. And I didn't like the harm he did each and every day to Truth, his wanton desecration of objective facts. Indeed, I couldn't think of a single human being in the 300,000-year history of the species who'd done more damage to our collective sense of reality. But what really sickened and frightened me in 2012 was Murdoch's ever-expanding circle of flunkies: young, broken, desperate men willing to do whatever was necessary to earn one of his Grinchy smiles.

And at the center of that circle...were these two mopes, the Tweedles.

There were so many nightmarish run-ins with Tweedle Dumb and Tweedle Dumber, but one stands out. A friend's wedding. Walled garden, totally secluded. I was chatting with several guests, listening to the birdsong, the whoosh of wind in the leaves. Within these soothing sounds, however, I became aware of one small...*click*.

I turned. There, in the hedgerow. One eye. And one glassy lens.

Then: that chubby face.

Then: that demonic rictus.

Tweedle Dumb.

## 48.

**T**HE ONE GOOD THING about Tweedle Dumb and Tweedle Dumber was that they made me ready for war. They filled me with choking rage,

always a good precursor for battle. They also made me want to be anywhere but England. *Where are my goddamned orders?*

*Please send my orders.*

And then, of course, as so often happens...

I was at a music festival and my cousin tapped me on the shoulder. *Harry, this is my friend Cressida.*

*Oh. Um. Hello.*

The setting was inauspicious. Lots of people, zero privacy. Also, I was still suffering a broken heart. On the other hand, the landscape was lovely, the music was good, the weather was fine.

There were sparks.

Soon after that day we went to dinner. She told me about her life, her family, her dreams. She wanted to be an actress. She was so soft-spoken and shy, acting was the last profession I'd have imagined for her, and I said so. But she confessed that it made her feel alive. Free. She made it sound like flying.

Weeks later, at the end of another date, I gave her a lift home. *I'm just off the King's Road.* We pulled up to a large house on a well-kept street.

*You live here? This is your house?*

*No.*

She explained that she was staying for a few days with an aunt.

I walked her up the steps. She didn't invite me in. I didn't expect her to, didn't want her to. Take it slow, I thought. I leaned in to give her a kiss, but my aim was off. I could take out a cactus from three miles away with a Hellfire missile but I couldn't quite find her lips. She turned, I tried again on the return trip, and we managed something like a graze. Painfully awkward.

The next morning I phoned my cousin. Discouraged, I told her the date had gone well, but the ending had left something to be desired. She didn't disagree. She'd already spoken to Cressida. She sighed. *Awkward.*

But then came the good news. Cressida was game to try again.

We met days later for another dinner.

As it happened, her flatmate was dating my longtime mate Charlie. Brother of my late friend Hennes.

I joked: *Obviously this is meant to be. The four of us could have so much fun.*

But I wasn't totally joking.

We tried another kiss. Not so awkward.

I had hope.

For our next date she and her flatmate had Charlie and me over. Drinks, laughs. Before I knew what was happening, we were a thing.

Sadly, however, I could only see Cress at weekends. I was busier than ever, doing my final preps for deployment. And then I got my official orders, my actual deployment date, and the clock was now loudly ticking. For the second time in my life I needed to tell a young woman I'd just met that I'd soon be going off to war.

*I'll wait, she said. But not forever, she added quickly. Who knows what's going to happen, Haz?*

*Right. Who knows?*

*Easier to just tell myself, and others, that we're not together.*

*Yes. That is easier, I suppose.*

*But when you're back...*

When. She'd said *when*. Not *if*.

I was grateful.

Some people said *if*.

## 49.

**M**Y MATES CAME TO me and reminded me of the Plan.  
*The Plan?*

*You know, Spike. The Plan?*

*Oh, right? The Plan.*

We'd talked about this before, months earlier. But now I wasn't sure.  
They gave me the hard sell. *You're going to war. Staring death in the face.*

*Right, thanks.*

*You have a duty to live. Now. Seize the day.*

*Seize the—?*

*Carpe diem.*

*OK...what?*

*Carpe diem. Seize the day.*

*Ah, so it's two ways of saying the same thing then—*

*Vegas, Spike! Remember? The Plan.*

*Yes, yes, The Plan, but...seems risky.*

*Seize the—!*

*Day. Got it.*

I'd had an experience, recently, that made me think they weren't altogether wrong, that *carpe diem* was more than empty words. Playing polo that spring in Brazil, to raise money for Sentebale, I'd seen a player take a hard fall from his horse. As a boy, I'd seen Pa take that same fall, the horse giving way, the ground simultaneously smacking and swallowing him. I remembered thinking: Why's Pa snoring? And then someone yelling: *He's swallowed his tongue!* A quick-thinking player jumped from his horse and saved Pa's life. Recalling that moment, subconsciously, I'd done likewise: jumped off my horse, run to the man, pulled out his tongue.

The man coughed, began to breathe again.

I'm fairly sure he wrote a sizable check later that afternoon to Sentebale.

But equally valuable was the lesson. *Carpe your diems while ye may.*

So I told my mates: *OK. Vegas. Let's go.*

A year before, after exercises in Gila Bend, my mates and I had rented Harleys, ridden from Phoenix to Vegas. Most of the trip went unnoticed. So now, after a farewell weekend with Cressida, I flew to Nevada to do it again.

We even went to the same hotel, and all chipped in on the same suite.

It had two levels, connected by a grand staircase of white marble, which looked as if Elvis and Wayne Newton were about to descend arm in arm. You didn't need to take the stairs, however, since the suite also had a lift. And a billiard table.

The best part was the living room: six massive windows looking onto the Strip, and arranged before the windows was a low L-shaped sofa where you could gaze at the Strip, or the distant mountains, or the massive wall-mounted plasma TV. Such opulence. I'd been inside a few palaces in my time, and this was palatial.

That first night, or the next—it's a bit of a neon blur—someone ordered food, someone else ordered cocktails, and we all sat around and had a loud chat, catching up. What happened to everyone since we'd last been in Vegas?

*So, Lieutenant Wales, raring to go back to war?*

*I am, I really am.*

Everyone looked taken aback.

For dinner we hit a steakhouse, and ate like kings. New York strips, three kinds of pasta, really nice red wine. Afterwards, we went to a casino, played blackjack and roulette, lost. Tired, I excused myself, went back to the suite.

Yes, I thought with a sigh, sliding under the covers, I'm that guy, turning in early, telling everyone to please keep it down.

The next morning we ordered breakfast, Bloody Marys. We all headed off to the pool. It was pool-party season in Vegas, so a big blowout was raging. We bought fifty beach balls and handed them out, as a way of breaking the ice.

We really were that nerdy. And needy.

That is, my mates were. I wasn't looking to make new friends. I had a girlfriend, and I aimed to keep it that way. I texted her several times from the pool, to reassure her.

But people kept handing me drinks. And by the time the sun was dipping over the mountains I was in rough shape, and filling up with...ideas.

I need something to commemorate this trip, I decided. Something to symbolize my sense of freedom, my sense of carpe diem.

For instance...a tattoo?

Yes! Just the thing!

Maybe on my shoulder?

No, too visible.

Lower back?

No, too...racy.

Maybe my foot?

Yes. The sole of my foot! Where the skin had once peeled away. Layers upon layers of symbolism!

Now, what would the tattoo be?

I thought and thought. What's important to me? What's sacred?

Of course—Botswana.

I'd seen a tattoo parlor down the block. I hoped they'd have a good atlas, with a clear map of Botswana.

I went to find Billy the Rock to tell him where we were going. He smiled.

*No way.*

My mates backed him up. *Absolutely not.*

In fact, they promised to physically stop me. I was not going to get a tattoo, they said, not on their watch, least of all a foot tattoo of Botswana. They promised to hold me down, knock me out, whatever it took.

*A tattoo is permanent, Spike! It's forever!*

Their arguments and threats are one of my last clear memories from that evening.

I gave in. The tattoo could wait till the next day.

Instead, we trooped off to a club, where I curled into the corner of a leather banquette and watched a procession of young women come and go, chatting up my mates. I talked to one or two, and encouraged them to focus on my mates. But mostly I stared into space and thought about being forced to forgo my tattoo dream.

Around two A.M. we went back to our suite. My mates invited four or five women who worked at the hotel to join us, along with two women they'd met at the blackjack tables. Soon someone suggested we play pool,

and that did sound fun. I racked the balls, started playing eight-ball with my bodyguards.

Then I noticed the blackjack girls hovering. They looked dodgy. But when they asked if they could play I didn't want to be rude. Everyone took turns, and no one was very good.

I suggested we up the stakes. How about a game of strip pool?

Enthusiastic cheers.

Ten minutes later I was the big loser, reduced to my skivvies. Then I lost my skivvies. It was harmless, silly, or so I thought. Until the next day. Standing outside the hotel in the blinding desert sun I turned and saw one of my mates staring at his phone, his mouth falling open. He told me: Spike, one of those blackjack girls secretly snapped a few photos...and sold them.

*Spike...you're everywhere, mate.*

Specifically what was everywhere was my arse. I was naked before the eyes of the world...seizing my diem.

Billy the Rock, now studying his phone, kept saying: *This isn't good, H.*

He knew this was going to be hard for me. But he also knew it wasn't going to be any fun for himself and the other bodyguards. They could easily lose their jobs over this.

I berated myself: How had I let it happen? How had I been so stupid? Why had I trusted other people? I'd counted on strangers having goodwill, I'd counted on those dodgy girls showing some *basic* decency, and now I was going to pay the price forever. These photos would never go away. They were permanent. They'd make a foot tattoo of Botswana look like a splodge of Indian ink.

My sense of guilt and shame made it hard at moments to draw a clean breath. Meanwhile, the papers back home had already begun skinning me alive. *The Return of Hooray Harry. Prince Thicko Strikes Again.*

I thought of Cress reading the stories. I thought of my superiors in the Army.

Who would give me the heave-ho first?

While waiting to find out, I fled to Scotland, met up with my family at Balmoral. It was August and they were all there. Yes, I thought, yes, the one

thing missing from this Kafkaesque nightmare is Balmoral, with all its complicated memories and the pending anniversary of Mummy's death just days away.

Soon after my arrival I met Pa at nearby Birkhall. To my surprise, to my relief, he was gentle. Even bemused. He felt for me, he said, he'd been there, though he'd never been naked on a front page. Actually, that was untrue. When I was about eight years old a German newspaper had published naked photos of him, taken with a telephoto lens while he was holidaying in France.

But he and I had both put those photos out of our minds.

Certainly he'd *felt* naked many times before the world, and that was our common ground. We sat by a window and talked for quite a long time about this strange existence of ours, while watching Birkhall's red squirrels frolic on the lawn.

Carpe diem, squirrels.

## 50.

**M**Y ARMY SUPERIORS, LIKE PA, were nonplussed. They didn't care about me playing billiards in the privacy of a hotel room, naked or not. My status remained unchanged, they said. All systems go.

My fellow soldiers stood up for me too. Men and women in uniform, all around the world, posed naked, or nearly so, covering their privates with helmets, weapons, berets, and posted the photos online, in solidarity with Prince Harry.

As for Cress: After hearing my careful and abashed explanation, she came to the same conclusion. I'd been a dummy, not a debaucher.

I apologized for embarrassing her.

Best of all, none of my bodyguards were dismissed or even disciplined—mainly because I kept it a secret that they'd been with me at the time.

But the British papers, even knowing I was off to war, continued to vent and fume as if I'd committed a capital offense.

It was a good time to leave.

September 2012. The same eternal flight, but this time I wasn't a stowaway. This time there was no hidden alcove, no secret bunkbeds. This time I was allowed to sit with all the other soldiers, to feel part of a team.

As we touched down at Camp Bastion, however, I realized I wasn't quite one of the lads. Some looked nervous, their collars tighter, their Adam's apples larger. I remembered that feeling, but for me this was coming home. After more than four years, and against all odds, I was finally back. As a Captain. (I'd been promoted since my first tour.)

My accommodation this time was better. In fact, compared to my last tour, it was Vegas-esque. Pilots were treated like—the word was unavoidable, everybody used it—royalty. Soft beds, clean rooms. More, the rooms were actual rooms, not trenches or tents. Each even had its own air-con unit.

We were given a week to learn our way around Bastion, and to recover from jet lag. Other Bastionites were helpful, more than happy to show us the ropes.

*Captain Wales, this is where the latrines are!*

*Captain Wales, over here is where you'll find hot pizza!*

It felt a bit like a field trip, until, on the eve of my twenty-eighth birthday, I was sitting in my room, organizing my stuff, and sirens started going off. I opened my door, peered out. All down the hall other doors were flying open, other heads popping out.

Now both my bodyguards came running. (Unlike the last tour of duty, I had bodyguards this time, mainly because there was proper accommodation for them, and because they could blend in: I was living with thousands of others.) One said: *We're under attack!*

We heard explosions in the distance, near the aircraft hangars. I started to run for my Apache but my bodyguards stopped me.

*Way too dangerous.*

We heard shouting outside. *Make ready! MAKE READY!*

We all got into body armor and stood in the doorway to await the next instructions. As I double-checked my vest and helmet one bodyguard kept up a constant patter: *I knew this was going to happen, I just knew it, I told everyone, but no one would listen. Shut up, they said, but I told them, I told them, Harry's going to get hurt! Fuck off, they said, and now here we are.*

He was a Scot, with a thick burr, and often sounded like Sean Connery, which was charming under normal circumstances, but now he just sounded like Sean Connery having a panic attack. I cut off his long story about being an unappreciated Cassandra and told him to put a sock in it.

I felt naked. I had my 9-mm, but my SA80A was locked up. I had my bodyguards, but I needed my Apache. That was the only place I'd feel safe—and useful. I needed to rain fire down on our attackers, whoever they were.

More explosions, louder explosions. The windows flickered. Now we saw flames. American Cobras came thumping overhead and the whole building shuddered. The Cobras fired. The Apaches fired. An awesome roar filled the room. We all felt dread, and adrenaline. But we Apache pilots were especially agitated, itching to get into our cockpits.

Someone reminded me that Bastion was about the size of Reading. How could we ever navigate our way from here to the helicopters without a map, while taking fire?

That was when we heard the all-clear.

The sirens stopped. The thump of rotors faded.

Bastion was secure again.

But at a terrible price, we learned. Two American soldiers were killed. Seventeen British and American soldiers were injured.

Throughout that day and the next we pieced together what happened. Taliban fighters had got hold of American uniforms, cut a hole in the fence, and slipped in.

*They cut a hole in the fence?*

*Yep.*

*Why?*

In short, me.

They were looking for Prince Harry, they said.

The Taliban actually issued a statement: Prince Harry was our target. And the date of the attack had been carefully chosen as well.

They'd timed it, they proclaimed, to coincide with my birthday.

I didn't know if I believed that.

I didn't want to believe it.

But one thing was beyond dispute. The Taliban had learned about my presence on the base, and the granular details of my tour, through the nonstop coverage that week in the British press.

## 51.

THERE WAS SOME TALK, after the attack, about pulling me off the battlefield. Again.

I couldn't bear to think about that. It was too awful to contemplate.

To keep my mind off the possibility, I fell to my work, got into the rhythm of the job.

My schedule was helpfully rigid: two days of planned ops, three days of VHR (very high readiness). In other words, sitting around a tent, waiting to be summoned.

The VHR tent had the look and feel of a student room at university. The collegiality, the boredom—the mess. There were several cracked-leather couches, a big Union Jack on the wall, snack foods everywhere. We'd pass the time playing FIFA, drinking gallons of coffee, flipping through lad mags. (*Loaded* was quite popular.) But then the alarm would sound and my student days, along with every other era of my life, would feel a million miles away.

One of the lads said we were glorified firefighters. He wasn't wrong. Never fully asleep, never fully relaxed, always ready to go. We could be sipping a cup of tea, eating an ice cream, crying about a girl, having a chat

about football, but our senses were always tuned and our muscles were always taut, awaiting that alarm.

The alarm itself was a phone. Red, plain, no buttons, no dial, just a base and handset. Its ringer was antique, consummately British. *Brrrang*. The sound was vaguely familiar; I couldn't place it at first. Eventually I realized. It was exactly like Granny's phone at Sandringham on her big desk, in the huge sitting room where she took calls between games of bridge.

There were always four of us in the VHR tent. Two flight crews of two men each, a pilot and a gunner. I was a gunner and my pilot was Dave—tall, lanky, built like a long-distance marathoner, which in fact he was. He had short dark hair and an epic desert tan.

More glaringly, he possessed a deeply enigmatic sense of humor. Several times a day I'd ask myself: Is Dave serious? Is he being sarcastic? I could never tell. It's going to take me a while to solve this guy, I'd think. But I never did.

Upon hearing the red phone ring, three of us would drop everything, bolt for the Apache, while the fourth would answer the phone and gather details of the op from a voice at the other end. Was it a medevac? (Medical evacuation.) A TIC? (Troops in contact.) If the latter, how far were the troops, how quickly could we get to them?

Once inside the Apache we'd fire up the air-con, strap on harnesses and body armor. I'd click on one of the four radios, get more details on the mission, punch the GPS coordinates into the onboard computer. The first time you ever start an Apache, going through preflight checks takes one hour, if not more. After a few weeks at Bastion, Dave and I had it down to eight minutes. And it still felt like an eternity.

We were always heavy. Brimming with fuel, bristling with a full complement of missiles, plus enough 30-mm rounds to turn a concrete apartment building into Swiss cheese—you could feel all that *stuff* holding you down, tying you to Earth. My first-ever mission, a TIC, I *resented* the feeling, the contrast between our urgency and Earth's gravity.

I remember clearing Bastion's sandbag walls with inches to spare, not flinching, not giving that wall a second thought. There was work to do,

lives to save. Then, seconds later, a cockpit warning light began flashing.  
*ENG CHIPS.*

Meaning: Land. Now.

Shit. We're going to have to put down in Taliban territory. I started thinking of Bodmin Moor.

Then I thought...maybe we could just ignore the warning light?

No, Dave was already turning us back to Bastion.

He was the more experienced flier. He'd already done three tours, he knew all about those warning lights. Some you could ignore—they blinked all the time and you pulled out the fuses to make them shut up—but not this one.

I felt cheated. I wanted to go, go, go. I was willing to risk crashing, being taken prisoner—whatever. Ours not to reason why, as Flea's great-granddad said, or Tennyson. Whoever. The point was: Unto the breach.

## 52.

I NEVER FULLY GOT OVER how fast the Apache was.

We'd usually cruise above a target area at a civilized 70 knots. But often, hurrying to the target area, we'd open her up, push her all the way to 145. And since we were barely off the ground, it felt three times faster. What a privilege, I thought, to experience this kind of raw power, and to put it to work for our side.

Flying super low was standard operating procedure. Harder for Taliban fighters to see you coming. Alas, easier for local kids to throw rocks at us. Which they did all the time. Children throwing rocks was about all the Taliban had in the way of anti-aircraft capability, other than a few Russian SAMs.

The problem wasn't evading the Taliban but finding them. In the four years since my first tour, they'd got much better at escaping. Humans are

adaptable, but never more so than in war. The Taliban had worked out exactly how many minutes they had from first contact with our troops until the cavalry came over the horizon, and their internal clocks were finely calibrated: they'd shoot at as many guys as possible, then bolt.

They'd got better at hiding too. They could effortlessly melt into a village, blend into the civilian population, or vaporize into their network of tunnels. They didn't run away—it was far more diffuse than that, more mystical.

We didn't give up the search easily. We'd circle, sweep back and forth, sometimes for two hours. (The Apache ran out of fuel after two hours.) Sometimes, at the end of two hours, we'd still be unwilling to give up. So we'd refuel.

One day we refueled three times, spending a total of eight hours in the air.

When we finally returned to base the situation was dire: I'd run out of piss bags.

## 53.

**I** WAS THE FIRST in my squadron to pull the trigger in anger.

I remember the night as well as any in my life. We were in the VHR tent, the red phone rang, we all sprinted to the aircraft. Dave and I raced through preflight checks, I gathered the mission details: One of the control points closest to Bastion had come under small arms fire. We needed to get there, ASAP, and find out where the fire was coming from. We took off, swept over the wall, went vertical, climbed to fifteen hundred feet. Moments later I swung the night sight onto the target area. *There!*

Eight hot spots, eight kilometers away. Thermal smudges—walking from where the contact had been.

Dave said: *That's got to be them!*

*Yeah—there's no friendly forces out here on patrol! Especially not at this hour.*

*Let's make sure. Confirm no patrols outside the wall.*

I called the J-TAC. Confirmed: no patrols.

We flew above the eight hot spots. They quickly broke into two groups of four. Evenly spaced, they went slowly along a track. That was our patrolling technique—were they mimicking us?

Now they hopped on mopeds, some two-up, some one-up. I told Control we were visual on all eight targets, asked for clearance, permission to fire. Permission was a must before engaging, always, unless it was a case of self-defense or imminent danger.

Beneath my seat was a 30-mm cannon, plus two Hellfires on the wing, 50-kg guided missiles that could be fitted with different warheads, one of which was excellent for obliterating high-value targets. Besides Hellfires we had a few unguided air-to-ground rockets, which on our particular Apache were flechette. To shoot the flechette you had to tip the helicopter down at a precise angle; only then would the flechette fly out like a cloud of darts. That's what the flechette was, in fact, a lethal burst of eighty 5-inch tungsten darts. I remembered in Garmsir hearing about our forces having to pick pieces of Taliban guys out of trees after a direct hit from flechette.

Dave and I were ready to fire that flechette. But permission still hadn't come.

We waited. And waited. And watched the Taliban speeding off in different directions.

I said to Dave: *If I find out later that one of these guys has injured or killed one of our guys after we let them go...*

We stayed with two motorbikes, followed them down a windy road.

Now they separated.

We picked one, followed it.

Finally Control got back to us.

*The persons you're following...what's their status?*

I shook my head and thought: *Most of them are gone, because you've been so slow.*

I said: *They've split up and we're down to one bike.*

*Permission to fire.*

Dave said to use the Hellfire. I was nervous about using it, however; I shot the 30-mm cannon instead.

Mistake. I hit the motorbike. One man down, presumably dead, but one hopped off and ran into a building.

We circled, called in ground troops.

*You were right*, I told Dave. *Should've used the Hellfire.*

*No worries*, he said. *It was your first time.*

Long after returning to base, I did a sort of mental scan. I'd been in combat before, I'd killed before, but this was my most direct contact with the enemy—ever. Other engagements felt more impersonal. This one was eyes on target, finger on trigger, fire away.

I asked myself how I felt.

Traumatized?

No.

Sad?

No.

Surprised?

No. Prepared in every way. Doing my job. What we'd trained for.

I asked myself if I was callous, perhaps desensitized. I asked myself if my non-reaction was connected to a long-standing ambivalence towards death.

I didn't think so.

It was really just simple maths. These were bad people doing bad things to our guys. Doing bad things to the world. If this guy I'd just removed from the battlefield hadn't already killed British soldiers, he soon would. Taking him meant saving British lives, sparing British families. Taking him meant fewer young men and women wrapped like mummies and shipped home on hospital beds, like the lads on my plane four years earlier, or the wounded men and women I'd visited at Selly Oak and other hospitals, or the brave team with whom I'd marched to the North Pole.

And so my main thought that day, my only thought, was that I wished Control had got back to us sooner, had given us permission to fire more quickly, so we'd got the other seven.

And yet, and yet. Much later, speaking about it with a mate, he asked: *Did it factor into your feeling that these killers were on motorbikes? The chosen vehicle of paps all over the world?* Could I honestly say that, while chasing a pack of motorbikes, not one particle of me was thinking about the pack of motorbikes that chased one Mercedes into a Paris tunnel?

Or the packs of motorbikes that had chased me a thousand times?  
I couldn't say.

## 54.

**O**NE OF OUR DRONES had been watching the Taliban school its fighters. Despite popular assumptions, the Taliban had good equipment. Nothing like ours, but good, effective—when used correctly. So they often needed to bring their soldiers up to speed. There were frequent tutorials in the desert, instructors demonstrating the newest gear from Russia and Iran. That was what this lesson captured by the drones seemed to be. A shooting lesson.

The red phone rang. Down went the coffee mugs and PlayStation controls. We ran to the Apaches, flew north at a good clip, twenty-five feet off the ground.

Darkness was starting to fall. We were ordered by controllers to hold off, about eight kilometers.

In the deepening twilight we could barely see the target area. Just shadows moving about.

Bikes leaning against a wall.

Wait, we were told.

We circled and circled.

Wait.

Shallow breaths.

Now came the signal: The shooting lesson is over. Giddyup. Go, go, go.

The instructor, the high-value target, was on a motorbike, one of his students on the back. We screamed towards them, clocked them moving along at 40 k.p.h., one of them carrying a hot-barreled PKM machine gun. I held my thumb over the cursor, watched the screen, waited. *There!* I pulled one trigger to fire the pointing laser and another to fire the missile.

The thumbstick I fired was remarkably similar to the thumbstick for the PlayStation game I'd just been playing.

The missile hit just short of the motorbike's spokes. Textbook. Exactly where I'd been taught to aim. Too high, you might send it over the top of his head. Too low, you'd take out nothing but dirt and sand.

*Delta Hotel.* Direct hit.

I followed up with the 30-mm.

Where the motorbike had been was now a cloud of smoke and flames.

Well done, Dave said.

We swooped back to camp, critiqued the video.

Perfect kill.

We played some more PlayStation.

Turned in early.

## 55.

**I**T CAN BE HARD TO BE precise with Hellfires. Apaches fly with such tremendous speed that it's hard to take steady aim. Hard for some anyway. I developed pinpoint accuracy, as if I was throwing darts in a pub.

My targets were moving fast too. The speediest motorbike I shot was going about 50 k.p.h. The driver, a Taliban commander who'd been calling in fire all day on our forces, was hunched over the handlebars, looking back

as we gave chase. He was purposely speeding between villages, using civilians for cover. Old people, children, they were mere props to him.

Our windows of opportunity were those one-minute spans when he was between villages.

I remember Dave calling out: *You've got two hundred meters till it's a no-go.*

Meaning, two hundred meters until this Taliban commander was hiding behind another child.

I heard Dave again: *You've got trees coming on the left, wall on the right. Roger.*

Dave moved us into the five o'clock position, dropped to six hundred feet. *Now—*

I took the shot. The Hellfire smacked the motorbike, sent it flying into a small thatch of trees. Dave flew us over the trees, and through plumes of smoke we saw a ball of fire. And the bike. But no body.

I was ready to follow up with the 30-mm, strafe the area, but I couldn't see anything to strafe.

We circled and circled. I was getting nervous. *Did he get away, mate? There he is!*

Fifty feet to the right of the motorbike: body on the ground.

Confirmed.

Away we flew.

## 56.

**T**HREE TIMES WE WERE called to this same forlorn place: a string of bunkers overlooking a busy highway. We had intel that Taliban fighters were routinely gathering there. They came in three cars, jalopies, carrying RPGs and machine guns, took up positions and waited for lorries to come down the road.

Controllers had seen them blow up at least one convoy.

There were sometimes half a dozen men, sometimes as many as thirty. Taliban, clear as day.

But three times we flew there to engage, and three times we failed to get permission to fire. We never knew why.

This time we were determined things would be different.

We got there fast, saw a lorry coming down the road, saw the men taking aim. Bad things were about to happen. That lorry's doomed, we said, unless we do something.

We requested permission to engage.

Permission denied.

We asked again. *Ground Control, request permission to engage hostile target—!*

*Stand by...*

Boom. A huge flash and an explosion on the road.

We screamed for permission.

*Stand by...waiting for ground commander clearance.*

We went screaming in, saw the lorry blown to pieces, saw the men jumping into their jalopies and onto motorbikes. We followed two motorbikes. We begged for permission to fire. Now we were requesting a different kind of permission: not permission to stop an act, but permission to address an act just witnessed.

This kind of permission was called 429 Alpha.

*Do we have Four Two Nine Alpha to engage?*

*Stand by...*

We kept following the two motorbikes through several villages, while griping about the bureaucracy of war, the reluctance of higher-ups to let us do what we'd been trained to do. Maybe, in our griping, we were no different from soldiers in every war. We wanted to fight: we didn't understand larger issues, underlying geopolitics. Big picture. Some commanders often said, publicly and privately, that they feared every Taliban killed would create three more, so they were extra cautious. At times we felt the commanders were right: we *were* creating more Taliban.

But there had to be a better answer than floating nearby while innocents got slaughtered.

Five minutes became ten became twenty.

We never did get permission.

## 57.

**E**VERY KILL WAS ON VIDEO.

The Apache saw all. The camera in its nose recorded all. So, after every mission, there would be a careful review of that video.

Returning to Bastion, we'd walk into the gun tape room, slide the video into a machine, which would project the kill onto wall-mounted plasma TVs. Our squadron commander would press his face against the screens, examining, murmuring—wrinkling his nose. He wasn't merely looking for errors, this chap, he was hungry for them. He wanted to catch us in a mistake.

We called him awful names when he wasn't around. We came close to calling him those names to his face. *Look, whose side are you on?*

But that was what he wanted. He was trying to provoke us, to get us to say the unspeakable.

Why?

Jealousy, we decided.

It ate him up inside that he'd never pulled a trigger in battle. He'd never attacked the enemy.

So he attacked us.

Despite his best efforts, he never found anything irregular in any of our kills. I was part of six missions that ended in the taking of human life, and they were all deemed justified by a man who wanted to crucify us. I deemed them the same.

What made the squadron commander's attitude so execrable was this: He was exploiting a real and legitimate fear. A fear we all shared. Afghanistan was a war of mistakes, a war of enormous collateral damage—thousands of innocents killed and maimed, and that always haunted us. So my goal from the day I arrived was never to go to bed doubting that I'd done the right thing, that my targets had been correct, that I was firing on Taliban and only Taliban, no civilians nearby. I wanted to return to Britain with all my limbs, but more, I wanted to go home with my conscience intact. Which meant being aware of what I was doing, and why I was doing it, at all times.

Most soldiers can't tell you precisely how much death is on their ledger. In battle conditions, there's often a great deal of indiscriminate firing. But in the age of Apaches and laptops, everything I did in the course of two combat tours was recorded, time-stamped. I could always say precisely how many enemy combatants I'd killed. And I felt it vital never to shy away from that number. Among the many things I learned in the Army, accountability was near the top of the list.

So, my number: Twenty-five. It wasn't a number that gave me any satisfaction. But neither was it a number that made me feel ashamed. Naturally, I'd have preferred not to have that number on my military CV, on my mind, but by the same token I'd have preferred to live in a world in which there was no Taliban, a world without war. Even for an occasional practitioner of magical thinking like me, however, some realities just can't be changed.

While in the heat and fog of combat, I didn't think of those twenty-five as people. You can't kill people if you think of them as people. You can't really harm people if you think of them as people. They were chess pieces removed from the board, Bads taken away before they could kill Goods. I'd been trained to "other-ize" them, trained well. On some level I recognized this learned detachment as problematic. But I also saw it as an unavoidable part of soldiering.

Another reality that couldn't be changed.

Not to say that I was some kind of automaton. I never forgot being in that TV room at Eton, the one with the blue doors, watching the Twin

Towers melt as people leaped from the roofs and high windows. I never forgot the parents and spouses and children I met in New York, clutching photos of the moms and dads who'd been crushed or vaporized or burned alive. September 11 was vile, indelible, and all those responsible, along with their sympathizers and enablers, their allies and successors, were not just our enemies, but enemies of humanity. Fighting them meant avenging one of the most heinous crimes in world history, and preventing it from happening again.

As my tour neared its end, around Christmas 2012, I had questions and qualms about the war, but none of these was moral. I still believed in the Mission, and the only shots I thought twice about were the ones I hadn't taken. For instance, the night we were called in to help some Gurkhas. They were pinned down by a nest of Taliban fighters, and when we arrived there was a breakdown in communications, so we simply weren't able to help. It haunts me still: hearing my Gurkha brothers calling out on the radio, remembering every Gurkha I'd known and loved, being prevented from doing anything.

As I fastened my bags and said my goodbyes I was honest with myself: I acknowledged plenty of regrets. But they were the healthy kind. I regretted the things I *hadn't* done, the Brits and Yanks I hadn't been able to help.

I regretted the job not being finished.

Most of all, I regretted that it was time to leave.

## 58.

I STUFFED MY BERGEN FULL of dusty clothes, plus two souvenirs: a rug bought in a bazaar, a 30-mm shell casing from the Apache.

The first week of 2013.

Before I could get onto the plane with my fellow soldiers I went into a tent and sat in the one empty chair.

The obligatory exit interview.

The chosen reporter asked what I'd done in Afghanistan.

I told him.

He asked if I'd fired on the enemy.

*What? Yes.*

His head went back. Surprised.

What did he think we were doing over here? Selling magazine subscriptions?

He asked if I'd killed anyone.

*Yes...*

Again, surprised.

I tried to explain: *It's a war, mate, you know?*

The conversation came around to the press. I told the reporter that I thought the British press was crap, particularly with regard to my brother and sister-in-law, who'd just announced that they were pregnant, and were subsequently being besieged.

*They deserve to have their baby in peace,* I said.

I admitted that my father had begged me to stop thinking about the press, to not read the papers. I admitted that I felt guilty every time I did, because it made me complicit. *Everyone's guilty for buying the newspapers. But hopefully no one actually believes what's in them.*

But of course they did. People did believe, and that was the whole problem. Britons, among the most literate people on the planet, were also the most credulous. Even if they didn't believe every word, there was always that residue of wonder. *Hmm, where there's smoke there must be fire...* Even if a falsehood was disproved, debunked beyond all doubt, that residue of initial belief remained.

Especially if the falsehood was negative. Of all human biases, "negativity bias" is the most indelible. It's baked into our brains. Privilege the negative, prioritize the negative—that's how our ancestors survived. That's what the bloody papers count on, I wanted to say.

But didn't. It wasn't that kind of discussion. Wasn't a discussion at all. The reporter was keen to move on, to ask about Vegas.

Naughty Harry, eh? Hooray Harry.

I felt a mix of complicated emotions about saying goodbye to Afghanistan, but I couldn't wait to say goodbye to this chap.

First, I flew with my squadron to Cyprus, for what the Army called "decompression." I hadn't had any mandated decompression after my last tour, so I was excited, though not as much as my bodyguards. *Finally! We can have a bloody cold beer!*

Everyone was issued exactly two cans. No more. I didn't like beer, so I handed mine over to a soldier who looked like he needed it more than me. He reacted as if I'd given him a Rolex.

We were then taken to a comedy show. Attendance was quasi-mandatory. Whoever organized it had had good intentions: a bit of levity after a tour of hell. And, to be fair, some of us did laugh. But most didn't. We were struggling and didn't know we were struggling. We had memories to process, mental wounds to heal, existential questions to sort. (We'd been told that a padre was available if we needed to talk, but I remember no one going near him.) So we just sat at the comedy show in the same way we'd sat in the VHR tent. In a state of suspended animation. Waiting.

I felt bad for those comedians. One tough gig.

Before we left Cyprus someone told me I was all over the papers.

Oh yeah?

The interview.

Shit. I'd completely forgotten.

Apparently I'd caused quite a stir by admitting that I'd killed people. In a war.

I was criticized up and down for being...a killer?

And being blithe about it.

I'd mentioned, in passing, that the Apache controls were reminiscent of video-game controls. And thus:

*Harry compares killing to video game!*

I threw down the paper. Where was that padre?

## 59.

I TEXTED CRESS, TOLD HER I was home.

She texted back, said she was relieved, which made me relieved.

I hadn't been sure what to expect.

I wanted to see her. And yet we didn't make a plan. Not in that first exchange. There was some distance there, some stiffness.

*You sound different, Harry.*

*Well, I don't feel different.*

I didn't want her to think I was different.

A week later, some mates gave a dinner party. Welcome home, Spike! At my mate Arthur's place. Cress turned up with my cousin Eugenie—a.k.a. Euge. I hugged them both, saw the shock on their faces.

They said I looked like a completely different person.

Stockier? Bigger? Older?

Yes, yes, all that. But also something else they couldn't name.

Whatever it was, it seemed frightening or off-putting to Cressida.

We agreed, therefore, that this wasn't a reunion. Couldn't be. Can't have a reunion with someone you don't know. If we wanted to keep seeing each other—and I certainly did—we'd have to start again.

*Hello, I'm Cress.*

*Hello, I'm Haz. Nice to meet you.*

## 60.

I GOT UP EACH day, went to the base, did my work, enjoyed none of it. It felt pointless.

And boring. I was bored to tears.

More, for the first time in years, I was without a purpose. A goal.

What's next? I asked myself every night.

I begged my commanding officers to send me back.

*Back where?*

*To the war.*

*Oh, they said, ha-ha, no.*

In March 2013 word came down that the Palace wanted to send me on another royal tour. My first since the Caribbean. This time: America.

I was glad for the break in the monotony. On the other hand I was also worried about returning to the scene of the crime. I imagined days and days of questions about Vegas.

No, Palace courtiers assured me. Impossible. Time and the war had eclipsed Vegas. This was strictly a goodwill tour, to promote the rehabilitation of wounded British and American soldiers. *No one is going to mention Vegas, sir.* Cut to May 2013, me touring the devastation caused by Hurricane Sandy, alongside New Jersey governor Chris Christie. The governor gifted me a blue fleece, which the press spun...*as his way of keeping me clothed.* Actually, Christie spun it that way too. A reporter asked him what he thought of my time in Las Vegas, and Christie vowed that if I spent the whole day with him, “nobody’s going to get naked.” The line got a big laugh, because Christie is famously stout.

Before Jersey I’d gone to Washington, D.C., met with President Barack Obama and First Lady Michelle Obama, visited Arlington National Cemetery, laid a wreath at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. I’d laid dozens of wreaths before, but the ritual was different in America. You didn’t place the wreath on the grave yourself; a white-gloved soldier placed it with you, and then you laid your hand singly, for one beat, upon the wreath. This extra step, this partnering with another living soldier, moved me. Holding my hand to the wreath for that extra second, I found myself a bit wobbly, my mind flooding with images of all the men and women with whom I’d served. I thought about death, injury, grief, from Helmand Province to Hurricane Sandy to the Alma tunnel, and I wondered how other people just got on with their lives, whereas I felt such doubt and confusion—and something else.

What? I wondered.

Sadness?

Numbness?

I couldn't name it. And without being able to give it a name, I felt a kind of vertigo.

What was happening to me?

The whole American tour lasted only five days—a true whirlwind. So many sights, and faces, and remarkable moments. But on the flight home I was thinking about only one part.

A stop-off in Colorado. Something called the Warrior Games. A kind of Olympiad for wounded soldiers, with two hundred men and women taking part, each of whom inspired me.

I watched them closely, saw them having the time of their lives, saw them competing to the hilt, and I asked them...how?

Sport, they said. The most direct route to healing.

Most were natural athletes, and they told me these games had given them a rare chance to rediscover and express their physical talents, despite their wounds. As a result it made their wounds, both mental and physical, disappear. Maybe only for a moment, or a day, but that was enough. More than enough. Once you've made a wound disappear for any length of time, it's no longer in control—you are.

Yes, I thought. I get that.

And so, on the flight back to Britain, I kept going over those games in my mind, wondering if we could do something similar in Britain. A version of those Warrior Games, but perhaps with more soldiers, more visibility, more benefits to participants. I scribbled some notes on a sheet of paper and by the time my plane touched down I had the essential idea sketched out.

A Paralympics for soldiers from all over the world! In London's Olympic Park! Where the London Olympics had just happened!

With full support and cooperation from the Palace. Maybe?

Big ask. But I felt that I'd accrued some political capital. Despite Vegas, despite at least one article that made me out to be some kind of war criminal, despite my whole checkered history as the naughty one, Britons seemed to have a generally positive view of the Spare. There was a feeling

that I was coming into my own. Plus, most Brits had a positive view of the military community overall, despite the unpopularity of the war. Surely they'd be supportive of an effort to help soldiers and their families.

The first step would be pitching the Royal Foundation Board, which oversaw my charitable projects and Willy's and Kate's. It was *our* foundation, so I told myself: No problem.

Also, the calendar was on my side. This was early summer 2013. Willy and Kate, weeks from having their first child, were going to be out of commission for a while. The foundation therefore didn't have any projects in the pipeline. Its roughly seven million pounds was just sitting there, doing nothing. And if these International Warrior Games worked, they'd enhance the foundation's profile, which would energize donors and replenish the foundation's accounts many times over. There'd be that much more to go around when Willy and Kate came back full-time. So I was feeling supremely confident in the days leading up to my pitch.

But when the actual day came, not so much. I realized how badly I wanted this, for the soldiers and their families, and if I'm being honest: for myself. And this sudden attack of nerves kept me from being at my best. Still, I got through it, and the board said yes.

Thrilled, I reached out to Willy, expecting him to be thrilled as well.

He was sorely irritated. He wished I'd run all this by him first.

My assumption, I said, was that other people had done so.

He complained that I'd be using up all the funds in the Royal Foundation.

That's absurd, I spluttered. I was told only a half-million-pound grant would be needed to get the games going, a fraction of the foundation's money. Besides, it was coming from the Endeavour Fund, an arm of the foundation I'd created specifically for veterans' recovery. The rest would come from donors and sponsors.

What was going on here? I wondered.

Then I realized: My God, sibling rivalry.

I put a hand over my eyes. Had we not got past this yet? The whole Heir versus Spare thing? Wasn't it a bit late in the day for that tired childhood

dynamic?

But even if it wasn't, even if Willy insisted on being competitive, on turning our brotherhood into some kind of private Olympiad, hadn't he built up an insurmountable lead? He was married, with a baby on the way, while I was eating takeaway alone over the sink.

Pa's sink! I still lived with Pa!

Game over, man. You win.

## 61.

**I** EXPECTED MAGIC. I thought this challenging, ennobling task of creating an International Warrior Games would propel me into the next phase of my postwar life. It didn't work out like that. Instead, day by day, I felt more sluggish. More hopeless. More lost.

By the late summer of 2013 I was in trouble, toggling between bouts of debilitating lethargy and terrifying panic attacks.

My official life was all about being in public, standing up in front of people, giving speeches and talks, doing interviews, and now I found myself nearly incapable of fulfilling these basic functions. Hours before a speech or public appearance I'd be soaked with sweat. Then, during the event itself, I'd be unable to think, my mind buzzing with fear and fantasies of running away.

Time and again I just managed to stave off the urge to flee. But I could envisage a day when I wouldn't be able to, when I'd actually sprint off a stage or burst out of a room. Indeed, that day seemed to be coming fast, and I could already picture the blaring headlines, which always made the anxiety three times worse.

The panic often started with putting on a suit first thing in the morning. Strange—that was my trigger: The Suit. As I buttoned up my shirt I could feel my blood pressure soaring. As I knotted my tie I could feel my throat

closing. By the time I was pulling on the jacket, lacing the smart shoes, sweat was running down my cheeks and back.

I'd always been sensitive to heat. Like Pa. He and I would joke about it. We're not made for this world, we said. Bloody snowmen. The dining room at Sandringham, for instance, was our version of Dante's *Inferno*. Much of Sandringham was balmy, but the dining room was subtropical. Pa and I would always wait for Granny to look away, then one of us would jump up, sprint to a window, crack it an inch. *Ah, blessed cool air*. But the corgis always betrayed us. The cool air would make them whimper, and Granny would say: *Is there a draft?* And then a footman would promptly shut the window. (That loud thump, unavoidable because the windows were so old, always felt like the door of a jail cell being slammed.) But now, every time I was about to make any kind of public appearance, no matter the venue, it felt like the Sandringham dining room. During one speech I became so overheated that I felt sure everyone was noticing and discussing it. During one drinks reception I searched frantically for anyone else who might be experiencing the same heatstroke. I needed some assurance that it wasn't just me.

But it was.

As is so often true of fear, mine metastasized. Soon it wasn't merely public appearances, but all public venues. All crowds. I came to fear simply being around other human beings.

More than anything else I feared cameras. I'd never liked cameras, of course, but now I couldn't abide them. The telltale click of a shutter opening and closing...it could knock me sideways for a whole day.

I had no choice: I began staying home. Day after day, night after night, I sat around eating takeaway, watching *24*. Or *Friends*. I think I might've watched every episode of *Friends* in 2013.

I decided I was a Chandler.

My *actual* friends would comment in passing that I didn't seem myself. As if I had flu. Sometimes I'd think, Maybe I'm *not* myself. Maybe that's what's going on here. Maybe this is some kind of metamorphosis. A new

self is emerging, and I'm just going to have to be this new person, this frightened person, for the rest of my days.

Or maybe this had always been me, and it was only now becoming evident? My psyche, like water, had found its level.

I ransacked Google for explanations. I plugged my symptoms into various medical search engines. I kept trying to self-diagnose, to put a name to what was wrong with me...when the answer was right under my nose. I'd met so many soldiers, so many young men and women suffering from post-traumatic stress, and I'd heard them describe how hard it was to leave the house, how uncomfortable it was to be around other people, how excruciating it was to enter a public space—especially if it was loud. I'd heard them talk about timing their visit to a shop or supermarket carefully, making sure to arrive minutes before closing time, to avoid the crowds and noise. I'd empathized with them, deeply, and yet never made the connection. It never occurred to me that I, too, was suffering from post-traumatic stress. Despite all my work with wounded soldiers, all my efforts on their behalf, all my struggles to create a games that would spotlight their condition, it never dawned on me that I was a wounded soldier.

And my war didn't begin in Afghanistan.

It began in August 1997.

## 62.

**I** PHONED MY FRIEND Thomas one evening. Thomas, brother of my beloved mate Henners. Thomas, so funny and witty. Thomas, with the infectious laugh.

Thomas, living reminder of better days.

I was at Clarence House, sitting on the floor of the TV room. Probably watching *Friends*.

*Hey, Boose, what're you up to?*

He laughed. No one else called him Boose.

*Harr-eeese! Hello!*

I smiled. No one else called me Harr-eeese.

He said he was just leaving a business dinner. He was pleased to have someone to chat with while he was making his way home.

His voice, so much like his brother's, was an instant comfort. It made me happy, even though Thomas wasn't happy. He, too, was struggling, he said. Going through a divorce, other challenges.

The conversation went inexorably to that original challenge, the wellspring of all challenges, Henners. Thomas missed his brother so much. Me too, I said. Man, me too.

He thanked me for speaking at an event to raise money for Henners's charity.

*Wouldn't miss it. That's what friends are for.*

I thought of the event. And the pre-event panic attack.

Then we reminisced, randomly. Thomas and Henners, Willy and me, Saturday mornings, lounging around with Mummy, watching telly—having burping contests.

*She was like a teenage boy!*

*She was, mate.*

Going with Mummy to see Andrew Lloyd Webber.

Me and Henners mooning the security cameras at Ludgrove.

We both started laughing.

He reminded me that Henners and I were so close, people called us Jack and Russell. Maybe that was because Willy and I had Jack Russells? Oh I wondered where Henners might be. Was he with Mummy? Was he with the dead from Afghanistan? Was Gan-Gan there too? I was jolted from this train of thought by the sound of Thomas screaming.

*Boose, mate, you OK?*

Angry voices, a scuffle, a struggle. I put the phone on speaker, shot down the corridor, up the stairs, burst into the police room. I shouted that my mate was in trouble. We leaned over the phone, listening, but the line had already gone dead.

It was obvious: Thomas was being mugged. Luckily he'd just happened to mention the name of the restaurant where he'd had dinner. It was in Battersea. Plus, I knew where he lived. We checked a map: there was only one logical route between those two points. Several bodyguards and I raced there and found Thomas on the side of the road. Near Albert Bridge. Beaten, shaken. We took him to the nearest police station, where he signed a statement. Then we drove him home.

Along the way he kept thanking me for coming to his rescue.

I hugged him tightly. *What friends are for.*

## 63.

I WAS GIVEN A DESK AT Wattisham Airfield, which I hated. I'd never wanted a desk. I couldn't bear sitting at a desk. My father loved his desk, seemed pinned to it, enamored of it, surrounded by his books and mailbags. That was never me.

I was also given a new task. Refine my knowledge of the Apache. Perhaps on the way to becoming an instructor. That *was* a job I thought *might* be fun. Teaching others to fly.

But it wasn't. It just didn't feel like my calling.

Once again I broached the idea of going back to the war. Once again the answer was a hard no. Even if the Army was inclined to send me, Afghanistan was winding down.

Libya was heating up, though. *How about that?*

No, the Army said—in every way they knew how, officially and unofficially, they denied my request.

*Everyone has had quite enough of Harry in a war zone.*

At the end of a typical working day I'd leave Wattisham, drive back to Kensington Palace. I was no longer staying with Pa and Camilla: I'd been

assigned my own place, a flat on KP's "lower ground floor," in other words, halfway underground.

The flat had three tall windows, but they admitted little light, so the differences between dawn, dusk and midday were nominal at best. Sometimes the question was rendered moot by Mr. R, who lived directly upstairs. He liked to park his massive gray Discovery hard against the windows, blotting out all light entirely.

I wrote him a note, politely asking if he might perhaps pull his car forward a few inches. He fired back a reply telling me to suck eggs. Then he went to Granny and asked her to tell me the same.

She never did speak to me about it, but the fact that Mr. R felt secure enough, supported enough, to denounce me to the monarch showed my true place in the pecking order. He was one of Granny's equerries.

I should fight, I told myself. I should confront the man face-to-face. But I figured—no. The flat actually suited my mood. Darkness at noon suited my mood.

Also, it was the first time I was living on my own, somewhere other than Pa's, so on balance I really had no complaints.

I invited a mate over one day. He said the flat reminded him of a badger sett. Or maybe I said that to him. Either way, it was true, and I didn't mind.

We were chatting, my mate and I, having a drink, when suddenly a sheet dropped down in front of my windows. Then the sheet began to shake. My mate stood, went to the window and said: *Spike...what in the...?* Falling from the sheet was a cascade of what looked to be—brown confetti?

No.

Glitter?

No.

My mate said: *Spike, is that hair?*

It was. Mrs. R was giving a trim to one of her sons, shaking out the sheet in which she'd collected the clippings. The real problem, however, was that my three windows were open and it was a breezy day. Gusts of fine hair blew into the flat. My mate and I coughed, laughed, picked strands off our tongues.

What didn't come into the flat landed like summer rain on the shared garden, which just then was blooming with mint and rosemary.

For days I went around composing a harsh note to Mrs. R in my head. I never sent it. I knew I was being unfair: she didn't know she was hairing me out. More, she didn't know the real source of my antipathy towards her. She was guilty of an even more egregious vehicular crime than her husband. Every day Mrs. R parked her car in Mummy's old spot.

I can still see her gliding into that space, right where my mother's green BMW used to be. It was wrong of me, and I knew it was wrong, but on some level I condemned Mrs. R for it.

## 64.

I WAS AN UNCLE. Willy and Kate had welcomed their first child, George, and he was beautiful. I couldn't wait to teach him about rugby and Rorke's Drift, flying and corridor cricket—and maybe give him a few pointers about how to survive life in the fishbowl.

Reporters, however, used this joyous occasion as an opportunity to ask me...if I was miserable.

What?

The baby had moved me one link down the chain of succession, making me fourth from the throne instead of third. So reporters said, Bad luck, eh?

*You must be joking.*

*There must be some misgivings.*

*Couldn't be happier.*

A half-truth.

I was delighted for Willy and Kate, and I was indifferent to my place in the order of succession.

But nothing to do with either thing, I wasn't anywhere close to happy.

## 65.

**A**NGOLA. I traveled to that war-torn country, an official visit, and went specifically to several places where daily life had been poisoned by land mines, including one town believed to be the most heavily mined place in all of Africa.

August 2013.

I wore the same protective gear my mother had worn when she visited Angola on her historic trip. I even worked with the same charity that had invited her: Halo Trust. I was deeply frustrated to learn from the charity's executives and fieldworkers that the job she'd spotlighted, indeed the entire global crusade my mother had helped launch, was now stalled. Lack of resources, lack of resolve.

This had been Mummy's most passionate cause at the end. (She'd gone to Bosnia three weeks before she'd gone to Paris in August 1997.) Many could still remember her walking alone into a live minefield, detonating a mine via remote control, announcing bravely: "One down, seventeen million to go." Her vision of a world rid of land mines seemed within reach back then. Now the world was going backwards.

Taking up her cause, detonating a land mine myself, made me feel closer to her, and gave me strength, and hope. For a brief moment. But overall I felt that I was walking each day through a psychological, emotional minefield. I never knew when the next explosion of panic might be.

Upon returning to Britain, I did another dive into the research. I was desperate to find a cause, a treatment. I even spoke to Pa, took him into my confidence. *Pa, I'm really struggling with panic attacks and anxiety.* He sent me to a doctor, which was kind of him, but the doctor was a general practitioner with no knowledge or new ideas. He wanted to give me pills.

I didn't want to take pills.

Not until I'd exhausted other remedies, including homeopathic ones. In my research I came across many people recommending magnesium, which was said to have a calming effect. True, it did. But in large quantities it also

had unpleasant side effects—loosens the bowels—which I learned the hard way at a mate’s wedding.

Over dinner one night at Highgrove, Pa and I spoke at some length about what I’d been suffering. I gave him the particulars, told him story after story. Towards the end of the meal he looked down at his plate and said softly: *I suppose it’s my fault. I should’ve got you the help you needed years ago.*

I assured him that it wasn’t his fault. But I appreciated the apology.

As autumn neared my anxiety was heightened, I think, by my impending birthday, the last of my twenties. Dregs of my youth, I thought. I was beset by all the traditional doubts and fears, asked myself all the basic questions people ask when they get older. Who am I? Where am I going? Normal, I told myself, except that the press was abnormally echoing my self-questioning.

#### *Prince Harry... Why Won’t He Marry?*

They dredged up every relationship I’d ever had, every girl I’d ever been seen with, put it all into a blender, hired “experts,” a.k.a. quacks, to try to make sense of it. Books about me dived into my love life, homed in on each romantic failure and near miss. I seem to recall one detailing my flirtation with Cameron Diaz. Harry just couldn’t see himself with her, the author reported. Indeed I couldn’t, since we’d never met. I was never within fifty meters of Ms. Diaz, further proof that if you like reading pure bollocks then royal biographies are just your thing.

Behind all this hand-wringing about me was something more substantive than “tittle-tattle.” It went to the whole underpinning of the monarchy, which was *based* on marriage. The great controversies about kings and queens, going back centuries, generally centered on whom they married, and whom they didn’t, and the children who issued from those unions. You weren’t a fully vested member of the Royal Family, indeed a true human being, until you were wed. No coincidence that Granny, head of state in sixteen countries, started every speech: “My husband and I...” When Willy and Kate married they became The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, but more important they became a Household, and as such were entitled to

more staff, more cars, bigger home, grander office, extra resources, engraved letterheads. I didn't care about such perks, but I did care about respect. As a confirmed bachelor I was an outsider, a nonperson within my own family. If I wanted that to change, I had to get hitched. That simple.

All of which made my twenty-ninth birthday a complex milestone, and some days a complex migraine.

I shuddered to think of how I might feel on the next birthday: thirty. Truly over-the-hill. To say nothing of the inheritance it would trigger. Upon reaching thirty I'd receive a large sum left to me by Mummy. I scolded myself for being gloomy about that: most people would kill to inherit money. To me, however, it was another reminder of her absence, another sign of the void she'd left, which pounds and euros could never fill.

The best thing, I decided, was to get away from birthdays, get away from everything. I decided to mark the anniversary of my arrival on Earth by traveling to its end. I'd already been to the North Pole. Now I'd walk to the South.

Another trek in the company of *Walking With The Wounded*.

People warned me that the South Pole was even colder than the North. I laughed. How could that be possible? I'd already frozen my penis, mate—wasn't that the very definition of worst-case scenario?

Also, this time I'd know how to take proper precautions—snugger underwear, more padding, etc. Better yet, one very close mate hired a seamstress to make me a bespoke cock cushion. Square, supportive, it was sewn from pieces of the softest fleece and...

Enough said.

## 66.

**I**N BETWEEN PREPARATIONS for the assault on the Pole I sat down with my new private secretary, Ed Lane Fox, whom we all called Elf.

November 2013.

A onetime captain in the Household Cavalry, Elf was trim, smart, sleek. He often reminded people of Willy, but that was down to his hairline more than his personality. He reminded me less of my older brother than of a racing dog. Like a greyhound, he wouldn't ever stop. He'd chase that rabbit to the end of time. In other words, he was wholly dedicated to the Cause, whatever it might be at any given moment.

His greatest gift, though, might've been his knack for seeing to the heart of things, for sizing up and simplifying situations and problems, which made him the perfect man to help enact this ambitious idea of an International Warrior Games.

Now that some of the money was in hand, Elf advised, next order of business was finding someone with the uncommon organizational skills, the social and political connections, to take on a job this size. He knew of just the man.

Sir Keith Mills.

Of course, I said. Sir Keith had organized the 2012 Olympics, in London, which had been such a smash.

Indeed, who else could there be?

*Let's invite Sir Keith to Kensington Palace for a cup of tea.*

## 67.

I COULD BUILD A SCALE REPLICA of that sitting room. Two big windows, small red sofa, chandelier shining softly on an oil painting of a horse. I'd been there for meetings before. But when I walked in that day, I felt that this would be the setting for one of the more crucial meetings of my life, and every detail of the scene impressed itself on me.

I tried to stay calm as I pointed Sir Keith to a chair and asked how he took his tea.

After a few minutes of chitchat, I made my pitch.

Sir Keith listened respectfully, raptor-eyed, but when I'd finished he ummed and aahed.

All sounded very wonderful, he said, but he was semi-retired. Trying to cut back on projects, you know. He wanted to streamline his life, focus on his passions, chiefly sailing. America's Cup, and so forth.

In fact he was scheduled to begin a holiday the very next day.

How to talk to a man who's just hours away from starting a holiday into rolling up his sleeves and taking on an impossible project?

There's no way, I thought.

But the whole point of these games was: Never give up.

So I kept on. I went at him, and at him, and told him about the soldiers I'd met, their stories, and also a bit of mine. One of the first and fullest accounts I'd ever given anyone of my time at war.

Slowly I could see that my passion, my enthusiasm, were making dents in Sir Keith's defenses.

Brow furrowed, he said: *Well...Who have you got so far on this project?*

I looked at Elf. Elf looked at me.

*That's the beauty of it, Sir Keith. You see...you're the first.*

He chuckled. *Clever.*

*No, no, really. You can get the band back together, if you wish. Hire anyone you want.*

Despite the overt and obvious salesmanship, there was a great deal of truth in what I was saying. We hadn't yet managed to trick anyone else into joining us, so he'd have carte blanche. He could organize a staff however he wished, bring on every single person who'd helped him pull off such a successful Olympics.

He nodded. *When are you thinking of doing this?*

*September.*

*What?*

*September.*

*You mean ten months from now?*

*Yes.*

*No way.*

*Has to be.*

I wanted the games to coincide with the centenary commemorations of the First World War. I felt that connection was vital.

He sighed, promised to consider it.

I knew what that meant.

## 68.

A FEW WEEKS LATER I flew to the Antarctic, landed at a research station called Novolazarevskaya, a tiny village of huts and Portakabins. The few hardy souls living there were fabulous hosts. They housed me, fed me—their soups were amazing. I couldn't get enough.

Maybe because it was thirty-five degrees below zero?

*More piping-hot chicken noodle, Harry?*

*Yes, please.*

The team and I spent a week or two carb-loading, gearing up. And, of course, quaffing vodka. At last, one bleary morning...off we went. We climbed into a plane, flew up to the ice shelf, stopped to refuel. The plane landed on a field of solid, flat white, as in a dream. There was nothing to be seen in any direction but a handful of giant fuel barrels. We taxied over to them and I got out while the pilots filled up. The silence was holy—not a bird, not a car, not a tree—but it was only one part of the larger, all-encompassing nothingness. No smells, no wind, no sharp corners or distinct features to distract from the endless and insanely beautiful vista. I walked off to be by myself for a few moments. I'd never been anywhere half so peaceful. Overcome with joy, I did a headstand. Months and months of anxiety passed away...for a few minutes.

We got back onto the plane, flew to the starting point of the trek. As we began walking, at last, I remembered: Oh, yeah, my toe's broken.

Just recently, in fact. A boys' weekend in Norfolk. We drank and smoked and partied till dawn, and then, while trying to reassemble one of the rooms we'd rearranged, I dropped a heavy chair with brass wheels onto my foot.

Silly injury. But debilitating. I could barely walk. No matter, I was determined not to let the team down.

Somehow I kept pace with my fellow walkers, nine hours each day, pulling a sledge that weighed about two hundred pounds. It was hard for everyone to gain traction on the snow, but for me the particular challenge was the slick, undulating patches carved out by the wind. Sastrugi, that was the Norwegian word for these patches. Trekking across sastrugi with a broken toe? Maybe this could be an event at the International Warrior Games, I thought. But any time I felt tempted to complain—about my toe, my fatigue, anything—I had only to glance at my fellow walkers. I was directly behind a Scottish soldier named Duncan, who had no legs. Behind me, an American soldier named Ivan was blind. So not one whinge would be heard from me, I vowed.

Also, an experienced polar guide had advised me before I left Britain to use this trek to “clean the hard drive.” That was his phrase. *Use* the repetitive motion, he said, *use* the biting cold, *use* that nothingness, that landscape's unique blankness, to narrow your focus until your mind falls into a trance. It will become a meditation.

I followed his advice to the letter. I told myself to stay present. *Be* the snow, *be* the cold, *be* each step, and it worked. I fell into the loveliest trance, and even when my thoughts were dark I was able to stare at them, watch them float away. Sometimes it would happen that I'd watch my thoughts connect to other thoughts and all at once the whole chain of thoughts would make some sense. For instance, I considered all of the previous challenging walks of my life—the North Pole, the Army exercises, following Mummy's coffin to the grave—and while the memories were painful, they also provided continuity, structure, a kind of narrative spine that I'd never suspected. Life was one long walk. It made sense. It was wonderful. All was interdependent and interconnected...

Then came the dizzies.

The South Pole, counterintuitively, is high above sea level, roughly three thousand meters, and so altitude sickness is a real danger. One walker had already been taken off our trek; now I understood why. The feeling started slowly and I brushed it off. Then it knocked me flat. Head spins, followed by crushing migraine, pressure building in both lobes of my brain. I didn't want to stop but it wasn't up to me. My body said, Thanks, this is where we get off. The knees went. The upper torso followed.

I hit the snow like a pile of rocks.

Medics pitched a tent, laid me flat, gave me some sort of anti-migraine injection. In my buttocks, I think. Steroids, I heard them say. When I came to, I felt semi-revived. I caught up with the group, searched for a way back into the trance.

*Be the cold, be the snow...*

As we neared the Pole we were all in sync, all elated. We could see it there, *just over there*, through our ice-crusting eyelashes. We began running to it.

*Stop!*

The guides told us it was time to make camp.

*Camp? What the—? But the finish line's just there.*

*You're not allowed to camp at the Pole! So we'll all have to camp here tonight, then strike out for the Pole in the morning.*

Camped in the shadow of the Pole, none of us could sleep, we were too excited. And thus we had a party. There was some drinking, horseplay. The underside of the world rang with our giggles.

Finally, at first light, December 13, 2013, we took off, stormed the Pole. On or near the exact spot was a huge circle of flags representing the twelve signatories of the Antarctic treaty. We stood before the flags, exhausted, relieved, disoriented. *Why's there a Union Jack on the coffin?* Then we hugged. Some press accounts say one of the soldiers took off his leg and we used it as a tankard to guzzle champagne, which sounds right, but I can't remember. I've drunk booze out of multiple prosthetic legs in my life and I can't swear that was one of the times.

Beyond the flags stood a huge building, one of the ugliest I'd ever seen. A windowless box, built by the Americans as a research center. The architect who designed this monstrosity, I thought, must've been filled with hate for his fellow humans, for the planet, for the Pole. It broke my heart to see a thing so unsightly dominate a land so otherwise pristine. Nevertheless, along with everyone else, I hurried inside the ugly building to warm up, have a pee, drink some cocoa.

There was a huge café and we were all starving. Sorry, we were told, café's closed. *Would you like a glass of water?*

*Water? Oh. OK.*

Each of us was handed a glass.

Then a souvenir. A test tube.

With a tiny cork in the top.

On the side was a printed label: CLEANEST AIR IN THE WORLD.

## 69.

I WENT DIRECTLY FROM the South Pole to Sandringham.  
Christmas with the family.

Hotel Granny was full that year, overrun by family, so I was given a mini room in a narrow back corridor, among the offices of Palace staff. I'd never stayed there before. I'd rarely even set foot there before. (Not so unusual; all Granny's residences are vast—it would take a lifetime to see every nook and cranny.) I liked the notion of seeing and exploring uncharted territory—I was a grizzled polar explorer, after all!—but I also felt a bit unappreciated. A bit unloved. Relegated to the hinterlands.

I told myself to make the best of it, use this time to protect the serenity I'd achieved at the Pole. My hard drive was cleaned.

Alas, my family at that moment was infected with some very scary malware.

It was largely to do with the Court Circular, that annual record of “official engagements” done by each member of the Royal Family in the preceding calendar year. Sinister document. At the end of the year, when all the numbers got tallied, comparisons would be made in the press.

*Ah, this one's busier than that one.*

*Ah, this one's a lazy shit.*

The Court Circular was an ancient document, but it had lately morphed into a circular firing squad. It didn't *create* the feelings of competitiveness that ran in my family, but it amplified them, weaponized them. Though none of us ever spoke about the Court Circular directly, or mentioned it by name, that only created more tension under the surface, which built invisibly as the last day of the calendar year approached. Certain family members had become *obsessed*, feverishly striving to have the highest number of official engagements recorded in the Circular each year, no matter what, and they'd succeeded largely by including things that weren't, strictly speaking, engagements, recording public interactions that were mere blips, the kinds of things Willy and I wouldn't dream of including. Which was essentially why the Court Circular was a joke. It was all self-reported, all subjective. Nine private visits with veterans, helping with their mental health? Zero points. Flying via helicopter to cut a ribbon at a horse farm? Winner!

But the main reason the Court Circular was a joke, a scam, was that none of us was deciding in a vacuum how much work to do. Granny or Pa decided, by way of how much support (money) they allocated to our work. Money determined all. In the case of Willy and me, Pa was the sole decider. It was he alone who controlled our funds; we could only do what we could do with whatever resources and budget we got from him. To be publicly flogged for how much Pa permitted us to do—that felt grossly unfair. Rigged.

Maybe the stress around all this stuff stemmed from the overarching stress about the monarchy itself. The family was feeling the tremors of global change, hearing the cries of critics who said the monarchy was outdated, costly. The family tolerated, even *leaned into*, the nonsense of the

Court Circular for the same reason it accepted the ravages and depredations of the press—fear. Fear of the public. Fear of the future. Fear of the day the nation would say: OK, shut it down. So, by the time Christmas Eve 2013 rolled around, I was actually quite content in my back corridor, in my micro room, looking at photos of the South Pole on my iPad.

Staring at my little test tube.

CLEANEST AIR IN THE WORLD.

I took off the cork stopper, downed it in one.

Ah.

## 70.

I MOVED OUT of the badger sett, into Nottingham Cottage, a.k.a. Nott Cott. Willy and Kate had been living there, but they'd outgrown it. After moving into Princess Margaret's old place, just across the way, they'd passed me their keys.

It felt good to be out of the badger sett. But even better to be just across the way from Willy and Kate. I looked forward to popping in all the time.

*Look! It's Uncle Harry!*

*Ello! Just thought I'd stop by.*

Holding a bottle of wine and an armful of kiddie presents. Dropping to the floor and wrestling with little George.

*Will you stay for supper, Harold?*

*Love to!*

But it didn't work out that way.

They were half a football pitch away, just beyond a stone courtyard, so close that I could see their nanny pass by all the time with the pram, and I could hear their elaborate renovations. I assumed they'd have me over any minute now. Any day.

But day after day it didn't happen.

I get it, I thought. They're busy! Building a family!

*Or maybe...they don't want a third wheel?*

*Maybe if I get married, things will be different?*

They'd both mentioned, pointedly, repeatedly, how much they liked Cressida.

## 71.

**M**ARCH 2014. A CONCERT at Wembley Arena. Walking onstage I suffered the typical panic attack. I made my way to the center, clenched my fists, spat out the speech. There were fourteen thousand young faces before me, gathered for We Day. Maybe I'd have been less nervous if I'd concentrated more on them, but I was having a proper *Me* Day, thinking about the last time I'd given a speech under this roof.

Tenth anniversary of Mummy's death.

I'd been nervous then too. But not like this.

I hurried off. Wiping the shine from my face, and staggering up to my seat to join Cress.

She saw me and blanched. *You OK?*

*Yeah, yeah.*

But she knew.

We watched the other speakers. That is, she watched, I tried to catch my breath.

The next morning our photo was in all the papers and splashed online. Someone tipped off the royal correspondents to where we were sitting, and at long last we were outed. After nearly two years of secretly dating, we were revealed to be a couple.

Odd, we said, that it should be such big news. We'd been photographed before, skiing in Verbier. But these photos landed differently, maybe because this was the first time she'd joined me at a royal engagement.

As a result, we became less clandestine, and that felt like a plus. Several days later we went to Twickenham, watched England play Wales, got papped, and didn't even bother to talk about it. Soon after, we left on a skiing holiday with friends, to Kazakhstan, got papped again, and didn't even know. We were too distracted. Skiing was so sacred for us, so symbolic, especially after our previous skiing holiday, in Switzerland, when she'd miraculously opened me up.

It happened late one night, after a long day on the slopes, and a fun time at après-ski. We'd gone back to my cousin's chalet, where we were staying, and Cress was washing her face, brushing her teeth, while I was sitting on the edge of the bath. We were talking about nothing special, as I recall, but suddenly she asked about my mother.

Unique. A girlfriend asking about my mother. But it was also the way she asked. Her tone was just the right blend of curiosity and compassion. The way she reacted to my answer was just right too. Surprised, concerned, with no judgment.

Maybe other factors were at play as well. The alchemy of physical fatigue and Swiss hospitality. The fresh air and alcohol. Maybe it was the softly falling snow outside the windows, or the culmination of seventeen years of suppressed grief. Maybe it was maturity. Whatever the reason or combination of reasons, I answered her, straight-out, and then started to cry.

I remember thinking: Oh, I'm crying.

And saying to her: *This is the first time I've...*

Cressida leaned towards me: *What do you mean...first time?*

*This is the first time I've been able to cry about my mum since the burial.*

Wiping my eyes, I thanked her. She was the first person to help me across that barrier, to help me unleash the tears. It was cathartic, it accelerated our bond, and added an element rare in past relationships: immense gratitude. I was indebted to Cress, and that was the reason why, when we got home from Kazakhstan, I felt so miserable, because at some point during that ski trip I'd realized that we weren't a match.

I just knew. Cress, I think, knew as well. There was massive affection, deep and abiding loyalty—but not love everlasting. She was always clear

about not wanting to take on the stresses of being a royal, and I was never sure I wanted to ask her to do so, and this unalterable fact, though it had been lurking in the background for some time, became undeniable on those Kazakh slopes.

Suddenly it was clear. *This can't work.*

How odd, I thought. Every time we go skiing... a revelation.

The day after we got home from Kazakhstan I phoned a mate, who was also close with Cress. I told him about my feelings and asked for advice. Without hesitation the mate said that if it was done it must be done quickly. So I drove straight over to see Cress.

She was staying with a friend. Her bedroom was on the ground floor, windows looking onto the street. I heard cars and people going by as I sat gingerly on the bed and told her my thinking.

She nodded. None of it seemed to surprise her. These things had been on her mind as well.

*I've learned so much from you, Cress.*

She nodded. She looked at the floor, tears running down her cheeks.

Damn, I thought.

She helped me cry. And now I'm leaving her in tears.

## 72.

**M**Y MATE, GUY, was getting married.

I wasn't exactly in the mood for a wedding. But it was Guy. All-round good bloke. Longtime mate of Willy and me. I loved him. And owed him. He'd been dragged through the muck by the press, more than once, in my name.

The wedding was in America, in the Deep South.

My arrival there set off a torrent of talk about... what else?

Vegas.

I thought: After all this time? Really? Is my bare arse that memorable?

So be it, I told myself. Let them bang on about Vegas, I'm going to focus on Guy's Big Day.

On the way to Guy's stag party a group of us stopped off in Miami. We ate a fabulous meal, visited a few clubs, danced until well past midnight. Toasted Guy. Next day we all flew to Tennessee. I remember, despite the crowded wedding schedule, finding time to tour Graceland, erstwhile home of Elvis Presley. (Actually, he originally bought it for his mother.)

Everyone kept saying: Well, well, so this is where the King lived.

*Who?*

*The King. Elvis Presley.*

*Oh. The King. Right.*

People variously called the house a castle, a mansion, a palace, but it reminded me of the badger sett. Dark, claustrophobic. I walked around saying: The King lived here, you say? Really?

I stood in one tiny room with loud furniture and shag carpet and thought: The King's interior designer must've been on acid.

In honor of Elvis, every member of the bridal party wore blue suede shoes. At the reception there was much kicking up of those shoes, young British men and women dancing drunkenly and singing gleefully without pitch or rhythm. It was riotous, ridiculous, and Guy looked happier than I'd ever seen him.

He'd always been cast as our sidekick, but not now. He and his bride were the stars of this show, the center of attention, and my old mate was rightly savoring it. It made me so happy to see him so happy, though now and then, as couples paired off, as lovers drifted into corners or swayed to songs by Beyoncé and Adele, I'd wander over to the bar and think: When's it going to be my turn? The one person who might want it most, to be married, to have a family, and it's never going to happen. More than a little petulantly, I thought: It's just not fair of the universe.

## 73.

**B**UT THE UNIVERSE was just getting warmed up. Soon after I got back to Britain, the main villain in the phone-hacking scandal, Rehabber Kooks, was acquitted at trial.

June 2014.

The evidence had been strong, everybody said.

Not strong enough, the jury said. They believed what Rehabber Kooks testified on the witness stand, even though she'd strained credulity. No, she'd abused credulity. She'd treated credulity as she'd once treated a redheaded teenage royal.

Likewise her husband. He'd been caught on video throwing black bin liners full of computers and thumb drives and other personal belongings, including his porn collection, into a garage dustbin, just hours before the police searched their place. But he swore it was all a silly coincidence, sooo...no evidence-tampering here, sayeth the justice system. Carry on. As you were. I never believed what I read, but now I truly couldn't believe what I was reading. They were letting this woman walk? And there was no furor from the general public? Did people not realize that this was about more than privacy, more than public safety—more than the Royal Family? Indeed, the phone-hacking case first broke wide open because of poor Milly Dowler, a teenager who'd been abducted and murdered. Rehabber Kooks's minions broke into Milly's phone after she'd been declared missing—they'd violated her parents at the moment of their worst pain and given them false hope *that their little girl might be alive, because her messages were listened to*. Little did the parents know that it was Team Rehabber listening. If these journalists were villainous enough to go after the Dowlers in their darkest hour, and get away with it, was anyone safe?

Did people not care?

They didn't. They did not care.

My faith in the whole system took a serious hit when that woman got off scot-free. I needed a reset, a faith refresher. So I went where I always went.

The Okavango.

To spend a few restorative days with Teej and Mike.

It helped.

But when I returned to Britain, I barricaded myself into Nott Cott.

## 74.

I DIDN'T GO OUT much at all. Maybe a dinner party now and then. Maybe the odd house party.

Sometimes I'd duck in and out of a club.

But it wasn't worth it. When I went out, it was always the same scene.

Paps here, paps there, paps everywhere. Groundhog Day.

The dubious pleasure of a night out was never worth the pain.

But then I'd think: How am I going to meet someone if I don't go out?

So I'd try it again.

And: Groundhog Day.

One night, leaving a club, I saw two men come racing around a corner.

They were headed straight for me and one had a hand on his hip.

Someone yelled: *Gun!*

I thought: Well, everyone, we had a good run.

Billy the Rock leaped forward, hand on his gun, and nearly shot the two men.

But it was just Tweedle Dumb and Tweedle Dumber. They didn't have guns, and I don't know what one of them was reaching for on his hip. But Billy held him and screamed into his face: *How many times do we have to tell you? You're going to get someone fucking killed.*

They didn't care. They did not care.

## 75.

**T**HE TOWER OF LONDON. With Willy and Kate. August 2014.

The reason for our visit was an art installation. Across the dry moat were spread tens of thousands of bright red ceramic poppies. Ultimately, the plan was for 888,246 of these poppies to be spread there, one for each Commonwealth soldier who'd died in the Great War. The hundredth anniversary of the war's start was being marked all over Europe.

Apart from its extraordinary beauty, the art installation was a different way of visualizing war's carnage—indeed, of visualizing death itself. I felt stricken. All those lives. All those families.

It didn't help that this visit to the Tower was also three weeks before the anniversary of Mummy's death, or that I always connected her to the Great War, because her birthday, July 1, the start of the Battle of the Somme, was the war's bloodiest day, the bloodiest day in the history of the British Army.

*In Flanders fields the poppies blow...*

All these things were converging in my heart and mind outside the Tower as someone stepped forward, handed me a poppy and told me to place it. (The artists behind the installation wanted every poppy to be placed by a living person; thousands of volunteers had pitched in thus far.) Willy and Kate were also handed poppies and told to place them on any spot of their choosing.

After we'd finished, all three of us stood back, lost in our private thoughts.

I believe it was just then that the constable of the Tower appeared, greeted us, told us about the poppy, how it had come to be the British symbol of war. It was the only thing that bloomed on those blood-soaked battlefields, said the constable, who was none other than...General Dannatt.

The man who'd sent me back to war.

Truly, everything was converging.

He asked if we'd like a quick tour of the Tower.

Course, we said.

We walked up and down the Tower's steep stairs, peered into its dark corners, and soon found ourselves before a case of thick glass.

Inside were dazzling jewels, including...the Crown.

Holy shit. The Crown.

The one that had been placed upon Granny's head at her 1953 coronation.

For a moment I thought it was also the same crown that sat on Gan-Gan's coffin as it went through the streets. It looked the same, but someone pointed out several key differences.

Ah, yes. So this was Granny's crown, and hers alone, and now I remembered her telling me how unbelievably heavy it had been the first time they set it upon her head.

It looked heavy. It also looked magical. The more we stared, the brighter it got—was that possible? And the glow was seemingly internal. The jewels did their part, but the crown seemed to possess some inner energy source, something beyond the sum of its parts, its jeweled band, its golden fleurs-de-lis, its crisscrossing arches and gleaming cross. And of course its ermine base. You couldn't help but feel that a ghost, encountered late at night inside the Tower, might have a similar glow. I moved my eyes slowly, appreciatively, from the bottom to the top. The crown was a wonder, a transcendent and evocative piece of art, not unlike the poppies, but all I could think in that moment was how tragic that it should remain locked up in this Tower.

Yet another prisoner.

Seems a waste, I said to Willy and Kate, to which, I recall, they said nothing.

Maybe they were looking at that band of ermine, remembering my wedding remarks.

Maybe not.

## 76.

A FEW WEEKS LATER, after more than a year of talking and planning, thinking and worrying, seven thousand fans packed into the Queen Elizabeth Olympic Park for the opening ceremony. The Invictus Games were born.

It had been decided that the International Warrior Games was a tongue twister, a mouthful. A clever Royal Marine had then come up with this far better alternative.

As soon as he suggested it we all said: Of course! After the William Ernest Henley poem!

Every Brit knew that poem. Many had the first line by heart.

*Out of the night that covers me...*

And what schoolboy or schoolgirl didn't encounter at least once those sonorous final lines?

*I am the master of my fate,  
I am the captain of my soul.*

Minutes before my speech at the opening ceremony, I stood in the wings, holding notecards in my hands, which were visibly shaking. Before me, the podium looked like a gallows. I read my cards over and over, while nine Red Arrows did a flypast, streaming smoke colored red, white and blue. Then Idris Elba read "Invictus," maybe as well as anyone ever has, and then Michelle Obama, via satellite, said some eloquent words about the meaning of the games. Finally, she introduced me.

Long walk. Through a red-carpeted labyrinth. My cheeks looked red-carpeted as well. My smile was frozen, the fight-or-flight response in full effect. I scolded myself under my breath for being this way. These games were celebrating men and women who'd lost limbs, pushed their bodies to the limit and beyond, and here I was freaking out about a little speech.

But it wasn't my fault. Anxiety, by this point, was controlling my body, my life. And this speech, which I believed meant so much to so many, couldn't help but exacerbate my condition.

Plus, the producer told me as I walked onstage that we were running behind on time. *Ah, great, something else to think about. Thanks.*

As I reached the lectern, which I'd personally and carefully positioned, I berated myself, because it afforded a perfect view of all the competitors. All those trusting, wholesome, expectant faces—counting on me. I forced myself to look away, to look at nothing. Hurrying, hyper-conscious of the clock, I bleated out: *For some of those taking part this will be a stepping-stone to elite sport. But for others it will mark the end of a chapter in their recovery and the beginning of a new one.*

I went and found my seat, down front, beside Pa, who put a hand on my shoulder. *Well done, darling boy.* He was being kind. He knew I'd rushed the speech. For once I was glad not to hear the raw truth from him.

Just on the numbers, *Invictus* was a hit. Two million people watched on TV, thousands filled the arenas for each event. Among the highlights, for me, was the wheelchair rugby final, Britain versus America, thousands of fans cheering Britain on to victory in the Copper Box.

Wherever I went that week, people came up to me, shook my hand, told me their stories. Children, parents, grandparents, always with tears in their eyes, told me that these games had restored something they'd feared forever lost: the true spirit of a son, a daughter, a brother, a sister, a mum, a dad. One woman tapped me on the shoulder and told me I'd resurrected her husband's smile.

*Oh, that smile,* she said. *I hadn't seen it since he got injured.*

I knew *Invictus* would do some good in the world, I always *knew*, but I was caught off guard by this wave of appreciation and gratitude. And joy.

Then came the emails. Thousands, each more moving than the last.

*I've had a broken back for five years, but after watching these brave men and women I've got off the sofa today and I'm ready to begin again.*

*I've been suffering depression since returning from Afghanistan but this demonstration of human courage and resilience has made me see...*

At the closing ceremony, moments after I introduced Dave Grohl and the Foo Fighters, a man and woman approached, their young daughter between them. The daughter was wearing a pink hoodie and orange ear defenders. She looked up at me: *Thank you for making my daddy...Daddy again.*

He'd won a gold medal.

Just one problem, she said. She couldn't see the Foo Fighters.

Ah well, we can't have that!

I lifted her onto my shoulders and together the four of us watched, danced, sang, and celebrated being alive.

It was my thirtieth birthday.

## 77.

**S**HORTLY AFTER THE GAMES I informed the Palace that I'd be leaving the Army. Elf and I worked on the public announcement; it was hard to get the wording just right, to explain it to the public, maybe because I was having trouble explaining it to myself. In hindsight I see that it was a hard decision to explain because it wasn't a decision at all. It was just time.

But time for what, exactly, besides leaving the Army? From now on I'd be something I'd never been: a full-time royal.

How would I even do that?

And was that what I wanted to be?

In a lifetime of existential crises, this was a bugger. Who are you when you can no longer be the thing you've always been, the thing you've trained to be?

Then one day I thought I glimpsed the answer.

It was a crisp Tuesday, near the Tower of London. I was standing in the middle of the street and suddenly here he came, yomping down the road— young Ben, the soldier with whom I'd flown back from Afghanistan in 2008, the soldier I'd visited and cheered as he climbed a wall with his new

prosthetic leg. Six years after that flight, as promised, he was running a marathon. Not the London marathon, which would've been miraculous on its own. He was running *his own marathon*, along a route he'd designed himself, in the outline of a poppy laid over the city of London.

A staggering thirty-one miles, he'd done the full circuit to raise money and awareness—and heart rates.

*I'm in shock*, he said on finding me there.

*You're in shock?* I said. *That makes two of us.*

Seeing him out there, still being a soldier, despite no longer being a soldier—that was the answer to the riddle with which I'd been struggling so long.

Question: How do you stop being a soldier, when a soldier is all you've ever been or wanted to be?

Answer: You don't.

Even when you stop being a soldier, you don't have to stop being a soldier. Ever.

## 78.

**A**N AFGHANISTAN WAR SERVICE at St. Paul's Cathedral, and then a reception at the Guildhall hosted by the City of London Corporation, and then the launch of Walking With The Wounded's Walk Of Britain, and then a visit to England's rugby team, and then watching them practice for a match against France, and then following them to Twickenham and cheering them on, and then a memorial for the Olympian Richard Meade, the most successful equestrian in British history, and then a trip with Pa to Turkey to attend ceremonies marking the hundredth anniversary of Gallipoli, and then a meeting with descendants of the men who fought in that epic battle, and then back to London to hand out medals to runners at the London Marathon.

That was the start of my 2015.

Just the highlights.

The papers were awash with stories about Willy being lazy, and the press had taken to calling him “Work-shy Wills,” which was obscene, grossly unfair, because he was busy having children and raising a family. (Kate was pregnant again.) Also, he was still beholden to Pa, who controlled the purse strings. He did as much as Pa wanted him to do, and sometimes that wasn’t much, because Pa and Camilla didn’t want Willy and Kate getting loads of publicity. Pa and Camilla didn’t like Willy and Kate drawing attention away from them or their causes. They’d openly scolded Willy about it many times.

Case in point: Pa’s press officer berated Willy’s team when Kate was scheduled to visit a tennis club on the same day Pa was doing an engagement. Told that it was too late to cancel the visit, Pa’s press officer warned: *Just make sure the Duchess doesn’t hold a tennis racquet in any of the photos!*

Such a winning, fetching photo would undoubtedly wipe Pa and Camilla off the front pages. And that, in the end, couldn’t be tolerated.

Willy told me that both he and Kate felt trapped, and unfairly persecuted, by the press and by Pa and Camilla, so I felt some need to carry the banner for all three of us in 2015. But selfishly, I also didn’t want the press coming for me. To be called lazy? I shuddered. I never wanted to see that word attached to my name. The press had called me stupid for most of my life, and naughty, and racist, but if they dared to call me lazy...I couldn’t guarantee I wouldn’t go down to Fleet Street and start pulling people out from behind their desks.

I didn’t understand until months later that there were even more reasons why the press was gunning for Willy. First, he’d got them all worked up by ceasing to play their game, denying them unfettered access to his family. He’d refused several times to trot Kate out like a prized racehorse, and that was considered a bridge too far.

Then he’d had the temerity to go out and give a vaguely anti-Brexit speech, which really galled them. Brexit was their bread and butter. How

dare he suggest it was bullshit.

## 79.

I WENT TO AUSTRALIA FOR a round of military exercises and while there I got word: Willy and Kate had welcomed their second child. Charlotte. I was an uncle again, and very happy about it.

But, predictably, during one interview that day or the next a journalist questioned me about it as though I'd received a terminal diagnosis.

*No, mate. Thrilled to bits.*

*But you're further down the line of succession.*

*Couldn't be happier for Willy and Kate.*

The journalist pressed: Fifth in line—hm. No longer even the Spare of the Spare.

I thought: First of all, it's a good thing to be farther from the center of a volcano. Second, what kind of monster would think of himself and his place in the line of succession at such a time, rather than welcoming a new life into the world?

I'd once heard a courtier say that when you were fifth or sixth in line you were "only a plane crash away." I couldn't imagine living that way.

The journalist persisted. Didn't the birth make me question my choices?

*Choices?*

*Isn't it time you settled down?*

*Well, uh—*

*People are starting to compare you to Bridget Jones.*

I thought: Are they really? Bridget Jones, ay?

The journalist waited.

It'll happen, I assured him, or her, I can't recall the face, only the preposterous line of questioning. *When, kind sir, do you plan to wive?* It will happen when it happens, I said, the way you'd assure a naggy auntie.

The faceless journalist stared with abject...pity.  
*Will it, though?*

## 80.

PEOPLE OFTEN SPECULATED THAT I was clinging to my bachelor life because it was so glamorous. Many evenings I'd think: If only they could see me now.

Then I'd go back to folding my underwear and watching "The One with Monica and Chandler's Wedding."

Besides my own laundry (often laid out to dry on my radiators) I did my own chores, my own cooking, my own food shopping. There was a supermarket by the Palace and I went there, casually, at least once a week.

Of course I'd plan each trip as carefully as a patrol around Musa Qala. I'd arrive at different times, randomly, to throw off the press. I'd wear a disguise: low baseball cap, loose coat. I'd run along the aisles at warp speed, grabbing the salmon fillets I liked, the brand of yogurt I liked. (I'd memorized a map of the store.) Plus a few Granny Smith apples and bananas. And, of course, some crisps.

Then I'd sprint to the checkout.

Just as I'd honed my preflight checks in the Apache, I now honed my grocery shopping time down to ten minutes. But one night I got to the shop and began to run up and down the aisles and everything...had *moved*.

I hurried over to an employee: *What's happened?*

*Excuse me?*

*Where is everything?*

*Where is—?*

*Why has everything moved?*

*Honestly?*

*Yes, honestly.*

*To keep people here longer. So they'll buy more stuff.*

I was gobsmacked. You can do that? By law?

A bit panicky, I resumed running up and down the aisles, filling my trolley as best I could, keeping an eye on the clock, then rushed to the checkout. That was always the trickiest part, because there was no honing the checkout: it all depended on others. More, the checkout counter stood right beside the news racks, which held every British tabloid and magazine, and half the front pages and magazine covers were photos of my family. Or my mum. Or me.

More than once I watched customers read about me, overheard them debating me. In 2015 I overheard them frequently discussing whether or not I'd ever marry. Whether or not I was happy. Whether or not I might be gay. I was always tempted to tap them on the shoulder...*Ello*.

One night, in disguise, watching some people discuss me and my life choices, I became aware of raised voices at the front of the queue. An older married couple, abusing the cashier. It was unpleasant at first, then intolerable.

I stepped forward, showed my face, cleared my throat: *Excuse me. Not sure what's going on here, but I don't think you should be speaking to her like that.*

The cashier was on the verge of tears. The couple abusing her turned and recognized me. They weren't in the least surprised, however. Just offended to be called out on their abuse.

When they left, when it came my turn to pay, the cashier tried to thank me as she bagged my avocados. I wouldn't hear of it. I told her to hang in there, scooped up my things and ran, like the Green Hornet.

Shopping for clothes was so much less complicated.

As a rule I didn't think about clothing. I didn't fundamentally believe in fashion, and I couldn't understand why anybody would. I often got mocked on social media for my mismatched outfits, my ratty shoes. Writers would flag a photo of me and wonder why my trousers were so long, my shirts so crumpled. (They didn't dream that I'd dried them on the radiator.)

Not very princely, they'd say.

Right you are, I'd think.

My father tried. He gave me an absolutely gorgeous pair of black brogues. Works of art. Weighed as much as bowling balls. I wore them until the soles developed holes, and when I was mocked for wearing holey shoes I finally got them fixed.

Each year I received from Pa an official clothing allowance, but that was strictly for formal wear. Suits and ties, ceremonial outfits. For my everyday casual clothes I'd go to T.K. Maxx, the discount store. I was particularly fond of their once-a-year sale, when they'd be flush with items from Gap or J.Crew, items that had just gone out of season or were slightly damaged. If you timed it just right, got there on the first day of the sale, you could snag the same clothes that others were paying top prices for down the high street! With two hundred quid you could look like a fashion plate.

Here, too, I had a system. Get to the shop fifteen minutes before closing time. Grab a red bucket. Hurry to the top floor. Begin systematically working up one rack and down another.

If I found something promising I'd hold it up to my chest or legs, standing in front of a mirror. I never dawdled over color or style and certainly never went anywhere near a changing room. If it looked nice, comfortable, into the bucket it went. If I was on the fence about it, I'd ask Billy the Rock. He delighted in moonlighting as my stylist.

At closing time we'd run out with two giant shopping bags, feeling triumphant. Now the papers wouldn't call me a slob. At least for a little while.

Far better, I wouldn't have to think about clothes again for another six months.

## 81.

OTHER THAN THE occasional shopping, I stopped going out in 2015.

**O** Stopped entirely.  
No more occasional dinners with mates. No more house parties.  
No clubs. No nothing.

Every night I'd go straight home from work, eat over the sink, then catch up on paperwork, *Friends* on low in the background.

Pa's chef would sometimes stock my freezer with chicken pies, cottage pies. I was grateful not to have to venture to the supermarket quite as much...though the pies sometimes put me in mind of the Gurkhas and their goat stew, mainly because they were so unspicy. I missed the Gurkhas, missed the Army. I missed the war.

After dinner I'd smoke a joint, trying to make sure the smoke didn't waft into the garden of my neighbor, The Duke of Kent.

Then I'd turn in early.

Solitary life. Strange life. I felt lonely, but lonely was better than panicky. I was just beginning to discover a few healthy remedies to my panic, but until I felt surer of them, until I felt on more solid ground, I was leaning on this one decidedly unhealthy remedy.

Avoidance.

I was an agoraphobe.

Which was nearly impossible given my public role.

After one speech, which couldn't be avoided or canceled, and during which I'd nearly fainted, Willy came up to me backstage. Laughing.

*Harold! Look at you! You're drenched.*

I couldn't fathom his reaction. Him of all people. He'd been present for my very first panic attack. With Kate. We were driving out to a polo match in Gloucestershire, in their Range Rover. I was in the back and Willy peered at me in the rearview. He saw me sweating, red-faced. *You all right, Harold?* No, I wasn't. It was a trip of several hours and every few miles I wanted to ask him to pull over so I could jump out and try to catch my breath.

He knew something was up, something bad. He'd told me that day or soon after that I needed help. And now he was teasing me? I couldn't imagine how he could be so insensitive.

But I was at fault too. Both of us should've known better, should've recognized my crumbling emotional and mental states for what they were, because we'd just started to discuss the launching of a public campaign to raise awareness around mental health.

## 82.

I WENT TO EAST LONDON, to Mildmay Mission Hospital, to commemorate its 150th anniversary and recent renovations. My mother once paid the place a famous visit. She held the hand of a man who was HIV-positive, and thereby changed the world. She proved that HIV wasn't leprosy, that it wasn't a curse. She proved that the disease didn't disqualify people from love or dignity. She reminded the world that respect and compassion aren't gifts, they're the least we owe each other.

I learned that her famous visit had actually been one of many. A Mildmay worker pulled me aside, told me that Mummy would slip in and out of the hospital all the time. No fanfare, no photos. She'd just drop in, make a few people feel better, then run home.

Another woman told me she'd been a patient during one of those pop-ins. Born HIV-positive, this woman remembered sitting on Mummy's lap. She was only two at the time, but she remembered.

*I cuddled her. Your mum. I did.*

My face flushed. I felt such envy.

*Did you?*

*I did, I did, and oh, it was so nice. She gave a great cuddle!*

*Yes, I remember.*

But I didn't.

No matter how I tried, I barely remembered a thing.

## 83.

I VISITED BOTSWANA, spent a few days with Teej and Mike. I felt a craving for them, a physical need to go on a wander with Mike, to sit once more with my head in Teej's lap, talking and feeling safe.

Feeling home.

The very end of 2015.

I took them into my confidence, told them about my battles with anxiety. We were by the campfire, where such things were always best discussed. I told them I'd just recently found a few things that were sort of working.

So...there was hope.

For instance, therapy. I'd followed through on Willy's suggestion, and while I hadn't found a therapist I liked, simply speaking to a few had opened my mind to possibilities.

Also, one therapist said off-handedly that I was clearly suffering from post-traumatic stress, and that rang a bell. It got me moving, I thought, in the right direction.

Another thing that seemed to work was meditation. It quietened my racing mind, brought a degree of calm. I wasn't one to pray, Nature was still my God, but in my worst moments I'd shut my eyes and be still. Sometimes I'd also ask for help, though I was never sure whom I was asking.

Now and then I felt the presence of an answer.

Psychedelics did me some good as well. I'd experimented with them over the years, for fun, but now I'd begun to use them therapeutically, medicinally. They didn't simply allow me to escape reality for a while, they let me *redefine* reality. Under the influence of these substances I was able to let go of rigid preconcepts, to see that there was another world beyond my heavily filtered senses, a world that was equally real and doubly beautiful—a world with no red mist, no reason for red mist. There was only truth.

After the psychedelics wore off my memory of that world would remain: *This is not all there is*. All the great seers and philosophers say our daily life

is an illusion. I always felt the truth in that. But how reassuring it was, after nibbling a mushroom, or ingesting ayahuasca, to experience it for myself.

The one remedy that proved most effective, however, was work. Helping others, doing some good in the world, looking outward rather than in. That was the path. Africa and Invictus, these had long been the causes closest to my heart. But now I wanted to dive in deeper. Over the last year or so I'd spoken to helicopter pilots, veterinary surgeons, rangers, and they all told me that a war was on, a war to save the planet. War, you say?

Sign me up.

One small problem: Willy. Africa was *his* thing, he said. And he had the right to say this, or felt he did, because he was the Heir. It was ever in his power to veto *my* thing, and he had every intention of exercising, even flexing, that veto power.

We'd had some real rows about it, I told Teej and Mike. One day, we almost came to blows in front of our childhood mates, the sons of Emilie and Hugh. One of the sons asked: *Why can't you both work on Africa?*

Willy had a fit, flew at this son for daring to make such a suggestion. *Because rhinos, elephants, that's mine!*

It was all so obvious. He cared less about finding his purpose or passion than about winning his lifelong competition with me.

Over several more heated discussions, it emerged that Willy, when I'd gone to the North Pole, had sadly been resentful. He'd felt slighted that *he* hadn't been the one invited. At the same time he also said that he'd stepped aside, gallantly, that he'd permitted me to go, indeed that he'd permitted all my work with wounded soldiers. *I let you have veterans, why can't you let me have African elephants and rhinos?*

I complained to Teej and Mike that I'd finally seen my path, that I'd finally hit upon the thing that could fill the hole in my heart left by soldiering, in fact a thing even more sustainable—and Willy was standing in my way.

They were aghast. Keep fighting, they said. *There's room for both of you in Africa. There's need for you both.*

So, with their encouragement, I embarked on a four-month fact-finding trip, to educate myself about the truth of the ivory war. Botswana. Namibia. Tanzania. South Africa. I went to Kruger National Park, a vast stretch of dry, barren land the size of Israel. In the war on poachers, Kruger was the absolute front line. Its rhino populations, both black and white, were plummeting, due to armies of poachers being incentivized by Chinese and Vietnamese crime syndicates. One rhino horn fetched enormous sums, so for every poacher arrested, five more were ready to take their place.

Black rhinos were rarer, thus more valuable. They were also more dangerous. As browsers, they lived in thick bush, and wading in after them could be fatal. They didn't know you were there to help. I'd been charged a few times, and I was lucky to get away without being gored. (Tip: Always know the location of the nearest tree branch, because you might need to jump onto it.) I had friends who'd not been so lucky.

White rhinos were more docile, and more plentiful, but perhaps wouldn't be for long, because of that docility. As grazers, they also lived in open grassland. Easier to see, easier to shoot.

I went along on countless anti-poaching patrols. Over several days in Kruger, we always got there too late. I must have seen forty bullet-riddled rhino carcasses.

Poachers in other parts of South Africa, I learned, didn't always shoot the rhinos. Bullets were expensive, and gunshots gave away their position. So they'd dart a rhino with a tranquilizer, then take the horn while the rhino was asleep. The rhino would wake up with no face, then stumble into the bush to die.

I assisted on one long surgery, on a rhino named Hope, repairing her face, patching the exposed membranes inside the hole that once cradled her horn. It left me and the whole surgical team traumatized. We all wondered if this was the right thing for the poor girl. She was in so much pain.

But we just couldn't let her go.

## 84.

**I**N A HELICOPTER OVER KRUGER one morning, we flew in long loopy circles, searching for the telltale signs. Suddenly I spotted the most telltale sign of all.

There, I said.

Vultures.

We quickly descended.

Clouds of vultures took flight as we touched the ground.

We jumped out, saw frantic footprints in the dust, shell casings glinting in the sun. Blood everywhere. We followed the trail into the bush and found a huge white rhino, a gaping hole where her horn had been hacked. There were wounds all along her back. Fifteen craters, by my count.

Her six-month-old baby lay beside her, dead.

We pieced together what had happened. Poachers had shot the mother. She and her baby had run. The poachers chased them to this spot. The mother was still able to defend or shield her baby, so the poachers hacked her spine with axes, immobilizing her. While she was still alive, bleeding out, they'd taken her horn.

I couldn't speak. The sun beat down from a hot blue sky.

My bodyguard asked the ranger: Which was killed first, the baby or the mother?

*Hard to say.*

I asked: *Do you think the poachers are close by? Can we find them?*

*Impossible.*

Even if they were in the area—needle, haystack.

## 85.

NAMIBIA, CROSSING the northern desert in search of desert rhinos, I met an amiable doctor who was tracking desert lions. They were heavily persecuted in that part of Namibia, because they often encroached on farmland. The doctor was darting some, to study their health and movements. He took our number, told us he'd call if he found one.

That night we made camp by a dry stream. Everyone else was in tents, in trucks, but I unrolled my mat by the fire and covered myself with a thin blanket.

Everyone on my team thought I was joking. *This area is full of lions, boss.*

I told them I'd be fine. *Done it a million times.*

Around midnight the radio buzzed. The doctor. He was four kilometers away and he'd just darted two lions.

We jumped into the Land Cruiser, raced down the track. Namibian soldiers assigned to us by the government insisted on coming as well. As did local police in the area. Despite the pitch-dark, we found the doctor easily. He was standing beside two enormous lions. Both were lying on their bellies, heads resting heavily on their giant paws. He aimed his torch. We could see the lions' chests rising and falling. Quiet breathing.

I knelt beside the female, touched her skin, looked at her half-closed amber eyes. I can't explain it, and I can't defend it...but I felt that I knew her.

As I stood, one of the Namibian soldiers brushed past me, crouched beside the other lion. A big male. The soldier held up his AK-47, asked one of his buddies to get a photo. As if he'd made a kill.

I was about to say something, but Billy the Rock beat me to it. He told the Namibian soldier to get the fuck away from the lions.

Sullen, the soldier slunk away.

I turned now to say something to the doctor. There was a flash. I turned again, to see where it had come from, which soldier had shot his phone camera, and heard the men gasp.

I looked back: The lioness was standing before me. Resurrected.

She stumbled forward.

*It's OK, the doctor said. It's OK.*

She fell again, right at my feet.

Goodnight, sweet princess.

I looked left, right. No one was near me. The soldiers had all raced back to their trucks. The one with the AK-47 was rolling up the window. Even Billy the Rock had taken a half-step back.

The doctor said, *Sorry about that.*

*Don't be.*

We returned to camp. Everyone climbed into their tents, their trucks, except me.

I returned to my mat by the fire.

*You're joking, they all said. What about the lions? We just saw proof that there are lions out here, boss.*

*Pfff. Trust me. That lioness isn't going to hurt anybody.*

In fact she's probably watching over us.

## 86.

**B**ACK TO AMERICA. With two good mates. January 2016.

My mate Thomas was dating a woman who lived in Los Angeles, so our first stop was her house. She gave a welcome party, invited a small group of friends over. Everyone was on the same page about alcohol—in other words, committed to consuming large amounts in a short time.

Where we didn't agree was which type.

The typical Brit, I asked for a gin and tonic.

*Hell no, the Americans said, laughing. You're in the States now, pal, have a real drink. Have a tequila.*

I was familiar with tequila. But mostly club tequila. Late-night tequila. What I was being offered now was proper tequila, fancy schmancy tequila, and I was being schooled in all the many ways of drinking it. Glasses were

floating towards me containing tequila in every form. Neat. Rocks. Margarita. Splash of soda and lime.

I drank it all, every drop, and started feeling very bloody good.

I thought: I like these Americans. I like them a lot.

Strange time to be pro-American. Most of the world wasn't. Certainly not Britain. Many Brits despised the American war in Afghanistan, and resented being dragged into it. With some the anti-American sentiment ran very hot. I was reminded of my childhood, when people warned me all the time about Americans. Too loud, too rich, too happy. Too confident, too direct, too honest.

Nah, I always thought. Yanks didn't beat about the bush, didn't fill the air with polite snorts and throat clearings before coming to the point. Whatever was on their mind, they'd spit it out, like a sneeze, and while that could be problematic at times, I usually found it preferable to the alternative:

No one saying what they truly felt.

No one wanting to hear how you felt.

I'd experienced that at twelve years old. I experienced it even more now that I was thirty-one.

I floated through that day on a pink cloud of tequila fumes. No—floated is wrong. I *piloted* the pink cloud, and after I landed it—textbook landing, by the way—I woke with no hangover. Miracle.

The next day, or the day after, we moved for some reason. We went from the home of Thomas's girlfriend to the home of Courteney Cox. She was a friend of Thomas's girlfriend, and had more room. Also, she was traveling, on a job, and didn't mind if we crashed at her place.

No complaints from me. As a *Friends* fanatic, the idea of crashing at Monica's was highly appealing. And amusing. But then...Courteney turned up. I was very confused. Was her job canceled? I didn't think it was my place to ask. More: *Does this mean we have to leave?*

She smiled. *Of course not, Harry. Plenty of room.*

Great. But I was still confused because...she was Monica. And I was a Chandler. I wondered if I'd ever work up the courage to tell her. Was there

enough tequila in California to get me that brave?

Soon after arriving home, Courteney invited more people over. Another party began. Among the newcomers was a bloke who looked familiar.

Actor, my mate said.

*Yes, I know he's an actor. What's his name?*

My mate couldn't remember.

I went over and talked to the actor. He was a friendly sort, and I liked him straightaway. I still couldn't place his face or call up his name, but his voice was even more vexingly familiar.

I whispered to my mate: *Where do I know this guy from?*

My mate laughed. *Batman.*

*Sorry?*

*Batman.*

I was into my third or fourth tequila, so I was having trouble understanding and processing this remarkable bit of new information.

*Fuck—yes! Batman LEGO movie.* I turned back to the actor and asked: *Zit true?*

*Is...what true?*

*Are you Him?*

*Am I—?*

*Batman.*

He smiled. *Yes.*

What a thing to be able to say!

I begged: *Do it.*

*Do what?*

*The voice.*

He shut his eyes. He wanted to say no, but he didn't want to be impolite. Or else he recognized that I wouldn't stop. He fixed me with his ice-blue eyes and cleared his throat and in perfect gravelly Batmanese said: *Hello, Harry.*

Oh, I loved it. *Again!*

He did it again. I loved it even more.

We shared a big laugh.

Then, maybe to get rid of us, he led my mate and me to the fridge, from which he extracted a soft drink. While the door was open we spotted a huge box of black diamond mushroom chocolates.

Someone behind me said they were for everybody. *Help yourself, boys.*

My mate and I grabbed several, gobbled them, washed them down with tequila.

We waited for Batman to indulge as well. But he didn't. Not his thing, or something. Howdya like that? we said. This bloke's just sent us by ourselves into the fucking Batcave!

We took ourselves outside, sat down by a firepit, and waited.

I remember after a time standing up and wandering back into the house to use the loo.

It was hard to navigate the house, with its angular modern furniture and clean glass surfaces. Also, there weren't many lights on. But in time I managed to find a loo.

Lovely room, I thought, shutting the door.

I looked all around.

Beautiful hand soaps. Clean white towels. Exposed wood beams.

Mood lighting.

Leave it to the Yanks.

Beside the toilet was a round silver bin, the kind with a foot pedal to open the lid. I stared at the bin. It stared back.

*What—staring?*

Then it became...a head.

I stepped on the pedal and the head opened its mouth. A huge open grin.

I laughed, turned away, took a piss.

Now the loo became a head too. The bowl was its gaping maw, the hinges of the seat were its piercing silver eyes.

It said: *Aaah.*

I finished, flushed, closed its mouth.

I turned back to the silver bin, stepped on the pedal, fed it an empty packet of cigarettes from my pocket.

*Open wide.*

*Aaah. Thank you, mate.*

*You're welcome, mate.*

I left the bathroom, giggling, and walked straight into my mate.

*What's so funny?*

I told him he needed to walk into that loo right now and have the experience of a lifetime.

*What experience?*

*Can't describe it. You have to see for yourself. Meeting Batman pales by comparison.*

He was wearing a big puffer jacket with a furry collar, exactly like the one I'd worn to the North and South Poles. Without taking it off he walked into the loo.

I went to make myself another tequila.

Minutes later my mate appeared at my side. His face was white as a sheet.

*What happened?*

*Don't want to talk about it.*

*Tell me.*

*My puffer jacket...became a dragon.*

*A dragon? In the loo?*

*And tried to eat me.*

*Oh dear.*

*You sent me into a dragon's lair.*

*Shit. Sorry, mate.*

My delightful trip had been his hell.

How unfortunate. How interesting.

I led him outside gently, told him it would all be OK.

THE NEXT DAY WE WENT to another house party. Inland, though the air still smelt like ocean.

More tequila, more names thrown at me.

And more mushrooms.

We all started playing some kind of game, some kind of charades—I think? Someone handed me a joint. Lovely. I took a hit, looked at the rinsed creamy blue of the California sky. Someone tapped me on the shoulder, said they wanted me to meet Christina Aguilera. Oh, hello, Christina. She looked rather mannish. No, apparently I’d misheard, it wasn’t Christina Aguilera, it was the guy who co-wrote one of her songs.

“Genie in a Bottle.”

Did I know the lyrics? Did he tell me the lyrics?

*I’m a genie in a bottle*

*You gotta rub me the right way*

Anyway, he’d made a boatload from those lyrics, and now lived in high style.

*Good for you, mate.*

I left him, set off across the yard, and the memory trails away for a time. I seem to remember yet another house party...that day? The next?

Eventually, somehow, we made our way back to Monica’s. That is, Courteney’s. It was night. I walked down some stairs to her beachfront and stood with my toes in the ocean, watching the lacy surf come forward, recede, come forward, for what felt like ages. I looked from the water to the sky, back and forth.

Then I stared directly at the moon.

It was speaking to me.

Like the bin and the toilet.

What was it saying?

That the year ahead would be good.

*Good how?*

*Something big.*

*Really?*

*Big.*

*Not more of the same?*

*No, something special.*

*Really, Moon?*

*Promise.*

*Please don't lie to me.*

I was nearly the age Pa had been when he'd got married, and he'd been considered a tragically late bloomer. At thirty-two he'd been ridiculed for his inability or unwillingness to find a partner.

I was staring thirty-two in the face.

*Something has to change. Please?*

*It will.*

I opened my mouth to the sky, to the moon.

To the future.

*Aaaah.*

part 3 captain of my soul



# 1.

I WAS SITTING around Nott Cott, scrolling through Instagram. In my feed I saw a video: My friend Violet. And a young woman.

They were playing with a new app that put silly filters on your photos. Violet and the woman had dog ears, dog noses, long red dog tongues hanging out.

Despite the canine cartoon overlay, I sat up straighter.

This woman with Violet...my God.

I watched the video several times, then forced myself to put down the phone.

Then picked it up again, watched the video again.

I'd traveled the world, from top to bottom, literally. I'd hopscotched the continents. I'd met hundreds of thousands of people, I'd crossed paths with a ludicrously large cross-section of the planet's seven billion residents. For thirty-two years I'd watched a conveyor-belt of faces pass by and only a handful ever made me look twice. This woman stopped the conveyor-belt. This woman smashed the conveyor-belt to bits.

I'd never seen anyone so beautiful.

Why should beauty feel like a punch in the throat? Does it have something to do with our innate human longing for order? Isn't that what scientists say? And artists? That beauty is symmetry and therefore represents a relief from the chaos? Certainly my life to that point had been chaotic. I can't deny hungering for order, can't deny seeking a bit of beauty. I'd just come back from a trip with Pa, Willy and Kate to France, where we'd marked the anniversary of the Battle of the Somme, honored the British dead, and I'd read a haunting poem, "Before Action." It was published by a soldier two days before he'd died in action. It ended: *Help me to die, O Lord.*

Reading it out, I realized I didn't want to die. I wanted to live.

A fairly staggering revelation for me just then.

But this woman's beauty, and my response to it, wasn't based merely on symmetry. There was an energy about her, a wild joy and playfulness. There was something in the way she smiled, the way she interacted with Violet, the way she gazed into the camera. Confident. Free. She believed life was one grand adventure, I could see that. What a privilege it would be, I thought, to join her on that journey.

I got all of that from her face. Her luminous, angelic face. I'd never had a firm opinion on that burning question: Is there just one person on this earth for each of us? But in that moment I felt there might be only one *face* for me.

This one.

I sent Violet a message. *Who...is...this...woman?*

She answered straightaway. *Yeah, I've had six other guys ask me.*

Great, I thought.

*Who is she, Violet?*

*Actress. She's in a TV show called Suits.*

It was a drama about lawyers; the woman played a young paralegal.

*American?*

*Yeah.*

*What's she doing in London?*

*Here for the tennis.*

*What's she doing at Ralph Lauren?*

Violet worked for Ralph Lauren.

*She's doing a fitting. I can connect you guys, if you like.*

*Um, yes. Please?*

Violet asked if it would be all right to give the young woman, the American, my Instagram handle.

*Of course.*

It was Friday, July 1. I was due to leave London the next morning, heading to the home of Sir Keith Mills. I was to take part in a sailing race on Sir Keith's yacht, around the Isle of Wight. Just as I was stuffing the last few things into my overnight bag I glanced at my phone.

A message on Instagram.

From the woman.

The American.

*Hello!*

She said she'd got my info from Violet. She complimented my Instagram page. Beautiful photographs.

*Thank you.*

It was mostly photos of Africa. I knew she'd been there, because I'd studied her Instagram page too; I'd seen photos of her hanging out with gorillas in Rwanda.

She said she'd done some aid work there as well. With children. We shared thoughts about Africa, photography, travel.

Eventually we exchanged phone numbers, and migrated the conversation over to text, going late into the night. In the morning I moved from Nott Cott to the car, without a pause in the texting. I texted with her throughout the long drive to Sir Keith's place, continued through Sir Keith's hall—*How you doing, Sir Keith?*—and up the stairs and into his guestroom, where I locked the door and remained holed up, texting. I sat on the bed texting like a teenager until it was time to have dinner with Sir Keith and his family. Then, after dessert, I quickly returned to the guestroom and resumed texting.

I couldn't type fast enough. My thumbs were cramping. There was so much to say, we had so much in common, though we came from such different worlds. She was American, I was British. She was well-educated, I was decidedly not. She was free as a bird, I was in a gilded cage. And yet none of these differences felt disqualifying or even important. On the contrary, they felt organic, energizing. The contradictions created a sense of:

Hey...I know you.

But also: I need to know you.

Hey, I've known you forever.

But also: I've been searching for you forever.

Hey, thank God you've arrived.

But also: What took you so long?

Sir Keith's guestroom looked out onto an estuary. Many times, mid-text, I'd walk over to the window and gaze out. The view made me think of the Okavango. It made me think also of destiny, and serendipity. That convergence of river and sea, land and sky reinforced a vague sense of big things coming together.

It occurred to me how uncanny, how surreal, how bizarre, that this marathon conversation should have begun on July 1, 2016.

My mother's fifty-fifth birthday.

Late into the night, while waiting for her next text, I'd tap the American's name into Google. Hundreds of photos, each more dazzling. I wondered if she was googling me too. I hoped not.

Before turning out the light I asked how long she was going to be in London. Damn—she was leaving soon. She had to get back to Canada to resume filming her show.

I asked if I could see her before she left.

I watched the phone, waiting for the answer, staring at the endlessly fluttering ellipsis.

...

Then: *Sure!*

Great. Now: Where to meet?

I suggested my place.

*Your place? On a first date! I don't think so.*

*No, I didn't mean it like that.*

She didn't realize that being royal meant being radioactive, that I was unable to just meet at a coffee shop or pub. Reluctant to give her a full explanation, I tried to explain obliquely about the risk of being seen. I didn't do a good job.

She suggested an alternative. Soho House at 76 Dean Street. It was her headquarters whenever she came to London. She'd reserve us a table in a quiet room.

No one else would be around.

The table would be under her name.

Meghan Markle.

**A**FTER TEXTING half the night, into the wee hours, I groaned when that alarm rang at dawn. Time to get on Sir Keith's boat. But I also felt grateful. A sailing race was the only way I'd be able to put down my phone.

And I needed to put it down, just for a spell, to collect my wits.

To pace myself.

Sir Keith's boat was called *Invictus*. Homage to the games, God love him. That day it had a crew of eleven, including one or two athletes who'd actually competed in the games. The five-hour race took us around the Needles, and into the teeth of a gale. The wind was so fierce, many other boats dropped out of the race.

I'd sailed before, many times—I recalled one golden holiday, with Henners, trying to capsize our little Laser boat for laughs—but never like this, on open sea, in conditions so squally. The waves were towering. I'd never feared death before, and now I found myself thinking: Please don't let me drown before my big date. Then another fear took hold. The fear of no onboard loo. I held it in for as long as I possibly could, until I had no choice. I swung my body over the side, into the tossing sea...and still couldn't pee, mainly thanks to stage fright. The whole crew looking.

Finally I went back to my post, sheepishly hung from the ropes, and peed my pants.

Wow, I thought, if Ms. Markle could see me now.

Our boat won our class, came in second overall. Hooray, I said, barely pausing to celebrate with Sir Keith and the crew. My only concern was jumping into that water, washing the pee off my trousers, then racing back to London, where the bigger race, the ultimate race, was about to begin.

### 3.

**T**HE TRAFFIC WAS TERRIBLE. It was Sunday night, people were streaming back into London from their weekends in the country. Plus I had to get through Piccadilly Circus, a nightmare at the best of times. Bottlenecks,

construction, accidents, gridlock, I ran into every conceivable obstacle. Again and again my bodyguards and I would come to a full stop in the road and we'd just sit. Five minutes. Ten.

Groaning, sweating, mentally shouting at the mass of unmoving cars.  
*Come! On!*

Finally it couldn't be avoided. I texted: *Running a bit late, sorry.*

She was already there.

I apologized: *Horrible traffic.*

Her reply: *OK.*

I told myself: She might leave.

I told my bodyguards: *She's gonna leave.*

As we inched towards the restaurant I texted again: *Moving, but still slow.*

*Can't you just get out?*

How to explain? No, I couldn't. I wasn't able to go running through the streets of London. It would be like a llama running through the streets. It would make a scene, cause security nightmares; never mind the press it might attract. If I was spotted high-stepping towards Soho House, that would be the end of whatever privacy we might briefly enjoy.

Also, I had three bodyguards with me. I couldn't ask them suddenly to take part in a track-and-field event.

Texting wasn't the way to convey this, however. So I just...didn't answer. Which surely irritated her.

At last I arrived. Red-cheeked, puffing, sweaty, half an hour late, I ran into the restaurant, into the quiet room, and found her at a small sitting area on a low velvet sofa in front of a low coffee table.

She looked up, smiled.

I apologized. Profusely. I couldn't imagine many people had been late for this woman.

I settled into the sofa, apologized again.

She said she forgave me.

She was having a beer, some sort of IPA. I asked for a Peroni. I didn't want beer, but it seemed easier.

Silence. We took it all in.

She was wearing a black sweater, jeans, heels. I knew nothing about clothes, but I knew she was chic. Then again, I knew she could make anything look chic. Even a bivy bag. The main thing I noticed was the chasm between internet and reality. I'd seen so many photos of her from fashion shoots and TV sets, all glam and glossy, but here she was, in the flesh, no frills, no filter...and even more beautiful. Heart-attack beautiful. I was trying to process this, struggling to understand what was happening to my circulatory and nervous systems, and as a result my brain couldn't handle any more data. Conversation, pleasantries, the Queen's English, all became a challenge.

She filled the gap. She talked about London. She was here all the time, she said. Sometimes she just left her luggage at Soho House for weeks. They stored it without question. The people there were like family.

I thought: You're in London all the time? How have I never seen you? Never mind that nine million people lived in London, or that I rarely left my house, I felt that if she was here, I should've known. I should've been informed!

*What brings you here so often?*

*Friends. Business.*

*Oh? Business?*

Acting was her main job, she said, the thing she was known for, but she had several careers. Lifestyle writer, travel writer, corporate spokesperson, entrepreneur, activist, model. She'd been all over the world, lived in various countries, worked for the US embassy in Argentina—her CV was dizzying.

All part of the plan, she said.

*Plan?*

*Help people, do some good, be free.*

The waitress reappeared. She told us her name. Mischa. East European accent, shy smile, many tattoos. We asked about them; Mischa was more than happy to explain. She provided a needed buffer, a tapping of the brakes, a moment to take a breath, and I think she knew she was filling this role, and embraced it. I loved her for it.

Mischa left us and the conversation started to really flow. The initial awkwardness was gone, the warmth from our texting returned. We'd each had

first dates on which there was nothing to talk about, and now we both felt that special thrill when there's too much to talk about, when there isn't enough time to say all that needs to be said.

But speaking of time...ours was up. She gathered her stuff.

*Sorry, I have to go.*

*Go? So soon?*

*I have dinner plans.*

If I hadn't been late, we'd have had more time. I cursed myself, got to my feet.

A brief goodbye hug.

I said I'd take care of the bill and she said in that case she'd foot the bill for thank-you flowers to Violet.

*Peonies, she said.*

I laughed. *OK. Bye.*

*Goodbye.*

Poof, she was gone.

Compared to her, Cinderella was the queen of long goodbyes.

## 4.

I'D MADE PLANS TO MEET my mate after. Now I phoned him, told him I was on my way, and half an hour later I was barging into his house off the King's Road.

He took one look at my face and said: *What's happened?*

I didn't want to tell him. I kept thinking: Do not tell him. Do not tell him. Do not tell him.

I told him.

I recounted the entire date, then pleaded: *Shit, mate, what am I going to do?*

Out came the tequila. Out came the weed. We drank and smoked and watched...*Inside Out.*

An animated movie... about emotions. Perfect. I was thoroughly inside out.

Then I was peacefully numb. *Good weed, dude.*

My phone rang. *Oh, shit.* I held it up to my mate. *It's her.*

*Who?*

*HER.*

She wasn't just calling. She was FaceTiming.

*Hello?*

*Hello.*

*What are you up to?*

*Uh, I'm with my mate.*

*What's that in the background?*

*Oh, er—*

*Are you watching cartoons?*

*No. I mean, yeah. Kinda. It's... Inside Out?*

I moved to a quiet corner of the flat. She was back at her hotel. She'd washed her face. I said: *God, I love your freckles.*

She took a quick breath. Every time she was photographed, she said, they airbrushed out her freckles.

*That's insane. They're beautiful.*

She said she was sorry she'd had to run. She didn't want me to think she hadn't enjoyed meeting me.

I asked when I could see her again. *Tuesday?*

*I leave Tuesday.*

*Oh. Tomorrow?*

Pause.

*OK.*

Fourth of July.

We set another date. Back at Soho House.

SHE SPENT THAT WHOLE DAY at Wimbledon, cheering on her friend Serena Williams, from Serena's box. She texted me after the final set as she raced back to her hotel, then texted again while she changed, then texted me as she was rushing to Soho House.

This time I was already there—waiting. Smiling. Proud of myself.

She walked in, wearing a pretty blue sundress with white pinstripes. She was aglow.

I stood and said: *I bear gifts.*

A pink box. I held it forward.

She shook it. *What's this?*

*No, no, don't shake it!* We both laughed.

She opened the box. Cupcakes. Red, white and blue cupcakes, to be exact. In honor of Independence Day. I said something about the Brits having a very different view of Independence Day from the Yanks, but, oh, well.

She said they looked amazing.

Our waitress from Date One appeared. Mischa. She seemed genuinely happy to see us, to discover that there was a Date Two. She could tell what was happening, she got that she was an eyewitness, that she'd forever be part of our personal mythology. After bringing us a round of drinks she went away and didn't return for a long time.

When she did, we were deep in the middle of a kiss.

Not our first.

Meghan, holding my shirt collar, was pulling me towards her, holding me close. When she saw Mischa she released me immediately and we all laughed.

*Excuse us.*

*No problem. Another round?*

Again the conversation flowed, crackled. Burgers came and went, uneaten. I felt an overwhelming sense of Overture, Prelude, Kettle Drums, Act I. And yet also a sense of ending. A phase of my life—the first half?—was coming to a close.

As the night neared its end we had a very frank discussion. There was no way round it.

She put a hand to her cheek and said: *What're we gonna doooo?*

*We have to give this a proper go.*

*What does that even mean? I live in Canada. I'm going back tomorrow!*

*We'll meet. A long visit. This summer.*

*My summer's already planned.*

*Mine too.*

Surely in the whole summer we could find one small spot of time.

She shook her head. She was doing the full *Eat Pray Love*.

*Eat what now?*

*The book?*

*Ah. Sorry. Not really big on books.*

I felt intimidated. She was so the opposite of me. She read. She was cultured.

Not important, she said with a laugh. The point was, she was going with three girlfriends to Spain, and then with two girlfriends to Italy, and then—

She looked at her calendar. I looked at mine.

She raised her eyes, smiled.

*What is it? Tell me.*

*Actually, there's one small window...*

Recently, she explained, a castmate had advised her not to be so structured about her summer of eating, praying and loving. Keep one week open, this castmate said, leave room for magic, so she'd been saying no to all kinds of things, reserving one week, even turning down a very dreamy bike trip through the lavender fields of southern France...

I looked at my calendar and said: *I have one week open as well.*

*What if they're the same week?*

*What if?*

*Is it possible?*

*How crazy would that be?*

It was the same week.

I suggested we spend it in Botswana. I gave her my best Botswana pitch. Birthplace of all humankind. Most sparsely populated nation on earth. True garden of Eden, with 40 percent of the land given over to Nature.

Plus, the largest number of elephants of any nation on earth.

Above all, it was the place where I'd found myself, where I always re-found myself, where I always felt close to—magic? If she was interested in magic, she should come with me, experience it with me. Camp under the stars, in the middle of nowhere, which is actually Everywhere.

She stared.

*I realize it's crazy, I said. But all of this is obviously crazy.*

## 6.

**W**E COULDN'T FLY TOGETHER. For one thing, I was already going to be in Africa. I was scheduled to be in Malawi, doing conservation work with African Parks.

But I didn't tell her the other reason: We couldn't risk being seen together, the press finding out about us. Not yet.

So, she finished her *Eat Pray Love* thing, then flew from London to Johannesburg, then to Maun, where I'd asked Teej to meet her. (I wanted to do it myself, of course, but couldn't without creating a scene.) After an eleven-hour odyssey, including a three-hour layover in Johannesburg, and a hot car ride to the house, Meghan had every right to be grumpy. But she wasn't. Bright-eyed, eager, she was ready for anything.

And looking like...perfection. She wore cut-off jean shorts, well-loved hiking boots, a crumpled Panama hat that I'd seen on her Instagram page.

As I opened the gate to Teej and Mike's house, I handed her a chicken-salad sandwich, wrapped in clingfilm. *Thought you might be hungry.* I suddenly wished I had flowers, a present, something besides this measly sandwich. We hugged, and it was awkward, not just because of the sandwich but the unavoidable suspense. We'd talked and FaceTimed countless times since our first dates, but this was all new and different. And a bit strange.

We were both thinking the same things. *Is it going to translate? To another continent?*

*And what if it doesn't?*

I asked about the flight. She laughed about the Air Botswana crew. They were big fans of *Suits*, so they'd asked her to pose for a photo.

*Yay*, I said, thinking: Shit. If one member of the crew posted that photo, the cat would be out of the bag.

We all jumped into a three-bench truck, Mike driving, my bodyguards trailing, and set off. Straight into the sun. After an hour of tarmac roads, we were facing four hours of dirt tracks. To make the time go faster I pointed out every flower, plant, bird. *That's a francolin. That's a hornbill. It's like Zazu from The Lion King. That's a lilac-breasted roller, and he seems to be doing his mating display.*

After a respectful period of time, I held her hand.

Next, when the road got flatter, I ventured a kiss.

Just as we both remembered.

My bodyguards, fifty meters behind us, pretended not to see.

As we got further into the bush, as we neared the Okavango, the fauna began changing.

*There! Look!*

*Oh, my God. Is that...giraffes!*

*And over there, look!*

A family of warthogs.

We saw a breeding herd of elephants. Dads, mums, babies. *Hi, guys.* We started along a firebreak road and the birds were going nuts, which sent a weird shiver down my spine. *Lions in the area.*

*No way*, she said.

Something told me to look back. Sure enough, a flickering tail. I shouted for Mike to stop. He hit the brakes, threw the truck into reverse. There—standing right before us, a big fella. Daddy. And there, four youngsters, lounging under a shady bush. With their mums.

We admired them for a while, then drove on.

Shortly before dusk we arrived at a small satellite camp Teej and Mike had made up. I carried our bags to a bell tent beside a huge sausage tree. We were on the edge of a big forest, looking down a gentle slope to the river, and beyond: a floodplain teeming with life.

Meghan—whom I was now calling Meg, or sometimes just M—was stunned. The vivid colors. The pure, fresh air. She'd traveled, but she'd never seen anything like this. This was the world before the world was made.

She opened her small suitcase—she needed to get something. Here it comes, I thought. The mirror, the hairdryer, the makeup kit, the fluffy duvet, the dozen pairs of shoes. I was shamefully stereotyping: American actress equals diva. To my shock, and delight, there was nothing in that suitcase but bare essentials. Shorts, ripped jeans and snacks. And a yoga mat.

We sat in canvas chairs, watched the sun set and the moon rise. I whipped up some bush cocktails. Whisky with a splash of river water. Teej offered Meg a glass of wine and showed her how to cut the end off a plastic water bottle and turn it into a goblet. We told stories, laughed a lot, then Teej and Mike cooked us a lovely dinner.

We ate around the fire, staring at the stars.

At bedtime I guided Meg through the darkness to the tent.

*Where's the flashlight?* Meg asked.

*You mean the torch?*

We both laughed.

The tent was very small, and very Spartan. If she'd been expecting some glamping trip, she was now fully divested of that fantasy. We lay down inside, on our backs, feeling the moment, reckoning with the moment.

There were separate bedrolls, the result of much worry and many conversations with Teej. Didn't want to be presumptuous.

We pushed them together, lay shoulder to shoulder. We stared at the roof, listening, talking, watching moon shadows flutter across the nylon.

Then, a loud munching sound.

Meg bolted upright. *What's that?*

*Elephant*, I said.

Just one, from what I could tell. Just outside. Eating peacefully from the shrubs around us.

*She won't hurt us.*

*She won't?*

Soon after, the tent shook from a loud roar.

Lions.

*Are we going to be OK?*

*Yes. Don't worry.*

She lay down, put her head on my chest.

*Trust me, I told her. I'll keep you safe.*

## 7.

I WOKE JUST BEFORE DAWN, unzipped the tent quietly, tiptoed out. The stillness of a Botswana morning. I watched a flock of pygmy geese fly upriver, watched impala and lechwe having their morning drink at the water's edge.

The birdsong was incredible.

As the sun came up I gave thanks for this day, then walked down to the main camp for a piece of toast. When I returned I found Meg stretched on a yoga mat beside the river.

Warrior pose. Downward dog. Child's pose.

When she finished I announced: *Breakfast is served.*

We ate under an acacia tree, and she asked excitedly what the plan was.

*I have surprises.*

Beginning with a morning drive. We hopped into Mike's old doorless truck, went barreling into the bush. Sun on our cheeks, wind in our hair, we cruised through streams, bounced over hills, flushed lions out of deep grass. *Thanks for making such a racket last night, boys!* We came upon a large group of giraffes grazing the treetops, their eyelashes like rakes. They nodded good morning.

Not everyone was so friendly. Strolling by a vast watering hole, we saw a cloud of dust just up ahead. A grumpy warthog confronted us. He retreated when we stood our ground.

Hippos also snorted belligerently. We waved, retreated, jumped back into the truck.

We interrupted a pack of wild dogs trying to filch a dead buffalo from two lionesses. It wasn't going well. We left them to it.

The grass was golden, swaying in the wind. *Dry season*, I said to Meg. The air was warm, clean, a joy to breathe. We broke out a picnic lunch, washed it down with a couple of Savannah ciders. Afterwards we went for a swim in an estuary off the river, keeping our distance from the crocs. *Stay away from the dark water.*

I told her this was the cleanest, purest water in the world, because it was filtered by all that papyrus. Even sweeter than the water in the ancient bath at Balmoral, though... better not to think of Balmoral.

The anniversary was only weeks away.

At dusk we lay across the bonnet of the truck, watching the sky. When the bats came out, we went to find Teej and Mike. We turned on music, laughed and talked and sang and ate dinner again around the fire. Meg told us a bit about her life, about growing up in Los Angeles, about her struggles to become an actress, doing quick changes between auditions in her rundown SUV on which the doors didn't always work. She was forced to enter through the boot. She talked about her growing portfolio as an entrepreneur, her lifestyle website, which had tens of thousands of readers. In her free time she did philanthropic work—she was especially fierce about women's issues.

I was fascinated, hanging on every word, while in the background I heard a faint drumbeat: *She's perfect, she's perfect, she's perfect.*

Chels and Cress often mentioned my Jekyll-and-Hyde existence. Happy Spike in Botswana, tightly wound Prince Harry in London. I'd never been able to synthesize the two, and it bothered them, bothered me, but with this woman, I thought, I could do it. I could be Happy Spike all the time.

Except she didn't call me Spike. By now Meg had taken to calling me Haz.

Every moment of that week was a revelation and a blessing. And yet every moment also dragged us closer to the wrenching minute when we'd have to say goodbye. There was no way around it: Meg had to get back. I had to fly to the capital, Gaborone, to meet the president of Botswana, to discuss conservation issues, after which I was embarking on a three-phase lads' trip, months in the planning.

I would cancel, I told Meg, but my mates would never forgive me.

We said goodbye; Meg began to cry.

*When will I see you again?*

*Soon.*

*Not soon enough.*

*No. Not nearly.*

Teej put an arm around her and promised to take good care of her until her flight, several hours away.

Then one last kiss. And a wave.

Mike and I jumped into his white cruiser and headed to Maun airport, where we climbed into his small prop plane and, though it broke my heart, flew away.

## 8.

**T**HERE WERE ELEVEN OF US. Marko, of course. Adi, of course. Two Mikes. Brent. Bidders. David. Jakie. Skippy. Viv. The whole gang. I met up with them in Maun. We loaded three silver flat-bottomed boats and set off. Days of floating, drifting, fishing, dancing. In the evenings we got fairly loud and very naughty. In the mornings we cooked bacon and eggs over open fires, went for cold swims. I drank bush cocktails, and African beer, and ingested certain controlled substances.

When the weather got really hot, we decided to break out the Jet Ski. I had the presence of mind, beforehand, to remove my iPhone from my pocket and stow it in the Jet Ski console. I congratulated myself on being so prudent. Then Adi jumped on the back of the Jet Ski, followed by a very anarchic Jakie.

So much for prudent.

I told Jakie to get off. *Three's too many.* He wouldn't hear me.

What could I do?

Away we went.

We were cruising around, laughing, trying to avoid the hippos. We roared past a sandbar on which a ten-foot crocodile was sleeping in the sun. Just as I

curved the Jet Ski to the left I saw the croc open its eyes and slither into the water.

Moments later, Adi's hat flew off.

*Go back, go back,* he said.

I did a U-turn, not easy with three onboard. I brought us alongside the hat, and Adi leaned over to snatch it. Then Jakie leaned over to help. We all fell into the river.

I felt my sunglasses slip from my face, saw them plunk into the water. I dived after them. The moment I came up, I remembered the croc.

I could see Adi and Jakie thinking the same thing. Then I looked at the Jet Ski. Floating on its side. Shit.

*My iPhone!*

*With all my photos! And phone numbers!*

*MEG!*

The Jet Ski came to rest on the sandbar. We flipped it right and I grabbed my phone from the console. Soaked. Ruined. All the photos Meg and I had taken!

Plus all our texts!

I'd known this lads' trip would be wild, so I'd sent some photos to Meg and other mates before leaving, as a precaution. Still, the rest were surely lost.

More, how was I going to be in touch with her?

Adi said not to worry, we'd put the phone in rice, a surefire way to dry it out.

Hours later, the moment we got back to camp, that was just what we did. We submerged the phone in a big bucket of uncooked white rice.

I looked down, highly dubious. *How long will this take?*

*Day or two.*

*No good. I need a solution now.*

Mike and I worked out a plan. I could write a letter to Meg, which he'd take home with him to Maun. Teej could then photograph the letter and text it to Meg. (She had Meg's number on her phone: I'd given it to her when she first went to collect Meg from the airport.)

Now I just had to write that letter.

The first challenge was finding a pen among that bunch of muppets.

*Does anyone have a pen?*

*A what?*

*A pen.*

*I've got an EpiPen!*

*No! A pen. A biro! My kingdom for a biro!*

*Oh. A biro. Wow.*

Somehow I found one. The next challenge was finding a place to compose.

I went off under a tree.

I thought. I stared into space. I wrote:

*Hey Beautiful. OK you got me—can't stop thinking about you, missing you, LOTS. Phone went in river. Sad face...Apart from that, having an amazing time. Wish u were here.*

Mike left, letter in hand.

Days later, wrapping up the boat part of the lads' trip, we returned to Maun. We met up with Teej, who immediately said: *Relax, I've already had a reply.*

So it hadn't been a dream. Meg was real. All of it was real.

Among other things, Meg said in her reply that she was eager to speak to me.

Jubilant, I went off on the second part of the lads' trip, into the Moremi forest. This time I brought a sat phone. While everyone was finishing dinner I found a clearing and climbed the tallest tree, thinking the reception might be better.

I dialed Meg. She answered.

Before I could speak she blurted: *I shouldn't say this but I miss you!*

*I shouldn't say this as well but I miss you too!*

And then we just laughed and listened to each other breathe.

FELT ENORMOUS PRESSURE, the next day, sitting down to write the next letter. A paralyzing case of writer's block. I just couldn't find the words to express my excitement, my contentment, my longing. My hopes.

The next best thing, I figured, in the absence of lyricism, would be to make the letter physically beautiful.

Alas, I wasn't in a location conducive to arts and crafts. The lads' trip was now moving into phase three—an eight-hour game drive into the arse end of nowhere.

What to do?

At a break I jumped out of the truck, ran into the bush.

*Spike, where you going?*

I didn't answer.

*What's with him?*

Wandering wasn't advisable in these parts. We were deep in lion country. But I was hell-bent on finding...something.

I stumbled, staggered, saw nothing but endless brown grass. *Are we in the bloody Outback?*

Adi had taught me how to look for flowers in the desert. When it came to thornbushes, he always said, check the highest branches. So I did. And sure enough: Bingo! I climbed the thornbush, picked the flowers, put them into a little bag slung over my shoulder.

Later in our drive we came into a mopani forest, where I spotted two bright pink impala lilies.

I picked them too.

Soon enough I'd assembled a small bouquet.

We now came to a part of the forest scorched by recent fires. Within the charred landscape I spotted an interesting piece of bark from a leadwood. I grabbed it, nestled it into my bag.

We got back to camp at sunset. I wrote the second letter, singed the paper's edges, surrounded it with my flowers and placed it inside the burned bark, then took a photo of it with Adi's phone. I sent this to Meg and counted the seconds until I got a reply, which she signed "Your girl."

By means of improvisation, and sheer determination, I managed somehow, throughout that lads' trip, to stay in constant contact. When I finally returned

to Britain I felt a huge sense of accomplishment. I hadn't let soaked phones, drunken mates, lack of mobile reception, or a dozen other obstacles, scuttle the beginning of this beautiful...

What to call it?

Sitting in Nott Cott, bags all around me, I stared at the wall and quizzed myself. What is this? What's the word?

Is it...

The One?

Have I found her?

At long, long last?

I'd always told myself that there were firm rules about relationships, at least when it came to royalty, and the main one was that you absolutely must date a woman for three years before taking the plunge. How else could you know about her? How else could *she* know about you—and your royal life? How else could both of you be sure that this was what you wanted, that it was a thing you could endure together?

It wasn't for everybody.

But Meg seemed the shining exception to this rule. All rules. I knew her straightaway, and she knew me. The true me. Might seem rash, I thought, might seem illogical, but it's true: For the first time, in fact, I felt myself to be living in truth.

## 10.

**A**FRENZY OF TEXTING AND FaceTiming. Though we were thousands of miles apart, we were never actually apart. I'd wake up to a text. Instantly reply. Then: text, text, text. Then, after lunch: FaceTime. Then, throughout the afternoon: text, text, text. Then, late at night, another marathon FaceTime.

And still it wasn't enough. We were desperate to see each other again. We circled the last days of August, about ten days away, for our next meeting.

We agreed it would be best if she came to London.

On the big day, just after her arrival, she phoned as she was walking into her room at Soho House.

*I'm here. Come see me!*

*I can't, I'm in the car...*

*Doing what?*

*Something for my mum.*

*Your mum? Where?*

*Althorp.*

*What's Althorp?*

*Where my uncle Charles lives.*

I told her I'd explain later. We still hadn't talked about...all that.

I felt pretty sure she hadn't googled me, because she was always asking questions. She seemed to know almost nothing—so refreshing. It showed that she wasn't impressed by royalty, which I thought the first step to surviving it. More, since she hadn't done a deep dive into the literature, the public record, her head wasn't filled with disinformation.

After Willy and I had laid flowers at Mummy's grave, we drove together back to London. I phoned Meg, told her I was on my way. I tried to keep my voice nonchalant, not wanting to give myself away to Willy.

*There's a secret way into the hotel, she said. Then a freight lift.*

Her friend Vanessa, who worked for Soho House, would meet me and usher me in.

All went according to plan. After I'd met the friend and navigated a sort of maze through the bowels of Soho House, I finally reached Meg's door.

I knocked and suspended breathing while I waited.

The door flew open.

That smile.

Her hair was partly covering her eyes. Her arms were reaching for me. She pulled me inside and thanked her friend in one fluid motion, then slammed the door quickly before anyone saw.

I want to say we hung a Do Not Disturb sign on the door.

But I don't think there was time.

## 11.

**I**N THE MORNING WE NEEDED SUSTENANCE. We phoned room service. When they knocked at the door, I looked around frantically for a place to hide.

The room had nothing. No cubbyhole or wardrobes, no armoire.

So I lay flat on the bed and pulled the duvet over my head. Meg whispered to go into the bathroom but I preferred my hiding place.

Alas, our breakfast wasn't delivered by just any anonymous waiter. It was brought by a hotel assistant manager who loved Meg, and whom she loved, so he wanted to chat. He didn't notice that there were two breakfasts on the tray. He didn't notice the prince-shaped lump under the duvet. He talked and talked, and caught her up on all the latest, while I, in my duvet cave, started to run out of air.

Thank goodness for all that practice riding in the boot of Billy's police car.

When the man finally left, I sat up, gasping.

Then we both gasped, we were laughing so hard.

We decided to have dinner that night at my place, invite some friends over. We'd cook. Fun, we said, but it would mean food shopping first. There was nothing in my fridge besides grapes and cottage pies.

*We could go to Waitrose*, I said.

Of course we couldn't actually go to Waitrose *together*: that would cause a riot. So we drew up a plan to shop *simultaneously*, in parallel, and in disguise, without visibly acknowledging each other.

Meg got there minutes before me. She wore a flannel shirt, a bulky overcoat and a beanie, but I was still surprised that no one was recognizing her. Plenty of Brits watched *Suits*, surely, yet no one was staring. I'd have spotted her in a crowd of thousands.

Also, no one looked twice at her trolley, which was filled with her suitcases, and two large Soho House bags containing fluffy dressing-gowns she'd bought for us on checking out.

Equally anonymous, I grabbed a basket, walked casually up and down the aisles. Beside the fruit and veg I felt her stroll past me. Actually, it was more

a saunter than a stroll. Very saucy. We slid our eyes towards each other, just an instant, then quickly away.

Meg had cut out a roasted-salmon recipe from *Food & Wine* and with that we'd made a list and divided it in two. She was in charge of finding a baking sheet, while I was tasked with finding parchment paper.

I texted her: *What the F is parchment paper?*

She talked me onto the target.

*Above your head.*

I spun around. She was a few feet away, peering from behind a display.

We both laughed.

I looked back to the shelf.

*This?*

*No, the one next to it.*

We were cackling.

When we'd got through our list, I paid at the checkout, then texted Meg about where to meet. *Down the parking ramp, under the shop, people-carrier with blacked out windows.* Moments later, our shopping snug in the boot, Billy the Rock at the wheel, we roared out of the car park, heading for Nott Cott. I watched the city going past, all the houses and people, and I thought: *I can't wait for you all to meet her.*

## 12.

I WAS EXCITED TO welcome Meg to my home, but also embarrassed: Nott Cott was no palace. Nott Cott was palace adjacent—that was the best you could say for it. I watched her as she walked up the front path, through the white picket fence. To my relief she made no sign of dismay, gave no indication of disillusionment.

Until she got inside. Then she said something about a frat house.

I glanced around. She wasn't far off.

Union Jack in the corner. (The one I'd waved at the North Pole.) Old rifle on the TV stand. (A gift from Oman, after an official visit.) Xbox console.

*Just a place to keep my stuff*, I explained, moving around some papers and clothes. *I'm not here much.*

It was also constructed for smaller people, humans of a bygone era. Thus the rooms were tiny and the ceilings were doll's house low. I gave her a quick tour, which took thirty seconds. *Mind your head!*

I'd never noticed until then just how shabby the furniture was. Brown sofa, browner beanbag chair. Meg paused before the beanbag.

*I know. I know.*

Our dinner guests were my cousin Euge, her boyfriend Jack, and my mate Charlie. The salmon turned out perfectly and everyone complimented Meg on her culinary talents. They also devoured her stories. They wanted to hear all about *Suits*. And her travels. I was grateful for their interest, their warmth.

The wine was as good as the company, and there was plenty of it, and after dinner we moved into the snug, put on music and silly hats, and danced. I have a fuzzy memory, and a grainy video on my phone, of Charlie and me rolling on the floor while Meg sat nearby laughing.

Then we got into the tequila.

I remember Euge hugging Meg, as if they were sisters. I remember Charlie giving me a thumbs-up. I remember thinking: If meeting the rest of my family goes like this, we're home free. But then I noticed that Meg was feeling poorly. She complained of an upset stomach and looked terribly pale.

I thought: Uh-oh, lightweight.

She took herself off to bed. After a nightcap I saw our guests out and tidied up a bit. I got into bed around midnight and crashed out, but I woke at two A.M. to hear her in the bathroom, being sick, truly sick, not the drunken sick I'd imagined. Something else was going on.

Food poisoning.

She revealed that she'd had squid for lunch at a restaurant.

British calamari! Mystery solved.

From the floor she said softly: *Please tell me you're not having to hold back my hair while I'm vomiting.*

*Yes. I am.*

I rubbed her back and eventually put her to bed. Weak, near tears, she said she'd imagined a very different end to Date Four.

Stop, I said. Taking care of each other? That's the point.

That's love, I thought, though I managed to keep the words inside.

## 13.

**J**UST BEFORE MEG RETURNED TO CANADA we went to Frogmore gardens for a walk.

It was on the way to the airport.

A favorite spot of mine, I said. It spoke to her as well. She especially loved the swans, and especially one that was very grumpy. (We named him Steve.) Most swans are grumpy, I said. Majestic, but sourpusses. I always wondered why, since every British swan was the property of Her Majesty, and any abuse of them, thereby, was a criminal offense.

We chatted about Euge and Jack, whom she loved. We talked about Meg's work. We talked about mine. But mostly we talked about this relationship, a subject so immense it seemed inexhaustible. We continued the talk as we got back into the car and drove to the airport, and kept talking in the car park, where I dropped her on the sly. We agreed that if we were serious about giving ourselves a chance, a real chance, we'd need a serious plan. Which meant, among other things, making a vow never to let more than two weeks pass without seeing each other.

We'd both had long-distance relationships, and they'd always been hard, and part of the reason had always been lack of serious planning. Effort. You had to fight the distance, defeat that distance. Meaning, travel. Lots and lots of travel.

Alas, my movements attracted more attention, more press. Governments had to be alerted when I crossed international borders, local police had to be notified. All my bodyguards had to be shuffled. The burden therefore would fall on Meg. In the early days, it would have to be her spending time on

planes, her crisscrossing the ocean—while still working full-time on *Suits*. Many days the car came for her at 4:15 A.M. to take her to set.

It wasn't fair for her to shoulder the burden, but she was willing, she said. No choice, she said. The alternative was not seeing me, and that, she said, wasn't feasible. Or bearable.

For the hundredth time since July 1, my heart cracked open.

Then we said goodbye again.

*See you in two weeks.*

*Two weeks. God. Yes.*

## 14.

**S**OON AFTER THAT DAY, Willy and Kate invited me over to dinner.

They knew something was going on with me and they wanted to find out what it was.

I wasn't sure I was ready to tell them. I wasn't sure I wanted anyone else to know just yet. But then, as we sat around their TV room, both kids tucked into bed, the moment felt right.

I casually mentioned that there was...a new woman in my life.

They surged forward. *Who is she?*

*I'll tell you, but please, please, please, I need you both to keep it a secret.*

*Yes, Harold, yes, yes—who is it?*

*She's an actress.*

*Oh?*

*She's American.*

*Oh.*

*On a show called Suits.*

Their mouths fell open. They turned to each other.

Then Willy turned to me and said: *Fuck off!*

*What?*

*No way.*

*Sorry?*

*Impossible!*

I was baffled, until Willy and Kate explained that they were regular—nay, religious—viewers of *Suits*.

Great, I thought, laughing. I've been worrying about the wrong thing. All this time I'd thought Willy and Kate might not welcome Meg into the family, but now I had to worry about them hounding her for an autograph.

They barraged me with questions. I told them a bit of how we'd met, told them about Botswana, told them about Waitrose, told them I was smitten, but overall what I told them was heavily redacted. I just didn't want to give away too much.

I also said I couldn't wait for them to meet her, that I looked forward to the four of us spending lots of time together, and I confessed, for the umpteenth time, that this had long been my dream—to join them with an equal partner. To become a foursome. I'd said this to Willy so many times, and he'd always replied: *It might not happen, Harold! And you've got to be OK with that.* Well, now I felt that it *was* going to happen, and I told him so—but he still said to slow down.

*She's an American actress after all, Harold. Anything might happen.*

I nodded, a bit hurt. Then hugged him and Kate and left.

## 15.

**M**EG CAME BACK TO London a week later.  
October 2016.

We lunched with Marko and his family, and I introduced her to a few other close mates. All good. Everyone loved her.

Emboldened, I felt the time had come for her to meet my family.

She agreed.

First stop, Royal Lodge. To meet Fergie, because Meg already knew Fergie's daughter Euge, and Jack, so this seemed a logical baby step. But as

we neared Royal Lodge I got word on my phone.

Granny was there.

She'd popped in.

On her way from church back to the castle.

Meg said: *Fun! I love grandmas.*

I asked if she knew how to curtsy. She said she thought so. But she also couldn't tell if I was serious.

*You're about to meet the Queen.*

*I know, but it's your grandma.*

*But she's the Queen.*

We pulled into the driveway, drove across the gravel, parked next to the big green box hedge.

Fergie came outside, somewhat aflutter, and said: *Do you know how to curtsy?*

Meg shook her head.

Fergie demonstrated once. Meg imitated her.

There wasn't time for a more advanced tutorial. We couldn't keep Granny waiting.

As we walked towards the door Fergie and I both leaned into Meg, whispering quick reminders. *When you first meet the Queen it's Your Majesty. Thereafter it's just Ma'am. Rhymes with ham.*

*Just, whatever you do, don't talk over her,* we both said, talking over each other.

We entered the large front sitting room and there she was. Granny. The monarch. Queen Elizabeth II. Standing in the middle of the room. She turned slightly. Meg went straight to her and dropped a deep, flawless curtsy.

*Your Majesty. Pleasure to meet you.*

Euge and Jack were near Granny and they almost seemed to pretend not to know Meg. They were very quiet, very proper. Each gave Meg a quick kiss on the cheek, but it was pure royal. Pure British.

There was some bloke standing to the other side of Granny and I thought: Bogey at twelve o'clock. Meg looked to me for a clue as to his identity, but I couldn't help—I'd never seen him before. Euge whispered into my ear that he was a friend of her mum's. Ah, OK. I looked at him hard: *Brilliant.*

*Congratulations on being present for one of the most consequential moments of my life.*

Granny was dressed for church: a brightly colored dress and matching hat. I can't recall the color, I wish I could, but it was bright. Fancy. I could see Meg regretting her jeans and black sweater.

I was also regretting my shabby trousers. We didn't plan, I wanted to tell Granny, but she was busy asking about Meg's visit.

*Great, we said. Wonderful.*

We asked about the church service.

*Lovely.*

It was all very pleasant. Granny even asked Meg what she thought of Donald Trump. (This was just before the November 2016 election, so everyone in the world seemed to be thinking and talking about the Republican candidate.) Meg thought politics a no-win game, so she changed the subject to Canada.

Granny squinted. *I thought you were American.*

*I am, but I've been living in Canada for seven years for work.*

Granny looked pleased. Commonwealth. Good, fine.

After twenty minutes Granny announced she had to be going. My uncle Andrew, seated beside her, holding her handbag, began to escort her out. Euge went with her too. Before reaching the door Granny looked back to say goodbye to Jack, and to Fergie's friend.

She locked eyes with Meg, gave a wave and a warm smile. *Bye.*

*Bye. Lovely to meet you, Ma'am,* as she dipped into a curtsy again.

Everyone flooded into the room after she'd driven away. The whole vibe changed. Euge and Jack were their old selves, and someone suggested drinks.

Yes, please.

Everyone complimented Meg on her curtsy. So good! So deep!

After a moment Meg asked me something about the Queen's assistant.

I asked who she was talking about.

*That man holding the purse. That man who walked her to the door.*

*That wasn't her assistant.*

*Who was it?*

*That was her second son. Andrew.*

She definitely hadn't googled us.

## 16.

**N**EXT WAS WILLY. I knew he'd kill me if I let it go another minute. So Meg and I popped over one afternoon, shortly before he and I were due to leave on a shooting trip. Walking up to apartment 1A, under the huge arch, through the courtyard, I felt more nervous than I had before the meeting with Granny.

I asked myself why.

No answer came to mind.

We climbed the gray stone steps, rang the bell.

No reply.

After a wait the door opened and there was my big brother, a bit dressed up. Nice trousers, nice shirt, open collar. I introduced Meg, who leaned in and gave him a hug, which completely freaked him out.

He recoiled.

Willy didn't hug many strangers. Whereas Meg hugged most strangers. The moment was a classic collision of cultures, like flashlight-torch, which felt to me both funny and charming. Later, however, looking back, I wondered if it was more than that. Maybe Willy expected Meg to curtsy? It would've been protocol when meeting a member of the Royal Family for the first time, but she didn't know, and I didn't tell her. When meeting my grandmother, I'd made it clear—this is the Queen. But when meeting my brother, it was just Willy, who loved *Suits*.

Whatever, Willy got over it. He exchanged a few warm words with Meg, just inside the door, on the checkered floor of their hall. We were then interrupted by his spaniel, Lupo, barking as if we were burglars. Willy hushed Lupo.

*Where's Kate?*

*Out with the kids.*

*Ah, too bad. Next time.*

Then it was time to say goodbye. Willy needed to finish packing and we needed to go. Meg gave me a kiss and told us both to have fun on our shooting weekend, and off she went to spend her first night alone at Nott Cott.

Over the next few days I couldn't stop talking about her. Now that she and Granny had met, now that she and Willy had met, now that she was no longer a secret within the family, I had so much to say. My brother listened, attentive, always smiling thinly. Boring to hear someone besotted go on and on, I know, but I couldn't stop myself.

To his credit, he didn't tease, didn't tell me to shut up. On the contrary, he said what I'd hoped he'd say, even needed him to say.

*Happy for you, Harold.*

## 17.

**W**EEKS LATER, MEG AND I drove through the gate, into the lush gardens of Clarence House, which made Meg gasp.

*You should see them in the spring. Pa designed them himself.*

I added: *In honor of Gan-Gan, you know. She lived here before him.*

I'd mentioned Gan-Gan to Meg. I'd also mentioned that I used to live here at Clarence House, from when I was nineteen until I was about twenty-eight. After I moved out, Camilla turned my bedroom into her dressing room. I tried not to care. But, especially the first time I saw it, I cared.

We paused at the front door. Five o'clock, on the dot. Wouldn't do to be late.

Meg looked beautiful and I told her so. She was wearing a black-and-white dress, with a full skirt, patterned with flowers, and when I put my hand on her back I could feel how delicate the material was. Her hair was down, because I suggested she wear it that way. *Pa likes it when women wear their hair down.* Granny too. She often commented on "Kate's beautiful mane."

Meg was wearing little makeup, which I'd also suggested. Pa didn't approve of women who wore a lot.

The door opened and we were greeted by Pa's Gurkha butler. And by Leslie, his long-time house manager, who'd also worked for Gan-Gan. They led us down the long corridor, past the big paintings and gilt-edged mirrors, along the crimson carpet with the crimson runner, past the big glass cabinet filled with gleaming porcelain and exquisite heirlooms, up the creaky staircase, which rose three steps before jogging right, up another twelve steps, then jogged right again. There, at last, on the landing above us, stood Pa.

Beside him stood Camilla.

Meg and I had rehearsed this moment several times. *For Pa, curtsy. Say, Your Royal Highness, or Sir. Maybe a kiss on each cheek if he leans in, otherwise a handshake. For Camilla, no curtsy. Not necessary. Just a quick kiss or handshake.*

*No curtsy? You sure?*

I didn't think it appropriate.

We all went into a large sitting room. Along the way Pa asked Meg if it was true, as he'd been told, that she was the star of an American soap opera! She smiled. I smiled. I desperately wanted to say: *Soap opera? No, that's our family, Pa.*

Meg said she was in a cable drama that aired in the evening. About lawyers. Called *Suits*.

*Marvelous*, Pa said. *How splendid.*

We came to a round table laid with a white cloth. Beside it stood a trolley with tea: honey cake, flapjacks, sandwiches, warm crumpets, crackers with some creamy spread, shredded basil—Pa's favorite. All surgically laid out. Pa sat with his back to an open window, as far as possible from the popping fire. Camilla sat across from him, her back to the fire. Meg and I sat between them, across from one another.

I wolfed down a crumpet with Marmite; Meg had two smoked-salmon tea sandwiches. We were starving. We'd been so nervous all day that we hadn't eaten.

Pa offered her some flapjacks. She loved them.

Camilla asked how Meg took her tea, dark or light, and Meg apologized for not knowing. *I thought tea was tea.* This sparked a rollicking discussion about tea, and wine, and other libations, and Britishisms versus Americanisms, and then we were onto the larger subject of Things We All Like, which led straight to dogs. Meg talked about her two “fur babies,” Bogart and Guy, both of whom were rescues. Guy had a particularly sad story. Meg found him at a Kentucky kill shelter after someone abandoned him in deep woods, without food or water. Beagles, she explained, were put down in Kentucky more than in any other state, and when she saw Guy on the shelter’s website she fell in love.

I watched Camilla’s face darken. She was the patron of Battersea Dogs & Cats Home, so these kinds of stories always hit her hard. Pa too. He couldn’t bear to think of any animal suffering. He was undoubtedly reminded of the time his beloved dog, Pooh, got lost on the grouse moor in Scotland—probably down a rabbit hole—never to be seen again.

The conversation was easy, all four of us talking at once, but then Pa and Meg fell into a quiet chat, and I turned to Camilla, who seemed keener on eavesdropping than talking to her stepson but, alas, she was stuck with me.

Soon, we all switched. How weird, I thought, that we’re just instinctively observing the same protocol as we would at a state dinner with Granny.

Eventually the conversation broadened again to include everyone. We talked about acting and the arts generally. What a struggle it could be to make your way in such a trade, Pa said. He had a lot of questions about Meg’s career, and he looked impressed by the way she answered. Her confidence, her intelligence, I thought, caught him unawares.

And then our time was up. Pa and Camilla had another engagement. Royal life. Heavily regimented, overscheduled, so forth.

I made a note to explain all this later to Meg.

We all stood. Meg leaned towards Pa. I flinched; like Willy, Pa wasn’t a hugger. Thankfully, she gave him a standard British cheek-to-cheek, which he actually seemed to enjoy.

I walked Meg out of Clarence House, into those lush, fragrant gardens, feeling exultant.

Well, that’s that then, I thought. Welcome to the family.

## 18.

I FLEW TO TORONTO. End of October 2016. Meg was excited to show me *her* life, *her* dogs—*her* little house, which she adored. And I was eager to see it all, to know every last detail about her. (Though I'd snuck into Canada once before, briefly, this would be my first proper visit.) We walked the dogs in big, open ravines and parks. We explored the sparsely populated nooks and crannies of her neighborhood. Toronto wasn't London, but it also wasn't Botswana. So, be ever cautious, we said. Maintain the bubble. Keep wearing disguises.

Speaking of disguises. We invited Euge and Jack to join us for Halloween. And Meg's best friend Markus. Toronto's Soho House was having a big party and the theme was "Apocalypse." Dress accordingly.

I mumbled to Meg that I'd not had great luck with themed fancy-dress parties, but I'd give it another go. For help with my costume, I'd turned to a friend, the actor Tom Hardy, before I left home. I'd phoned him to ask if I could borrow his costume from *Mad Max*.

*The whole thing?*

*Yes, please, mate! The whole kit.*

He'd given it all to me before I left Britain, and now I tried it on in Meg's little bathroom. When I came out, she roared with laughter.

It was funny. And a little scary. But the main thing was: I was unrecognizable.

Meg, meanwhile, wore torn black shorts, a camo top, fishnet stockings. If that's the Apocalypse, I thought, bring on the end of the world.

The party was loud, dark, drunk—ideal. Several people did double-takes as Meg passed through the rooms, but no one looked twice at her dystopian date. I wished I could wear this disguise every day. I wished I could reuse it the next day and visit her on the set of *Suits*.

Then again, maybe not. I'd made the mistake of googling and watching some of her love scenes online. I'd witnessed her and a castmate mauling each other in some sort of office or conference room...It would take electric-shock therapy to get those images out of my head. I didn't need to see such

things live. Still, the point was moot: the next day was Sunday, so she wasn't working.

And then everything was rendered moot, everything was changed forever, because the next day was when news of our relationship broke wide open.

Well, we said, staring anxiously at our phones, it was going to happen eventually.

In fact, we'd had a heads-up that it was likely to happen that day. We'd been tipped, before heading off to the Halloween Apocalypse, that another apocalypse might be coming. More proof that the universe had a wicked sense of humor.

*Meg, you ready for what's headed our way?*

*Kinda. Are you?*

*Yes.*

We were sitting on her sofa, moments before I left for the airport.

*Are you scared?*

*Yes. No. Maybe.*

*We're going to be hunted. No two ways about it.*

*I'll just treat it as if we're in the bush.*

She reminded me of what I'd said in Botswana, when the lions were roaring.

*Trust me. I'll keep you safe.*

She'd believed me then, she said. She believed me now.

By the time I touched down at Heathrow, the story had...fizzled?

It was all unconfirmed, and there were no photos, so there was nothing to fuel it.

A moment's reprieve? Maybe, I thought, all will be well.

Nah. Calm before the shit storm.

IN THOSE FIRST HOURS and days of November 2016 there was a new low every few minutes. I was shocked, and scolded myself for being shocked. And for being unprepared. I'd been braced for the usual madness, the standard libels, but I hadn't anticipated this level of unrestrained lying.

Above all, I hadn't been ready for the racism. Both the dog-whistle racism and the glaring, vulgar, in-your-face racism.

The *Daily Mail* took the lead. Its headline: *Harry's girl is (almost) straight outta Compton*. Subhead: *Gang-scarred home of her mother revealed—so will he be dropping in for tea?*

Another tabloid jumped into the fray with this jaw-dropper: *Harry to marry into gangster royalty?*

My face froze. My blood stopped. I was angry, but more: ashamed. My Mother Country? Doing this? To her? To us? Really?

As if its headline wasn't disgraceful enough, the *Mail* went on to say that Compton had been the scene of forty-seven crimes in the last week alone. Forty-seven, imagine that. Never mind that Meg had never lived in Compton, never even lived near it. She'd lived half an hour away, as far from Compton as Buckingham Palace was from Windsor Castle. But forget that: Even if she *had* lived in Compton, years ago or currently, so what? Who cared how many crimes were committed in Compton, or anywhere else, so long as Meg wasn't the one committing them?

A day or two later the *Mail* weighed in again, this time with an essay by the sister of London's former mayor Boris Johnson, predicting that Meg would...do something...genetically...to the Royal Family. "If there is issue from her alleged union with Prince Harry, the Windsors will thicken their watery, thin blue blood and Spencer pale skin and ginger hair with some rich and exotic DNA."

Sister Johnson further opined that Meg's mother, Doria, was from "the wrong side of the tracks," and as stone-cold proof she cited Doria's dreadlocks. This filth was being blasted out to three million Britons, about Doria, lovely Doria, born in Cleveland, Ohio, graduate of Fairfax High School, in a quintessentially middle-class part of Los Angeles.

*The Telegraph* entered the fray with a piece slightly less disgusting, but equally insane, in which the writer examined from all angles the burning

question of whether or not I was legally able to marry a (gasp) divorcée.

God, they were already into her past and looking at her first marriage.

Never mind that my father, a divorcé, was currently married to a divorcée, or my aunt, Princess Anne, was a remarried divorcée—the list went on. Divorce in 2016 was deemed by the British press to be a scarlet letter.

Next *The Sun* combed through Meg's social media, discovered an old photo of her with a friend and a professional hockey player, and created an elaborate yarn about Meg and the hockey player having a torrid affair. I asked Meg about it.

*No, he was hooking up with my friend. I introduced them.*

So I asked the Palace lawyer to contact this paper and tell them the story was categorically false, and defamatory, and to remove it immediately.

The paper's response was a shrug and a raised middle finger.

*You're being reckless*, the lawyer told the newspaper's editors.

*Yawn*, said the editors.

We already knew for a fact that the papers had put private investigators onto Meg, and onto everyone in her circle, in her life, even many not in her life, so we knew that they were experts on her background and boyfriends. They were Meg-ologists; they knew more about Meg than anyone in the world apart from Meg, and thus they knew that every word they'd written about her and the hockey player was hot garbage. But they continued to answer the Palace lawyer's repeated warnings with the same non-answers, which amounted to a mocking taunt:

We. Don't. Care.

I huddled with the lawyer, trying to work out how to protect Meg from this attack and all the others. I spent most of every day, from the moment I opened my eyes until long past midnight, trying to make it stop.

Sue them, I kept telling the lawyer, over and over. He explained over and over that suing was what the papers wanted. They were hungry for me to sue, because if I sued that would confirm the relationship, and then they could really go to town.

I felt wild with rage. And guilt. I'd infected Meg, and her mother, with my contagion, otherwise known as my life. I'd promised her that I'd keep her safe, and I'd already dropped her into the middle of this danger.

When I wasn't with the lawyer, I was with Kensington Palace's comms person, Jason. He was very smart, but a tad too cool about this unfolding crisis for my liking. He urged me to do nothing. *You're just going to feed the beast. Silence is the best option.*

But silence wasn't an option. Of all the options, silence was the least desirable, the least defensible. We couldn't just let the press continue to do this to Meg.

Even after I'd convinced him that we needed to do something, say something, anything, the Palace said no. Courtiers blocked us hard. Nothing can be done, they said. And therefore nothing *will* be done.

I accepted this as final. Until I read an essay in the *Huffington Post*. The essayist said the mild reaction of Britons to this explosion of racism was to be expected, since they were the heirs of racist colonialists. But what was truly "unforgivable," she added, was my silence.

Mine.

I showed the essay to Jason, said we needed a course correction immediately. No more debate, no more discussion. We needed a statement out there.

Within a day we had a draft. Strong, precise, angry, honest. I didn't think it would be the end, but maybe the beginning of the end.

I read it one last time and asked Jason to let it fly.

## 20.

**J**UST HOURS BEFORE THAT statement went out, Meg was on her way to see me. She drove to Toronto's Pearson International Airport, paps chasing her, and made her way carefully through the crowds of travelers, feeling jittery, exposed. The lounge was full, so an Air Canada representative took pity on her and hid her in a side room. Even brought her a plate of food.

By the time she landed at Heathrow my statement was everywhere. And changing nothing. The onslaught continued.

In fact, my statement generated a whole new onslaught—from my family. Pa and Willy were furious. They gave me an earful. My statement made them look bad, they both said.

Why in hell?

Because they'd never put out a statement for *their* girlfriends or wives when *they* were being harassed.

So this visit wasn't like previous ones. It was the complete opposite. Instead of walking around Frogmore gardens, or sitting in my kitchen talking dreamily about the future, or just getting to know each other, we were stressed out, meeting lawyers, searching for ways to combat this madness.

As a rule, Meg wasn't looking at the internet. She wanted to protect herself, keep that poison out of her brain. Smart. But not sustainable if we were going to wage a battle for her reputation and physical safety. I needed to know exactly what was fact, what was false, and that meant asking her every few hours about something else that had appeared online.

*Is this true? Is that true? Is there a grain of truth in this?*

She'd often begin to cry. *Why would they say that, Haz? I don't understand. Can they just make stuff up?*

*Yes they can. And yes they do.*

Still, despite the mounting stress, the terrible pressure, we managed to protect our essential bond, never snapping at each other during those few days. As we came to the final hours of her visit, we were solid, happy, and Meg announced she wanted to make me a special goodbye lunch.

There was nothing in my fridge, as usual. But there was a Whole Foods down the street. I gave her directions, the safest route, past the Palace guards, turn right, towards Kensington Palace Gardens, down to Kensington High Street, there's a police barrier, take a right and you'll see Whole Foods. *It's massive, you can't miss it.*

I had an engagement but I'd be home soon.

*Baseball cap, jacket, head down, side gate. You'll be fine, I promise.*

Two hours later, when I got home, I found her inconsolable. Sobbing. Shaking.

*What is it? What's happened?*

She could barely get the story out.

She'd dressed just as I'd advised, and she'd run happily, anonymously, up and down the supermarket aisles. But as she rode the escalator a man approached. *Excuse me, do you know where the exit is?*

*Oh, yes, I think it's just up here to the left.*

*Hey! You're on that program—Suits, am I right? My wife loves you.*

*Oh. That's so nice! Thanks. What's your name?*

*Jeff.*

*Nice to meet you, Jeff. Please tell her I said thanks for watching.*

*I will. Can I get a picture...you know, for my mum?*

*Thought you said it was your wife.*

*Oh. Yeah. Heh.*

*Sorry, I'm just grocery shopping today.*

His face changed. *Well, even if I can't take a picture WITH you...that doesn't stop me taking pictures OF you!*

He whipped out his phone and followed her to the deli counter, snapping away while she looked at the turkey. For the turkey, she thought, hurrying to the checkouts. He followed her there too.

She got into the queue. Before her were rows and rows of magazines and newspapers, and on all of them, under the most shocking and disgusting headlines...was her. The other customers noticed as well. They looked at the magazines, looked at her, and now they too pulled out their phones, like zombies.

Meg caught two cashiers sharing a horrible smile. After paying for her groceries, she walked outside, straight into a group of four men with their iPhones aimed at her. She kept her head down, rushed up Kensington High Street. She was nearly home when a horse-drawn carriage came rolling out of Kensington Palace Gardens. Some sort of parade: the Palace gate was blocked. She was forced back along the main road, where the four men picked up the scent again, and chased her all the way to the main gate, screaming her name.

When she finally got inside Nott Cott, she'd phoned her best girlfriends, each of whom asked: *Is he worth this, Meg? Is anyone worth this?*

I put my arms around her, said I was sorry. So sorry.

We just held each other, until I slowly became aware of the most delicious smells.

I looked around. *Hang on. You mean...after all that...you still made lunch? I wanted to feed you before I left.*

## 21.

**T**HREE WEEKS LATER I was getting an HIV test at a drop-in clinic in Barbados.

With Rihanna.

Royal life.

The occasion was the upcoming World AIDS Day, and I'd asked Rihanna, at the last minute, to join me, help raise awareness across the Caribbean. To my shock she'd said yes.

November 2016.

Important day, vital cause, but my head wasn't in the game. I was worried about Meg. She couldn't go home because her house was surrounded by paps. She couldn't go to her mother's house, in Los Angeles, because it too was surrounded by paps. Alone, adrift, she was on break from filming, and it was Thanksgiving time. So I'd reached out to friends who had a house sitting empty in Los Angeles, and they'd generously offered it to her. Problem solved, for the moment. Still, I was feeling worried, and intensely hostile towards the press, and I was now surrounded by...press.

The same royal reporters...

Gazing at them all, I thought: *Complicit.*

Then the needle went into my finger. I watched the blood spurt and remembered all the people, friends and strangers, fellow soldiers, journalists, novelists, schoolmates, who'd ever called me and my family blue bloods. That old shorthand for aristocracy, for royalty, I wondered where it had come from. Someone said our blood was blue because it was colder than other people's, but that couldn't be right, could it? My family always said it was

blue because we were special, but that couldn't be right either. Watching the nurse channel my blood into a test tube, I thought: Red, just like everyone else's.

I turned to Rihanna and we chatted while I awaited the result. Negative.

Now I just wanted to run, find somewhere with Wi-Fi, check on Meg. But it wasn't possible. I had a full slate of meetings and visits—a royal schedule that didn't leave much wiggle room. And then I had to hurry back to the rusty Merchant Navy ship taking me around the Caribbean.

By the time I reached the ship, late that night, the onboard Wi-Fi signal was barely a pulse. I was only able to text Meg, and only if I stood on the bench in my cabin, phone pressed against the porthole. We were connected just long enough for me to learn that she was safe at my friend's house. Better yet, her mother and father had been able to sneak in and spend Thanksgiving with her. Her father had brought an armful of tabloids, however, which he inexplicably wanted to talk about. That didn't go well, and he'd ended up leaving early.

While she was telling me the story the Wi-Fi went out.

The merchant ship chugged on to its next destination.

I put down the phone and stared out of the porthole at the dark sea.

## 22.

**M**EG, DRIVING HOME FROM set, noticed five cars following her. Then they started chasing her.

Each car was driven by a man—shady-looking. Wolfish.

It was winter, Canada, so the roads were ice. Plus, the way the cars were spinning around her, cutting her off, running red lights, tailgating her, while also trying to photograph her, she felt sure she was going to be in a crash.

She told herself not to panic, not to drive erratically, not to give them what they wanted. Then she phoned me.

I was in London, in my own car, my bodyguard driving, and her tearful voice brought me right back to my childhood. Back to Balmoral. *She didn't make it, darling boy.* I pleaded with Meg to stay calm, keep her eyes on the road. My air-controller training took over. I talked her to the nearest police station. As she got out of the car, I could hear, in the background, paps following her to the door.

*C'mon, Meghan, give us a smile!*

*Click click click.*

She told the police what was happening, begged them for help. They had sympathy, or said they did, but she was a public figure, so they insisted there was nothing to be done. She went back to her car, paps swarming her again, and I guided her to her house, through the front door, where she collapsed.

I did too, a little. I felt helpless, and this, I realized, was my Achilles heel. I could deal with most things so long as there was some action to be taken. But when I had nothing to do...I wanted to die.

There was no real respite for Meg once she was inside her house. Like every previous night, paps and so-called journalists knocked at her door, rang the bell, constantly. Her dogs were losing their minds. They couldn't understand what was happening, why she wasn't answering the door, why the house was under assault. As they howled and paced in circles she cowered in the corner of her kitchen, on the floor. After midnight, when things quietened down, she dared to peep through the blinds and saw men sleeping in cars outside, engines running.

Neighbors told Meg they'd been harassed too. Men had gone up and down the street, asking questions, offering sums of money for any tidbit about Meg—or else a nice juicy lie. One neighbor reported being offered a fortune to mount, on their roof, live streaming cameras aimed at Meg's windows. Another neighbor actually accepted the offer, hitched a camera to his roof and pointed it straight at Meg's backyard. Again she contacted the police, who again did nothing. Ontario laws don't prohibit that, she was told. If the neighbor wasn't *physically* trespassing, he could hook the Hubble telescope up to his house and point it into her backyard, no problem.

Meanwhile, in Los Angeles, her mother was being chased every day, to and from her house, to and from the launderette, to and from work. She was

also being libeled. One story called her “trailer trash.” Another called her a “stoner.” In fact, she worked in palliative care. She traveled all over Los Angeles to help people at the end of their lives.

Paps scaled the walls and fences of many patients she visited. In other words, every day there was yet another person, like Mummy, whose last sound on earth...would be a click.

## 23.

**R**EUNITED. A quiet night at Nott Cott, preparing dinner together.  
December 2016.

Meg and I had discovered that we shared the same favorite food: roast chicken.

I didn't know how to cook it, so that night she was teaching me.

I remember the warmth of the kitchen, the wonderful smells. Lemon wedges on the cutting board, garlic and rosemary, gravy bubbling in a saucepan.

I remember rubbing salt on the skin of the bird, then opening a bottle of wine.

Meg put on music. She was expanding my horizons, teaching me about folk music and soul, James Taylor and Nina Simone.

*It's a new dawn. It's a new day.*

Maybe the wine went to my head. Maybe the weeks of battling the press had worn me down. For some reason, when the conversation took an unexpected turn, I became touchy.

Then angry. Disproportionately, sloppily angry.

Meg said something I took the wrong way. It was partly a cultural difference, partly a language barrier, but I was also just over-sensitive that night. I thought: Why's she having a go at me?

I snapped at her, spoke to her harshly—cruelly. As the words left my mouth, I could feel everything in the room come to a stop. The gravy stopped bubbling, the molecules of air stopped orbiting. Even Nina Simone seemed to pause. Meg walked out of the room, disappearing for a full fifteen minutes.

I went and found her upstairs. She was sitting in the bedroom. She was calm, but said in a quiet, level tone that she would never stand for being spoken to like that.

I nodded.

She wanted to know where it came from.

*I don't know.*

*Where did you ever hear a man speak like that to a woman? Did you overhear adults speak that way when you were growing up?*

I cleared my throat, looked away. *Yes.*

She wasn't going to tolerate that kind of partner. Or co-parent. That kind of life. She wasn't going to raise children in an atmosphere of anger or disrespect. She laid it all out, super-clear. We both knew my anger hadn't been *caused* by anything to do with our conversation. It came from somewhere deep inside, somewhere that needed to be excavated, and it was obvious that I could use some help with the job.

I've tried therapy, I told her. Willy told me to go. Never found the right person. Didn't work.

No, she said softly. Try again.

## 24.

**W**E LEFT KENSINGTON PALACE in a dark car, a completely different and unmarked car, both of us hiding in the back. We went through the rear gate, around 6:30 P.M. My bodyguards said we weren't being followed, so when we got stuck in traffic on Regent Street, we hopped out. We were going to the theater and didn't want to draw attention by arriving after the show had

started. We were so intent on not being late, on watching the clock, that we didn't see "them" trailing us—in brazen violation of stalking laws.

They shot us close to the theater. From a moving vehicle, through a bus stop window.

The shooters, of course, were Tweedle Dumb and Tweedle Dumber.

We didn't love being papped, especially by those two. But we'd managed to elude them for five months. Good run, we said.

The next time we got papped was a few weeks later, leaving dinner with Doria, who'd flown in with Meg. The paps got us, but missed Doria, happily. She'd turned to go to her hotel, we'd turned with my bodyguards to go to our car. The paps never saw her.

I'd been quite nervous about that dinner. It's always nerve-racking to meet a girlfriend's mother, but especially when you're currently making her daughter's life hell. *The Sun* had just recently run a front-page headline: *Harry's girl on Pornhub*. The story showed images of Meg, from *Suits*, which some perverts had posted on some porn site. *The Sun* didn't say, of course, that the images were used illegally, that Meg knew nothing about them, that Meg had had as much to do with porn as Granny had. It was just a trick, a way to bait readers into buying the paper or clicking on the story. Once the reader discovered there was nothing there, too late! Ad money was in the purse of *The Sun*.

We'd fought it, filed a formal complaint, but thankfully the subject didn't come up that night over dinner. We had happier things to discuss. Meg had just done a trip to India with World Vision, working on menstrual health management and education access for young girls, after which she'd taken Doria on a yoga retreat in Goa—a belated celebration of Doria's sixtieth birthday. We were celebrating Doria, celebrating being together, and doing it all at our favorite place, Soho House at 76 Dean Street. On the subject of India: we laughed about the advice I'd given Meg before she'd left: Do *not* take a photo in front of the Taj Mahal. She'd asked why and I'd said: *My mum*.

I'd explained that my mother had posed for a photo there, and it had become iconic, and I didn't want anyone thinking Meg was trying to mimic

my mother. Meg had never heard of this photo, and found the whole thing baffling, and I loved her for being baffled.

That dinner with Doria was wonderful, but I look back on it now as the end of the beginning. The next day, the pap photos appeared, and there was a new flood of stories, a new surge along the many channels of social media. Racism, misogyny, criminal stupidity—it all increased.

Not knowing where else to turn, I phoned Pa.

*Don't read it, darling boy.*

It's not that simple, I said angrily. I might lose this woman. She might either decide I'm not worth the bother, or the press might so poison the public that some idiot might do something bad, harm her in some way.

It was already happening in slow motion. Death threats. Her workplace on lockdown because someone, reacting to what they'd read, had made a credible threat. She's isolated, I said, and afraid, she hasn't raised the blinds in her house for months—and you're telling me not to read it?

He said I was overreacting. *This is sadly just the way it is.*

I appealed to his self-interest. Doing nothing was a terrible look for the monarchy. *People out there have strong feelings about what's happening to her, Pa. They take it personally, you need to understand that.*

He was unmoved.

## 25.

**T**HE ADDRESS WAS HALF an hour from Nott Cott. Just a quick drive across the Thames, past the park...but it felt like one of my polar journeys.

Heart pounding, I took a deep breath, knocked at the door.

The woman opened it, welcomed me. She led me down a short corridor to her office.

First door on the left.

Small room. Windows with venetian blinds. Right on the busy street. You could hear cars, shoes clicking on the pavement. People talking, laughing.

She was fifteen years older than me, but youthful. She reminded me of Tiggy. It was shocking, really. Such a similar vibe.

She pointed me to a dark green sofa and took a chair across the room. The day was autumnal, yet I was sweating profusely. I apologized. *I overheat easily. Also, I'm a bit nervous.*

*Say no more.*

She jumped up, ran out. Moments later she returned with a little fan, which she aimed at me.

*Ah, lovely. Thank you.*

She waited for me to begin. But I didn't know where to begin. So I began with my mum. I said I was afraid of losing her.

She gave me a long, searching look.

She knew, of course, that I'd already lost my mum. How surreal, to meet a therapist who already knows part of your life story, who's possibly spent beach holidays reading whole books about you.

*Yes, I've already lost my mum, of course, but I'm afraid that by talking about her, now, here, to a perfect stranger, and perhaps alleviating some of the pain of that loss, I'll be losing her again. I'll be losing that feeling, that presence of her—or what I've always felt as her presence.*

The therapist squinted. I tried again.

*You see...the pain...if that's what it is...that's all I have left of her. And the pain is also what drives me. Some days the pain is the only thing holding me together. And also, I suppose, without the pain, well, she might think...I've forgotten her.*

That sounded silly. But, well, there it was.

Most memories of my mother, I explained, with sudden and overwhelming sorrow, were gone. On the other side of the Wall. I told her about the Wall. I told her I'd spoken to Willy about my lack of memories of our mother. He'd advised me to look through photo albums, which I'd promptly done. Nothing.

So, my mother wasn't images, or impressions, she was mainly just a hole in my heart, and if I healed that hole, patched it up—what then?

I asked if all this sounded crazy.

*No.*

We were silent.

A long time.  
She asked me what I needed. *Why are you here?*  
*Look, I said. What I need...is to be rid of this heaviness in my chest. I need...I need...*  
*Yes?*  
*To cry. Please. Help me cry.*

## 26.

**T**HE NEXT SESSION I asked if it would be all right for me to lie down.  
She smiled. *I was wondering when you'd ask.*

I stretched out on the green sofa, tucked a pillow under my neck.

I spoke about the physical and emotional suffering. The panic, the anxiety.  
The sweats.

*How long has this been going on?*

*Two or three years now. It used to be much worse.*

I told her about the talk with Cress. During the skiing holiday. The top coming off the bottle, emotions fizzing all over the place. I'd cried a bit then...but it wasn't enough. I needed to cry more. And I couldn't.

I got around to talking about the deep rage, the ostensible trigger for seeking her out in the first place. I described the scene with Meg, in the kitchen.

I shook my head.

I vented about my family. Pa and Willy. Camilla. I frequently stopped myself, mid-sentence, at the sound of passersby outside the window. If they ever knew. Prince Harry in there yapping about his family. His problems. Oh, the papers would have a field day.

Which led us on to the subject of the press. Firmer ground. I let fly. My own countrymen and countrywomen, I said, showing such contempt, such vile disrespect, to the woman I loved. Sure, the press had been cruel to me

through the years, but that was different. I was born into it. And sometimes I'd asked for it, brought it on myself.

*But this woman has done nothing to deserve such cruelty.*

And whenever I complained about it, privately or publicly, people just rolled their eyes. They said I was whingeing, said I only pretended to want privacy, said Meg was pretending as well. *Oh, she's getting chased, is she? Wah-wah, give us a break! She'll be fine, she's an actress, she's used to paps, in fact, wants them.*

But no one wanted this. No one could ever get used to it. All those eye-rollers couldn't take ten minutes of it. Meg was having panic attacks for the first time in her life. She'd recently received a text from a perfect stranger who knew her address in Toronto and promised to put a bullet into her head.

The therapist said I sounded angry.

Shit, yes, I was angry!

She said that, no matter how valid my complaints, I also sounded stuck. Granted, Meg and I were living through an ordeal, but the Harry who'd snapped at Meg with such anger wasn't this Harry, the reasonable Harry, lying on this sofa and laying out his case. That was twelve-year-old Harry, traumatized Harry.

*What you're going through right now is reminiscent of 1997, Harry, but I also fear that part of you is trapped in 1997.*

I didn't like the sound of that. I felt a bit insulted. *Calling me a child? Seems a bit rude.*

*You say you want truth, you value truth above all—well, there's the truth.*

The session went over the allotted time. It lasted nearly two hours. When our time was up, we made a date to get together again soon. I asked if it would be all right if I gave her a hug.

*Yes, of course.*

I embraced her lightly, thanked her.

Outside, on the street, my head was swimming. In each direction there was an amazing collection of restaurants and shops, and I'd have given anything to walk up and down, look in the windows, give myself time to process all I'd said and learned.

But, of course, impossible.

Didn't want to cause a scene.

## 27.

THE THERAPIST, it so happened, had met Tiggy. Astounding coincidence. Smallest of all possible worlds. So in another session we talked about Tiggy, how she'd been a surrogate mum to me and Willy, how Willy and I had often turned women into surrogate mums. How often they'd eagerly cast themselves in that role.

Surrogate mums made me feel better, I admitted, and worse, because I felt guilty. *What would Mummy think?*

We talked about guilt.

I mentioned Mummy's experience with therapy, as I understood it. Didn't help her. Might've made things worse, actually. So many people preyed on her, exploited her—including therapists.

We talked about Mummy's parenting, how she could sometimes over-mother, then disappear for stretches. It seemed an important discussion, but also disloyal.

More guilt.

We talked about life inside the British bubble, inside the royal bubble. A bubble inside a bubble—impossible to describe to anyone who hasn't actually experienced it. People simply didn't realize: they heard the word “royal,” or “prince,” and lost all rationality. *Ah, a prince—you have no problems.*

They assumed...no, they'd been taught...it was all a fairytale. We weren't human.

A writer many Britons admired, a writer of thick historical novels that racked up literary prizes, had penned an essay about my family, in which she said we were simply...pandas.

*Our current royal family doesn't have the difficulties in breeding that pandas do, but pandas and royal persons alike are expensive to conserve and*

*ill-adapted to any modern environment. But aren't they interesting? Aren't they nice to look at?*

I'll never forget the highly respected essayist who wrote in Britain's most highly respected literary publication that my mother's "early death spared us all a lot of tedium." (He referred in the same essay to "Diana's tryst with the underpass.") But this panda crack always struck me as both acutely perceptive and uniquely barbarous. We did live in a zoo, but by the same token I knew, as a soldier, that turning people into animals, into non-people, is the first step in mistreating them, in destroying them. If even a celebrated intellectual could dismiss us as animals, what hope for the man or woman on the street?

I gave the therapist an overview of how this dehumanization had played out in the first half of my life. But now, with the dehumanizing of Meg, there was so much more hate, more vitriol—plus racism. I told her what I'd seen, heard, witnessed, over the last few months. At one point I sat up on the couch, crooked my neck to see if she was listening. Her mouth was hanging open. A lifelong resident of Britain, she'd thought she knew.

She didn't know.

At the end of the session I asked her professional opinion:

*Is what I'm feeling...normal?*

She laughed. What's normal anyway?

But she conceded that one thing was abundantly clear: I found myself in highly unusual circumstances.

*Do you think I have an addictive personality?*

More accurately, what I wanted to know was, if I did have an addictive personality, where would I be right now?

*Hard to say. Hypotheticals, you know.*

She asked if I'd used drugs.

Yes.

I told her some wild stories.

*Well, I am rather surprised you're not a drug addict.*

If there was one thing to which I did seem undeniably addicted, however, it was the press. Reading it, raging at it, she said, these were obvious compulsions.

I laughed. *True. But they're such shit.*

She laughed. *They are.*

## 28.

I ALWAYS THOUGHT CRESSIDA had performed a miracle, opening me up, releasing suppressed emotions. But she'd only started the miracle, and now the therapist brought it to completion.

All my life I'd told people I couldn't remember the past, couldn't remember my mum, but I never gave anyone the full picture. My memory was dead. Now, through months of therapy, my memory twitched, kicked, sputtered.

It came to life.

Some days I'd open my eyes to find Mummy...standing before me.

A thousand images returned, some so bright and vivid that they were like holograms.

I remembered mornings in Mummy's apartment at Kensington Palace, the nanny waking Willy and me, helping us down to Mummy's bedroom. I remembered that she had a waterbed, and Willy and I would jump up and down on the mattress, screaming, laughing, our hair standing straight up. I remembered the breakfasts together, Mummy loving grapefruit and lychees, seldom drinking coffee or tea. I remembered that after breakfast we'd embark on the working day with her, sitting by her side during her first phone calls, auditing her business meetings.

I remembered Willy and me joining her for a chat with Christy Turlington, Claudia Schiffer, and Cindy Crawford. Very confusing. Especially for two shy boys, at or about the age of puberty.

I remembered bedtimes in Kensington Palace, saying goodnight at the foot of the stairs, kissing her soft neck, inhaling her perfume, then lying in bed, in the dark, feeling so far away, so alone, and longing to hear her voice just one more time. I remembered my bedroom being the farthest from hers, and in the dark, in the terrible silence, being unable to relax, unable to let go.

The therapist urged me to press on. *We're breaking through*, she said. *Let's not stop*. I brought to her office a bottle of Mummy's favorite perfume. (I'd reached out to Mummy's sister, asked for the name.) First, by Van Cleef & Arpels. At the start of our session I lifted the lid, took a deep sniff.

Like a tab of LSD.

I read somewhere that smell is our oldest sense, and that fitted with what I experienced in that moment, images rising from what felt like the most primal part of my brain.

I remembered one day at Ludgrove, Mummy stuffing sweets into my sock. Outside sweets were forbidden, so Mummy was flouting school rules, giggling as she did so, which made me love her even more. I remembered both of us laughing as we buried the sweets deep in the sock, and me squealing: *Oh, Mummy, you're so naughty!* I remembered the brand of those sweets. Opal Fruits!

Hard squares of bright colors...not unlike these resurrected memories.

No wonder I was so keen on Grub Days.

And Opal Fruits.

I remembered going to tennis lessons in the car, Mummy driving, Willy and me in the back. Without warning she trod on the accelerator and we went rocketing ahead, up narrow streets, blasting through red lights, whipping around corners. Willy and I were strapped into our seats, so we couldn't look out of the back window, but we had a sense of what was chasing us. Paps on motorbikes and mopeds. *Are they going to kill us, Mummy? Are we going to die?* Mummy, wearing big sunglasses, peering into the mirrors. After fifteen minutes and several near smashes Mummy slammed on the brakes, pulled over, jumped out and walked towards the paps: *Leave us alone! For God's sake, I'm with my children, can't you leave us alone?* Trembling, pink-cheeked, she got back into the car, slammed the door, rolled up the windows, leaned her head on the steering wheel and wept while the paps kept clicking and clicking. I remembered the tears falling from her big sunglasses and I remembered Willy looking frozen, like a statue, and I remembered the paps just firing and firing and firing, and I remembered feeling such hatred for them and such deep and eternal love for everyone in that car.

I remembered being on holiday, Necker Island, all three of us sitting in a cliffside hut, and here came a boat with a gang of photographers, looking for us. We'd been playing with water balloons that day and we had a bunch of them lying about. Mummy quickly rigged up a catapult and divided the balloons among us. On the count of three we began raining them down on the heads of the photographers. The sound of her laughter that day, lost to me all these years, was back—it was back. Loud and clear as the traffic outside the therapist's windows.

I cried with joy to hear it.

## 29.

**T**HE SUN RAN A CORRECTION for their porn story. In a tiny box, on page two, where no one would see it.

What did it matter? The damage had been done.

Plus it cost Meg tens of thousands of dollars in legal fees.

I rang Pa yet again.

*Don't read it, darling—*

I cut him off. I wasn't about to hear that nonsense again.

Also, I wasn't a boy anymore.

I tried a new argument. I reminded Pa that these were the same shoddy bastards who'd been portraying him as a clown all his life, ridiculing him for sounding the alarm about climate change. These were *his* tormentors, *his* bullies, and now they were tormenting and bullying his son and his son's girlfriend—did that not inspire his outrage? *Why have I got to beg you, Pa? Why is this not already a priority for you? Why is this not causing you anguish, keeping you up at night, that the press are treating Meg like this? You adore her, you told me so yourself. You bonded over your shared love of music, you think she's funny and witty, and impeccably mannered, you told me—so why, Pa? Why?*

I couldn't get a straight answer. The conversation went in circles and when we hung up I felt—abandoned.

Meg, meanwhile, reached out to Camilla, who tried to counsel her by saying this was just what the press always did to newcomers, that it would all pass in due time, that Camilla had been the bad guy once.

The implication being what? Now it was Meg's turn? As if it were apples to apples.

Camilla also suggested to Meg that I become Governor General of Bermuda, which would solve all our problems by removing us from the red-hot center of the maelstrom. Right, right, I thought, and one added bonus of that plan would be to get us out of the picture.

In desperation I went to Willy. I took advantage of the first quiet moment I'd had with him in years: The end of August 2017, at Althorp. Twentieth anniversary of Mummy's death.

We rowed the little boat out to the island. (The bridge had been removed, to give my mother privacy, to keep intruders away.) We each had a bouquet of flowers, which we set on the grave. We stood there awhile, having our own thoughts, and then we talked about life. I gave him a quick summary of what Meg and I had been dealing with.

*Don't worry, Harold. No one believes that shit.*

*Not true. They do. It's drip-fed to them, day by day, and they come to believe it without even being aware.*

He didn't have a satisfying answer for that, so we were silent.

Then he said something extraordinary. He said he thought Mummy was here. Meaning...among us.

*Yes, me too, Willy.*

*I think she's been in my life, Harold. Guiding me. Setting things up for me. I think she's helped me start a family. And I feel as though she's helping you now too.*

I nodded. *Totally agree. I feel as though she helped me find Meg.*

Willy took a step back. He looked concerned. That seemed to be taking things a bit far.

*Well, now, Harold, I'm not sure about that. I wouldn't say THAT!*

## 30.

**M**EG CAME TO LONDON. September 2017. We were in Nott Cott. In the kitchen. Preparing dinner.

The whole cottage was filled with...love. Filled to overflowing. It even seemed to spill out the open door, into the garden outside, a scrubby little patch of ground that no one had wanted, for a very long time, but which Meg and I had slowly reclaimed. We'd raked and mown, planted and watered, and many evenings we sat out there on a blanket, listening to classical music concerts wafting over from the park. I told Meg about the garden just on the other side of our wall: Mummy's garden. Where Willy and I played as kids. It was now sealed off from us forever.

As my memories had once been.

*Whose garden is it now?* she asked.

*It belongs to Princess Michael of Kent. And her Siamese cats. Mummy despised those cats.*

As I smelt the garden, and considered this new life, cherished this new life, Meg was sitting on the other side of the kitchen, scooping Wagamama from cartons into bowls. Without thinking I blurted out: *I don't know, I just...*

I had my back to her. I froze, mid-sentence, hesitant to go on, hesitant to turn around.

*You don't know what, Haz?*

*I just...*

*Yes?*

*I love you.*

I listened for a response. There was none.

Now I could hear her, or feel her, walking towards me.

I turned and there she was, right before me.

*I love you too, Haz.*

The words had been on the tip of my tongue almost from the start, so in one sense they didn't feel particularly revelatory, or even necessary. Of course I loved her. Meg knew that, Meg could see it, the whole world could. I loved her with all my heart as I'd never loved anyone before. And yet saying it

made everything real. Saying it set things in motion, automatically. Saying it was a step.

It meant we now had a few more very big steps ahead.

Like...moving in together?

I asked if she'd consider moving to Britain, moving into Nott Cott with me.

We talked about all that would mean, and how it would work, and what she'd be giving up. We talked about the logistics of winding down her life in Toronto. When, and how, and above all...for what? Exactly?

*I can't just leave my show and quit my job to give it a shot. Would moving to Britain mean a forever commitment?*

Yes, I said. It would.

In that case, she said with a smile, yes.

We kissed, hugged, sat down to our supper.

I sighed. On the road, I thought.

But later, after she'd fallen asleep, I analyzed myself. A holdover from therapy, perhaps. I realized that, mixed in with all my roiling emotions, there was a big streak of relief. She'd said it back, the actual words, *I love you*, and it hadn't been inevitable, it hadn't been a formality. Part of me, I couldn't deny, had been braced for the worst case. *Haz, I'm sorry but I just don't know if I can do this...* Part of me feared she'd bolt. Go back to Toronto, change her number. Heed the advice of her girlfriends.

*Is anyone worth this?*

Part of me thought she'd be smart to do so.

## 31.

**B**Y PURE CHANCE THE 2017 Invictus Games were going to be in Toronto. Meg's backyard. Perfect occasion, the Palace decided, for our first official public outing.

Meg was a bit nervous. Me too. But we had no choice. Has to be done, we said. We've hidden from the world long enough. Also, this would be the most controlled, predictable environment we could ever hope for.

Above all, once we did a public date, it might reduce the bounty on our heads among the paps, which at that point was running at around a hundred thousand pounds.

We tried to make the whole thing as normal as possible. We watched wheelchair tennis from the front row, focused on the game and the good cause, ignored the whir of cameras. We managed to have fun, to crack a few jokes with some Kiwis sitting beside us, and the photos that appeared the following day were sweet, though several in the British press slammed Meg for wearing ripped jeans. No one mentioned that everything she wore, down to the flats and button-down shirt, had been pre-approved by the Palace.

And by "no one," I mean not anyone at the Palace.

One statement, that week, in defense of Meg...it might've made a world of difference.

## 32.

I TOLD ELF AND JASON that I wanted to propose.  
Congratulations, both men said.

But then Elf said he'd need to do some fast digging, find out the protocols. There were strict rules governing such things.

Rules? Really?

He came back days later and said before doing anything I'd need to ask Granny's permission.

I asked him if that was a real rule, or the kind we could work around.

*Oh, no, it's very real.*

It didn't make sense. A grown man asking his grandmother for permission to marry? I couldn't recall Willy asking before he proposed to Kate. Or my cousin Peter asking before he proposed to his wife, Autumn. But come to

think of it I did remember Pa asking permission when he wanted to marry Camilla. The absurdity of a fifty-six-year-old man asking his mother's permission had been lost on me at the time.

Elf said there was no point in examining the whys and hows, this was the inalterable rule. The first six in line to the throne had to ask permission. The Royal Marriages Act of 1772, or the Succession to the Crown Act of 2013—he was going on and on and I could barely believe my ears. The point was, love took a decided back seat to law. Indeed, law had trumped love on more than one occasion. A fairly recent relative had been...strongly dissuaded... from marrying the love of their life.

*Who?*

*Your aunt Margaret.*

*Really?*

*Yes. She'd wanted to marry a divorcé and...well.*

*Divorcé?*

Elf nodded.

Oh, shit, I thought. This might not be a slam dunk.

But Pa and Camilla were divorcés, I said, and they'd got permission. Didn't that mean the rule no longer applied?

That's them, Elf said. This is you.

To say nothing about the furor over a certain king who'd wanted to marry an American divorcée, which Elf reminded me had ended with the King's abdication and exile. *Duke of Windsor? Ever heard of him?*

And so, heart full of fear, mouth full of dust, I turned to the calendar. With Elf's help I circled a weekend in late October. A family shooting trip at Sandringham. Shooting trips always put Granny in a good mood.

Perhaps she'd be more open to thoughts of love?

LOUDY, BLUSTERY DAY. I jumped into the venerable old Land Rover, the ancient Army ambulance that Grandpa had repurposed. Pa was behind the wheel, Willy was in the back. I got into the passenger seat and wondered if I should tell them both what I was intending.

I decided against it. Pa already knew, I assumed, and Willy had already warned me not to do it.

It's too fast, he'd told me. Too soon.

In fact, he'd actually been pretty discouraging about my even dating Meg. One day, sitting together in his garden, he'd predicted a host of difficulties I could expect if I hooked up with an "American actress," a phrase he always managed to make sound like "convicted felon."

*Are you sure about her, Harold?*

*I am, Willy.*

*But do you know how difficult it's going to be?*

*What do you want me to do? Fall out of love with her?*

The three of us were wearing flat caps, green jackets, plus fours, as if we played for the same sports team. (In a way, I suppose, we did.) Pa, driving us out into the fields, asked about Meg. Not with great interest, just casually. Still, he didn't always ask, so I was pleased.

*She's good, thanks.*

*Does she want to carry on working?*

*Say again?*

*Does she want to keep on acting?*

*Oh. I mean, I don't know, I wouldn't think so. I expect she'll want to be with me, doing the job, you know, which would rule out Suits...since they film in...Toronto.*

*Hmm. I see. Well, darling boy, you know there's not enough money to go around.*

I stared. What was he banging on about?

He explained. Or tried to. *I can't pay for anyone else. I'm already having to pay for your brother and Catherine.*

I flinched. Something about his use of the name Catherine. I remembered the time he and Camilla wanted Kate to change the spelling of her name, because there were already two royal cyphers with a C and a crown above:

Charles and Camilla. It would be too confusing to have another. Make it *Katherine* with a *K*, they suggested.

I wondered now what came of that suggestion.

I turned to Willy, gave him a look that said: *You listening to this?*

His face was blank.

Pa didn't financially support Willy and me, and our families, out of any largesse. That was his job. That was the whole deal. We agreed to serve the monarch, go wherever we were sent, do whatever we were told, surrender our autonomy, keep our hands and feet inside the gilded cage at all times, and in exchange the keepers of the cage agreed to feed and clothe us. Was Pa, with all his millions from the hugely lucrative Duchy of Cornwall, trying to say that our captivity was starting to cost him a bit too much?

Besides which—how much could it possibly cost to house and feed Meg? I wanted to say, She doesn't eat much, you know! And I'll ask her to make her own clothes, if you like.

It was suddenly clear to me that this wasn't about money. Pa might have dreaded the rising cost of maintaining us, but what he really couldn't stomach was someone new dominating the monarchy, grabbing the limelight, someone shiny and new coming in and overshadowing him. And Camilla. He'd lived through that before, and had no interest in living through it again.

I couldn't deal with any of that right now. I had no time for petty jealousies and Palace intrigue. I was still trying to work out exactly what to say to Granny, and the time had come.

The Land Rover stopped. We piled out and lined up along the hedge being placed by Pa. We waited for the birds to appear. The wind was blowing, and my mind was all over the place, but as the first drive began I found that I was shooting well. I got into the zone. Maybe it was a relief to think about something else. Maybe I preferred focusing on the next shot, rather than the Big Shot I was planning to take. I just kept swinging that barrel, squeezing that trigger, hitting every target.

We broke for lunch. I tried, repeatedly, but wasn't able to get Granny by herself. Everyone was surrounding her, talking her ear off. So I tucked into the meal, biding my time.

A classic royal shooting luncheon. Cold feet warming by the fires, toasty potatoes, juicy meat, creamy soups, staff overseeing every detail. Then perfect puds. Then a little tea, a drink or two. Then back to the birds.

During the day's final two drives I was constantly sneaking peeks in Granny's direction, to see how she was doing. She seemed good. And very locked in.

Did she really have no idea what was coming?

After the final drive the party scattered. Everyone finished picking up their birds and returned to the Land Rovers. I saw Granny jump into her smaller Range Rover and drive out to the middle of the stubble field. She began looking for dead birds, while her dogs hunted.

There was no security around her, so this looked to be my chance.

I walked out to the middle of the stubble field, fell in alongside her, began helping. While we scanned the ground for dead birds, I tried to engage her in some light chat, to loosen her up, and to loosen up my vocal cords. The wind was stronger, and Granny's cheeks looked cold, despite the scarf wrapped tightly around her head.

Not helping matters: my subconscious. It was popping. The full seriousness of all this was finally starting to sink in. If Granny said no... would I have to say goodbye to Meg? I couldn't imagine being without her... but I also couldn't imagine being openly disobedient to Granny. My Queen, my Commander in Chief. If she withheld her permission, my heart would break, and of course I'd look for another occasion to ask again, but the odds would be against me. Granny wasn't exactly known for changing her mind. So this moment was either the start of my life, or the end. It would all come down to the words I chose, how I delivered them, and how Granny heard them.

If all that wasn't enough to make me tongue-tied, I'd seen plenty of press reports, sourced to "the Palace," that some in my family didn't quite, shall we say, *approve* of Meg. Didn't fancy her directness. Didn't feel altogether comfortable with her strong work ethic. Didn't even enjoy her occasional questions. What was healthy and natural inquisitiveness they deemed to be impertinence.

There were also whispers about a vague and pervasive unease regarding her race. “Concern” had been expressed in certain corners about whether or not Britain was “ready.” Whatever that meant. Was any of that rubbish reaching Granny’s ears? If so, was this request for permission merely a hopeless exercise?

Was I doomed to be the next Margaret?

*Oh. A biro. Wow.*

I thought back over the many hinge moments in my life when permission was required. Requesting permission from Control to fire on the enemy. Requesting permission from the Royal Foundation to create the Invictus Games. I thought of pilots requesting permission from me to cross my airspace. My life all at once felt like an endless series of permission requests, all of them a prelude to this one.

Granny started walking back to her Range Rover. I quick-stepped after her, the dogs circling my feet. Looking at them, my mind began to race. My mother used to say that being around Granny and the corgis was like standing on a moving carpet, and I used to know most of them, living and dead, as if they were my cousins, Dookie, Emma, Susan, Linnet, Pickles, Chipper, they were all said to descend from the corgis that belonged to Queen Victoria, the more things change the more they stay the same, but these weren’t corgis, these were hunting dogs, and they had a different purpose, and I had a different purpose, and I realized that I needed to get to it, without one second more of hesitation, so as Granny lowered the tailgate, as the dogs leaped up, as I thought of petting them but then remembered I had a dead bird in each hand, their limp necks nestled between my fingers, their glazed eyes rolled all the way back (I feel you, birds), their bodies still warm through my gloves, I turned instead to Granny and saw her turn to me and frown (Did she recognize that I was afraid? Of both the request for permission and of Her Majesty? Did she realize that, no matter how much I loved her, I was often nervous in her presence?) and I saw her waiting for me to speak—and not waiting patiently.

Her face radiated: *Out with it.*

I coughed. *Granny, you know I love Meg very much, and I’ve decided that I would like to ask her to marry me, and I’ve been told that, er, that I have to*

*ask your permission before I can propose.*

*You have to?*

*Um. Well, yes, that's what your staff tell me, and my staff as well. That I have to ask your permission.*

I stood completely still, as motionless as the birds in my hands. I stared at her face but it was unreadable. At last she replied: *Well, then, I suppose I have to say yes.*

I squinted. You feel you *have* to say yes? Does that mean you are saying yes? But that you want to say no?

I didn't get it. Was she being sarcastic? Ironic? Deliberately cryptic? Was she indulging in a bit of wordplay? I'd never known Granny to do any wordplay, and this would be a surpassingly bizarre moment (not to mention wildly inconvenient) for her to start, but maybe she just saw the chance to play off my unfortunate use of the word "have" and couldn't resist?

Or else, perhaps there was some hidden meaning beneath the wordplay, some message I wasn't comprehending?

I stood there squinting, smiling, asking myself over and over: What is the Queen of England saying to me right now?

At long last I realized: She's saying yes, you muppet! She's granting permission. Who cares how she words it, just know when to take yes for an answer.

So I sputtered: *Right. OK, Granny! Well. Fabulous. Thank you! Thank you so much.*

I wanted to hug her.

I longed to hug her.

I didn't hug her.

I saw her into the Range Rover, then marched back to Pa and Willy.

TOOK A RING from Meg's jewelry box and gave it to a designer, so he'd know her size.

Since he was also the keeper of Mummy's bracelets, earrings and necklaces, I asked him to harvest the diamonds from one particularly beautiful bracelet of Mummy's and use those to create a ring.

I'd cleared all this in advance with Willy. I'd asked my brother if I could have the bracelet, and told him what it was for. I don't recall him hesitating, for one second, in giving it to me. He seemed to *like* Meg, despite his oft-cited concerns. Kate seemed to like her too. We'd had them over for dinner during one of Meg's visits, and Meg cooked, and everything was good. Willy had a cold: he was sneezing and coughing, and Meg ran upstairs to get him some of her homeopathic cure-alls. Oregano oil, turmeric. He seemed charmed, moved, though Kate announced to the table that he'd never take such unconventional remedies.

We talked about Wimbledon that night, and *Suits*, and Willy and Kate weren't brave enough to admit to being superfans. Which was sweet.

The only possibly discordant note I could think of was the marked difference in how the two women dressed, which both of them seemed to notice.

Meg: ripped jeans, barefoot.

Kate: done up to the nines.

No big deal, I thought.

Along with the diamonds from the bracelet I'd asked the designer to add a third—a blood-free diamond from Botswana.

He asked if there was a rush.

*Well...now that you mention it...*

## 35.

**M**EG PACKED UP her house, gave up her role in *Suits*. After seven seasons. A difficult moment for her, because she loved that show, loved the

character she was playing, loved her cast and crew—loved Canada. On the other hand life there had become untenable. Especially on set. The show writers were frustrated, because they were often advised by the Palace comms team to change lines of dialogue, what her character would do, how she would act.

She'd also shut down her website and abandoned all social media, again at the behest of the Palace comms team. She'd said goodbye to her friends, goodbye to her car, goodbye to one of her dogs—Bogart. He'd been so traumatized by the siege of her house, by the constant ringing of the doorbell, that his demeanor changed when Meg was around. He'd become an aggressive guard dog. Meg's neighbors had graciously agreed to adopt him.

But Guy came. Not my friend, Meg's other dog, her beat-up little beagle, who was even more beat-up of late. He missed Bogart, of course, but more, he was badly injured. Days before Meg left Canada, Guy had run away from his minder. (Meg was at work.) He'd been found miles from Meg's house, unable to walk. His legs were now in casts.

I often had to hold him upright so he could pee.

I didn't mind in the least. I loved that dog. I couldn't stop kissing him, petting him. Yes, my intense feelings for Meg spilled over onto anyone or anything she loved, but also I'd wanted a dog for so long, and I'd never been able to have one because I'd been such a nomad. One night, not long after Meg's arrival in Britain, we were at home, making dinner, playing with Guy, and the kitchen of Nott Cott was as full of love as any room I'd ever been in.

I opened a bottle of champagne—an old, old gift I'd been saving for a special occasion.

Meg smiled. *What's the occasion?*

*No occasion.*

I scooped up Guy, carried him outside, into the walled garden, put him down on a blanket I'd spread on the grass. Then I ran back inside and asked Meg to grab her champagne flute and come with me.

*What's up?*

*Nothing.*

I led her out to the garden. Cold night. We were both wrapped in big coats, and hers had a hood lined with fake fur that framed her face like a cameo. I

set electric candles around the blanket. I wanted it to look like Botswana, the bush, where I'd first thought of proposing.

Now I knelt on the blanket, Guy at my side. Both of us looked up searchingly at Meg.

My eyes already full of tears, I brought the ring out of my pocket and said my piece. I was shivering, and my heart was audibly thumping, and my voice was unsteady, but she got the idea.

*Spend your life with me? Make me the happiest guy on this planet?*

*Yes.*

*Yes?*

*Yes!*

I laughed. She laughed. What other reaction could there be? In this mixed-up world, this pain-filled life, we'd done it. We'd managed to find each other.

Then we were crying *and* laughing, and petting Guy, who looked frozen solid.

We started for the house.

*Oh, wait. Don't you want to see the ring, my love?*

She hadn't even thought about it.

We hurried inside, finished our celebration in the warmth of the kitchen.

It was November 4.

We managed to keep it secret for about two weeks.

## 36.

**O**RDINARILY, I'D HAVE GONE to Meg's father first, asked for his blessing. But Thomas Markle was a complicated man.

He and Meg's mother split when she was two, and thereafter she divided her time between them. Monday to Friday with Mum, weekends with Dad. Then, for part of high school, she'd moved in with her father full-time. They were that close.

After college she'd traveled the world, but always stayed in constant contact with Daddy. She still, even in her thirties, called him Daddy. She loved him, worried about him—his health, his habits—and often relied upon him. Throughout her run on *Suits* she'd consulted him every week about the lighting. (He'd been a lighting director in Hollywood, won two Emmys.) In recent years, however, he hadn't been working regularly, and he'd sort of disappeared. He'd rented a small house in a Mexican border town and wasn't doing well overall.

In every way, Meg felt, her father would never be able to withstand the psychological pressures that come with being stalked by the press, and that was now happening to him. It had long been open season on everyone in Meg's circle, every current friend and ex-boyfriend, every cousin, including those she'd never known, every former employer or former co-worker, but after I proposed there was a frenzy around...the Father. He was considered the prize catch. When the *Daily Mirror* published his location, paps descended on his house, taunting him, trying to tempt or lure him outside. No fox hunt, no bear baiting was ever more depraved. Strange men and women dangled offers of money, gifts, friendship. When none of that worked, they rented the house next door and shot him day and night through his windows. The press reported that, as a result, Meg's father had nailed plywood over his windows.

But this wasn't true. He'd often had plywood nailed over his windows, even when living in Los Angeles, well before Meg started dating me.

Complicated man.

They'd then begun following him into town, tailing him on his errands, walking behind him as he went up and down the aisles of local shops. They'd run photos of him with the headline: GOT HIM!

Meg would often phone her father, urge him to remain calm. *Don't speak to them, Daddy. Ignore them, they'll go away eventually, as long as you don't react. That's what the Palace says to do.*

## 37.

IT WAS HARD for both of us, while dealing with all that, to focus on the million and one details of planning a royal wedding.

Strangely, the Palace had trouble focusing too.

We wanted to get married quickly. Why give the papers and paps time to do their worst? But the Palace couldn't seem to pick a date. Or a venue.

While waiting for a decree from on high, from the nebulous upper regions of the royal decision-making apparatus, we went off on a traditional "engagement tour." England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales—we traveled up and down and all over the UK, introducing Meg to the public.

Crowds went wild for her. *Meg, Diana would've loved you!* I heard women scream this again and again. A total departure from the tone and tenor of the tabloids, and also a reminder: the British press wasn't reality.

On our return from that trip I rang Willy, sounded him out, asked his thoughts about where we might get married.

I told him we were thinking of Westminster Abbey.

*No good. We did it there.*

*Right, right. St. Paul's?*

*Too grand. Plus Pa and Mummy did it there.*

*Hm. Yes. Good point.*

He suggested Tetbury.

I snorted. *Tetbury? The chapel near Highgrove? Seriously, Willy? How many does that place seat?*

*Isn't that what you said you wanted—a small, quiet wedding?*

In fact we wanted to elope. Barefoot in Botswana, with maybe a friend officiating, that was our dream. But we were expected to share this moment with other people. It wasn't up to us.

## 38.

I TURNED BACK TO the Palace. Any progress on a date? A venue?

Nope, was the reply.

How about March?

Alas, March was all booked.

How about June?

Sorry. Garter Day.

At last they came to us with a date: May 2018.

And they accepted our request for the location: St. George's Chapel.

That settled, we made our first public outing with Willy and Kate.

The Royal Foundation Forum. February 2018.

All four of us sat on a stage while a woman asked us softball questions before a fairly good-sized audience. The Foundation was nearing ten years of existence, and we spoke about its past while looking to its future with us four at the helm. The audience was keen, all four of us were having fun, the whole atmosphere was hugely positive.

Afterwards, one journalist dubbed us the Fab Four.

Here we go, I thought hopefully.

Days later, controversy. Something about Meg showing support for #metoo, and Kate not showing support—via their outfits? I think that was the gist, though who can say? It wasn't real. But I think it had Kate on edge, while putting her and everyone else on notice that she was now going to be *compared* to, and forced to compete with, Meg.

All this came on the heels of an awkward moment backstage. Meg asked to borrow Kate's lip gloss. An American thing. Meg forgot hers, worried she needed some, and turned to Kate for help. Kate, taken aback, went into her handbag and reluctantly pulled out a small tube. Meg squeezed some onto her finger and applied it to her lips. Kate grimaced. Small clash of styles, maybe? Something we should've been able to laugh about soon after. But it left a little mark. And then the press sensed something was up and tried to turn it into something bigger.

Here we go, I thought sorrowfully.

**G**RANNY FORMALLY APPROVED the marriage in March 2018.  
By royal decree.

Meanwhile, Meg and I were already a growing family. We brought home a new puppy—a sibling for little Guy. He'd been needing one, poor thing. So when a friend in Norfolk told me his black Labrador had a litter, and offered me a gorgeous amber-eyed female, I couldn't say no.

Meg and I named her Pula. The Setswana word for rain.

And good fortune.

Many mornings I'd wake to find myself surrounded by beings I loved, who loved me, and depended on me, and I thought I simply had no right to this much good fortune. Work challenges aside, this was happiness. Life was good.

And following along a predestined track, seemingly. The decree about the wedding coincided uncannily with the airing of Meg's farewell season of *Suits*, in which her character, Rachel, was also preparing to get married. Art and life, imitating each other.

Decent of *Suits*, I thought, marrying Meg off the show, instead of pushing her down a lift shaft. There were enough people in real life trying to do that.

That spring, however, the press was quieter. Keener about breaking news of wedding details than inventing new libels. Each day there was another "world exclusive" about the flowers, the music, the food, the cake. No detail too small, not even the Portaloos. It was reported that we'd be providing the poshest Portaloos on earth—porcelain basins, gold-plated seats—after being inspired by the ones at Pippa Middleton's wedding. In reality, we didn't notice anything different about how or where people went pee or poo at Pippa's, and we had nothing to do with choosing the Portaloos for ours. But we sincerely hoped that everyone would be able to do their thing in comfort and peace.

Above all, we hoped the royal correspondents would continue to write about poo instead of trying to stir it up.

So when the Palace encouraged us to feed more wedding details to those correspondents, known as the Royal Rota, we obeyed. At the same time, I told the Palace that on the Big Day, the happiest day of our lives, I didn't want to see one single royal correspondent inside that chapel, unless Murdoch himself apologized for phone hacking.

The Palace scoffed. It would be all-out war, the courtiers warned, to bar the Royal Rota from the wedding.

*Then let's go to war.*

I'd had it with the Royal Rota, both the individuals and the system, which was more outdated than the horse and cart. It had been devised some forty years earlier, to give British print and broadcast reporters first crack at the Royal Family, and it stank to high heaven. It discouraged fair competition, engendered cronyism, encouraged a small mob of hacks to feel entitled.

After weeks of wrangling, it was agreed: The Royal Rota wouldn't be allowed in the chapel, but they could gather outside.

A small win, which I hugely celebrated.

## 40.

**P**A WANTED TO HELP choose the music for the ceremony so he invited us one night to Clarence House, for dinner and...a concert.

He brought out his wireless and we began sampling music, wonderful music, all kinds of music. He wholly endorsed our desire to have an orchestra rather than an organist, and he played an assortment of orchestras to get us in the mood.

After a time, we segued into classical, and he talked about his love of Beethoven.

Meg spoke about her own deep feeling for Chopin.

She'd always loved Chopin, she said, but in Canada she grew dependent on him, because Chopin was the only thing that could soothe Guy and Bogart.

She played them Chopin day and night.

Pa smiled sympathetically.

As one piece ended, he'd quickly reload his wireless, begin humming or tapping his foot to the next. He was airy, witty, charming, and I kept shaking my head in amazement. I knew Pa loved music, but I never knew he loved it this much.

Meg evoked so much in him, qualities I'd rarely seen. In her presence Pa became boyish. I saw it, saw the bond between them growing stronger, and I felt strengthened in my own bond with him. So many people were treating her shabbily, it filled my heart to see my father treating her like the princess she was about to—maybe *born* to—become.

## 41.

**A**FTER ALL THE STRESS OF ASKING Granny for permission to marry Meg, I thought I'd never have the courage to ask her for anything else.

And yet I now dared to make another ask: *Granny, please, may I, for my wedding, keep my beard?*

Not a small ask either. A beard was thought by some to be a clear violation of protocol and long-standing norms, especially since I was getting married in my Army uniform. Beards were forbidden in the British Army.

But I was no longer in the Army and I desperately wanted to hang on to something that had become an effective check on my anxiety.

Illogical, but true. I'd grown the beard during my voyage to the South Pole, and I'd kept it after returning home, and it helped, along with therapy, and meditation, and a few other things, to quell my nerves. I couldn't explain it, though I did find articles describing the phenomenon. Maybe it was Freudian—beard as security blanket. Maybe it was Jungian—beard as mask. Whatever, it made me calmer, and I wanted to feel as calm as possible on the day of my wedding.

Also, my wife-to-be had never seen me without it. She loved my beard, she loved to grab it and pull me in for a kiss. I didn't want her coming down

the aisle and seeing a total stranger.

I explained all this to Granny, and she said she understood. Plus, her own husband liked to rock a bit of scruff now and then. Yes, she said, you may keep your beard. But then I explained it to my brother and he...bristled?

Not the done thing, he said. Military, rules, so forth.

I gave him a quick history lesson. I mentioned the many royals who'd been bearded and uniformed. King Edward VII. King George V. Prince Albert. More recently, Prince Michael of Kent.

Helpfully I referred him to Google Images.

Not the same, he said.

When I informed him that his opinion didn't really matter, since I'd already gone to Granny and got the green light, he became livid. He raised his voice.

*You went to ask her!*

*Yes.*

*And what did Granny say?*

*She said keep the beard.*

*You put her in an uncomfortable position, Harold! She had no choice but to say yes.*

*No choice? She's the Queen! If she didn't want me to have a beard I think she can speak for herself.*

But Willy always thought Granny had a soft spot for me, that she indulged me while holding him to an impossibly high standard. Because...Heir, Spare, etc. It irked him.

The argument went on, in person, on the phone, for more than a week. He wouldn't let it go.

At one point he actually ordered me, as the Heir speaking to the Spare, to shave.

*Are you serious?*

*I'm telling you, shave it off.*

*For the love of God, Willy, why does this matter so much to you?*

*Because I wasn't allowed to keep my beard.*

Ah—there it was. After he'd come back from an assignment with Special Forces, Willy was sporting a full beard, and someone told him to be a good

boy, run along and shave it. He hated the idea of me enjoying a perk he'd been denied.

It also, I suspected, brought back bad memories of being told he couldn't marry in the uniform of his choice.

Then he confirmed my suspicion. He said it outright: In one of our beard debates he complained bitterly about my being allowed to marry in my Household Cavalry frock coat, which he'd wanted to wear for *his* wedding.

He was being ridiculous, and I told him so. But he kept getting angrier and angrier.

Finally I told him flatly and defiantly that his bearded brother was getting married soon, and he could either get on board or not. The choice was up to him.

## 42.

I SHOWED UP TO my stag ready to party. To laugh, to have a good time, to get clear of all this stress. And yet I also feared that if I got too clear, got too drunk and passed out, Willy and his mates would hold me down and shave me.

In fact Willy told me, explicitly, in all seriousness, *that this was his plan*.

So, while having fun, I was also at all times keeping my older brother in my sight.

The stag was at a friend's house in the Hampshire countryside. Not on the south coast, or in Canada, or in Africa, all of which were reported as its location.

Aside from my older brother, fifteen mates were in attendance.

The host kitted out his indoor tennis court with various boy toys:

Giant boxing gloves.

Bows and arrows, à la *Lord of the Rings*.

A mechanical bull.

We painted our faces and rough-housed like idiots. Great fun.

After an hour or two I was tired, and relieved when someone shouted that lunch was ready.

We had a big picnic in a large, airy barn, then trooped off to a makeshift shooting range.

Arming that drunken lot to the teeth—dangerous idea. But somehow no one was hurt.

When everyone was bored of firing rifles, they dressed me as a giant yellow feathered chicken and sent me downrange to shoot fireworks at me. All right, I *offered* to do it. *Whoever comes closest wins!* I flashed back to those long-ago weekends in Norfolk, dodging fireworks with Hugh and Emilie's boys.

I wondered if Willy did too.

How had we drifted so far from the closeness of those days?

Or had we?

Maybe, I thought, we can *still* recapture it.

Now that I'm to be married.

## 43.

**T**HERE HAD BEEN SPIRITED ARGUMENTS in the back corridors of the Palace about whether or not Meg could—or should—wear a veil. Not possible, some said.

For a divorcée, a veil was thought to be out of the question.

But the powers that be, unexpectedly, showed some flexibility on the subject.

Next came the question of a tiara. My aunts asked if Meg would like to wear my mother's. We were both touched. Meg then spent hours and hours with her dress designer, getting the veil to match the tiara, giving it a similar scalloped edge.

Shortly before the wedding, however, Granny reached out. She offered us access to *her* collection of tiaras. She even invited us to Buckingham Palace

to try them on. *Do come over*, I remember her saying.

Extraordinary morning. We walked into Granny's private dressing room, right next to her bedroom, a space I'd never been in. Along with Granny was a jewelry expert, an eminent historian who knew the lineage of each stone in the royal collection. Also present was Granny's dresser and confidante, Angela. Five tiaras were arrayed on a table, and Granny directed Meg to try on each one before a full-length mirror. I stood behind, watching.

One was all emeralds. One was aquamarines. Each was more dazzlingly stunning than the last. Each took my breath.

I wasn't the only one. Granny said to Meg quite tenderly: *Tiaras suit you.*

Meg melted. *Thank you, Ma'am.*

One of the five, however, stood out. Everyone agreed. It was beautiful, seemingly made for Meg. Granny said it would be placed in a safe directly and she looked forward to seeing it on Meg's head come the Big Day.

*Make sure*, she added, *that you practice putting it on. With your hairdresser. It's tricky and you don't want to be doing it for the first time on the wedding day.*

We left the Palace feeling awed and loved and grateful.

A week later we contacted Angela and asked her to please send us the chosen tiara so we could practice putting it on. We'd done research, and we'd spoken to Kate about her own experience, and we'd learned that Granny's warning was spot on. The placing of the tiara was an intricate, elaborate process. It had to be first sewn to the veil, then Meg's hairdresser would need to fix it to a small plait in her hair. Complicated, time-consuming—we'd need at least one dress rehearsal.

For some reason, however, Angela didn't respond to any of our messages.

We kept trying.

No response.

When we finally reached her, she said the tiara would require an orderly and a police escort to leave the Palace.

That sounded... a bit much. But all right, I said, if that's protocol, let's find an orderly and a police officer and get the ball rolling. Time was running out.

Inexplicably, she replied: *Can't be done.*

*Why can't it?*

Her schedule was too busy.

She was being obstructive, obviously, but for what reason? We couldn't even hazard a guess. I considered going to Granny, but that would probably mean sparking an all-out confrontation, and I wasn't quite sure with whom Granny would side.

Also, to my mind, Angela was a troublemaker, and I didn't need her as an enemy.

Above all, *she was still in possession of that tiara.*

She held all the cards.

## 44.

**T**HOUGH THE PRESS WAS mostly laying off Meg, mostly staying focused on the approaching wedding, the harm was already done. After eighteen months of trashing her, they'd riled up all the trolls, who were now crawling out of their cellars and lairs. Ever since we'd acknowledged that we were a couple, we'd been flooded with racist taunts and death threats on social media. (*See ya later, race traitor!*) But now the official threat level, used by Palace security to allocate personnel and guns, had reached vertiginous heights. In pre-wedding conversations with police we learned that we'd become *the* prized target for terrorists and extremists. I remembered General Dannatt saying I was a bullet magnet, that anyone standing next to me would be unsafe. Well, I was a bullet magnet again, but standing next to me would be the person I loved most in the world.

There's been some reporting about the Palace deciding to instruct Meg in guerrilla warfare, and survival tactics, in the event of a kidnapping attempt. A bestselling book describes the day Special Forces came to our house, grabbed Meg, put her through several intense days of drills, pushing her into back seats and car boots, speeding away to safe houses—all of which is utter nonsense. Meg wasn't given one minute of training. On the contrary, the Palace floated the idea of not giving her any security at all, because I was now sixth in line to the throne. How I wished reports about Special Forces were even partly true! How I longed to phone my mates in Special Forces, have them come and train Meg and re-train me. Or, better yet, pitch in, protect us. For that matter, how I wished I could send Special Forces to go and grab that tiara.

Angela still hadn't delivered it.

Meg's hairdresser had come in from France for the rehearsal, and the tiara still wasn't there. So he'd gone back.

Again, we phoned Angela. Again, nothing.

Finally, Angela appeared out of thin air at Kensington Palace. I met her in the Audience Room.

She put before me a release, which I signed, and then she handed me the tiara.

I thanked her, though I added that it would've made our lives so much easier to have had it sooner.

Her eyes were fire. She started having a go at me.

*Angela, you really want to do this now? Really? Now?*

She fixed me with a look that made me shiver. I could read in her face a clear warning.

*This isn't over.*

## 45.

**M**EG HAD SPENT MONTHS trying to soothe her father. There was always something new that he'd read about himself, something derogatory he'd taken to heart. His pride was constantly wounded. Every day there was another humiliating photo in the papers. Thomas Markle buying a new loo. Thomas Markle buying a six-pack. Thomas Markle with his belly hanging over his belt.

We understood. Meg told him we knew how he felt. The press, the paps, they were awful. Impossible to totally ignore what's written, she acknowledged. But please do try to ignore them *in person*. Ignore anyone who approaches, Daddy. Be on guard against anyone who pretends to be your best friend. He seemed to be listening. He started to sound as if he was in a better place, mentally.

Then, the Saturday before the wedding, Jason phoned us. *We've got a problem.*

*What?*

*The Mail on Sunday is going to run a story saying that Meg's father has been working with the paps and, for money, has staged some candid photos.*

We immediately phoned Meg's dad, told him what was coming. We asked if it was true. Had he staged a bunch of candid photos for money?

*No.*

Meg said: *We might be able to kill this story, Daddy, but if it turns out you're lying, we'll never be able to kill a false story about ourselves, or our children, again. So this is serious. You must tell us the truth.*

He swore that he'd never staged any photos, that he hadn't taken part in any such charade, that he didn't know the pap in question.

Meg whispered to me: *I believe him.*

In that case, we told him, leave Mexico right now: A whole new level of harassment is about to rain down on you, so come to Britain. Now. We'll arrange for an apartment where you can hole up safely until your flight.

Air New Zealand, first class, booked and paid for by Meg.

We would immediately send a car with private security to pick him up.

He said he had things to do.

Now Meg's face changed. Something was up.

She turned to me again and sighed: *He's lying.*

The story broke the next morning and it was worse than we feared. There was video of Meg's father meeting the pap at an internet café. There was a series of farcically staged shots, including one of him reading a book about Britain as if studying for the wedding. The photos, reportedly worth a hundred thousand pounds, seemed to prove beyond all doubt that Meg's father had indeed been lying. He'd taken part in this fakery, maybe to make some money, or maybe they had some leverage on him. We didn't know.

Headlines read: *Meg Markle's father a con artist! Staged candid photos for money!*

A week before the wedding, this now became *the* story.

Though the photos had been taken weeks before, they'd been held in reserve until the most devastating possible moment.

Soon after the story broke, Thomas Markle sent us a text:

*I'm so ashamed.*

We phoned him.  
And texted him.  
And phoned again.  
*We're not angry, please pick up.*  
He didn't answer.  
Then we heard, along with the rest of the world, that he'd apparently had a heart attack and wasn't coming to the wedding.

## 46.

**T**HE NEXT DAY Meg had a text from Kate.

There was a problem with the dresses for the bridesmaids, apparently. They needed altering. The dresses were French couture, hand-sewn from measurements only. So it wasn't a big shock that they might need altering.

Meg didn't reply to Kate straightaway. Yes, she had endless wedding-related texts, but mostly she was dealing with the chaos surrounding her father. So the next morning she texted Kate that our tailor was standing by. At the Palace. His name was Ajay.

This wasn't sufficient.

They set up a time to speak that afternoon

*Charlotte's dress is too big, too long, too baggy. She cried when she tried it on at home,* Kate said.

*Right, and I told you the tailor has been standing by since eight a.m. Here. At KP. Can you take Charlotte to have it altered, as the other moms are doing?*

*No, all the dresses need to be remade.*

Her own wedding dress designer agreed, Kate added.

Meg asked if Kate was aware of what was going on right now. With her father.

Kate said she was well aware, but the dresses. *And the wedding is in four days!*

*Yes, Kate, I know...*

And Kate had other problems with the way Meg was planning her wedding. Something about a party for the page boys?

*The page boys?* Half the kids in the wedding are from North America. They haven't even arrived yet.

It went back and forth.

*I'm not sure what else to say. If the dress doesn't fit then please take Charlotte to see Ajay. He's been waiting all day.*

*Fine.*

A short time later I arrived home and found Meg on the floor. Sobbing.

I was horrified to see her so upset, but I didn't think it a catastrophe. Emotions were running high, of course, after the stress of the last week, the last month, the last day. It was intolerable—but temporary. Kate hadn't meant any harm, I told her.

Indeed the next morning Kate came by with flowers and a card that said she was sorry. Meg's best friend, Lindsay, was in the kitchen when she turned up.

Simple misunderstanding, I told myself.

## 47.

ON THE EVE OF the wedding I stayed at Coworth Park Hotel. A private cottage. Several mates sat with me and had drinks. One commented that I seemed a bit distracted.

*Yes, well. There's been a lot going on.*

I didn't want to say too much. The business with Meg's father, Kate and the dress, the constant worry about someone in the crowd doing something crazy—better not to talk about it.

Someone asked about my brother. Where's Willy?

I gave another non-answer. Another sore subject.

He'd been scheduled to join us for the evening. But, like Meg's father, he'd canceled last minute.

He'd told me, just before he attended tea with Granny: Can't do it, Harold. Kate and the kids.

I'd reminded him that this was our tradition, that we'd had dinner before his wedding, that we'd gone together and visited the crowds.

He held fast. *Can't do it.*

I pushed. *Why you being like this, Willy? I was with you the whole night before you married Kate. Why you doing this?*

I asked myself what was really going on. Was he feeling bad about not being my best man? Was he upset that I'd asked my old mate Charlie? (The Palace put out the story that Willy was the best man, as they'd done with me when he and Kate married.) Could that be part of it?

Or was it a hangover from Beardgate?

Or was he feeling guilty about the business between Kate and Meg?

He wasn't giving any indication. He just kept saying no. While asking me why it even mattered so much.

*Why are you even saying hello to the crowds, Harold?*

*Because the press office told me to. As we did at your wedding.*

*You don't need to listen to them.*

*Since bloody when?*

I felt sick about it. I'd always believed, despite our problems, that our underlying bond was strong. I'd thought brotherhood would always trump a bridesmaid's dress or a beard. Suppose not.

Then, just after leaving Granny, around six P.M., Willy texted. He'd changed his mind. He'd come.

Maybe Granny intervened?

Whatever. I thanked him happily, heartily.

Moments later, we met outside and got into a car, which drove us down to King Edward Gate. We hopped out, walked up and down the crowd, thanking people for coming.

People wished us well, blew us kisses.  
We waved goodbye, got back into the car.  
As we drove off, I asked him to come have dinner with me. I mentioned maybe staying the night, as I'd done before his wedding.  
He'd come for dinner, he said, but wouldn't be able to stay.  
*Come on, please, Willy.*  
*Sorry, Harold. Can't. Kids.*

## 48.

I STOOD AT THE ALTAR, smoothed the front of my Household Cavalry uniform, watched Meg floating towards me. I'd worked hard to choose the right music for her procession, and ultimately I'd landed on Handel's *Eternal Source of Light Divine*.

Now, as the soloist's voice rang out above our heads, I thought I'd chosen well.

Indeed, as Meg came nearer and nearer, I was giving thanks for all my choices.

Amazing that I could even hear the music over the sound of my own heartbeat as Meg stepped up, took my hand. The present dissolved, the past came rushing back. Our first tentative messages on Instagram. Our first meeting at Soho House. Our first trip to Botswana. Our first excited exchanges after my phone went into the river. Our first roast chicken. Our first flights back and forth across the Atlantic. The first time I told her: I love you. Hearing her say it back. Guy in splints. Steve the grumpy swan. The brutal fight to keep her safe from the press. And now here we were, the finishing line. The starting line.

For the last few months, not much had gone according to plan. But I reminded myself that none of *that* was the plan. This was the plan. This. Love.

I shot a glance at Pa, who'd walked Meg down the last part of the aisle. Not her father, but special just the same, and she was moved. It didn't make up for her father's behavior, for how the press had used him, but it very much helped.

Aunt Jane stood and gave a reading in honor of Mummy. *Song of Solomon*.

Meg and I chose it.

*Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away...*

*Set me as a seal upon your heart, as a seal upon your arm;*

*For love is strong as death, passion fierce as the grave...*

Strong as death. Fierce as the grave. Yes, I thought. Yes.

I saw the archbishop extend the rings, his hands shaking. I'd forgotten, but he clearly hadn't: twelve cameras pointed at us, two billion people watching on TV, photographers in the rafters, massive crowds outside roistering and cheering.

We exchanged the rings, Meg's made from the same hunk of Welsh gold that had provided Kate's.

Granny had told me that this was nearly the last of it.

Last of the gold. That was how I felt about Meg.

The archbishop reached the official part, spoke the few words that made us The Duke and Duchess of Sussex, titles bestowed by Granny, and he joined us until death parted us, though he'd already done similar days earlier, in our garden, a small ceremony, just the two of us, Guy and Pula the only witnesses. Unofficial, non-binding, except in our souls. We were grateful for every person in and around St. George's, and watching on TV, but our love began in private, and being public had been mostly pain, so we wanted the first consecration of our love, the first vows, to be private as well. Magical as the formal ceremony was, we'd both come to feel slightly frightened of...crowds.

Underscoring this feeling: The first thing we saw upon walking back up the aisle and out of the church, other than a stream of smiling faces, were

snipers. On the rooftops, amid the bunting, behind the waterfalls of streamers. Police told me it was unusual, but necessary.

Due to the unprecedented number of threats they were picking up.

## 49.

**O**UR HONEYMOON WAS a closely guarded secret. We left London in a car disguised as a removals van, the windows covered with cardboard, and went to the Mediterranean for ten days. Glorious to be away, on the sea, in the sun. But we were also sick. The build-up to the wedding had worn us down.

We returned just in time for the official June celebration of Granny's birthday. Trooping the Color: one of our first public appearances as newlyweds. Everyone present was in a good mood, upbeat. But then:

Kate asked Meg what she thought of her first Trooping the Color.

And Meg joked: Colorful.

And a yawning silence threatened to swallow us all whole.

Days later Meg went off on her first royal trip with Granny. She was nervous, but they got on famously. They also bonded over their love of dogs.

She returned from the trip glowing. *We bonded*, she told me. *The Queen and I really bonded! We talked about how much I wanted to be a mom and she told me the best way to induce labor was a good bumpy car ride! I told her I'd remember that when the time came.*

Things are going to turn around now, we both said.

The papers, however, pronounced the trip an unmitigated disaster. They portrayed Meg as pushy, uppity, ignorant of royal protocol, because she'd made the unthinkable mistake of getting into a car before Granny.

In truth she'd done exactly what Granny had told her to do. Granny said get in; she got in.

No matter. There were stories for days about Meg's breach, about her overall lack of class—about her daring not to wear a hat in Granny's presence. The Palace had specifically directed Meg not to wear a hat. Granny also wore green to honor the victims of Grenfell Tower, and no one told Meg to wear green—so they said she didn't give a fig about the victims.

I said: *The Palace will make a phone call. They'll correct the record.*  
They didn't.

## 50.

**W**ILLY AND KATE INVITED US for tea. To clear the air.  
June 2018.

We walked over one late afternoon. I saw Meg's eyes widen as we entered their front door, walked past their front sitting room, down their hallway, into their study.

Wow, Meg said several times.

The wallpaper, the crown molding, the walnut bookshelves lined with color-coordinated volumes, the priceless art. Gorgeous. Like a museum. And we both told them so. We complimented them lavishly on their renovation, though we also thought sheepishly of our IKEA lamps, our discount sofa recently bought on sale, with Meg's credit card, from sofa.com.

In the study, Meg and I sat on a love seat at one end of the room, Kate opposite us on a leather-clad fender before the fireplace. Willy was to her left, in an armchair. There was a tray of tea and biscuits. For ten minutes we did the classic small talk. *How are the kids? How was your honeymoon?*

Meg then acknowledged the tension among the four of us and ventured that it might go back to those early days when she'd first joined the family—a misunderstanding that had almost passed without notice. Kate thought

Meg had wanted her fashion contacts. But Meg had her own. They'd got off on the wrong foot perhaps? And then, Meg added, everything got magnified by the wedding, and those infernal bridesmaids' dresses.

But it turned out there were other things...about which we'd been unaware.

Willy and Kate were apparently upset that we hadn't given them Easter presents.

Easter presents? Was that a thing? Willy and I had never exchanged Easter presents. Pa always made a big deal about Easter, sure, but that was Pa.

Still, if Willy and Kate were upset, we apologized.

For our part, we chipped in that we weren't too pleased when Willy and Kate switched place cards and changed seats at our wedding. We'd followed the American tradition, placing couples next to each other, but Willy and Kate didn't like that tradition, so their table was the only one where spouses were apart.

They insisted it wasn't them, it was someone else.

And they said we'd done the same thing at Pippa's wedding.

We hadn't. Much as we'd wanted to. We'd been separated by a huge flower arrangement between us, and though we'd desperately wanted to sit together, we hadn't done a thing about it.

None of this airing of grievances was doing us any good, I felt. We weren't getting anywhere.

Kate looked out into the garden, gripping the edges of the leather so tightly that her fingers were white, and said she was owed an apology.

Meg asked: *For what?*

*You hurt my feelings, Meghan.*

*When? Please tell me.*

*I told you I couldn't remember something and you said it was my hormones.*

*What are you talking about?*

Kate mentioned a phone call in which they'd discussed the timing of wedding rehearsals.

Meg said: *Oh, yes! I remember: You couldn't remember something, and I said it's not a big deal, it's baby brain. Because you'd just had a baby. It's hormones.*

Kate's eyes widened: *Yes. You talked about my hormones. We're not close enough for you to talk about my hormones!*

Meg's eyes got wide too. She looked genuinely confused. *I'm sorry I talked about your hormones. That's just how I talk with my girlfriends.*

Willy pointed at Meg. *It's rude, Meghan. It's not what's done here in Britain.*

*Kindly take your finger out of my face.*

Was this really happening? Had it actually come to this? Shouting at each other about place cards and hormones?

Meg said she'd never intentionally do anything to hurt Kate, and if she ever did, she asked Kate to please just let her know so it wouldn't happen again.

We all hugged. Kind of.

And then I said we'd better be going.

## 51.

OUR STAFF SENSED THE friction, read the press, and thus there was frequent bickering around the office. Sides were taken. Team Cambridge versus Team Sussex. Rivalry, jealousy, competing agendas—it all poisoned the atmosphere.

It didn't help that everyone was working around the clock. There were so many demands from the press, such a constant stream of errors that needed clearing up, and we didn't have nearly enough people or resources. At best we were able to address 10 percent of what was out there. Nerves were shattering, people were sniping. In such a climate there was no such thing as constructive criticism. All feedback was seen as an affront, an insult.

More than once a staff member slumped across their desk and wept.

For all this, every bit of it, Willy blamed one person. Meg. He told me so several times, and he got cross when I told him he was out of line. He was just repeating the press narrative, spouting fake stories he'd read or been told. The great irony, I told him, was that the real villains were the people he'd imported into the office, people from government, who didn't seem impervious to this kind of strife—but addicted to it. They had a knack for backstabbing, a talent for intrigue, and they were constantly setting our two groups of staff against each other.

Meanwhile, in the midst of all this, Meg managed to remain calm. Despite what certain people were saying about her, I never heard her speak a bad word about anybody, or to anybody. On the contrary, I watched her redouble her efforts to reach out, to spread kindness. She sent out handwritten thank-you notes, checked on staff who were ill, sent baskets of food or flowers or goodies to anyone struggling, depressed, off sick. The office was often dark and cold, so she warmed it up with new lamps and space heaters, all bought with her personal credit card. She brought pizza and biscuits, hosted tea parties and ice-cream socials. She shared all the freebies she received, clothes and perfumes and makeup, with all the women in the office.

I stood back in awe at her ability, or determination, to always see the good in people. The size of her heart was really brought home for me one day. I learned that Mr. R, my former upstairs neighbor when I was in the badger sett, had suffered a tragedy. His adult son had died.

Meg didn't know Mr. R. Neither did she know the son. But she knew the family had been my neighbors, and she'd often seen them walking their dogs. So she felt tremendous sorrow for them, and wrote the father a letter, expressing condolences, telling him she wanted to give him a hug but didn't know if it would be appropriate. With the letter she included a gardenia, to plant in the son's memory.

A week later Mr. R appeared at our front door at Nott Cott. He handed Meg a thank-you note and gave her a tight hug.

I felt so proud of her, so regretful about my feud with Mr. R.

More, I felt regretful about my family feuding with my wife.

## 52.

**W**E DIDN'T WANT TO wait. We both wanted to start a family straightaway. We were working crazy hours, our jobs were demanding, the timing wasn't ideal, but too bad. This had always been our main priority.

We worried about the stress of our daily lives, that it might prevent us getting pregnant. The toll was starting to be visible on Meg; she'd lost a great deal of weight in the last year, despite all the shepherd's pie. I'm eating more than ever, she reported—yet her weight kept dropping.

Friends recommended an ayurvedic doctor who'd helped them conceive. As I understood it, ayurvedic medicine sorted people into categories. I don't recall which category this doctor sorted Meg into, but she did confirm our suspicion that Meg's weight loss might be a barrier to conceiving.

Gain five pounds, the doctor promised, and you'll get pregnant.

So Meg ate, and ate, and soon put on the recommended five pounds, and we looked hopefully at the calendar.

Towards the end of summer 2018 we went to Scotland, the Castle of Mey, to spend a few days with Pa. The bond between Meg and Pa, always strong, grew even stronger during that weekend. One night, over pre-dinner cocktails, Fred Astaire playing in the background, it emerged that Meg shared a birthdate with Pa's favorite person: Gan-Gan.

August 4.

Amazing, Pa said with a smile.

At the memory of Gan-Gan, and the link between her and my bride, he suddenly became buoyant, telling stories I'd never heard, essentially performing, showing off for Meg.

One story in particular delighted us both, captured our imagination. It was about the selkies.

*The what, Pa?*

Scottish mermaids, he said. They took the form of seals and cruised along the shore outside the castle, within a stone's throw of where we were sitting. *So, when you see a seal, he advised, you never can tell...Sing to it. They often sing back.*

*Oh, come on. You're telling fairytales, Pa!*

*No, it's absolutely true!*

Did I imagine—did Pa promise—that the selkies might also grant a wish?

We talked a bit during that dinner about the stress we'd been under. If we could just convince the papers to back off, we said...for a little while.

Pa nodded. But he felt it very important to remind us—

*Yes, yes, Pa. We know. Don't read it.*

At tea the next day the good vibes continued. We were all laughing, talking about one thing and another, when Pa's butler burst into the room, pulling a land line behind him.

*Your Royal Highness, Her Majesty.*

Pa sat bolt upright. *Oh, yes.* He reached for the phone.

*I'm sorry, sir, but she's calling for the Duchess.*

*Oh.*

We all looked stunned. Meg tentatively reached for the phone.

It seemed Granny was calling to talk about Meg's father. She was responding to a letter Meg had written her, asking for advice and help. Meg said she didn't know how to make the press stop interviewing him, enticing him to say horrid things. Granny now suggested that Meg forget the press, go and see her father, try to talk some sense into him.

Meg explained that he lived in a Mexican border town and she didn't know how she'd ever get through the airport, through the press surrounding his house, then through that part of town, and back again, quietly, safely.

Granny acknowledged the many problems with this plan.

*In that case, perhaps write him a letter?*

Pa agreed. Splendid idea.

## 53.

**M**EG AND I WENT DOWN to the beach in front of the castle. Chilly day, but the sun was bright.

We stood on the rocks, looking out at the sea. Amid all the silky islands of seaweed we saw...something.

A head.

A pair of soulful eyes.

*Look! Seal!*

The head bobbed up and down. The eyes very clearly watched us.

*Look! Another!*

Just as Pa instructed, I ran to the water's edge, sang to them. Serenaded them.

*Arooo.*

No answer.

Meg joined me, and sang to them, and now of course they sang back.

She really is magic, I thought. Even the seals know it.

Suddenly, all over the water, heads were bobbing up, singing to her.

*Arooo.*

A seal opera.

Silly superstition, maybe, but I didn't care. I counted it a good omen. I took off my clothes, jumped into the water, swam to them.

Later, Pa's Aussie chef was horrified. He told us that this had been a supremely bad idea, more ill-advised than diving heedless into the darkest water of the Okavango. This part of the Scottish coast was teeming with killer whales, the chef said, and singing to seals was like calling them to their blood-soaked deaths.

I shook my head.

It had been such a lovely fairytale, I thought.  
How did it get so dark so fast?

## 54.

**M**<sub>EG WAS LATE.</sub>

We bought two home pregnancy tests, one for a backup, and she took them both into the bathroom at Nott Cott.

I was lying on our bed, and while waiting for her to come out...I fell asleep.

When I woke, she was beside me.

*What's happened? Is it...?*

She said she hadn't looked. She'd waited for me.

The wands were on the nightstand. I only kept a few things there, among them the blue box with my mother's hair. Right, I thought, good. Let's see what Mummy can do with this situation.

I reached for the wands, peered into their little windows.

Blue.

Bright, bright blue. Both of them.

Blue meant...baby.

*Oh wow.*

*Well.*

*Well then.*

We hugged, kissed.

I put the wands back on the nightstand.

I thought: Thank you, selkies.

I thought: Thank you, Mummy.

## 55.

**E**UGE WAS GETTING married, to Jack, and we were deliriously happy for her, and for ourselves, selfishly, since Jack was one of our favorite people. Meg and I were supposed to head off on our first official foreign tour as a married couple, but we delayed the departure several days, so we could be at the wedding.

Also, the various gatherings connected to the wedding would give us a chance to pull aside family members one by one and tell them our good news.

At Windsor, just before a drinks reception for the bride and groom, we cornered Pa in his study. He was sitting behind his big desk, which afforded his favorite view, straight down the Long Walk. Every window was open, to cool the room, and a breeze was fluttering his papers, which were all stacked in squat little towers, each crowned with a paperweight. He was delighted to learn that he was going to be a grandfather for a fourth time; his wide smile warmed me.

After the drinks reception, in St. George's Hall, Meg and I pulled Willy aside. We were in a big room, suits of armor on the walls. Strange room, strange moment. We whispered the news, and Willy smiled and said we must tell Kate. She was across the room, talking to Pippa. I said we could do it later, but he insisted. So we went and told Kate and she also gave a big smile and hearty congratulations.

They both reacted exactly as I'd hoped—as I'd wished.

## 56.

**D**AYS LATER THE pregnancy was announced publicly. The papers reported that Meg was battling fatigue and dizzy spells and couldn't hold any food down, especially in the mornings, all of which was untrue.

She was tired, but otherwise a dynamo. Indeed, she felt lucky not to be suffering severe morning sickness, since we were embarking on a hugely demanding tour.

Everywhere we went, enormous crowds turned out, and she didn't disappoint them. All across Australia, Tonga, Fiji, New Zealand, she dazzled. After one especially rousing speech, she got a standing ovation.

She was so brilliant that midway through the tour I felt compelled...to warn her.

*You're doing too well, my love. Too damn well. You're making it look too easy. This is how everything started...with my mother.*

Maybe I sounded mad, paranoid. But everyone knew that Mummy's situation went from bad to worse when she showed the world, showed the family, that she was better at touring, better at connecting with people, better at being "royal," than she had any right to be.

That was when things really took a turn.

We returned home to jubilant welcomes and exultant headlines. Meg, the expectant mother, the flawless representative of the Crown, was hailed.

Not a negative word was written.

It's changed, we said. It's changed at last.

But then it changed again. Oh, how it changed.

Stories rolled in, like breakers on a beach. First a rubbish hit piece by a hack biographer of Pa, who said I'd thrown a tantrum before the wedding. Then a work of fiction about Meg making her staff miserable, driving them too hard, committing the unpardonable sin of emailing people early in the morning. (She just happened to be up at that hour, trying to stay in touch with night-owl friends back in America—she didn't expect an instant reply.) She was also said to have driven our assistant to quit; in fact that assistant was asked to resign by Palace HR after we showed them evidence she'd traded on her position with Meg to get freebies. But because we couldn't speak publicly about the reasons for the assistant's departure, rumors filled the void. In many ways that was the true start of all the troubles. Shortly thereafter, the "Duchess Difficult" narrative began appearing in all the papers.

Next came a novella in one of the tabloids about the tiara. The article said Meg had demanded a certain tiara that had belonged to Mummy, and when the Queen refused, I'd thrown a fit: *What Meghan wants, Meghan gets!*

Days later came the coup de grâce: from a royal correspondent, a sci-fi fantasy describing the “growing froideur” (good Lord) between Kate and Meg, claiming that, according to “two sources,” Meg had reduced Kate to tears about the bridesmaids’ dresses.

This particular royal correspondent had always made me ill. She'd always, always got stuff wrong. But this felt more than wrong.

I read the story in disbelief. Meg didn't. She still wasn't reading anything. She heard about it, however, since it was the only thing being discussed in Britain for the next twenty-four hours, and as long as I live I'll never forget the tone of her voice as she looked me in the eye and said:

*Haz, I made her cry? I made HER cry?*

## 57.

**W**E ARRANGED A SECOND summit with Willy and Kate.  
This time on our turf.

December 10, 2018. Early evening.

We all gathered in our little front annex, and this time there was no small talk: Kate got things rolling straightaway by acknowledging that these stories in the papers about Meg making her cry were totally false. *I know, Meghan, that I was the one who made you cry.*

I sighed. Excellent start, I thought.

Meg appreciated the apology, but wanted to know why the papers had said this, and what was being done to correct them? In other words: *Why isn't your office standing up for me? Why haven't they phoned this execrable woman who wrote this story, and demanded a retraction?*

Kate, flustered, didn't answer, and Willy chimed in with some very supportive-sounding evasions, but I already knew the truth. No one at the Palace could phone the correspondent, because that would invite the inevitable retort: Well, if the story's wrong, what's the real story? What *did* happen between the two duchesses? And that door must never be opened, because it would embarrass the future queen.

The monarchy, always, at all costs, had to be protected.

We shifted from what to do about the story to where it came from. Who could've planted such a thing? Who could've leaked it to the press in the first place? Who?

We went around and around. The list of suspects became vanishingly small.

Finally, *finally*, Willy leaned back and conceded that, ahem, while we'd been on tour in Australia, he and Kate had gone to dinner with Pa and Camilla...and, alas, he said sheepishly, he *might've* let it slip that there'd been strife between the two couples...

I put a hand over my face. Meg froze. A heavy silence fell.

So now we knew.

I told Willy: *You...of all people...should've known...*

He nodded. He knew.

More silence.

It was time for them to go.

## 58.

**I**T KEPT ON AND ON. One story after another. I thought at times of Mr. Marston ceaselessly ringing his insane bell.

Who can ever forget the spate of front-page stories making Meg out to be singlehandedly responsible for the End Times? Specifically, she'd been "caught" eating avocado toast, and many stories explained breathlessly that

the harvesting of avocados was hastening the destruction of the rainforests, destabilizing developing countries, and helping to fund state terrorism. Of course the same media had recently swooned over Kate's love of avocados. (*Oh, how they make Kate's skin glow!*)

Notably, it was around this time that the super-narrative embedded within each story began to shift. It was no longer about two women fighting, two duchesses at odds, or even two households. It was now about one person being a witch and causing everyone to run from her, and that one person was my wife. And in building this super-narrative the press was clearly being assisted by someone or multiple someones inside the Palace.

Someone who had it in for Meg.

One day it was: Yuck—Meg's bra strap was showing. (Classless Meghan.)

The next day: Yikes—she's wearing that dress? (Trashy Meghan.)

The next day: God save us, her fingernails are painted black! (Goth Meghan.)

The next day: Goodness—she still doesn't know how to curtsy properly. (American Meghan.)

The next day: Crikey, she shut her own car door again! (Uppity Meghan.)

## 59.

**W**E'D RENTED A HOUSE in Oxfordshire. Just a place to get away now and then from the maelstrom, but also from Nott Cott, which was charming but too small. And falling down around our heads.

It got so bad that one day I had to phone Granny. I told her we needed a new place to live. I explained that Willy and Kate hadn't simply outgrown Nott Cott, they'd fled it, because of all the required repairs, and the lack of

room, and we were now in the same boat. With two rambunctious dogs... and a baby on the way...

I told her we'd discussed our housing situation with the Palace, and we'd been offered several properties, but each was too grand, we thought. Too lavish. And too expensive to renovate.

Granny gave it a think and we chatted again days later.

Frogmore, she said.

*Frogmore, Granny?*

*Yes. Frogmore.*

*Frogmore House?*

I knew it well. That was where we'd taken our engagement photos.

*No, no—Frogmore Cottage. Near Frogmore House.*

Sort of hidden, she said. Tucked away. Originally home to Queen Charlotte and her daughters, then to one of Queen Victoria's aides, and later it was chopped into smaller units. But it could be reassembled. Lovely place, Granny said. Plus, historic. Part of the Crown Estate. Very sweet.

I told her that Meg and I loved the gardens at Frogmore, we went walking there often, and if it was near those, well, what could be better?

She warned: *It's a bit of a building site. Bit of a shell. But go and have a look and do tell me if it works.*

We went that day, and Granny was right. The house spoke to us both. Charming, full of potential. Hard by the Royal Burial Ground, but so what? Didn't bother me or Meg. We wouldn't disturb the dead if they'd promise not to disturb us.

I rang Granny and said Frogmore Cottage would be a dream come true. I thanked her profusely. With her permission we began sitting down with builders, planning the minimum renovations, to make the place habitable—piping, heating, water.

While the work was being done, we thought we could move into Oxfordshire full time. We loved it out there. The air fresh, the verdant grounds—plus, no paps. Best of all, we'd be able to call upon the talents of my father's longtime butler, Kevin. He knew the Oxfordshire house, and he'd know how to turn it quickly into a home. Better yet, he knew me, held

me as a baby, and befriended my mother when she was wandering Windsor Castle in search of a sympathetic face. He told me that Mummy was the only person in the family who ever dared venture “below stairs,” to chat with staff. In fact she’d often sneak down and sit with Kevin in the kitchen, over a drink or snack, watching telly. It had fallen to Kevin, on the day of Mummy’s funeral, to greet me and Willy on our return to Highgrove. He stood on the front steps, he recalled, waiting for our car, rehearsing what he’d say. But when we pulled up and he opened the car door I said:

*How are you holding up, Kevin?*

So polite, he said.

So repressed, I thought.

Meg adored Kevin, and vice versa, so I thought this could be the start of something good. A much-needed change of scenery, a much-needed ally in our corner. Then one day I looked down at my phone: a text from our team alerting me to huge splashy stories in *The Sun* and the *Daily Mail*, featuring detailed overhead photos of Oxfordshire.

A helicopter was hovering above the property, a pap hanging out of the door, aiming telephoto lenses at every window, including our bedroom.

Thus ended the dream of Oxfordshire.

## 60.

I WALKED home from the office and found Meg sitting on the stairs.

She was sobbing. Uncontrollably.

*My love, what’s happened?*

I thought for sure we’d lost the baby.

I went to her on my knees. She choked out that she didn’t want to do this anymore.

*Do what?*

*Live.*

I didn't catch her meaning at first. I didn't understand, maybe didn't want to understand. My mind just didn't want to process the words.

It's all so painful, she was saying.

*What is?*

*To be hated like this—for what?*

What had she *done*? she asked. She really wanted to know. What sin had she committed to deserve this kind of treatment?

She just wanted to make the pain stop, she said. Not only for her, for everyone. For me, for her mother. But she *couldn't* make it stop, so she'd decided to disappear.

*Disappear?*

Without her, she said, all the press would go away, and then I wouldn't have to live like this. Our unborn child would never have to live like this.

*It's so clear*, she kept saying, *it's so clear. Just stop breathing. Stop being. This exists because I exist.*

I begged her not to talk like that. I promised her we'd get through it, we'd find a way. In the meantime, we'd find her the help she needed.

I asked her to be strong, hang on.

Incredibly, while reassuring her, and hugging her, I couldn't entirely stop thinking like a *fucking royal*. We had a Sentebale engagement that night, at the Royal Albert Hall, and I kept telling myself: We can't be late. We *cannot* be late. They'll skin us alive! And they'll blame her.

Slowly—too slowly—I realized that tardiness was the least of our problems.

I said she should skip the engagement, of course. I needed to go, make a quick appearance, but I'd be home fast.

No, she insisted, she didn't trust herself to be at home alone for even an hour with such dark feelings.

So we put on our best kit, and she applied dark, dark lipstick to draw attention away from her bloodshot eyes, and out of the door we went.

The car pulled up outside the Royal Albert Hall, and as we stepped into the blue flashing lights of the police escort and the whiteout lights of the press's flashbulbs, Meg reached for my hand. She gripped it tightly. As we

went inside, she gripped it even tighter. I was buoyed by the tightness of that grip. She's hanging on, I thought. Better than letting go.

But when we settled into the royal box, and the lights dimmed, she let go of her emotions. She couldn't hold back the tears. She wept silently.

The music struck up, we turned and faced the front. We spent the entire length of the performance (Cirque du Soleil) squeezing each other's hands, me promising her in a whisper:

*Trust me. I'll keep you safe.*

## 61.

I WOKE TO a text from Jason.  
*Bad news.*

*What is it now?*

The *Mail on Sunday* had printed the private letter Meg had written to her father. The letter that Granny and Pa urged her to write.

February 2019.

I was in bed, Meg was lying next to me, still asleep.

I waited a bit, then broke the news to her softly.

*Your father's given your letter to the Mail.*

*No.*

*Meg, I don't know what to say, he's given them your letter.*

That moment, for me, was decisive. About Mr. Markle, but also about the press. There had been so many moments, but that for me was The One. I didn't want to hear any more talk of protocols, tradition, strategy. Enough, I thought.

Enough.

The paper knew it was illegal to publish that letter, they knew full well, and did it anyway. Why? Because they also knew Meg was defenseless. They knew she didn't have the *staunch* support of my family, and how else

could they have known this, except from people close to the family? Or inside the family? The papers knew that the only recourse Meg had was to sue, and she couldn't do that because there was only one lawyer working with the family, and that lawyer was under the control of the Palace, and the Palace would never authorize him to act on Meg's behalf.

There was nothing in that letter to be ashamed about. A daughter pleading with her father to behave decently? Meg stood by every word. She'd always known it might be intercepted, that one of her father's neighbors, or one of the paps staking out his house, might steal his post. Anything was possible. But she never stopped to think her father would actually offer it, or that a paper would actually take it—and print it.

And edit it. Indeed, that might have been the most galling thing, the way the editors cut and pasted Meg's words to make them sound less loving.

Seeing something so deeply personal smeared across the front pages, gobbled up by Britons over their morning toast and marmalade, was invasive enough. But the pain was compounded tenfold by the simultaneous interviews with alleged handwriting experts, who analyzed Meg's letter and inferred from the way she crossed her Ts or curved her Rs that she was a terrible person.

Rightward slant? Over-emotional.

Highly stylized? Consummate performer.

Uneven baseline? No impulse control.

The look on Meg's face as I told her about these libels rolling out...I knew my way around grief, and there was no mistaking it—this was pure grief. She was mourning the loss of her father, and she was also mourning the loss of her own innocence. She reminded me in a whisper, as if someone might be listening, that she'd taken a handwriting class in high school, and as a result she'd always had excellent penmanship. People complimented her. She'd even used this skill at university to earn spare money. Nights, weekends, she'd inscribed wedding and birthday-party invitations, to pay the rent. Now people were trying to say that this was some kind of window into her soul? And the window was dirty?

*Tormenting Meghan Markle has become a national sport that shames us,* said a headline in *The Guardian*.

So true. But no one was shamed, that was the problem. No one was feeling the slightest pang of conscience. Would they finally feel some if they caused a divorce? Or would it take another death?

What had become of all the shame they'd felt in the late 1990s?

Meg wanted to sue. Me too. Rather, we both felt we had no choice. If we didn't sue over *this*, we said, what kind of signal would that be sending? To the press? To the world? So we conferred again with the Palace lawyer.

We were given a runaround.

I reached out to Pa and Willy. They'd both sued the press in the past over invasions and lies. Pa sued over so-called Black Spider Letters, his memos to government officials. Willy sued over topless photos of Kate.

But both vehemently opposed the idea of Meg and me taking any legal action.

Why? I asked.

They hummed and hahed. The only answer I could get out of them was that it simply wasn't advisable. The done thing, etc.

I told Meg: *You'd think we were suing a dear friend of theirs.*

## 62.

**W**ILLY ASKED FOR a meeting. He wanted to talk about everything, the whole rolling catastrophe.

Just him and me, he said.

As it happened, Meg was out of town, visiting girlfriends, so his timing was perfect. I invited him over.

An hour later he walked into Nott Cott, where he hadn't been since Meg first moved in. He looked piping hot.

It was early evening. I offered him a drink, asked about his family.

Everyone good.

He didn't ask about mine. He just went all in. Chips to the center of the table.

*Meg's difficult*, he said.

*Oh, really?*

*She's rude. She's abrasive. She's alienated half the staff.*

Not the first time he'd parroted the press narrative. Duchess Difficult, all that bullshit. Rumors, lies from his team, tabloid rubbish, and I told him so—again. Told him I expected better from my older brother. I was shocked to see that this actually pissed him off. Had he come here expecting something different? Did he think I'd agree that my bride was a monster?

I told him to step back, take a breath, really ask himself: Wasn't Meg his sister-in-law? Wouldn't this institution be toxic for any newcomer? Worst-case scenario, if his sister-in-law was having trouble adjusting to a new office, a new family, a new country, a new culture, couldn't he see his way clear to cutting her some slack? *Couldn't you just be there for her? Help her?*

He had no interest in a debate. He'd come to lay down the law. He wanted me to agree that Meg was wrong and then agree to do something about it.

Like what? Scold her? Fire her? Divorce her? I didn't know. But Willy didn't know either, he wasn't rational. Every time I tried to slow him down, point out the illogic of what he was saying, he got louder. We were soon talking over each other, both of us shouting.

Among all the different, riotous emotions coursing through my brother that afternoon, one really jumped out at me. He seemed *aggrieved*. He seemed put upon that I wasn't meekly obeying him, that I was being so impertinent as to deny him, or defy him, to refute his knowledge, which came from his trusted aides. There was a script here and I had the audacity not to be following it. He was in full Heir mode, and couldn't fathom why I wasn't dutifully playing the role of the Spare.

I was sitting on the sofa, he was standing over me. I remember saying: *You need to hear me out, Willy.*

He wouldn't. He simply would not listen.

To be fair, he felt the same about me.

He called me names. All kinds of names. He said I refused to take responsibility for what was happening. He said I didn't care about my office and the people who worked for me.

*Willy, give me one example of—*

He cut me off, said he was trying to help me.

*Are you serious? Help me? Sorry—is that what you call this? Helping me?*

For some reason, that really set him off. He stepped towards me, swearing.

To that point I'd been feeling uncomfortable, but now I felt a bit scared. I stood, brushed past him, went out to the kitchen, to the sink. He was right on my heels, berating me, shouting.

I poured a glass of water for myself, and one for him as well. I handed it to him. I don't think he took a sip.

*Willy, I can't speak to you when you're like this.*

He set down the water, called me another name, then came at me. It all happened so fast. So very fast. He grabbed me by the collar, ripping my necklace, and he knocked me to the floor. I landed on the dogs' bowl, which cracked under my back, the pieces cutting into me. I lay there for a moment, dazed, then got to my feet and told him to get out.

*Come on, hit me! You'll feel better if you hit me!*

*Do what?*

*Come on, we always used to fight. You'll feel better if you hit me.*

*No, only you'll feel better if I hit you. Please...just leave.*

He left the kitchen, but he didn't leave Nott Cott. He was in the sitting room, I could tell. I stayed in the kitchen. Two minutes passed, two long minutes. He came back looking regretful and apologized.

He walked to the front door. This time I followed. Before leaving he turned and called back: *You don't need to tell Meg about this.*

*You mean that you attacked me?*

*I didn't attack you, Harold.*

*Fine. I won't tell her.*

*Good, thank you.*

He left.

I looked at the phone. A promise is a promise, I told myself, so I couldn't call my wife, much as I wanted to.

But I needed to talk to someone. So I rang my therapist.

Thank God she answered.

I apologized for the intrusion, told her I didn't know who else to call. I told her I'd had a fight with Willy, he'd knocked me to the floor. I looked down and told her that my shirt was ripped, my necklace was broken.

We'd had a million physical fights in our lives, I told her. As boys we'd done nothing *but* fight. But this felt different.

The therapist told me to take deep breaths. She asked me to describe the scene several times. Each time I did it seemed more like a bad dream.

And made me a bit calmer.

I told her: *I'm proud of myself.*

*Proud, Harry? Why's that?*

*I didn't hit him back.*

I stayed true to my word, didn't tell Meg.

But not long after she returned from her trip, she saw me coming out of the shower and gasped.

*Haz, what are those scrapes and bruises on your back?*

I couldn't lie to her.

She wasn't that surprised, and she wasn't at all angry.

She was terribly sad.

## 63.

**S**OON AFTER THAT DAY it was announced that the two royal households, Cambridge and Sussex, would no longer share an office. We'd no

longer be working together in any capacity. The Fab Four... *finis*.

Reaction was about as expected. The public groaned, journalists brayed. The more disheartening response was from my family. Silence. They never commented publicly, never said anything privately to me. I never heard from Pa, never heard from Granny. It made me think, really think, about the silence that surrounded everything else that happened to me and Meg. I'd always told myself that, just because everyone in my family didn't explicitly condemn press attacks, it didn't mean they *condoned* them. But now I asked: Is that true? How do I know? If they never say anything, why do I so often assume that I know how they feel?

And that they're unequivocally on our side?

Everything I'd been taught, everything I'd grown up believing about the family, and about the monarchy, about its essential fairness, its job of uniting rather than dividing, was being undermined, called into question. Was it all fake? Was it all just a show? Because if we couldn't stand up for one another, rally around our newest member, our first biracial member, then what were we really? Was that a true constitutional monarchy? Was that a real family?

Isn't "defending each other" the first rule of every family?

## 64.

**M**EG AND I MOVED our office into Buckingham Palace.  
We also moved into a new home.

Frogmore was ready.

We loved that place. From the first minute. It felt as if we were destined to live there. We couldn't wait to wake up in the morning, go for a long walk in the gardens, check in with the swans. Especially grumpy Steve.

We met the Queen's gardeners, got to know their names and the names of all the flowers. They thrilled at how much we appreciated, and praised,

their artistry.

Amid all this change we huddled with our new head of comms, Sara. We plotted a new strategy with her, the centerpiece of which was having nothing whatsoever to do with the Royal Rota, and hoped we might soon be able to make a fresh start.

Towards the end of April 2019, days before Meg was due to give birth, Willy rang.

I took the call in our new garden.

Something had happened between him and Pa and Camilla. I couldn't get the whole story, he was talking too fast, and was way too upset. He was seething actually. I gathered that Pa and Camilla's people had planted a story or stories about him and Kate, and the kids, and he wasn't going to take it anymore. Give Pa and Camilla an inch, he said, they take a mile.

*They've done this to me for the last time.*

I got it. They'd done the same to me and Meg as well.

But it wasn't them, technically, it was the most gung-ho member of Pa's comms team, a true believer who'd devised and launched a new campaign of getting good press for Pa and Camilla at the expense of bad press for us. For some time this person had been peddling unflattering stories, fake stories, about the Heir and Spare, to all the papers. I suspected that this person had been the lone source for stories about a hunting trip I'd made to Germany in 2017, stories that made me out to be some fat-bottomed seventeenth-century baron who craved blood and trophies, when in reality I was working with German farmers to cull wild boar and save their crops. I believed the story had been offered as a straight swap, in exchange for greater access to Pa, and also as a reward for the suppression of stories about Camilla's son, who'd been gadding around London, generating tawdry rumors. I was displeased about being used like this, and livid about it being done to Meg, but I had to admit it was happening much more often lately to Willy. And he was justifiably incandescent.

He'd already confronted Pa once about this woman, face-to-face. I'd gone along for moral support. The scene took place at Clarence House, in Pa's study. I remember the windows being wide open, the white curtains

blowing in and out, so it must've been a warm night. Willy put it to Pa: *How can you be letting a stranger do this to your sons?*

Pa instantly got upset. He began shouting that Willy was paranoid. We both were. Just because *we* were getting bad press, and he was getting good, that didn't mean his staff was behind it.

But we had proof. Reporters, inside actual newsrooms, assuring us that this woman was selling us out.

Pa refused to listen. His response was churlish, pathetic. *Granny has her person, why can't I have mine?*

By Granny's person he meant Angela. Among the many services she performed for Granny, she was said to be skilled at planting stories.

What a rubbish comparison, Willy said. Why would anyone in their right mind, let alone a grown man, want their own Angela?

But Pa just kept saying it. Granny had her person, Granny had her person. High time he had a person too.

I was glad that Willy felt he could still come to me about Pa and Camilla, even after all we'd been through recently. Seeing an opportunity to address our recent tensions, I tried to connect what Pa and Camilla had done to him with what the press had done to Meg.

Willy snapped: *I've got different issues with you two!*

In a blink he shifted all his rage onto me. I can't recall his exact words, because I was beyond tired from all our fighting, to say nothing of the recent move into Frogmore, and into new offices—and I was focused on the imminent birth of our first child. But I recall every physical detail of the scene. The daffodils out, the new grass sprouting, a jet taking off from Heathrow, heading west, unusually low, its engines making my chest vibrate. I remember thinking how remarkable that I could still hear Willy above that jet. I couldn't imagine how he had that much anger left after the confrontation in Nott Cott.

He was going on and on and I lost the thread. I couldn't understand and I stopped trying. I fell silent, waiting for him to subside.

Then I looked back. Meg was coming from the house, directly towards me. I quickly took the phone off speaker, but she'd already heard. And

Willy was being so loud, even with the speaker off, she could still hear.

The tears in her eyes glistened in the spring sunshine. I started to say something, but she stopped, shook her head.

Holding her stomach, she turned and walked back to the house.

## 65.

**D**ORIA WAS STAYING with us, waiting for the baby to come. Neither she nor Meg ever strayed far. None of us did. We all just sat around waiting, going for the occasional walk, looking at the cows.

When Meg was a week past her due date, the comms team and the Palace began pressuring me. When's the baby coming? The press can't wait forever, you know.

Oh. The press is getting frustrated? Heaven forbid!

Meg's doctor had tried several homeopathic ways to get things moving, but our little visitor was just intent on staying put. (I don't remember if we ever tried Granny's suggestion of a bumpy car ride.) Finally we said: Let's just go and make sure nothing's wrong. And let's be prepared in case the doctor says it's time.

We got into a nondescript people-carrier and crept away from Frogmore without alerting any of the journalists stationed at the gates. It was the last sort of vehicle they suspected we'd be riding in. A short time later we arrived at the Portland Hospital and were spirited into a secret lift, then into a private room. Our doctor walked in, talked it through with us, and said it was time to induce.

Meg was so calm. I was calm too. But I saw two ways of *enhancing* my calm. One: Nando's chicken. (Brought by our bodyguards.) Two: A canister of laughing gas beside Meg's bed. I took several slow, penetrating hits. Meg, bouncing on a giant purple ball, a proven way of giving Nature a push, laughed and rolled her eyes.

I took several more hits and now I was bouncing too.

When her contractions began to quicken, and deepen, a nurse came and tried to give some laughing gas to Meg. There was none left. The nurse looked at the tank, looked at me, and I could see the thought slowly dawning: Gracious, the husband's had it all.

*Sorry*, I said meekly.

Meg laughed, the nurse had to laugh, and quickly changed the canister.

Meg climbed into a bath, I turned on soothing music. Deva Premal: she remixed Sanskrit mantras into soulful hymns. (Premal claimed she heard her first mantra in the womb, chanted by her father, and when he was dying she chanted the same mantra to him.) Powerful stuff.

In our overnight bag we had the same electric candles I'd arranged in the garden the night I proposed. Now I placed them around the hospital room. I also set a framed photo of my mother on a little table. Meg's idea.

Time passed. Hour melted into hour. Minimal dilation.

Meg was doing a lot of deep breathing for pain. Then the deep breathing stopped working. She was in so much pain that she needed an epidural.

The anesthetist hurried in. Off went the music, on went the lights.

Whoa. Vibe change.

He gave her an injection at the base of her spine.

Still the pain didn't let up. The medicine apparently wasn't getting where it needed to go.

He came back, did it again.

Now things both quietened and accelerated.

Her doctor came back two hours later, slipped both hands into a pair of rubber gloves. *This is it, everybody*. I stationed myself at the head of the bed, holding Meg's hand, encouraging her. *Push, my love. Breathe*. The doctor gave Meg a small hand mirror. I tried not to look, but I had to. I glanced, saw a reflection of the baby's head emerging. Stuck. Tangled. *Oh, no, please, no*. The doctor looked up, her mouth set in a particular way. Things were getting serious.

I said to Meg: *My love, I need you to push*.

I didn't tell her why. I didn't tell her about the cord, didn't tell her about the likelihood of an emergency C-section. I just said: *Give me everything you've got.*

And she did.

I saw the little face, the tiny neck and chest and arms, wriggling, writhing. Life, life—amazing! I thought, Wow, it really all begins with a struggle for freedom.

A nurse swept the baby into a towel and placed him on Meg's chest and we both cried to see him, meet him. A healthy little boy, and he was *here*.

Our ayurvedic doctor had advised us that, in the first minute of life, a baby absorbs everything said to them. *So whisper to the baby, tell the baby your wish for him, your love. Tell.*

We told.

I don't remember phoning anyone, texting them. I remember watching the nurses run tests on my hour-old son, and then we were out of there. Into the lift, into the underground car park, into the people-carrier, and gone. Within two hours of our son being born we were back at Frogmore. The sun had risen and we were behind closed doors before the official announcement was released...

Saying Meg had gone into labor?

I had a tiff with Sara about that. You know she's not in labor anymore, I said.

She explained that the press must be given the dramatic, suspenseful story they demanded.

But it's not true, I said.

Ah, truth didn't matter. Keeping people tuned to the show, that was the thing.

After a few hours I was standing outside the stables at Windsor, telling the world: It's a boy. Days later we announced the name to the world. Archie.

The papers were incensed. They said we'd pulled a fast one on them.

Indeed we had.

They felt that, in doing so, we'd been...bad partners?

Astonishing. Did they still think of us as partners? Did they really expect special consideration, preferential treatment—given how they’d treated us these last three years?

And then they showed the world what kind of “partners” they really were. A BBC radio presenter posted a photo on his social media—a man and a woman holding hands with a chimpanzee.

The caption read: *Royal baby leaves hospital.*

## 66.

I HAD A LONG TEA WITH GRANNY, just before she left for Balmoral. I gave her a recap, all the latest. She knew a bit, but I was filling in important gaps.

She looked shocked.

Appalling, she said.

She vowed to send the Bee to talk to us.

I’d spent my life dealing with courtiers, scores of them, but now I dealt mostly with just three, all middle-aged white men who’d managed to consolidate power through a series of bold Machiavellian maneuvers. They had normal names, exceedingly British names, but they sort more easily into zoological categories. The Bee. The Fly. And the Wasp.

The Bee was oval-faced and fuzzy and tended to glide around with great equanimity and poise, as if he was a boon to all living things. He was so poised that people didn’t fear him. Big mistake. Sometimes their last mistake.

The Fly had spent much of his career adjacent to, and indeed drawn to, shit. The offal of government, and media, the wormy entrails, he loved it, grew fat on it, rubbed his hands in glee over it, though he pretended otherwise. He strove to give off an air of casualness, of being above the fray, coolly efficient and ever helpful.

The Wasp was lanky, charming, arrogant, a ball of jazzy energy. He was great at pretending to be polite, even servile. You'd assert a fact, something seemingly incontrovertible—*I believe the sun rises in the mornings*—and he'd stammer that perchance you might consider for a moment the possibility that you'd been misinformed: *Well, heh-heh, I don't know about that, Your Royal Highness, you see, it all depends what you mean by mornings, sir.*

Because he seemed so weedy, so self-effacing, you might be tempted to push back, insist on your point, and that was when he'd put you on his list. A short time later, without warning, he'd give you such a stab with his outsized stinger that you'd cry out in confusion. *Where the fuck did that come from?*

I disliked these men, and they didn't have any use for me. They considered me irrelevant at best, stupid at worst. Above all, they knew how I saw them: as usurpers. Deep down, I feared that each man felt *himself* to be the One True Monarch, that each was taking advantage of a Queen in her nineties, enjoying his influential position while merely appearing to serve.

I'd come to this conclusion through cold hard experience. For instance, Meg and I had consulted with the Wasp about the press, and he'd agreed that the situation was abominable, that it needed to be stopped before someone got hurt. *Yes! You'll get no argument from us on that!* He suggested the Palace convene a summit of all the major editors, make our case to them.

Finally, I said to Meg, someone gets it.

We never heard from him again.

So I was skeptical when Granny offered to send us the Bee. But I told myself to keep an open mind. Maybe this time would be different, because this time Granny was dispatching him personally.

Days later, Meg and I welcomed the Bee into Frogmore, made him comfortable in our new sitting room, offered him a glass of rosé, gave a detailed presentation. He took meticulous notes, frequently putting a hand over his mouth and shaking his head. He'd seen the headlines, he said, but he'd not appreciated the full impact this might have on a young couple.

This deluge of hate and lies was unprecedented in British history, he said. *Disproportionate to anything I've ever seen.*

Thank you, we said. Thank you for seeing it.

He promised to discuss the matter with all the necessary parties and get back to us soon with an action plan, a set of concrete solutions.

We never heard from him again.

## 67.

**M**EG AND I WERE ON THE phone with Elton John and his husband, David, and we confessed: We need help.

*We're sort of losing it here, guys.*

*Come to us,* Elton said.

By which he meant their home in France.

Summer 2019.

So we did. For a few days we sat on their terrace and soaked up their sunshine. We spent long healing moments gazing out at the azure sea, and it felt decadent, not just because of the luxurious setting. Freedom of any kind, in any measure, had come to feel like scandalous luxury. To be out of the fishbowl for even an afternoon felt like day release from prison.

One afternoon we took a scooter ride with David, around the local bay, down the coastal road. I was driving, Meg was on the back, and she threw out her arms and shouted for joy as we zoomed through little towns, smelt people's dinners from open windows, waved to children playing in their gardens. They all waved back and smiled. They didn't know us.

The best part of the visit was watching Elton and David and their two boys fall in love with Archie. Often I'd catch Elton studying Archie's face and I knew what he was thinking: Mummy. I knew because it happened so often to me as well. Time and again I'd see an expression cross Archie's face and it would bring me up short. I nearly said so to Elton, how much I

wished my mother could hold her grandson, how often it happened that, while hugging Archie, I felt her—or wanted to. Every hug tinged with nostalgia; every tuck-in touched with grief.

*Does anything bring you face-to-face with the past like parenthood?*

On the last night we were all experiencing that familiar end-of-holiday malaise: *Why can't it be like this forever?* We were drifting from the terrace to the pool, and back again, Elton offering cocktails, David and I chatting about the news. And the sorry state of the press. And what it meant for the state of Britain.

We got onto books. David mentioned Elton's memoir, at which he'd been toiling for years. It was finally done, and Elton was mighty proud of it, and the publication date was drawing near.

*Bravo, Elton!*

Elton mentioned that it was going to be serialized.

*Is that so?*

*Yes. Daily Mail.*

He saw my face. He quickly looked away.

*Elton, how in the absolute—?*

*I want people to read it!*

*But, Elton—? The very people who've made your life miserable?*

*Exactly. Who better to excerpt it? Where better than the very newspaper that's been so poisonous to me my whole life?*

*Who better? I just...I don't understand.*

It was a warm night, so I'd already been sweating. But now beads were dripping off my forehead. I reminded him of the specific lies the *Mail* had famously printed about him. Hell—he'd sued them, just over a decade earlier, after they claimed he forbade people at a charity event from speaking to him.

They'd ultimately written him a check for a hundred thousand pounds.

I reminded him that he'd stirringly said in one interview: “They can say I'm a fat old c—. They can say I'm an untalented bastard. They can call me a poof. But they mustn't lie about me.”

He didn't have an answer.

But I didn't push it.  
I loved him. I'll always love him.  
And I also didn't want to spoil the holiday.

## 68.

**I** T FELT GLORIOUS TO watch an entire country fall in love with my wife.  
South Africa, that is.  
September 2019.

Another foreign tour, representing the Queen, and another triumph. From Cape Town to Johannesburg, people couldn't get enough of Meg.

We both felt a bit more confident, therefore, a bit more courageous, just days before our return home, when we strapped on the battle armor and announced that we were suing three of the four British tabloids (including the one that printed Meg's letter to her father) over their disgraceful conduct, and over their longstanding practice of hacking into people's phones.

It was partially down to Elton and David. At the end of our recent visit they'd introduced us to a barrister, an acquaintance of theirs, a lovely fellow who knew more about the phone-hacking scandal than anyone I'd ever met. He'd shared with me his expertise, plus loads of open-court evidence, and when I told him I wished there was something I could do with it, when I complained that we'd been blocked at every turn by the Palace, he offered a breathtakingly elegant work-around.

*Why not hire your own lawyer?*

I stammered: *You mean...are you telling me we could just...?*

What a thought. It had never occurred to me.

I'd been so conditioned to do as I was told.

I RANG GRANNY TO TELL her beforehand. Pa too. And I sent Willy a text.

I also told the Bee, giving him advance notice of the lawsuit, letting him know we had a statement ready to go, asking him to please redirect to our office all the press inquiries it would inevitably trigger. He wished us luck! It was amusing, therefore, when I heard that he and the Wasp were claiming to have had no advance warning.

In announcing the lawsuit I laid out my case to the world:

*My wife has become one of the latest victims of a British tabloid press that wages campaigns against individuals with no thought to the consequences—a ruthless campaign that has escalated over the past year, throughout her pregnancy and while raising our newborn son...I cannot begin to describe how painful it has been...Though this action may not be the safe one, it is the right one. Because my deepest fear is history repeating itself...I lost my mother and now I watch my wife falling victim to the same powerful forces.*

The lawsuit wasn't covered as widely as, say, Meg's daring to shut her own car door. In fact, it was barely covered at all. Nonetheless, friends took note. Many texted: *Why now?*

Simple. In a few days the privacy laws in Britain were going to change in the tabloids' favor. We wanted our case to be heard before a crooked bat was introduced into the game.

Friends also asked: *Why sue at all when you're riding so high in the press? The South Africa tour was a triumph, coverage was wildly positive.*

*That's the whole point, I explained. This isn't about wanting or needing good press. It's about not letting people get away with abuse. And lies. Especially the kind of lies that can destroy innocents.*

Maybe I sounded a bit self-righteous. Maybe I sounded as if I was on my high horse. But shortly after announcing our lawsuit I felt energized by a ghastly story in the *Express*.

*How Meghan Markle's flowers may have put Princess Charlotte's life at risk.*

This latest “scandal” concerned the flower crowns worn by our bridesmaids, more than a year earlier. Included in the crowns were a few lilies of the valley, which can be poisonous to children. Provided the children *eat* the lilies.

Even then, the reaction would be discomfort, concerning to parents, but only in the rarest cases would such a thing be fatal.

Never mind that an official florist put together these crowns. Never mind that it wasn't Meg who made this “dangerous decision.” Never mind that previous royal brides, including Kate and my mother, had also used lilies of the valley.

Never mind all that. The story of Meghan the Murderess was just too good.

An accompanying photo showed my poor little niece wearing her crown, face contorted in a paroxysm of agony, or a sneeze. Alongside this photo was a shot of Meg looking sublimely unconcerned about the imminent death of this angelic child.

## 70.

**I** WAS SUMMONED TO Buckingham Palace. A lunch with Granny and Pa. The invitation was contained in a terse email from the Bee, and the tone wasn't: Would you mind popping around?

It was more: Get your arse over here.

I threw on a suit, jumped into the car.

The Bee and the Wasp were the first faces I saw when I walked into the room. An ambush. I thought this was to be a family lunch. Apparently not.

Alone, without my staff, without Meg, I was confronted directly about my legal action. My father said it was massively damaging to the reputation

of the family.

*How so?*

*It makes our relationship with the media complicated.*

*Complicated. There's a word.*

*Anything you do affects the whole family.*

*One could say the same about all your actions and decisions. They affect us as well. Like, for instance, wining and dining the same editors and journalists who've been attacking me and my wife...*

The Bee or the Wasp jumped in to remind me: *One has to have a relationship with the press...Sir, we've talked about this before!*

*A relationship yes. But not a sordid affair.*

I tried a new tack. *Everyone in this family has sued the press, including Granny. Why's this any different?*

Chirping crickets. Silence.

There was some more wrangling, and then I said:

*We had no other option. And we wouldn't have had to do it if you'd all protected us. And protected the monarchy in the process. You're doing a disservice to yourselves by not protecting my wife.*

I looked around the table. Stony faces. Was it incomprehension? Cognitive dissonance? A long-term mission at play? Or...did they really not know? Were they so deep inside a bubble inside a bubble that they really hadn't fully appreciated how bad things were?

For instance, *Tatler* magazine quoting an old Etonian saying I'd married Meg because "foreigners" like her are "easier" than girls "with the right background."

Or the *Daily Mail* saying Meg was "upwardly mobile," because she'd gone from "slaves to royalty" in just 150 years.

Or the social media posts about her being a "yacht girl" and an "escort," or calling her a "gold-digger," and "a whore," and "a bitch," and "a slut," and the N-word—repeatedly. Some of those posts were in the comments section on the pages of all three Palaces' social media accounts—and still hadn't been expunged.

Or the tweet that said: “Dear Duchess, I’m not saying that I hate you but I hope your next period happens in a shark tank.”

Or the revelation of racist texts from Jo Marney, girlfriend of UKIP leader Henry Bolton, including one saying that my “black American” fiancée would “taint” the Royal Family, setting the stage for “a black king,” and another averring that Ms. Marney would never have sex with “a Negro.”

“This is Britain, not Africa.”

Or the *Mail* complaining that Meg couldn’t keep her hands off her baby bump, that she was rubbing it and rubbing it as if she were a succubus.

Things had got so out of hand, seventy-two women in Parliament, from both main parties, had condemned the “colonial undertones” of all newspaper coverage of The Duchess of Sussex.

None of these things had merited one comment, public or private, from my family.

I knew how they rationalized it all, saying it was no different from what Camilla got. Or Kate. But it *was* different. One study looked closely at four hundred vile tweets about Meg. Employing a team of data specialists and computer analysts the study found that this avalanche of hate was wildly atypical, light-years from anything directed at Camilla or Kate. A tweet calling Meg “the queen of monkey island” had no historical precedent or equivalent.

And this wasn’t about hurt feelings or bruised egos. Hate had physical effects. There was a ton of science showing how unhealthy it is to be publicly hated and mocked. Meanwhile, the wider societal effects were even scarier. Certain kinds of people are more susceptible to such hate, and incited by it. Hence the package of suspicious white powder that had been sent to our office, with a disgusting racist note attached.

I looked at Granny, looked around the room, reminded them that Meg and I had been coping with a wholly unique situation, and doing it all by ourselves. Our dedicated staff was too small, too young, grossly underfunded.

The Bee and the Wasp harrumphed and said we should've let it be known that we were under-resourced.

*Let it be known?* I said I'd begged them repeatedly, all of them, and one of our top aides had sent in pleas as well—multiple times.

Granny looked directly at the Bee and the Wasp: *Is this true?*

The Bee looked her right in the eye, and, with the Wasp nodding vigorously in assent, said: *Your Majesty, we never received any of these requests for support.*

## 71.

**M**EG AND I ATTENDED the WellChild Awards, an annual event that honored children suffering from serious illnesses. October 2019.

I'd attended many times through the years, having been a royal patron of the organization since 2007, and it was always gutting. The children were so brave, their parents so proud—and tortured. Various awards were given that night for inspiration, fortitude, and I was presenting one to an especially resilient preschooler.

I walked onstage, began my brief remarks, and caught sight of Meg's face. I thought back to a year ago, when she and I attended this event just weeks after taking that home pregnancy test. We'd been filled with hope, and worry, like all expectant parents, and now we had a healthy little boy at home. But these parents and children hadn't been so lucky. Gratitude and sympathy converged in my heart, and I choked up. Unable to get the words out, I held the lectern tight and leaned forward. The presenter, who'd been a friend of my mother, stepped over and gave my shoulder a rub. It helped, as did the burst of applause, which gave me a moment to restart my vocal cords. Soon after, I got a text from Willy. He was in Pakistan on tour. He said I was clearly struggling, and he was worried about me.

I thanked him for his concern, assured him I was fine. I'd become emotional in front of a roomful of sick kids and their folks just after becoming a father myself—nothing abnormal in that.

He said I wasn't well. He said again that I needed help.

I reminded him that I was doing therapy. In fact, he'd recently told me he wanted to accompany me to a session because he suspected I was being "brainwashed."

*Then come, I said. It will be good for you. Good for us.*

He never came.

His strategy was patently obvious: I was unwell, which meant I was unwise. As if all my behavior needed to be called into question.

I worked hard at keeping my texts to him civil. Nonetheless, the exchange turned into an argument, which stretched over seventy-two hours. Back and forth we went, all day, late into the night—we'd never had a fight like that over text before. Angry, but also miles apart, as if we were speaking different languages. Now and then I realized that my worst fear was coming true: after months of therapy, after working hard to become more aware, more independent, I was a stranger to my older brother. He could no longer relate to me—tolerate me.

Or maybe it was just the stress of the last few years, the last few decades, finally pouring out.

I saved the texts. I have them still. I read them sometimes, with sadness, with confusion, thinking: How did we ever get there?

In his final texts, Willy wrote that he loved me. That he cared for me deeply. That he would do whatever is needed to help me.

He told me to never feel any other way.

EG AND I DISCUSSED getting away, but this time we weren't talking about a day at Wimbledon or a weekend with Elton.

**M** We were talking about escape.

A friend knew someone who had a house we could borrow on Vancouver Island. Quiet, green—seemingly remote. Only reachable by ferry or plane, the friend said.

November 2019.

We arrived with Archie, Guy, Pula, and our nanny, under cover of darkness, on a stormy night, and spent the next few days trying to unwind. It wasn't hard. From morning to night we didn't have to give a thought to being ambushed. The house was right on the edge of a sparkling green forest, with big gardens where Archie and the dogs could play, and it was nearly surrounded by the clean, cold sea. I could take a bracing swim in the morning. Best of all, no one knew we were there. We hiked, we kayaked, we played—in peace.

After a few days we needed supplies. We ventured out timidly, drove down the road into the nearest village, walked along the pavement like people in a horror movie. Where will the attack come from? Which direction?

But it didn't happen. People didn't freak. They didn't stare. They didn't reach for their iPhones. Everyone knew, or sensed, that we were going through something. They gave us space, while also managing to make us feel welcome, with a kind smile, a wave. They made us feel like part of a community. They made us feel normal.

For six weeks.

Then the *Daily Mail* printed our address.

Within hours the boats arrived. An invasion by sea. Each boat bristled with telephoto lenses, arrayed like guns along the decks, and every lens was aimed at our windows. At our boy.

So much for playing in the gardens.

We grabbed Archie, pulled him into the house.

They shot through the kitchen windows during his feeds.

We pulled down the blinds.

The next time we drove into town, there were forty paps along the route. Forty. We counted. Some gave chase. At our favorite little general store, a plaintive sign now hung in the window: No Media.

We hurried back to the house, pulled the blinds even tighter, returned to a kind of permanent twilight.

Meg said she'd officially come full circle. Back in Canada, afraid to raise the blinds.

But blinds weren't enough. Security cameras along the back fence of the property soon picked up a skeletal man pacing, peering, looking for a way in. And taking photos over the fence. He wore a filthy puffer vest, dirty trousers bunched around his raggedy shoes, and he looked as if nothing was beneath him. Nothing. His name was Steve Dennett. He was a freelance pap who'd spied on us before, in the employ of *Splash!*

He was a pest. But maybe the next guy would be more than a pest.

Can't stay here, we said.

And, yet...?

Brief as it was, that taste of freedom had got us thinking. What if life could be like that...all the time? What if we could spend at least part of each year somewhere far away, still doing work for the Queen, but beyond the reach of the press?

Free. Free from the British press, free from the drama, free from the lies. But also free from the supposed "public interest" that was used to justify the frenzied coverage of us.

The question was...where?

We talked about New Zealand. We talked about South Africa. Half the year in Cape Town maybe? That could work. Away from the drama, but closer to my conservation work—and to eighteen other Commonwealth countries.

I'd run the idea by Granny once before. She'd even signed off on it. And I'd run it by Pa, at Clarence House, the Wasp present. He told me to put it in writing, which I'd done immediately. Within a few days it was in all the papers and caused a huge stink. So now, at the end of December 2019, when I was chatting with Pa on the phone, saying we were more serious

than ever about spending part of the year away from Britain, I wasn't having it when he said that I must write it down.

*Yeah, um, did that once before, Pa. And our plan immediately got leaked and scuppered.*

*I can't help you if you don't put it in writing, darling boy. These things have to go through government.*

For the love of...

So. In the first days of January 2020, I sent him a watermarked letter broadly outlining the idea, with bullet points, and many details. Throughout the exchanges that followed, all marked PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL, I hammered the essential theme: we were prepared to make any sacrifice necessary to find some peace and safety, including relinquishing our Sussex titles.

I rang to get his thoughts.

He wouldn't come to the phone.

I soon received a long email from him saying we'd have to sit down and discuss the whole thing in person. He'd like us to come back as soon as possible.

*You're in luck, Pa! We're coming back to Britain in the next few days—to see Granny. So...when can we meet?*

*Not before the end of January.*

*What? That's more than a month away.*

*I'm in Scotland. I can't get there before then.*

*I really hope and trust that we will be able to have further conversations without this getting into the public domain and it becoming a circus, I wrote.*

He responded with what felt like an ominous threat: *You'll be disobeying orders from the monarch and myself if you persist in this course of action before we have a chance to sit down.*

## 73.

I RANG GRANNY on January 3.

We're coming back to Britain, I said. We'd love to see you.

I told her explicitly that we hoped to discuss with her our plan to create a different working arrangement.

She wasn't pleased. Neither was she shocked. She knew how unhappy we were, she'd seen this day on the horizon.

One good chat with my grandmother, I felt, would bring this ordeal to an end.

I said: *Granny, are you free?*

*Yes, of course! I'm free all week. The diary is clear.*

*That's great. Meg and I can come up for tea and then drive back to London. We have an engagement at Canada House the next day.*

*You'll be exhausted from the travel. Do you want to stay here?*

By "here" she meant Sandringham. Yes, that would be easier, and I told her so.

*That would be lovely, thank you.*

*Are you planning to see your father too?*

*I asked, but he said it's impossible. He's in Scotland and can't leave until the end of the month.*

She made a little sound. A sigh or a knowing grunt. I had to laugh.

She said: *I have only one thing to say about that.*

*Yes?*

*Your father always does what he wants to do.*

Days later, January 5, as Meg and I boarded a flight in Vancouver, I got a frantic note from our staff, who'd received a frantic note from the Bee. Granny wouldn't be able to see me. *Initially Her Majesty thought this would be possible, it will not...The Duke of Sussex cannot come to Norfolk tomorrow. Her Majesty will be able to arrange another mtg this month. No announcements about anything shall be issued until such a meeting takes place.*

I said to Meg: They're blocking me from seeing my own grandmother.

When we landed I considered driving straight to Sandringham anyway. To hell with the Bee. Who was he to try to block me? I imagined our car being stopped at the gate by Palace police. I imagined smashing past security, the gate snapping across the bonnet. Diverting fantasy, and a fun way to spend the trip from the airport, but no. I'd have to bide my time.

When we reached Frogmore I rang Granny again. I imagined the phone ringing on her desk. I could actually hear it in my mind, *brrrang*, like the red phone in the VHR tent.

*Troops in Contact!*

Then I heard her voice.

*Hello?*

*Hi, Granny, it's Harry. Sorry, I must have misunderstood you the other day when you said you didn't have anything going on today.*

*Something came up that I wasn't aware of.*

Her voice was strange.

*Can I pop in tomorrow then, Granny?*

*Um. Well. I'm busy all week.*

At least, she added, that was what the Bee told her...

*Is he in the room with you, Granny?*

No answer.

## 74.

**W**E GOT WORD from Sara that *The Sun* was about to run a story saying The Duke and Duchess of Sussex were stepping away from their royal duties to spend more time in Canada. A sad little man, the newspaper's showbiz editor, was said to be the lead reporter on the story.

Why him? Why, of all people, the showbiz guy?

Because lately he'd refashioned himself into some sort of quasi royal correspondent, largely on the strength of his secret relationship with one particularly close friend of Willy's comms secretary—who fed him trivial (and mostly fake) gossip.

He was sure to get everything wrong, as he'd got everything wrong on his last big "exclusive," Tiaragate. He was equally sure to cram his story into the paper as fast as possible, because he was likely working in concert with the Palace, whose courtiers were determined to get ahead of us and spin the story. We didn't want that. We didn't want anyone else breaking our news, *twisting* our news.

We'd have to rush out a statement.

I phoned Granny again, told her about *The Sun*, told her we might need to hurry out a statement. She understood. She'd allow it, so long as it didn't "add to speculation."

I didn't tell her exactly what our statement would say. She didn't ask. But also I didn't fully know yet. I gave her the gist, however, and mentioned some of the basic details I'd outlined in the memo Pa had demanded and which she'd seen.

The wording needed to be precise. And it needed to be bland—calm. We didn't want to assign any blame, didn't want to stoke the fires. Mustn't add to speculation.

Formidable writing challenge.

We soon realized it wasn't possible; we didn't have time to get our statement out there first.

We opened a bottle of wine. Proceed, sad little man, proceed.

He did. *The Sun* posted his story late that night, and again on the morning's front page.

Headline: WE'RE ORF!

As expected, the story depicted our departure as a rollicking, carefree, hedonistic *tapping out*, rather than a careful retreat and attempt at self-preservation. It also included the telling detail that we'd offered to relinquish our Sussex titles. There was only one document on earth in

which that detail was mentioned—my private and confidential letter to my father.

To which a shockingly, damningly small number of people had access. We hadn't mentioned it to even our closest friends.

January 7, we worked some more on the draft, did a brief public appearance, met with our staff. Finally, knowing more details were about to be leaked, on January 8 we hunkered down deep inside Buckingham Palace, in one of the main state rooms, with the two most senior members of our staff.

I'd always liked that state room. Its pale walls, its sparkly crystal chandelier. But now it struck me as especially lovely and I thought: Has it always been so? Has it always looked so...*royal*?

In a corner of the state room was a grand wooden desk. We used this as our workspace. We took turns sitting there, typing on a laptop. We tried out different phrases. We wanted to say that we were taking a reduced role, stepping back but not down. Hard to get the exact wording, the right tone. Serious, but respectful.

Occasionally one of us would stretch out in a nearby armchair, or give the eyes a rest by gazing out of the two huge windows onto the gardens. When I needed a longer break I set off on a trek across the oceanic carpet. On the far side of the room, in the left corner, a small door led to the Belgian Suite, where Meg and I had once spent the night. In the near corner stood two tall wooden doors, the kind people think of when they hear the word "palace." These led to a room in which I'd attended countless cocktail parties. I thought back on those gatherings, on all the good times I'd had in this place.

I remembered: The room right next door was where the family always gathered for drinks before Christmas lunch.

I went out into the hall. There was a tall, beautiful Christmas tree, still brightly lit. I stood before it, reminiscing. I removed two ornaments, soft little corgis, and brought them back to the staffers. One each. Souvenir of this strange mission, I said.

They were touched. But a bit guilty.

I assured them: *No one will miss 'em.*

Words that seemed double-edged.

Late in the day, as we crawled closer to a final draft, the staffers began to feel anxious. They worried aloud if their involvement would be discovered. If so, what would it mean for their jobs? But mostly they were excited. They felt that they were on the side of right; both had read every word of abuse in the press and on social media, going back months and months.

At six P.M. it was done. We gathered around the laptop, read the draft one last time. One staffer messaged the private secretaries of Granny, Pa and Willy, told them what was coming. Willy's guy replied immediately: *This is going to go nuclear.*

I knew, of course, that many Britons would be shocked, and saddened, which made my stomach churn. But in due course, once they knew the truth, I felt confident they'd understand.

One of the staffers said: *Are we doing this?*

Meg and I both said:

*Yes. There's no other choice.*

We sent the statement to our social media person. Within a minute there it was, live, on our Instagram page, the only platform available to us. We all hugged, wiped our eyes, and quickly gathered our things.

Meg and I walked out of the Palace and jumped into our car. As we sped towards Frogmore the news was already on the radio. Every channel. We picked one. Magic FM. Meg's favorite. We listened to the presenter work himself into a very British lather. We held hands and shared a smile with our bodyguards in the front seat. Then we all gazed silently out of the windows.

AYS LATER THERE was a meeting at Sandringham. I don't remember who called it the Sandringham Summit. Someone in the press, I suspect.

**D** On my way there I got a text from Marko about a story in *The Times*.

Willy was declaring that he and I were now “separate entities.”

“I’ve put my arm around my brother all our lives and I can’t do that anymore,” he said.

Meg had gone back to Canada to be with Archie, so I was on my own for this summit. I got there early, hoping to have a quick chat with Granny. She was sitting on a bench before the fireplace and I sat down beside her. I saw the Wasp react with alarm. He went buzzing off and moments later returned with Pa, who sat beside me. Immediately after him came Willy, who looked at me as if he planned to murder me. *Hello, Harold*. He sat across from me. Separate entities indeed.

When all participants had arrived, we shifted to a long conference table, with Granny at the head. Before each chair was a royal notepad and pencil.

The Bee and the Wasp conducted a quick summary of where we were. The subject of the press came up pretty quickly. I referenced their cruel and criminal behavior, but said they’d had a ton of help. This family had enabled the papers by looking the other way, or by actively courting them, and some of the staff had worked directly with the press, briefing them, planting stories, occasionally rewarding and fêting them. The press was a big part of why we’d come to this crisis—their business model demanded that we be in constant conflict—but they weren’t the only culprits.

I looked at Willy. This was his moment to jump in, echo what I was saying, talk about his maddening experiences with Pa and Camilla. Instead he complained about a story in the morning papers suggesting that he was the reason we were leaving.

*I’m now being accused of bullying you and Meg out of the family!*

I wanted to say: We had nothing to do with that story...but imagine how you might feel if we *had* leaked it. Then you’ll know how Meg and I have felt the last three years.

The private secretaries began to address Granny about the Five Options.

*Your Majesty, you've seen the Five Options.*

Yes, she said.

We all had. They'd been emailed to us, five different ways of proceeding. Option 1 was continuance of the status quo: Meg and I don't leave, everyone tries to go back to normal. Option 5 was full severance, no royal role, no working for Granny, and total loss of security.

Option 3 was somewhere in between. A compromise. Closest to what we'd originally proposed.

I told everyone assembled that, above all, I was desperate to keep security. That was what worried me most, my family's physical safety. I wanted to prevent a repeat of history, another untimely death like the one that had rocked this family to its core twenty-three years earlier, and from which we were still trying to recover.

I'd consulted with several Palace veterans, people who knew the inner workings of the monarchy and its history and they all said Option 3 was best for all parties. Meg and I living elsewhere part of the year, continuing our work, retaining security, returning to Britain for charities, ceremonies, events. Sensible solution, these Palace veterans said. And eminently doable.

But the family, of course, pushed me to take Option 1. Barring that, they would only accept Option 5.

We discussed the Five Options for nearly an hour. At last the Bee got up and went around the table, handing out a draft of a statement the Palace would soon be releasing. Announcing implementation of Option 5.

*Wait. I'm confused. You've already drafted a statement? Before any discussion? Announcing Option 5? In other words, the fix was in, this whole time? This summit was just for show?*

No answer.

I asked if there were drafts of other statements. Announcing the other options.

Oh yes, of course, the Bee assured me.

Can I see them?

Alas—his printer had gone on the blink, he said. The odds! At the very moment he was about to print out those other drafts!

I started laughing. *Is this some kind of joke?*

Everyone was staring away or down at their shoes.

I turned to Granny: *Do you mind if I take a moment, get some air?*

*Of course!*

I left the room. I walked into a big hall and ran into Lady Susan, who'd worked for Granny for years, and Mr. R, my former upstairs neighbor in the badger sett. They could see I was upset and they asked if there was anything they could do for me. I smiled and said, No, thank you, then went back into the room.

There was some discussion at this point of Option 3. Or was it Option 2? It was all starting to give me a headache. They were wearing me down. I didn't bloody care which option we adopted, so long as security remained in place. I pleaded for continuation of the same armed police protection I'd had, and needed, since birth. I'd never been allowed to go anywhere without three armed bodyguards, even when I was supposedly the most popular member of the family, and now I was the target, along with my wife and son, of unprecedented hate—and the leading proposal under discussion called for total abandonment?

Madness.

I offered to defray the cost of security out of my own pocket. I wasn't sure how I'd do that, but I'd find a way.

I made one last pitch: *Look. Please. Meg and I don't care about perks, we care about working, serving—and staying alive.*

This seemed simple and persuasive. All the heads around the table went up and down.

As the meeting came to a close there was a basic, general agreement. The many fine, granular details of this hybrid arrangement would be sorted out over a twelve-month transitional period, during which we'd continue to have security.

Granny rose. We all rose. She walked out.

For me there was one more piece of unfinished business. I went off to find the office of the Bee. Luckily, I ran into the Queen's friendliest page, who'd always liked me. I asked for directions; he said he'd take me himself.

He led me through the kitchen, up some back stairs, down a narrow corridor.

Just that way, he said, pointing.

A few steps later I came upon a huge printer, churning out documents. The Bee's assistant swung into view.

*Hello!*

I pointed at the printer and said: *This seems to be working fine?*

*Yes, Your Royal Highness!*

*Not broken?*

*That thing? It's indestructible, sir!*

I asked about the printer in the Bee's office. *That one work too?*

*Oh, yes, sir! Did you need to print something out?*

*No, thank you.*

I went farther down the corridor, through a door. Everything suddenly looked familiar. Then I remembered. This was the corridor where I'd slept that Christmas after returning from the South Pole. And now along came the Bee. Head on. He saw me and looked extremely sheepish...for a bee. He could tell what I was up to. He heard the printer whirring away. He knew he was busted. *Oh, sir, please, sir, don't worry about that, it's really not important.*

*Isn't it?*

I walked away from him, went downstairs. Someone suggested that before I left I should step outside with Willy. Cool our heads.

*All right.*

We went up and down the yew hedges. The day was freezing. I was wearing only a light jacket, and Willy was in a jumper, so both of us were shivering.

I was struck again by the beauty of it all. As in the state room, I felt as if I'd never seen a palace before. These gardens, I thought, they're paradise. Why can't we just enjoy them?

I was braced for a lecture. It didn't come. Willy was subdued. He wanted to listen. For the first time in a long time my brother heard me out, and I was so grateful.

I told him about one past staff member sabotaging Meg. Plotting against her. I told him about one current staff member, whose close friend was taking payments for leaking private stuff to the press about Meg and me. My sources on this were above reproach, including several journalists and barristers. Plus, I'd made a visit to New Scotland Yard.

Willy frowned. He and Kate had their own suspicions. He'd look into it. We agreed to keep talking.

## 76.

I JUMPED INTO THE car and was immediately told that a strongly worded denial had been put out by the Palace, squashing that morning's bullying story. The denial was signed by none other than...me. And Willy. My name attached by faceless others to words I'd never even seen—let alone approved? I was stunned.

I went back to Frogmore. From there, remotely, over the next few days, I took part in the drafting of a final statement, which went out January 18, 2020.

The Palace announced that The Duke and Duchess of Sussex had agreed to “step back,” that we'd no longer “formally” represent the Queen, that our HRH titles would be in “abeyance” during this transitional year—and that we'd offered to reimburse the Sovereign Grant for refurbishments to Frogmore Cottage.

A firm “no comment” on the status of our security.

I flew back to Vancouver. Delicious reunion with Meg, Archie and the dogs. And yet, for a few days, I didn't feel fully back. Part of me was still in Britain. Still at Sandringham. I spent hours glued to my phone, and the internet, monitoring the fallout. The ire directed at us by the papers and the trolls was alarming.

“Make no mistake, it’s an insult,” cried the *Daily Mail*, which convened a “Fleet Street jury” to consider our “crimes.” Among them was the Queen’s ex–press secretary, who concluded, with his fellow jurors, that we should hereafter “expect no mercy.”

I shook my head. No mercy. The language of war?

Clearly this was more than simple anger. These men and women saw me as an existential threat. If our leaving posed a threat to the monarchy, as some were saying, then it posed a threat to all those covering the monarchy for a living.

Hence, we had to be destroyed.

One of this lot, who’d written a book about me and thus provably depended on me to pay her rent, went on live TV to explain confidently that Meg and I had departed from Britain without so much as a by-your-leave to Granny. We’d discussed it with no one, she said, not even Pa. She announced these falsehoods with such unfaltering certainty that even I was tempted to believe her, and thus her version of events quickly became “the truth” in many circles. *Harry blindsided the Queen!* That was the narrative that took hold. I could feel it oozing into history books, and I could imagine boys and girls at Ludgrove, decades hence, having that hogwash rammed down their throats.

I sat up late, brooding on it all, going over the progression of events and asking myself: What’s the matter with these people? What makes them like this?

Is it all just about the money?

Isn’t it always? All my life I’ve heard people saying the monarchy was expensive, anachronistic, and Meg and I were now served up as proof. Our wedding was cited as Exhibit A. It cost millions, and thereafter we’d up and left. Ingrates.

But the family paid for the actual wedding, and a huge portion of the remaining cost was for security, much of which was made necessary by the press stirring up racism and class resentment. And the security experts themselves told us the snipers and sniffer dogs weren’t just for us: they

were to prevent a shooter from strafing the crowds on the Long Walk, or a suicide bomber blowing up the parade route.

Maybe money sits at the heart of every controversy about monarchy. Britain has long had trouble making up its mind. Many support the Crown, but many also feel anxious about the cost. That anxiety is increased by the fact that the cost is unknowable. Depends on who's crunching the numbers. Does the Crown cost taxpayers? Yes. Does it also pay a fortune into government coffers? Also yes. Does the Crown generate tourism income that benefits all? Of course. Does it also rest upon lands obtained and secured when the system was unjust and wealth was generated by exploited workers and thuggery, annexation and enslaved people?

Can anyone deny it?

According to the last study I saw, the monarchy costs the average taxpayer the price of a pint each year. In light of its many good works that seems a pretty sound investment. But no one wants to hear a prince argue for the existence of a monarchy, any more than they want to hear a prince argue against it. I leave cost-benefit analyses to others.

My emotions are complicated on this subject, naturally, but my bottom-line position isn't. I'll forever support my Queen, my Commander in Chief, my Granny. Even after she's gone. My problem has never been with the monarchy, nor the concept of monarchy. It's been with the press and the sick relationship that's evolved between it and the Palace. I love my Mother Country, and I love my family, and I always will. I just wish, at the second-darkest moment of my life, they'd both been there for me.

And I believe they'll look back one day and wish they had too.

77.

**T**HE QUESTION WAS: Where to live?

We considered Canada. By and large it had been good to us. It had already come to feel like home. We could imagine spending the rest of our lives there. If we could just find a place the press didn't know about, we said, Canada might be the answer.

Meg got in touch with a Vancouver friend, who connected us with an estate agent, and we started looking at houses. We were taking first steps, trying to be positive. Doesn't really matter where we live, we said, so long as the Palace fulfills its obligation—and what I felt was its implicit promise—to keep us safe.

Meg asked me one night: *You don't think they'd ever pull our security, do you?*

*Never. Not in this climate of hate. And not after what happened to my mother.*

Also, not in the wake of my Uncle Andrew. He was embroiled in a shameful scandal, accused of the sexual assault of a young woman, and no one had so much as suggested that he lose his security. Whatever grievances people had against us, sex crimes weren't on the list.

February 2020.

I scooped Archie from his nap and took him out to the lawn. It was sunny, cold, and we gazed at the water, touched the dry leaves, collected rocks and twigs. I kissed his chubby little cheeks, tickled him, then glanced down at my phone to see a text from the head of our security team, Lloyde.

He needed to see me.

I carried Archie across the garden and handed him to Meg, then went across the soggy grass to the cottage where Lloyde and the other bodyguards were staying. We sat on a bench, both of us wearing puffer jackets. Waves rolling gently in the background, Lloyde told me that our security was being pulled. He and the whole team had been ordered to evacuate.

*Surely they can't.*

*I would tend to agree. But they are.*

So much for the year of transition.

The threat level for us, Lloyd said, was still higher than for that of nearly every other royal, equal to that assigned the Queen. And yet the word had come down and there was to be no arguing.

So here we are, I said. The ultimate nightmare. The worst of all worst-case scenarios. Any bad actor in the world would now be able to find us, and it would just be me with a pistol to stop them.

*Oh wait. No pistol. I'm in Canada.*

I rang Pa. He wouldn't take my calls.

Just then I got a text from Willy. *Can you speak?*

Great. I was sure my older brother, after our recent walk in the Sandringham gardens, would be sympathetic. That he'd step up.

He said it was a government decision. Nothing to be done.

## 78.

LOYDE WAS PLEADING with his superiors at home, trying to get them at least to postpone the date when he and his team pulled out. He showed me the emails. He wrote: *We can't just...leave them here!*

The person at the other end wrote: *The decision has been made. As of March 31 they're by themselves.*

I scrambled to find new security. I spoke to consultants, gathered estimates. I filled a notebook with research. The Palace directed me to a firm, which quoted me a price. Six million a year.

I slowly hung up.

In the midst of all this darkness came the horrible news that my old friend Caroline Flack had taken her life. She couldn't stand it anymore, apparently. The relentless abuse at the hands of the press, year after year, had finally broken her. I felt so awful for her family. I remembered how they'd all suffered for her mortal sin of going out with me.

She'd been so light and funny that night we met. The definition of carefree.

It would've been impossible then to imagine this outcome.

I told myself it was an important reminder. I wasn't being overdramatic, I wasn't warning about things that would never happen. What Meg and I were dealing with was indeed a question of life and death.

And time was running out.

In March 2020 the World Health Organization declared a global pandemic, and Canada began to discuss the possibility of closing its borders.

But Meg had zero doubt. *They're definitely going to close those borders, so we need to figure out somewhere else to go...and get there.*

## 79.

**W**E WERE HAVING a chat with Tyler Perry, the actor-writer-director. He'd sent a note to Meg before the wedding, out of the blue, telling her that she wasn't alone, that he saw what was happening. Now, FaceTiming with him, Meg and I were trying to put on a brave face, but we were both a mess.

Tyler saw. He asked what was up.

We gave him the highlights, the loss of security, the borders closing. Nowhere to turn.

*Whoa. OK, that's a lot. But...just breathe. Breathe.*

That was the problem. We couldn't breathe.

*Look...take my house.*

*What?*

*My house in Los Angeles. It's gated, it's secure—you'll be safe there. I'll keep you safe.*

He was traveling, he explained, working on a project, so the house was empty, waiting for us.

It was too much. Too generous.

But we accepted. Eagerly.

I asked why he was doing this.

*My mother.*

*Your...?*

*My mother loved your mother.*

I was caught completely by surprise. He said: *After your mother visited Harlem, that was it. She could do no wrong in Maxine Perry's book.*

He went on to say that his mother had died ten years earlier, and he was still grieving.

I wanted to tell him it gets easier.

I didn't.

## 80.

**T**HE HOUSE WAS XANADU. High ceilings, priceless art, beautiful swimming pool. Palatial, but above all, ultra-safe. Better yet, it came with security, paid for by Tyler.

We spent those last days of March 2020 exploring, unpacking. Trying to get our bearings. Halls, wardrobes, bedrooms, there seemed no end of spaces to discover, and niches for Archie to hide.

Meg introduced him to everything. Look at this statue! Look at this fountain! Look at these hummingbirds in the garden!

In the front hall was a painting he found especially interesting. He started every day locked on to it. A scene from ancient Rome. We asked each other why.

No clue.

Within a week Tyler's house felt like home. Archie took his first steps in the garden a couple of months later, at the height of the global pandemic lockdown. We clapped, hugged him, cheered. I thought, for a moment, how nice it would be to share the news with Grandpa or Uncle Willy.

Not long after those first steps Archie went marching up to his favorite painting in the front hall. He stared at it, made a gurgle of recognition.

Meg leaned in for a closer look.

She noticed, for the first time, a nameplate on the frame.

Goddess of the hunt. *Diana*.

When we told Tyler, he said he hadn't known. He'd forgotten the painting was even there.

He said: *Gives me chills*.

*Us too*.

## 81.

LATE AT NIGHT, WITH everyone asleep, I'd walk the house, checking the doors and windows. Then I'd sit on the balcony or the edge of the garden and roll a joint.

The house looked down onto a valley, across a hillside thick with frogs. I'd listen to their late-night song, smell the flower-scented air. The frogs, the smells, the trees, the big starry sky, it all brought me back to Botswana.

But maybe it's not just the flora and fauna, I thought.

Maybe it's more the feeling of safety. Of life.

We were able to get a lot of work done. And we had a lot of work to do. We launched a foundation, I reconnected with my contacts in world conservation. Things were getting under control...and then the press somehow learned we were at Tyler's. It had taken six weeks exactly, same as Canada. Suddenly there were drones overhead, paps across the street. Paps across the valley.

They cut the fence.

We patched the fence.

We stopped venturing outside. The garden was in full view of the paps.

Next came the helicopters.

Sadly, we were going to have to flee. We'd need to find somewhere new, and soon, and that would mean paying for our own security. I went back to my notebooks, started contacting security firms again. Meg and I sat down to work out exactly how much security we could afford, and how much house. Exactly then, while we were revising our budget, word came down: Pa was cutting me off.

I recognized the absurdity, a man in his mid-thirties being financially cut off by his father. But Pa wasn't merely my father, he was my boss, my banker, my comptroller, keeper of the purse strings throughout my adult life. Cutting me off therefore meant firing me, without redundancy pay, and casting me into the void after a lifetime of service. More, after a lifetime of rendering me otherwise unemployable.

I felt fatted for the slaughter. Suckled like a veal calf. I'd never asked to be financially dependent on Pa. I'd been forced into this surreal state, this unending *Truman Show* in which I almost never carried money, never owned a car, never carried a house key, never once ordered anything online, never received a single box from Amazon, *almost* never traveled on the Underground. (Once, at Eton, on a theater trip.) Sponge, the papers called me. But there's a big difference between being a sponge and being *prohibited* from learning independence. After decades of being rigorously and systematically infantilized, I was now abruptly abandoned, and mocked for being immature? For not standing on my own two feet?

The question of how to pay for a home and security kept Meg and me awake at nights. We could always spend some of my inheritance from Mummy, we said, but that felt like a last resort. We saw that money as belonging to Archie. And his sibling.

It was then that we learned Meg was pregnant.

**W**E FOUND A PLACE. Priced at a steep discount. Just up the coast, outside Santa Barbara. Lots of room, large gardens, a climbing frame—even a pond with koi carp.

The koi were stressed, the estate agent warned.

So are we. We'll all get along famously.

No, the agent explained, the koi need very particular care. You'll have to hire a koi guy.

*Uh-huh. And where does one find a koi guy?*

The agent wasn't sure.

We laughed. First-world problems.

We took a tour. The place was a dream. We asked Tyler to look at it too, and he said: Buy it. So we pulled together a down-payment, took out a mortgage, and in July 2020 we moved in.

The move itself required only a couple of hours. Everything we owned fitted into thirteen suitcases. That first night we had a quiet drink in celebration, roasted a chicken, went to bed early.

All was well, we said.

And yet Meg was still under loads of stress.

There was a pressing issue with her legal case against the tabloids. The *Mail* was up to its usual tricks. Their first crack at offering a defense had been patently ridiculous, so now they were trying a new defense, which was even more ridiculous. They were arguing that they'd printed Meg's letter to her father because of a story in *People* magazine, which quoted a handful of Meg's friends—anonymously. The tabloids argued that Meg had orchestrated these quotes, used her friends as *de facto* spokespeople, and thus the *Mail* had every right to publish her letter to her father.

More, they now wanted the names of Meg's previously anonymous friends read into the official court record—to destroy them. Meg was determined to do everything in her power to prevent that. She'd been staying up late, night after night, trying to work out how to save these

people, and now, on our first morning in the new house, she reported abdominal pains.

And bleeding.

Then she collapsed to the floor.

We raced to the local hospital. When the doctor walked into the room, I didn't hear one word she said, I just watched her face, her body language. I already knew. We both did. There had been so much blood.

Still, hearing the words was a blow.

Meg grabbed me, I held her, we both wept.

In my life I've felt *totally* helpless only four times.

In the back of the car while Mummy and Willy and I were being chased by paps.

In the Apache above Afghanistan, unable to get clearance to do my duty.

At Nott Cott when my pregnant wife was planning to take her life.

And now.

We left the hospital with our unborn child. A tiny package. We went to a place, a secret place only we knew.

Under a spreading banyan tree, while Meg wept, I dug a hole with my hands and set the tiny package softly in the ground.

## 83.

**F**IVE MONTHS LATER. Christmas 2020.

We took Archie to find a Christmas tree. A pop-up lot in Santa Barbara.

We bought one of the biggest spruces they had.

We brought it home, set it up in the living room. Magnificent. We stood back, admiring, counting our blessings. New home. Healthy boy. Plus, we'd signed several corporate partnerships, which would give us the chance to

resume our work, to spotlight the causes we cared about, to tell the stories we felt were vital. And to pay for our security.

It was Christmas Eve. We FaceTimed with several friends, including a few in Britain. We watched Archie running around the tree.

And we opened presents. Keeping to the Windsor family tradition.

One present was a little Christmas ornament of...the Queen!

I roared. *What the—?*

Meg had spotted it in a local store and thought I might like it.

I held it to the light. It was Granny's face to a T. I hung it on an eye-level branch. It made me happy to see her there. It made Meg and me smile. But then Archie, playing around the tree, jostled the stand, shook the tree, and Granny fell.

I heard a smash and turned.

Pieces lay all over the floor.

Archie ran and grabbed a spray bottle. For some reason he thought spraying water on the broken pieces would fix it.

Meg said: *No, Archie, no—do not spray Gan-Gan!* I grabbed a dustpan and swept up the pieces, all the while thinking: This is weird.

## 84.

**T**HE PALACE ANNOUNCED THAT a review had been conducted of our roles, and of the agreement reached in Sandringham.

Henceforth, we were stripped of everything but a few patronages.

February 2021.

They took it all away, I thought, even my military associations. I'd no longer be captain general of the Royal Marines, a title handed down by my grandfather. I'd no longer be permitted to wear my ceremonial military uniform.

I told myself they could never take away my real uniform, or my real military status. But still.

Furthermore, the statement continued, we'd no longer be doing any service whatsoever for the Queen.

They made it sound as if there'd been an agreement between us. There was nothing of the sort.

We pushed back in our own statement, released the same day, saying we'd never cease living a life of service.

This new slap-down from the Palace was like petrol on a bonfire. We'd been under media attack non-stop since leaving, but this official severing of ties set off a new wave, which felt different. We were vilified every day, every hour, on social media, and found ourselves the subjects of scurrilous, wholly fictional stories in the newspapers, stories always attributed to "royal aides" or "royal insiders" or "palace sources," stories clearly spoon-fed by Palace staff—and presumably sanctioned by my family.

I didn't read any of it, seldom even heard about it. I was now avoiding the internet as I once avoided downtown Garmsir. I kept my phone on silent. Not even vibrate. Sometimes a well-meaning friend would text: *Gosh, sorry about such and such*. We had to ask such friends, all friends, to stop informing us what they'd read.

In all honesty, I hadn't been totally surprised when the Palace cut ties. I'd had a sneak preview months earlier. Just before Remembrance Day I'd asked the Palace if someone could lay a wreath for me at the Cenotaph, since, of course, I couldn't be there.

Request denied.

In that case, I said, could a wreath be laid somewhere else in Britain on my behalf?

Request denied.

In that case, I said, perhaps a wreath could be laid somewhere in the Commonwealth, anywhere at all, on my behalf?

Request denied.

Nowhere in the world would any proxy be permitted to lay any sort of wreath at any military grave on behalf of Prince Harry, I was told.

I pleaded that this would be the first time I'd let a Remembrance Day pass without paying tribute to the fallen, some of whom had been dear friends.

Request denied.

In the end I rang one of my old instructors at Sandhurst and asked him to lay my wreath for me. He suggested the Iraq and Afghanistan Memorial, in London, which had just been unveiled a few years earlier.

By Granny.

*Yes. That's perfect. Thank you.*

He said it would be his honor.

Then added: *And by the by, Captain Wales. Fuck this. It's proper wrong.*

## 85.

**I** WASN'T SURE WHAT TO call her, or what exactly she did. All I knew was that she claimed to have "powers."

I recognized the high-percentage chance of humbuggery. But the woman came with strong recommendations from trusted friends, so I asked myself: What's the harm?

Then, the minute we sat down together, I felt an energy around her.

Oh, I thought. Wow. There's something here.

She felt an energy around me too, she said. *Your mother is with you.*

*I know. I've felt that of late.*

She said: *No. She's with you. Right now.*

I felt my neck grow warm. My eyes watered.

*Your mother knows you're looking for clarity. Your mother feels your confusion. She knows that you have so many questions.*

*I do.*

*The answers will come in time. One day in the future. Have patience.*

Patience? The word caught in my throat.

In the meantime, the woman said, my mother was very proud of me. And fully supportive. She knew it wasn't easy.

What wasn't?

*Your mother says: You're living the life she couldn't. You're living the life she wanted for you.*

I swallowed. I wanted to believe. I wanted every word this woman was saying to be true. But I needed proof. A sign. Anything.

*Your mother says...the ornament?*

*Ornament?*

*She was there.*

*Where?*

*Your mother says...something about a Christmas ornament? Of a mother? Or a grandmother? It fell? Broke?*

*Archie tried to fix it.*

*Your mother says she had a bit of a giggle about that.*

## 86.

**F**ROGMORE GARDENS.

Hours after Grandpa's funeral.

I'd been walking with Willy and Pa for about half an hour, but it felt like one of those days-long marches the Army put me through when I was a new soldier. I was beat.

We'd reached an impasse. And we'd reached the Gothic ruin. After a circuitous route we'd arrived back where we'd begun.

Pa and Willy were still claiming not to know why I'd fled Britain, still claiming not to know anything, and I was getting ready to walk away.

Then one of them brought up the press. They asked about my hacking lawsuit.

They still hadn't asked about Meg, but they were keen to know how my lawsuit was going, because that directly affected them.

*Still ongoing.*

*Suicide mission*, Pa mumbled.

*Maybe. But it's worth it.*

I'd soon prove that the press were more than liars, I said. That they were lawbreakers. I was going to see some of them thrown into jail. That was why they were attacking me so viciously: they knew I had hard evidence.

It wasn't about me, it was a matter of public interest.

Shaking his head, Pa allowed that journalists were the *scum of the earth*. His phrase. *But...*

I snorted. There was always a *but* with him when it came to the press, because he hated their hate, but oh how he loved their love. One could make the argument that therein lay the seeds of the whole problem, indeed all problems, going back decades. Deprived of love as a boy, bullied by schoolmates, he was dangerously, compulsively drawn to the elixir they offered him.

He cited Grandpa as a sterling example of why the press wasn't anything to get too vexed about. Poor Grandpa had been abused by the papers for most of his life, but now look. He was a national treasure! The papers couldn't say enough good things about the man.

So that's it, then? Just wait till we're dead and all will be sorted?

*If you could just endure it, darling boy, for a little while, in a funny way they'd respect you for it.*

I laughed.

*All I'm saying is, don't take it personally.*

Speaking of taking things personally, I told them I might learn to endure the press, and even forgive their abuse, *I might*, but my own family's complicity—that was going to take longer to get over. Pa's office, Willy's office, enabling these fiends, if not outright collaborating?

Meg was apparently a bully—that was the latest vicious campaign they'd helped orchestrate. It was so shocking, so egregious, that even after Meg and I demolished their lie with a twenty-five-page, evidence-filled report to

Human Resources, I was going to have trouble simply shrugging that one off.

Pa stepped back. Willy shook his head. They began talking over each other. We've been down this road a hundred times, they said. You're delusional, Harry.

But they were the delusional ones.

Even if, for the sake of argument, I accepted that Pa and Willy and their staff had never done one overt thing against me or my wife—their silence was an undeniable fact. And that silence was damning. And continuing. And heartrending.

Pa said: *You must understand, darling boy, the Institution can't just tell the media what to do!*

Again, I yelped with laughter. It was like Pa saying he couldn't just tell his valet what to do.

Willy said I was a fine one to talk about cooperating with the press. What about my chat with Oprah?

A month earlier Meg and I had done an interview with Oprah Winfrey. (Days before it aired, those Meg-is-a-bully stories started popping up in the papers—what a coincidence!) Since leaving Britain, the attacks on us had been increasing exponentially. We had to try something to make it stop. Being silent wasn't working. It was only making it worse. We felt we had no choice.

Several close mates and beloved figures in my life, including one of Hugh and Emilie's sons, Emilie herself, and even Tiggy, had chastised me for *Oprah*. How could you reveal such things? About your family? I told them that I failed to see how speaking to Oprah was any different from what my family and their staffs, had done for decades—briefing the press on the sly, planting stories. And what about the endless books on which they'd cooperated, starting with Pa's 1994 crypto-autobiography with Jonathan Dimpleby? Or Camilla's collaborations with the editor Geordie Greig? The only difference was that Meg and I were upfront about it. We chose an interviewer who was above reproach, and we didn't once hide behind

phrases like “Palace sources,” we let people see the words coming out of our mouths.

I looked at the Gothic ruin. What’s the point? I thought. Pa and Willy weren’t hearing me and I wasn’t hearing them. They’d never had a satisfactory explanation for their actions and inactions, and never would, because there was no explanation. I started to say goodbye, good luck, take care, but Willy was really steaming, shouting that if things were as bad as I made out, then it was my fault for never asking for help.

*You never came to us! You never came to me!*

Since boyhood that had been Willy’s position on everything. I must come to him. Pointedly, directly, formally—bend the knee. Otherwise, no aid from the Heir. I wondered why I should have to ask my brother to help when my wife and I were in peril.

If we were being mauled by a bear, and he saw, would he wait for us to ask for help?

I mentioned the Sandringham Agreement. I’d asked for his help about that, when the agreement was violated, shredded, when we were stripped of everything, and he hadn’t lifted a finger.

*That was Granny! Take it up with Granny!*

I waved a hand, disgusted, but he lunged, grabbed my shirt. *Listen to me, Harold.*

I pulled away, refused to meet his gaze. He forced me to look into his eyes.

*Listen to me, Harold, listen! I love you, Harold! I want you to be happy.*

The words flew out of my mouth: *I love you too...but your stubbornness...is extraordinary!*

*And yours isn’t?*

I pulled away again.

He grabbed me again, twisting me to maintain eye contact.

*Harold, you must listen to me! I just want you to be happy, Harold. I swear....I swear on Mummy’s life.*

He stopped. I stopped. Pa stopped.

He’d gone there.

He'd used the secret code, the universal password. Ever since we were boys those three words were to be used only in times of extreme crisis. *On Mummy's life*. For nearly twenty-five years we'd reserved that soul-crushing vow for times when one of us needed to be heard, to be believed, quickly. For times when nothing else would do.

It stopped me cold, as it was meant to. Not because he'd used it, but because it didn't work. I simply didn't believe him, didn't fully trust him. And vice versa. He saw it too. He saw that we were in a place of such hurt and doubt that even those sacred words couldn't set us free.

How lost we are, I thought. How far we've strayed. How much damage has been done to our love, our bond, and why? All because a dreadful mob of dweebs and crones and cut-rate criminals and clinically diagnosable sadists along Fleet Street feel the need to get their jollies and plump their profits—and work out their personal issues—by tormenting one very large, very ancient, very dysfunctional family.

Willy wasn't quite ready to accept defeat. *I've felt properly sick and ill after everything that's happened and—and...I swear to you now on Mummy's life that I just want you to be happy.*

My voice broke as I told him softly: *I really don't think you do.*

My mind suddenly flooded with memories of our relationship. But one in particular was crystalline. Willy and I, years before in Spain. A beautiful valley, the air glittery with that uncommonly clear Mediterranean light, the two of us kneeling behind a green canvas wall as the first hunting horns sounded. Lowering our flat caps as the first partridges burst towards us, *bang bang*, a few falling, handing our guns to the loaders, who handed us new ones, *bang bang*, more falling, passing our guns back, our shirts darkening with sweat, the ground filling with birds that would feed nearby villages for weeks, *bang*, one last shot, neither of us able to miss, then standing at last, drenched, starved, happy, because we were young and together and this was our place, our one true space, away from Them and close to Nature. It was such a transcendent moment that we turned and did that rarest of things—we hugged. Really hugged.

But now I saw that even our finest moments, and my best memories, somehow involved death. Our lives were built on death, our brightest days shadowed by it. Looking back, I didn't see spots of time, but dances with death. I saw how we *steeped* ourselves in it. We christened and crowned, graduated and married, passed out and passed over our beloveds' bones. Windsor Castle itself was a tomb, the walls filled with ancestors. The Tower of London was held together with the blood of animals, used by the original builders a thousand years ago to temper the mortar between the bricks. Outsiders called us a cult, but maybe we were a *death* cult, and wasn't that a little bit more depraved? Even after laying Grandpa to rest, had we not had our fill? Why were we here, lurking along the edge of that "undiscover'd country, from whose bourn no traveller returns"?

Though maybe that's a more apt description of America.

Willy was still talking, Pa was talking over him, and I could no longer hear a word they said. I was already gone, already on my way to California, a voice in my head saying: *Enough death—enough.*

*When is someone in this family going to break free and live?*

## 87.

**I**T WAS SLIGHTLY EASIER this time. Maybe because we were an ocean away from the old chaos and stress.

When the big day came we were both surer, calmer—steadier. What bliss, we said, not having to worry about timing, protocols, journalists at the front gate.

We drove calmly, sanely to the hospital, where our bodyguards once again fed us. This time they brought burgers and fries from In-N-Out. And fajitas from a local Mexican restaurant for Meg. We ate and ate and then did the Baby Mama dance around the hospital room.

Nothing but joy and love in that room.

Still, after many hours Meg asked the doctor: *When?*

*Soon. We're close.*

This time I didn't touch the laughing gas. (Because there was none.) I was fully present. I was with Meg through every push.

When the doctor said it was a matter of minutes, I told Meg that I wanted mine to be the first face our little girl saw.

We knew we were having a daughter.

Meg nodded, squeezed my hand.

I went and stood beside the doctor. We both crouched. As if about to pray.

The doctor called out: *The head is crowning.*

Crowning, I thought. Incredible.

The skin was blue. I worried the baby wasn't getting enough air. Is she choking? I looked at Meg. *One more push, my love! We're so close.*

*Here, here, here,* the doctor said, guiding my hands, *right here.*

A scream, then a moment of pure liquid silence. It wasn't, as sometimes happens, that past and future were suddenly one. It was that the past didn't matter, and the future didn't exist. There was only this intense present, and then the doctor turned to me and shouted: *Now!*

I slid my hands under the tiny back and neck. Gently, but firmly, as I'd seen in films, I pulled our precious daughter from that world into this, and cradled her just a moment, trying to smile at her, to see her, but honestly, I couldn't see anything. I wanted to say: Hello. I wanted to say: Where have you come from? I wanted to say: Is it better there? Is it peaceful? Are you frightened?

Don't be, don't be, all will be well.

*I'll keep you safe.*

I surrendered her to Meg. Skin to skin, the nurse said.

Later, after we'd brought her home, after we'd settled into all the new rhythms of a family of four, Meg and I were skin to skin and she said: *I've never been more in love with you than in that moment.*

*Really?*

*Really.*

She jotted some thoughts in a kind of journal. Which she shared.

I read them as a love poem.

I read them as a testament, a renewal of our vows.

I read them as a citation, a remembrance, a proclamation.

I read them as a decree.

She said: *That was everything.*

She said: *That is a man.*

My love. She said: *That is not a Spare.*

## Epilogue

I HELPED MEG INTO THE BOAT. It wobbled, but I quick-stepped to the middle, got it righted in time.

As she found a seat in the stern, I took up the oars. They didn't work.

*We're stuck.*

The thick mud of the shallows had us in its grip.

Uncle Charles came down to the water's edge, gave us a little shove. We waved to him, and to my two aunts. *Bye. See you in a bit.*

Gliding across the pond, I gazed around at Althorp's rolling fields and ancient trees, the thousands of green acres where my mother grew up, and where, though things weren't perfect, she'd known some peace.

Minutes later we reached the island and gingerly stepped onto the shore. I led Meg up the path, around a hedge, through the labyrinth. There it was, looming: the grayish white oval stone.

No visit to this place was ever easy, but this one...

Twenty-fifth anniversary.

And Meg's first time.

At long last I was bringing the girl of my dreams home to meet mum.

We hesitated, hugging, and then I went first. I placed flowers on the grave. Meg gave me a moment, and I spoke to my mother in my head, told her I missed her, asked her for guidance and clarity.

Feeling that Meg might also want a moment, I went around the hedge, scanned the pond. When I came back, Meg was kneeling, eyes shut, palms against the stone.

I asked, as we walked back to the boat, what she'd prayed for.

Clarity, she said. And guidance.

---

The next few days were given over to a whirlwind work trip. Manchester, Dusseldorf, then back to London for the WellChild Awards. But that day—September 8, 2022—a call came in around lunchtime.

Unknown number.

Hello?

It was Pa. Granny's health had taken a turn.

She was up at Balmoral, of course. Those beautiful, melancholy late-summer days. He hung up—he had many other calls to make—and I immediately texted Willy to ask whether he and Kate were flying up. If so, when? And how?

No response. Meg and I looked at flight options.

The press started phoning; we couldn't delay a decision any longer. We told our team to confirm: We'd be missing the WellChild Awards and hurrying up to Scotland.

Then came another call from Pa.

He said I was welcome at Balmoral, but he didn't want...her. He started to lay out his reason, which was nonsensical, and disrespectful, and I wasn't having it. *Don't ever speak about my wife that way.*

He stammered, apologetic, saying he simply didn't want a lot of people around. No other wives were coming, Kate wasn't coming, he said, therefore Meg shouldn't.

*Then that's all you needed to say.*

By now it was midafternoon; no more commercial flights that day to Aberdeen. And I still had no response from Willy. My only option, therefore, was a charter out of Luton.

I was on board two hours later.

I spent much of the flight staring at the clouds, replaying the last time I'd spoken with Granny. Four days earlier, long chat on the phone. We'd touched on many topics. Her health, of course. The turmoil at Number 10. The Braemar Games—she was sorry about not being well enough to attend. We talked also about the biblical drought. The lawn at Frogmore, where

Meg and I were staying, was in terrible shape. *Looks like the top of my head, Granny! Balding and brown in patches.*

She laughed.

I told her to take care, I looked forward to seeing her soon.

As the plane began its descent, my phone lit up. A text from Meg. *Call me the moment you get this.*

I checked the BBC website.

Granny was gone.

Pa was King.

I put on my black tie, walked off the plane into a thick mist, sped in a borrowed car to Balmoral. As I pulled through the front gates it was wetter, and pitch-dark, which made the white flashes from the dozens of cameras that much more blinding.

Hunched against the cold, I hurried into the foyer. Aunt Anne was there to greet me.

I hugged her. *Where's Pa and Willy? And Camilla?*

Gone to Birkhall, she said.

She asked if I wanted to see Granny.

*Yes...I do.*

She led me upstairs, to Granny's bedroom. I braced myself, went in. The room was dimly lit, unfamiliar—I'd been inside it only once in my life. I moved ahead uncertainly, and there she was. I stood, frozen, staring. I stared and stared. It was difficult, but I kept on, thinking how I'd regretted not seeing my mother at the end. Years of lamenting that lack of proof, postponing my grief for want of proof. Now I thought: Proof. Careful what you wish for.

I whispered to her that I hoped she was happy, that I hoped she was with Grandpa. I said that I was in awe of her carrying out her duties to the last. The Jubilee, the welcoming of a new prime minister. On her ninetieth birthday my father had given a touching tribute, quoting Shakespeare on Elizabeth I:

*...no day without a deed to crown it.*

Ever true.

I left the room, went back along the corridor, across the tartan carpet, past the statue of Queen Victoria. *Your Majesty*. I rang Meg, told her I'd made it, that I was OK, then walked into the sitting room and ate dinner with most of my family, though still no Pa, Willy, or Camilla.

Towards the end of the meal, I braced myself for the bagpipes. But out of respect for Granny there was nothing. An eerie silence.

The hour getting late, everyone drifted off to their rooms, except me. I went on a wander, up and down the stairs, the halls, ending up at the nursery. The old-fashioned basins, the tub, everything the same as it had been twenty-five years ago. I passed most of the night time-traveling in my thoughts while trying to make actual travel arrangements on my phone.

The quickest way back would've been a lift with Pa or Willy...Barring that, it was British Airways, departing Balmoral at daybreak. I bought a seat and was among the first to board.

Soon after settling into a front row, I sensed a presence on my right. Deepest sympathies, said a fellow passenger before heading down the aisle.

*Thank you.*

Moments later, another presence.

Condolences, Harry.

*Thanks...very much.*

Most passengers stopped to offer a kind word, and I felt a deep kinship with them all.

Our country, I thought.

Our Queen.

—

Meg greeted me at the front door of Frogmore with a long embrace, which I desperately needed. We sat down with a glass of water and a calendar. Our quick trip would now be an odyssey. Another ten days, at least. Difficult days at that. More, we'd have to be away from the children for longer than we'd planned, longer than we'd ever been.

When the funeral finally took place, Willy and I, barely exchanging a word, took our familiar places, set off on our familiar journey, behind yet another coffin draped in the Royal Standard, sitting atop another horse-pulled gun carriage. Same route, same sights—though this time, unlike at previous funerals, we were shoulder to shoulder. Also, music was playing.

When we got to St. George's Chapel, amid the roar of dozens of bagpipes, I thought of all the big occasions I'd experienced under that roof. Grandpa's farewell, my wedding. Even the ordinary times, simple Easter Sundays, felt especially poignant, the whole family alive and together. Suddenly I was wiping my eyes.

Why now? I wondered. Why?

The following afternoon Meg and I left for America.

—

For days and days we couldn't stop hugging the children, couldn't let them out of our sight—though I also couldn't stop picturing them with Granny. The final visit. Archie making deep, chivalrous bows, his baby sister Lilibet cuddling the monarch's shins. Sweetest children, Granny said, sounding bemused. She'd expected them to be a bit more...American, I think? Meaning, in her mind, more rambunctious.

Now, while overjoyed to be home again, doing drop-offs again, reading *Giraffes Can't Dance* again, I couldn't stop...remembering. Day and night, images flitted through my mind.

Standing before her during my passing-out parade, shoulders thrown back, catching her half smile. Stationed beside her on the balcony, saying something that caught her off guard and made her, despite the solemnity of the occasion, laugh out loud. Leaning into her ear, so many times, smelling her perfume as I whispered a joke. Kissing both cheeks at one public event, just recently, placing a hand lightly on her shoulder, feeling how frail she was becoming. Making a silly video for the first Invictus Games, discovering that she was a natural comedienne. People around the world howled, and said they'd never suspected she possessed such a wicked sense

of humor—but she did, she always did! That was one of our little secrets. In fact, in every photo of us, whenever we're exchanging a glance, making solid eye contact, it's clear: We had secrets.

Special relationship, that's what they said about us, and now I couldn't stop thinking about the specialness that would no longer be. The visits that wouldn't take place.

Ah well, I told myself, that's just the deal, isn't it? That's life.

Still, as with so many partings, I just wished there'd been...one more goodbye.

Soon after our return, a hummingbird got into the house. I had a devil of a time guiding it out, and the thought occurred that maybe we should start shutting the doors, despite those heavenly ocean breezes.

Then a mate said: Could be a sign, you know?

Some cultures see hummingbirds as spirits, he said. Visitors, as it were. Aztecs thought them reincarnated warriors. Spanish explorers called them "resurrection birds."

You don't say?

I did some reading and learned that not only are hummingbirds visitors, they're voyagers. The lightest birds on the planet, and the fastest, they travel vast distances—from Mexican winter homes to Alaskan nesting grounds. Whenever you see a hummingbird, what you're actually seeing is a tiny, glittering Odysseus.

So, naturally, when this hummingbird arrived, and swooped around our kitchen, and flitted through the sacred airspace we call Lili Land, where we've set the baby's playpen with all her toys and stuffed animals, I thought hopefully, greedily, foolishly:

Is our house a detour—or a destination?

For half a second I was tempted to let the hummingbird be. Let it stay.

But no.

Gently I used Archie's fishing net to scoop it from the ceiling, carry it outside.

Its legs felt like eyelashes, its wings like flower petals.

With cupped palms I set the hummingbird gently on a wall in the sun.

Goodbye, my friend.

But it just lay there.

Motionless.

No, I thought. No, not that.

Come on, come on.

You're free.

*Fly away.*

And then, against all odds, and all expectations, that wonderful, magical little creature bestirred itself, and did just that.

FOR MEG AND ARCHIE AND LILI...AND, OF COURSE, MY MOTHER

# Acknowledgments

The length of this list alone leaves me deeply humbled.

On the publishing side, thank you to everyone at Penguin Random House, U.S. and U.K., beginning of course with the sage and forbearing Gina Centrello, plus super-genius-editor (and all-around top bloke) Ben Greenberg. Thanks to Markus Dohle and Madeline McIntosh for the understanding as timelines changed, not once, but twice. Thanks to Bill Scott-Kerr, Tom Weldon, Andy Ward, David Drake, Madison Jacobs, Larry Finlay, Theresa Zoro, Bill Takes, Lisa Feuer, Katrina Whone, Benjamin Dreyer, Sally Franklin, Catriona Hillerton, Linnea Knollmueller, Mark Birkey, Kelly Chian, Derek Bracken, Kate Samano, Simon Sullivan, Chris Brand, Jenny Pouech, Susan Corcoran, Maria Braeckel, Leigh Marchant, Windy Dorresteyn, Leslie Prives, Aparna Rishi, Ty Nowicki, Matthew Martin, Anke Steinecke, Sinead Martin, Vanessa Milton, Martin Soames, Kaeli Subberwal, Denise Cronin, Sarah Lehman, Jaci Updike, Cynthia Lasky, Allyson Pearl, Skip Dye, Stephen Shodin, Sue Malone-Barber, Sue Driskill, Michael DeFazio, Annette Danek, Valerie VanDelft, Stacey Witcraft, Nihar Malaviya, Kirk Bleemer, Matthew Schwartz, Lisa Gonzalez, Susan Seeman, Eric Tessen, Gina Wachtel, Daniel Christensen, Jess Wells, Thea James, Holly Smith, Patsy Irwin, Nicola Bevin, Robert Waddington, Thomas Chicken, Chris Turner, Stuart Anderson, Ian Sheppard, Vicky Palmer, and Laura Ricchetti.

On the audio side, thanks goes to Kelly Gildea, Dan Zitt, Scott Sherratt, Noah Bruskin, Alan Parsons, Ok Hee Kolwitz, Tim Bader, Amanda D'Acerno, Lance Fitzgerald, Donna Passannante, Katie Punia, Ellen Folan, and Nicole McArdle.

Special thanks to Ramona Rosales for her sensitivity, humor, and artistry, Hazel Orme for her careful copyedits, Hilary McClellan for her superb fact-checking, Tricia Wygal for her eagle-eyed readings—likewise Elizabeth Carbonell, Tory Klose, Janet Renard, and Megha Jain. Thank you for the huge team effort.

To my mates in the U.K., who have stuck by me, who may not have seen it all clearly as it was happening, but who always saw me, knew me, stood by me—in amongst the fog—thank you for everything. And thank you for the laughs. Next round's on me.

Love and thanks to friends and colleagues who helped jog my memory or else restored important details lost in the haze of youth, including Tania Jenkins and Mike Holding, Mark Dyer, Thomas, Charlie, Bill, and Kevin. To my entire military family, for challenging me, prodding me, encouraging me, and for always having my back. I'll always have yours. Special gratitude goes to Glenn Haughton and Spencer Wright, my two color sergeants from Sandhurst. Thanks and hugs to Jennifer Rudolph Walsh for her always positive energy and soulful counsel, and to Oprah Winfrey, Tyler Perry, Chris Martin, Nacho Figueras and Delphi Blaquier, and James Corden for their unwavering friendship and support.

Thank you to all the professionals, medical experts, and coaches for keeping me physically and mentally strong over the years. Dr. Lesley Parkinson, Dr. Ben Carraway and Kevin Lidlow, and also Ross Barr, Jessie Blum, Dr. Kevin English, Winston Squire, Esther Lee, John Amaral, and Peter Charles. Also Kasey, Eric Goodman, and the two Petes. Special thanks to my U.K. therapist for helping unravel years of unresolved trauma.

Thanks from the bottom of my heart to the A Team on the home front, plus the whole wonderful gang at Archewell for the endless support. To Rick, Andrew, the two Tims, Matt, Jenny and team, David, my deepest thanks for your wisdom and guidance. You're always there—whenever, however.

Thanks to my collaborator and friend, confessor and sometime sparring partner, J. R. Moehringer, who spoke to me so often and with such deep conviction about the beauty (and sacred obligation) of Memoir, and to all

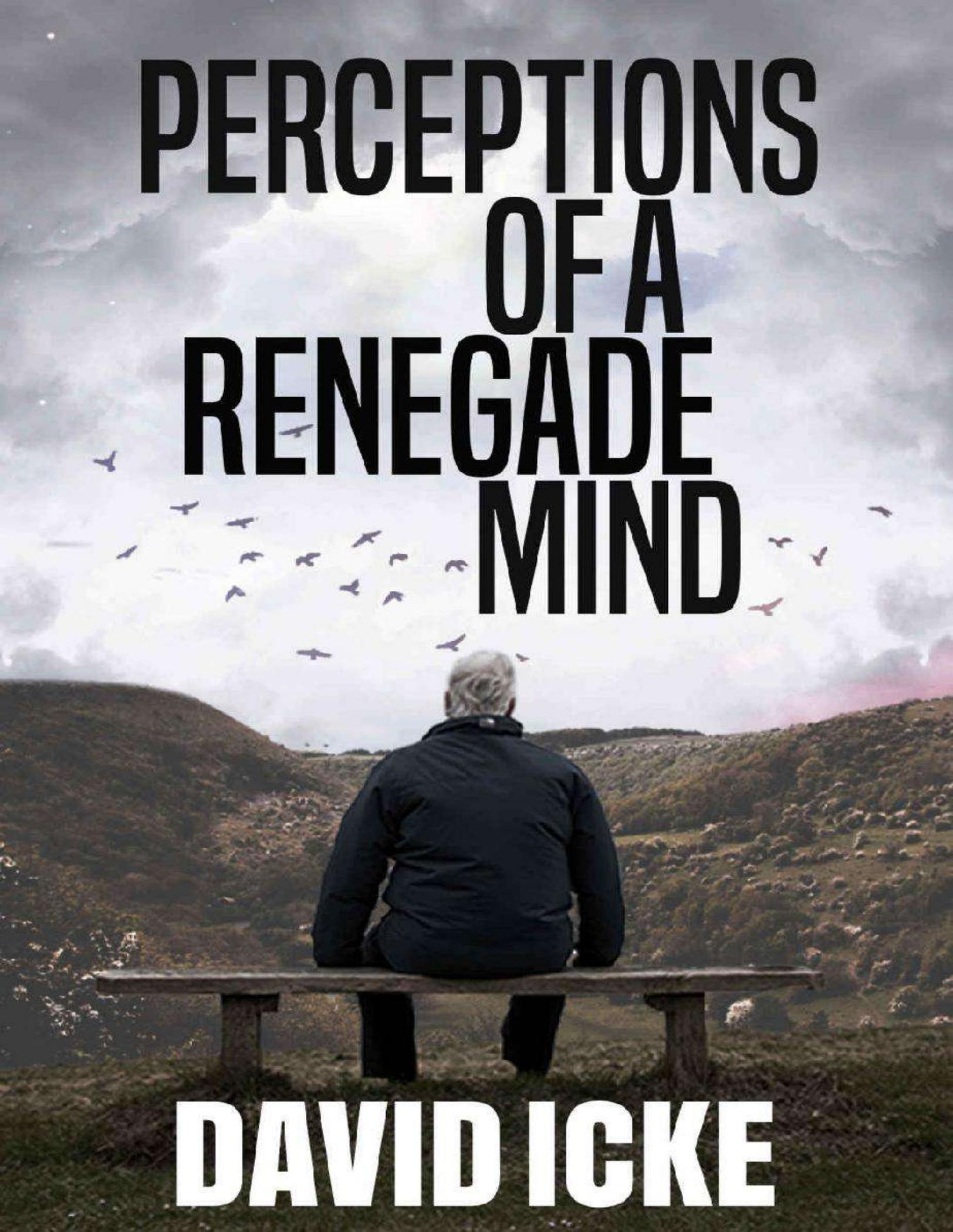
the faculty and students at the Moehringer-Welch Memoir Academy, including Shannon Welch, Gracie Moehringer, Augie Moehringer, John Stillman, Kit Rachlis, Amy Albert. Special thanks to Shannon for her countless reads and brilliant, incisive notes.

Stand out thanks to my mother's siblings for their love, support, time, and perspective.

Above all my deepest and adoringest thanks to Archie and Lili, for letting Papa go off to read and think and reflect, to my mother-in-law (a.k.a. Grandma), and to my incredible wife, for too many millions of gifts and sacrifices, great and small, to ever enumerate. Love of my life, thank you, thank you, thank you. This book would've been impossible (logistically, physically, emotionally, spiritually) without you. Most things would be impossible without you.

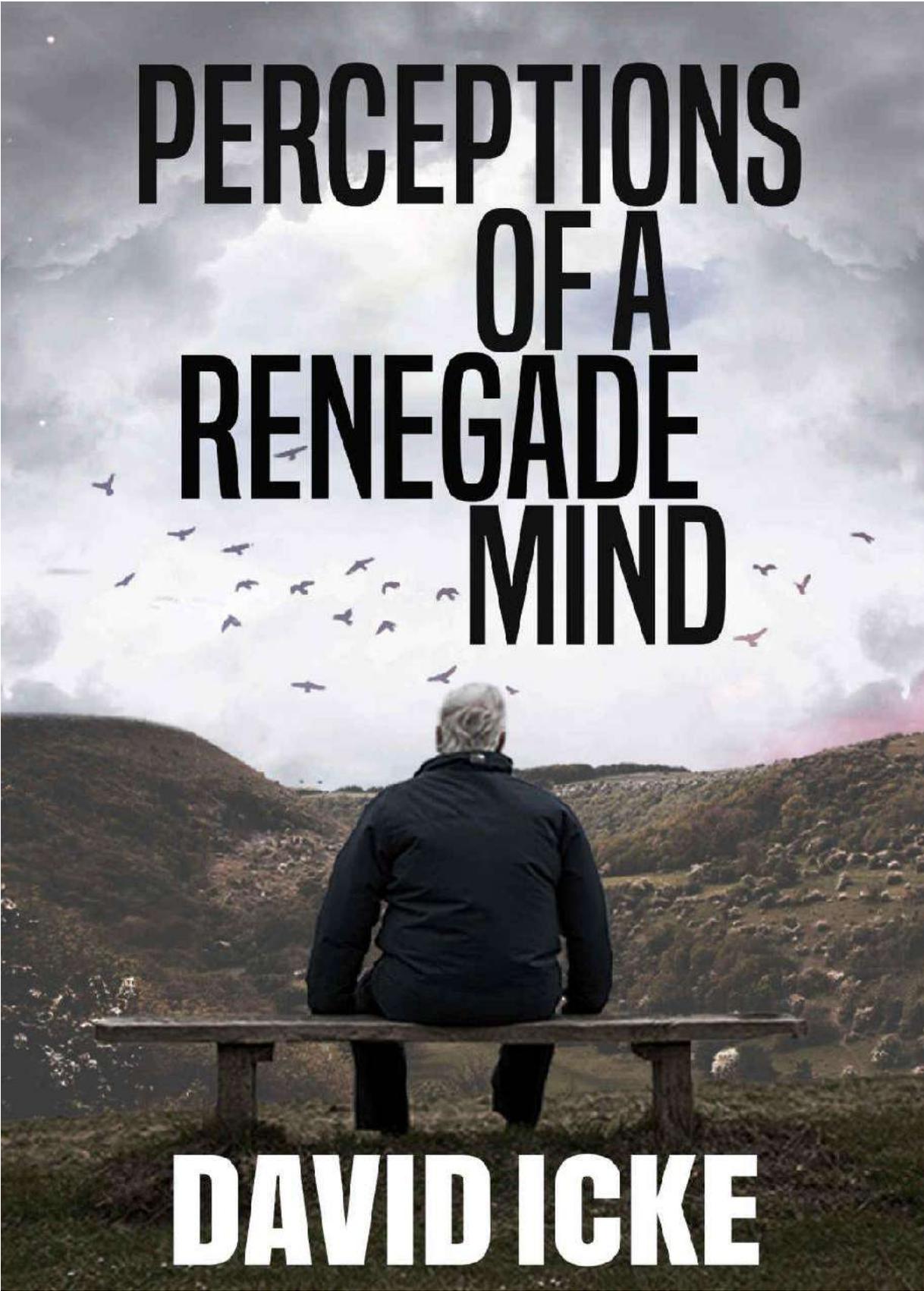
And to you, the reader: Thank you for wanting to know my story in my words. I am so grateful to be able to share it thus far.



A person with grey hair, wearing a dark jacket, is seen from behind, sitting on a wooden bench. They are looking out over a vast, hilly landscape with green and brown vegetation. The sky is filled with many birds in flight, and there are some clouds. The overall mood is contemplative and serene.

# PERCEPTIONS OF A RENEGADE MIND

**DAVID ICKE**

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ickonic  
publishing

First published in July 2021.

ickonic  
publishing

**New Enterprise House  
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UK**

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Publisher, except for the quotation of brief passages in criticism

*Cover Design:* Gareth Icke  
*Book Design:* Neil Hague

**British Library Cataloguing-in  
Publication Data**  
A catalogue record for this book is  
available from the British Library

eISBN 978-18384153-1-0

**PERCEPTIONS  
OF A  
RENEGADE  
MIND**

A flock of small, stylized birds is scattered around the bottom half of the title text, appearing to fly in various directions.

**DAVID ICKE**

**Dedication:**

***To Freeeeedom!***

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**Renegade:**

Adjective

'Having rejected tradition: Unconventional.'

**Merriam-Webster Dictionary**

## **Acquiescence to tyranny is the death of the spirit**

You may be 38 years old, as I happen to be. And one day, some great opportunity stands before you and calls you to stand up for some great principle, some great issue, some great cause. And you refuse to do it because you are afraid ... You refuse to do it because you want to live longer ... You're afraid that you will lose your job, or you are afraid that you will be criticised or that you will lose your popularity, or you're afraid that somebody will stab you, or shoot at you or bomb your house; so you refuse to take the stand.

Well, you may go on and live until you are 90, but you're just as dead at 38 as you would be at 90. And the cessation of breathing in your life is but the belated announcement of an earlier death of the spirit.

**Martin Luther King**

**How the few control the many and always have – the many do  
whatever they're told**

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'  
Was there a man dismayed?  
Not though the soldier knew  
Someone had blundered.  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die.  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
Volleyed and thundered;  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well,  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of hell  
Rode the six hundred

**Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809-1892)**

The mist is lifting slowly  
I can see the way ahead  
And I've left behind the empty streets  
That once inspired my life  
And the strength of the emotion  
Is like thunder in the air  
'Cos the promise that we made each other  
Haunts me to the end

The secret of your beauty  
And the mystery of your soul  
I've been searching for in everyone I meet  
And the times I've been mistaken  
It's impossible to say  
And the grass is growing  
Underneath our feet

The words that I remember  
From my childhood still are true  
That there's none so blind  
As those who will not see  
And to those who lack the courage  
And say it's dangerous to try  
Well they just don't know  
That love eternal will not be denied

I know you're out there somewhere  
Somewhere, somewhere  
I know you're out there somewhere

Somewhere you can hear my voice  
I know I'll find you somehow  
Somehow, somehow  
I know I'll find you somehow  
And somehow I'll return again to you

**The Moody Blues**

**Are you a gutless wonder - or a Renegade Mind?**

Monuments put from pen to paper,  
Turns me into a gutless wonder,  
And if you tolerate this,  
Then your children will be next.  
Gravity keeps my head down,  
Or is it maybe shame ...

**Manic Street Preachers**

Rise like lions after slumber  
In unvanquishable number.  
Shake your chains to earth like dew  
Which in sleep have fallen on you.  
Ye are many – they are few.

**Percy Shelley**

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## CHAPTER ONE

### **I'm thinking' – Oh, but *are* you?**

*Think for yourself and let others enjoy the privilege of doing so too*  
Voltaire

**F**rench-born philosopher, mathematician and scientist René Descartes became famous for his statement in Latin in the 17th century which translates into English as: 'I think, therefore I am.'

On the face of it that is true. Thought reflects perception and perception leads to both behaviour and self-identity. In that sense 'we' are what we think. But who or what is doing the thinking and is thinking the only route to perception? Clearly, as we shall see, 'we' are not always the source of 'our' perception, indeed with regard to humanity as a whole this is rarely the case; and thinking is far from the only means of perception. Thought is the village idiot compared with other expressions of consciousness that we all have the potential to access and tap into. This has to be true when we *are* those other expressions of consciousness which are infinite in nature. We have forgotten this, or, more to the point, been manipulated to forget.

These are not just the esoteric musings of the navel. The whole foundation of human control and oppression is control of perception. Once perception is hijacked then so is behaviour which is dictated by perception. Collective perception becomes collective behaviour and collective behaviour is what we call human society. Perception is all and those behind human control know that which is

why perception is the target 24/7 of the psychopathic manipulators that I call the Global Cult. They know that if they dictate perception they will dictate behaviour and collectively dictate the nature of human society. They are further aware that perception is formed from information received and if they control the circulation of information they will to a vast extent direct human behaviour. Censorship of information and opinion has become globally Nazi-like in recent years and never more blatantly than since the illusory 'virus pandemic' was triggered out of China in 2019 and across the world in 2020. Why have billions submitted to house arrest and accepted fascistic societies in a way they would have never believed possible? Those controlling the information spewing from government, mainstream media and Silicon Valley (all controlled by the same Global Cult networks) told them they were in danger from a 'deadly virus' and only by submitting to house arrest and conceding their most basic of freedoms could they and their families be protected. This monumental and provable lie became the *perception* of the billions and therefore the *behaviour* of the billions. In those few words you have the whole structure and modus operandi of human control. Fear is a perception – False Emotion Appearing Real – and fear is the currency of control. In short ... get them by the balls (or give them the impression that you have) and their hearts and minds will follow. Nothing grips the dangly bits and freezes the rear-end more comprehensively than fear.

## **World number 1**

There are two 'worlds' in what appears to be one 'world' and the prime difference between them is knowledge. First we have the mass of human society in which the population is maintained in coldly-calculated ignorance through control of information and the 'education' (indoctrination) system. That's all you really need to control to enslave billions in a perceptual delusion in which what are perceived to be *their* thoughts and opinions are ever-repeated mantras that the system has been downloading all their lives through 'education', media, science, medicine, politics and academia

in which the personnel and advocates are themselves overwhelmingly the perceptual products of the same repetition. Teachers and academics in general are processed by the same programming machine as everyone else, but unlike the great majority they never leave the 'education' program. It gripped them as students and continues to grip them as programmers of subsequent generations of students. The programmed become the programmers – the programmed programmers. The same can largely be said for scientists, doctors and politicians and not least because as the American writer Upton Sinclair said: 'It is difficult to get a man to understand something when his salary depends upon his not understanding it.' If your career and income depend on thinking the way the system demands then you will – bar a few free-minded exceptions – concede your mind to the Perceptual Mainframe that I call the Postage Stamp Consensus. This is a tiny band of perceived knowledge and possibility 'taught' (downloaded) in the schools and universities, pounded out by the mainstream media and on which all government policy is founded. Try thinking, and especially speaking and acting, outside of the 'box' of consensus and see what that does for your career in the Mainstream Everything which bullies, harasses, intimidates and ridicules the population into compliance. Here we have the simple structure which enslaves most of humanity in a perceptual prison cell for an entire lifetime and I'll go deeper into this process shortly. Most of what humanity is taught as fact is nothing more than programmed belief. American science fiction author Frank Herbert was right when he said: 'Belief can be manipulated. Only knowledge is dangerous.' In the 'Covid' age belief is promoted and knowledge is censored. It was always so, but never to the extreme of today.

## **World number 2**

A 'number 2' is slang for 'doing a poo' and how appropriate that is when this other 'world' is doing just that on humanity every minute of every day. World number 2 is a global network of secret societies and semi-secret groups dictating the direction of society via

governments, corporations and authorities of every kind. I have spent more than 30 years uncovering and exposing this network that I call the Global Cult and knowing its agenda is what has made my books so accurate in predicting current and past events. Secret societies are secret for a reason. They want to keep their hoarded knowledge to themselves and their chosen initiates and to hide it from the population which they seek through ignorance to control and subdue. The whole foundation of the division between World 1 and World 2 is *knowledge*. What number 1 knows number 2 must not. Knowledge they have worked so hard to keep secret includes (a) the agenda to enslave humanity in a centrally-controlled global dictatorship, and (b) the nature of reality and life itself. The latter (b) must be suppressed to allow the former (a) to prevail as I shall be explaining. The way the Cult manipulates and interacts with the population can be likened to a spider's web. The 'spider' sits at the centre in the shadows and imposes its will through the web with each strand represented in World number 2 by a secret society, satanic or semi-secret group, and in World number 1 – the world of the seen – by governments, agencies of government, law enforcement, corporations, the banking system, media conglomerates and Silicon Valley (Fig 1 overleaf). The spider and the web connect and coordinate all these organisations to pursue the same global outcome while the population sees them as individual entities working randomly and independently. At the level of the web governments *are* the banking system *are* the corporations *are* the media *are* Silicon Valley *are* the World Health Organization working from their inner cores as one unit. Apparently unconnected countries, corporations, institutions, organisations and people are on the *same team* pursuing the same global outcome. Strands in the web immediately around the spider are the most secretive and exclusive secret societies and their membership is emphatically restricted to the Cult inner-circle emerging through the generations from particular bloodlines for reasons I will come to. At the core of the core you would get them in a single room. That's how many people are dictating the direction of human society and its transformation

through the 'Covid' hoax and other means. As the web expands out from the spider we meet the secret societies that many people will be aware of – the Freemasons, Knights Templar, Knights of Malta, Opus Dei, the inner sanctum of the Jesuit Order, and such like. Note how many are connected to the Church of Rome and there is a reason for that. The Roman Church was established as a revamp, a rebranding, of the relocated 'Church' of Babylon and the Cult imposing global tyranny today can be tracked back to Babylon and Sumer in what is now Iraq.



**Figure 1:** The global web through which the few control the many. (Image Neil Hague.)

Inner levels of the web operate in the unseen away from the public eye and then we have what I call the cusp organisations located at the point where the hidden meets the seen. They include a series of satellite organisations answering to a secret society founded in London in the late 19th century called the Round Table and among them are the Royal Institute of International Affairs (UK, founded in 1920); Council on Foreign Relations (US, 1921); Bilderberg Group (worldwide, 1954); Trilateral Commission (US/worldwide, 1972); and the Club of Rome (worldwide, 1968) which was created to exploit environmental concerns to justify the centralisation of global power to 'save the planet'. The Club of Rome instigated with others the human-caused climate change hoax which has led to all the 'green

new deals' demanding that very centralisation of control. Cusp organisations, which include endless 'think tanks' all over the world, are designed to coordinate a single global policy between political and business leaders, intelligence personnel, media organisations and anyone who can influence the direction of policy in their own sphere of operation. Major players and regular attenders will know what is happening – or some of it – while others come and go and are kept overwhelmingly in the dark about the big picture. I refer to these cusp groupings as semi-secret in that they can be publicly identified, but what goes on at the inner-core is kept very much 'in house' even from most of their members and participants through a fiercely-imposed system of compartmentalisation. Only let them know what they need to know to serve your interests and no more. The structure of secret societies serves as a perfect example of this principle. Most Freemasons never get higher than the bottom three levels of 'degree' (degree of knowledge) when there are 33 official degrees of the Scottish Rite. Initiates only qualify for the next higher 'compartment' or degree if those at that level choose to allow them. Knowledge can be carefully assigned only to those considered 'safe'. I went to my local Freemason's lodge a few years ago when they were having an 'open day' to show how cuddly they were and when I chatted to some of them I was astonished at how little the rank and file knew even about the most ubiquitous symbols they use. The mushroom technique – keep them in the dark and feed them bullshit – applies to most people in the web as well as the population as a whole. Sub-divisions of the web mirror in theme and structure transnational corporations which have a headquarters somewhere in the world dictating to all their subsidiaries in different countries. Subsidiaries operate in their methodology and branding to the same centrally-dictated plan and policy in pursuit of particular ends. The Cult web functions in the same way. Each country has its own web as a subsidiary of the global one. They consist of networks of secret societies, semi-secret groups and bloodline families and their job is to impose the will of the spider and the global web in their particular country. Subsidiary networks control and manipulate the national political system, finance, corporations, media, medicine, etc. to

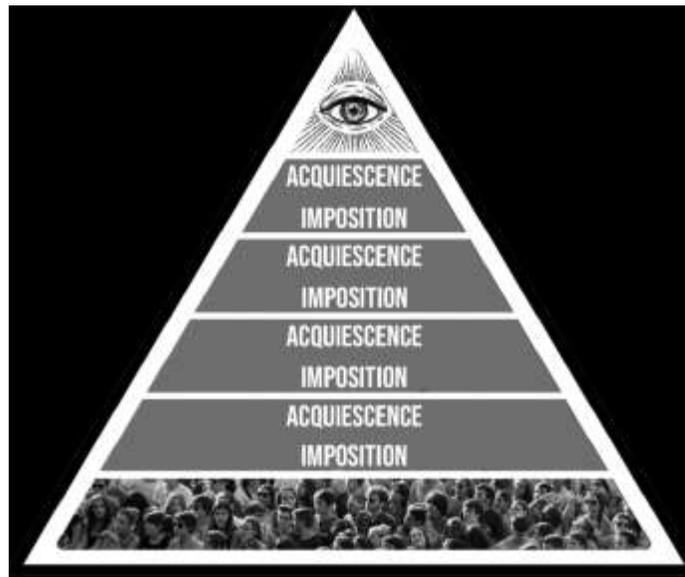
ensure that they follow the globally-dictated Cult agenda. These networks were the means through which the 'Covid' hoax could be played out with almost every country responding in the same way.

## **The 'Yessir' pyramid**

Compartmentalisation is the key to understanding how a tiny few can dictate the lives of billions when combined with a top-down sequence of imposition and acquiescence. The inner core of the Cult sits at the peak of the pyramidal hierarchy of human society (Fig 2 overleaf). It imposes its will – its agenda for the world – on the level immediately below which acquiesces to that imposition. This level then imposes the Cult will on the level below them which acquiesces and imposes on the next level. Very quickly we meet levels in the hierarchy that have no idea there even is a Cult, but the sequence of imposition and acquiescence continues down the pyramid in just the same way. 'I don't know why we are doing this but the order came from "on-high" and so we better just do it.' Alfred Lord Tennyson said of the cannon fodder levels in his poem *The Charge of the Light Brigade*: 'Theirs not to reason why; theirs but to do and die.' The next line says that 'into the valley of death rode the six hundred' and they died because they obeyed without question what their perceived 'superiors' told them to do. In the same way the population capitulated to 'Covid'. The whole hierarchical pyramid functions like this to allow the very few to direct the enormous many.

Eventually imposition-acquiescence-imposition-acquiescence comes down to the mass of the population at the foot of the pyramid. If they acquiesce to those levels of the hierarchy imposing on them (governments/law enforcement/doctors/media) a circuit is completed between the population and the handful of super-psychopaths in the Cult inner core at the top of the pyramid. Without a circuit-breaking refusal to obey, the sequence of imposition and acquiescence allows a staggeringly few people to impose their will upon the entirety of humankind. We are looking at the very sequence that has subjugated billions since the start of 2020. Our freedom has not been taken from us. Humanity has given it

away. Fascists do not impose fascism because there are not enough of them. Fascism is imposed by the population acquiescing to fascism. Put another way allowing their perceptions to be programmed to the extent that leads to the population giving their freedom away by giving their perceptions – their mind – away. If this circuit is not broken by humanity ceasing to cooperate with their own enslavement then nothing can change. For that to happen people have to critically think and see through the lies and window dressing and then summon the backbone to act upon what they see. The Cult spends its days working to stop either happening and its methodology is systematic and highly detailed, but it can be overcome and that is what this book is all about.



**Figure 2:** The simple sequence of imposition and compliance that allows a handful of people at the peak of the pyramid to dictate the lives of billions.

## **The Life Program**

Okay, back to world number 1 or the world of the ‘masses’. Observe the process of what we call ‘life’ and it is a perceptual download from cradle to grave. The Cult has created a global structure in which perception can be programmed and the program continually topped-up with what appears to be constant confirmation that the program is indeed true reality. The important word here is ‘appears’.

This is the structure, the fly-trap, the Postage Stamp Consensus or Perceptual Mainframe, which represents that incredibly narrow band of perceived possibility delivered by the 'education' system, mainstream media, science and medicine. From the earliest age the download begins with parents who have themselves succumbed to the very programming their children are about to go through. Most parents don't do this out of malevolence and mostly it is quite the opposite. They do what they believe is best for their children and that is what the program has told them is best. Within three or four years comes the major transition from parental programming to full-blown state (Cult) programming in school, college and university where perceptually-programmed teachers and academics pass on their programming to the next generations. Teachers who resist are soon marginalised and their careers ended while children who resist are called a problem child for whom Ritalin may need to be prescribed. A few years after entering the 'world' children are under the control of authority figures representing the state telling them when they have to be there, when they can leave and when they can speak, eat, even go to the toilet. This is calculated preparation for a lifetime of obeying authority in all its forms. Reflex-action fear of authority is instilled by authority from the start. Children soon learn the carrot and stick consequences of obeying or defying authority which is underpinned daily for the rest of their life. Fortunately I daydreamed through this crap and never obeyed authority simply because it told me to. This approach to my alleged 'betters' continues to this day. There can be consequences of pursuing open-minded freedom in a world of closed-minded conformity. I spent a lot of time in school corridors after being ejected from the classroom for not taking some of it seriously and now I spend a lot of time being ejected from Facebook, YouTube and Twitter. But I can tell you that being true to yourself and not compromising your self-respect is far more exhilarating than bowing to authority for authority's sake. You don't have to be a sheep to the shepherd (authority) and the sheep dog (fear of not obeying authority).

The perceptual download continues throughout the formative years in school, college and university while script-reading 'teachers', 'academics' 'scientists', 'doctors' and 'journalists' insist that ongoing generations must be as programmed as they are. Accept the program or you will not pass your 'exams' which confirm your 'degree' of programming. It is tragic to think that many parents pressure their offspring to work hard at school to download the program and qualify for the next stage at college and university. The late, great, American comedian George Carlin said: 'Here's a bumper sticker I'd like to see: We are proud parents of a child who has resisted his teachers' attempts to break his spirit and bend him to the will of his corporate masters.' Well, the best of luck finding many of those, George. Then comes the moment to leave the formal programming years in academia and enter the 'adult' world of work. There you meet others in your chosen or prescribed arena who went through the same Postage Stamp Consensus program before you did. There is therefore overwhelming agreement between almost everyone on the basic foundations of Postage Stamp reality and the rejection, even contempt, of the few who have a mind of their own and are prepared to use it. This has two major effects. Firstly, the consensus confirms to the programmed that their download is really how things are. I mean, everyone knows that, right? Secondly, the arrogance and ignorance of Postage Stamp adherents ensure that anyone questioning the program will have unpleasant consequences for seeking their own truth and not picking their perceptions from the shelf marked: 'Things you must believe without question and if you don't you're a dangerous lunatic conspiracy theorist and a harebrained nutter'.

Every government, agency and corporation is founded on the same Postage Stamp prison cell and you can see why so many people believe the same thing while calling it their own 'opinion'. Fusion of governments and corporations in pursuit of the same agenda was the definition of fascism described by Italian dictator Benito Mussolini. The pressure to conform to perceptual norms downloaded for a lifetime is incessant and infiltrates society right

down to family groups that become censors and condemners of their own 'black sheep' for not, ironically, being sheep. We have seen an explosion of that in the 'Covid' era. Cult-owned global media unleashes its propaganda all day every day in support of the Postage Stamp and targets with abuse and ridicule anyone in the public eye who won't bend their mind to the will of the tyranny. Any response to this is denied (certainly in my case). They don't want to give a platform to expose official lies. Cult-owned-and-created Internet giants like Facebook, Google, YouTube and Twitter delete you for having an unapproved opinion. Facebook boasts that its AI censors delete 97-percent of 'hate speech' before anyone even reports it. Much of that 'hate speech' will simply be an opinion that Facebook and its masters don't want people to see. Such perceptual oppression is widely known as fascism. Even Facebook executive Benny Thomas, a 'CEO Global Planning Lead', said in comments secretly recorded by investigative journalism operation Project Veritas that Facebook is 'too powerful' and should be broken up:

I mean, no king in history has been the ruler of two billion people, but Mark Zuckerberg is ... And he's 36. That's too much for a 36-year-old ... You should not have power over two billion people. I just think that's wrong.

Thomas said Facebook-owned platforms like Instagram, Oculus, and WhatsApp needed to be separate companies. 'It's too much power when they're all one together'. That's the way the Cult likes it, however. We have an executive of a Cult organisation in Benny Thomas that doesn't know there is a Cult such is the compartmentalisation. Thomas said that Facebook and Google 'are no longer companies, they're countries'. Actually they are more powerful than countries on the basis that if you control information you control perception and control human society.

## **I love my oppressor**

Another expression of this psychological trickery is for those who realise they are being pressured into compliance to eventually

convince themselves to believe the official narratives to protect their self-respect from accepting the truth that they have succumbed to meek and subservient compliance. Such people become some of the most vehement defenders of the system. You can see them everywhere screaming abuse at those who prefer to think for themselves and by doing so reminding the compliers of their own capitulation to conformity. 'You are talking dangerous nonsense you Covidiot!!' Are you trying to convince me or yourself? It is a potent form of Stockholm syndrome which is defined as: 'A psychological condition that occurs when a victim of abuse identifies and attaches, or bonds, positively with their abuser.' An example is hostages bonding and even 'falling in love' with their kidnappers. The syndrome has been observed in domestic violence, abused children, concentration camp inmates, prisoners of war and many and various Satanic cults. These are some traits of Stockholm syndrome listed at [goodtherapy.org](http://goodtherapy.org):

- Positive regard towards perpetrators of abuse or captor [see 'Covid'].
- Failure to cooperate with police and other government authorities when it comes to holding perpetrators of abuse or kidnapping accountable [or in the case of 'Covid' cooperating with the police to enforce and defend their captors' demands].
- Little or no effort to escape [see 'Covid'].
- Belief in the goodness of the perpetrators or kidnappers [see 'Covid'].
- Appeasement of captors. This is a manipulative strategy for maintaining one's safety. As victims get rewarded – perhaps with less abuse or even with life itself – their appeasing behaviours are reinforced [see 'Covid'].
- Learned helplessness. This can be akin to 'if you can't beat 'em, join 'em'. As the victims fail to escape the abuse or captivity, they may start giving up and soon realize it's just easier for everyone if they acquiesce all their power to their captors [see 'Covid'].

- Feelings of pity toward the abusers, believing they are actually victims themselves. Because of this, victims may go on a crusade or mission to 'save' [protect] their abuser [see the venom unleashed on those challenging the official 'Covid' narrative].
- Unwillingness to learn to detach from their perpetrators and heal. In essence, victims may tend to be less loyal to themselves than to their abuser [ *definitely* see 'Covid'].

Ponder on those traits and compare them with the behaviour of great swathes of the global population who have defended governments and authorities which have spent every minute destroying their lives and livelihoods and those of their children and grandchildren since early 2020 with fascistic lockdowns, house arrest and employment deletion to 'protect' them from a 'deadly virus' that their abusers' perceptually created to bring about this very outcome. We are looking at mass Stockholm syndrome. All those that agree to concede their freedom will believe those perceptions are originating in their own independent 'mind' when in fact by conceding their reality to Stockholm syndrome they have by definition conceded any independence of mind. Listen to the 'opinions' of the acquiescing masses in this 'Covid' era and what gushes forth is the repetition of the official version of everything delivered unprocessed, unfiltered and unquestioned. The whole programming dynamic works this way. I must be free because I'm told that I am and so I think that I am.

You can see what I mean with the chapter theme of 'I'm thinking – Oh, but *are* you?' The great majority are not thinking, let alone for themselves. They are repeating what authority has told them to believe which allows them to be controlled. Weaving through this mentality is the fear that the 'conspiracy theorists' are right and this again explains the often hysterical abuse that ensues when you dare to contest the official narrative of anything. Denial is the mechanism of hiding from yourself what you don't want to be true. Telling people what they want to hear is easy, but it's an infinitely greater challenge to tell them what they would rather not be happening.

One is akin to pushing against an open door while the other is met with vehement resistance no matter what the scale of evidence. I don't want it to be true so I'll convince myself that it's not. Examples are everywhere from the denial that a partner is cheating despite all the signs to the reflex-action rejection of any idea that world events in which country after country act in exactly the same way are centrally coordinated. To accept the latter is to accept that a force of unspeakable evil is working to destroy your life and the lives of your children with nothing too horrific to achieve that end. Who the heck wants that to be true? But if we don't face reality the end is duly achieved and the consequences are far worse and ongoing than breaking through the walls of denial today with the courage to make a stand against tyranny.

### **Connect the dots – but how?**

A crucial aspect of perceptual programming is to portray a world in which everything is random and almost nothing is connected to anything else. Randomness cannot be coordinated by its very nature and once you perceive events as random the idea they could be connected is waved away as the rantings of the tinfoil-hat brigade. You can't plan and coordinate random you idiot! No, you can't, but you can hide the coldly-calculated and long-planned behind the *illusion* of randomness. A foundation manifestation of the Renegade Mind is to scan reality for patterns that connect the apparently random and turn pixels and dots into pictures. This is the way I work and have done so for more than 30 years. You look for similarities in people, modus operandi and desired outcomes and slowly, then ever quicker, the picture forms. For instance: There would seem to be no connection between the 'Covid pandemic' hoax and the human-caused global-warming hoax and yet they are masks (appropriately) on the same face seeking the same outcome. Those pushing the global warming myth through the Club of Rome and other Cult agencies are driving the lies about 'Covid' – Bill Gates is an obvious one, but they are endless. Why would the same people be involved in both when they are clearly not connected? Oh, but they

are. Common themes with personnel are matched by common goals. The 'solutions' to both 'problems' are centralisation of global power to impose the will of the few on the many to 'save' humanity from 'Covid' and save the planet from an 'existential threat' (we need 'zero Covid' and 'zero carbon emissions'). These, in turn, connect with the 'dot' of globalisation which was coined to describe the centralisation of global power in every area of life through incessant political and corporate expansion, trading blocks and superstates like the European Union. If you are the few and you want to control the many you have to centralise power and decision-making. The more you centralise power the more power the few at the centre will have over the many; and the more that power is centralised the more power those at the centre have to centralise even quicker. The momentum of centralisation gets faster and faster which is exactly the process we have witnessed. In this way the hoaxed 'pandemic' and the fakery of human-caused global warming serve the interests of globalisation and the seizure of global power in the hands of the Cult inner-circle which is behind 'Covid', 'climate change' and globalisation. At this point random 'dots' become a clear and obvious picture or pattern.

Klaus Schwab, the classic Bond villain who founded the Cult's Gates-funded World Economic Forum, published a book in 2020, *The Great Reset*, in which he used the 'problem' of 'Covid' to justify a total transformation of human society to 'save' humanity from 'climate change'. Schwab said: 'The pandemic represents a rare but narrow window of opportunity to reflect, reimagine, and reset our world.' What he didn't mention is that the Cult he serves is behind both hoaxes as I show in my book *The Answer*. He and the Cult don't have to reimagine the world. They know precisely what they want and that's why they destroyed human society with 'Covid' to 'build back better' in their grand design. Their job is not to imagine, but to get humanity to imagine and agree with their plans while believing it's all random. It must be pure coincidence that 'The Great Reset' has long been the Cult's code name for the global imposition of fascism and replaced previous code-names of the 'New World

Order' used by Cult frontmen like Father George Bush and the 'New Order of the Ages' which emerged from Freemasonry and much older secret societies. New Order of the Ages appears on the reverse of the Great Seal of the United States as 'Novus ordo seclorum' underneath the Cult symbol used since way back of the pyramid and all seeing-eye (Fig 3). The pyramid is the hierarchy of human control headed by the illuminated eye that symbolises the force behind the Cult which I will expose in later chapters. The term 'Annuet Coeptis' translates as 'He favours our undertaking'. We are told the 'He' is the Christian god, but 'He' is not as I will be explaining.



**Figure 3:** The all-seeing eye of the Cult 'god' on the Freemason-designed Great Seal of the United States and also on the dollar bill.

## **Having you on**

Two major Cult techniques of perceptual manipulation that relate to all this are what I have called since the 1990s Problem-Reaction-Solution (PRS) and the Totalitarian Tiptoe (TT). They can be uncovered by the inquiring mind with a simple question: Who benefits? The answer usually identifies the perpetrators of a given action or happening through the concept of 'he who most benefits from a crime is the one most likely to have committed it'. The Latin 'Cue bono?' – Who benefits? – is widely attributed to the Roman orator and statesman Marcus Tullius Cicero. No wonder it goes back so far when the concept has been relevant to human behaviour since

history was recorded. Problem-Reaction-Solution is the technique used to manipulate us every day by covertly creating a problem (or the illusion of one) and offering the solution to the problem (or the illusion of one). In the first phase you create the problem and blame someone or something else for why it has happened. This may relate to a financial collapse, terrorist attack, war, global warming or pandemic, anything in fact that will allow you to impose the 'solution' to change society in the way you desire at that time. The 'problem' doesn't have to be real. PRS is manipulation of perception and all you need is the population to believe the problem is real. Human-caused global warming and the 'Covid pandemic' only have to be *perceived* to be real for the population to accept the 'solutions' of authority. I refer to this technique as NO-Problem-Reaction-Solution. Billions did not meekly accept house arrest from early 2020 because there was a real deadly 'Covid pandemic' but because they perceived – believed – that to be the case. The antidote to Problem-Reaction-Solution is to ask who benefits from the proposed solution. Invariably it will be anyone who wants to justify more control through deletion of freedom and centralisation of power and decision-making.

The two world wars were Problem-Reaction-Solutions that transformed and realigned global society. Both were manipulated into being by the Cult as I have detailed in books since the mid-1990s. They dramatically centralised global power, especially World War Two, which led to the United Nations and other global bodies thanks to the overt and covert manipulations of the Rockefeller family and other Cult bloodlines like the Rothschilds. The UN is a stalking horse for full-blown world government that I will come to shortly. The land on which the UN building stands in New York was donated by the Rockefellers and the same Cult family was behind Big Pharma scalpel and drug 'medicine' and the creation of the World Health Organization as part of the UN. They have been stalwarts of the eugenics movement and funded Hitler's race-purity expert' Ernst Rudin. The human-caused global warming hoax has been orchestrated by the Club of Rome through the UN which is

manufacturing both the 'problem' through its Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change and imposing the 'solution' through its Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030 which demand the total centralisation of global power to 'save the world' from a climate hoax the United Nations is itself perpetrating. What a small world the Cult can be seen to be particularly among the inner circles. The bedfellow of Problem-Reaction-Solution is the Totalitarian Tiptoe which became the Totalitarian Sprint in 2020. The technique is fashioned to hide the carefully-coordinated behind the cover of apparently random events. You start the sequence at 'A' and you know you are heading for 'Z'. You don't want people to know that and each step on the journey is presented as a random happening while all the steps strung together lead in the same direction. The speed may have quickened dramatically in recent times, but you can still see the incremental approach of the Tiptoe in the case of 'Covid' as each new imposition takes us deeper into fascism. Tell people they have to do this or that to get back to 'normal', then this and this and this. With each new demand adding to the ones that went before the population's freedom is deleted until it disappears. The spider wraps its web around the flies more comprehensively with each new diktat. I'll highlight this in more detail when I get to the 'Covid' hoax and how it has been pulled off. Another prime example of the Totalitarian Tiptoe is how the Cult-created European Union went from a 'free-trade zone' to a centralised bureaucratic dictatorship through the Tiptoe of incremental centralisation of power until nations became mere administrative units for Cult-owned dark suits in Brussels.

The antidote to ignorance is knowledge which the Cult seeks vehemently to deny us, but despite the systematic censorship to that end the Renegade Mind can overcome this by vociferously seeking out the facts no matter the impediments put in the way. There is also a method of thinking and perceiving – *knowing* – that doesn't even need names, dates, place-type facts to identify the patterns that reveal the story. I'll get to that in the final chapter. All you need to know about the manipulation of human society and to what end is still out there – *at the time of writing* – in the form of books, videos

and websites for those that really want to breach the walls of programmed perception. To access this knowledge requires the abandonment of the mainstream media as a source of information in the awareness that this is owned and controlled by the Cult and therefore promotes mass perceptions that suit the Cult. Mainstream media lies all day, every day. That is its function and very reason for being. Where it does tell the truth, here and there, is only because the truth and the Cult agenda very occasionally coincide. If you look for fact and insight to the BBC, CNN and virtually all the rest of them you are asking to be conned and perceptually programmed.

### **Know the outcome and you'll see the journey**

Events seem random when you have no idea where the world is being taken. Once you do the random becomes the carefully planned. Know the outcome and you'll see the journey is a phrase I have been using for a long time to give context to daily happenings that appear unconnected. Does a problem, or illusion of a problem, trigger a proposed 'solution' that further drives society in the direction of the outcome? Invariably the answer will be yes and the random – *abracadabra* – becomes the clearly coordinated. So what is this outcome that unlocks the door to a massively expanded understanding of daily events? I will summarise its major aspects – the fine detail is in my other books – and those new to this information will see that the world they thought they were living in is a very different place. The foundation of the Cult agenda is the incessant centralisation of power and all such centralisation is ultimately in pursuit of Cult control on a global level. I have described for a long time the planned world structure of top-down dictatorship as the Hunger Games Society. The term obviously comes from the movie series which portrayed a world in which a few living in military-protected hi-tech luxury were the overlords of a population condemned to abject poverty in isolated 'sectors' that were not allowed to interact. 'Covid' lockdowns and travel bans anyone? The 'Hunger Games' pyramid of structural control has the inner circle of the Cult at the top with pretty much the entire

population at the bottom under their control through dependency for survival on the Cult. The whole structure is planned to be protected and enforced by a military-police state (Fig 4).

Here you have the reason for the global lockdowns of the fake pandemic to coldly destroy independent incomes and livelihoods and make everyone dependent on the 'state' (the Cult that controls the 'states'). I have warned in my books for many years about the plan to introduce a 'guaranteed income' – a barely survivable pittance – designed to impose dependency when employment was destroyed by AI technology and now even more comprehensively at great speed by the 'Covid' scam. Once the pandemic was played and lockdown consequences began to delete independent income the authorities began to talk right on cue about the need for a guaranteed income and a 'Great Reset'. Guaranteed income will be presented as benevolent governments seeking to help a desperate people – desperate as a direct result of actions of the same governments. The truth is that such payments are a trap. You will only get them if you do exactly what the authorities demand including mass vaccination (genetic manipulation). We have seen this theme already in Australia where those dependent on government benefits have them reduced if parents don't agree to have their children vaccinated according to an insane health-destroying government-dictated schedule. Calculated economic collapse applies to governments as well as people. The Cult wants rid of countries through the creation of a world state with countries broken up into regions ruled by a world government and super states like the European Union. Countries must be bankrupted, too, to this end and it's being achieved by the trillions in 'rescue packages' and furlough payments, trillions in lost taxation, and money-no-object spending on 'Covid' including constant all-medium advertising (programming) which has made the media dependent on government for much of its income. The day of reckoning is coming – as planned – for government spending and given that it has been made possible by printing money and not by production/taxation there is inflation on the way that has the

potential to wipe out monetary value. In that case there will be no need for the Cult to steal your money. It just won't be worth anything (see the German Weimar Republic before the Nazis took over). Many have been okay with lockdowns while getting a percentage of their income from so-called furlough payments without having to work. Those payments are dependent, however, on people having at least a theoretical job with a business considered non-essential and ordered to close. As these business go under because they are closed by lockdown after lockdown the furlough stops and it will for everyone eventually. Then what? The 'then what?' is precisely the idea.



**Figure 4:** The Hunger Games Society structure I have long warned was planned and now the 'Covid' hoax has made it possible. This is the real reason for lockdowns.

## Hired hands

Between the Hunger Games Cult elite and the dependent population is planned to be a vicious military-police state (a fusion of the two into one force). This has been in the making for a long time with police looking ever more like the military and carrying weapons to match. The pandemic scam has seen this process accelerate so fast as

lockdown house arrest is brutally enforced by carefully recruited fascist minds and gormless system-servers. The police and military are planned to merge into a centrally-directed world army in a global structure headed by a world government which wouldn't be elected even by the election fixes now in place. The world army is not planned even to be human and instead wars would be fought, primarily against the population, using robot technology controlled by artificial intelligence. I have been warning about this for decades and now militaries around the world are being transformed by this very AI technology. The global regime that I describe is a particular form of fascism known as a technocracy in which decisions are not made by clueless and co-opted politicians but by unelected technocrats – scientists, engineers, technologists and bureaucrats. Cult-owned-and-controlled Silicon Valley giants are examples of technocracy and they already have far more power to direct world events than governments. They are with their censorship *selecting* governments. I know that some are calling the 'Great Reset' a Marxist communist takeover, but fascism and Marxism are different labels for the same tyranny. Tell those who lived in fascist Germany and Stalinist Russia that there was a difference in the way their freedom was deleted and their lives controlled. I could call it a fascist technocracy or a Marxist technocracy and they would be equally accurate. The Hunger Games society with its world government structure would oversee a world army, world central bank and single world cashless currency imposing its will on a microchipped population (Fig 5). Scan its different elements and see how the illusory pandemic is forcing society in this very direction at great speed. Leaders of 23 countries and the World Health Organization (WHO) backed the idea in March, 2021, of a global treaty for 'international cooperation' in 'health emergencies' and nations should 'come together as a global community for peaceful cooperation that extends beyond this crisis'. Cut the Orwellian bullshit and this means another step towards global government. The plan includes a cashless digital money system that I first warned about in 1993. Right at the start of 'Covid' the deeply corrupt Tedros

Adhanom Ghebreyesus, the crooked and merely gofer 'head' of the World Health Organization, said it was possible to catch the 'virus' by touching cash and it was better to use cashless means. The claim was ridiculous nonsense and like the whole 'Covid' mind-trick it was nothing to do with 'health' and everything to do with pushing every aspect of the Cult agenda. As a result of the Tedros lie the use of cash has plummeted. The Cult script involves a single world digital currency that would eventually be technologically embedded in the body. China is a massive global centre for the Cult and if you watch what is happening there you will know what is planned for everywhere. The Chinese government is developing a digital currency which would allow fines to be deducted immediately via AI for anyone caught on camera breaking its fantastic list of laws and the money is going to be programmable with an expiry date to ensure that no one can accrue wealth except the Cult and its operatives.



**Figure 5:** The structure of global control the Cult has been working towards for so long and this has been enormously advanced by the 'Covid' illusion.

## **Serfdom is so smart**

The Cult plan is far wider, extreme, and more comprehensive than even most conspiracy researchers appreciate and I will come to the true depths of deceit and control in the chapters 'Who controls the

Cult?’ and ‘Escaping Wetiko’. Even the world that we know is crazy enough. We are being deluged with ever more sophisticated and controlling technology under the heading of ‘smart’. We have smart televisions, smart meters, smart cards, smart cars, smart driving, smart roads, smart pills, smart patches, smart watches, smart skin, smart borders, smart pavements, smart streets, smart cities, smart communities, smart environments, smart growth, smart planet ... smart *everything* around us. Smart technologies and methods of operation are designed to interlock to create a global Smart Grid connecting the entirety of human society including human minds to create a centrally-dictated ‘hive’ mind. ‘Smart cities’ is code for densely-occupied megacities of total surveillance and control through AI. Ever more destructive frequency communication systems like 5G have been rolled out without any official testing for health and psychological effects (colossal). 5G/6G/7G systems are needed to run the Smart Grid and each one becomes more destructive of body and mind. Deleting independent income is crucial to forcing people into these AI-policed prisons by ending private property ownership (except for the Cult elite). The Cult’s Great Reset now openly foresees a global society in which no one will own any possessions and everything will be rented while the Cult would own literally everything under the guise of government and corporations. The aim has been to use the lockdowns to destroy sources of income on a mass scale and when the people are destitute and in unrepayable amounts of debt (problem) Cult assets come forward with the pledge to write-off debt in return for handing over all property and possessions (solution). Everything – literally everything including people – would be connected to the Internet via AI. I was warning years ago about the coming Internet of Things (IoT) in which all devices and technology from your car to your fridge would be plugged into the Internet and controlled by AI. Now we are already there with much more to come. The next stage is the Internet of Everything (IoE) which is planned to include the connection of AI to the human brain and body to replace the human mind with a centrally-controlled AI mind. Instead of perceptions

being manipulated through control of information and censorship those perceptions would come direct from the Cult through AI. What do you think? You think whatever AI decides that you think. In human terms there would be no individual 'think' any longer. Too incredible? The ravings of a lunatic? Not at all. Cult-owned crazies in Silicon Valley have been telling us the plan for years without explaining the real motivation and calculated implications. These include Google executive and 'futurist' Ray Kurzweil who highlights the year 2030 for when this would be underway. He said:

Our thinking ... will be a hybrid of biological and non-biological thinking ... humans will be able to extend their limitations and 'think in the cloud' ... We're going to put gateways to the cloud in our brains ... We're going to gradually merge and enhance ourselves ... In my view, that's the nature of being human – we transcend our limitations.

As the technology becomes vastly superior to what we are then the small proportion that is still human gets smaller and smaller and smaller until it's just utterly negligible.

The sales-pitch of Kurzweil and Cult-owned Silicon Valley is that this would make us 'super-human' when the real aim is to make us post-human and no longer 'human' in the sense that we have come to know. The entire global population would be connected to AI and become the centrally-controlled 'hive-mind' of externally-delivered perceptions. The Smart Grid being installed to impose the Cult's will on the world is being constructed to allow particular locations – even one location – to control the whole global system. From these prime control centres, which absolutely include China and Israel, anything connected to the Internet would be switched on or off and manipulated at will. Energy systems could be cut, communication via the Internet taken down, computer-controlled driverless autonomous vehicles driven off the road, medical devices switched off, the potential is limitless given how much AI and Internet connections now run human society. We have seen nothing yet if we allow this to continue. Autonomous vehicle makers are working with law enforcement to produce cars designed to automatically pull over if they detect a police or emergency vehicle flashing from up to 100 feet away. At a police stop the car would be unlocked and the

window rolled down automatically. Vehicles would only take you where the computer (the state) allowed. The end of petrol vehicles and speed limiters on all new cars in the UK and EU from 2022 are steps leading to electric computerised transport over which ultimately you have no control. The picture is far bigger even than the Cult global network or web and that will become clear when I get to the nature of the 'spider'. There is a connection between all these happenings and the instigation of DNA-manipulating 'vaccines' (which aren't 'vaccines') justified by the 'Covid' hoax. That connection is the unfolding plan to transform the human body from a biological to a synthetic biological state and this is why synthetic biology is such a fast-emerging discipline of mainstream science. 'Covid vaccines' are infusing self-replicating synthetic genetic material into the cells to cumulatively take us on the Totalitarian Tiptoe from Human 1.0 to the synthetic biological Human 2.0 which will be physically and perceptually attached to the Smart Grid to one hundred percent control every thought, perception and deed. Humanity needs to wake up and *fast*.

This is the barest explanation of where the 'outcome' is planned to go but it's enough to see the journey happening all around us. Those new to this information will already see 'Covid' in a whole new context. I will add much more detail as we go along, but for the minutiae evidence see my mega-works, *The Answer*, *The Trigger* and *Everything You Need to Know But Have Never Been Told*.

Now – how does a Renegade Mind see the 'world'?

## CHAPTER TWO

# Renegade Perception

*It is one thing to be clever and another to be wise*

George R.R. Martin

A simple definition of the difference between a programmed mind and a Renegade Mind would be that one sees only dots while the other connects them to see the picture. Reading reality with accuracy requires the observer to (a) know the planned outcome and (b) realise that everything, but *everything*, is connected.

The entirety of infinite reality is connected – that’s its very nature – and with human society an expression of infinite reality the same must apply. Simple cause and effect is a connection. The effect is triggered by the cause and the effect then becomes the cause of another effect. Nothing happens in isolation because it *can’t*. Life in whatever reality is simple choice and consequence. We make choices and these lead to consequences. If we don’t like the consequences we can make different choices and get different consequences which lead to other choices and consequences. The choice and the consequence are not only connected they are indivisible. You can’t have one without the other as an old song goes. A few cannot control the world unless those being controlled allow that to happen – cause and effect, choice and consequence. Control – who has it and who doesn’t – is a two-way process, a symbiotic relationship, involving the controller and controlled. ‘They took my freedom away!!’ Well, yes, but you also gave it to them. Humanity is

subjected to mass control because humanity has acquiesced to that control. This is all cause and effect and literally a case of give and take. In the same way world events of every kind are connected and the Cult works incessantly to sell the illusion of the random and coincidental to maintain the essential (to them) perception of dots that hide the picture. Renegade Minds know this and constantly scan the world for patterns of connection. This is absolutely pivotal in understanding the happenings in the world and without that perspective clarity is impossible. First you know the planned outcome and then you identify the steps on the journey – the day-by-day apparently random which, when connected in relation to the outcome, no longer appear as individual events, but as the proverbial *chain* of events leading in the same direction. I'll give you some examples:

### **Political puppet show**

We are told to believe that politics is 'adversarial' in that different parties with different beliefs engage in an endless tussle for power. There may have been some truth in that up to a point – and only a point – but today divisions between 'different' parties are rhetorical not ideological. Even the rhetorical is fusing into one-speak as the parties eject any remaining free thinkers while others succumb to the ever-gathering intimidation of anyone with the 'wrong' opinion. The Cult is not a new phenomenon and can be traced back thousands of years as my books have documented. Its intergenerational initiates have been manipulating events with increasing effect the more that global power has been centralised. In ancient times the Cult secured control through the system of monarchy in which 'special' bloodlines (of which more later) demanded the right to rule as kings and queens simply by birthright and by vanquishing others who claimed the same birthright. There came a time, however, when people had matured enough to see the unfairness of such tyranny and demanded a say in who governed them. Note the word – *governed* them. Not served them – *governed* them, hence government defined as 'the political direction and control exercised over the

actions of the members, citizens, or inhabitants of communities, societies, and states; direction of the affairs of a state, community, etc.' Governments exercise control over rather than serve just like the monarchies before them. Bizarrely there are still countries like the United Kingdom which are ruled by a monarch *and* a government that officially answers to the monarch. The UK head of state and that of Commonwealth countries such as Canada, Australia and New Zealand is 'selected' by who in a *single family* had unprotected sex with whom and in what order. Pinch me it can't be true. Ouch! Shit, it is. The demise of monarchies in most countries offered a potential vacuum in which some form of free and fair society could arise and the Cult had that base covered. Monarchies had served its interests but they couldn't continue in the face of such widespread opposition and, anyway, replacing a 'royal' dictatorship that people could see with a dictatorship 'of the people' hiding behind the concept of 'democracy' presented far greater manipulative possibilities and ways of hiding coordinated tyranny behind the illusion of 'freedom'.

Democracy is quite wrongly defined as government selected by the population. This is not the case at all. It is government selected by *some* of the population (and then only in theory). This 'some' doesn't even have to be the majority as we have seen so often in first-past-the-post elections in which the so-called majority party wins fewer votes than the 'losing' parties combined. Democracy can give total power to a party in government from a minority of the votes cast. It's a sleight of hand to sell tyranny as freedom. Seventy-four million Trump-supporting Americans didn't vote for the 'Democratic' Party of Joe Biden in the distinctly dodgy election in 2020 and yet far from acknowledging the wishes and feelings of that great percentage of American society the Cult-owned Biden government set out from day one to destroy them and their right to a voice and opinion. Empty shell Biden and his Cult handlers said they were doing this to 'protect democracy'. Such is the level of lunacy and sickness to which politics has descended. Connect the dots and relate them to the desired outcome – a world government run by self-appointed technocrats and no longer even elected

politicians. While operating through its political agents in government the Cult is at the same time encouraging public disdain for politicians by putting idiots and incompetents in theoretical power on the road to deleting them. The idea is to instil a public reaction that says of the technocrats: 'Well, they couldn't do any worse than the pathetic politicians.' It's all about controlling perception and Renegade Minds can see through that while programmed minds cannot when they are ignorant of both the planned outcome and the manipulation techniques employed to secure that end. This knowledge can be learned, however, and fast if people choose to get informed.

Politics may at first sight appear very difficult to control from a central point. I mean look at the 'different' parties and how would you be able to oversee them all and their constituent parts? In truth, it's very straightforward because of their structure. We are back to the pyramid of imposition and acquiescence. Organisations are structured in the same way as the system as a whole. Political parties are not open forums of free expression. They are hierarchies. I was a national spokesman for the British Green Party which claimed to be a different kind of politics in which influence and power was devolved; but I can tell you from direct experience – and it's far worse now – that Green parties are run as hierarchies like all the others however much they may try to hide that fact or kid themselves that it's not true. A very few at the top of all political parties are directing policy and personnel. They decide if you are elevated in the party or serve as a government minister and to do that you have to be a yes man or woman. Look at all the maverick political thinkers who never ascended the greasy pole. If you want to progress within the party or reach 'high-office' you need to fall into line and conform. Exceptions to this are rare indeed. Should you want to run for parliament or Congress you have to persuade the local or state level of the party to select you and for that you need to play the game as dictated by the hierarchy. If you secure election and wish to progress within the greater structure you need to go on conforming to what is acceptable to those running the hierarchy

from the peak of the pyramid. Political parties are perceptual gulags and the very fact that there are party 'Whips' appointed to 'whip' politicians into voting the way the hierarchy demands exposes the ridiculous idea that politicians are elected to serve the people they are supposed to represent. Cult operatives and manipulation has long seized control of major parties that have any chance of forming a government and at least most of those that haven't. A new party forms and the Cult goes to work to infiltrate and direct. This has reached such a level today that you see video compilations of 'leaders' of all parties whether Democrats, Republicans, Conservative, Labour and Green parroting the same Cult mantra of 'Build Back Better' and the 'Great Reset' which are straight off the Cult song-sheet to describe the transformation of global society in response to the Cult-instigated hoaxes of the 'Covid pandemic' and human-caused 'climate change'. To see Caroline Lucas, the Green Party MP that I knew when I was in the party in the 1980s, speaking in support of plans proposed by Cult operative Klaus Schwab representing the billionaire global elite is a real head-shaker.

### **Many parties – one master**

The party system is another mind-trick and was instigated to change the nature of the dictatorship by swapping 'royalty' for dark suits that people believed – though now ever less so – represented their interests. Understanding this trick is to realise that a single force (the Cult) controls all parties either directly in terms of the major ones or through manipulation of perception and ideology with others. You don't need to manipulate Green parties to demand your transformation of society in the name of 'climate change' when they are obsessed with the lie that this is essential to 'save the planet'. You just give them a platform and away they go serving your interests while believing they are being environmentally virtuous. America's political structure is a perfect blueprint for how the two or multi-party system is really a one-party state. The Republican Party is controlled from one step back in the shadows by a group made up of billionaires and their gofers known as neoconservatives or Neocons.

I have exposed them in fine detail in my books and they were the driving force behind the policies of the imbecilic presidency of Boy George Bush which included 9/11 (see *The Trigger* for a comprehensive demolition of the official story), the subsequent 'war on terror' (war of terror) and the invasions of Afghanistan and Iraq. The latter was a No-Problem-Reaction-Solution based on claims by Cult operatives, including Bush and British Prime Minister Tony Blair, about Saddam Hussein's 'weapons of mass destruction' which did not exist as war criminals Bush and Blair well knew.



**Figure 6:** Different front people, different parties – same control system.

The Democratic Party has its own 'Neocon' group controlling from the background which I call the 'Democons' and here's the penny-drop – the Neocons and Democons answer to the same masters one step further back into the shadows (Fig 6). At that level of the Cult the Republican and Democrat parties are controlled by the same people and no matter which is in power the Cult is in power. This is how it works in almost every country and certainly in Britain with Conservative, Labour, Liberal Democrat and Green parties now all on the same page whatever the rhetoric may be in their feeble attempts to appear different. Neocons operated at the time of Bush through a think tank called The Project for the New American Century which in September, 2000, published a document entitled *Rebuilding America's Defenses: Strategies, Forces, and Resources*

*For a New Century* demanding that America fight ‘multiple, simultaneous major theatre wars’ as a ‘core mission’ to force regime-change in countries including Iraq, Libya and Syria. Neocons arranged for Bush (‘Republican’) and Blair (‘Labour Party’) to front-up the invasion of Iraq and when they departed the Democons orchestrated the targeting of Libya and Syria through Barack Obama (‘Democrat’) and British Prime Minister David Cameron (‘Conservative Party’). We have ‘different’ parties and ‘different’ people, but the same unfolding script. The more the Cult has seized the reigns of parties and personnel the more their policies have transparently pursued the same agenda to the point where the fascist ‘Covid’ impositions of the Conservative junta of Jackboot Johnson in Britain were opposed by the Labour Party because they were not fascist enough. The Labour Party is likened to the US Democrats while the Conservative Party is akin to a British version of the Republicans and on both sides of the Atlantic they all speak the same language and support the direction demanded by the Cult although some more enthusiastically than others. It’s a similar story in country after country because it’s all centrally controlled. Oh, but what about Trump? I’ll come to him shortly. Political ‘choice’ in the ‘party’ system goes like this: You vote for Party A and they get into government. You don’t like what they do so next time you vote for Party B and they get into government. You don’t like what they do when it’s pretty much the same as Party A and why wouldn’t that be with both controlled by the same force? Given that only two, sometimes three, parties have any chance of forming a government to get rid of Party B that you don’t like you have to vote again for Party A which ... you don’t like. This, ladies and gentlemen, is what they call ‘democracy’ which we are told – wrongly – is a term interchangeable with ‘freedom’.

## **The cult of cults**

At this point I need to introduce a major expression of the Global Cult known as Sabbatian-Frankism. Sabbatian is also spelt as Sabbatean. I will summarise here. I have published major exposés

and detailed background in other works. Sabbatian-Frankism combines the names of two frauds posing as 'Jewish' men, Sabbatai Zevi (1626-1676), a rabbi, black magician and occultist who proclaimed he was the Jewish messiah; and Jacob Frank (1726-1791), the Polish 'Jew', black magician and occultist who said he was the reincarnation of 'messiah' Zevi and biblical patriarch Jacob. They worked across two centuries to establish the Sabbatian-Frankist cult that plays a major, indeed central, role in the manipulation of human society by the Global Cult which has its origins much further back in history than Sabbatai Zevi. I should emphasise two points here in response to the shrill voices that will scream 'anti-Semitism': (1) Sabbatian-Frankists are NOT Jewish and only pose as such to hide their cult behind a Jewish façade; and (2) my information about this cult has come from Jewish sources who have long realised that their society and community has been infiltrated and taken over by interloper Sabbatian-Frankists. Infiltration has been the foundation technique of Sabbatian-Frankism from its official origin in the 17th century. Zevi's Sabbatian sect attracted a massive following described as the biggest messianic movement in Jewish history, spreading as far as Africa and Asia, and he promised a return for the Jews to the 'Promised Land' of Israel. Sabbatianism was not Judaism but an inversion of everything that mainstream Judaism stood for. So much so that this sinister cult would have a feast day when Judaism had a fast day and whatever was forbidden in Judaism the Sabbatians were encouraged and even commanded to do. This included incest and what would be today called Satanism. Members were forbidden to marry outside the sect and there was a system of keeping their children ignorant of what they were part of until they were old enough to be trusted not to unknowingly reveal anything to outsiders. The same system is employed to this day by the Global Cult in general which Sabbatian-Frankism has enormously influenced and now largely controls.

Zevi and his Sabbatians suffered a setback with the intervention by the Sultan of the Islamic Ottoman Empire in the Middle East and what is now the Republic of Turkey where Zevi was located. The

Sultan gave him the choice of proving his 'divinity', converting to Islam or facing torture and death. Funnily enough Zevi chose to convert or at least appear to. Some of his supporters were disillusioned and drifted away, but many did not with 300 families also converting – only in theory – to Islam. They continued behind this Islamic smokescreen to follow the goals, rules and rituals of Sabbatianism and became known as 'crypto-Jews' or the 'Dönme' which means 'to turn'. This is rather ironic because they didn't 'turn' and instead hid behind a fake Islamic persona. The process of appearing to be one thing while being very much another would become the calling card of Sabbatianism especially after Zevi's death and the arrival of the Satanist Jacob Frank in the 18th century when the cult became Sabbatian-Frankism and plumbed still new depths of depravity and infiltration which included – still includes – human sacrifice and sex with children. Wherever Sabbatians go paedophilia and Satanism follow and is it really a surprise that Hollywood is so infested with child abuse and Satanism when it was established by Sabbatian-Frankists and is still controlled by them? Hollywood has been one of the prime vehicles for global perceptual programming and manipulation. How many believe the version of 'history' portrayed in movies when it is a travesty and inversion (again) of the truth? Rabbi Marvin Antelman describes Frankism in his book, *To Eliminate the Opiate*, as 'a movement of complete evil' while Jewish professor Gershom Scholem said of Frank in *The Messianic Idea in Judaism*: 'In all his actions [he was] a truly corrupt and degenerate individual ... one of the most frightening phenomena in the whole of Jewish history.' Frank was excommunicated by traditional rabbis, as was Zevi, but Frank was undeterred and enjoyed vital support from the House of Rothschild, the infamous banking dynasty whose inner-core are Sabbatian-Frankists and not Jews. Infiltration of the Roman Church and Vatican was instigated by Frank with many Dönme 'turning' again to convert to Roman Catholicism with a view to hijacking the reins of power. This was the ever-repeating modus operandi and continues to be so. Pose as an advocate of the religion, culture or country that you want to control and then

manipulate your people into the positions of authority and influence largely as advisers, administrators and Svengalis for those that appear to be in power. They did this with Judaism, Christianity (Christian Zionism is part of this), Islam and other religions and nations until Sabbatian-Frankism spanned the world as it does today.

### **Sabbatian Saudis and the terror network**

One expression of the Sabbatian-Frankist Dönme within Islam is the ruling family of Saudi Arabia, the House of Saud, through which came the vile distortion of Islam known as Wahhabism. This is the violent creed followed by terrorist groups like Al-Qaeda and ISIS or Islamic State. Wahhabism is the hand-chopping, head-chopping 'religion' of Saudi Arabia which is used to keep the people in a constant state of fear so the interloper House of Saud can continue to rule. Al-Qaeda and Islamic State were lavishly funded by the House of Saud while being created and directed by the Sabbatian-Frankist network in the United States that operates through the Pentagon, CIA and the government in general of whichever 'party'. The front man for the establishment of Wahhabism in the middle of the 18th century was a Sabbatian-Frankist 'crypto-Jew' posing as Islamic called Muhammad ibn Abd al-Wahhab. His daughter would marry the son of Muhammad bin Saud who established the first Saudi state before his death in 1765 with support from the British Empire. Bin Saud's successors would establish modern Saudi Arabia in league with the British and Americans in 1932 which allowed them to seize control of Islam's major shrines in Mecca and Medina. They have dictated the direction of Sunni Islam ever since while Iran is the major centre of the Shiite version and here we have the source of at least the public conflict between them. The Sabbatian network has used its Wahhabi extremists to carry out Problem-Reaction-Solution terrorist attacks in the name of 'Al-Qaeda' and 'Islamic State' to justify a devastating 'war on terror', ever-increasing surveillance of the population and to terrify people into compliance. Another insight of the Renegade Mind is the streetwise understanding that

just because a country, location or people are attacked doesn't mean that those apparently representing that country, location or people are not behind the attackers. Often they are *orchestrating* the attacks because of the societal changes that can be then justified in the name of 'saving the population from terrorists'.

I show in great detail in *The Trigger* how Sabbatian-Frankists were the real perpetrators of 9/11 and not '19 Arab hijackers' who were blamed for what happened. Observe what was justified in the name of 9/11 alone in terms of Middle East invasions, mass surveillance and control that fulfilled the demands of the Project for the New American Century document published by the Sabbatian Neocons. What appear to be enemies are on the deep inside players on the same Sabbatian team. Israel and Arab 'royal' dictatorships are all ruled by Sabbatians and the recent peace agreements between Israel and Saudi Arabia, the United Arab Emirates (UAE) and others are only making formal what has always been the case behind the scenes. Palestinians who have been subjected to grotesque tyranny since Israel was bombed and terrorised into existence in 1948 have never stood a chance. Sabbatian-Frankists have controlled Israel (so the constant theme of violence and war which Sabbatians love) and they have controlled the Arab countries that Palestinians have looked to for real support that never comes. 'Royal families' of the Arab world in Saudi Arabia, Bahrain, UAE, etc., are all Sabbatians with allegiance to the aims of the cult and not what is best for their Arabic populations. They have stolen the oil and financial resources from their people by false claims to be 'royal dynasties' with a genetic right to rule and by employing vicious militaries to impose their will.

### **Satanic 'illumination'**

The Satanist Jacob Frank formed an alliance in 1773 with two other Sabbatians, Mayer Amschel Rothschild (1744-1812), founder of the Rothschild banking dynasty, and Jesuit-educated fraudulent Jew, Adam Weishaupt, and this led to the formation of the Bavarian Illuminati, firstly under another name, in 1776. The Illuminati would

be the manipulating force behind the French Revolution (1789-1799) and was also involved in the American Revolution (1775-1783) before and after the Illuminati's official creation. Weishaupt would later become (in public) a Protestant Christian in archetypal Sabbatian style. I read that his name can be decoded as Adam-Weishaupt or 'the first man to lead those who know'. He wasn't a leader in the sense that he was a subordinate, but he did lead those below him in a crusade of transforming human society that still continues today. The theme was confirmed as early as 1785 when a horseman courier called Lanz was reported to be struck by lightning and extensive Illuminati documents were found in his saddlebags. They made the link to Weishaupt and detailed the plan for world takeover. Current events with 'Covid' fascism have been in the making for a very long time. Jacob Frank was jailed for 13 years by the Catholic Inquisition after his arrest in 1760 and on his release he headed for Frankfurt, Germany, home city and headquarters of the House of Rothschild where the alliance was struck with Mayer Amschel Rothschild and Weishaupt. Rothschild arranged for Frank to be given the title of Baron and he became a wealthy nobleman with a big following of Jews in Germany, the Austro-Hungarian Empire and other European countries. Most of them would have believed he was on their side.

The name 'Illuminati' came from the Zohar which is a body of works in the Jewish mystical 'bible' called the Kabbalah. 'Zohar' is the foundation of Sabbatian-Frankist belief and in Hebrew 'Zohar' means 'splendour', 'radiance', 'illuminated', and so we have 'Illuminati'. They claim to be the 'Illuminated Ones' from their knowledge systematically hidden from the human population and passed on through generations of carefully-chosen initiates in the global secret society network or Cult. Hidden knowledge includes an awareness of the Cult agenda for the world and the nature of our collective reality that I will explore later. Cult 'illumination' is symbolised by the torch held by the Statue of Liberty which was gifted to New York by French Freemasons in Paris who knew exactly what it represents. 'Liberty' symbolises the goddess worshipped in

Babylon as Queen Semiramis or Ishtar. The significance of this will become clear. Notice again the ubiquitous theme of inversion with the Statue of 'Liberty' really symbolising mass control (Fig 7). A mirror-image statute stands on an island in the River Seine in Paris from where New York Liberty originated (Fig 8). A large replica of the Liberty flame stands on top of the Pont de l'Alma tunnel in Paris where Princess Diana died in a Cult ritual described in *The Biggest Secret*. Lucifer 'the light bringer' is related to all this (and much more as we'll see) and 'Lucifer' is a central figure in Sabbatian-Frankism and its associated Satanism. Sabbatians reject the Jewish Torah, or Pentateuch, the 'five books of Moses' in the Old Testament known as Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy which are claimed by Judaism and Christianity to have been dictated by 'God' to Moses on Mount Sinai. Sabbatians say these do not apply to them and they seek to replace them with the Zohar to absorb Judaism and its followers into their inversion which is an expression of a much greater global inversion. They want to delete all religions and force humanity to worship a one-world religion – Sabbatian Satanism that also includes worship of the Earth goddess. Satanic themes are being more and more introduced into mainstream society and while Christianity is currently the foremost target for destruction the others are planned to follow.



**Figure 7:** The Cult goddess of Babylon disguised as the Statue of Liberty holding the flame of Lucifer the 'light bringer'.



**Figure 8:** Liberty's mirror image in Paris where the New York version originated.

## **Marx brothers**

Rabbi Marvin Antelman connects the Illuminati to the Jacobins in *To Eliminate the Opiate* and Jacobins were the force behind the French Revolution. He links both to the Bund der Gerechten, or League of the Just, which was the network that inflicted communism/Marxism on the world. Antelman wrote:

The original inner circle of the Bund der Gerechten consisted of born Catholics, Protestants and Jews [Sabbatian-Frankist infiltrators], and those representatives of respective subdivisions formulated schemes for the ultimate destruction of their faiths. The heretical Catholics laid plans which they felt would take a century or more for the ultimate destruction of the church; the apostate Jews for the ultimate destruction of the Jewish religion.

Sabbatian-created communism connects into this anti-religion agenda in that communism does not allow for the free practice of religion. The Sabbatian 'Bund' became the International Communist Party and Communist League and in 1848 'Marxism' was born with the Communist Manifesto of Sabbatian assets Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. It is absolutely no coincidence that Marxism, just a different name for fascist and other centrally-controlled tyrannies, is being imposed worldwide as a result of the 'Covid' hoax and nor that Marxist/fascist China was the place where the hoax originated. The reason for this will become very clear in the chapter 'Covid: The calculated catastrophe'. The so-called 'Woke' mentality has hijacked

traditional beliefs of the political left and replaced them with far-right make-believe 'social justice' better known as Marxism. Woke will, however, be swallowed by its own perceived 'revolution' which is really the work of billionaires and billionaire corporations feigning being 'Woke'. Marxism is being touted by Wokers as a replacement for 'capitalism' when we don't have 'capitalism'. We have cartelism in which the market is stitched up by the very Cult billionaires and corporations bankrolling Woke. Billionaires love Marxism which keeps the people in servitude while they control from the top. Terminally naïve Wokers think they are 'changing the world' when it's the Cult that is doing the changing and when they have played their vital part and become surplus to requirements they, too, will be targeted. The Illuminati-Jacobins were behind the period known as 'The Terror' in the French Revolution in 1793 and 1794 when Jacobin Maximillian de Robespierre and his Orwellian 'Committee of Public Safety' killed 17,000 'enemies of the Revolution' who had once been 'friends of the Revolution'. Karl Marx (1818-1883), whose Sabbatian creed of Marxism has cost the lives of at least 100 million people, is a hero once again to Wokers who have been systematically kept ignorant of real history by their 'education' programming. As a result they now promote a Sabbatian 'Marxist' abomination destined at some point to consume them. Rabbi Antelman, who spent decades researching the Sabbatian plot, said of the League of the Just and Karl Marx:

Contrary to popular opinion Karl Marx did not originate the Communist Manifesto. He was paid for his services by the League of the Just, which was known in its country of origin, Germany, as the Bund der Geächteten.

Antelman said the text attributed to Marx was the work of other people and Marx 'was only repeating what others already said'. Marx was 'a hired hack – lackey of the wealthy Illuminists'. Marx famously said that religion was the 'opium of the people' (part of the Sabbatian plan to demonise religion) and Antelman called his books, *To Eliminate the Opiate*. Marx was born Jewish, but his family converted to Christianity (Sabbatian modus operandi) and he

attacked Jews, not least in his book, *A World Without Jews*. In doing so he supported the Sabbatian plan to destroy traditional Jewishness and Judaism which we are clearly seeing today with the vindictive targeting of orthodox Jews by the Sabbatian government of Israel over 'Covid' laws. I don't follow any religion and it has done much damage to the world over centuries and acted as a perceptual straightjacket. Renegade Minds, however, are always asking *why* something is being done. It doesn't matter if they agree or disagree with what is happening – *why* is it happening is the question. The 'why?' can be answered with regard to religion in that religions create interacting communities of believers when the Cult wants to dismantle all discourse, unity and interaction (see 'Covid' lockdowns) and the ultimate goal is to delete all religions for a one-world religion of Cult Satanism worshipping their 'god' of which more later. We see the same 'why?' with gun control in America. I don't have guns and don't want them, but why is the Cult seeking to disarm the population at the same time that law enforcement agencies are armed to their molars and why has every tyrant in history sought to disarm people before launching the final takeover? They include Hitler, Stalin, Pol Pot and Mao who followed confiscation with violent seizing of power. You know it's a Cult agenda by the people who immediately race to the microphones to exploit dead people in multiple shootings. Ultra-Zionist Cult lackey Senator Chuck Schumer was straight on the case after ten people were killed in Boulder, Colorado in March, 2121. Simple rule ... if Schumer wants it the Cult wants it and the same with his ultra-Zionist mate the wild-eyed Senator Adam Schiff. At the same time they were calling for the disarmament of Americans, many of whom live a long way from a police response, Schumer, Schiff and the rest of these pampered clowns were sitting on Capitol Hill behind a razor-wired security fence protected by thousands of armed troops in addition to their own armed bodyguards. Mom and pop in an isolated home? They're just potential mass shooters.

## **Zion Mainframe**

Sabbatian-Frankists and most importantly the Rothschilds were behind the creation of 'Zionism', a political movement that demanded a Jewish homeland in Israel as promised by Sabbatai Zevi. The very symbol of Israel comes from the German meaning of the name Rothschild. Dynasty founder Mayer Amschel Rothschild changed the family name from Bauer to Rothschild, or 'Red-Shield' in German, in deference to the six-pointed 'Star of David' hexagram displayed on the family's home in Frankfurt. The symbol later appeared on the flag of Israel after the Rothschilds were centrally involved in its creation. Hexagrams are not a uniquely Jewish symbol and are widely used in occult ('hidden') networks often as a symbol for Saturn (see my other books for why). Neither are Zionism and Jewishness interchangeable. Zionism is a political movement and philosophy and not a 'race' or a people. Many Jews oppose Zionism and many non-Jews, including US President Joe Biden, call themselves Zionists as does Israel-centric Donald Trump. America's support for the Israel government is pretty much a gimme with ultra-Zionist billionaires and corporations providing fantastic and dominant funding for both political parties. Former Congresswoman Cynthia McKinney has told how she was approached immediately she ran for office to 'sign the pledge' to Israel and confirm that she would always vote in that country's best interests. All American politicians are approached in this way. Anyone who refuses will get no support or funding from the enormous and all-powerful Zionist lobby that includes organisations like mega-lobby group AIPAC, the American Israel Public Affairs Committee. Trump's biggest funder was ultra-Zionist casino and media billionaire Sheldon Adelson while major funders of the Democratic Party include ultra-Zionist George Soros and ultra-Zionist financial and media mogul, Haim Saban. Some may reel back at the suggestion that Soros is an Israel-firster (Sabbatian-controlled Israel-firster), but Renegade Minds watch the actions not the words and everywhere Soros donates his billions the Sabbatian agenda benefits. In the spirit of Sabbatian inversion Soros pledged \$1 billion for a new university network to promote 'liberal values and tackle intolerance'. He made the announcement during his annual speech

at the Cult-owned World Economic Forum in Davos, Switzerland, in January, 2020, after his 'harsh criticism' of 'authoritarian rulers' around the world. You can only laugh at such brazen mendacity. How *he* doesn't laugh is the mystery. Translated from the Orwellian 'liberal values and tackle intolerance' means teaching non-white people to hate white people and for white people to loathe themselves for being born white. The reason for that will become clear.

### **The 'Anti-Semitism' fraud**

Zionists support the Jewish homeland in the land of Palestine which has been the Sabbatian-Rothschild goal for so long, but not for the benefit of Jews. Sabbatians and their global Anti-Semitism Industry have skewed public and political opinion to equate opposing the violent extremes of Zionism to be a blanket attack and condemnation of all Jewish people. Sabbatians and their global Anti-Semitism Industry have skewed public and political opinion to equate opposing the violent extremes of Zionism to be a blanket attack and condemnation of all Jewish people. This is nothing more than a Sabbatian protection racket to stop legitimate investigation and exposure of their agendas and activities. The official definition of 'anti-Semitism' has more recently been expanded to include criticism of Zionism – a *political movement* – and this was done to further stop exposure of Sabbatian infiltrators who created Zionism as we know it today in the 19th century. Renegade Minds will talk about these subjects when they know the shit that will come their way. People must decide if they want to know the truth or just cower in the corner in fear of what others will say. Sabbatians have been trying to label me as 'anti-Semitic' since the 1990s as I have uncovered more and more about their background and agendas. Useless, gutless, fraudulent 'journalists' then just repeat the smears without question and on the day I was writing this section a pair of unquestioning repeaters called Ben Quinn and Archie Bland (how appropriate) outright called me an 'anti-Semite' in the establishment propaganda sheet, the London *Guardian*, with no supporting evidence. The

Sabbatian Anti-Semitism Industry said so and who are they to question that? They wouldn't dare. Ironically 'Semitic' refers to a group of languages in the Middle East that are almost entirely Arabic. 'Anti-Semitism' becomes 'anti-Arab' which if the consequences of this misunderstanding were not so grave would be hilarious. Don't bother telling Quinn and Bland. I don't want to confuse them, bless 'em. One reason I am dubbed 'anti-Semitic' is that I wrote in the 1990s that Jewish operatives (Sabbatians) were heavily involved in the Russian Revolution when Sabbatians overthrew the Romanov dynasty. This apparently made me 'anti-Semitic'. Oh, really? Here is a section from *The Trigger*:

British journalist Robert Wilton confirmed these themes in his 1920 book *The Last Days of the Romanovs* when he studied official documents from the Russian government to identify the members of the Bolshevik ruling elite between 1917 and 1919. The Central Committee included 41 Jews among 62 members; the Council of the People's Commissars had 17 Jews out of 22 members; and 458 of the 556 most important Bolshevik positions between 1918 and 1919 were occupied by Jewish people. Only 17 were Russian. Then there were the 23 Jews among the 36 members of the vicious Cheka Soviet secret police established in 1917 who would soon appear all across the country.

Professor Robert Service of Oxford University, an expert on 20th century Russian history, found evidence that ['Jewish'] Leon Trotsky had sought to make sure that Jews were enrolled in the Red Army and were disproportionately represented in the Soviet civil bureaucracy that included the Cheka which performed mass arrests, imprisonment and executions of 'enemies of the people'. A US State Department Decimal File (861.00/5339) dated November 13th, 1918, names [Rothschild banking agent in America] Jacob Schiff and a list of ultra-Zionists as funders of the Russian Revolution leading to claims of a 'Jewish plot', but the key point missed by all is they were not 'Jews' – they were Sabbatian-Frankists.

Britain's Winston Churchill made the same error by mistake or otherwise. He wrote in a 1920 edition of the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* that those behind the Russian revolution were part of a 'worldwide conspiracy for the overthrow of civilisation and for the reconstitution of society on the basis of arrested development, of envious malevolence, and impossible equality' (see 'Woke' today because that has been created by the same network). Churchill said there was no need to exaggerate the part played in the creation of Bolshevism and in the actual bringing about of the Russian

Revolution 'by these international and for the most part atheistical Jews' ['atheistical Jews' = Sabbatians]. Churchill said it is certainly a very great one and probably outweighs all others: 'With the notable exception of Lenin, the majority of the leading figures are Jews.' He went on to describe, knowingly or not, the Sabbatian modus operandi of placing puppet leaders nominally in power while they control from the background:

Moreover, the principal inspiration and driving power comes from the Jewish leaders. Thus Tchitcherin, a pure Russian, is eclipsed by his nominal subordinate, Litvinoff, and the influence of Russians like Bukharin or Lunacharski cannot be compared with the power of Trotsky, or of Zinovieff, the Dictator of the Red Citadel (Petrograd), or of Krassin or Radek – all Jews. In the Soviet institutions the predominance of Jews is even more astonishing. And the prominent, if not indeed the principal, part in the system of terrorism applied by the Extraordinary Commissions for Combatting Counter-Revolution has been taken by Jews, and in some notable cases by Jewesses.

What I said about seriously disproportionate involvement in the Russian Revolution by Jewish 'revolutionaries' (Sabbatians) is provable fact, but truth is no defence against the Sabbatian Anti-Semitism Industry, its repeater parrots like Quinn and Bland, and the now breathtaking network of so-called 'Woke' 'anti-hate' groups with interlocking leaderships and funding which have the role of discrediting and silencing anyone who gets too close to exposing the Sabbatians. We have seen 'truth is no defence' confirmed in legal judgements with the Saskatchewan Human Rights Commission in Canada decreeing this: 'Truthful statements can be presented in a manner that would meet the definition of hate speech, and not all truthful statements must be free from restriction.' Most 'anti-hate' activists, who are themselves consumed by hatred, are too stupid and ignorant of the world to know how they are being used. They are far too far up their own virtue-signalling arses and it's far too dark for them to see anything.

## **The 'revolution' game**

The background and methods of the 'Russian' Revolution are straight from the Sabbatian playbook seen in the French Revolution

and endless others around the world that appear to start as a revolution of the people against tyrannical rule and end up with a regime change to more tyrannical rule overtly or covertly. Wars, terror attacks and regime overthrows follow the Sabbatian cult through history with its agents creating them as Problem-Reaction-Solutions to remove opposition on the road to world domination. Sabbatian dots connect the Rothschilds with the Illuminati, Jacobins of the French Revolution, the 'Bund' or League of the Just, the International Communist Party, Communist League and the Communist Manifesto of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels that would lead to the Rothschild-funded Russian Revolution. The sequence comes under the heading of 'creative destruction' when you advance to your global goal by continually destroying the status quo to install a new status quo which you then also destroy. The two world wars come to mind. With each new status quo you move closer to your planned outcome. Wars and mass murder are to Sabbatians a collective blood sacrifice ritual. They are obsessed with death for many reasons and one is that death is an inversion of life. Satanists and Sabbatians are obsessed with death and often target churches and churchyards for their rituals. Inversion-obsessed Sabbatians explain the use of inverted symbolism including the *inverted* pentagram and *inverted* cross. The inversion of the cross has been related to targeting Christianity, but the cross was a religious symbol long before Christianity and its inversion is a statement about the Sabbatian mentality and goals more than any single religion.

Sabbatians operating in Germany were behind the rise of the occult-obsessed Nazis and the subsequent Jewish exodus from Germany and Europe to Palestine and the United States after World War Two. The Rothschild dynasty was at the forefront of this both as political manipulators and by funding the operation. Why would Sabbatians help to orchestrate the horrors inflicted on Jews by the Nazis and by Stalin after they organised the Russian Revolution? Sabbatians hate Jews and their religion, that's why. They pose as Jews and secure positions of control within Jewish society and play the 'anti-Semitism' card to protect themselves from exposure

through a global network of organisations answering to the Sabbatian-created-and-controlled globe-spanning intelligence network that involves a stunning web of military-intelligence operatives and operations for a tiny country of just nine million. Among them are Jewish assets who are not Sabbatians but have been convinced by them that what they are doing is for the good of Israel and the Jewish community to protect them from what they have been programmed since childhood to believe is a Jew-hating hostile world. The Jewish community is just a highly convenient cover to hide the true nature of Sabbatians. Anyone getting close to exposing their game is accused by Sabbatian place-people and gofers of 'anti-Semitism' and claiming that all Jews are part of a plot to take over the world. I am not saying that. I am saying that Sabbatians – the *real* Jew-haters – have infiltrated the Jewish community to use them both as a cover and an 'anti-Semitic' defence against exposure. Thus we have the Anti-Semitism Industry targeted researchers in this way and most Jewish people think this is justified and genuine. They don't know that their 'Jewish' leaders and institutions of state, intelligence and military are not controlled by Jews at all, but cultists and stooges of Sabbatian-Frankism. I once added my name to a pro-Jewish freedom petition online and the next time I looked my name was gone and text had been added to the petition blurb to attack me as an 'anti-Semite' such is the scale of perceptual programming.

## **Moving on America**

I tell the story in *The Trigger* and a chapter called 'Atlantic Crossing' how particularly after Israel was established the Sabbatians moved in on the United States and eventually grasped control of government administration, the political system via both Democrats and Republicans, the intelligence community like the CIA and National Security Agency (NSA), the Pentagon and mass media. Through this seriously compartmentalised network Sabbatians and their operatives in Mossad, Israeli Defense Forces (IDF) and US agencies pulled off 9/11 and blamed it on 19 'Al-Qaeda hijackers' dominated by men from, or connected to, Sabbatian-ruled Saudi

Arabia. The '19' were not even on the planes let alone flew those big passenger jets into buildings while being largely incompetent at piloting one-engine light aircraft. 'Hijacker' Hani Hanjour who is said to have flown American Airlines Flight 77 into the Pentagon with a turn and manoeuvre most professional pilots said they would have struggled to do was banned from renting a small plane by instructors at the Freeway Airport in Bowie, Maryland, just *six weeks* earlier on the grounds that he was an incompetent pilot. The Jewish population of the world is just 0.2 percent with even that almost entirely concentrated in Israel (75 percent Jewish) and the United States (around two percent). This two percent and globally 0.2 percent refers to *Jewish* people and not Sabbatian interlopers who are a fraction of that fraction. What a sobering thought when you think of the fantastic influence on world affairs of tiny Israel and that the Project for the New America Century (PNAC) which laid out the blueprint in September, 2000, for America's war on terror and regime change wars in Iraq, Libya and Syria was founded and dominated by Sabbatians known as 'Neocons'. The document conceded that this plan would not be supported politically or publicly without a major attack on American soil and a Problem-Reaction-Solution excuse to send troops to war across the Middle East. Sabbatian Neocons said:

... [The] process of transformation ... [war and regime change] ... is likely to be a long one, absent some catastrophic and catalysing event – like a new Pearl Harbor.

Four months later many of those who produced that document came to power with their inane puppet George Bush from the long-time Sabbatian Bush family. They included Sabbatian Dick Cheney who was officially vice-president, but really de-facto president for the entirety of the 'Bush' government. Nine months after the 'Bush' inauguration came what Bush called at the time 'the Pearl Harbor of the 21st century' and with typical Sabbatian timing and symbolism 2001 was the 60th anniversary of the attack in 1941 by the Japanese Air Force on Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, which allowed President Franklin Delano Roosevelt to take the United States into a Sabbatian-

instigated Second World War that he said in his election campaign that he never would. The evidence is overwhelming that Roosevelt and his military and intelligence networks knew the attack was coming and did nothing to stop it, but they did make sure that America's most essential naval ships were not in Hawaii at the time. Three thousand Americans died in the Pearl Harbor attacks as they did on September 11th. By the 9/11 year of 2001 Sabbatians had widely infiltrated the US government, military and intelligence operations and used their compartmentalised assets to pull off the 'Al-Qaeda' attacks. If you read *The Trigger* it will blow your mind to see the utterly staggering concentration of 'Jewish' operatives (Sabbatian infiltrators) in essential positions of political, security, legal, law enforcement, financial and business power before, during, and after the attacks to make them happen, carry them out, and then cover their tracks – and I do mean *staggering* when you think of that 0.2 percent of the world population and two percent of Americans which are Jewish while Sabbatian infiltrators are a fraction of that. A central foundation of the 9/11 conspiracy was the hijacking of government, military, Air Force and intelligence computer systems in real time through 'back-door' access made possible by Israeli (Sabbatian) 'cyber security' software. Sabbatian-controlled Israel is on the way to rivalling Silicon Valley for domination of cyberspace and is becoming the dominant force in cyber-security which gives them access to entire computer systems and their passcodes across the world. Then add to this that Zionists head (officially) Silicon Valley giants like Google (Larry Page and Sergey Brin), Google-owned YouTube (Susan Wojcicki), Facebook (Mark Zuckerberg and Sheryl Sandberg), and Apple (Chairman Arthur D. Levinson), and that ultra-Zionist hedge fund billionaire Paul Singer has a \$1 billion stake in Twitter which is only nominally headed by 'CEO' pothead Jack Dorsey. As cable news host Tucker Carlson said of Dorsey: 'There used to be debate in the medical community whether dropping a ton of acid had permanent effects and I think that debate has now ended.' Carlson made the comment after Dorsey told a hearing on Capitol Hill (if you cut through his bullshit) that he

believed in free speech so long as he got to decide what you can hear and see. These 'big names' of Silicon Valley are only front men and women for the Global Cult, not least the Sabbatians, who are the true controllers of these corporations. Does anyone still wonder why these same people and companies have been ferociously censoring and banning people (like me) for exposing any aspect of the Cult agenda and especially the truth about the 'Covid' hoax which Sabbatians have orchestrated?

The Jeffrey Epstein paedophile ring was a Sabbatian operation. He was officially 'Jewish' but he was a Sabbatian and women abused by the ring have told me about the high number of 'Jewish' people involved. The Epstein horror has Sabbatian written all over it and matches perfectly their modus operandi and obsession with sex and ritual. Epstein was running a Sabbatian blackmail ring in which famous people with political and other influence were provided with young girls for sex while everything was being filmed and recorded on hidden cameras and microphones at his New York house, Caribbean island and other properties. Epstein survivors have described this surveillance system to me and some have gone public. Once the famous politician or other figure knew he or she was on video they tended to do whatever they were told. Here we go again ...when you've got them by the balls their hearts and minds will follow. Sabbatians use this blackmail technique on a wide scale across the world to entrap politicians and others they need to act as demanded. Epstein's private plane, the infamous 'Lolita Express', had many well-known passengers including Bill Clinton while Bill Gates has flown on an Epstein plane and met with him four years after Epstein had been jailed for paedophilia. They subsequently met many times at Epstein's home in New York according to a witness who was there. Epstein's infamous side-kick was Ghislaine Maxwell, daughter of Mossad agent and ultra-Zionist mega-crooked British businessman, Bob Maxwell, who at one time owned the *Daily Mirror* newspaper. Maxwell was murdered at sea on his boat in 1991 by Sabbatian-controlled Mossad when he became a liability with his

business empire collapsing as a former Mossad operative has confirmed (see *The Trigger*).

### **Money, money, money, funny money ...**

Before I come to the Sabbatian connection with the last three US presidents I will lay out the crucial importance to Sabbatians of controlling banking and finance. Sabbatian Mayer Amschel Rothschild set out to dominate this arena in his family's quest for total global control. What is freedom? It is, in effect, choice. The more choices you have the freer you are and the fewer your choices the more you are enslaved. In the global structure created over centuries by Sabbatians the biggest decider and restrictor of choice is ... money. Across the world if you ask people what they would like to do with their lives and why they are not doing that they will reply 'I don't have the money'. This is the idea. A global elite of multi-billionaires are described as 'greedy' and that is true on one level; but control of money – who has it and who doesn't – is not primarily about greed. It's about control. Sabbatians have seized ever more control of finance and sucked the wealth of the world out of the hands of the population. We talk now, after all, about the 'One-percent' and even then the wealthiest are a lot fewer even than that. This has been made possible by a money scam so outrageous and so vast it could rightly be called the scam of scams founded on creating 'money' out of nothing and 'loaning' that with interest to the population. Money out of nothing is called 'credit'. Sabbatians have asserted control over governments and banking ever more completely through the centuries and secured financial laws that allow banks to lend hugely more than they have on deposit in a confidence trick known as fractional reserve lending. Imagine if you could lend money that doesn't exist and charge the recipient interest for doing so. You would end up in jail. Bankers by contrast end up in mansions, private jets, Malibu and Monaco.

Banks are only required to keep a fraction of their deposits and wealth in their vaults and they are allowed to lend 'money' they don't have called 'credit'. Go into a bank for a loan and if you succeed

the banker will not move any real wealth into your account. They will type into your account the amount of the agreed 'loan' – say £100,000. This is not wealth that really exists; it is non-existent, fresh-air, created-out-of-nothing 'credit' which has never, does not, and will never exist except in theory. Credit is backed by nothing except wind and only has buying power because people think that it has buying power and accept it in return for property, goods and services. I have described this situation as like those cartoon characters you see chasing each other and when they run over the edge of a cliff they keep running forward on fresh air until one of them looks down, realises what's happened, and they all crash into the ravine. The whole foundation of the Sabbatian financial system is to stop people looking down except for periodic moments when they want to crash the system (as in 2008 and 2020 ongoing) and reap the rewards from all the property, businesses and wealth their borrowers had signed over as 'collateral' in return for a 'loan' of fresh air. Most people think that money is somehow created by governments when it comes into existence from the start as a debt through banks 'lending' illusory money called credit. Yes, the very currency of exchange is a *debt* from day one issued as an interest-bearing loan. Why don't governments create money interest-free and lend it to their people interest-free? Governments are controlled by Sabbatians and the financial system is controlled by Sabbatians for whom interest-free money would be a nightmare come true. Sabbatians underpin their financial domination through their global network of central banks, including the privately-owned US Federal Reserve and Britain's Bank of England, and this is orchestrated by a privately-owned central bank coordination body called the Bank for International Settlements in Basle, Switzerland, created by the usual suspects including the Rockefellers and Rothschilds. Central bank chiefs don't answer to governments or the people. They answer to the Bank for International Settlements or, in other words, the Global Cult which is dominated today by Sabbatians.

## **Built-in disaster**

There are so many constituent scams within the overall banking scam. When you take out a loan of thin-air credit only the amount of that loan is theoretically brought into circulation to add to the amount in circulation; but you are paying back the principle plus interest. The additional interest is not created and this means that with every 'loan' there is a shortfall in the money in circulation between what is borrowed and what has to be paid back. There is never even close to enough money in circulation to repay all outstanding public and private debt including interest. Coldly weaved in the very fabric of the system is the certainty that some will lose their homes, businesses and possessions to the banking 'lender'. This is less obvious in times of 'boom' when the amount of money in circulation (and the debt) is expanding through more people wanting and getting loans. When a downturn comes and the money supply contracts it becomes painfully obvious that there is not enough money to service all debt and interest. This is less obvious in times of 'boom' when the amount of money in circulation (and the debt) is expanding through more people wanting and getting loans. When a downturn comes and the money supply contracts and it becomes painfully obvious – as in 2008 and currently – that there is not enough money to service all debt and interest. Sabbatian banksters have been leading the human population through a calculated series of booms (more debt incurred) and busts (when the debt can't be repaid and the banks get the debtor's tangible wealth in exchange for non-existent 'credit'). With each 'bust' Sabbatian bankers have absorbed more of the world's tangible wealth and we end up with the One-percent. Governments are in bankruptcy levels of debt to the same system and are therefore owned by a system they do not control. The Federal Reserve, 'America's central bank', is privately-owned and American presidents only nominally appoint its chairman or woman to maintain the illusion that it's an arm of government. It's not. The 'Fed' is a cartel of private banks which handed billions to its associates and friends after the crash of 2008 and has been Sabbatian-controlled since it was manipulated into being in 1913 through the covert trickery of Rothschild banking agents Jacob Schiff and Paul

Warburg, and the Sabbatian Rockefeller family. Somehow from a Jewish population of two-percent and globally 0.2 percent (Sabbatian interlopers remember are far smaller) ultra-Zionists headed the Federal Reserve for 31 years between 1987 and 2018 in the form of Alan Greenspan, Bernard Bernanke and Janet Yellen (now Biden's Treasury Secretary) with Yellen's deputy chairman a Israeli-American dual citizen and ultra-Zionist Stanley Fischer, a former governor of the Bank of Israel. Ultra-Zionist Fed chiefs spanned the presidencies of Ronald Reagan ('Republican'), Father George Bush ('Republican'), Bill Clinton ('Democrat'), Boy George Bush ('Republican') and Barack Obama ('Democrat'). We should really add the pre-Greenspan chairman, Paul Adolph Volcker, 'appointed' by Jimmy Carter ('Democrat') who ran the Fed between 1979 and 1987 during the Carter and Reagan administrations before Greenspan took over. Volcker was a long-time associate and business partner of the Rothschilds. No matter what the 'party' officially in power the United States economy was directed by the same force. Here are members of the Obama, Trump and Biden administrations and see if you can make out a common theme.

### **Barack Obama ('Democrat')**

Ultra-Zionists Robert Rubin, Larry Summers, and Timothy Geithner ran the US Treasury in the Clinton administration and two of them reappeared with Obama. Ultra-Zionist Fed chairman Alan Greenspan had manipulated the crash of 2008 through deregulation and jumped ship just before the disaster to make way for ultra-Zionist Bernard Bernanke to hand out trillions to Sabbatian 'too big to fail' banks and businesses, including the ubiquitous ultra-Zionist Goldman Sachs which has an ongoing revolving door operation between itself and major financial positions in government worldwide. Obama inherited the fallout of the crash when he took office in January, 2009, and fortunately he had the support of his ultra-Zionist White House Chief of Staff Rahm Emmanuel, son of a terrorist who helped to bomb Israel into being in 1948, and his ultra-Zionist senior adviser David Axelrod, chief strategist in Obama's two

successful presidential campaigns. Emmanuel, later mayor of Chicago and former senior fundraiser and strategist for Bill Clinton, is an example of the Sabbatian policy after Israel was established of migrating insider families to America so their children would be born American citizens. 'Obama' chose this financial team throughout his administration to respond to the Sabbatian-instigated crisis:

Timothy Geithner (ultra-Zionist) Treasury Secretary; Jacob J. Lew, Treasury Secretary; Larry Summers (ultra-Zionist), director of the White House National Economic Council; Paul Adolph Volcker (Rothschild business partner), chairman of the Economic Recovery Advisory Board; Peter Orszag (ultra-Zionist), director of the Office of Management and Budget overseeing all government spending; Penny Pritzker (ultra-Zionist), Commerce Secretary; Jared Bernstein (ultra-Zionist), chief economist and economic policy adviser to Vice President Joe Biden; Mary Schapiro (ultra-Zionist), chair of the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC); Gary Gensler (ultra-Zionist), chairman of the Commodity Futures Trading Commission (CFTC); Sheila Bair (ultra-Zionist), chair of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation (FDIC); Karen Mills (ultra-Zionist), head of the Small Business Administration (SBA); Kenneth Feinberg (ultra-Zionist), Special Master for Executive [bail-out] Compensation. Feinberg would be appointed to oversee compensation (with strings) to 9/11 victims and families in a campaign to stop them having their day in court to question the official story. At the same time ultra-Zionist Bernard Bernanke was chairman of the Federal Reserve and these are only some of the ultra-Zionists with allegiance to Sabbatian-controlled Israel in the Obama government. Obama's biggest corporate donor was ultra-Zionist Goldman Sachs which had employed many in his administration.

### **Donald Trump ('Republican')**

Trump claimed to be an outsider (he wasn't) who had come to 'drain the swamp'. He embarked on this goal by immediately appointing ultra-Zionist Steve Mnuchin, a Goldman Sachs employee for 17

years, as his Treasury Secretary. Others included Gary Cohn (ultra-Zionist), chief operating officer of Goldman Sachs, his first Director of the National Economic Council and chief economic adviser, who was later replaced by Larry Kudlow (ultra-Zionist). Trump's senior adviser throughout his four years in the White House was his sinister son-in-law Jared Kushner, a life-long friend of Israel Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu. Kushner is the son of a convicted crook who was pardoned by Trump in his last days in office. Other ultra-Zionists in the Trump administration included: Stephen Miller, Senior Policy Adviser; Avrahm Berkowitz, Deputy Adviser to Trump and his Senior Adviser Jared Kushner; Ivanka Trump, Adviser to the President, who converted to Judaism when she married Jared Kushner; David Friedman, Trump lawyer and Ambassador to Israel; Jason Greenblatt, Trump Organization executive vice president and chief legal officer, who was made Special Representative for International Negotiations and the Israeli-Palestinian Conflict; Rod Rosenstein, Deputy Attorney General; Elliot Abrams, Special Representative for Venezuela, then Iran; John Eisenberg, National Security Council Legal Adviser and Deputy Council to the President for National Security Affairs; Anne Neuberger, Deputy National Manager, National Security Agency; Ezra Cohen-Watnick, Acting Under Secretary of Defense for Intelligence; Elan Carr, Special Envoy to monitor and combat anti-Semitism; Len Khodorkovsky, Deputy Special Envoy to monitor and combat anti-Semitism; Reed Cordish, Assistant to the President, Intragovernmental and Technology Initiatives. Trump Vice President Mike Pence and Secretary of State Mike Pompeo, both Christian Zionists, were also vehement supporters of Israel and its goals and ambitions.

Donald 'free-speech believer' Trump pardoned a number of financial and violent criminals while ignoring calls to pardon Julian Assange and Edward Snowden whose crimes are revealing highly relevant information about government manipulation and corruption and the widespread illegal surveillance of the American people by US 'security' agencies. It's so good to know that Trump is on the side of freedom and justice and not mega-criminals with

allegiance to Sabbatian-controlled Israel. These included a pardon for Israeli spy Jonathan Pollard who was jailed for life in 1987 under the Espionage Act. Aviem Sella, the Mossad agent who recruited Pollard, was also pardoned by Trump while Assange sat in jail and Snowden remained in exile in Russia. Sella had 'fled' (was helped to escape) to Israel in 1987 and was never extradited despite being charged under the Espionage Act. A Trump White House statement said that Sella's clemency had been 'supported by Benjamin Netanyahu, Ron Dermer, Israel's US Ambassador, David Friedman, US Ambassador to Israel and Miriam Adelson, wife of leading Trump donor Sheldon Adelson who died shortly before. Other friends of Jared Kushner were pardoned along with Sholom Weiss who was believed to be serving the longest-ever white-collar prison sentence of more than 800 years in 2000. The sentence was commuted of Ponzi-schemer Eliyahu Weinstein who defrauded Jews and others out of \$200 million. I did mention that Assange and Snowden were ignored, right? Trump gave Sabbatians almost everything they asked for in military and political support, moving the US Embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem with its critical symbolic and literal implications for Palestinian statehood, and the 'deal of the Century' designed by Jared Kushner and David Friedman which gave the Sabbatian Israeli government the green light to substantially expand its already widespread program of building illegal Jewish-only settlements in the occupied land of the West Bank. This made a two-state 'solution' impossible by seizing all the land of a potential Palestinian homeland and that had been the plan since 1948 and then 1967 when the Arab-controlled Gaza Strip, West Bank, Sinai Peninsula and Syrian Golan Heights were occupied by Israel. All the talks about talks and road maps and delays have been buying time until the West Bank was physically occupied by Israeli real estate. Trump would have to be a monumentally ill-informed idiot not to see that this was the plan he was helping to complete. The Trump administration was in so many ways the Kushner administration which means the Netanyahu administration which means the Sabbatian administration. I understand why many opposing Cult fascism in all its forms gravitated to Trump, but he

was a crucial part of the Sabbatian plan and I will deal with this in the next chapter.

## **Joe Biden ('Democrat')**

A barely cognitive Joe Biden took over the presidency in January, 2021, along with his fellow empty shell, Vice-President Kamala Harris, as the latest Sabbatian gofers to enter the White House. Names on the door may have changed and the 'party' – the force behind them remained the same as Zionists were appointed to a stream of pivotal areas relating to Sabbatian plans and policy. They included: Janet Yellen, Treasury Secretary, former head of the Federal Reserve, and still another ultra-Zionist running the US Treasury after Mnuchin (Trump), Lew and Geithner (Obama), and Summers and Rubin (Clinton); Anthony Blinken, Secretary of State; Wendy Sherman, Deputy Secretary of State (so that's 'Biden's' Sabbatian foreign policy sorted); Jeff Zients, White House coronavirus coordinator; Rochelle Walensky, head of the Centers for Disease Control; Rachel Levine, transgender deputy health secretary (that's 'Covid' hoax policy under control); Merrick Garland, Attorney General; Alejandro Mayorkas, Secretary of Homeland Security; Cass Sunstein, Homeland Security with responsibility for new immigration laws; Avril Haines, Director of National Intelligence; Anne Neuberger, National Security Agency cybersecurity director (note, cybersecurity); David Cohen, CIA Deputy Director; Ronald Klain, Biden's Chief of Staff (see Rahm Emanuel); Eric Lander, a 'leading geneticist', Office of Science and Technology Policy director (see Smart Grid, synthetic biology agenda); Jessica Rosenworcel, acting head of the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) which controls Smart Grid technology policy and electromagnetic communication systems including 5G. How can it be that so many pivotal positions are held by two-percent of the American population and 0.2 percent of the world population administration after administration no matter who is the president and what is the party? It's a coincidence? Of course it's not and this is why Sabbatians have built their colossal global web of interlocking 'anti-

hate' hate groups to condemn anyone who asks these glaring questions as an 'anti-Semite'. The way that Jewish people horrifically abused in Sabbatian-backed Nazi Germany are exploited to this end is stomach-turning and disgusting beyond words.

## **Political fusion**

Sabbatian manipulation has reversed the roles of Republicans and Democrats and the same has happened in Britain with the Conservative and Labour Parties. Republicans and Conservatives were always labelled the 'right' and Democrats and Labour the 'left', but look at the policy positions now and the Democrat-Labour 'left' has moved further to the 'right' than Republicans and Conservatives under the banner of 'Woke', the Cult-created far-right tyranny. Where once the Democrat-Labour 'left' defended free speech and human rights they now seek to delete them and as I said earlier despite the 'Covid' fascism of the Jackboot Johnson Conservative government in the UK the Labour Party of leader Keir Starmer demanded even more extreme measures. The Labour Party has been very publicly absorbed by Sabbatians after a political and media onslaught against the previous leader, the weak and inept Jeremy Corbyn, over made-up allegations of 'anti-Semitism' both by him and his party. The plan was clear with this 'anti-Semite' propaganda and what was required in response was a swift and decisive 'fuck off' from Corbyn and a statement to expose the Anti-Semitism Industry (Sabbatian) attempt to silence Labour criticism of the Israeli government (Sabbatians) and purge the party of all dissent against the extremes of ultra-Zionism (Sabbatians). Instead Corbyn and his party fell to their knees and appeased the abusers which, by definition, is impossible. Appeasing one demand leads only to a new demand to be appeased until takeover is complete. Like I say – 'fuck off' would have been a much more effective policy and I have used it myself with great effect over the years when Sabbatians are on my case which is most of the time. I consider that fact a great compliment, by the way. The outcome of the Labour Party capitulation is that we now have a Sabbatian-controlled

Conservative Party 'opposed' by a Sabbatian-controlled Labour Party in a one-party Sabbatian state that hurtles towards the extremes of tyranny (the Sabbatian cult agenda). In America the situation is the same. Labour's Keir Starmer spends his days on his knees with his tongue out pointing to Tel Aviv, or I guess now Jerusalem, while Boris Johnson has an 'anti-Semitism czar' in the form of former Labour MP John Mann who keeps Starmer company on his prayer mat.

Sabbatian influence can be seen in Jewish members of the Labour Party who have been ejected for criticism of Israel including those from families that suffered in Nazi Germany. Sabbatians despise real Jewish people and target them even more harshly because it is so much more difficult to dub them 'anti-Semitic' although in their desperation they do try.

## CHAPTER THREE

### **The Pushbacker sting**

*Until you realize how easy it is for your mind to be manipulated, you remain the puppet of someone else's game*

Evita Ochel

I will use the presidencies of Trump and Biden to show how the manipulation of the one-party state plays out behind the illusion of political choice across the world. No two presidencies could – on the face of it – be more different and apparently at odds in terms of direction and policy.

A Renegade Mind sees beyond the obvious and focuses on outcomes and consequences and not image, words and waffle. The Cult embarked on a campaign to divide America between those who blindly support its agenda (the mentality known as 'Woke') and those who are pushing back on where the Cult and its Sabbatians want to go. This presents infinite possibilities for dividing and ruling the population by setting them at war with each other and allows a perceptual ring fence of demonisation to encircle the Pushbackers in a modern version of the Little Big Horn in 1876 when American cavalry led by Lieutenant Colonel George Custer were drawn into a trap, surrounded and killed by Native American tribes defending their land of thousands of years from being seized by the government. In this modern version the roles are reversed and it's those defending themselves from the Sabbatian government who are surrounded and the government that's seeking to destroy them. This trap was set years ago and to explain how we must return to 2016

and the emergence of Donald Trump as a candidate to be President of the United States. He set out to overcome the best part of 20 other candidates in the Republican Party before and during the primaries and was not considered by many in those early stages to have a prayer of living in the White House. The Republican Party was said to have great reservations about Trump and yet somehow he won the nomination. When you know how American politics works – politics in general – there is no way that Trump could have become the party's candidate unless the Sabbatian-controlled 'Neocons' that run the Republican Party wanted that to happen. We saw the proof in emails and documents made public by WikiLeaks that the Democratic Party hierarchy, or Democons, systematically undermined the campaign of Bernie Sanders to make sure that Sabbatian gofer Hillary Clinton won the nomination to be their presidential candidate. If the Democons could do that then the Neocons in the Republican Party could have derailed Trump in the same way. But they didn't and at that stage I began to conclude that Trump could well be the one chosen to be president. If that was the case the 'why' was pretty clear to see – the goal of dividing America between Cult agenda-supporting Wokers and Pushbackers who gravitated to Trump because he was telling them what they wanted to hear. His constituency of support had been increasingly ignored and voiceless for decades and profoundly through the eight years of Sabbatian puppet Barack Obama. Now here was someone speaking their language of pulling back from the incessant globalisation of political and economic power, the exporting of American jobs to China and elsewhere by 'American' (Sabbatian) corporations, the deletion of free speech, and the mass immigration policies that had further devastated job opportunities for the urban working class of all races and the once American heartlands of the Midwest.

### **Beware the forked tongue**

Those people collectively sighed with relief that at last a political leader was apparently on their side, but another trait of the Renegade Mind is that you look even harder at people telling you

what you want to hear than those who are telling you otherwise. Obviously as I said earlier people wish what they want to hear to be true and genuine and they are much more likely to believe that than someone saying what they don't want to hear and don't want to be true. Sales people are taught to be skilled in eliciting by calculated questioning what their customers want to hear and repeating that back to them as their own opinion to get their targets to like and trust them. Assets of the Cult are also sales people in the sense of selling perception. To read Cult manipulation you have to play the long and expanded game and not fall for the Vaudeville show of party politics. Both American parties are vehicles for the Cult and they exploit them in different ways depending on what the agenda requires at that moment. Trump and the Republicans were used to be the focus of dividing America and isolating Pushbackers to open the way for a Biden presidency to become the most extreme in American history by advancing the full-blown Woke (Cult) agenda with the aim of destroying and silencing Pushbackers now labelled Nazi Trump supporters and white supremacists.

Sabbatians wanted Trump in office for the reasons described by ultra-Zionist Saul Alinsky (1909-1972) who was promoting the Woke philosophy through 'community organising' long before anyone had heard of it. In those days it still went by its traditional name of Marxism. The reason for the manipulated Trump phenomenon was laid out in Alinsky's 1971 book, *Rules for Radicals*, which was his blueprint for overthrowing democratic and other regimes and replacing them with Sabbatian Marxism. Not surprisingly his to-do list was evident in the Sabbatian French and Russian 'Revolutions' and that in China which will become very relevant in the next chapter about the 'Covid' hoax. Among Alinsky's followers have been the deeply corrupt Barack Obama, House Speaker Nancy Pelosi and Hillary Clinton who described him as a 'hero'. All three are Sabbatian stooges with Pelosi personifying the arrogant corrupt idiocy that so widely fronts up for the Cult inner core. Predictably as a Sabbatian advocate of the 'light-bringer' Alinsky features Lucifer on the dedication page of his book as the original radical who gained

his own kingdom ('Earth' as we shall see). One of Alinsky's golden radical rules was to pick an individual and focus all attention, hatred and blame on them and not to target faceless bureaucracies and corporations. *Rules for Radicals* is really a Sabbatian handbook with its contents repeatedly employed all over the world for centuries and why wouldn't Sabbatians bring to power their designer-villain to be used as the individual on which all attention, hatred and blame was bestowed? This is what they did and the only question for me is how much Trump knew that and how much he was manipulated. A bit of both, I suspect. This was Alinsky's Trump technique from a man who died in 1972. The technique has spanned history:

Pick the target, freeze it, personalize it, polarize it. Don't try to attack abstract corporations or bureaucracies. Identify a responsible individual. Ignore attempts to shift or spread the blame.

From the moment Trump came to illusory power everything was about him. It wasn't about Republican policy or opinion, but all about Trump. Everything he did was presented in negative, derogatory and abusive terms by the Sabbatian-dominated media led by Cult operations such as CNN, MSNBC, *The New York Times* and the Jeff Bezos-owned *Washington Post* – 'Pick the target, freeze it, personalize it, polarize it.' Trump was turned into a demon to be vilified by those who hated him and a demi-god loved by those who worshipped him. This, in turn, had his supporters, too, presented as equally demonic in preparation for the punchline later down the line when Biden was about to take office. It was here's a Trump, there's a Trump, everywhere a Trump, Trump. Virtually every news story or happening was filtered through the lens of 'The Donald'. You loved him or hated him and which one you chose was said to define you as Satan's spawn or a paragon of virtue. Even supporting some Trump policies or statements and not others was enough for an assault on your character. No shades of grey were or are allowed. Everything is black and white (literally and figuratively). A Californian I knew had her head utterly scrambled by her hatred for Trump while telling people they should love each other. She was so totally consumed by

Trump Derangement Syndrome as it became to be known that this glaring contradiction would never have occurred to her. By definition anyone who criticised Trump or praised his opponents was a hero and this lady described Joe Biden as 'a kind, honest gentleman' when he's a provable liar, mega-crook and vicious piece of work to boot. Sabbatians had indeed divided America using Trump as the fall-guy and all along the clock was ticking on the consequences for his supporters.

### **In hock to his masters**

Trump gave Sabbatians via Israel almost everything they wanted in his four years. Ask and you shall receive was the dynamic between himself and Benjamin Netanyahu orchestrated by Trump's ultra-Zionist son-in-law Jared Kushner, his ultra-Zionist Ambassador to Israel, David Friedman, and ultra-Zionist 'Israel adviser', Jason Greenblatt. The last two were central to the running and protecting from collapse of his business empire, the Trump Organisation, and colossal business failures made him forever beholding to Sabbatian networks that bailed him out. By the start of the 1990s Trump owed \$4 billion to banks that he couldn't pay and almost \$1 billion of that was down to him personally and not his companies. This mega-disaster was the result of building two new casinos in Atlantic City and buying the enormous Taj Mahal operation which led to crippling debt payments. He had borrowed fantastic sums from 72 banks with major Sabbatian connections and although the scale of debt should have had him living in a tent alongside the highway they never foreclosed. A plan was devised to lift Trump from the mire by BT Securities Corporation and Rothschild Inc. and the case was handled by Wilber Ross who had worked for the Rothschilds for 27 years. Ross would be named US Commerce Secretary after Trump's election. Another crucial figure in saving Trump was ultra-Zionist 'investor' Carl Icahn who bought the Taj Mahal casino. Icahn was made special economic adviser on financial regulation in the Trump administration. He didn't stay long but still managed to find time to make a tidy sum of a reported \$31.3 million when he sold his

holdings affected by the price of steel three days before Trump imposed a 235 percent tariff on steel imports. What amazing bits of luck these people have. Trump and Sabbatian operatives have long had a close association and his mentor and legal adviser from the early 1970s until 1986 was the dark and genetically corrupt ultra-Zionist Roy Cohn who was chief counsel to Senator Joseph McCarthy's 'communist' witch-hunt in the 1950s. *Esquire* magazine published an article about Cohn with the headline 'Don't mess with Roy Cohn'. He was described as the most feared lawyer in New York and 'a ruthless master of dirty tricks ... [with] ... more than one Mafia Don on speed dial'. Cohn's influence, contacts, support and protection made Trump a front man for Sabbatians in New York with their connections to one of Cohn's many criminal employers, the 'Russian' Sabbatian Mafia. Israel-centric media mogul Rupert Murdoch was introduced to Trump by Cohn and they started a long friendship. Cohn died in 1986 weeks after being disbarred for unethical conduct by the Appellate Division of the New York State Supreme Court. The wheels of justice do indeed run slow given the length of Cohn's crooked career.

## **QAnon-sense**

We are asked to believe that Donald Trump with his fundamental connections to Sabbatian networks and operatives has been leading the fight to stop the Sabbatian agenda for the fascistic control of America and the world. Sure he has. A man entrapped during his years in the White House by Sabbatian operatives and whose biggest financial donor was casino billionaire Sheldon Adelson who was Sabbatian to his DNA?? Oh, do come on. Trump has been used to divide America and isolate Pushbackers on the Cult agenda under the heading of 'Trump supporters', 'insurrectionists' and 'white supremacists'. The US Intelligence/Mossad Psyop or psychological operation known as QAnon emerged during the Trump years as a central pillar in the Sabbatian campaign to lead Pushbackers into the trap set by those that wished to destroy them. I knew from the start that QAnon was a scam because I had seen the same scenario many

times before over 30 years under different names and I had written about one in particular in the books. 'Not again' was my reaction when QAnon came to the fore. The same script is pulled out every few years and a new name added to the letterhead. The story always takes the same form: 'Insiders' or 'the good guys' in the government-intelligence-military 'Deep State' apparatus were going to instigate mass arrests of the 'bad guys' which would include the Rockefellers, Rothschilds, Barack Obama, Hillary Clinton, George Soros, etc., etc. Dates are given for when the 'good guys' are going to move in, but the dates pass without incident and new dates are given which pass without incident. The central message to Pushbackers in each case is that they don't have to do anything because there is 'a plan' and it is all going to be sorted by the 'good guys' on the inside. 'Trust the plan' was a QAnon mantra when the only plan was to misdirect Pushbackers into putting their trust in a Psyop they believed to be real. Beware, beware, those who tell you what you want to hear and always check it out. Right up to Biden's inauguration QAnon was still claiming that 'the Storm' was coming and Trump would stay on as president when Biden and his cronies were arrested and jailed. It was never going to happen and of course it didn't, but what did happen as a result provided that punchline to the Sabbatian Trump/QAnon Psyop.

On January 6th, 2021, a very big crowd of Trump supporters gathered in the National Mall in Washington DC down from the Capitol Building to protest at what they believed to be widespread corruption and vote fraud that stopped Trump being re-elected for a second term as president in November, 2020. I say as someone that does not support Trump or Biden that the evidence is clear that major vote-fixing went on to favour Biden, a man with cognitive problems so advanced he can often hardly string a sentence together without reading the words written for him on the Teleprompter. Glaring ballot discrepancies included serious questions about electronic voting machines that make vote rigging a comparative cinch and hundreds of thousands of paper votes that suddenly appeared during already advanced vote counts and virtually all of

them for Biden. Early Trump leads in crucial swing states suddenly began to close and disappear. The pandemic hoax was used as the excuse to issue almost limitless numbers of mail-in ballots with no checks to establish that the recipients were still alive or lived at that address. They were sent to streams of people who had not even asked for them. Private organisations were employed to gather these ballots and who knows what they did with them before they turned up at the counts. The American election system has been manipulated over decades to become a sick joke with more holes than a Swiss cheese for the express purpose of dictating the results. Then there was the criminal manipulation of information by Sabbatian tech giants like Facebook, Twitter and Google-owned YouTube which deleted pro-Trump, anti-Biden accounts and posts while everything in support of Biden was left alone. Sabbatians wanted Biden to win because after the dividing of America it was time for full-on Woke and every aspect of the Cult agenda to be unleashed.

### **Hunter gatherer**

Extreme Silicon Valley bias included blocking information by the *New York Post* exposing a Biden scandal that should have ended his bid for president in the final weeks of the campaign. Hunter Biden, his monumentally corrupt son, is reported to have sent a laptop to be repaired at a local store and failed to return for it. Time passed until the laptop became the property of the store for non-payment of the bill. When the owner saw what was on the hard drive he gave a copy to the FBI who did nothing even though it confirmed widespread corruption in which the Joe Biden family were using his political position, especially when he was vice president to Obama, to make multiple millions in countries around the world and most notably Ukraine and China. Hunter Biden's one-time business partner Tony Bobulinski went public when the story broke in the *New York Post* to confirm the corruption he saw and that Joe Biden not only knew what was going on he also profited from the spoils. Millions were handed over by a Chinese company with close

connections – like all major businesses in China – to the Chinese communist party of President Xi Jinping. Joe Biden even boasted at a meeting of the Cult's World Economic Forum that as vice president he had ordered the government of Ukraine to fire a prosecutor. What he didn't mention was that the same man just happened to be investigating an energy company which was part of Hunter Biden's corrupt portfolio. The company was paying him big bucks for no other reason than the influence his father had. Overnight Biden's presidential campaign should have been over given that he had lied publicly about not knowing what his son was doing. Instead almost the entire Sabbatian-owned mainstream media and Sabbatian-owned Silicon Valley suppressed circulation of the story. This alone went a mighty way to rigging the election of 2020. Cult assets like Mark Zuckerberg at Facebook also spent hundreds of millions to be used in support of Biden and vote 'administration'.

The Cult had used Trump as the focus to divide America and was now desperate to bring in moronic, pliable, corrupt Biden to complete the double-whammy. No way were they going to let little things like the will of the people thwart their plan. Silicon Valley widely censored claims that the election was rigged because it *was* rigged. For the same reason anyone claiming it was rigged was denounced as a 'white supremacist' including the pathetically few Republican politicians willing to say so. Right across the media where the claim was mentioned it was described as a 'false claim' even though these excuses for 'journalists' would have done no research into the subject whatsoever. Trump won seven million more votes than any sitting president had ever achieved while somehow a cognitively-challenged soon to be 78-year-old who was hidden away from the public for most of the campaign managed to win more votes than any presidential candidate in history. It makes no sense. You only had to see election rallies for both candidates to witness the enthusiasm for Trump and the apathy for Biden. Tens of thousands would attend Trump events while Biden was speaking in empty car parks with often only television crews attending and framing their shots to hide the fact that no one was there. It was pathetic to see

footage come to light of Biden standing at a podium making speeches only to TV crews and party fixers while reading the words written for him on massive Teleprompter screens. So, yes, those protestors on January 6th had a point about election rigging, but some were about to walk into a trap laid for them in Washington by the Cult Deep State and its QAnon Psyop. This was the Capitol Hill riot ludicrously dubbed an 'insurrection'.

## **The spider and the fly**

Renegade Minds know there are not two 'sides' in politics, only one side, the Cult, working through all 'sides'. It's a stage show, a puppet show, to direct the perceptions of the population into focusing on diversions like parties and candidates while missing the puppeteers with their hands holding all the strings. The Capitol Hill 'insurrection' brings us back to the Little Big Horn. Having created two distinct opposing groupings – Woke and Pushbackers – the trap was about to be sprung. Pushbackers were to be encircled and isolated by associating them all in the public mind with Trump and then labelling Trump as some sort of Confederate leader. I knew immediately that the Capitol riot was a set-up because of two things. One was how easy the rioters got into the building with virtually no credible resistance and secondly I could see – as with the 'Covid' hoax in the West at the start of 2020 – how the Cult could exploit the situation to move its agenda forward with great speed. My experience of Cult techniques and activities over more than 30 years has showed me that while they do exploit situations they haven't themselves created this never happens with events of fundamental agenda significance. Every time major events giving cultists the excuse to rapidly advance their plan you find they are manipulated into being for the specific reason of providing that excuse – Problem-Reaction-Solution. Only a tiny minority of the huge crowd of Washington protestors sought to gain entry to the Capitol by smashing windows and breaching doors. That didn't matter. The whole crowd and all Pushbackers, even if they did not support Trump, were going to be lumped together as dangerous

insurrectionists and conspiracy theorists. The latter term came into widespread use through a CIA memo in the 1960s aimed at discrediting those questioning the nonsensical official story of the Kennedy assassination and it subsequently became widely employed by the media. It's still being used by inept 'journalists' with no idea of its origin to discredit anyone questioning anything that authority claims to be true. When you are perpetrating a conspiracy you need to discredit the very word itself even though the dictionary definition of conspiracy is merely 'the activity of secretly planning with other people to do something bad or illegal' and 'a general agreement to keep silent about a subject for the purpose of keeping it secret'. On that basis there are conspiracies almost wherever you look. For obvious reasons the Cult and its lapdog media have to claim there are no conspiracies even though the word appears in state laws as with conspiracy to defraud, to murder, and to corrupt public morals.

Agent provocateurs are widely used by the Cult Deep State to manipulate genuine people into acting in ways that suit the desired outcome. By genuine in this case I mean protestors genuinely supporting Trump and claims that the election was stolen. In among them, however, were agents of the state wearing the garb of Trump supporters and QAnon to pump-prime the Capital riot which some genuine Trump supporters naively fell for. I described the situation as 'Come into my parlour said the spider to the fly'. Leaflets appeared through the Woke paramilitary arm Antifa, the anti-fascist fascists, calling on supporters to turn up in Washington looking like Trump supporters even though they hated him. Some of those arrested for breaching the Capitol Building were sourced to Antifa and its stable mate Black Lives Matter. Both organisations are funded by Cult billionaires and corporations. One man charged for the riot was according to his lawyer a former FBI agent who had held top secret security clearance for 40 years. Attorney Thomas Plofchan said of his client, 66-year-old Thomas Edward Caldwell:

He has held a Top Secret Security Clearance since 1979 and has undergone multiple Special Background Investigations in support of his clearances. After retiring from the Navy, he

worked as a section chief for the Federal Bureau of Investigation from 2009-2010 as a GS-12 [mid-level employee].

He also formed and operated a consulting firm performing work, often classified, for U.S government customers including the US. Drug Enforcement Agency, Department of Housing and Urban Development, the US Coast Guard, and the US Army Personnel Command.

A judge later released Caldwell pending trial in the absence of evidence about a conspiracy or that he tried to force his way into the building. *The New York Post* reported a 'law enforcement source' as saying that 'at least two known Antifa members were spotted' on camera among Trump supporters during the riot while one of the rioters arrested was John Earle Sullivan, a seriously extreme Black Lives Matter Trump-hater from Utah who was previously arrested and charged in July, 2020, over a BLM-Antifa riot in which drivers were threatened and one was shot. Sullivan is the founder of Utah-based Insurgence USA which is an affiliate of the Cult-created-and-funded Black Lives Matter movement. Footage appeared and was then deleted by Twitter of Trump supporters calling out Antifa infiltrators and a group was filmed changing into pro-Trump clothing before the riot. Security at the building was *pathetic* – as planned. Colonel Leroy Fletcher Prouty, a man with long experience in covert operations working with the US security apparatus, once described the tell-tale sign to identify who is involved in an assassination. He said:

No one has to direct an assassination – it happens. The active role is played secretly by permitting it to happen. This is the greatest single clue. Who has the power to call off or reduce the usual security precautions?

This principle applies to many other situations and certainly to the Capitol riot of January 6th, 2021.

## **The sting**

With such a big and potentially angry crowd known to be gathering near the Capitol the security apparatus would have had a major police detail to defend the building with National Guard troops on

standby given the strength of feeling among people arriving from all over America encouraged by the QAnon Psyop and statements by Donald Trump. Instead Capitol Police 'security' was flimsy, weak, and easily breached. The same number of officers was deployed as on a regular day and that is a blatant red flag. They were not staffed or equipped for a possible riot that had been an obvious possibility in the circumstances. No protective and effective fencing worth the name was put in place and there were no contingency plans. The whole thing was basically a case of standing aside and waving people in. Once inside police mostly backed off apart from one Capitol police officer who ridiculously shot dead unarmed Air Force veteran protestor Ashli Babbitt without a warning as she climbed through a broken window. The 'investigation' refused to name or charge the officer after what must surely be considered a murder in the circumstances. They just lifted a carpet and swept. The story was endlessly repeated about five people dying in the 'armed insurrection' when there was no report of rioters using weapons. Apart from Babbitt the other four died from a heart attack, strokes and apparently a drug overdose. Capitol police officer Brian Sicknick was reported to have died after being bludgeoned with a fire extinguisher when he was alive after the riot was over and died later of what the Washington Medical Examiner's Office said was a stroke. Sicknick had no external injuries. The lies were delivered like rapid fire. There was a narrative to build with incessant repetition of the lie until the lie became the accepted 'everybody knows that' truth. The 'Big Lie' technique of Nazi Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels is constantly used by the Cult which was behind the Nazis and is today behind the 'Covid' and 'climate change' hoaxes. Goebbels said:

If you tell a lie big enough and keep repeating it, people will eventually come to believe it. The lie can be maintained only for such time as the State can shield the people from the political, economic and/or military consequences of the lie. It thus becomes vitally important for the State to use all of its powers to repress dissent, for the truth is the mortal enemy of the lie, and thus by extension, the truth is the greatest enemy of the State.

Most protestors had a free run of the Capitol Building. This allowed pictures to be taken of rioters in iconic parts of the building including the Senate chamber which could be used as propaganda images against all Pushbackers. One Congresswoman described the scene as 'the worst kind of non-security anybody could ever imagine'. Well, the first part was true, but someone obviously did imagine it and made sure it happened. Some photographs most widely circulated featured people wearing QAnon symbols and now the Psyop would be used to dub all QAnon followers with the ubiquitous fit-all label of 'white supremacist' and 'insurrectionists'. When a Muslim extremist called Noah Green drove his car at two police officers at the Capitol Building killing one in April, 2021, there was no such political and media hysteria. They were just disappointed he wasn't white.

## **The witch-hunt**

Government prosecutor Michael Sherwin, an aggressive, dark-eyed, professional Rottweiler led the 'investigation' and to call it over the top would be to understate reality a thousand fold. Hundreds were tracked down and arrested for the crime of having the wrong political views and people were jailed who had done nothing more than walk in the building, committed no violence or damage to property, took a few pictures and left. They were labelled a 'threat to the Republic' while Biden sat in the White House signing executive orders written for him that were dismantling 'the Republic'. Even when judges ruled that a mother and son should not be in jail the government kept them there. Some of those arrested have been badly beaten by prison guards in Washington and lawyers for one man said he suffered a fractured skull and was made blind in one eye. Meanwhile a woman is shot dead for no reason by a Capitol Police officer and we are not allowed to know who he is never mind what has happened to him although that will be *nothing*. The Cult's QAnon/Trump sting to identify and isolate Pushbackers and then target them on the road to crushing and deleting them was a resounding success. You would have thought the Russians had

invaded the building at gunpoint and lined up senators for a firing squad to see the political and media reaction. Congresswoman Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez is a child in a woman's body, a terrible-tvos, me, me, me, Woker narcissist of such proportions that words have no meaning. She said she thought she was going to die when 'insurrectionists' banged on her office door. It turned out she wasn't even in the Capitol Building when the riot was happening and the 'banging' was a Capitol Police officer. She referred to herself as a 'survivor' which is an insult to all those true survivors of violent and sexual abuse while she lives her pampered and privileged life talking drivel for a living. Her Woke colleague and fellow mega-narcissist Rashida Tlaib broke down describing the devastating effect on her, too, of *not being* in the building when the rioters were there. Ocasio-Cortez and Tlaib are members of a fully-Woke group of Congresswomen known as 'The Squad' along with Ilhan Omar and Ayanna Pressley. The Squad from what I can see can be identified by its vehement anti-white racism, anti-white men agenda, and, as always in these cases, the absence of brain cells on active duty.

The usual suspects were on the riot case immediately in the form of Democrat ultra-Zionist senators and operatives Chuck Schumer and Adam Schiff demanding that Trump be impeached for 'his part in the insurrection'. The same pair of prats had led the failed impeachment of Trump over the invented 'Russia collusion' nonsense which claimed Russia had helped Trump win the 2016 election. I didn't realise that Tel Aviv had been relocated just outside Moscow. I must find an up-to-date map. The Russia hoax was a Sabbatian operation to keep Trump occupied and impotent and to stop any rapport with Russia which the Cult wants to retain as a perceptual enemy to be pulled out at will. Puppet Biden began attacking Russia when he came to office as the Cult seeks more upheaval, division and war across the world. A two-year stage show 'Russia collusion inquiry' headed by the not-very-bright former 9/11 FBI chief Robert Mueller, with support from 19 lawyers, 40 FBI agents plus intelligence analysts, forensic accountants and other

staff, devoured tens of millions of dollars and found no evidence of Russia collusion which a ten-year-old could have told them on day one. Now the same moronic Schumer and Schiff wanted a second impeachment of Trump over the Capitol 'insurrection' (riot) which the arrested development of Schumer called another 'Pearl Harbor' while others compared it with 9/11 in which 3,000 died and, in the case of CNN, with the Rwandan genocide in the 1990s in which an estimated 500,000 to 600,000 were murdered, between 250,000 and 500,000 women were raped, and populations of whole towns were hacked to death with machetes. To make those comparisons purely for Cult political reasons is beyond insulting to those that suffered and lost their lives and confirms yet again the callous inhumanity that we are dealing with. Schumer is a monumental idiot and so is Schiff, but they serve the Cult agenda and do whatever they're told so they get looked after. Talking of idiots – another inane man who spanned the Russia and Capitol impeachment attempts was Senator Eric Swalwell who had the nerve to accuse Trump of collusion with the Russians while sleeping with a Chinese spy called Christine Fang or 'Fang Fang' which is straight out of a Bond film no doubt starring Klaus Schwab as the bloke living on a secret island and controlling laser weapons positioned in space and pointing at world capitals. Fang Fang plays the part of Bond's infiltrator girlfriend which I'm sure she would enjoy rather more than sharing a bed with the brainless Swalwell, lying back and thinking of China. The FBI eventually warned Swalwell about Fang Fang which gave her time to escape back to the Chinese dictatorship. How very thoughtful of them. The second Trump impeachment also failed and hardly surprising when an impeachment is supposed to remove a sitting president and by the time it happened Trump was no longer president. These people are running your country America, well, officially anyway. Terrifying isn't it?

### **Outcomes tell the story - always**

The outcome of all this – and it's the *outcome* on which Renegade Minds focus, not the words – was that a vicious, hysterical and

obviously pre-planned assault was launched on Pushbackers to censor, silence and discredit them and even targeted their right to earn a living. They have since been condemned as 'domestic terrorists' that need to be treated like Al-Qaeda and Islamic State. 'Domestic terrorists' is a label the Cult has been trying to make stick since the period of the Oklahoma bombing in 1995 which was blamed on 'far-right domestic terrorists'. If you read *The Trigger* you will see that the bombing was clearly a Problem-Reaction-Solution carried out by the Deep State during a Bill Clinton administration so corrupt that no dictionary definition of the term would even nearly suffice. Nearly 30, 000 troops were deployed from all over America to the empty streets of Washington for Biden's inauguration. Ten thousand of them stayed on with the pretext of protecting the capital from insurrectionists when it was more psychological programming to normalise the use of the military in domestic law enforcement in support of the Cult plan for a police-military state. Biden's fascist administration began a purge of 'wrong-thinkers' in the military which means anyone that is not on board with Woke. The Capitol Building was surrounded by a fence with razor wire and the Land of the Free was further symbolically and literally dismantled. The circle was completed with the installation of Biden and the exploitation of the QAnon Psyop.

America had never been so divided since the civil war of the 19th century, Pushbackers were isolated and dubbed terrorists and now, as was always going to happen, the Cult immediately set about deleting what little was left of freedom and transforming American society through a swish of the hand of the most controlled 'president' in American history leading (officially at least) the most extreme regime since the country was declared an independent state on July 4th, 1776. Biden issued undebated, dictatorial executive orders almost by the hour in his opening days in office across the whole spectrum of the Cult wish-list including diluting controls on the border with Mexico allowing thousands of migrants to illegally enter the United States to transform the demographics of America and import an election-changing number of perceived Democrat

voters. Then there were Biden deportation amnesties for the already illegally resident (estimated to be as high as 20 or even 30 million). A bill before Congress awarded American citizenship to anyone who could prove they had worked in agriculture for just 180 days in the previous two years as 'Big Ag' secured its slave labour long-term. There were the plans to add new states to the union such as Puerto Rico and making Washington DC a state. They are all parts of a plan to ensure that the Cult-owned Woke Democrats would be permanently in power.

### **Border – what border?**

I have exposed in detail in other books how mass immigration into the United States and Europe is the work of Cult networks fuelled by the tens of billions spent to this and other ends by George Soros and his global Open Society (open borders) Foundations. The impact can be seen in America alone where the population has increased by *100 million* in little more than 30 years mostly through immigration. I wrote in *The Answer* that the plan was to have so many people crossing the southern border that the numbers become unstoppable and we are now there under Cult-owned Biden. El Salvador in Central America puts the scale of what is happening into context. A third of the population now lives in the United States, much of it illegally, and many more are on the way. The methodology is to crush Central and South American countries economically and spread violence through machete-wielding psychopathic gangs like MS-13 based in El Salvador and now operating in many American cities. Biden-imposed lax security at the southern border means that it is all but open. He said before his 'election' that he wanted to see a surge towards the border if he became president and that was the green light for people to do just that after election day to create the human disaster that followed for both America and the migrants. When that surge came the imbecilic Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez said it wasn't a 'surge' because they are 'children, not insurgents' and the term 'surge' (used by Biden) was a claim of 'white supremacists'.

This disingenuous lady may one day enter the realm of the most basic intelligence, but it won't be any time soon.

Sabbatians and the Cult are in the process of destroying America by importing violent people and gangs in among the genuine to terrorise American cities and by overwhelming services that cannot cope with the sheer volume of new arrivals. Something similar is happening in Europe as Western society in general is targeted for demographic and cultural transformation and upheaval. The plan demands violence and crime to create an environment of intimidation, fear and division and Soros has been funding the election of district attorneys across America who then stop prosecuting many crimes, reduce sentences for violent crimes and free as many violent criminals as they can. Sabbatians are creating the chaos from which order – their order – can respond in a classic Problem-Reaction-Solution. A Freemasonic motto says 'Ordo Ab Chao' (Order out of Chaos) and this is why the Cult is constantly creating chaos to impose a new 'order'. Here you have the reason the Cult is constantly creating chaos. The 'Covid' hoax can be seen with those entering the United States by plane being forced to take a 'Covid' test while migrants flooding through southern border processing facilities do not. Nothing is put in the way of mass migration and if that means ignoring the government's own 'Covid' rules then so be it. They know it's all bullshit anyway. Any pushback on this is denounced as 'racist' by Wokers and Sabbatian fronts like the ultra-Zionist Anti-Defamation League headed by the appalling Jonathan Greenblatt which at the same time argues that Israel should not give citizenship and voting rights to more Palestinian Arabs or the 'Jewish population' (in truth the Sabbatian network) will lose control of the country.

### **Society-changing numbers**

Biden's masters have declared that countries like El Salvador are so dangerous that their people must be allowed into the United States for humanitarian reasons when there are fewer murders in large parts of many Central American countries than in US cities like

Baltimore. That is not to say Central America cannot be a dangerous place and Cult-controlled American governments have been making it so since way back, along with the dismantling of economies, in a long-term plan to drive people north into the United States. Parts of Central America are very dangerous, but in other areas the story is being greatly exaggerated to justify relaxing immigration criteria. Migrants are being offered free healthcare and education in the United States as another incentive to head for the border and there is no requirement to be financially independent before you can enter to prevent the resources of America being drained. You can't blame migrants for seeking what they believe will be a better life, but they are being played by the Cult for dark and nefarious ends. The numbers since Biden took office are huge. In February, 2021, more than 100,000 people were known to have tried to enter the US illegally through the southern border (it was 34,000 in the same month in 2020) and in March it was 170,000 – a 418 percent increase on March, 2020. These numbers are only known people, not the ones who get in unseen. The true figure for migrants illegally crossing the border in a single month was estimated by one congressman at 250,000 and that number will only rise under Biden's current policy. Gangs of murdering drug-running thugs that control the Mexican side of the border demand money – thousands of dollars – to let migrants cross the Rio Grande into America. At the same time gun battles are breaking out on the border several times a week between rival Mexican drug gangs (which now operate globally) who are equipped with sophisticated military-grade weapons, grenades and armoured vehicles. While the Capitol Building was being 'protected' from a non-existent 'threat' by thousands of troops, and others were still deployed at the time in the Cult Neocon war in Afghanistan, the southern border of America was left to its fate. This is not incompetence, it is cold calculation.

By March, 2021, there were 17,000 unaccompanied children held at border facilities and many of them are ensnared by people traffickers for paedophile rings and raped on their journey north to America. This is not conjecture – this is fact. Many of those designated

children are in reality teenage boys or older. Meanwhile Wokers posture their self-purity for encouraging poor and tragic people to come to America and face this nightmare both on the journey and at the border with the disgusting figure of House Speaker Nancy Pelosi giving disingenuous speeches about caring for migrants. The woman's evil. Wokers condemned Trump for having children in cages at the border (so did Obama, *Shhhh*), but now they are sleeping on the floor without access to a shower with one border facility 729 percent over capacity. The Biden insanity even proposed flying migrants from the southern border to the northern border with Canada for 'processing'. The whole shambles is being overseen by ultra-Zionist Secretary of Homeland Security, the moronic liar Alejandro Mayorkas, who banned news cameras at border facilities to stop Americans seeing what was happening. Mayorkas said there was not a ban on news crews; it was just that they were not allowed to film. Alongside him at Homeland Security is another ultra-Zionist Cass Sunstein appointed by Biden to oversee new immigration laws. Sunstein despises conspiracy researchers to the point where he suggests they should be banned or *taxed* for having such views. The man is not bonkers or anything. He's perfectly well-adjusted, but adjusted to what is the question. Criticise what is happening and you are a 'white supremacist' when earlier non-white immigrants also oppose the numbers which effect their lives and opportunities. Black people in poor areas are particularly damaged by uncontrolled immigration and the increased competition for work opportunities with those who will work for less. They are also losing voting power as Hispanics become more dominant in former black areas. It's a downward spiral for them while the billionaires behind the policy drone on about how much they care about black people and 'racism'. None of this is about compassion for migrants or black people – that's just wind and air. Migrants are instead being mercilessly exploited to transform America while the countries they leave are losing their future and the same is true in Europe. Mass immigration may now be the work of Woke Democrats, but it can be traced back to the 1986 Immigration Reform and Control Act (it

wasn't) signed into law by Republican hero President Ronald Reagan which gave amnesty to millions living in the United States illegally and other incentives for people to head for the southern border. Here we have the one-party state at work again.

## **Save me syndrome**

Almost every aspect of what I have been exposing as the Cult agenda was on display in even the first days of 'Biden' with silencing of Pushbackers at the forefront of everything. A Renegade Mind will view the Trump years and QAnon in a very different light to their supporters and advocates as the dots are connected. The QAnon/Trump Psyop has given the Cult all it was looking for. We may not know how much, or little, that Trump realised he was being used, but that's a side issue. This pincer movement produced the desired outcome of dividing America and having Pushbackers isolated. To turn this around we have to look at new routes to empowerment which do not include handing our power to other people and groups through what I will call the 'Save Me Syndrome' – 'I want someone else to do it so that I don't have to'. We have seen this at work throughout human history and the QAnon/Trump Psyop is only the latest incarnation alongside all the others. Religion is an obvious expression of this when people look to a 'god' or priest to save them or tell them how to be saved and then there are 'save me' politicians like Trump. Politics is a diversion and not a 'saviour'. It is a means to block positive change, not make it possible.

Save Me Syndrome always comes with the same repeating theme of handing your power to whom or what you believe will save you while your real 'saviour' stares back from the mirror every morning. Renegade Minds are constantly vigilant in this regard and always asking the question 'What can I do?' rather than 'What can someone else do for me?' Gandhi was right when he said: 'You must be the change you want to see in the world.' We are indeed the people we have been waiting for. We are presented with a constant raft of reasons to concede that power to others and forget where the real power is. Humanity has the numbers and the Cult does not. It has to

use diversion and division to target the unstoppable power that comes from unity. Religions, governments, politicians, corporations, media, QAnon, are all different manifestations of this power-diversion and dilution. Refusing to give your power to governments and instead handing it to Trump and QAnon is not to take a new direction, but merely to recycle the old one with new names on the posters. I will explore this phenomenon as we proceed and how to break the cycles and recycles that got us here through the mists of repeating perception and so repeating history.

For now we shall turn to the most potent example in the entire human story of the consequences that follow when you give your power away. I am talking, of course, of the 'Covid' hoax.

## CHAPTER FOUR

### **'Covid': Calculated catastrophe**

*Facts are threatening to those invested in fraud*  
DaShanne Stokes

**W**e can easily unravel the real reason for the 'Covid pandemic' hoax by employing the Renegade Mind methodology that I have outlined this far. We'll start by comparing the long-planned Cult outcome with the 'Covid pandemic' outcome. Know the outcome and you'll see the journey.

I have highlighted the plan for the Hunger Games Society which has been in my books for so many years with the very few controlling the very many through ongoing dependency. To create this dependency it is essential to destroy independent livelihoods, businesses and employment to make the population reliant on the state (the Cult) for even the basics of life through a guaranteed pittance income. While independence of income remained these Cult ambitions would be thwarted. With this knowledge it was easy to see where the 'pandemic' hoax was going once talk of 'lockdowns' began and the closing of all but perceived 'essential' businesses to 'save' us from an alleged 'deadly virus'. Cult corporations like Amazon and Walmart were naturally considered 'essential' while mom and pop shops and stores had their doors closed by fascist decree. As a result with every new lockdown and new regulation more small and medium, even large businesses not owned by the Cult, went to the wall while Cult giants and their frontmen and women grew financially fatter by the second. Mom and pop were

denied an income and the right to earn a living and the wealth of people like Jeff Bezos (Amazon), Mark Zuckerberg (Facebook) and Sergei Brin and Larry Page (Google/Alphabet) have reached record levels. The Cult was increasing its own power through further dramatic concentrations of wealth while the competition was being destroyed and brought into a state of dependency. Lockdowns have been instigated to secure that very end and were never anything to do with health. My brother Paul spent 45 years building up a bus repair business, but lockdowns meant buses were running at a fraction of normal levels for months on end. Similar stories can be told in their hundreds of millions worldwide. Efforts of a lifetime coldly destroyed by Cult multi-billionaires and their lackeys in government and law enforcement who continued to earn their living from the taxation of the people while denying the right of the same people to earn theirs. How different it would have been if those making and enforcing these decisions had to face the same financial hardships of those they affected, but they never do.

## **Gates of Hell**

Behind it all in the full knowledge of what he is doing and why is the psychopathic figure of Cult operative Bill Gates. His puppet Tedros at the World Health Organization declared 'Covid' a pandemic in March, 2020. The WHO had changed the definition of a 'pandemic' in 2009 just a month before declaring the 'swine flu pandemic' which would not have been so under the previous definition. The same applies to 'Covid'. The definition had included... 'an infection by an infectious agent, occurring simultaneously in different countries, with a significant mortality rate relative to the proportion of the population infected'. The new definition removed the need for 'significant mortality'. The 'pandemic' has been fraudulent even down to the definition, but Gates demanded economy-destroying lockdowns, school closures, social distancing, mandatory masks, a 'vaccination' for every man, woman and child on the planet and severe consequences and restrictions for those that refused. Who gave him this power? The

Cult did which he serves like a little boy in short trousers doing what his daddy tells him. He and his psychopathic missus even smiled when they said that much worse was to come (what they knew was planned to come). Gates responded in the matter-of-fact way of all psychopaths to a question about the effect on the world economy of what he was doing:

Well, it won't go to zero but it will shrink. Global GDP is probably going to take the biggest hit ever [Gates was smiling as he said this] ... in my lifetime this will be the greatest economic hit. But you don't have a choice. People act as if you have a choice. People don't feel like going to the stadium when they might get infected ... People are deeply affected by seeing these stats, by knowing they could be part of the transmission chain, old people, their parents and grandparents, could be affected by this, and so you don't get to say ignore what is going on here.

There will be the ability to open up, particularly in rich countries, if things are done well over the next few months, but for the world at large normalcy only returns when we have largely vaccinated the entire population.

The man has no compassion or empathy. How could he when he's a psychopath like all Cult players? My own view is that even beyond that he is very seriously mentally ill. Look in his eyes and you can see this along with his crazy flailing arms. You don't do what he has done to the world population since the start of 2020 unless you are mentally ill and at the most extreme end of psychopathic. You especially don't do it when to you know, as we shall see, that cases and deaths from 'Covid' are fakery and a product of monumental figure massaging. 'These stats' that Gates referred to are based on a 'test' that's not testing for the 'virus' as he has known all along. He made his fortune with big Cult support as an infamously ruthless software salesman and now buys global control of 'health' (death) policy without the population he affects having any say. It's a breathtaking outrage. Gates talked about people being deeply affected by fear of 'Covid' when that was because of *him* and his global network lying to them minute-by-minute supported by a lying media that he seriously influences and funds to the tune of hundreds of millions. He's handed big sums to media operations including the BBC, NBC, Al Jazeera, Univision, *PBS NewsHour*,

*ProPublica, National Journal, The Guardian, The Financial Times, The Atlantic, Texas Tribune, USA Today publisher Gannett, Washington Monthly, Le Monde, Center for Investigative Reporting, Pulitzer Center on Crisis Reporting, National Press Foundation, International Center for Journalists, Solutions Journalism Network, the Poynter Institute for Media Studies, and many more. Gates is everywhere in the 'Covid' hoax and the man must go to prison – or a mental facility – for the rest of his life and his money distributed to those he has taken such enormous psychopathic pleasure in crushing.*

## **The Muscle**

The Hunger Games global structure demands a police-military state – a fusion of the two into one force – which viciously imposes the will of the Cult on the population and protects the Cult from public rebellion. In that regard, too, the 'Covid' hoax just keeps on giving. Often unlawful, ridiculous and contradictory 'Covid' rules and regulations have been policed across the world by moronic automatons and psychopaths made faceless by face-nappy masks and acting like the Nazi SS and fascist blackshirts and brownshirts of Hitler and Mussolini. The smallest departure from the rules decreed by the psychos in government and their clueless gofers were jumped upon by the face-nappy fascists. Brutality against public protestors soon became commonplace even on girls, women and old people as the brave men with the batons – the Face-Nappies as I call them – broke up peaceful protests and handed out fines like confetti to people who couldn't earn a living let alone pay hundreds of pounds for what was once an accepted human right. Robot Face-Nappies of Nottingham police in the English East Midlands fined one group £11,000 for attending a child's birthday party. For decades I charted the transformation of law enforcement as genuine, decent officers were replaced with psychopaths and the brain dead who would happily and brutally do whatever their masters told them. Now they were let loose on the public and I would emphasise the point that none of this just happened. The step-by-step change in the dynamic between police and public was orchestrated from the shadows by

those who knew where this was all going and the same with the perceptual reframing of those in all levels of authority and official administration through 'training courses' by organisations such as Common Purpose which was created in the late 1980s and given a massive boost in Blair era Britain until it became a global phenomenon. Supposed public 'servants' began to view the population as the enemy and the same was true of the police. This was the start of the explosion of behaviour manipulation organisations and networks preparing for the all-war on the human psyche unleashed with the dawn of 2020. I will go into more detail about this later in the book because it is a core part of what is happening.

Police desecrated beauty spots to deter people gathering and arrested women for walking in the countryside alone 'too far' from their homes. We had arrogant, clueless sergeants in the Isle of Wight police where I live posting on Facebook what they insisted the population must do or else. A schoolmaster sergeant called Radford looked young enough for me to ask if his mother knew he was out, but he was posting what he *expected* people to do while a Sergeant Wilkinson boasted about fining lads for meeting in a McDonald's car park where they went to get a lockdown takeaway. Wilkinson added that he had even cancelled their order. What a pair of prats these people are and yet they have increasingly become the norm among Jackboot Johnson's Yellowshirts once known as the British police. This was the theme all over the world with police savagery common during lockdown protests in the United States, the Netherlands, and the fascist state of Victoria in Australia under its tyrannical and again moronic premier Daniel Andrews. Amazing how tyrannical and moronic tend to work as a team and the same combination could be seen across America as arrogant, narcissistic Woke governors and mayors such as Gavin Newsom (California), Andrew Cuomo (New York), Gretchen Whitmer (Michigan), Lori Lightfoot (Chicago) and Eric Garcetti (Los Angeles) did their Nazi and Stalin impressions with the full support of the compliant brutality of their enforcers in uniform as they arrested small business owners defying

fascist shutdown orders and took them to jail in ankle shackles and handcuffs. This happened to bistro owner Marlena Pavlos-Hackney in Gretchen Whitmer's fascist state of Michigan when police arrived to enforce an order by a state-owned judge for 'putting the community at risk' at a time when other states like Texas were dropping restrictions and migrants were pouring across the southern border without any 'Covid' questions at all. I'm sure there are many officers appalled by what they are ordered to do, but not nearly enough of them. If they were truly appalled they would not do it. As the months passed every opportunity was taken to have the military involved to make their presence on the streets ever more familiar and 'normal' for the longer-term goal of police-military fusion.

Another crucial element to the Hunger Games enforcement network has been encouraging the public to report neighbours and others for 'breaking the lockdown rules'. The group faced with £11,000 in fines at the child's birthday party would have been dobbed-in by a neighbour with a brain the size of a pea. The technique was most famously employed by the Stasi secret police in communist East Germany who had public informants placed throughout the population. A police chief in the UK says his force doesn't need to carry out 'Covid' patrols when they are flooded with so many calls from the public reporting other people for visiting the beach. Dorset police chief James Vaughan said people were so enthusiastic about snitching on their fellow humans they were now operating as an auxiliary arm of the police: 'We are still getting around 400 reports a week from the public, so we will respond to reports ... We won't need to be doing hotspot patrols because people are very quick to pick the phone up and tell us.' Vaughan didn't say that this is a pillar of all tyrannies of whatever complexion and the means to hugely extend the reach of enforcement while spreading distrust among the people and making them wary of doing anything that might get them reported. Those narcissistic Isle of Wight sergeants Radford and Wilkinson never fail to add a link to their Facebook posts where the public can inform on their fellow slaves.

Neither would be self-aware enough to realise they were imitating the Stasi which they might well never have heard of. Government psychologists that I will expose later laid out a policy to turn communities against each other in the same way.

### **A coincidence? Yep, and I can knit fog**

I knew from the start of the alleged pandemic that this was a Cult operation. It presented limitless potential to rapidly advance the Cult agenda and exploit manipulated fear to demand that every man, woman and child on the planet was 'vaccinated' in a process never used on humans before which infuses self-replicating *synthetic* material into human cells. Remember the plan to transform the human body from a biological to a synthetic biological state. I'll deal with the 'vaccine' (that's not actually a vaccine) when I focus on the genetic agenda. Enough to say here that mass global 'vaccination' justified by this 'new virus' set alarms ringing after 30 years of tracking these people and their methods. The 'Covid' hoax officially beginning in China was also a big red flag for reasons I will be explaining. The agenda potential was so enormous that I could dismiss any idea that the 'virus' appeared naturally. Major happenings with major agenda implications never occur without Cult involvement in making them happen. My questions were twofold in early 2020 as the media began its campaign to induce global fear and hysteria: Was this alleged infectious agent released on purpose by the Cult or did it even exist at all? I then did what I always do in these situations. I sat, observed and waited to see where the evidence and information would take me. By March and early April synchronicity was strongly – and ever more so since then – pointing me in the direction of *there is no 'virus'*. I went public on that with derision even from swathes of the alternative media that voiced a scenario that the Chinese government released the 'virus' in league with Deep State elements in the United States from a top-level bio-lab in Wuhan where the 'virus' is said to have first appeared. I looked at that possibility, but I didn't buy it for several reasons. Deaths from the 'virus' did not in any way match what they

would have been with a 'deadly bioweapon' and it is much more effective if you sell the *illusion* of an infectious agent rather than having a real one unless you can control through injection who has it and who doesn't. Otherwise you lose control of events. A made-up 'virus' gives you a blank sheet of paper on which you can make it do whatever you like and have any symptoms or mutant 'variants' you choose to add while a real infectious agent would limit you to what it actually does. A phantom disease allows you to have endless ludicrous 'studies' on the 'Covid' dollar to widen the perceived impact by inventing ever more 'at risk' groups including one study which said those who walk slowly may be almost four times more likely to die from the 'virus'. People are in psychiatric wards for less.

A real 'deadly bioweapon' can take out people in the hierarchy that are not part of the Cult, but essential to its operation. Obviously they don't want that. Releasing a real disease means you immediately lose control of it. Releasing an illusory one means you don't. Again it's vital that people are extra careful when dealing with what they want to hear. A bioweapon unleashed from a Chinese laboratory in collusion with the American Deep State may fit a conspiracy narrative, but is it true? Would it not be far more effective to use the excuse of a 'virus' to justify the real bioweapon – the 'vaccine'? That way your disease agent does not have to be transmitted and arrives directly through a syringe. I saw a French virologist Luc Montagnier quoted in the alternative media as saying he had discovered that the alleged 'new' severe acute respiratory syndrome coronavirus , or SARS-CoV-2, was made artificially and included elements of the human immunodeficiency 'virus' (HIV) and a parasite that causes malaria. SARS-CoV-2 is alleged to trigger an alleged illness called Covid-19. I remembered Montagnier's name from my research years before into claims that an HIV 'retrovirus' causes AIDs – claims that were demolished by Berkeley virologist Peter Duesberg who showed that no one had ever proved that HIV causes acquired immunodeficiency syndrome or AIDS. Claims that become accepted as fact, publicly and medically, with no proof whatsoever are an ever-recurring story that profoundly applies to

'Covid'. Nevertheless, despite the lack of proof, Montagnier's team at the Pasteur Institute in Paris had a long dispute with American researcher Robert Gallo over which of them discovered and isolated the HIV 'virus' and with *no evidence* found it to cause AIDS. You will see later that there is also no evidence that any 'virus' causes any disease or that there is even such a thing as a 'virus' in the way it is said to exist. The claim to have 'isolated' the HIV 'virus' will be presented in its real context as we come to the shocking story – and it is a story – of SARS-CoV-2 and so will Montagnier's assertion that he identified the full SARS-CoV-2 genome.

### **Hoax in the making**

We can pick up the 'Covid' story in 2010 and the publication by the Rockefeller Foundation of a document called 'Scenarios for the Future of Technology and International Development'. The inner circle of the Rockefeller family has been serving the Cult since John D. Rockefeller (1839-1937) made his fortune with Standard Oil. It is less well known that the same Rockefeller – the Bill Gates of his day – was responsible for establishing what is now referred to as 'Big Pharma', the global network of pharmaceutical companies that make outrageous profits dispensing scalpel and drug 'medicine' and are obsessed with pumping vaccines in ever-increasing number into as many human arms and backsides as possible. John D. Rockefeller was the driving force behind the creation of the 'education' system in the United States and elsewhere specifically designed to program the perceptions of generations thereafter. The Rockefeller family donated exceptionally valuable land in New York for the United Nations building and were central in establishing the World Health Organization in 1948 as an agency of the UN which was created from the start as a Trojan horse and stalking horse for world government. Now enter Bill Gates. His family and the Rockefellers have long been extremely close and I have seen genealogy which claims that if you go back far enough the two families fuse into the same bloodline. Gates has said that the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation was inspired by the Rockefeller Foundation and why not

when both are serving the same Cult? Major tax-exempt foundations are overwhelmingly criminal enterprises in which Cult assets fund the Cult agenda in the guise of 'philanthropy' while avoiding tax in the process. Cult operatives can become mega-rich in their role of front men and women for the psychopaths at the inner core and they, too, have to be psychopaths to knowingly serve such evil. Part of the deal is that a big percentage of the wealth gleaned from representing the Cult has to be spent advancing the ambitions of the Cult and hence you have the Rockefeller Foundation, Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation (and *so* many more) and people like George Soros with his global Open Society Foundations spending their billions in pursuit of global Cult control. Gates is a global public face of the Cult with his interventions in world affairs including Big Tech influence; a central role in the 'Covid' and 'vaccine' scam; promotion of the climate change shakedown; manipulation of education; geoengineering of the skies; and his food-control agenda as the biggest owner of farmland in America, his GMO promotion and through other means. As one writer said: 'Gates monopolizes or wields disproportionate influence over the tech industry, global health and vaccines, agriculture and food policy (including biopiracy and fake food), weather modification and other climate technologies, surveillance, education and media.' The almost limitless wealth secured through Microsoft and other not-allowed-to-fail ventures (including vaccines) has been ploughed into a long, long list of Cult projects designed to enslave the entire human race. Gates and the Rockefellers have been working as one unit with the Rockefeller-established World Health Organization leading global 'Covid' policy controlled by Gates through his mouth-piece Tedros. Gates became the WHO's biggest funder when Trump announced that the American government would cease its donations, but Biden immediately said he would restore the money when he took office in January, 2021. The Gates Foundation (the Cult) owns through limitless funding the world health system and the major players across the globe in the 'Covid' hoax.

Okay, with that background we return to that Rockefeller Foundation document of 2010 headed 'Scenarios for the Future of Technology and International Development' and its 'imaginary' epidemic of a virulent and deadly influenza strain which infected 20 percent of the global population and killed eight million in seven months. The Rockefeller scenario was that the epidemic destroyed economies, closed shops, offices and other businesses and led to governments imposing fierce rules and restrictions that included mandatory wearing of face masks and body-temperature checks to enter communal spaces like railway stations and supermarkets. The document predicted that even after the height of the Rockefeller-envisaged epidemic the authoritarian rule would continue to deal with further pandemics, transnational terrorism, environmental crises and rising poverty. Now you may think that the Rockefellers are our modern-day seers or alternatively, and rather more likely, that they well knew what was planned a few years further on. Fascism had to be imposed, you see, to 'protect citizens from risk and exposure'. The Rockefeller scenario document said:

During the pandemic, national leaders around the world flexed their authority and imposed airtight rules and restrictions, from the mandatory wearing of face masks to body-temperature checks at the entries to communal spaces like train stations and supermarkets. Even after the pandemic faded, this more authoritarian control and oversight of citizens and their activities stuck and even intensified. In order to protect themselves from the spread of increasingly global problems – from pandemics and transnational terrorism to environmental crises and rising poverty – leaders around the world took a firmer grip on power.

At first, the notion of a more controlled world gained wide acceptance and approval. Citizens willingly gave up some of their sovereignty – and their privacy – to more paternalistic states in exchange for greater safety and stability. Citizens were more tolerant, and even eager, for top-down direction and oversight, and national leaders had more latitude to impose order in the ways they saw fit.

In developed countries, this heightened oversight took many forms: biometric IDs for all citizens, for example, and tighter regulation of key industries whose stability was deemed vital to national interests. In many developed countries, enforced cooperation with a suite of new regulations and agreements slowly but steadily restored both order and, importantly, economic growth.

There we have the prophetic Rockefellers in 2010 and three years later came their paper for the Global Health Summit in Beijing, China, when government representatives, the private sector, international organisations and groups met to discuss the next 100 years of 'global health'. The Rockefeller Foundation-funded paper was called 'Dreaming the Future of Health for the Next 100 Years and more prophecy ensued as it described a dystopian future: 'The abundance of data, digitally tracking and linking people may mean the 'death of privacy' and may replace physical interaction with transient, virtual connection, generating isolation and raising questions of how values are shaped in virtual networks.' Next in the 'Covid' hoax preparation sequence came a 'table top' simulation in 2018 for another 'imaginary' pandemic of a disease called Clade X which was said to kill 900 million people. The exercise was organised by the Gates-funded Johns Hopkins University's Center for Health Security in the United States and this is the very same university that has been compiling the disgustingly and systematically erroneous global figures for 'Covid' cases and deaths. Similar Johns Hopkins health crisis scenarios have included the Dark Winter exercise in 2001 and Atlantic Storm in 2005.

## **Nostradamus 201**

For sheer predictive genius look no further prophecy-watchers than the Bill Gates-funded Event 201 held only six weeks before the 'coronavirus pandemic' is supposed to have broken out in China and Event 201 was based on a scenario of a global 'coronavirus pandemic'. Melinda Gates, the great man's missus, told the BBC that he had 'prepared for years' for a coronavirus pandemic which told us what we already knew. Nostradamugates had predicted in a TED talk in 2015 that a pandemic was coming that would kill a lot of people and demolish the world economy. My god, the man is a machine – possibly even literally. Now here he was only weeks before the real thing funding just such a simulated scenario and involving his friends and associates at Johns Hopkins, the World Economic Forum Cult-front of Klaus Schwab, the United Nations,

Johnson & Johnson, major banks, and officials from China and the Centers for Disease Control in the United States. What synchronicity – Johns Hopkins would go on to compile the fraudulent ‘Covid’ figures, the World Economic Forum and Schwab would push the ‘Great Reset’ in response to ‘Covid’, the Centers for Disease Control would be at the forefront of ‘Covid’ policy in the United States, Johnson & Johnson would produce a ‘Covid vaccine’, and everything would officially start just weeks later in China. Spooky, eh? They were even accurate in creating a simulation of a ‘virus’ pandemic because the ‘real thing’ would also be a simulation. Event 201 was not an exercise preparing for something that might happen; it was a rehearsal for what those in control knew was *going* to happen and very shortly. Hours of this simulation were posted on the Internet and the various themes and responses mirrored what would soon be imposed to transform human society. News stories were inserted and what they said would be commonplace a few weeks later with still more prophecy perfection. Much discussion focused on the need to deal with misinformation and the ‘anti-vax movement’ which is exactly what happened when the ‘virus’ arrived – was said to have arrived – in the West.

Cult-owned social media banned criticism and exposure of the official ‘virus’ narrative and when I said there *was* no ‘virus’ in early April, 2020, I was banned by one platform after another including YouTube, Facebook and later Twitter. The mainstream broadcast media in Britain was in effect banned from interviewing me by the Tony-Blair-created government broadcasting censor Ofcom headed by career government bureaucrat Melanie Dawes who was appointed just as the ‘virus’ hoax was about to play out in January, 2020. At the same time the Ickonic media platform was using Vimeo, another ultra-Zionist-owned operation, while our own player was being created and they deleted in an instant hundreds of videos, documentaries, series and shows to confirm their unbelievable vindictiveness. We had copies, of course, and they had to be restored one by one when our player was ready. These people have no class. Sabbatian Facebook promised free advertisements for the Gates-

controlled World Health Organization narrative while deleting ‘false claims and conspiracy theories’ to stop ‘misinformation’ about the alleged coronavirus. All these responses could be seen just a short while earlier in the scenarios of Event 201. Extreme censorship was absolutely crucial for the Cult because the official story was so ridiculous and unsupportable by the evidence that it could never survive open debate and the free-flow of information and opinion. If you can’t win a debate then don’t have one is the Cult’s approach throughout history. Facebook’s little boy front man – front boy – Mark Zuckerberg equated ‘credible and accurate information’ with official sources and exposing their lies with ‘misinformation’.

### **Silencing those that can see**

The censorship dynamic of Event 201 is now the norm with an army of narrative-supporting ‘fact-checker’ organisations whose entire reason for being is to tell the public that official narratives are true and those exposing them are lying. One of the most appalling of these ‘fact-checkers’ is called NewsGuard founded by ultra-Zionist Americans Gordon Crovitz and Steven Brill. Crovitz is a former publisher of *The Wall Street Journal*, former Executive Vice President of Dow Jones, a member of the Council on Foreign Relations (CFR), and on the board of the American Association of Rhodes Scholars. The CFR and Rhodes Scholarships, named after Rothschild agent Cecil Rhodes who plundered the gold and diamonds of South Africa for his masters and the Cult, have featured widely in my books. NewsGuard don’t seem to like me for some reason – I really can’t think why – and they have done all they can to have me censored and discredited which is, to quote an old British politician, like being savaged by a dead sheep. They are, however, like all in the censorship network, very well connected and funded by organisations themselves funded by, or connected to, Bill Gates. As you would expect with anything associated with Gates NewsGuard has an offshoot called HealthGuard which ‘fights online health care hoaxes’. How very kind. Somehow the NewsGuard European Managing Director Anna-Sophie Harling, a remarkably young-

looking woman with no broadcasting experience and little hands-on work in journalism, has somehow secured a position on the 'Content Board' of UK government broadcast censor Ofcom. An executive of an organisation seeking to discredit dissidents of the official narratives is making decisions for the government broadcast 'regulator' about content?? Another appalling 'fact-checker' is Full Fact funded by George Soros and global censors Google and Facebook.

It's amazing how many activists in the 'fact-checking', 'anti-hate', arena turn up in government-related positions – people like UK Labour Party activist Imran Ahmed who heads the Center for Countering Digital Hate founded by people like Morgan McSweeney, now chief of staff to the Labour Party's hapless and useless 'leader' Keir Starmer. Digital Hate – which is what it really is – uses the American spelling of Center to betray its connection to a transatlantic network of similar organisations which in 2020 shapeshifted from attacking people for 'hate' to attacking them for questioning the 'Covid' hoax and the dangers of the 'Covid vaccine'. It's just a coincidence, you understand. This is one of Imran Ahmed's hysterical statements: 'I would go beyond calling anti-vaxxers conspiracy theorists to say they are an extremist group that pose a national security risk.' No one could ever accuse this prat of understatement and he's including in that those parents who are now against vaccines after their children were damaged for life or killed by them. He's such a nice man. Ahmed does the rounds of the Woke media getting soft-ball questions from spineless 'journalists' who never ask what right he has to campaign to destroy the freedom of speech of others while he demands it for himself. There also seems to be an overrepresentation in Ofcom of people connected to the narrative-worshipping BBC. This incredible global network of narrative-support was super-vital when the 'Covid' hoax was played in the light of the mega-whopper lies that have to be defended from the spotlight cast by the most basic intelligence.

## **Setting the scene**

The Cult plays the long game and proceeds step-by-step ensuring that everything is in place before major cards are played and they don't come any bigger than the 'Covid' hoax. The psychopaths can't handle events where the outcome isn't certain and as little as possible – preferably nothing – is left to chance. Politicians, government and medical officials who would follow direction were brought to illusory power in advance by the Cult web whether on the national stage or others like state governors and mayors of America. For decades the dynamic between officialdom, law enforcement and the public was changed from one of service to one of control and dictatorship. Behaviour manipulation networks established within government were waiting to impose the coming 'Covid' rules and regulations specifically designed to subdue and rewire the psyche of the people in the guise of protecting health. These included in the UK the Behavioural Insights Team part-owned by the British government Cabinet Office; the Scientific Pandemic Insights Group on Behaviours (SPI-B); and a whole web of intelligence and military groups seeking to direct the conversation on social media and control the narrative. Among them are the cyberwarfare (on the people) 77th Brigade of the British military which is also coordinated through the Cabinet Office as civilian and military leadership continues to combine in what they call the Fusion Doctrine. The 77th Brigade is a British equivalent of the infamous Israeli (Sabbatian) military cyberwarfare and Internet manipulation operation Unit 8200 which I expose at length in *The Trigger*. Also carefully in place were the medical and science advisers to government – many on the payroll past or present of Bill Gates – and a whole alternative structure of unelected government stood by to take control when elected parliaments were effectively closed down once the 'Covid' card was slammed on the table. The structure I have described here and so much more was installed in every major country through the Cult networks. The top-down control hierarchy looks like this: The Cult – Cult-owned Gates – the World Health Organization and Tedros – Gates-funded or controlled chief medical officers and science 'advisers' (dictators) in each country –

political 'leaders' – law enforcement – The People. Through this simple global communication and enforcement structure the policy of the Cult could be imposed on virtually the entire human population so long as they acquiesced to the fascism. With everything in place it was time for the button to be pressed in late 2019/early 2020.

These were the prime goals the Cult had to secure for its will to prevail:

1) Locking down economies, closing all but designated 'essential' businesses (Cult-owned corporations were 'essential'), and putting the population under house arrest was an imperative to destroy independent income and employment and ensure dependency on the Cult-controlled state in the Hunger Games Society. Lockdowns had to be established as the global blueprint from the start to respond to the 'virus' and followed by pretty much the entire world.

2) The global population had to be terrified into believing in a deadly 'virus' that didn't actually exist so they would unquestioningly obey authority in the belief that authority must know how best to protect them and their families. Software salesman Gates would suddenly morph into the world's health expert and be promoted as such by the Cult-owned media.

3) A method of testing that wasn't testing for the 'virus', but was only claimed to be, had to be in place to provide the illusion of 'cases' and subsequent 'deaths' that had a very different cause to the 'Covid-19' that would be scribbled on the death certificate.

4) Because there was no 'virus' and the great majority testing positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' would have no symptoms of anything the lie had to be sold that people without symptoms (without the 'virus') could still pass it on to others. This was crucial to justify for the first time quarantining – house arresting – healthy people. Without this the economy-destroying lockdown of *everybody* could not have been credibly sold.

5) The 'saviour' had to be seen as a vaccine which beyond evil drug companies were working like angels of mercy to develop as quickly as possible, with all corners cut, to save the day. The public must absolutely not know that the 'vaccine' had nothing to do with a 'virus' or that the contents were ready and waiting with a very different motive long before the 'Covid' card was even lifted from the pack.

I said in March, 2020, that the 'vaccine' would have been created way ahead of the 'Covid' hoax which justified its use and the following December an article in the New York *Intelligencer* magazine said the Moderna 'vaccine' had been 'designed' by

January, 2020. This was 'before China had even acknowledged that the disease could be transmitted from human to human, more than a week before the first confirmed coronavirus case in the United States'. The article said that by the time the first American death was announced a month later 'the vaccine had already been manufactured and shipped to the National Institutes of Health for the beginning of its Phase I clinical trial'. The 'vaccine' was actually 'designed' long before that although even with this timescale you would expect the article to ask how on earth it could have been done that quickly. Instead it asked why the 'vaccine' had not been rolled out then and not months later. Journalism in the mainstream is truly dead. I am going to detail in the next chapter why the 'virus' has never existed and how a hoax on that scale was possible, but first the foundation on which the Big Lie of 'Covid' was built.

### **The test that doesn't test**

Fraudulent 'testing' is the bottom line of the whole 'Covid' hoax and was the means by which a 'virus' that did not exist *appeared* to exist. They could only achieve this magic trick by using a test not testing for the 'virus'. To use a test that *was* testing for the 'virus' would mean that every test would come back negative given there was no 'virus'. They chose to exploit something called the RT-PCR test invented by American biochemist Kary Mullis in the 1980s who said publicly that his PCR test ... *cannot detect infectious disease*. Yes, the 'test' used worldwide to detect infectious 'Covid' to produce all the illusory 'cases' and 'deaths' compiled by Johns Hopkins and others *cannot detect infectious disease*. This fact came from the mouth of the man who invented PCR and was awarded the Nobel Prize in Chemistry in 1993 for doing so. Sadly, and incredibly conveniently for the Cult, Mullis died in August, 2019, at the age of 74 just before his test would be fraudulently used to unleash fascism on the world. He was said to have died from pneumonia which was an irony in itself. A few months later he would have had 'Covid-19' on his death certificate. I say the timing of his death was convenient because had he lived Mullis, a brilliant, honest and decent man, would have been

vociferously speaking out against the use of his test to detect 'Covid' when it was never designed, or able, to do that. I know that to be true given that Mullis made the same point when his test was used to 'detect' – not detect – HIV. He had been seriously critical of the Gallo/Montagnier claim to have isolated the HIV 'virus' and shown it to cause AIDS for which Mullis said there was no evidence. AIDS is actually not a disease but a series of diseases from which people die all the time. When they die from those *same diseases* after a positive 'test' for HIV then AIDS goes on their death certificate. I think I've heard that before somewhere. Countries instigated a policy with 'Covid' that anyone who tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' and died of any other cause within 28 days and even longer 'Covid-19' had to go on the death certificate. Cases have come from the test that can't test for infectious disease and the deaths are those who have died of *anything* after testing positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'. I'll have much more later about the death certificate scandal.

Mullis was deeply dismissive of the now US 'Covid' star Anthony Fauci who he said was a liar who didn't know anything about anything – 'and I would say that to his face – nothing.' He said of Fauci: 'The man thinks he can take a blood sample, put it in an electron microscope and if it's got a virus in there you'll know it – he doesn't understand electron microscopy and he doesn't understand medicine and shouldn't be in a position like he's in.' That position, terrifyingly, has made him the decider of 'Covid' fascism policy on behalf of the Cult in his role as director since 1984 of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases (NIAID) while his record of being wrong is laughable; but being wrong, so long as it's the *right kind* of wrong, is why the Cult loves him. He'll say anything the Cult tells him to say. Fauci was made Chief Medical Adviser to the President immediately Biden took office. Biden was installed in the White House by Cult manipulation and one of his first decisions was to elevate Fauci to a position of even more control. This is a coincidence? Yes, and I identify as a flamenco dancer called Lola. How does such an incompetent criminal like Fauci remain in that

pivotal position in American health since *the 1980s*? When you serve the Cult it looks after you until you are surplus to requirements. Kary Mullis said prophetically of Fauci and his like: 'Those guys have an agenda and it's not an agenda we would like them to have ... they make their own rules, they change them when they want to, and Tony Fauci does not mind going on television in front of the people who pay his salary and lie directly into the camera.' Fauci has done that almost daily since the 'Covid' hoax began. Lying is in Fauci's DNA. To make the situation crystal clear about the PCR test this is a direct quote from its inventor Kary Mullis:

It [the PCR test] doesn't tell you that you're sick and doesn't tell you that the thing you ended up with was really going to hurt you ...'

Ask yourself why governments and medical systems the world over have been using this very test to decide who is 'infected' with the SARS-CoV-2 'virus' and the alleged disease it allegedly causes, 'Covid-19'. The answer to that question will tell you what has been going on. By the way, here's a little show-stopper – the 'new' SARS-CoV-2 'virus' was 'identified' as such right from the start using ... *the PCR test not testing for the 'virus'*. If you are new to this and find that shocking then stick around. I have hardly started yet. Even worse, other 'tests', like the 'Lateral Flow Device' (LFD), are considered so useless that they have to be *confirmed* by the PCR test! Leaked emails written by Ben Dyson, adviser to UK 'Health' Secretary Matt Hancock, said they were 'dangerously unreliable'. Dyson, executive director of strategy at the Department of Health, wrote: 'As of today, someone who gets a positive LFD result in (say) London has at best a 25 per cent chance of it being a true positive, but if it is a self-reported test potentially as low as 10 per cent (on an optimistic assumption about specificity) or as low as 2 per cent (on a more pessimistic assumption).' These are the 'tests' that schoolchildren and the public are being urged to have twice a week or more and have to isolate if they get a positive. Each fake positive goes in the statistics as a 'case' no matter how ludicrously inaccurate and the

'cases' drive lockdown, masks and the pressure to 'vaccinate'. The government said in response to the email leak that the 'tests' were accurate which confirmed yet again what shocking bloody liars they are. The real false positive rate is *100 percent* as we'll see. In another 'you couldn't make it up' the UK government agreed to pay £2.8 billion to California's Innova Medical Group to supply the irrelevant lateral flow tests. The company's primary test-making centre is in China. Innova Medical Group, established in March, 2020, is owned by Pasaca Capital Inc, chaired by Chinese-American millionaire Charles Huang who was born in Wuhan.

### **How it works – and how it doesn't**

The RT-PCR test, known by its full title of Polymerase chain reaction, is used across the world to make millions, even billions, of copies of a DNA/RNA genetic information sample. The process is called 'amplification' and means that a tiny sample of genetic material is amplified to bring out the detailed content. I stress that it is not testing for an infectious disease. It is simply amplifying a sample of genetic material. In the words of Kary Mullis: 'PCR is ... just a process that's used to make a whole lot of something out of something.' To emphasise the point companies that make the PCR tests circulated around the world to 'test' for 'Covid' warn on the box that it can't be used to detect 'Covid' or infectious disease and is for research purposes only. It's okay, rest for a minute and you'll be fine. This is the test that produces the 'cases' and 'deaths' that have been used to destroy human society. All those global and national medical and scientific 'experts' demanding this destruction to 'save us' *KNOW* that the test is not testing for the 'virus' and the cases and deaths they claim to be real are an almost unimaginable fraud. Every one of them and so many others including politicians and psychopaths like Gates and Tedros must be brought before Nuremburg-type trials and jailed for the rest of their lives. The more the genetic sample is amplified by PCR the more elements of that material become sensitive to the test and by that I don't mean sensitive for a 'virus' but for elements of the genetic material which

is *naturally* in the body or relates to remnants of old conditions of various kinds lying dormant and causing no disease. Once the amplification of the PCR reaches a certain level *everyone* will test positive. So much of the material has been made sensitive to the test that everyone will have some part of it in their body. Even lying criminals like Fauci have said that once PCR amplifications pass 35 cycles everything will be a false positive that cannot be trusted for the reasons I have described. I say, like many proper doctors and scientists, that 100 percent of the 'positives' are false, but let's just go with Fauci for a moment.

He says that any amplification over 35 cycles will produce false positives and yet the US Centers for Disease Control (CDC) and Food and Drug Administration (FDA) have recommended up to 40 *cycles* and the National Health Service (NHS) in Britain admitted in an internal document for staff that it was using 45 *cycles* of amplification. A long list of other countries has been doing the same and at least one 'testing' laboratory has been using 50 *cycles*. Have you ever heard a doctor, medical 'expert' or the media ask what level of amplification has been used to claim a 'positive'. The 'test' comes back 'positive' and so you have the 'virus', end of story. Now we can see how the government in Tanzania could send off samples from a goat and a pawpaw fruit under human names and both came back positive for 'Covid-19'. Tanzania president John Magufuli mocked the 'Covid' hysteria, the PCR test and masks and refused to import the DNA-manipulating 'vaccine'. The Cult hated him and an article sponsored by the Bill Gates Foundation appeared in the London *Guardian* in February, 2021, headed 'It's time for Africa to rein in Tanzania's anti-vaxxer president'. Well, 'reined in' he shortly was. Magufuli appeared in good health, but then, in March, 2021, he was dead at 61 from 'heart failure'. He was replaced by Samia Hassan Suhulu who is connected to Klaus Schwab's World Economic Forum and she immediately reversed Magufuli's 'Covid' policy. A sample of cola tested positive for 'Covid' with the PCR test in Germany while American actress and singer-songwriter Erykah Badu tested positive in one nostril and negative in the other. Footballer Ronaldo called

the PCR test 'bullshit' after testing positive three times and being forced to quarantine and miss matches when there was nothing wrong with him. The mantra from Tedros at the World Health Organization and national governments (same thing) has been test, test, test. They know that the more tests they can generate the more fake 'cases' they have which go on to become 'deaths' in ways I am coming to. The UK government has its Operation Moonshot planned to test multiple millions every day in workplaces and schools with free tests for everyone to use twice a week at home in line with the Cult plan from the start to make testing part of life. A government advertisement for an 'Interim Head of Asymptomatic Testing Communication' said the job included responsibility for delivering a 'communications strategy' (propaganda) 'to support the expansion of asymptomatic testing that *'normalises testing as part of everyday life'*'. More tests means more fake 'cases', 'deaths' and fascism. I have heard of, and from, many people who booked a test, couldn't turn up, and yet got a positive result through the post for a test they'd never even had. The whole thing is crazy, but for the Cult there's method in the madness. Controlling and manipulating the level of amplification of the test means the authorities can control whenever they want the number of apparent 'cases' and 'deaths'. If they want to justify more fascist lockdown and destruction of livelihoods they keep the amplification high. If they want to give the illusion that lockdowns and the 'vaccine' are working then they lower the amplification and 'cases' and 'deaths' will appear to fall. In January, 2021, the Cult-owned World Health Organization suddenly warned laboratories about over-amplification of the test and to lower the threshold. Suddenly headlines began appearing such as: 'Why ARE "Covid" cases plummeting?' This was just when the vaccine rollout was underway and I had predicted months before they would make cases appear to fall through amplification tampering when the 'vaccine' came. These people are so predictable.

## **Cow vaccines?**

The question must be asked of what is on the test swabs being poked far up the nose of the population to the base of the brain? A nasal swab punctured one woman's brain and caused it to leak fluid. Most of these procedures are being done by people with little training or medical knowledge. Dr Lorraine Day, former orthopaedic trauma surgeon and Chief of Orthopaedic Surgery at San Francisco General Hospital, says the tests are really a 'vaccine'. Cows have long been vaccinated this way. She points out that masks have to cover the nose and the mouth where it is claimed the 'virus' exists in saliva. Why then don't they take saliva from the mouth as they do with a DNA test instead of pushing a long swab up the nose towards the brain? The ethmoid bone separates the nasal cavity from the brain and within that bone is the cribriform plate. Dr Day says that when the swab is pushed up against this plate and twisted the procedure is 'depositing things back there'. She claims that among these 'things' are nanoparticles that can enter the brain. Researchers have noted that a team at the Gates-funded Johns Hopkins have designed tiny, star-shaped micro-devices that can latch onto intestinal mucosa and release drugs into the body. Mucosa is the thin skin that covers the inside surface of parts of the body such as *the nose* and mouth and produces mucus to protect them. The Johns Hopkins micro-devices are called 'theragrippers' and were 'inspired' by a parasitic worm that digs its sharp teeth into a host's intestines. Nasal swabs are also coated in the sterilisation agent ethylene oxide. The US National Cancer Institute posts this explanation on its website:

At room temperature, ethylene oxide is a flammable colorless gas with a sweet odor. It is used primarily to produce other chemicals, including antifreeze. In smaller amounts, ethylene oxide is used as a pesticide and a sterilizing agent. The ability of ethylene oxide to damage DNA makes it an effective sterilizing agent but also accounts for its cancer-causing activity.

The Institute mentions lymphoma and leukaemia as cancers most frequently reported to be associated with occupational exposure to ethylene oxide along with stomach and breast cancers. How does anyone think this is going to work out with the constant testing

regime being inflicted on adults and children at home and at school that will accumulate in the body anything that's on the swab?

## **Doctors know best**

It is vital for people to realise that 'hero' doctors 'know' only what the Big Pharma-dominated medical authorities tell them to 'know' and if they refuse to 'know' what they are told to 'know' they are out the door. They are mostly not physicians or healers, but repeaters of the official narrative – or else. I have seen alleged professional doctors on British television make shocking statements that we are supposed to take seriously. One called 'Dr' Amir Khan, who is actually telling patients how to respond to illness, said that men could take the birth pill to 'help slow down the effects of Covid-19'. In March, 2021, another ridiculous 'Covid study' by an American doctor proposed injecting men with the female sex hormone progesterone as a 'Covid' treatment. British doctor Nighat Arif told the BBC that face coverings were now going to be part of ongoing normal. Yes, the vaccine protects you, she said (evidence?) ... but the way to deal with viruses in the community was always going to come down to hand washing, face covering and keeping a physical distance. That's not what we were told before the 'vaccine' was circulating. Arif said she couldn't imagine ever again going on the underground or in a lift without a mask. I was just thanking my good luck that she was not my doctor when she said – in March, 2021 – that if 'we are *behaving* and we are doing all the right things' she thought we could 'have our nearest and dearest around us at home ... around *Christmas* and *New Year!* Her patronising delivery was the usual school teacher talking to six-year-olds as she repeated every government talking point and probably believed them all. If we have learned anything from the 'Covid' experience surely it must be that humanity's perception of doctors needs a fundamental rethink. NHS 'doctor' Sara Kayat told her television audience that the 'Covid vaccine' would '100 percent prevent hospitalisation and death'. Not even Big Pharma claimed that. We have to stop taking 'experts' at their word without question when so many of them are

clueless and only repeating the party line on which their careers depend. That is not to say there are not brilliant doctors – there are and I have spoken to many of them since all this began – but you won't see them in the mainstream media or quoted by the psychopaths and yes-people in government.

### **Remember the name – Christian Drosten**

German virologist Christian Drosten, Director of Charité Institute of Virology in Berlin, became a national star after the pandemic hoax began. He was feted on television and advised the German government on 'Covid' policy. Most importantly to the wider world Drosten led a group that produced the 'Covid' testing protocol for the PCR test. What a remarkable feat given the PCR cannot test for infectious disease and even more so when you think that Drosten said that his method of testing for SARS-CoV-2 was developed 'without having virus material available'. *He developed a test for a 'virus' that he didn't have and had never seen.* Let that sink in as you survey the global devastation that came from what he did. The whole catastrophe of Drosten's 'test' was based on the alleged genetic sequence published by Chinese scientists on the Internet. We will see in the next chapter that this alleged 'genetic sequence' has never been produced by China or anyone and cannot be when there *is no* SARS-CoV-2. Drosten, however, doesn't seem to let little details like that get in the way. He was the lead author with Victor Corman from the same Charité Hospital of the paper 'Detection of 2019 novel coronavirus (2019-nCoV) by real-time PCR' published in a magazine called *Eurosurveillance*. This became known as the Corman-Drosten paper. In November, 2020, with human society devastated by the effects of the Corman-Drosten test baloney, the protocol was publicly challenged by 22 international scientists and independent researchers from Europe, the United States, and Japan. Among them were senior molecular geneticists, biochemists, immunologists, and microbiologists. They produced a document headed 'External peer review of the RTPCR test to detect SARS-Cov-2 Reveals 10 Major Flaws At The Molecular and Methodological Level: Consequences

For False-Positive Results'. The flaws in the Corman-Drosten test included the following:

- The test is non-specific because of erroneous design
- Results are enormously variable
- The test is unable to discriminate between the whole 'virus' and viral fragments
- It doesn't have positive or negative controls
- The test lacks a standard operating procedure
- It is unsupported by proper peer view

The scientists said the PCR 'Covid' testing protocol was not founded on science and they demanded the Corman-Drosten paper be retracted by *Eurosurveillance*. They said all present and previous Covid deaths, cases, and 'infection rates' should be subject to a massive retroactive inquiry. Lockdowns and travel restrictions should be reviewed and relaxed and those diagnosed through PCR to have 'Covid-19' should not be forced to isolate. Dr Kevin Corbett, a health researcher and nurse educator with a long academic career producing a stream of peer-reviewed publications at many UK universities, made the same point about the PCR test debacle. He said of the scientists' conclusions: 'Every scientific rationale for the development of that test has been totally destroyed by this paper. It's like Hiroshima/Nagasaki to the Covid test.' He said that China hadn't given them an isolated 'virus' when Drosten developed the test. Instead they had developed the test from *a sequence in a gene bank*.' Put another way ... *they made it up!* The scientists were supported in this contention by a Portuguese appeals court which ruled in November, 2020, that PCR tests are unreliable and it is unlawful to quarantine people based solely on a PCR test. The point about China not providing an isolated virus must be true when the 'virus' has never been isolated to this day and the consequences of that will become clear. Drosten and company produced this useless 'protocol' right on cue in January, 2020, just as the 'virus' was said to

be moving westward and it somehow managed to successfully pass a peer-review in 24 hours. In other words there was no peer-review for a test that would be used to decide who had 'Covid' and who didn't across the world. The Cult-created, Gates-controlled World Health Organization immediately recommended all its nearly 200 member countries to use the Drosten PCR protocol to detect 'cases' and 'deaths'. The sting was underway and it continues to this day.

So who is this Christian Drosten that produced the means through which death, destruction and economic catastrophe would be justified? His education background, including his doctoral thesis, would appear to be somewhat shrouded in mystery and his track record is dire as with another essential player in the 'Covid' hoax, the Gates-funded Professor Neil Ferguson at the Gates-funded Imperial College in London of whom more shortly. Drosten predicted in 2003 that the alleged original SARS 'virus' (SARS-1) was an epidemic that could have serious effects on economies and an effective vaccine would take at least two years to produce. Drosten's answer to every alleged 'outbreak' is a vaccine which you won't be shocked to know. What followed were just 774 official deaths worldwide and none in Germany where there were only nine cases. That is even if you believe there ever was a SARS 'virus' when the evidence is zilch and I will expand on this in the next chapter. Drosten claims to be co-discoverer of 'SARS-1' and developed a test for it in 2003. He was screaming warnings about 'swine flu' in 2009 and how it was a widespread infection far more severe than any dangers from a vaccine could be and people should get vaccinated. It would be helpful for Drosten's vocal chords if he simply recorded the words 'the virus is deadly and you need to get vaccinated' and copies could be handed out whenever the latest made-up threat comes along. Drosten's swine flu epidemic never happened, but Big Pharma didn't mind with governments spending hundreds of millions on vaccines that hardly anyone bothered to use and many who did wished they hadn't. A study in 2010 revealed that the risk of dying from swine flu, or H1N1, was no higher than that of the annual seasonal flu which is what at least most of 'it' really was as in

the case of 'Covid-19'. A media investigation into Drosten asked how with such a record of inaccuracy he could be *the* government adviser on these issues. The answer to that question is the same with Drosten, Ferguson and Fauci – they keep on giving the authorities the 'conclusions' and 'advice' they want to hear. Drosten certainly produced the goods for them in January, 2020, with his PCR protocol garbage and provided the foundation of what German internal medicine specialist Dr Claus Köhnlein, co-author of *Virus Mania*, called the 'test pandemic'. The 22 scientists in the *Eurosurveillance* challenge called out conflicts of interest within the Drosten 'protocol' group and with good reason. Olfert Landt, a regular co-author of Drosten 'studies', owns the biotech company TIB Molbiol Syntheselabor GmbH in Berlin which manufactures and sells the tests that Drosten and his mates come up with. They have done this with SARS, Enterotoxigenic E. coli (ETEC), MERS, Zika 'virus', yellow fever, and now 'Covid'. Landt told the *Berliner Zeitung* newspaper:

The testing, design and development came from the Charité [Drosten and Corman]. We simply implemented it immediately in the form of a kit. And if we don't have the virus, which originally only existed in Wuhan, we can make a synthetic gene to simulate the genome of the virus. That's what we did very quickly.

This is more confirmation that the Drosten test was designed without access to the 'virus' and only a synthetic simulation which is what SARS-CoV-2 really is – a computer-generated synthetic fiction. It's quite an enterprise they have going here. A Drosten team decides what the test for something should be and Landt's biotech company flogs it to governments and medical systems across the world. His company must have made an absolute fortune since the 'Covid' hoax began. Dr Reiner Fuellmich, a prominent German consumer protection trial lawyer in Germany and California, is on Drosten's case and that of Tedros at the World Health Organization for crimes against humanity with a class-action lawsuit being prepared in the United States and other legal action in Germany.

## Why China?

Scamming the world with a 'virus' that doesn't exist would seem impossible on the face of it, but not if you have control of the relatively few people that make policy decisions and the great majority of the global media. Remember it's not about changing 'real' reality it's about controlling *perception* of reality. You don't have to make something happen you only have to make people *believe* that it's happening. Renegade Minds understand this and are therefore much harder to swindle. 'Covid-19' is not a 'real' 'virus'. It's a mind virus, like a computer virus, which has infected the minds, not the bodies, of billions. It all started, publically at least, in China and that alone is of central significance. The Cult was behind the revolution led by its asset Mao Zedong, or Chairman Mao, which established the People's Republic of China on October 1st, 1949. It should have been called The Cult's Republic of China, but the name had to reflect the recurring illusion that vicious dictatorships are run by and for the people (see all the 'Democratic Republics' controlled by tyrants). In the same way we have the 'Biden' Democratic Republic of America officially ruled by a puppet tyrant (at least temporarily) on behalf of Cult tyrants. The creation of Mao's merciless communist/fascist dictatorship was part of a frenzy of activity by the Cult at the conclusion of World War Two which, like the First World War, it had instigated through its assets in Germany, Britain, France, the United States and elsewhere. Israel was formed in 1948; the Soviet Union expanded its 'Iron Curtain' control, influence and military power with the Warsaw Pact communist alliance in 1955; the United Nations was formed in 1945 as a Cult precursor to world government; and a long list of world bodies would be established including the World Health Organization (1948), World Trade Organization (1948 under another name until 1995), International Monetary Fund (1945) and World Bank (1944). Human society was redrawn and hugely centralised in the global Problem-Reaction-Solution that was World War Two. All these changes were significant. Israel would become the headquarters of the Sabbatians

and the revolution in China would prepare the ground and control system for the events of 2019/2020.

Renegade Minds know there are no borders except for public consumption. The Cult is a seamless, borderless global entity and to understand the game we need to put aside labels like borders, nations, countries, communism, fascism and democracy. These delude the population into believing that countries are ruled within their borders by a government of whatever shade when these are mere agencies of a global power. America's illusion of democracy and China's communism/fascism are subsidiaries – vehicles – for the same agenda. We may hear about conflict and competition between America and China and on the lower levels that will be true; but at the Cult level they are branches of the same company in the way of the McDonald's example I gave earlier. I have tracked in the books over the years support by US governments of both parties for Chinese Communist Party infiltration of American society through allowing the sale of land, even military facilities, and the acquisition of American business and university influence. All this is underpinned by the infamous stealing of intellectual property and technological know-how. Cult-owned Silicon Valley corporations waive their fraudulent 'morality' to do business with human-rights-free China; Cult-controlled Disney has become China's PR department; and China in effect owns 'American' sports such as basketball which depends for much of its income on Chinese audiences. As a result any sports player, coach or official speaking out against China's horrific human rights record is immediately condemned or fired by the China-worshipping National Basketball Association. One of the first acts of China-controlled Biden was to issue an executive order telling federal agencies to stop making references to the 'virus' by the 'geographic location of its origin'. Long-time Congressman Jerry Nadler warned that criticising China, America's biggest rival, leads to hate crimes against Asian people in the United States. So shut up you bigot. China is fast closing in on Israel as a country that must not be criticised which is apt, really, given that Sabbatians control them both. The two countries have

developed close economic, military, technological and strategic ties which include involvement in China's 'Silk Road' transport and economic initiative to connect China with Europe. Israel was the first country in the Middle East to recognise the establishment of Mao's tyranny in 1950 months after it was established.

### **Project Wuhan – the 'Covid' Psyop**

I emphasise again that the Cult plays the long game and what is happening to the world today is the result of centuries of calculated manipulation following a script to take control step-by-step of every aspect of human society. I will discuss later the common force behind all this that has spanned those centuries and thousands of years if the truth be told. Instigating the Mao revolution in China in 1949 with a 2020 'pandemic' in mind is not only how they work – the 71 years between them is really quite short by the Cult's standards of manipulation preparation. The reason for the Cult's Chinese revolution was to create a fiercely-controlled environment within which an extreme structure for human control could be incubated to eventually be unleashed across the world. We have seen this happen since the 'pandemic' emerged from China with the Chinese control-structure founded on AI technology and tyrannical enforcement sweep across the West. Until the moment when the Cult went for broke in the West and put its fascism on public display Western governments had to pay some lip-service to freedom and democracy to not alert too many people to the tyranny-in-the-making. Freedoms were more subtly eroded and power centralised with covert government structures put in place waiting for the arrival of 2020 when that smokescreen of 'freedom' could be dispensed with. The West was not able to move towards tyranny before 2020 anything like as fast as China which was created as a tyranny and had no limits on how fast it could construct the Cult's blueprint for global control. When the time came to impose that structure on the world it was the same Cult-owned Chinese communist/fascist government that provided the excuse – the 'Covid pandemic'. It was absolutely crucial to the Cult plan for the Chinese response to the 'pandemic' –

draconian lockdowns of the entire population – to become the blueprint that Western countries would follow to destroy the livelihoods and freedom of their people. This is why the Cult-owned, Gates-owned, WHO Director-General Tedros said early on:

The Chinese government is to be congratulated for the extraordinary measures it has taken to contain the outbreak. China is actually setting a new standard for outbreak response and it is not an exaggeration.

*Forbes* magazine said of China: ‘... those measures protected untold millions from getting the disease’. The Rockefeller Foundation ‘epidemic scenario’ document in 2010 said ‘prophetically’:

However, a few countries did fare better – China in particular. The Chinese government’s quick imposition and enforcement of mandatory quarantine for all citizens, as well as its instant and near-hermetic sealing off of all borders, saved millions of lives, stopping the spread of the virus far earlier than in other countries and enabling a swifter post-pandemic recovery.

Once again – *spooky*.

The first official story was the ‘bat theory’ or rather the bat diversion. The source of the ‘virus outbreak’ we were told was a ‘wet market’ in Wuhan where bats and other animals are bought and eaten in horrifically unhygienic conditions. Then another story emerged through the alternative media that the ‘virus’ had been released on purpose or by accident from a BSL-4 (biosafety level 4) laboratory in Wuhan not far from the wet market. The lab was reported to create and work with lethal concoctions and bioweapons. Biosafety level 4 is the highest in the World Health Organization system of safety and containment. Renegade Minds are aware of what I call designer manipulation. The ideal for the Cult is for people to buy its prime narrative which in the opening salvos of the ‘pandemic’ was the wet market story. It knows, however, that there is now a considerable worldwide alternative media of researchers sceptical of anything governments say and they are often given a version of events in a form they can perceive as credible while misdirecting them from the real truth. In this case let them

think that the conspiracy involved is a 'bioweapon virus' released from the Wuhan lab to keep them from the real conspiracy – *there is no 'virus'*. The WHO's current position on the source of the outbreak at the time of writing appears to be: 'We haven't got a clue, mate.' This is a good position to maintain mystery and bewilderment. The inner circle will know where the 'virus' came from – *nowhere*. The bottom line was to ensure the public believed there *was* a 'virus' and it didn't much matter if they thought it was natural or had been released from a lab. The belief that there was a 'deadly virus' was all that was needed to trigger global panic and fear. The population was terrified into handing their power to authority and doing what they were told. They had to or they were 'all gonna die'.

In March, 2020, information began to come my way from real doctors and scientists and my own additional research which had my intuition screaming: 'Yes, that's it! *There is no virus.*' The 'bioweapon' was not the 'virus'; it was the '*vaccine*' already being talked about that would be the bioweapon. My conclusion was further enhanced by happenings in Wuhan. The 'virus' was said to be sweeping the city and news footage circulated of people collapsing in the street (which they've never done in the West with the same 'virus'). The Chinese government was building 'new hospitals' in a matter of ten days to 'cope with demand' such was the virulent nature of the 'virus'. Yet in what seemed like no time the 'new hospitals' closed – even if they even opened – and China declared itself 'virus-free'. It was back to business as usual. This was more propaganda to promote the Chinese draconian lockdowns in the West as the way to 'beat the virus'. Trouble was that we subsequently had lockdown after lockdown, but never business as usual. As the people of the West and most of the rest of the world were caught in an ever-worsening spiral of lockdown, social distancing, masks, isolated old people, families forced apart, and livelihood destruction, it was party-time in Wuhan. Pictures emerged of thousands of people enjoying pool parties and concerts. It made no sense until you realised there never was a 'virus' and the

whole thing was a Cult set-up to transform human society out of one of its major global strongholds – China.

How is it possible to deceive virtually the entire world population into believing there is a deadly virus when there is not even a 'virus' let alone a deadly one? It's nothing like as difficult as you would think and that's clearly true because it happened.

**Postscript:** See end of book Postscript for more on the 'Wuhan lab virus release' story which the authorities and media were pushing heavily in the summer of 2021 to divert attention from the truth that the 'Covid virus' is pure invention.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### ***There is no 'virus'***

*You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time*

Abraham Lincoln

The greatest form of mind control is repetition. The more you repeat the same mantra of alleged 'facts' the more will accept them to be true. It becomes an 'everyone knows that, mate'. If you can also censor any other version or alternative to your alleged 'facts' you are pretty much home and cooking.

By the start of 2020 the Cult owned the global mainstream media almost in its entirety to spew out its 'Covid' propaganda and ignore or discredit any other information and view. Cult-owned social media platforms in Cult-owned Silicon Valley were poised and ready to unleash a campaign of ferocious censorship to obliterate all but the official narrative. To complete the circle many demands for censorship by Silicon Valley were led by the mainstream media as 'journalists' became full-out enforcers for the Cult both as propagandists and censors. Part of this has been the influx of young people straight out of university who have become 'journalists' in significant positions. They have no experience and a headful of programmed perceptions from their years at school and university at a time when today's young are the most perceptually-targeted generations in known human history given the insidious impact of technology. They enter the media perceptually prepared and ready to repeat the narratives of the system that programmed them to

repeat its narratives. The BBC has a truly pathetic 'specialist disinformation reporter' called Marianna Spring who fits this bill perfectly. She is clueless about the world, how it works and what is really going on. Her role is to discredit anyone doing the job that a proper journalist would do and system-serving hacks like Spring wouldn't dare to do or even see the need to do. They are too busy licking the arse of authority which can never be wrong and, in the case of the BBC propaganda programme, *Panorama*, contacting payments systems such as PayPal to have a donations page taken down for a film company making documentaries questioning vaccines. Even the BBC soap opera *EastEnders* included a disgracefully biased scene in which an inarticulate white working class woman was made to look foolish for questioning the 'vaccine' while a well-spoken black man and Asian woman promoted the government narrative. It ticked every BBC box and the fact that the black and minority community was resisting the 'vaccine' had nothing to do with the way the scene was written. The BBC has become a disgusting tyrannical propaganda and censorship operation that should be defunded and disbanded and a free media take its place with a brief to stop censorship instead of demanding it. A BBC 'interview' with Gates goes something like: 'Mr Gates, sir, if I can call you sir, would you like to tell our audience why you are such a great man, a wonderful humanitarian philanthropist, and why you should absolutely be allowed as a software salesman to decide health policy for approaching eight billion people? Thank you, sir, please sir.' Propaganda programming has been incessant and merciless and when all you hear is the same story from the media, repeated by those around you who have only heard the same story, is it any wonder that people on a grand scale believe absolute mendacious garbage to be true? You are about to see, too, why this level of information control is necessary when the official 'Covid' narrative is so nonsensical and unsupportable by the evidence.

## **Structure of Deceit**

The pyramid structure through which the 'Covid' hoax has been manifested is very simple and has to be to work. As few people as possible have to be involved with full knowledge of what they are doing – and why – or the real story would get out. At the top of the pyramid are the inner core of the Cult which controls Bill Gates who, in turn, controls the World Health Organization through his pivotal funding and his puppet Director-General mouthpiece, Tedros. Before he was appointed Tedros was chair of the Gates-founded Global Fund to 'fight against AIDS, tuberculosis and malaria', a board member of the Gates-funded 'vaccine alliance' GAVI, and on the board of another Gates-funded organisation. Gates owns him and picked him for a specific reason – Tedros is a crook and worse. 'Dr' Tedros (he's not a medical doctor, the first WHO chief not to be) was a member of the tyrannical Marxist government of Ethiopia for decades with all its human rights abuses. He has faced allegations of corruption and misappropriation of funds and was exposed three times for covering up cholera epidemics while Ethiopia's health minister. Tedros appointed the mass-murdering genocidal Zimbabwe dictator Robert Mugabe as a WHO goodwill ambassador for public health which, as with Tedros, is like appointing a psychopath to run a peace and love campaign. The move was so ridiculous that he had to drop Mugabe in the face of widespread condemnation. American economist David Steinman, a Nobel peace prize nominee, lodged a complaint with the International Criminal Court in The Hague over alleged genocide by Tedros when he was Ethiopia's foreign minister. Steinman says Tedros was a 'crucial decision maker' who directed the actions of Ethiopia's security forces from 2013 to 2015 and one of three officials in charge when those security services embarked on the 'killing' and 'torturing' of Ethiopians. You can see where Tedros is coming from and it's sobering to think that he has been the vehicle for Gates and the Cult to direct the global response to 'Covid'. Think about that. A psychopathic Cult dictates to psychopath Gates who dictates to psychopath Tedros who dictates how countries of the world must respond to a 'Covid virus' never scientifically shown to exist. At the same time psychopathic Cult-owned Silicon Valley information

giants like Google, YouTube, Facebook and Twitter announced very early on that they would give the Cult/Gates/Tedros/WHO version of the narrative free advertising and censor those who challenged their intelligence-insulting, mendacious story.

The next layer in the global 'medical' structure below the Cult, Gates and Tedros are the chief medical officers and science 'advisers' in each of the WHO member countries which means virtually all of them. Medical officers and arbiters of science (they're not) then take the WHO policy and recommended responses and impose them on their country's population while the political 'leaders' say they are deciding policy (they're clearly not) by 'following the science' on the advice of the 'experts' – the same medical officers and science 'advisers' (dictators). In this way with the rarest of exceptions the entire world followed the same policy of lockdown, people distancing, masks and 'vaccines' dictated by the psychopathic Cult, psychopathic Gates and psychopathic Tedros who we are supposed to believe give a damn about the health of the world population they are seeking to enslave. That, amazingly, is all there is to it in terms of crucial decision-making. Medical staff in each country then follow like sheep the dictates of the shepherds at the top of the national medical hierarchies – chief medical officers and science 'advisers' who themselves follow like sheep the shepherds of the World Health Organization and the Cult. Shepherds at the national level often have major funding and other connections to Gates and his Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation which carefully hands out money like confetti at a wedding to control the entire global medical system from the WHO down.

### **Follow the money**

Christopher Whitty, Chief Medical Adviser to the UK Government at the centre of 'virus' policy, a senior adviser to the government's Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE), and Executive Board member of the World Health Organization, was gifted a grant of \$40 million by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation for malaria research in Africa. The BBC described the unelected Whitty as 'the

official who will probably have the greatest impact on our everyday lives of any individual policymaker in modern times' and so it turned out. What Gates and Tedros have said Whitty has done like his equivalents around the world. Patrick Vallance, co-chair of SAGE and the government's Chief Scientific Adviser, is a former executive of Big Pharma giant GlaxoSmithKline with its fundamental financial and business connections to Bill Gates. In September, 2020, it was revealed that Vallance owned a deferred bonus of shares in GlaxoSmithKline worth £600,000 while the company was 'developing' a 'Covid vaccine'. Move along now – nothing to see here – what could possibly be wrong with that? Imperial College in London, a major player in 'Covid' policy in Britain and elsewhere with its 'Covid-19' Response Team, is funded by Gates and has big connections to China while the now infamous Professor Neil Ferguson, the useless 'computer modeller' at Imperial College is also funded by Gates. Ferguson delivered the dramatically inaccurate excuse for the first lockdowns (much more in the next chapter). The Institute for Health Metrics and Evaluation (IHME) in the United States, another source of outrageously false 'Covid' computer models to justify lockdowns, is bankrolled by Gates who is a vehement promotor of lockdowns. America's version of Whitty and Vallance, the again now infamous Anthony Fauci, has connections to 'Covid vaccine' maker Moderna as does Bill Gates through funding from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. Fauci is director of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases (NIAID), a major recipient of Gates money, and they are very close. Deborah Birx who was appointed White House Coronavirus Response Coordinator in February, 2020, is yet another with ties to Gates. Everywhere you look at the different elements around the world behind the coordination and decision making of the 'Covid' hoax there is Bill Gates and his money. They include the World Health Organization; Centers for Disease Control (CDC) in the United States; National Institutes of Health (NIH) of Anthony Fauci; Imperial College and Neil Ferguson; the London School of Hygiene where Chris Whitty worked; Regulatory agencies like the UK Medicines & Healthcare products Regulatory Agency (MHRA)

which gave emergency approval for 'Covid vaccines'; Wellcome Trust; GAVI, the Vaccine Alliance; the Coalition for Epidemic Preparedness Innovations (CEPI); Johns Hopkins University which has compiled the false 'Covid' figures; and the World Economic Forum. A [Nationalfile.com](http://Nationalfile.com) article said:

Gates has a lot of pull in the medical world, he has a multi-million dollar relationship with Dr. Fauci, and Fauci originally took the Gates line supporting vaccines and casting doubt on [the drug hydroxychloroquine]. Coronavirus response team member Dr. Deborah Birx, appointed by former president Obama to serve as United States Global AIDS Coordinator, also sits on the board of a group that has received billions from Gates' foundation, and Birx reportedly used a disputed Bill Gates-funded model for the White House's Coronavirus effort. Gates is a big proponent for a population lockdown scenario for the Coronavirus outbreak.

Another funder of Moderna is the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA), the technology-development arm of the Pentagon and one of the most sinister organisations on earth. DARPA had a major role with the CIA covert technology-funding operation In-Q-Tel in the development of Google and social media which is now at the centre of global censorship. Fauci and Gates are extremely close and openly admit to talking regularly about 'Covid' policy, but then why wouldn't Gates have a seat at every national 'Covid' table after his Foundation committed \$1.75 billion to the 'fight against Covid-19'. When passed through our Orwellian Translation Unit this means that he has bought and paid for the Cult-driven 'Covid' response worldwide. Research the major 'Covid' response personnel in your own country and you will find the same Gates funding and other connections again and again. Medical and science chiefs following World Health Organization 'policy' sit atop a medical hierarchy in their country of administrators, doctors and nursing staff. These 'subordinates' are told they must work and behave in accordance with the policy delivered from the 'top' of the national 'health' pyramid which is largely the policy delivered by the WHO which is the policy delivered by Gates and the Cult. The whole 'Covid' narrative has been imposed on medical staff by a climate of fear although great numbers don't even need that to comply. They do so through breathtaking levels of ignorance and

include doctors who go through life simply repeating what Big Pharma and their hierarchical masters tell them to say and believe. No wonder Big Pharma 'medicine' is one of the biggest killers on Planet Earth.

The same top-down system of intimidation operates with regard to the Cult Big Pharma cartel which also dictates policy through national and global medical systems in this way. The Cult and Big Pharma agendas are the same because the former controls and owns the latter. 'Health' administrators, doctors, and nursing staff are told to support and parrot the dictated policy or they will face consequences which can include being fired. How sad it's been to see medical staff meekly repeating and imposing Cult policy without question and most of those who can see through the deceit are only willing to speak anonymously off the record. They know what will happen if their identity is known. This has left the courageous few to expose the lies about the 'virus', face masks, overwhelmed hospitals that aren't, and the dangers of the 'vaccine' that isn't a vaccine. When these medical professionals and scientists, some renowned in their field, have taken to the Internet to expose the truth their articles, comments and videos have been deleted by Cult-owned Facebook, Twitter and YouTube. What a real head-shaker to see YouTube videos with leading world scientists and highly qualified medical specialists with an added link underneath to the notorious Cult propaganda website *Wikipedia* to find the 'facts' about the same subject.

### **HIV – the 'Covid' trial-run**

I'll give you an example of the consequences for health and truth that come from censorship and unquestioning belief in official narratives. The story was told by PCR inventor Kary Mullis in his book *Dancing Naked in the Mind Field*. He said that in 1984 he accepted as just another scientific fact that Luc Montagnier of France's Pasteur Institute and Robert Gallo of America's National Institutes of Health had independently discovered that a 'retrovirus' dubbed HIV (human immunodeficiency virus) caused AIDS. They

were, after all, Mullis writes, specialists in retroviruses. This is how the medical and science pyramids work. Something is announced or *assumed* and then becomes an everybody-knows-that purely through repetition of the assumption as if it is fact. Complete crap becomes accepted truth with no supporting evidence and only repetition of the crap. This is how a 'virus' that doesn't exist became the 'virus' that changed the world. The HIV-AIDS fairy story became a multi-billion pound industry and the media poured out propaganda terrifying the world about the deadly HIV 'virus' that caused the lethal AIDS. By then Mullis was working at a lab in Santa Monica, California, to detect retroviruses with his PCR test in blood donations received by the Red Cross. In doing so he asked a virologist where he could find a reference for HIV being the cause of AIDS. 'You don't need a reference,' the virologist said ... '*Everybody knows it.*' Mullis said he wanted to quote a reference in the report he was doing and he said he felt a little funny about not knowing the source of such an important discovery when everyone else seemed to. The virologist suggested he cite a report by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) on morbidity and mortality. Mullis read the report, but it only said that an organism had been identified and did not say how. The report did not identify the original scientific work. Physicians, however, *assumed* (key recurring theme) that if the CDC was convinced that HIV caused AIDS then proof must exist. Mullis continues:

I did computer searches. Neither Montagnier, Gallo, nor anyone else had published papers describing experiments which led to the conclusion that HIV probably caused AIDS. I read the papers in *Science* for which they had become well known as AIDS doctors, but all they had said there was that they had found evidence of a past infection by something which was probably HIV in some AIDS patients.

They found antibodies. Antibodies to viruses had always been considered evidence of past disease, not present disease. Antibodies signaled that the virus had been defeated. The patient had saved himself. There was no indication in these papers that this virus caused a disease. They didn't show that everybody with the antibodies had the disease. In fact they found some healthy people with antibodies.

Mullis asked why their work had been published if Montagnier and Gallo hadn't really found this evidence, and why had they been fighting so hard to get credit for the discovery? He says he was hesitant to write 'HIV is the probable cause of AIDS' until he found published evidence to support that. 'Tens of thousands of scientists and researchers were spending billions of dollars a year doing research based on this idea,' Mullis writes. 'The reason had to be there somewhere; otherwise these people would not have allowed their research to settle into one narrow channel of investigation.' He said he lectured about PCR at numerous meetings where people were always talking about HIV and he asked them how they knew that HIV was the cause of AIDS:

Everyone said something. Everyone had the answer at home, in the office, in some drawer. They all knew, and they would send me the papers as soon as they got back. But I never got any papers. Nobody ever sent me the news about how AIDS was caused by HIV.

Eventually Mullis was able to ask Montagnier himself about the reference proof when he lectured in San Diego at the grand opening of the University of California AIDS Research Center. Mullis says this was the last time he would ask his question without showing anger. Montagnier said he should reference the CDC report. 'I read it', Mullis said, and it didn't answer the question. 'If Montagnier didn't know the answer who the hell did?' Then one night Mullis was driving when an interview came on National Public Radio with Peter Duesberg, a prominent virologist at Berkeley and a California Scientist of the Year. Mullis says he finally understood why he could not find references that connected HIV to AIDS – *there weren't any!* No one had ever proved that HIV causes AIDS even though it had spawned a multi-billion pound global industry and the media was repeating this as fact every day in their articles and broadcasts terrifying the shit out of people about AIDS and giving the impression that a positive test for HIV (see 'Covid') was a death sentence. Duesberg was a threat to the AIDS gravy train and the agenda that underpinned it. He was therefore abused and castigated after he told the Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences

there was no good evidence implicating the new 'virus'. Editors rejected his manuscripts and his research funds were deleted. Mullis points out that the CDC has defined AIDS as one of more than 30 diseases *if accompanied* by a positive result on a test that detects antibodies to HIV; but those same diseases are not defined as AIDS cases when antibodies are not detected:

If an HIV-positive woman develops uterine cancer, for example, she is considered to have AIDS. If she is not HIV positive, she simply has uterine cancer. An HIV-positive man with tuberculosis has AIDS; if he tests negative he simply has tuberculosis. If he lives in Kenya or Colombia, where the test for HIV antibodies is too expensive, he is simply presumed to have the antibodies and therefore AIDS, and therefore he can be treated in the World Health Organization's clinic. It's the only medical help available in some places. And it's free, because the countries that support WHO are worried about AIDS.

Mullis accuses the CDC of continually adding new diseases (see ever more 'Covid symptoms') to the grand AIDS definition and of virtually doctoring the books to make it appear as if the disease continued to spread. He cites how in 1993 the CDC enormously broadened its AIDS definition and county health authorities were delighted because they received \$2,500 per year from the Federal government for every reported AIDS case. Ladies and gentlemen, I have just described, via Kary Mullis, the 'Covid pandemic' of 2020 and beyond. Every element is the same and it's been pulled off in the same way by the same networks.

### **The 'Covid virus' exists? Okay – prove it. Er ... still waiting**

What Kary Mullis described with regard to 'HIV' has been repeated with 'Covid'. A claim is made that a new, or 'novel', infection has been found and the entire medical system of the world repeats that as fact exactly as they did with HIV and AIDS. No one in the mainstream asks rather relevant questions such as 'How do you know?' and 'Where is your proof?' The SARS-Cov-2 'virus' and the 'Covid-19 disease' became an overnight 'everybody-knows-that'. The origin could be debated and mulled over, but what you could not suggest was that 'SARS-Cov-2' didn't exist. That would be

ridiculous. 'Everybody knows' the 'virus' exists. Well, I didn't for one along with American proper doctors like Andrew Kaufman and Tom Cowan and long-time American proper journalist Jon Rappaport. We dared to pursue the obvious and simple question: 'Where's the evidence?' The overwhelming majority in medicine, journalism and the general public did not think to ask that. After all, *everyone knew* there was a new 'virus'. Everyone was saying so and I heard it on the BBC. Some would eventually argue that the 'deadly virus' was nothing like as deadly as claimed, but few would venture into the realms of its very existence. Had they done so they would have found that the evidence for that claim had gone AWOL as with HIV causes AIDS. In fact, not even that. For something to go AWOL it has to exist in the first place and scientific proof for a 'SARS-Cov-2' can be filed under nothing, nowhere and zilch.

Dr Andrew Kaufman is a board-certified forensic psychiatrist in New York State, a Doctor of Medicine and former Assistant Professor and Medical Director of Psychiatry at SUNY Upstate Medical University, and Medical Instructor of Hematology and Oncology at the Medical School of South Carolina. He also studied biology at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) and trained in Psychiatry at Duke University. Kaufman is retired from allopathic medicine, but remains a consultant and educator on natural healing, I saw a video of his very early on in the 'Covid' hoax in which he questioned claims about the 'virus' in the absence of any supporting evidence and with plenty pointing the other way. I did everything I could to circulate his work which I felt was asking the pivotal questions that needed an answer. I can recommend an excellent pull-together interview he did with the website The Last Vagabond entitled *Dr Andrew Kaufman: Virus Isolation, Terrain Theory and Covid-19* and his website is [andrewkaufmanmd.com](http://andrewkaufmanmd.com). Kaufman is not only a forensic psychiatrist; he is forensic in all that he does. He always reads original scientific papers, experiments and studies instead of second-third-fourth-hand reports about the 'virus' in the media which are repeating the repeated repetition of the narrative. When he did so with the original Chinese 'virus' papers Kaufman

realised that there was no evidence of a 'SARS-Cov-2'. They had never – from the start – shown it to exist and every repeat of this claim worldwide was based on the accepted existence of proof that was nowhere to be found – see Kary Mullis and HIV. Here we go again.

## **Let's postulate**

Kaufman discovered that the Chinese authorities immediately concluded that the cause of an illness that broke out among about 200 initial patients in Wuhan was a 'new virus' when there were no grounds to make that conclusion. The alleged 'virus' was not isolated from other genetic material in their samples and then shown through a system known as Koch's postulates to be the causative agent of the illness. The world was told that the SARS-Cov-2 'virus' caused a disease they called 'Covid-19' which had 'flu-like' symptoms and could lead to respiratory problems and pneumonia. If it wasn't so tragic it would almost be funny. *'Flu-like' symptoms? Pneumonia? Respiratory disease?* What in CHINA and particularly in Wuhan, one of the most polluted cities in the world with a resulting epidemic of respiratory disease?? Three hundred thousand people get pneumonia in China every year and there are nearly a billion cases worldwide of 'flu-like symptoms'. These have a whole range of causes – including pollution in Wuhan – but no other possibility was credibly considered in late 2019 when the world was told there was a new and deadly 'virus'. The global prevalence of pneumonia and 'flu-like systems' gave the Cult networks unlimited potential to re-diagnose these other causes as the mythical 'Covid-19' and that is what they did from the very start. Kaufman revealed how Chinese medical and science authorities (all subordinates to the Cult-owned communist government) took genetic material from the lungs of only a few of the first patients. The material contained their own cells, bacteria, fungi and other microorganisms living in their bodies. The only way you could prove the existence of the 'virus' and its responsibility for the alleged 'Covid-19' was to isolate the virus from all the other material – a process also known as 'purification' – and

then follow the postulates sequence developed in the late 19th century by German physician and bacteriologist Robert Koch which became the 'gold standard' for connecting an alleged causation agent to a disease:

1. The microorganism (bacteria, fungus, virus, etc.) must be present in every case of the disease and all patients must have the same symptoms. It must also *not be present in healthy individuals*.
2. The microorganism must be isolated from the host with the disease. If the microorganism is a bacteria or fungus it must be grown in a pure culture. If it is a virus, it must be purified (i.e. containing no other material except the virus particles) from a clinical sample.
3. The specific disease, with all of its characteristics, must be reproduced when the infectious agent (the purified virus or a pure culture of bacteria or fungi) is inoculated into a healthy, susceptible host.
4. The microorganism must be recoverable from the experimentally infected host as in step 2.

*Not one* of these criteria has been met in the case of 'SARS-Cov-2' and 'Covid-19'. Not ONE. EVER. Robert Koch refers to bacteria and not viruses. What are called 'viral particles' are so minute (hence masks are useless by any definition) that they could only be seen after the invention of the electron microscope in the 1930s and can still only be observed through that means. American bacteriologist and virologist Thomas Milton Rivers, the so-called 'Father of Modern Virology' who was very significantly director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in the 1930s, developed a less stringent version of Koch's postulates to identify 'virus' causation known as 'Rivers criteria'. 'Covid' did not pass that process either. Some even doubt whether any 'virus' can be isolated from other particles containing genetic material in the Koch method. Freedom of Information requests in many countries asking for scientific proof that the 'Covid virus' has been purified and isolated and shown to exist have all come back with a 'we don't have that' and when this happened with a request to the UK Department of Health they added this comment:

However, outside of the scope of the [Freedom of Information Act] and on a discretionary basis, the following information has been advised to us, which may be of interest. Most infectious diseases are caused by viruses, bacteria or fungi. Some bacteria or fungi have the capacity to grow on their own in isolation, for example in colonies on a petri dish. Viruses are different in that they are what we call 'obligate pathogens' – that is, they cannot survive or reproduce without infecting a host ...

... For some diseases, it is possible to establish causation between a microorganism and a disease by isolating the pathogen from a patient, growing it in pure culture and reintroducing it to a healthy organism. These are known as 'Koch's postulates' and were developed in 1882. However, as our understanding of disease and different disease-causing agents has advanced, these are no longer the method for determining causation [Andrew Kaufman asks why in that case are there two published articles falsely claiming to satisfy Koch's postulates].

It has long been known that viral diseases cannot be identified in this way as viruses cannot be grown in 'pure culture'. When a patient is tested for a viral illness, this is normally done by looking for the presence of antigens, or viral genetic code in a host with molecular biology techniques [Kaufman asks how you could know the origin of these chemicals without having a pure culture for comparison].

For the record 'antigens' are defined so:

Invading microorganisms have antigens on their surface that the human body can recognise as being foreign – meaning not belonging to it. When the body recognises a foreign antigen, lymphocytes (white blood cells) produce antibodies, which are complementary in shape to the antigen.

Notwithstanding that this is open to question in relation to 'SARS-Cov-2' the presence of 'antibodies' can have many causes and they are found in people that are perfectly well. Kary Mullis said: 'Antibodies ... had always been considered evidence of past disease, not present disease.'

### **'Covid' really is a *computer* 'virus'**

Where the UK Department of Health statement says 'viruses' are now 'diagnosed' through a 'viral genetic code in a host with molecular biology techniques', they mean ... *the PCR test* which its inventor said cannot test for infectious disease. They have no credible method of connecting a 'virus' to a disease and we will see that there is no scientific proof that any 'virus' causes any disease or there is any such thing as a 'virus' in the way that it is described. Tenacious Canadian researcher Christine Massey and her team made

some 40 Freedom of Information requests to national public health agencies in different countries asking for proof that SARS-CoV-2 has been isolated and not one of them could supply that information. Massey said of her request in Canada: 'Freedom of Information reveals Public Health Agency of Canada has no record of 'SARS-COV-2' isolation performed by anyone, anywhere, ever.' If you accept the comment from the UK Department of Health it's because they can't isolate a 'virus'. Even so many 'science' papers claimed to have isolated the 'Covid virus' until they were questioned and had to admit they hadn't. A reply from the Robert Koch Institute in Germany was typical: 'I am not aware of a paper which purified isolated SARS-CoV-2.' So what the hell was Christian Drosten and his gang using to design the 'Covid' testing protocol that has produced all the illusory Covid' cases and 'Covid' deaths when the head of the Chinese version of the CDC admitted there was a problem right from the start in that the 'virus' had never been isolated/purified? Breathe deeply: What they are calling 'Covid' is actually created by a *computer program* i.e. *they made it up* – er, that's it. They took lung fluid, with many sources of genetic material, from one single person alleged to be infected with Covid-19 by a PCR test which they *claimed*, without clear evidence, contained a 'virus'. They used several computer programs to create a model of a theoretical virus genome sequence from more than fifty-six million small sequences of RNA, each of an unknown source, assembling them like a puzzle with no known solution. The computer filled in the gaps with sequences from bits in the gene bank to make it look like a bat SARS-like coronavirus! A wave of the magic wand and poof, an *in silico* (computer-generated) genome, a scientific fantasy, was created. UK health researcher Dr Kevin Corbett made the same point with this analogy:

... It's like giving you a few bones and saying that's your fish. It could be any fish. Not even a skeleton. Here's a few fragments of bones. That's your fish ... It's all from gene bank and the bits of the virus sequence that weren't there they made up.

They synthetically created them to fill in the blanks. That's what genetics is; it's a code. So it's ABBCCDDDD and you're missing some what you think is EEE so you put it in. It's all

synthetic. You just manufacture the bits that are missing. This is the end result of the geneticization of virology. This is basically a computer virus.

Further confirmation came in an email exchange between British citizen journalist Frances Leader and the government's Medicines & Healthcare Products Regulatory Agency (the Gates-funded MHRA) which gave emergency permission for untested 'Covid vaccines' to be used. The agency admitted that the 'vaccine' is not based on an isolated 'virus', but comes from a *computer-generated model*. Frances Leader was naturally banned from Cult-owned fascist Twitter for making this exchange public. The process of creating computer-generated alleged 'viruses' is called 'in silico' or 'in silicon' – computer chips – and the term 'in silico' is believed to originate with biological experiments using only a computer in 1989. 'Vaccines' involved with 'Covid' are also produced 'in silico' or by computer not a natural process. If the original 'virus' is nothing more than a made-up computer model how can there be 'new variants' of something that never existed in the first place? They are not new 'variants'; they are new *computer models* only minutely different to the original program and designed to further terrify the population into having the 'vaccine' and submitting to fascism. You want a 'new variant'? Click, click, enter – there you go. Tell the medical profession that you have discovered a 'South African variant', 'UK variants' or a 'Brazilian variant' and in the usual HIV-causes-AIDS manner they will unquestioningly repeat it with no evidence whatsoever to support these claims. They will go on television and warn about the dangers of 'new variants' while doing nothing more than repeating what they have been told to be true and knowing that any deviation from that would be career suicide. Big-time insiders will know it's a hoax, but much of the medical community is clueless about the way they are being played and themselves play the public without even being aware they are doing so. What an interesting 'coincidence' that AstraZeneca and Oxford University were conducting 'Covid vaccine trials' in the three countries – the UK, South Africa and Brazil – where the first three 'variants' were claimed to have 'broken out'.

## **Here's your 'virus' – it's a unicorn**

Dr Andrew Kaufman presented a brilliant analysis describing how the 'virus' was imagined into fake existence when he dissected an article published by *Nature* and written by 19 authors detailing *alleged* 'sequencing of a complete viral genome' of the 'new SARS-CoV-2 virus'. This computer-modelled *in silico* genome was used as a template for all subsequent genome sequencing experiments that resulted in the so-called variants which he said now number more than 6,000. The fake genome was constructed from more than 56 million individual short strands of RNA. Those little pieces were assembled into longer pieces by finding areas of overlapping sequences. The computer programs created over two million possible combinations from which the authors simply chose the longest one. They then compared this to a 'bat virus' and the computer 'alignment' rearranged the sequence and filled in the gaps! They called this computer-generated abomination the 'complete genome'. Dr Tom Cowan, a fellow medical author and collaborator with Kaufman, said such computer-generation constitutes scientific fraud and he makes this superb analogy:

Here is an equivalency: A group of researchers claim to have found a unicorn because they found a piece of a hoof, a hair from a tail, and a snippet of a horn. They then add that information into a computer and program it to re-create the unicorn, and they then claim this computer re-creation is the real unicorn. Of course, they had never actually seen a unicorn so could not possibly have examined its genetic makeup to compare their samples with the actual unicorn's hair, hooves and horn.

The researchers claim they decided which is the real genome of SARS-CoV-2 by 'consensus', sort of like a vote. Again, different computer programs will come up with different versions of the imaginary 'unicorn', so they come together as a group and decide which is the real imaginary unicorn.

This is how the 'virus' that has transformed the world was brought into fraudulent 'existence'. Extraordinary, yes, but as the Nazis said the bigger the lie the more will believe it. Cowan, however, wasn't finished and he went on to identify what he called the real blockbuster in the paper. He quotes this section from a paper written

by virologists and published by the CDC and then explains what it means:

Therefore, we examined the capacity of SARS-CoV-2 to infect and replicate in several common primate and human cell lines, including human adenocarcinoma cells (A549), human liver cells (HUH 7.0), and human embryonic kidney cells (HEK-293T). In addition to Vero E6 and Vero CCL81 cells. ... Each cell line was inoculated at high multiplicity of infection and examined 24h post-infection.

No CPE was observed in any of the cell lines except in Vero cells, which grew to greater than 10 to the 7th power at 24 h post-infection. In contrast, HUH 7.0 and 293T showed only modest viral replication, and A549 cells were incompatible with SARS CoV-2 infection.

Cowan explains that when virologists attempt to prove infection they have three possible 'hosts' or models on which they can test. The first was humans. Exposure to humans was generally not done for ethical reasons and has never been done with SARS-CoV-2 or any coronavirus. The second possible host was animals. Cowan said that forgetting for a moment that they never actually use purified virus when exposing animals they do use solutions that they *claim* contain the virus. Exposure to animals has been done with SARS-CoV-2 in an experiment involving mice and this is what they found: *None of the wild (normal) mice got sick.* In a group of genetically-modified mice, a statistically insignificant number lost weight and had slightly bristled fur, but they experienced nothing like the illness called 'Covid-19'. Cowan said the third method – the one they mostly rely on – is to inoculate solutions they *say* contain the virus onto a variety of tissue cultures. This process had never been shown to kill tissue *unless* the sample material was starved of nutrients and poisoned as *part of the process.* Yes, incredibly, in tissue experiments designed to show the 'virus' is responsible for killing the tissue they starve the tissue of nutrients and add toxic drugs including antibiotics and they do not have control studies to see if it's the starvation and poisoning that is degrading the tissue rather than the 'virus' they allege to be in there somewhere. You want me to pinch you? Yep, I understand. Tom Cowan said this about the whole nonsensical farce as he explains what that quote from the CDC paper really means:

The shocking thing about the above quote is that using their own methods, the virologists found that solutions containing SARS-CoV-2 – even in high amounts – were NOT, I repeat NOT, infective to any of the three human tissue cultures they tested. In plain English, this means they proved, on their terms, that this ‘new coronavirus’ is not infectious to human beings. It is ONLY infective to monkey kidney cells, and only then when you add two potent drugs (gentamicin and amphotericin), known to be toxic to kidneys, to the mix.

My friends, read this again and again. These virologists, published by the CDC, performed a clear proof, on their terms, showing that the SARS-CoV-2 virus is harmless to human beings. That is the only possible conclusion, but, unfortunately, this result is not even mentioned in their conclusion. They simply say they can provide virus stocks cultured only on monkey Vero cells, thanks for coming.

Cowan concluded: ‘If people really understood how this “science” was done, I would hope they would storm the gates and demand honesty, transparency and truth.’ Dr Michael Yeadon, former Vice President and Chief Scientific Adviser at drug giant Pfizer has been a vocal critic of the ‘Covid vaccine’ and its potential for multiple harm. He said in an interview in April, 2021, that ‘not one [vaccine] has the virus. He was asked why vaccines normally using a ‘dead’ version of a disease to activate the immune system were not used for ‘Covid’ and instead we had the synthetic methods of the ‘mRNA Covid vaccine’. Yeadon said that to do the former ‘you’d have to have some of [the virus] wouldn’t you?’ He added: ‘No-one’s got any – seriously.’ Yeadon said that surely they couldn’t have fooled the whole world for a year without having a virus, ‘but oddly enough ask around – no one’s got it’. He didn’t know why with all the ‘great labs’ around the world that the virus had not been isolated – ‘Maybe they’ve been too busy running bad PCR tests and vaccines that people don’t need.’ What is today called ‘science’ is not ‘science’ at all. Science is no longer what is, but whatever people can be manipulated to *believe* that it is. Real science has been hijacked by the Cult to dispense and produce the ‘expert scientists’ and contentions that suit the agenda of the Cult. How big-time this has happened with the ‘Covid’ hoax which is entirely based on fake science delivered by fake ‘scientists’ and fake ‘doctors’. The human-caused climate change hoax is also entirely based on fake science delivered by fake ‘scientists’ and fake ‘climate experts’. In both cases real

scientists, climate experts and doctors have their views suppressed and deleted by the Cult-owned science establishment, media and Silicon Valley. This is the 'science' that politicians claim to be 'following' and a common denominator of 'Covid' and climate are Cult psychopaths Bill Gates and his mate Klaus Schwab at the Gates-funded World Economic Forum. But, don't worry, it's all just a coincidence and absolutely nothing to worry about. Zzzzzzzzz.

## **What is a 'virus' REALLY?**

Dr Tom Cowan is one of many contesting the very existence of viruses let alone that they cause disease. This is understandable when there is no scientific evidence for a disease-causing 'virus'. German virologist Dr Stefan Lanka won a landmark case in 2017 in the German Supreme Court over his contention that there is no such thing as a measles virus. He had offered a big prize for anyone who could prove there is and Lanka won his case when someone sought to claim the money. There is currently a prize of more than 225,000 euros on offer from an Isolate Truth Fund for anyone who can prove the isolation of SARS-CoV-2 and its genetic substance. Lanka wrote in an article headed 'The Misconception Called Virus' that scientists think a 'virus' is causing tissue to become diseased and degraded when in fact it is the *processes they are using* which do that – not a 'virus'. Lanka has done an important job in making this point clear as Cowan did in his analysis of the CDC paper. Lanka says that all claims about viruses as disease-causing pathogens are wrong and based on 'easily recognisable, understandable and verifiable misinterpretations.' Scientists believed they were working with 'viruses' in their laboratories when they were really working with 'typical particles of specific dying tissues or cells ...' Lanka said that the tissue decaying process claimed to be caused by a 'virus' still happens when no alleged 'virus' is involved. It's the *process* that does the damage and not a 'virus'. The genetic sample is deprived of nutrients, removed from its energy supply through removal from the body and then doused in toxic antibiotics to remove any bacteria. He confirms again that establishment scientists do not (pinch me)

conduct control experiments to see if this is the case and if they did they would see the claims that 'viruses' are doing the damage is nonsense. He adds that during the measles 'virus' court case he commissioned an independent laboratory to perform just such a control experiment and the result was that the tissues and cells died in the exact same way as with alleged 'infected' material. This is supported by a gathering number of scientists, doctors and researchers who reject what is called 'germ theory' or the belief in the body being infected by contagious sources emitted by other people. Researchers Dawn Lester and David Parker take the same stance in their highly-detailed and sourced book *What Really Makes You Ill – Why everything you thought you knew about disease is wrong* which was recommended to me by a number of medical professionals genuinely seeking the truth. Lester and Parker say there is no provable scientific evidence to show that a 'virus' can be transmitted between people or people and animals or animals and people:

The definition also claims that viruses are the cause of many diseases, as if this has been definitively proven. But this is not the case; there is no original scientific evidence that definitively demonstrates that any virus is the cause of any disease. The burden of proof for any theory lies with those who proposed it; but none of the existing documents provides 'proof' that supports the claim that 'viruses' are pathogens.

Dr Tom Cowan employs one of his clever analogies to describe the process by which a 'virus' is named as the culprit for a disease when what is called a 'virus' is only material released by cells detoxing themselves from infiltration by chemical or radiation poisoning. The tidal wave of technologically-generated radiation in the 'smart' modern world plus all the toxic food and drink are causing this to happen more than ever. Deluded 'scientists' misread this as a gathering impact of what they wrongly label 'viruses'.

### **Paper can infect houses**

Cowan said in an article for [davidicke.com](http://davidicke.com) – with his tongue only mildly in his cheek – that he believed he had made a tremendous

discovery that may revolutionise science. He had discovered that small bits of paper are alive, 'well alive-ish', can 'infect' houses, and then reproduce themselves inside the house. The result was that this explosion of growth in the paper inside the house causes the house to explode, blowing it to smithereens. His evidence for this new theory is that in the past months he had carefully examined many of the houses in his neighbourhood and found almost no scraps of paper on the lawns and surrounds of the house. There was an occasional stray label, but nothing more. Then he would return to these same houses a week or so later and with a few, not all of them, particularly the old and decrepit ones, he found to his shock and surprise they were littered with stray bits of paper. He knew then that the paper had infected these houses, made copies of itself, and blew up the house. A young boy on a bicycle at one of the sites told him he had seen a demolition crew using dynamite to explode the house the previous week, but Cowan dismissed this as the idle thoughts of silly boys because 'I was on to something big'. He was on to how 'scientists' mistake genetic material in the detoxifying process for something they call a 'virus'. Cowan said of his house and paper story:

If this sounds crazy to you, it's because it should. This scenario is obviously nuts. But consider this admittedly embellished, for effect, current viral theory that all scientists, medical doctors and virologists currently believe.

He takes the example of the 'novel SARS-Cov2' virus to prove the point. First they take someone with an undefined illness called 'Covid-19' and don't even attempt to find any virus in their sputum. Never mind the scientists still describe how this 'virus', which they have not located attaches to a cell receptor, injects its genetic material, in 'Covid's' case, RNA, into the cell. The RNA once inserted exploits the cell to reproduce itself and makes 'thousands, nay millions, of copies of itself ... Then it emerges victorious to claim its next victim':

If you were to look in the scientific literature for proof, actual scientific proof, that uniform SARS-CoV2 viruses have been properly isolated from the sputum of a sick person, that actual spike proteins could be seen protruding from the virus (which has not been found), you would find that such evidence doesn't exist.

If you go looking in the published scientific literature for actual pictures, proof, that these spike proteins or any viral proteins are ever attached to any receptor embedded in any cell membrane, you would also find that no such evidence exists. If you were to look for a video or documented evidence of the intact virus injecting its genetic material into the body of the cell, reproducing itself and then emerging victorious by budding off the cell membrane, you would find that no such evidence exists.

The closest thing you would find is electron micrograph pictures of cellular particles, possibly attached to cell debris, both of which to be seen were stained by heavy metals, a process that completely distorts their architecture within the living organism. This is like finding bits of paper stuck to the blown-up bricks, thereby proving the paper emerged by taking pieces of the bricks on its way out.

## **The Enders baloney**

Cowan describes the 'Covid' story as being just as make-believe as his paper story and he charts back this fantasy to a Nobel Prize winner called John Enders (1897-1985), an American biomedical scientist who has been dubbed 'The Father of Modern Vaccines'. Enders is claimed to have 'discovered' the process of the viral culture which 'proved' that a 'virus' caused measles. Cowan explains how Enders did this 'by using the EXACT same procedure that has been followed by every virologist to find and characterize every new virus since 1954'. Enders took throat swabs from children with measles and immersed them in 2ml of milk. Penicillin (100u/ml) and the antibiotic streptomycin (50,g/ml) were added and the whole mix was centrifuged – rotated at high speed to separate large cellular debris from small particles and molecules as with milk and cream, for example. Cowan says that if the aim is to find little particles of genetic material ('viruses') in the snot from children with measles it would seem that the last thing you would do is mix the snot with other material – milk –that also has genetic material. 'How are you ever going to know whether whatever you found came from the snot or the milk?' He points out that streptomycin is a 'nephrotoxic' or poisonous-to-the-kidney drug. You will see the relevance of that

shortly. Cowan says that it gets worse, much worse, when Enders describes the culture medium upon which the virus 'grows': 'The culture medium consisted of bovine amniotic fluid (90%), beef embryo extract (5%), horse serum (5%), antibiotics and phenol red as an indicator of cell metabolism.' Cowan asks incredulously: 'Did he just say that the culture medium also contained fluids and tissues that are themselves rich sources of genetic material?' The genetic cocktail, or 'medium', is inoculated onto tissue and cells from rhesus monkey *kidney* tissue. This is where the importance of streptomycin comes in and currently-used antimicrobials and other drugs that are *poisonous to kidneys* and used in ALL modern viral cultures (e.g. gentamicin, streptomycin, and amphotericin). Cowan asks: 'How are you ever going to know from this witch's brew where any genetic material comes from as we now have five different sources of rich genetic material in our mix?' Remember, he says, that all genetic material, whether from monkey kidney tissues, bovine serum, milk, etc., is made from the exact same components. The same central question returns: 'How are you possibly going to know that it was the virus that killed the kidney tissue and not the toxic antibiotic and starvation rations on which you are growing the tissue?' John Enders answered the question himself – *you can't*:

A second agent was obtained from an uninoculated culture of monkey kidney cells. The cytopathic changes [death of the cells] it induced in the unstained preparations could not be distinguished with confidence from the viruses isolated from measles.

The death of the cells ('cytopathic changes') happened in exactly the same manner, whether they inoculated the kidney tissue with the measles snot or not, Cowan says. 'This is evidence that the destruction of the tissue, the very proof of viral causation of illness, was not caused by anything in the snot because they saw the same destructive effect when the snot was not even used ... the cytopathic, i.e., cell-killing, changes come from the process of the culture itself, not from any virus in any snot, period.' Enders quotes in his 1957 paper a virologist called Ruckle as reporting similar findings 'and in addition has isolated an agent from monkey kidney tissue that is so

far indistinguishable from human measles virus'. In other words, Cowan says, these particles called 'measles viruses' are simply and clearly breakdown products of the starved and poisoned tissue. For measles 'virus' see all 'viruses' including the so-called 'Covid virus'. Enders, the 'Father of Modern Vaccines', also said:

There is a potential risk in employing cultures of primate cells for the production of vaccines composed of attenuated virus, since the presence of other agents possibly latent in primate tissues cannot be definitely excluded by any known method.

Cowan further quotes from a paper published in the journal *Viruses* in May, 2020, while the 'Covid pandemic' was well underway in the media if not in reality. 'EVs' here refers to particles of genetic debris from our own tissues, such as exosomes of which more in a moment: 'The remarkable resemblance between EVs and viruses has caused quite a few problems in the studies focused on the analysis of EVs released during viral infections.' Later the paper adds that to date a reliable method that can actually guarantee a complete separation (of EVs from viruses) DOES NOT EXIST. This was published at a time when a fairy tale 'virus' was claimed in total certainty to be causing a fairy tale 'viral disease' called 'Covid-19' – a fairy tale that was already well on the way to transforming human society in the image that the Cult has worked to achieve for so long. Cowan concludes his article:

To summarize, there is no scientific evidence that pathogenic viruses exist. What we think of as 'viruses' are simply the normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues and cells. When we are well, we make fewer of these particles; when we are starved, poisoned, suffocated by wearing masks, or afraid, we make more.

There is no engineered virus circulating and making people sick. People in laboratories all over the world are making genetically modified products to make people sick. These are called vaccines. There is no virome, no 'ecosystem' of viruses, viruses are not 8%, 50% or 100 % of our genetic material. These are all simply erroneous ideas based on the misconception called a virus.

## **What is 'Covid'? Load of bollocks**

The background described here by Cowan and Lanka was emphasised in the first video presentation that I saw by Dr Andrew Kaufman when he asked whether the 'Covid virus' was in truth a natural defence mechanism of the body called 'exosomes'. These are released by cells when in states of toxicity – see the same themes returning over and over. They are released ever more profusely as chemical and radiation toxicity increases and think of the potential effect therefore of 5G alone as its destructive frequencies infest the human energetic information field with a gathering pace (5G went online in Wuhan in 2019 as the 'virus' emerged). I'll have more about this later. Exosomes transmit a warning to the rest of the body that 'Houston, we have a problem'. Kaufman presented images of exosomes and compared them with 'Covid' under an electron microscope and the similarity was remarkable. They both attach to the same cell receptors (*claimed* in the case of 'Covid'), contain the same genetic material in the form of RNA or ribonucleic acid, and both are found in 'viral cell cultures' with damaged or dying cells. James Hildreth MD, President and Chief Executive Officer of the Meharry Medical College at Johns Hopkins, said: 'The virus is fully an exosome in every sense of the word.' Kaufman's conclusion was that there is no 'virus': 'This entire pandemic is a completely manufactured crisis ... there is no evidence of anyone dying from [this] illness.' Dr Tom Cowan and Sally Fallon Morell, authors of *The Contagion Myth*, published a statement with Dr Kaufman in February, 2021, explaining why the 'virus' does not exist and you can read it that in full in the Appendix.

'Virus' theory can be traced to the 'cell theory' in 1858 of German physician Rudolf Virchow (1821-1920) who contended that disease originates from a single cell infiltrated by a 'virus'. Dr Stefan Lanka said that findings and insights with respect to the structure, function and central importance of tissues in the creation of life, which were already known in 1858, comprehensively refute the cell theory. Virchow ignored them. We have seen the part later played by John Enders in the 1950s and Lanka notes that infection theories were only established as a global dogma through the policies and

eugenics of the Third Reich in Nazi Germany (creation of the same Sabbatian cult behind the 'Covid' hoax). Lanka said: 'Before 1933, scientists dared to contradict this theory; after 1933, these critical scientists were silenced'. Dr Tom Cowan's view is that ill-health is caused by too much of something, too little of something, or toxification from chemicals and radiation – not contagion. We must also highlight as a major source of the 'virus' theology a man still called the 'Father of Modern Virology' – Thomas Milton Rivers (1888-1962). There is no way given the Cult's long game policy that it was a coincidence for the 'Father of Modern Virology' to be director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research from 1937 to 1956 when he is credited with making the Rockefeller Institute a leader in 'viral research'. Cult Rockefeller were the force behind the creation of Big Pharma 'medicine', established the World Health Organisation in 1948, and have long and close associations with the Gates family that now runs the WHO during the pandemic hoax through mega-rich Cult gofer and psychopath Bill Gates.

Only a Renegade Mind can see through all this bullshit by asking the questions that need to be answered, not taking 'no' or prevarication for an answer, and certainly not hiding from the truth in fear of speaking it. Renegade Minds have always changed the world for the better and they will change this one no matter how bleak it may currently appear to be.

## CHAPTER SIX

### **Sequence of deceit**

*If you tell the truth, you don't have to remember anything*  
Mark Twain

**A**gainst the background that I have laid out this far the sequence that took us from an invented 'virus' in Cult-owned China in late 2019 to the fascist transformation of human society can be seen and understood in a whole new context.

We were told that a deadly disease had broken out in Wuhan and the world media began its campaign (coordinated by behavioural psychologists as we shall see) to terrify the population into unquestioning compliance. We were shown images of Chinese people collapsing in the street which never happened in the West with what was supposed to be the same condition. In the earliest days when alleged cases and deaths were few the fear register was hysterical in many areas of the media and this would expand into the common media narrative across the world. The real story was rather different, but we were never told that. The Chinese government, one of the Cult's biggest centres of global operation, said they had discovered a new illness with flu-like and pneumonia-type symptoms in a city with such toxic air that it is overwhelmed with flu-like symptoms, pneumonia and respiratory disease. Chinese scientists said it was a new – 'novel' – coronavirus which they called Sars-Cov-2 and that it caused a disease they labelled 'Covid-19'. There was no evidence for this and the 'virus' has never to this day been isolated, purified and its genetic code established from that. It

was from the beginning a computer-generated fiction. Stories of Chinese whistleblowers saying the number of deaths was being suppressed or that the 'new disease' was related to the Wuhan bio-lab misdirected mainstream and alternative media into cul-de-sacs to obscure the real truth – there was no 'virus'.

Chinese scientists took genetic material from the lung fluid of just a few people and said they had found a 'new' disease when this material had a wide range of content. There was no evidence for a 'virus' for the very reasons explained in the last two chapters. The 'virus' has never been shown to (a) exist and (b) cause any disease. People were diagnosed on symptoms that are so widespread in Wuhan and polluted China and with a PCR test that can't detect infectious disease. On this farce the whole global scam was sold to the rest of the world which would also diagnose respiratory disease as 'Covid-19' from symptoms alone or with a PCR test not testing for a 'virus'. Flu miraculously disappeared *worldwide* in 2020 and into 2021 as it was redesignated 'Covid-19'. It was really the same old flu with its 'flu-like' symptoms attributed to 'flu-like' 'Covid-19'. At the same time with very few exceptions the Chinese response of draconian lockdown and fascism was the chosen weapon to respond across the West as recommended by the Cult-owned Tedros at the Cult-owned World Health Organization run by the Cult-owned Gates. All was going according to plan. Chinese scientists – everything in China is controlled by the Cult-owned government – compared their contaminated RNA lung-fluid material with other RNA sequences and said it appeared to be just under 80 percent identical to the SARS-CoV-1 'virus' claimed to be the cause of the SARS (severe acute respiratory syndrome) 'outbreak' in 2003. They decreed that because of this the 'new virus' had to be related and they called it SARS-CoV-2. There are some serious problems with this assumption and *assumption* was all it was. Most 'factual' science turns out to be assumptions repeated into everyone-knows-that. A match of under 80-percent is meaningless. Dr Kaufman makes the point that there's a 96 percent genetic correlation between humans and chimpanzees, but 'no one would say our genetic material is part

of the chimpanzee family'. Yet the Chinese authorities were claiming that a much lower percentage, less than 80 percent, proved the existence of a new 'coronavirus'. For goodness sake human DNA is 60 percent similar to a *banana*.

## **You are feeling sleepy**

The entire 'Covid' hoax is a global Psyop, a psychological operation to program the human mind into believing and fearing a complete fantasy. A crucial aspect of this was what *appeared* to happen in Italy. It was all very well streaming out daily images of an alleged catastrophe in Wuhan, but to the Western mind it was still on the other side of the world in a very different culture and setting. A reaction of 'this could happen to me and my family' was still nothing like as intense enough for the mind-doctors. The Cult needed a Western example to push people over that edge and it chose Italy, one of its major global locations going back to the Roman Empire. An Italian 'Covid' crisis was manufactured in a particular area called Lombardy which just happens to be notorious for its toxic air and therefore respiratory disease. Wuhan, China, *déjà vu*. An hysterical media told horror stories of Italians dying from 'Covid' in their droves and how Lombardy hospitals were being overrun by a tidal wave of desperately ill people needing treatment after being struck down by the 'deadly virus'. Here was the psychological turning point the Cult had planned. Wow, if this is happening in Italy, the Western mind concluded, this indeed could happen to me and my family. Another point is that Italian authorities responded by following the Chinese blueprint so vehemently recommended by the Cult-owned World Health Organization. They imposed fascistic lockdowns on the whole country viciously policed with the help of surveillance drones sweeping through the streets seeking out anyone who escaped from mass house arrest. Livelihoods were destroyed and psychology unravelled in the way we have witnessed since in all lockdown countries. Crucial to the plan was that Italy responded in this way to set the precedent of suspending freedom and imposing fascism in a 'Western liberal democracy'. I emphasised in an

animated video explanation on [davidicke.com](http://davidicke.com) posted in the summer of 2020 how important it was to the Cult to expand the Chinese lockdown model across the West. Without this, and the bare-faced lie that non-symptomatic people could still transmit a 'disease' they didn't have, there was no way locking down the whole population, sick and not sick, could be pulled off. At just the right time and with no evidence Cult operatives and gofers claimed that people without symptoms could pass on the 'disease'. In the name of protecting the 'vulnerable' like elderly people, who lockdowns would kill by the tens of thousands, we had for the first time healthy people told to isolate as well as the sick. The great majority of people who tested positive had no symptoms because there was nothing wrong with them. It was just a trick made possible by a test not testing for the 'virus'.

Months after my animated video the Gates-funded Professor Neil Ferguson at the Gates-funded Imperial College confirmed that I was right. He didn't say it in those terms, naturally, but he did say it. Ferguson will enter the story shortly for his outrageously crazy 'computer models' that led to Britain, the United States and many other countries following the Chinese and now Italian methods of response. Put another way, following the Cult script. Ferguson said that SAGE, the UK government's scientific advisory group which has controlled 'Covid' policy from the start, wanted to follow the Chinese lockdown model (while they all continued to work and be paid), but they wondered if they could possibly, in Ferguson's words, 'get away with it in Europe'. 'Get away with it'? Who the hell do these moronic, arrogant people think they are? This appalling man Ferguson said that once Italy went into national lockdown they realised they, too, could mimic China:

It's a communist one-party state, we said. We couldn't get away with it in Europe, we thought ... and then Italy did it. And we realised we could. Behind this garbage from Ferguson is a simple fact: Doing the same as China in every country was the plan from the start and Ferguson's 'models' would play a central role in achieving that. It's just a coincidence, of course, and absolutely nothing to worry your little head about.

## **Oops, sorry, our mistake**

Once the Italian segment of the Psyop had done the job it was designed to do a very different story emerged. Italian authorities revealed that 99 percent of those who had 'died from Covid-19' in Italy had one, two, three, or more 'co-morbidities' or illnesses and health problems that could have ended their life. The US Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) published a figure of 94 percent for Americans dying of 'Covid' while having other serious medical conditions – on average two to three (some five or six) other potential causes of death. In terms of death from an unproven 'virus' I say it is 100 percent. The other one percent in Italy and six percent in the US would presumably have died from 'Covid's' flu-like symptoms with a range of other possible causes in conjunction with a test not testing for the 'virus'. Fox News reported that even more startling figures had emerged in one US county in which 410 of 422 deaths attributed to 'Covid-19' had other potentially deadly health conditions. The Italian National Health Institute said later that the average age of people dying with a 'Covid-19' diagnosis in Italy was about 81. Ninety percent were over 70 with ten percent over 90. In terms of other reasons to die some 80 percent had two or more chronic diseases with half having three or more including cardiovascular problems, diabetes, respiratory problems and cancer. Why is the phantom 'Covid-19' said to kill overwhelmingly old people and hardly affect the young? Old people continually die of many causes and especially respiratory disease which you can re-diagnose 'Covid-19' while young people die in tiny numbers by comparison and rarely of respiratory disease. Old people 'die of Covid' because they die of other things that can be redesignated 'Covid' and it really is that simple.

## **Flu has flown**

The blueprint was in place. Get your illusory 'cases' from a test not testing for the 'virus' and redesignate other causes of death as 'Covid-19'. You have an instant 'pandemic' from something that is nothing more than a computer-generated fiction. With near-on a

billion people having 'flu-like' symptoms every year the potential was limitless and we can see why flu quickly and apparently miraculously disappeared *worldwide* by being diagnosed 'Covid-19'. The painfully bloody obvious was explained away by the childlike media in headlines like this in the UK '*Independent*': 'Not a single case of flu detected by Public Health England this year as Covid restrictions suppress virus'. I kid you not. The masking, social distancing and house arrest that did not make the 'Covid virus' disappear somehow did so with the 'flu virus'. Even worse the article, by a bloke called Samuel Lovett, suggested that maybe the masking, sanitising and other 'Covid' measures should continue to keep the flu away. With a ridiculousness that disturbs your breathing (it's 'Covid-19') the said Lovett wrote: 'With widespread social distancing and mask-wearing measures in place throughout the UK, the usual routes of transmission for influenza have been blocked.' He had absolutely no evidence to support that statement, but look at the consequences of him acknowledging the obvious. With flu not disappearing at all and only being relabelled 'Covid-19' he would have to contemplate that 'Covid' was a hoax on a scale that is hard to imagine. You need guts and commitment to truth to even go there and that's clearly something Samuel Lovett does not have in abundance. He would never have got it through the editors anyway.

Tens of thousands die in the United States alone every winter from flu including many with pneumonia complications. CDC figures record *45 million* Americans diagnosed with flu in 2017-2018 of which 61,000 died and some reports claim 80,000. Where was the same hysteria then that we have seen with 'Covid-19'? Some 250,000 Americans are admitted to hospital with pneumonia every year with about 50,000 cases proving fatal. About 65 million suffer respiratory disease every year and three million deaths makes this the third biggest cause of death worldwide. You only have to redesignate a portion of all these people 'Covid-19' and you have an instant global pandemic or the *appearance* of one. Why would doctors do this? They are told to do this and all but a few dare not refuse those who must be obeyed. Doctors in general are not researching their own

knowledge and instead take it direct and unquestioned from the authorities that own them and their careers. The authorities say they must now diagnose these symptoms 'Covid-19' and not flu, or whatever, and they do it. Dark suits say put 'Covid-19' on death certificates no matter what the cause of death and the doctors do it. Renegade Minds don't fall for the illusion that doctors and medical staff are all highly-intelligent, highly-principled, seekers of medical truth. *Some are*, but not the majority. They are repeaters, gofers, and yes sir, no sir, purveyors of what the system demands they purvey. The 'Covid' con is not merely confined to diseases of the lungs. Instructions to doctors to put 'Covid-19' on death certificates for anyone dying of *anything* within 28 days (or much more) of a positive test not testing for the 'virus' opened the floodgates. The term dying *with* 'Covid' and not *of* 'Covid' was coined to cover the truth. Whether it was a *with* or an *of* they were all added to the death numbers attributed to the 'deadly virus' compiled by national governments and globally by the Gates-funded Johns Hopkins operation in the United States that was so involved in those 'pandemic' simulations. Fraudulent deaths were added to the ever-growing list of fraudulent 'cases' from false positives from a false test. No wonder Professor Walter Ricciardi, scientific advisor to the Italian minister of health, said after the Lombardy hysteria had done its job that 'Covid' death rates were due to Italy having the second oldest population in the world and to *how hospitals record deaths*:

The way in which we code deaths in our country is very generous in the sense that all the people who die in hospitals with the coronavirus are deemed to be dying of the coronavirus. On re-evaluation by the National Institute of Health, only 12 per cent of death certificates have shown a direct causality from coronavirus, while 88 per cent of patients who have died have at least one pre-morbidity – many had two or three.

This is extraordinary enough when you consider the propaganda campaign to use Italy to terrify the world, but how can they even say twelve percent were genuine when the 'virus' has not been shown to exist, its 'code' is a computer program, and diagnosis comes from a test not testing for it? As in China, and soon the world, 'Covid-19' in

Italy was a redesignation of diagnosis. Lies and corruption were to become the real 'pandemic' fuelled by a pathetically-compliant medical system taking its orders from the tiny few at the top of their national hierarchy who answered to the World Health Organization which answers to Gates and the Cult. Doctors were told – ordered – to diagnose a particular set of symptoms 'Covid-19' and put that on the death certificate for any cause of death if the patient had tested positive with a test not testing for the virus or had 'Covid' symptoms like the flu. The United States even introduced big financial incentives to manipulate the figures with hospitals receiving £4,600 from the Medicare system for diagnosing someone with regular pneumonia, \$13,000 if they made the diagnosis from the same symptoms 'Covid-19' pneumonia, and \$39,000 if they put a 'Covid' diagnosed patient on a ventilator that would almost certainly kill them. A few – painfully and pathetically few – medical whistleblowers revealed (before Cult-owned YouTube deleted their videos) that they had been instructed to 'let the patient crash' and put them straight on a ventilator instead of going through a series of far less intrusive and dangerous methods as they would have done before the pandemic hoax began and the financial incentives kicked in. We are talking cold-blooded murder given that ventilators are so damaging to respiratory systems they are usually the last step before heaven awaits. Renegade Minds never fall for the belief that people in white coats are all angels of mercy and cannot be full-on psychopaths. I have explained in detail in *The Answer* how what I am describing here played out across the world coordinated by the World Health Organization through the medical hierarchies in almost every country.

### **Medical scientist calls it**

Information about the non-existence of the 'virus' began to emerge for me in late March, 2020, and mushroomed after that. I was sent an email by Sir Julian Rose, a writer, researcher, and organic farming promotor, from a medical scientist friend of his in the United States. Even at that early stage in March the scientist was able to explain

how the 'Covid' hoax was being manipulated. He said there were no reliable tests for a specific 'Covid-19 virus' and nor were there any reliable agencies or media outlets for reporting numbers of actual 'Covid-19' cases. We have seen in the long period since then that he was absolutely right. 'Every action and reaction to Covid-19 is based on totally flawed data and we simply cannot make accurate assessments,' he said. Most people diagnosed with 'Covid-19' were showing nothing more than cold and flu-like symptoms 'because most coronavirus strains *are* nothing more than cold/flu-like symptoms'. We had farcical situations like an 84-year-old German man testing positive for 'Covid-19' and his nursing home ordered to quarantine only for him to be found to have a common cold. The scientist described back then why PCR tests and what he called the 'Mickey Mouse test kits' were useless for what they were claimed to be identifying. 'The idea these kits can isolate a specific virus like Covid-19 is nonsense,' he said. Significantly, he pointed out that 'if you want to create a totally false panic about a totally false pandemic – pick a coronavirus'. This is exactly what the Cult-owned Gates, World Economic Forum and Johns Hopkins University did with their Event 201 'simulation' followed by their real-life simulation called the 'pandemic'. The scientist said that all you had to do was select the sickest of people with respiratory-type diseases in a single location – 'say Wuhan' – and administer PCR tests to them. You can then claim that anyone showing 'viral sequences' similar to a coronavirus 'which will inevitably be quite a few' is suffering from a 'new' disease:

Since you already selected the sickest flu cases a fairly high proportion of your sample will go on to die. You can then say this 'new' virus has a CFR [case fatality rate] higher than the flu and use this to infuse more concern and do more tests which will of course produce more 'cases', which expands the testing, which produces yet more 'cases' and so on and so on. Before long you have your 'pandemic', and all you have done is use a simple test kit trick to convert the worst flu and pneumonia cases into something new that doesn't ACTUALLY EXIST [my emphasis].

He said that you then 'just run the same scam in other countries' and make sure to keep the fear message running high 'so that people

will feel panicky and less able to think critically'. The only problem to overcome was the fact *there is no* actual new deadly pathogen and only regular sick people. This meant that deaths from the 'new deadly pathogen' were going to be way too low for a real new deadly virus pandemic, but he said this could be overcome in the following ways – all of which would go on to happen:

1. You can claim this is just the beginning and more deaths are imminent [you underpin this with fantasy 'computer projections']. Use this as an excuse to quarantine everyone and then claim the quarantine prevented the expected millions of dead.
2. You can [say that people] 'minimizing' the dangers are irresponsible and bully them into not talking about numbers.
3. You can talk crap about made up numbers hoping to blind people with pseudoscience.
4. You can start testing well people (who, of course, will also likely have shreds of coronavirus [RNA] in them) and thus inflate your 'case figures' with 'asymptomatic carriers' (you will of course have to spin that to sound deadly even though any virologist knows the more symptom-less cases you have the less deadly is your pathogen).

The scientist said that if you take these simple steps 'you can have your own entirely manufactured pandemic up and running in weeks'. His analysis made so early in the hoax was brilliantly prophetic of what would actually unfold. Pulling all the information together in these recent chapters we have this is simple 1, 2, 3, of how you can delude virtually the entire human population into believing in a 'virus' that doesn't exist:

- A 'Covid case' is someone who tests positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'.
- A 'Covid death' is someone who dies of *any cause* within 28 days (or much longer) of testing positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'.
- Asymptomatic means there is nothing wrong with you, but they claim you can pass on what you don't have to justify locking

down (quarantining) healthy people in totality.

The foundations of the hoax are that simple. A study involving ten million people in Wuhan, published in November, 2020, demolished the whole lie about those without symptoms passing on the 'virus'. They found '300 asymptomatic cases' and traced their contacts to find that not one of them was detected with the 'virus'.

'Asymptomatic' patients and their contacts were isolated for no less than two weeks and nothing changed. I know it's all crap, but if you are going to claim that those without symptoms can transmit 'the virus' then you must produce evidence for that and they never have. Even World Health Organization official Dr Maria Van Kerkhove, head of the emerging diseases and zoonosis unit, said as early as June, 2020, that she doubted the validity of asymptomatic transmission. She said that 'from the data we have, it still seems to be rare that an asymptomatic person actually transmits onward to a secondary individual' and by 'rare' she meant that she couldn't cite any case of asymptomatic transmission.

### **The Ferguson factor**

The problem for the Cult as it headed into March, 2020, when the script had lockdown due to start, was that despite all the manipulation of the case and death figures they still did not have enough people alleged to have died from 'Covid' to justify mass house arrest. This was overcome in the way the scientist described: 'You can claim this is just the beginning and more deaths are imminent ... Use this as an excuse to quarantine everyone and then claim the quarantine prevented the expected millions of dead.' Enter one Professor Neil Ferguson, the Gates-funded 'epidemiologist' at the Gates-funded Imperial College in London. Ferguson is Britain's Christian Drosten in that he has a dire record of predicting health outcomes, but is still called upon to advise government on the next health outcome when another 'crisis' comes along. This may seem to be a strange and ridiculous thing to do. Why would you keep turning for policy guidance to people who have a history of being

monumentally wrong? Ah, but it makes sense from the Cult point of view. These 'experts' keep on producing predictions that suit the Cult agenda for societal transformation and so it was with Neil Ferguson as he revealed his horrific (and clearly insane) computer model predictions that allowed lockdowns to be imposed in Britain, the United States and many other countries. Ferguson does not have even an A-level in biology and would appear to have no formal training in computer modelling, medicine or epidemiology, according to Derek Winton, an MSc in Computational Intelligence. He wrote an article somewhat aghast at what Ferguson did which included taking no account of respiratory disease 'seasonality' which means it is far worse in the winter months. Who would have thought that respiratory disease could be worse in the winter? Well, certainly not Ferguson.

The massively China-connected Imperial College and its bizarre professor provided the excuse for the long-incubated Chinese model of human control to travel westward at lightning speed. Imperial College confirms on its website that it collaborates with the Chinese Research Institute; publishes more than 600 research papers every year with Chinese research institutions; has 225 Chinese staff; 2,600 Chinese students – the biggest international group; 7,000 former students living in China which is the largest group outside the UK; and was selected for a tour by China's President Xi Jinping during his state visit to the UK in 2015. The college takes major donations from China and describes itself as the UK's number one university collaborator with Chinese research institutions. The China communist/fascist government did not appear phased by the woeful predictions of Ferguson and Imperial when during the lockdown that Ferguson induced the college signed a five-year collaboration deal with China tech giant Huawei that will have Huawei's indoor 5G network equipment installed at the college's West London tech campus along with an 'AI cloud platform'. The deal includes Chinese sponsorship of Imperial's Venture Catalyst entrepreneurship competition. Imperial is an example of the enormous influence the Chinese government has within British and North American

universities and research centres – and further afield. Up to 200 academics from more than a dozen UK universities are being investigated on suspicion of ‘unintentionally’ helping the Chinese government build weapons of mass destruction by ‘transferring world-leading research in advanced military technology such as aircraft, missile designs and cyberweapons’. Similar scandals have broken in the United States, but it’s all a coincidence. Imperial College serves the agenda in many other ways including the promotion of every aspect of the United Nations Agenda 21/2030 (the Great Reset) and produced computer models to show that human-caused ‘climate change’ is happening when in the real world it isn’t. Imperial College is driving the climate agenda as it drives the ‘Covid’ agenda (both Cult hoaxes) while Patrick Vallance, the UK government’s Chief Scientific Adviser on ‘Covid’, was named Chief Scientific Adviser to the UN ‘climate change’ conference known as COP26 hosted by the government in Glasgow, Scotland. ‘Covid’ and ‘climate’ are fundamentally connected.

## **Professor Woeful**

From Imperial’s bosom came Neil Ferguson still advising government despite his previous disasters and it was announced early on that he and other key people like UK Chief Medical Adviser Chris Whitty had caught the ‘virus’ as the propaganda story was being sold. Somehow they managed to survive and we had Prime Minister Boris Johnson admitted to hospital with what was said to be a severe version of the ‘virus’ in this same period. His whole policy and demeanour changed when he returned to Downing Street. It’s a small world with these government advisors – especially in their communal connections to Gates – and Ferguson had partnered with Whitty to write a paper called ‘Infectious disease: Tough choices to reduce Ebola transmission’ which involved another scare-story that didn’t happen. Ferguson’s ‘models’ predicted that up to 150,000 could die from ‘mad cow disease’, or BSE, and its version in sheep if it was transmitted to humans. BSE was not transmitted and instead triggered by an organophosphate pesticide used to treat a pest on

cows. Fewer than 200 deaths followed from the human form. Models by Ferguson and his fellow incompetents led to the unnecessary culling of millions of pigs, cattle and sheep in the foot and mouth outbreak in 2001 which destroyed the lives and livelihoods of farmers and their families who had often spent decades building their herds and flocks. Vast numbers of these animals did not have foot and mouth and had no contact with the infection. Another 'expert' behind the cull was Professor Roy Anderson, a computer modeller at Imperial College specialising in the epidemiology of *human*, not animal, disease. Anderson has served on the Bill and Melinda Gates Grand Challenges in Global Health advisory board and chairs another Gates-funded organisation. Gates is everywhere.

In a precursor to the 'Covid' script Ferguson backed closing schools 'for prolonged periods' over the swine flu 'pandemic' in 2009 and said it would affect a third of the world population if it continued to spread at the speed he claimed to be happening. His mates at Imperial College said much the same and a news report said: 'One of the authors, the epidemiologist and disease modeller Neil Ferguson, who sits on the World Health Organisation's emergency committee for the outbreak, said the virus had "full pandemic potential".' Professor Liam Donaldson, the Chris Whitty of his day as Chief Medical Officer, said the worst case could see 30 percent of the British people infected by swine flu with 65,000 dying. Ferguson and Donaldson were indeed proved correct when at the end of the year the number of deaths attributed to swine flu was 392. The term 'expert' is rather liberally applied unfortunately, not least to complete idiots. Swine flu 'projections' were great for GlaxoSmithKline (GSK) as millions rolled in for its Pandemrix influenza vaccine which led to brain damage with children most affected. The British government (taxpayers) paid out more than £60 million in compensation after GSK was given immunity from prosecution. Yet another 'Covid' déjà vu. Swine flu was supposed to have broken out in Mexico, but Dr Wolfgang Wodarg, a German doctor, former member of parliament and critic of the 'Covid' hoax, observed 'the spread of swine flu' in Mexico City at the time. He

said: 'What we experienced in Mexico City was a very mild flu which did not kill more than usual – which killed even fewer people than usual.' Hying the fear against all the facts is not unique to 'Covid' and has happened many times before. Ferguson is reported to have over-estimated the projected death toll of bird flu (H5N1) by some three million-fold, but bird flu vaccine makers again made a killing from the scare. This is some of the background to the Neil Ferguson who produced the perfectly-timed computer models in early 2020 predicting that half a million people would die in Britain without draconian lockdown and 2.2 million in the United States. Politicians panicked, people panicked, and lockdowns of alleged short duration were instigated to 'flatten the curve' of cases gleaned from a test not testing for the 'virus'. I said at the time that the public could forget the 'short duration' bit. This was an agenda to destroy the livelihoods of the population and force them into mass control through dependency and there was going to be nothing 'short' about it. American researcher Daniel Horowitz described the consequences of the 'models' spewed out by Gates-funded Ferguson and Imperial College:

What led our government and the governments of many other countries into panic was a single Imperial College of UK study, funded by global warming activists, that predicted 2.2 million deaths if we didn't lock down the country. In addition, the reported 8-9% death rate in Italy scared us into thinking there was some other mutation of this virus that they got, which might have come here.

Together with the fact that we were finally testing and had the ability to actually report new cases, we thought we were headed for a death spiral. But again ... we can't flatten a curve if we don't know when the curve started.

How about it *never* started?

## **Giving them what they want**

An investigation by German news outlet *Welt Am Sonntag* (*World on Sunday*) revealed how in March, 2020, the German government gathered together 'leading scientists from several research institutes and universities' and 'together, they were to produce a [modelling]

paper that would serve as legitimization for further tough political measures'. The Cult agenda was justified by computer modelling not based on evidence or reality; it was specifically constructed to justify the Cult demand for lockdowns all over the world to destroy the independent livelihoods of the global population. All these modellers and everyone responsible for the 'Covid' hoax have a date with a trial like those in Nuremberg after World War Two when Nazis faced the consequences of their war crimes. These corrupt-beyond-belief 'modellers' wrote the paper according to government instructions and it said that that if lockdown measures were lifted then up to one million Germans would die from 'Covid-19' adding that some would die 'agonizingly at home, gasping for breath' unable to be treated by hospitals that couldn't cope. All lies. No matter – it gave the Cult all that it wanted. What did long-time government 'modeller' Neil Ferguson say? If the UK and the United States didn't lockdown half a million would die in Britain and 2.2 million Americans. Anyone see a theme here? 'Modellers' are such a crucial part of the lockdown strategy that we should look into their background and follow the money. Researcher Rosemary Frei produced an excellent article headlined 'The Modelling-paper Mafiosi'. She highlights a guy called John Edmunds, a British epidemiologist, and professor in the Faculty of Epidemiology and Population Health at the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine. He studied at Imperial College. Edmunds is a member of government 'Covid' advisory bodies which have been dictating policy, the New and Emerging Respiratory Virus Threats Advisory Group (NERVTAG) and the Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE).

Ferguson, another member of NERVTAG and SAGE, led the way with the original 'virus' and Edmunds has followed in the 'variant' stage and especially the so-called UK or Kent variant known as the 'Variant of Concern' (VOC) B.1.1.7. He said in a co-written report for the Centre for Mathematical modelling of Infectious Diseases at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, with input from the Centre's 'Covid-19' Working Group, that there was 'a realistic

possibility that VOC B.1.1.7 is associated with an increased risk of death compared to non-VOC viruses'. Fear, fear, fear, get the vaccine, fear, fear, fear, get the vaccine. Rosemary Frei reveals that almost all the paper's authors and members of the modelling centre's 'Covid-19' Working Group receive funding from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation and/or the associated Gates-funded Wellcome Trust. The paper was published by e-journal *Medrx* *xiv* which only publishes papers not peer-reviewed and the journal was established by an organisation headed by Facebook's Mark Zuckerberg and his missus. What a small world it is. Frei discovered that Edmunds is on the Scientific Advisory Board of the Coalition for Epidemic Preparedness Innovations (CEPI) which was established by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation, Klaus Schwab's Davos World Economic Forum and Big Pharma giant Wellcome. CEPI was 'launched in Davos [in 2017] to develop vaccines to stop future epidemics', according to its website. 'Our mission is to accelerate the development of vaccines against emerging infectious diseases and enable equitable access to these vaccines for people during outbreaks.' What kind people they are. Rosemary Frei reveals that Public Health England (PHE) director Susan Hopkins is an author of her organisation's non-peer-reviewed reports on 'new variants'. Hopkins is a professor of infectious diseases at London's Imperial College which is gifted tens of millions of dollars a year by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. Gates-funded modelling disaster Neil Ferguson also co-authors Public Health England reports and he spoke in December, 2020, about the potential danger of the B.1.1.7. 'UK variant' promoted by Gates-funded modeller John Edmunds. When I come to the 'Covid vaccines' the 'new variants' will be shown for what they are – bollocks.

## **Connections, connections**

All these people and modellers are lockdown-obsessed or, put another way, they demand what the Cult demands. Edmunds said in January, 2021, that to ease lockdowns too soon would be a disaster and they had to 'vaccinate much, much, much more widely than the

elderly'. Rosemary Frei highlights that Edmunds is married to Jeanne Pimenta who is described in a LinkedIn profile as director of epidemiology at GlaxoSmithKline (GSK) and she held shares in the company. Patrick Vallance, co-chair of SAGE and the government's Chief Scientific Adviser, is a former executive of GSK and has a deferred bonus of shares in the company worth £600,000. GSK has serious business connections with Bill Gates and is collaborating with mRNA-'vaccine' company CureVac to make 'vaccines' for the new variants that Edmunds is talking about. GSK is planning a 'Covid vaccine' with drug giant Sanofi. Puppets Prime Minister Boris Johnson announced in the spring of 2021 that up to 60 million vaccine doses were to be made at the GSK facility at Barnard Castle in the English North East. Barnard Castle, with a population of just 6,000, was famously visited in breach of lockdown rules in April, 2020, by Johnson aide Dominic Cummings who said that he drove there 'to test his eyesight' before driving back to London. Cummings would be better advised to test his integrity – not that it would take long. The GSK facility had nothing to do with his visit then although I'm sure Patrick Vallance would have been happy to arrange an introduction and some tea and biscuits. Ruthless psychopath Gates has made yet another fortune from vaccines in collaboration with Big Pharma companies and gushes at the phenomenal profits to be made from vaccines – more than a 20-to-1 return as he told one interviewer. Gates also tweeted in December, 2019, with the foreknowledge of what was coming: 'What's next for our foundation? I'm particularly excited about what the next year could mean for one of the best buys in global health: vaccines.'

Modeller John Edmunds is a big promoter of vaccines as all these people appear to be. He's the dean of the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine's Faculty of Epidemiology and Population Health which is primarily funded by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation and the Gates-established and funded GAVI vaccine alliance which is the Gates vehicle to vaccinate the world. The organisation Doctors Without Borders has described GAVI as being 'aimed more at supporting drug-industry desires to promote new

products than at finding the most efficient and sustainable means for fighting the diseases of poverty'. But then that's why the psychopath Gates created it. John Edmunds said in a video that the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine is involved in every aspect of vaccine development including large-scale clinical trials. He contends that mathematical modelling can show that vaccines protect individuals and society. That's on the basis of shit in and shit out, I take it. Edmunds serves on the UK Vaccine Network as does Ferguson and the government's foremost 'Covid' adviser, the grim-faced, dark-eyed Chris Whitty. The Vaccine Network says it works 'to support the government to identify and shortlist targeted investment opportunities for the most promising vaccines and vaccine technologies that will help combat infectious diseases with epidemic potential, and to address structural issues related to the UK's broader vaccine infrastructure'. Ferguson is acting Director of the Imperial College Vaccine Impact Modelling Consortium which has funding from the Bill and Melina Gates Foundation and the Gates-created GAVI 'vaccine alliance'. Anyone wonder why these characters see vaccines as the answer to every problem? Ferguson is wildly enthusiastic in his support for GAVI's campaign to vaccinate children en masse in poor countries. You would expect someone like Gates who has constantly talked about the need to reduce the population to want to fund vaccines to keep more people alive. I'm sure that's why he does it. The John Edmunds London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine (LSHTM) has a Vaccines Manufacturing Innovation Centre which develops, tests and commercialises vaccines. Rosemary Frei writes:

The vaccines centre also performs affiliated activities like combating 'vaccine hesitancy'. The latter includes the Vaccine Confidence Project. The project's stated purpose is, among other things, 'to provide analysis and guidance for early response and engagement with the public to ensure sustained confidence in vaccines and immunisation'. The Vaccine Confidence Project's director is LSHTM professor Heidi Larson. For more than a decade she's been researching how to combat vaccine hesitancy.

How the bloody hell can blokes like John Edmunds and Neil Ferguson with those connections and financial ties model 'virus' case

and death projections for the government and especially in a way that gives their paymasters like Gates exactly what they want? It's insane, but this is what you find throughout the world.

### **'Covid' is not dangerous, oops, wait, yes it is**

Only days before Ferguson's nightmare scenario made Jackboot Johnson take Britain into a China-style lockdown to save us from a deadly 'virus' the UK government website gov.uk was reporting something very different to Ferguson on a page of official government guidance for 'high consequence infectious diseases (HCID)'. It said this about 'Covid-19':

*As of 19 March 2020, COVID-19 is no longer considered to be a high consequence infectious diseases (HCID) in the UK [my emphasis].* The 4 nations public health HCID group made an interim recommendation in January 2020 to classify COVID-19 as an HCID. This was based on consideration of the UK HCID criteria about the virus and the disease with information available during the early stages of the outbreak.

Now that more is known about COVID-19, the public health bodies in the UK have reviewed the most up to date information about COVID-19 against the UK HCID criteria. They have determined that several features have now changed; in particular, more information is available about mortality rates (low overall), and there is now greater clinical awareness and a specific and sensitive laboratory test, the availability of which continues to increase. The Advisory Committee on Dangerous Pathogens (ACDP) is also of the opinion that COVID-19 should no longer be classified as an HCID.

Soon after the government had been exposed for downgrading the risk they upgraded it again and everyone was back to singing from the same Cult hymn book. Ferguson and his fellow Gates clones indicated that lockdowns and restrictions would have to continue until a Gates-funded vaccine was developed. Gates said the same because Ferguson and his like were repeating the Gates script which is the Cult script. 'Flatten the curve' became an ongoing nightmare of continuing lockdowns with periods in between of severe restrictions in pursuit of destroying independent incomes and had nothing to do with protecting health about which the Cult gives not a shit. Why wouldn't Ferguson be pushing a vaccine 'solution' when he's owned by vaccine-obsessive Gates who makes a fortune from them and

when Ferguson heads the Vaccine Impact Modelling Consortium at Imperial College funded by the Gates Foundation and GAVI, the 'vaccine alliance', created by Gates as his personal vaccine promotion operation? To compound the human catastrophe that Ferguson's 'models' did so much to create he was later exposed for breaking his own lockdown rules by having sexual liaisons with his married girlfriend Antonia Staats at his home while she was living at another location with her husband and children. Staats was a 'climate' activist and senior campaigner at the Soros-funded Avaaz which I wouldn't trust to tell me that grass is green. Ferguson had to resign as a government advisor over this hypocrisy in May, 2020, but after a period of quiet he was back being quoted by the ridiculous media on the need for more lockdowns and a vaccine rollout. Other government-advising 'scientists' from Imperial College held the fort in his absence and said lockdown could be indefinite until a vaccine was found. The Cult script was being sung by the payrolled choir. I said there was no intention of going back to 'normal' when the 'vaccine' came because the 'vaccine' is part of a very different agenda that I will discuss in Human 2.0. Why would the Cult want to let the world go back to normal when destroying that normal forever was the whole point of what was happening? House arrest, closing businesses and schools through lockdown, (un)social distancing and masks all followed the Ferguson fantasy models. Again as I predicted (these people are so predictable) when the 'vaccine' arrived we were told that house arrest, lockdown, (un)social distancing and masks would still have to continue. I will deal with the masks in the next chapter because they are of fundamental importance.

## **Where's the 'pandemic'?**

Any mildly in-depth assessment of the figures revealed what was really going on. Cult-funded and controlled organisations still have genuine people working within them such is the number involved. So it is with Genevieve Briand, assistant program director of the Applied Economics master's degree program at Johns Hopkins

University. She analysed the impact that 'Covid-19' had on deaths from *all* causes in the United States using official data from the CDC for the period from early February to early September, 2020. She found that allegedly 'Covid' *related*-deaths exceeded those from heart disease which she found strange with heart disease always the biggest cause of fatalities. Her research became even more significant when she noted the sudden decline in 2020 of *all* non-'Covid' deaths: 'This trend is completely contrary to the pattern observed in all previous years ... the total decrease in deaths by other causes almost exactly equals the increase in deaths by Covid-19.' This was such a game, set and match in terms of what was happening that Johns Hopkins University deleted the article on the grounds that it 'was being used to support false and dangerous inaccuracies about the impact of the pandemic'. No – because it exposed the scam from official CDC figures and this was confirmed when those figures were published in January, 2021. Here we can see the effect of people dying from heart attacks, cancer, road accidents and gunshot wounds – *anything* – having 'Covid-19' on the death certificate along with those diagnosed from 'symptoms' who had even not tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'. I am not kidding with the gunshot wounds, by the way. Brenda Bock, coroner in Grand County, Colorado, revealed that two gunshot victims tested positive for the 'virus' within the previous 30 days and were therefore classified as 'Covid deaths'. Bock said: 'These two people had tested positive for Covid, but that's not what killed them. A gunshot wound is what killed them.' She said she had not even finished her investigation when the state listed the gunshot victims as deaths due to the 'virus'. The death and case figures for 'Covid-19' are an absolute joke and yet they are repeated like parrots by the media, politicians and alleged medical 'experts'. The official Cult narrative is the only show in town.

Genevieve Briand found that deaths from all causes were not exceptional in 2020 compared with previous years and a Spanish magazine published figures that said the same about Spain which was a 'Covid' propaganda hotspot at one point. *Discovery Salud*, a

health and medicine magazine, quoted government figures which showed how 17,000 *fewer* people died in Spain in 2020 than in 2019 and more than 26,000 fewer than in 2018. The age-standardised mortality rate for England and Wales when age distribution is taken into account was significantly lower in 2020 than the 1970s, 80s and 90s, and was only the ninth highest since 2000. Where is the 'pandemic'?

Post mortems and autopsies virtually disappeared for 'Covid' deaths amid claims that 'virus-infected' bodily fluids posed a risk to those carrying out the autopsy. This was rejected by renowned German pathologist and forensic doctor Klaus Püschel who said that he and his staff had by then done 150 autopsies on 'Covid' patients with no problems at all. He said they were needed to know why some 'Covid' patients suffered blood clots and not severe respiratory infections. The 'virus' is, after all, called SARS or 'severe acute respiratory syndrome'. I highlighted in the spring of 2020 this phenomenon and quoted New York intensive care doctor Cameron Kyle-Sidell who posted a soon deleted YouTube video to say that they had been told to prepare to treat an infectious disease called 'Covid-19', but that was not what they were dealing with. Instead he likened the lung condition of the most severely ill patients to what you would expect with cabin depressurisation in a plane at 30,000 feet or someone dropped on the top of Everest without oxygen or acclimatisation. I have never said this is not happening to a small minority of alleged 'Covid' patients – I am saying this is not caused by a phantom 'contagious virus'. Indeed Kyle-Sidell said that 'Covid-19' was not the disease they were told was coming their way. 'We are operating under a medical paradigm that is untrue,' he said, and he believed they were treating the wrong disease: 'These people are being slowly starved of oxygen.' Patients would take off their oxygen masks in a state of fear and stress and while they were blue in the face on the brink of death. They did not look like patients dying of pneumonia. You can see why they don't want autopsies when their virus doesn't exist and there is another condition in some people that they don't wish to be uncovered. I should add here that

the 5G system of millimetre waves was being rapidly introduced around the world in 2020 and even more so now as they fire 5G at the Earth from satellites. At 60 gigahertz within the 5G range that frequency interacts with the oxygen molecule and stops people breathing in sufficient oxygen to be absorbed into the bloodstream. They are installing 5G in schools and hospitals. The world is not mad or anything. 5G can cause major changes to the lungs and blood as I detail in *The Answer* and these consequences are labelled 'Covid-19', the alleged symptoms of which can be caused by 5G and other electromagnetic frequencies as cells respond to radiation poisoning.

### **The 'Covid death' scam**

Dr Scott Jensen, a Minnesota state senator and medical doctor, exposed 'Covid' Medicare payment incentives to hospitals and death certificate manipulation. He said he was sent a seven-page document by the US Department of Health 'coaching' him on how to fill out death certificates which had never happened before. The document said that he didn't need to have a laboratory test for 'Covid-19' to put that on the death certificate and that shocked him when death certificates are supposed to be about facts. Jensen described how doctors had been 'encouraged, if not pressured' to make a diagnosis of 'Covid-19' if they thought it was probable or '*presumed*'. No positive test was necessary – not that this would have mattered anyway. He said doctors were told to diagnose 'Covid' by symptoms when these were the same as colds, allergies, other respiratory problems, and certainly with influenza which 'disappeared' in the 'Covid' era. A common sniffle was enough to get the dreaded verdict. Ontario authorities decreed that a single care home resident with *one* symptom from a long list must lead to the isolation of the entire home. Other courageous doctors like Jensen made the same point about death figure manipulation and how deaths by other causes were falling while 'Covid-19 deaths' were rising at the same rate due to re-diagnosis. Their videos rarely survive long on YouTube with its Cult-supporting algorithms courtesy of CEO Susan Wojcicki and her bosses at Google. Figure-tampering was so glaring

and ubiquitous that even officials were letting it slip or outright saying it. UK chief scientific adviser Patrick Vallance said on one occasion that 'Covid' on the death certificate doesn't mean 'Covid' was the cause of death (so why the hell is it there?) and we had the rare sight of a BBC reporter telling the truth when she said: 'Someone could be successfully treated for Covid, in say April, discharged, and then in June, get run over by a bus and die ... That person would still be counted as a Covid death in England.' Yet the BBC and the rest of the world media went on repeating the case and death figures as if they were real. Illinois Public Health Director Dr Ngozi Ezike revealed the deceit while her bosses must have been clenching their buttocks:

If you were in a hospice and given a few weeks to live and you were then found to have Covid that would be counted as a Covid death. [There might be] a clear alternate cause, but it is still listed as a Covid death. So everyone listed as a Covid death doesn't mean that was the cause of the death, but that they had Covid at the time of death.

Yes, a 'Covid virus' never shown to exist and tested for with a test not testing for the 'virus'. In the first period of the pandemic hoax through the spring of 2020 the process began of designating almost everything a 'Covid' death and this has continued ever since. I sat in a restaurant one night listening to a loud conversation on the next table where a family was discussing in bewilderment how a relative who had no symptoms of 'Covid', and had died of a long-term problem, could have been diagnosed a death by the 'virus'. I could understand their bewilderment. If they read this book they will know why this medical fraud has been perpetrated the world over.

### **Some media truth shock**

The media ignored the evidence of death certificate fraud until eventually one columnist did speak out when she saw it first-hand. Bel Mooney is a long-time national newspaper journalist in Britain currently working for the *Daily Mail*. Her article on February 19th, 2021, carried this headline: 'My dad Ted passed three Covid tests

and died of a chronic illness yet he's officially one of Britain's 120,000 victims of the virus and is far from alone ... so how many more are there?' She told how her 99-year-old father was in a care home with a long-standing chronic obstructive pulmonary disease and vascular dementia. Maybe, but he was still aware enough to tell her from the start that there was no 'virus' and he refused the 'vaccine' for that reason. His death was not unexpected given his chronic health problems and Mooney said she was shocked to find that 'Covid-19' was declared the cause of death on his death certificate. She said this was a 'bizarre and unacceptable untruth' for a man with long-time health problems who had tested negative twice at the home for the 'virus'. I was also shocked by this story although not by what she said. I had been highlighting the death certificate manipulation for ten months. It was the confirmation that a professional full-time journalist only realised this was going on when it affected her directly and neither did she know that whether her dad tested positive or negative was irrelevant with the test not testing for the 'virus'. Where had she been? She said she did not believe in 'conspiracy theories' without knowing I'm sure that this and 'conspiracy theorists' were terms put into widespread circulation by the CIA in the 1960s to discredit those who did not accept the ridiculous official story of the Kennedy assassination. A blanket statement of 'I don't believe in conspiracy theories' is always bizarre. The dictionary definition of the term alone means the world is drowning in conspiracies. What she said was even more daft when her dad had just been affected by the 'Covid' conspiracy. Why else does she think that 'Covid-19' was going on the death certificates of people who died of something else?

To be fair once she saw from personal experience what was happening she didn't mince words. Mooney was called by the care home on the morning of February 9th to be told her father had died in his sleep. When she asked for the official cause of death what came back was 'Covid-19'. Mooney challenged this and was told there had been deaths from Covid on the dementia floor (confirmed by a test not testing for the 'virus') so they considered it 'reasonable

to assume'. 'But doctor,' Mooney rightly protested, 'an assumption isn't a diagnosis.' She said she didn't blame the perfectly decent and sympathetic doctor – 'he was just doing his job'. Sorry, but that's *bullshit*. He wasn't doing his job at all. He was putting a false cause of death on the death certificate and that is a criminal offence for which he should be brought to account and the same with the millions of doctors worldwide who have done the same. They were not doing their job they were following orders and that must not wash at new Nuremberg trials any more than it did at the first ones. Mooney's doctor was 'assuming' (presuming) as he was told to, but 'just following orders' makes no difference to his actions. A doctor's job is to serve the patient and the truth, not follow orders, but that's what they have done all over the world and played a central part in making the 'Covid' hoax possible with all its catastrophic consequences for humanity. Shame on them and they must answer for their actions. Mooney said her disquiet worsened when she registered her father's death by telephone and was told by the registrar there had been very many other cases like hers where 'the deceased' had not tested positive for 'Covid' yet it was recorded as the cause of death. The test may not matter, but those involved at their level *think* it matters and it shows a callous disregard for accurate diagnosis. The pressure to do this is coming from the top of the national 'health' pyramids which in turn obey the World Health Organization which obeys Gates and the Cult. Mooney said the registrar agreed that this must distort the national figures adding that 'the strangest thing is that every winter we record countless deaths from flu, and this winter there have been none. Not one!' She asked if the registrar thought deaths from flu were being misdiagnosed and lumped together with 'Covid' deaths. The answer was a 'puzzled yes'. Mooney said that the funeral director said the same about 'Covid' deaths which had nothing to do with 'Covid'. They had lost count of the number of families upset by this and other funeral companies in different countries have had the same experience. Mooney wrote:

The nightly shroud-waving and shocking close-ups of pain imposed on us by the TV news bewildered and terrified the population into eager compliance with lockdowns. We were invited to 'save the NHS' and to grieve for strangers – the real-life loved ones behind those shocking death counts. Why would the public imagine what I now fear, namely that the way Covid-19 death statistics are compiled might make the numbers seem greater than they are?

Oh, just a little bit – like 100 percent.

## **Do the maths**

Mooney asked why a country would wish to skew its mortality figures by wrongly certifying deaths? What had been going on? Well, if you don't believe in conspiracies you will never find the answer which is that *it's a conspiracy*. She did, however, describe what she had discovered as a 'national scandal'. In reality it's a global scandal and happening everywhere. Pillars of this conspiracy were all put into place before the button was pressed with the Drosten PCR protocol and high amplifications to produce the cases and death certificate changes to secure illusory 'Covid' deaths. Mooney notes that normally two doctors were needed to certify a death, with one having to know the patient, and how the rules were changed in the spring of 2020 to allow one doctor to do this. In the same period 'Covid deaths' were decreed to be all cases where Covid-19 was put on the death certificate even without a positive test or any symptoms. Mooney asked: 'How many of the 30,851 (as of January 15) care home resident deaths with Covid-19 on the certificate (32.4 per cent of all deaths so far) were based on an assumption, like that of my father? And what has that done to our national psyche?' All of them is the answer to the first question and it has devastated and dismantled the national psyche, actually the global psyche, on a colossal scale. In the UK case and death data is compiled by organisations like Public Health England (PHE) and the Office for National Statistics (ONS). Mooney highlights the insane policy of counting a death from any cause as 'Covid-19' if this happens within 28 days of a positive test (with a test not testing for the 'virus') and she points out that ONS statistics reflect deaths 'involving Covid' 'or due to Covid' which meant in practice any

death where 'Covid-19' was mentioned on the death certificate. She described the consequences of this fraud:

Most people will accept the narrative they are fed, so panicky governments here and in Europe witnessed the harsh measures enacted in totalitarian China and jumped into lockdown. Headlines about Covid deaths tolled like the knell that would bring doomsday to us all. Fear stalked our empty streets. Politicians parroted the frankly ridiculous aim of 'zero Covid' and shut down the economy, while most British people agreed that lockdown was essential and (astonishingly to me, as a patriotic Brit) even wanted more restrictions.

For what? Lies on death certificates? Never mind the grim toll of lives ruined, suicides, schools closed, rising inequality, depression, cancelled hospital treatments, cancer patients in a torture of waiting, poverty, economic devastation, loneliness, families kept apart, and so on. How many lives have been lost as a direct result of lockdown?

She said that we could join in a national chorus of shock and horror at reaching the 120,000 death toll which was surely certain to have been totally skewed all along, but what about the human cost of lockdown justified by these 'death figures'? *The British Medical Journal* had reported a 1,493 percent increase in cases of children taken to Great Ormond Street Hospital with abusive head injuries alone and then there was the effect on families:

Perhaps the most shocking thing about all this is that families have been kept apart – and obeyed the most irrational, changing rules at the whim of government – because they believed in the statistics. They succumbed to fear, which his generation rejected in that war fought for freedom. Dad (God rest his soul) would be angry. And so am I.

Another theme to watch is that in the winter months when there are more deaths from all causes they focus on 'Covid' deaths and in the summer when the British Lung Foundation says respiratory disease plummets by 80 percent they rage on about 'cases'. Either way fascism on population is always the answer.

## **Nazi eugenics in the 21st century**

Elderly people in care homes have been isolated from their families month after lonely month with no contact with relatives and grandchildren who were banned from seeing them. We were told

that lockdown fascism was to 'protect the vulnerable' like elderly people. At the same time Do Not Resuscitate (DNR) orders were placed on their medical files so that if they needed resuscitation it wasn't done and 'Covid-19' went on their death certificates. Old people were not being 'protected' they were being culled – murdered in truth. DNR orders were being decreed for disabled and young people with learning difficulties or psychological problems. The UK Care Quality Commission, a non-departmental body of the Department of Health and Social Care, found that 34 percent of those working in health and social care were pressured into placing 'do not attempt cardiopulmonary resuscitation' orders on 'Covid' patients who suffered from disabilities and learning difficulties without involving the patient or their families in the decision. UK judges ruled that an elderly woman with dementia should have the DNA-manipulating 'Covid vaccine' against her son's wishes and that a man with severe learning difficulties should have the job despite his family's objections. Never mind that many had already died. The judiciary always supports doctors and government in fascist dictatorships. They wouldn't dare do otherwise. A horrific video was posted showing fascist officers from Los Angeles police forcibly giving the 'Covid' shot to women with special needs who were screaming that they didn't want it. The same fascists are seen giving the jab to a sleeping elderly woman in a care home. This is straight out of the Nazi playbook. Hitler's Nazis committed mass murder of the mentally ill and physically disabled throughout Germany and occupied territories in the programme that became known as Aktion T4, or just T4. Sabbatian-controlled Hitler and his grotesque crazies set out to kill those they considered useless and unnecessary. The Reich Committee for the Scientific Registering of Hereditary and Congenital Illnesses registered the births of babies identified by physicians to have 'defects'. By 1941 alone more than 5,000 children were murdered by the state and it is estimated that in total the number of innocent people killed in Aktion T4 was between 275,000 and 300,000. Parents were told their children had been sent away for 'special treatment' never to return. It is rather pathetic to see claims about plans for new extermination camps being dismissed today

when the same force behind current events did precisely that 80 years ago. Margaret Sanger was a Cult operative who used 'birth control' to sanitise her programme of eugenics. Organisations she founded became what is now Planned Parenthood. Sanger proposed that 'the whole dysgenic population would have its choice of segregation or sterilization'. These included epileptics, 'feeble-minded', and prostitutes. Sanger opposed charity because it perpetuated 'human waste'. She reveals the Cult mentality and if anyone thinks that extermination camps are a 'conspiracy theory' their naivety is touching if breathtakingly stupid.

If you don't believe that doctors can act with callous disregard for their patients it is worth considering that doctors and medical staff agreed to put government-decreed DNR orders on medical files and do nothing when resuscitation is called for. I don't know what you call such people in your house. In mine they are Nazis from the Josef Mengele School of Medicine. Phenomenal numbers of old people have died worldwide from the effects of lockdown, depression, lack of treatment, the 'vaccine' (more later) and losing the will to live. A common response at the start of the manufactured pandemic was to remove old people from hospital beds and transfer them to nursing homes. The decision would result in a mass cull of elderly people in those homes through lack of treatment – *not* 'Covid'. Care home whistleblowers have told how once the 'Covid' era began doctors would not come to their homes to treat patients and they were begging for drugs like antibiotics that often never came. The most infamous example was ordered by New York governor Andrew Cuomo, brother of a moronic CNN host, who amazingly was given an Emmy Award for his handling of the 'Covid crisis' by the ridiculous Wokers that hand them out. Just how ridiculous could be seen in February, 2021, when a Department of Justice and FBI investigation began into how thousands of old people in New York died in nursing homes after being discharged from hospital to make way for 'Covid' patients on Cuomo's say-so – and how he and his staff covered up these facts. This couldn't have happened to a nicer psychopath. Even then there was a 'Covid' spin. Reports said that

thousands of old people who tested positive for 'Covid' in hospital were transferred to nursing homes to both die of 'Covid' and transmit it to others. No – they were in hospital because they were ill and the fact that they tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' is irrelevant. They were ill often with respiratory diseases ubiquitous in old people near the end of their lives. Their transfer out of hospital meant that their treatment stopped and many would go on to die.

### **They're old. Who gives a damn?**

I have exposed in the books for decades the Cult plan to cull the world's old people and even to introduce at some point what they call a 'demise pill' which at a certain age everyone would take and be out of here by law. In March, 2021, Spain legalised euthanasia and assisted suicide following the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg and Canada on the Tiptoe to the demise pill. Treatment of old people by many 'care' homes has been a disgrace in the 'Covid' era. There are many, many, caring staff – I know some. There have, however, been legions of stories about callous treatment of old people and their families. Police were called when families came to take their loved ones home in the light of isolation that was killing them. They became prisoners of the state. Care home residents in insane, fascist Ontario, Canada, were not allowed to leave their *room* once the 'Covid' hoax began. UK staff have even wheeled elderly people away from windows where family members were talking with them. Oriana Criscuolo from Stockport in the English North West dropped off some things for her 80-year-old father who has Parkinson's disease and dementia and she wanted to wave to him through a ground-floor window. She was told that was 'illegal'. When she went anyway they closed the curtains in the middle of the day. Oriana said:

It's just unbelievable. I cannot understand how care home staff – people who are being paid to care – have become so uncaring. Their behaviour is inhumane and cruel. It's beyond belief.

She was right and this was not a one-off. What a way to end your life in such loveless circumstances. UK registered nurse Nicky Millen, a proper old school nurse for 40 years, said that when she started her career care was based on dignity, choice, compassion and empathy. Now she said 'the things that are important to me have gone out of the window.' She was appalled that people were dying without their loved ones and saying goodbye on iPads. Nicky described how a distressed 89-year-old lady stroked her face and asked her 'how many paracetamol would it take to finish me off'. Life was no longer worth living while not seeing her family. Nicky said she was humiliated in front of the ward staff and patients for letting the lady stroke her face and giving her a cuddle. Such is the dehumanisation that the 'Covid' hoax has brought to the surface. Nicky worked in care homes where patients told her they were being held prisoner. 'I want to live until I die', one said to her. 'I had a lady in tears because she hadn't seen her great-grandson.' Nicky was compassionate old school meeting psychopathic New Normal. She also said she had worked on a 'Covid' ward with no 'Covid' patients. Jewish writer Shai Held wrote an article in March, 2020, which was headlined 'The Staggering, Heartless Cruelty Toward the Elderly'. What he described was happening from the earliest days of lockdown. He said 'the elderly' were considered a group and not unique individuals (the way of the Woke). Shai Held said:

Notice how the all-too-familiar rhetoric of dehumanization works: 'The elderly' are bunched together as a faceless mass, all of them considered culprits and thus effectively deserving of the suffering the pandemic will inflict upon them. Lost entirely is the fact that the elderly are individual human beings, each with a distinctive face and voice, each with hopes and dreams, memories and regrets, friendships and marriages, loves lost and loves sustained.

'The elderly' have become another dehumanised group for which anything goes and for many that has resulted in cold disregard for their rights and their life. The distinctive face that Held talks about is designed to be deleted by masks until everyone is part of a faceless mass.

## **'War-zone' hospitals myth**

Again and again medical professionals have told me what was really going on and how hospitals 'overrun like war zones' according to the media were virtually empty. The mantra from medical whistleblowers was please don't use my name or my career is over. Citizen journalists around the world sneaked into hospitals to film evidence exposing the 'war-zone' lie. They really *were* largely empty with closed wards and operating theatres. I met a hospital worker in my town on the Isle of Wight during the first lockdown in 2020 who said the only island hospital had never been so quiet. Lockdown was justified by the psychopaths to stop hospitals being overrun. At the same time that the island hospital was near-empty the military arrived here to provide *extra beds*. It was all propaganda to ramp up the fear to ensure compliance with fascism as were never-used temporary hospitals with thousands of beds known as Nightingales and never-used make-shift mortuaries opened by the criminal UK government. A man who helped to install those extra island beds attributed to the army said they were never used and the hospital was empty. Doctors and nurses 'stood around talking or on their phones, wandering down to us to see what we were doing'. There were no masks or social distancing. He accused the useless local island paper, the *County Press*, of 'pumping the fear as if our hospital was overrun and we only have one so it should have been'. He described ambulances parked up with crews outside in deck chairs. When his brother called an ambulance he was told there was a two-hour backlog which he called 'bullshit'. An old lady on the island fell 'and was in a bad way', but a caller who rang for an ambulance was told the situation wasn't urgent enough. Ambulance stations were working under capacity while people would hear ambulances with sirens blaring driving through the streets. When those living near the stations realised what was going on they would follow them as they left, circulated around an urban area with the sirens going, and then came back without stopping. All this was to increase levels of fear and the same goes for the 'ventilator shortage crisis' that cost tens of millions for hastily produced ventilators never to be used.

Ambulance crews that agreed to be exploited in this way for fear propaganda might find themselves a mirror. I wish them well with that. Empty hospitals were the obvious consequence of treatment and diagnoses of non-'Covid' conditions cancelled and those involved handed a death sentence. People have been dying at home from undiagnosed and untreated cancer, heart disease and other life-threatening conditions to allow empty hospitals to deal with a 'pandemic' that wasn't happening.

## **Death of the innocent**

'War-zones' have been laying off nursing staff, even doctors where they can. There was no work for them. Lockdown was justified by saving lives and protecting the vulnerable they were actually killing with DNR orders and preventing empty hospitals being 'overrun'. In Britain the mantra of stay at home to 'save the NHS' was everywhere and across the world the same story was being sold when it was all lies. Two California doctors, Dan Erickson and Artin Massihi at Accelerated Urgent Care in Bakersfield, held a news conference in April, 2020, to say that intensive care units in California were 'empty, essentially', with hospitals shutting floors, not treating patients and laying off doctors. The California health system was working at minimum capacity 'getting rid of doctors because we just don't have the volume'. They said that people with conditions such as heart disease and cancer were not coming to hospital out of fear of 'Covid-19'. Their video was deleted by Susan Wojcicki's Cult-owned YouTube after reaching five million views. Florida governor Ron Desantis, who rejected the severe lockdowns of other states and is being targeted for doing so, said that in March, 2020, every US governor was given models claiming they would run out of hospital beds in days. That was never going to happen and the 'modellers' knew it. Deceit can be found at every level of the system. Urgent children's operations were cancelled including fracture repairs and biopsies to spot cancer. Eric Nicholls, a consultant paediatrician, said 'this is obviously concerning and we need to return to normal operating and to increase capacity as soon as possible'. Psychopaths

in power were rather less concerned *because* they are psychopaths. Deletion of urgent care and diagnosis has been happening all over the world and how many kids and others have died as a result of the actions of these cold and heartless lunatics dictating 'health' policy? The number must be stratospheric. Richard Sullivan, professor of cancer and global health at King's College London, said people feared 'Covid' more than cancer such was the campaign of fear. 'Years of lost life will be quite dramatic', Sullivan said, with 'a huge amount of avoidable mortality'. Sarah Woolnough, executive director for policy at Cancer Research UK, said there had been a 75 percent drop in urgent referrals to hospitals by family doctors of people with suspected cancer. Sullivan said that 'a lot of services have had to scale back – we've seen a dramatic decrease in the amount of elective cancer surgery'. Lockdown deaths worldwide has been absolutely fantastic with the *New York Post* reporting how data confirmed that 'lockdowns end more lives than they save':

There was a sharp decline in visits to emergency rooms and an increase in fatal heart attacks because patients didn't receive prompt treatment. Many fewer people were screened for cancer. Social isolation contributed to excess deaths from dementia and Alzheimer's.

Researchers predicted that the social and economic upheaval would lead to tens of thousands of "deaths of despair" from drug overdoses, alcoholism and suicide. As unemployment surged and mental-health and substance-abuse treatment programs were interrupted, the reported levels of anxiety, depression and suicidal thoughts increased dramatically, as did alcohol sales and fatal drug overdoses.

This has been happening while nurses and other staff had so much time on their hands in the 'war-zones' that Tic-Tok dancing videos began appearing across the Internet with medical staff dancing around in empty wards and corridors as people died at home from causes that would normally have been treated in hospital.

## **Mentions in dispatches**

One brave and truth-committed whistleblower was Louise Hampton, a call handler with the UK NHS who made a viral Internet video saying she had done 'fuck all' during the 'pandemic'

which was 'a load of bollocks'. She said that 'Covid-19' was rebranded flu and of course she lost her job. This is what happens in the medical and endless other professions now when you tell the truth. Louise filmed inside 'war-zone' accident and emergency departments to show they were empty and I mean *empty* as in no one there. The mainstream media could have done the same and blown the gaff on the whole conspiracy. They haven't to their eternal shame. Not that most 'journalists' seem capable of manifesting shame as with the psychopaths they slavishly repeat without question. The relative few who were admitted with serious health problems were left to die alone with no loved ones allowed to see them because of 'Covid' rules and they included kids dying without the comfort of mum and dad at their bedside while the evil behind this couldn't give a damn. It was all good fun to them. A Scottish NHS staff nurse publicly quit in the spring of 2021 saying: 'I can no longer be part of the lies and the corruption by the government.' She said hospitals 'aren't full, the beds aren't full, beds have been shut, wards have been shut'. Hospitals were never busy throughout 'Covid'. The staff nurse said that Nicola Sturgeon, tragically the leader of the Scottish government, was on television saying save the hospitals and the NHS – 'but the beds are empty' and 'we've not seen flu, we always see flu every year'. She wrote to government and spoke with her union Unison (the unions are Cult-compromised and *useless*, but nothing changed. Many of her colleagues were scared of losing their jobs if they spoke out as they wanted to. She said nursing staff were being affected by wearing masks all day and 'my head is splitting every shift from wearing a mask'. The NHS is part of the fascist tyranny and must be dismantled so we can start again with human beings in charge. (Ironically, hospitals were reported to be busier again when official 'Covid' cases *fell* in spring/summer of 2021 and many other conditions required treatment at the same time as *the fake vaccine rollout*.)

I will cover the 'Covid vaccine' scam in detail later, but it is another indicator of the sickening disregard for human life that I am highlighting here. The DNA-manipulating concoctions do not fulfil

the definition of a 'vaccine', have never been used on humans before and were given only emergency approval because trials were not completed and they continued using the unknowing public. The result was what a NHS senior nurse with responsibility for 'vaccine' procedure said was 'genocide'. She said the 'vaccines' were not 'vaccines'. They had not been shown to be safe and claims about their effectiveness by drug companies were 'poetic licence'. She described what was happening as a 'horrid act of human annihilation'. The nurse said that management had instigated a policy of not providing a Patient Information Leaflet (PIL) before people were 'vaccinated' even though health care professionals are supposed to do this according to protocol. Patients should also be told that they are taking part in an ongoing clinical trial. Her challenges to what is happening had seen her excluded from meetings and ridiculed in others. She said she was told to 'watch my step ... or I would find myself surplus to requirements'. The nurse, who spoke anonymously in fear of her career, said she asked her NHS manager why he/she was content with taking part in genocide against those having the 'vaccines'. The reply was that everyone had to play their part and to 'put up, shut up, and get it done'. Government was 'leaning heavily' on NHS management which was clearly leaning heavily on staff. This is how the global 'medical' hierarchy operates and it starts with the Cult and its World Health Organization.

She told the story of a doctor who had the Pfizer jab and when questioned had no idea what was in it. The doctor had never read the literature. We have to stop treating doctors as intellectual giants when so many are moral and medical pygmies. The doctor did not even know that the 'vaccines' were not fully approved or that their trials were ongoing. They were, however, asking their patients if they minded taking part in follow-ups for research purposes – yes, the *ongoing clinical trial*. The nurse said the doctor's ignorance was not rare and she had spoken to a hospital consultant who had the jab without any idea of the background or that the 'trials' had not been completed. Nurses and pharmacists had shown the same ignorance.

'My NHS colleagues have forsaken their duty of care, broken their code of conduct – Hippocratic Oath – and have been brainwashed just the same as the majority of the UK public through propaganda ...' She said she had not been able to recruit a single NHS colleague, doctor, nurse or pharmacist to stand with her and speak out. Her union had refused to help. She said that if the genocide came to light she would not hesitate to give evidence at a Nuremberg-type trial against those in power who could have affected the outcomes but didn't.

### **And all for what?**

To put the nonsense into perspective let's say the 'virus' does exist and let's go completely crazy and accept that the official manipulated figures for cases and deaths are accurate. *Even then* a study by Stanford University epidemiologist Dr John Ioannidis published on the World Health Organization website produced an average infection to fatality rate of ... *0.23 percent!* Ioannidis said: 'If one could sample equally from all locations globally, the median infection fatality rate might even be substantially lower than the 0.23% observed in my analysis.' For healthy people under 70 it was ... *0.05 percent!* This compares with the 3.4 percent claimed by the Cult-owned World Health Organization when the hoax was first played and maximum fear needed to be generated. An updated Stanford study in April, 2021, put the 'infection' to 'fatality' rate at just 0.15 percent. Another team of scientists led by Megan O'Driscoll and Henrik Salje studied data from 45 countries and published their findings on the Nature website. For children and young people the figure is so small it virtually does not register although authorities will be hyping dangers to the young when they introduce DNA-manipulating 'vaccines' for children. The O'Driscoll study produced an average infection-fatality figure of 0.003 for children from birth to four; 0.001 for 5 to 14; 0.003 for 15 to 19; and it was still only 0.456 up to 64. To claim that children must be 'vaccinated' to protect them from 'Covid' is an obvious lie and so there must be another reason and there is. What's more the average age of a 'Covid' death is akin

to the average age that people die in general. The average age of death in England is about 80 for men and 83 for women. The average age of death from alleged 'Covid' is between 82 and 83. California doctors, Dan Erickson and Artin Massihi, said at their April media conference that projection models of millions of deaths had been 'woefully inaccurate'. They produced detailed figures showing that Californians had a 0.03 chance of dying from 'Covid' based on the number of people who tested positive (with a test not testing for the 'virus'). Erickson said there was a 0.1 percent chance of dying from 'Covid' in the *state* of New York, not just the city, and a 0.05 percent chance in Spain, a centre of 'Covid-19' hysteria at one stage. The Stanford studies supported the doctors' data with fatality rate estimates of 0.23 and 0.15 percent. How close are these figures to my estimate of *zero*? Death-rate figures claimed by the World Health Organization at the start of the hoax were some 15 times higher. The California doctors said there was no justification for lockdowns and the economic devastation they caused. Everything they had ever learned about quarantine was that you quarantine the *sick* and not the healthy. They had never seen this before and it made no medical sense.

Why in the in the light of all this would governments and medical systems the world over say that billions must go under house arrest; lose their livelihood; in many cases lose their mind, their health and their life; force people to wear masks dangerous to health and psychology; make human interaction and even family interaction a criminal offence; ban travel; close restaurants, bars, watching live sport, concerts, theatre, and any activity involving human togetherness and discourse; and closing schools to isolate children from their friends and cause many to commit suicide in acts of hopelessness and despair? The California doctors said lockdown consequences included increased child abuse, partner abuse, alcoholism, depression, and other impacts they were seeing every day. Who would do that to the entire human race if not mentally-ill psychopaths of almost unimaginable extremes like Bill Gates? We must face the reality of what we are dealing with and come out of

denial. Fascism and tyranny are made possible only by the target population submitting and acquiescing to fascism and tyranny. The whole of human history shows that to be true. Most people naively and unquestioning believed what they were told about a 'deadly virus' and meekly and weakly submitted to house arrest. Those who didn't believe it – at least in total – still submitted in fear of the consequences of not doing so. For the rest who wouldn't submit draconian fines have been imposed, brutal policing by psychopaths *for* psychopaths, and condemnation from the meek and weak who condemn the Pushbackers on behalf of the very force that has them, too, in its gunights. 'Pathetic' does not even begin to suffice. Britain's brainless 'Health' Secretary Matt Hancock warned anyone lying to border officials about returning from a list of 'hotspot' countries could face a jail sentence of up to ten years which is more than for racially-aggravated assault, incest and attempting to have sex with a child under 13. Hancock is a lunatic, but he has the state apparatus behind him in a Cult-led chain reaction and the same with UK 'Vaccine Minister' Nadhim Zahawi, a prominent member of the mega-Cult secret society, Le Cercle, which featured in my earlier books. The Cult enforces its will on governments and medical systems; government and medical systems enforce their will on business and police; business enforces its will on staff who enforce it on customers; police enforce the will of the Cult on the population and play their essential part in creating a world of fascist control that their own children and grandchildren will have to live in their entire lives. It is a hierarchical pyramid of imposition and acquiescence and, yes indeed, of clinical insanity.

Does anyone bright enough to read this book have to ask what the answer is? I think not, but I will reveal it anyway in the fewest of syllables: Tell the psychos and their moronic lackeys to fuck off and let's get on with our lives. We are many – They are few.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### **War on your mind**

*One believes things because one has been conditioned to believe them*

*Aldous Huxley, Brave New World*

I have described the 'Covid' hoax as a 'Psyop' and that is true in every sense and on every level in accordance with the definition of that term which is psychological warfare. Break down the 'Covid pandemic' to the foundation themes and it is psychological warfare on the human individual and collective mind.

The same can be said for the entire human belief system involving every subject you can imagine. Huxley was right in his contention that people believe what they are conditioned to believe and this comes from the repetition throughout their lives of the same falsehoods. They spew from government, corporations, media and endless streams of 'experts' telling you what the Cult wants you to believe and often believing it themselves (although *far* from always). 'Experts' are rewarded with 'prestigious' jobs and titles and as agents of perceptual programming with regular access to the media. The Cult has to control the narrative – control *information* – or they lose control of the vital, crucial, without-which-they-cannot-prevail public perception of reality. The foundation of that control today is the Internet made possible by the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA), the incredibly sinister technological arm of the Pentagon. The Internet is the result of military technology.

DARPA openly brags about establishing the Internet which has been a long-term project to lasso the minds of the global population. I have said for decades the plan is to control information to such an extreme that eventually no one would see or hear anything that the Cult does not approve. We are closing in on that end with ferocious censorship since the 'Covid' hoax began and in my case it started back in the 1990s in terms of books and speaking venues. I had to create my own publishing company in 1995 precisely because no one else would publish my books even then. I think they're all still running.

## **Cult Internet**

To secure total control of information they needed the Internet in which pre-programmed algorithms can seek out 'unclean' content for deletion and even stop it being posted in the first place. The Cult had to dismantle print and non-Internet broadcast media to ensure the transfer of information to the appropriate-named 'Web' – a critical expression of the *Cult* web. We've seen the ever-quickening demise of traditional media and control of what is left by a tiny number of corporations operating worldwide. Independent journalism in the mainstream is already dead and never was that more obvious than since the turn of 2020. The Cult wants all information communicated via the Internet to globally censor and allow the plug to be pulled any time. Lockdowns and forced isolation has meant that communication between people has been through electronic means and no longer through face-to-face discourse and discussion. Cult psychopaths have targeted the bars, restaurants, sport, venues and meeting places in general for this reason. None of this is by chance and it's to stop people gathering in any kind of privacy or number while being able to track and monitor all Internet communications and block them as necessary. Even private messages between individuals have been censored by these fascists that control Cult fronts like Facebook, Twitter, Google and YouTube which are all officially run by Sabbatian place-people and from the background by higher-level Sabbatian place people.

Facebook, Google, Amazon and their like were seed-funded and supported into existence with money-no-object infusions of funds either directly or indirectly from DARPA and CIA technology arm In-Q-Tel. The Cult plays the long game and prepares very carefully for big plays like 'Covid'. Amazon is another front in the psychological war and pretty much controls the global market in book sales and increasingly publishing. Amazon's limitless funds have deleted fantastic numbers of independent publishers to seize global domination on the way to deciding which books can be sold and circulated and which cannot. Moves in that direction are already happening. Amazon's leading light Jeff Bezos is the grandson of Lawrence Preston Gise who worked with DARPA predecessor ARPA. Amazon has big connections to the CIA and the Pentagon. The plan I have long described went like this:

1. Employ military technology to establish the Internet.
2. Sell the Internet as a place where people can freely communicate without censorship and allow that to happen until the Net becomes the central and irreversible pillar of human society. If the Internet had been highly censored from the start many would have rejected it.
3. Fund and manipulate major corporations into being to control the circulation of information on your Internet using cover stories about geeks in garages to explain how they came about. Give them unlimited funds to expand rapidly with no need to make a profit for years while non-Cult companies who need to balance the books cannot compete. You know that in these circumstances your Googles, YouTubes, Facebooks and Amazons are going to secure near monopolies by either crushing or buying up the opposition.
4. Allow freedom of expression on both the Internet and communication platforms to draw people in until the Internet is the central and irreversible pillar of human society and your communication corporations have reached a stage of near monopoly domination.
5. Then unleash your always-planned frenzy of censorship on the basis of 'where else are you going to go?' and continue to expand that until nothing remains that the Cult does not want its human targets to see.

The process was timed to hit the 'Covid' hoax to ensure the best chance possible of controlling the narrative which they knew they had to do at all costs. They were, after all, about to unleash a 'deadly virus' that didn't really exist. If you do that in an environment of free-flowing information and opinion you would be dead in the

water before you could say Gates is a psychopath. The network was in place through which the Cult-created-and-owned World Health Organization could dictate the 'Covid' narrative and response policy slavishly supported by Cult-owned Internet communication giants and mainstream media while those telling a different story were censored. Google, YouTube, Facebook and Twitter openly announced that they would do this. What else would we expect from Cult-owned operations like Facebook which former executives have confirmed set out to make the platform more addictive than cigarettes and coldly manipulates emotions of its users to sow division between people and groups and scramble the minds of the young? If Zuckerberg lives out the rest of his life without going to jail for crimes against humanity, and most emphatically against the young, it will be a travesty of justice. Still, no matter, cause and effect will catch up with him eventually and the same with Sergey Brin and Larry Page at Google with its CEO Sundar Pichai who fix the Google search results to promote Cult narratives and hide the opposition. Put the same key words into Google and other search engines like DuckDuckGo and you will see how different results can be. Wikipedia is another intensely biased 'encyclopaedia' which skews its content to the Cult agenda. YouTube links to Wikipedia's version of 'Covid' and 'climate change' on video pages in which experts in their field offer a different opinion (even that is increasingly rare with Wojcicki censorship). Into this 'Covid' silence-them network must be added government media censors, sorry 'regulators', such as Ofcom in the UK which imposed tyrannical restrictions on British broadcasters that had the effect of banning me from ever appearing. Just to debate with me about my evidence and views on 'Covid' would mean breaking the fascistic impositions of Ofcom and its CEO career government bureaucrat Melanie Dawes. Gutless British broadcasters tremble at the very thought of fascist Ofcom.

## **Psychos behind 'Covid'**

The reason for the 'Covid' catastrophe in all its facets and forms can be seen by whom and what is driving the policies worldwide in such a coordinated way. Decisions are not being made to protect health, but to target psychology. The dominant group guiding and 'advising' government policy are not medical professionals. They are psychologists and behavioural scientists. Every major country has its own version of this phenomenon and I'll use the British example to show how it works. In many ways the British version has been affecting the wider world in the form of the huge behaviour manipulation network in the UK which operates in other countries. The network involves private companies, government, intelligence and military. The Cabinet Office is at the centre of the government 'Covid' Psyop and part-owns, with 'innovation charity' Nesta, the Behavioural Insights Team (BIT) which claims to be independent of government but patently isn't. The BIT was established in 2010 and its job is to manipulate the psyche of the population to acquiesce to government demands and so much more. It is also known as the 'Nudge Unit', a name inspired by the 2009 book by two ultra-Zionists, Cass Sunstein and Richard Thaler, called *Nudge: Improving Decisions About Health, Wealth, and Happiness*. The book, as with the Behavioural Insights Team, seeks to 'nudge' behaviour (manipulate it) to make the public follow patterns of action and perception that suit those in authority (the Cult). Sunstein is so skilled at this that he advises the World Health Organization and the UK Behavioural Insights Team and was Administrator of the White House Office of Information and Regulatory Affairs in the Obama administration. Biden appointed him to the Department of Homeland Security – another ultra-Zionist in the fold to oversee new immigration laws which is another policy the Cult wants to control. Sunstein is desperate to silence anyone exposing conspiracies and co-authored a 2008 report on the subject in which suggestions were offered to ban 'conspiracy theorizing' or impose 'some kind of tax, financial or otherwise, on those who disseminate such theories'. I guess a psychiatrist's chair is out of the question?

Sunstein's mate Richard Thaler, an 'academic affiliate' of the UK Behavioural Insights Team, is a proponent of 'behavioural economics' which is defined as the study of 'the effects of psychological, cognitive, emotional, cultural and social factors on the decisions of individuals and institutions'. Study the effects so they can be manipulated to be what you want them to be. Other leading names in the development of behavioural economics are ultra-Zionists Daniel Kahneman and Robert J. Shiller and they, with Thaler, won the Nobel Memorial Prize in Economic Sciences for their work in this field. The Behavioural Insights Team is operating at the heart of the UK government and has expanded globally through partnerships with several universities including Harvard, Oxford, Cambridge, University College London (UCL) and Pennsylvania. They claim to have 'trained' (reframed) 20,000 civil servants and run more than 750 projects involving 400 randomised controlled trials in dozens of countries' as another version of mind reframers Common Purpose. BIT works from its office in New York with cities and their agencies, as well as other partners, across the United States and Canada – this is a company part-owned by the British government Cabinet Office. An executive order by President Cult-servant Obama established a US Social and Behavioral Sciences Team in 2015. They all have the same reason for being and that's to brainwash the population directly and by brainwashing those in positions of authority.

### **'Covid' mind game**

Another prime aspect of the UK mind-control network is the 'independent' [joke] Scientific Pandemic Insights Group on Behaviours (SPI-B) which 'provides behavioural science advice aimed at anticipating and helping people adhere to interventions that are recommended by medical or epidemiological experts'. That means manipulating public perception and behaviour to do whatever government tells them to do. It's disgusting and if they really want the public to be 'safe' this lot should all be under lock and key. According to the government website SPI-B consists of

'behavioural scientists, health and social psychologists, anthropologists and historians' and advises the Whitty-Vallance-led Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE) which in turn advises the government on 'the science' (it doesn't) and 'Covid' policy. When politicians say they are being guided by 'the science' this is the rabble in each country they are talking about and that 'science' is dominated by behaviour manipulators to enforce government fascism through public compliance. The Behaviour Insight Team is headed by psychologist David Solomon Halpern, a visiting professor at King's College London, and connects with a national and global web of other civilian and military organisations as the Cult moves towards its goal of fusing them into one fascistic whole in every country through its 'Fusion Doctrine'. The behaviour manipulation network involves, but is not confined to, the Foreign Office; National Security Council; government communications headquarters (GCHQ); MI5; MI6; the Cabinet Office-based Media Monitoring Unit; and the Rapid Response Unit which 'monitors digital trends to spot emerging issues; including misinformation and disinformation; and identifies the best way to respond'.

There is also the 77th Brigade of the UK military which operates like the notorious Israeli military's Unit 8200 in manipulating information and discussion on the Internet by posing as members of the public to promote the narrative and discredit those who challenge it. Here we have the military seeking to manipulate *domestic* public opinion while the Nazis in government are fine with that. Conservative Member of Parliament Tobias Ellwood, an advocate of lockdown and control through 'vaccine passports', is a Lieutenant Colonel reservist in the 77th Brigade which connects with the military operation jHub, the 'innovation centre' for the Ministry of Defence and Strategic Command. jHub has also been involved with the civilian National Health Service (NHS) in 'symptom tracing' the population. The NHS is a key part of this mind control network and produced a document in December, 2020, explaining to staff how to use psychological manipulation with different groups and ages to get them to have the DNA-manipulating 'Covid vaccine'

that's designed to cumulatively rewrite human genetics. The document, called 'Optimising Vaccination Roll Out – Do's and Don'ts for all messaging, documents and "communications" in the widest sense', was published by NHS England and the NHS Improvement *Behaviour Change Unit* in partnership with Public Health England and Warwick Business School. I hear the mantra about 'save the NHS' and 'protect the NHS' when we need to scrap the NHS and start again. The current version is far too corrupt, far too anti-human and totally compromised by Cult operatives and their assets. UK government broadcast media censor Ofcom will connect into this web – as will the BBC with its tremendous Ofcom influence – to control what the public see and hear and dictate mass perception. Nuremberg trials must include personnel from all these organisations.

### **The fear factor**

The 'Covid' hoax has led to the creation of the UK Cabinet Office-connected Joint Biosecurity Centre (JBC) which is officially described as providing 'expert advice on pandemics' using its independent [all Cult operations are 'independent'] analytical function to provide real-time analysis about infection outbreaks to identify and respond to outbreaks of Covid-19'. Another role is to advise the government on a response to spikes in infections – 'for example by closing schools or workplaces in local areas where infection levels have risen'. Put another way, promoting the Cult agenda. The Joint Biosecurity Centre is modelled on the Joint Terrorism Analysis Centre which analyses intelligence to set 'terrorism threat levels' and here again you see the fusion of civilian and military operations and intelligence that has led to military intelligence producing documents about 'vaccine hesitancy' and how it can be combated. Domestic civilian matters and opinions should not be the business of the military. The Joint Biosecurity Centre is headed by Tom Hurd, director general of the Office for Security and Counter-Terrorism from the establishment-to-its-fingertips Hurd family. His father is former Foreign Secretary Douglas Hurd. How coincidental that Tom

Hurd went to the elite Eton College and Oxford University with Boris Johnson. Imperial College with its ridiculous computer modeller Neil Ferguson will connect with this gigantic web that will itself interconnect with similar set-ups in other major and not so major countries. Compared with this Cult network the politicians, be they Boris Johnson, Donald Trump or Joe Biden, are bit-part players 'following the science'. The network of psychologists was on the 'Covid' case from the start with the aim of generating maximum fear of the 'virus' to ensure compliance by the population. A government behavioural science group known as SPI-B produced a paper in March, 2020, for discussion by the main government science advisory group known as SAGE. It was headed 'Options for increasing adherence to social distancing measures' and it said the following in a section headed 'Persuasion':

- A substantial number of people still do not feel sufficiently personally threatened; it could be that they are reassured by the low death rate in their demographic group, although levels of concern may be rising. Having a good understanding of the risk has been found to be positively associated with adoption of COVID-19 social distancing measures in Hong Kong.
- The perceived level of personal threat needs to be increased among those who are complacent, using hard-hitting evaluation of options for increasing social distancing emotional messaging. To be effective this must also empower people by making clear the actions they can take to reduce the threat.
- Responsibility to others: There seems to be insufficient understanding of, or feelings of responsibility about, people's role in transmitting the infection to others ... Messaging about actions need to be framed positively in terms of protecting oneself and the community, and increase confidence that they will be effective.
- Some people will be more persuaded by appeals to play by the rules, some by duty to the community, and some to personal risk.

All these different approaches are needed. The messaging also needs to take account of the realities of different people's lives. Messaging needs to take account of the different motivational levers and circumstances of different people.

All this could be achieved the SPI-B psychologists said by *using the media to increase the sense of personal threat* which translates as terrify the shit out of the population, including children, so they all do what we want. That's not happened has it? Those excuses for 'journalists' who wouldn't know journalism if it bit them on the arse (the great majority) have played their crucial part in serving this Cult-government Psyop to enslave their own kids and grandkids. How they live with themselves I have no idea. The psychological war has been underpinned by constant government 'Covid' propaganda in almost every television and radio ad break, plus the Internet and print media, which has pounded out the fear with taxpayers footing the bill for their own programming. The result has been people terrified of a 'virus' that doesn't exist or one with a tiny fatality rate even if you believe it does. People walk down the street and around the shops wearing face-nappies damaging their health and psychology while others report those who refuse to be that naïve to the police who turn up in their own face-nappies. I had a cameraman come to my flat and he was so frightened of 'Covid' he came in wearing a mask and refused to shake my hand in case he caught something. He had – naïveitis – and the thought that he worked in the mainstream media was both depressing and made his behaviour perfectly explainable. The fear which has gripped the minds of so many and frozen them into compliance has been carefully cultivated by these psychologists who are really psychopaths. If lives get destroyed and a lot of young people commit suicide it shows our plan is working. SPI-B then turned to compulsion on the public to comply. 'With adequate preparation, rapid change can be achieved', it said. Some countries had introduced mandatory self-isolation on a wide scale without evidence of major public unrest and a large majority of the UK's population appeared to be supportive of more coercive measures with 64 percent of adults saying they would

support putting London under a lockdown (watch the 'polls' which are designed to make people believe that public opinion is in favour or against whatever the subject in hand).

For 'aggressive protective measures' to be effective, the SPI-B paper said, special attention should be devoted to those population groups that are more at risk. Translated from the Orwellian this means making the rest of population feel guilty for not protecting the 'vulnerable' such as old people which the Cult and its agencies were about to kill on an industrial scale with lockdown, lack of treatment and the Gates 'vaccine'. Psychopath psychologists sold their guilt-trip so comprehensively that Los Angeles County Supervisor Hilda Solis reported that children were apologising (from a distance) to their parents and grandparents for bringing 'Covid' into their homes and getting them sick. '... These apologies are just some of the last words that loved ones will ever hear as they die alone,' she said. Gut-wrenchingly Solis then used this childhood tragedy to tell children to stay at home and 'keep your loved ones alive'. Imagine heaping such potentially life-long guilt on a kid when it has absolutely nothing to do with them. These people are deeply disturbed and the psychologists behind this even more so.

### **Uncivil war – divide and rule**

Professional mind-controllers at SPI-B wanted the media to increase a sense of responsibility to others (do as you're told) and promote 'positive messaging' for those actions while in contrast to invoke 'social disapproval' by the unquestioning, obedient, community of anyone with a mind of their own. Again the compliant Goebbels-like media obliged. This is an old, old, trick employed by tyrannies the world over throughout human history. You get the target population to keep the target population in line – *your* line. SPI-B said this could 'play an important role in preventing anti-social behaviour or discouraging failure to enact pro-social behaviour'. For 'anti-social' in the Orwellian parlance of SPI-B see any behaviour that government doesn't approve. SPI-B recommendations said that 'social disapproval' should be accompanied by clear messaging and

promotion of strong collective identity – hence the government and celebrity mantra of ‘we’re all in this together’. Sure we are. The mind doctors have such contempt for their targets that they think some clueless comedian, actor or singer telling them to do what the government wants will be enough to win them over. We have had UK comedian Lenny Henry, actor Michael Caine and singer Elton John wheeled out to serve the propagandists by urging people to have the DNA-manipulating ‘Covid’ non-‘vaccine’. The role of Henry and fellow black celebrities in seeking to coax a ‘vaccine’ reluctant black community into doing the government’s will was especially stomach-turning. An emotion-manipulating script and carefully edited video featuring these black ‘celebs’ was such an insult to the intelligence of black people and where’s the self-respect of those involved selling their souls to a fascist government agenda? Henry said he heard black people’s ‘legitimate worries and concerns’, but people must ‘trust the facts’ when they were doing exactly that by not having the ‘vaccine’. They had to include the obligatory reference to Black Lives Matter with the line ... ‘Don’t let coronavirus cost even more black lives – because we matter’. My god, it was pathetic. ‘I know the vaccine is safe and what it does.’ How? ‘I’m a comedian and it says so in my script.’

SPI-B said social disapproval needed to be carefully managed to avoid victimisation, scapegoating and misdirected criticism, but they knew that their ‘recommendations’ would lead to exactly that and the media were specifically used to stir-up the divide-and-conquer hostility. Those who conform like good little baa, baas, are praised while those who have seen through the tidal wave of lies are ‘Covidiot’s’. The awake have been abused by the fast asleep for not conforming to fascism and impositions that the awake know are designed to endanger their health, dehumanise them, and tear asunder the very fabric of human society. We have had the curtain-twitchers and morons reporting neighbours and others to the face-napped police for breaking ‘Covid rules’ with fascist police delighting in posting links and phone numbers where this could be done. The Cult cannot impose its will without a compliant police

and military or a compliant population willing to play their part in enslaving themselves and their kids. The words of a pastor in Nazi Germany are so appropriate today:

First they came for the socialists and I did not speak out because I was not a socialist.

Then they came for the trade unionists and I did not speak out because I was not a trade unionist.

Then they came for the Jews and I did not speak out because I was not a Jew.

Then they came for me and there was no one left to speak for me.

Those who don't learn from history are destined to repeat it and so many are.

### **'Covid' rules: Rewiring the mind**

With the background laid out to this gigantic national and global web of psychological manipulation we can put 'Covid' rules into a clear and sinister perspective. Forget the claims about protecting health. 'Covid' rules are about dismantling the human mind, breaking the human spirit, destroying self-respect, and then putting Humpty Dumpty together again as a servile, submissive slave. Social isolation through lockdown and distancing have devastating effects on the human psyche as the psychological psychopaths well know and that's the real reason for them. Humans need contact with each other, discourse, closeness and touch, or they eventually, and literally, go crazy. Masks, which I will address at some length, fundamentally add to the effects of isolation and the Cult agenda to dehumanise and de-individualise the population. To do this while knowing – in fact *seeking* – this outcome is the very epitome of evil and psychologists involved in this *are* the epitome of evil. They must like all the rest of the Cult demons and their assets stand trial for crimes against humanity on a scale that defies the imagination. Psychopaths in uniform use isolation to break enemy troops and agents and make them subservient and submissive to tell what they know. The technique is rightly considered a form of torture and

torture is most certainly what has been imposed on the human population.

Clinically-insane American psychologist Harry Harlow became famous for his isolation experiments in the 1950s in which he separated baby monkeys from their mothers and imprisoned them for months on end in a metal container or 'pit of despair'. They soon began to show mental distress and depression as any idiot could have predicted. Harlow put other monkeys in steel chambers for three, six or twelve months while denying them any contact with animals or humans. He said that the effects of total social isolation for six months were 'so devastating and debilitating that we had assumed initially that twelve months of isolation would not produce any additional decrement'; but twelve months of isolation 'almost obliterated the animals socially'. This is what the Cult and its psychopaths are doing to you and your children. Even monkeys in partial isolation in which they were not allowed to form relationships with other monkeys became 'aggressive and hostile, not only to others, but also towards their own bodies'. We have seen this in the young as a consequence of lockdown. UK government psychopaths launched a public relations campaign telling people not to hug each other even after they received the 'Covid-19 vaccine' which we were told with more lies would allow a return to 'normal life'. A government source told *The Telegraph*: 'It will be along the lines that it is great that you have been vaccinated, but if you are going to visit your family and hug your grandchildren there is a chance you are going to infect people you love.' The source was apparently speaking from a secure psychiatric facility. Janet Lord, director of Birmingham University's Institute of Inflammation and Ageing, said that parents and grandparents should avoid hugging their children. Well, how can I put it, Ms Lord? Fuck off. Yep, that'll do.

### **Destroying the kids – where are the parents?**

Observe what has happened to people enslaved and isolated by lockdown as suicide and self-harm has soared worldwide,

particularly among the young denied the freedom to associate with their friends. A study of 49,000 people in English-speaking countries concluded that almost half of young adults are at clinical risk of mental health disorders. A national survey in America of 1,000 currently enrolled high school and college students found that 5 percent reported attempting suicide during the pandemic. Data from the US CDC's National Syndromic Surveillance Program from January 1st to October 17th, 2020, revealed a 31 percent increase in mental health issues among adolescents aged 12 to 17 compared with 2019. The CDC reported that America in general suffered the biggest drop in life expectancy since World War Two as it fell by a year in the first half of 2020 as a result of 'deaths of despair' – overdoses and suicides. Deaths of despair have leapt by more than 20 percent during lockdown and include the highest number of fatal overdoses ever recorded in a single year – 81,000. Internet addiction is another consequence of being isolated at home which lowers interest in physical activities as kids fall into inertia and what's the point? Children and young people are losing hope and giving up on life, sometimes literally. A 14-year-old boy killed himself in Maryland because he had 'given up' when his school district didn't reopen; an 11-year-old boy shot himself during a zoom class; a teenager in Maine succumbed to the isolation of the 'pandemic' when he ended his life after experiencing a disrupted senior year at school. Children as young as nine have taken their life and all these stories can be repeated around the world. Careers are being destroyed before they start and that includes those in sport in which promising youngsters have not been able to take part. The plan of the psycho-psychologists is working all right. Researchers at Cambridge University found that lockdowns cause significant harm to children's mental health. Their study was published in the *Archives of Disease in Childhood*, and followed 168 children aged between 7 and 11. The researchers concluded:

During the UK lockdown, children's depression symptoms have increased substantially, relative to before lockdown. The scale of this effect has direct relevance for the continuation of different elements of lockdown policy, such as complete or partial school closures ...

... Specifically, we observed a statistically significant increase in ratings of depression, with a medium-to-large effect size. Our findings emphasise the need to incorporate the potential impact of lockdown on child mental health in planning the ongoing response to the global pandemic and the recovery from it.

Not a chance when the Cult's psycho-psychologists were getting exactly what they wanted. The UK's Royal College of Paediatrics and Child Health has urged parents to look for signs of eating disorders in children and young people after a three to four fold increase. Specialists say the 'pandemic' is a major reason behind the rise. You don't say. The College said isolation from friends during school closures, exam cancellations, loss of extra-curricular activities like sport, and an increased use of social media were all contributory factors along with fears about the virus (psycho-psychologists again), family finances, and students being forced to quarantine. Doctors said young people were becoming severely ill by the time they were seen with 'Covid' regulations reducing face-to-face consultations. Nor is it only the young that have been devastated by the psychopaths. Like all bullies and cowards the Cult is targeting the young, elderly, weak and infirm. A typical story was told by a British lady called Lynn Parker who was not allowed to visit her husband in 2020 for the last ten and half months of his life 'when he needed me most' between March 20th and when he died on December 19th. This vacates the criminal and enters the territory of evil. The emotional impact on the immune system alone is immense as are the number of people of all ages worldwide who have died as a result of Cult-demanded, Gates-demanded, lockdowns.

## **Isolation is torture**

The experience of imposing solitary confinement on millions of prisoners around the world has shown how a large percentage become 'actively psychotic and/or acutely suicidal'. Social isolation has been found to trigger 'a specific psychiatric syndrome, characterized by hallucinations; panic attacks; overt paranoia; diminished impulse control; hypersensitivity to external stimuli; and difficulties with thinking, concentration and memory'. Juan Mendez,

a United Nations rapporteur (investigator), said that isolation is a form of torture. Research has shown that even after isolation prisoners find it far more difficult to make social connections and I remember chatting to a shop assistant after one lockdown who told me that when her young son met another child again he had no idea how to act or what to do. Hannah Flanagan, Director of Emergency Services at Journey Mental Health Center in Dane County, Wisconsin, said: 'The specificity about Covid social distancing and isolation that we've come across as contributing factors to the suicides are really new to us this year.' But they are not new to those that devised them. They are getting the effect they want as the population is psychologically dismantled to be rebuilt in a totally different way. Children and the young are particularly targeted. They will be the adults when the full-on fascist AI-controlled technocracy is planned to be imposed and they are being prepared to meekly submit. At the same time older people who still have a memory of what life was like before – and how fascist the new normal really is – are being deleted. You are going to see efforts to turn the young against the old to support this geriatric genocide. Hannah Flanagan said the big increase in suicide in her county proved that social isolation is not only harmful, but deadly. Studies have shown that isolation from others is one of the main risk factors in suicide and even more so with women. Warnings that lockdown could create a 'perfect storm' for suicide were ignored. After all this was one of the *reasons* for lockdown. Suicide, however, is only the most extreme of isolation consequences. There are many others. Dr Dhruv Khullar, assistant professor of healthcare policy at Weill Cornell Medical College, said in a *New York Times* article in 2016 long before the fake 'pandemic':

A wave of new research suggests social separation is bad for us. Individuals with less social connection have disrupted sleep patterns, altered immune systems, more inflammation and higher levels of stress hormones. One recent study found that isolation increases the risk of heart disease by 29 percent and stroke by 32 percent. Another analysis that pooled data from 70 studies and 3.4 million people found that socially isolated individuals had a 30 percent higher risk of dying in the next seven years, and that this effect was largest in middle age.

Loneliness can accelerate cognitive decline in older adults, and isolated individuals are twice as likely to die prematurely as those with more robust social interactions. These effects start early: Socially isolated children have significantly poorer health 20 years later, even after controlling for other factors. All told, loneliness is as important a risk factor for early death as obesity and smoking.

There you have proof from that one article alone four years before 2020 that those who have enforced lockdown, social distancing and isolation knew what the effect would be and that is even more so with professional psychologists that have been driving the policy across the globe. We can go back even further to the years 2000 and 2003 and the start of a major study on the effects of isolation on health by Dr Janine Gronewold and Professor Dirk M. Hermann at the University Hospital in Essen, Germany, who analysed data on 4,316 people with an average age of 59 who were recruited for the long-term research project. They found that socially isolated people are more than 40 percent more likely to have a heart attack, stroke, or other major cardiovascular event and nearly 50 percent more likely to die from any cause. Given the financial Armageddon unleashed by lockdown we should note that the study found a relationship between increased cardiovascular risk and lack of financial support. After excluding other factors social isolation was still connected to a 44 percent increased risk of cardiovascular problems and a 47 percent increased risk of death by any cause. Lack of financial support was associated with a 30 percent increase in the risk of cardiovascular health events. Dr Gronewold said it had been known for some time that feeling lonely or lacking contact with close friends and family can have an impact on physical health and the study had shown that having strong social relationships is of high importance for heart health. Gronewold said they didn't understand yet why people who are socially isolated have such poor health outcomes, but this was obviously a worrying finding, particularly during these times of prolonged social distancing. Well, it can be explained on many levels. You only have to identify the point in the body where people feel loneliness and missing people they are parted from – it's in the centre of the chest where they feel the ache of loneliness and the ache of missing people. 'My heart aches for

you' ... 'My heart aches for some company.' I will explain this more in the chapter Escaping Wetiko, but when you realise that the body is the mind – they are expressions of each other – the reason why state of the mind dictates state of the body becomes clear.

American psychologist Ranjit Powar was highlighting the effects of lockdown isolation as early as April, 2020. She said humans have evolved to be social creatures and are wired to live in interactive groups. Being isolated from family, friends and colleagues could be unbalancing and traumatic for most people and could result in short or even long-term psychological and physical health problems. An increase in levels of anxiety, aggression, depression, forgetfulness and hallucinations were possible psychological effects of isolation. 'Mental conditions may be precipitated for those with underlying pre-existing susceptibilities and show up in many others without any pre-condition.' Powar said personal relationships helped us cope with stress and if we lost this outlet for letting off steam the result can be a big emotional void which, for an average person, was difficult to deal with. 'Just a few days of isolation can cause increased levels of anxiety and depression' – so what the hell has been the effect on the global population of *18 months* of this at the time of writing? Powar said: 'Add to it the looming threat of a dreadful disease being repeatedly hammered in through the media and you have a recipe for many shades of mental and physical distress.' For those with a house and a garden it is easy to forget that billions have had to endure lockdown isolation in tiny overcrowded flats and apartments with nowhere to go outside. The psychological and physical consequences of this are unimaginable and with lunatic and abusive partners and parents the consequences have led to tremendous increases in domestic and child abuse and alcoholism as people seek to shut out the horror. Ranjit Powar said:

Staying in a confined space with family is not all a rosy picture for everyone. It can be extremely oppressive and claustrophobic for large low-income families huddled together in small single-room houses. Children here are not lucky enough to have many board/electronic games or books to keep them occupied.

Add to it the deep insecurity of running out of funds for food and basic necessities. On the other hand, there are people with dysfunctional family dynamics, such as domineering, abusive or alcoholic partners, siblings or parents which makes staying home a period of trial. Incidence of suicide and physical abuse against women has shown a worldwide increase. Heightened anxiety and depression also affect a person's immune system, making them more susceptible to illness.

To think that Powar's article was published on April 11th, 2020.

## **Six-foot fantasy**

Social (unsocial) distancing demanded that people stay six feet or two metres apart. UK government advisor Robert Dingwall from the New and Emerging Respiratory Virus Threats Advisory Group said in a radio interview that the two-metre rule was 'conjured up out of nowhere' and was not based on science. No, it was not based on *medical* science, but it didn't come out of nowhere. The distance related to *psychological* science. Six feet/two metres was adopted in many countries and we were told by people like the criminal Anthony Fauci and his ilk that it was founded on science. Many schools could not reopen because they did not have the space for six-foot distancing. Then in March, 2021, after a year of six-foot 'science', a study published in the *Journal of Infectious Diseases* involving more than 500,000 students and almost 100,000 staff over 16 weeks revealed no significant difference in 'Covid' cases between six feet and three feet and Fauci changed his tune. Now three feet was okay. There is no difference between six feet and three *inches* when there is no 'virus' and they got away with six feet for psychological reasons for as long as they could. I hear journalists and others talk about 'unintended consequences' of lockdown. They are not *unintended* at all; they have been coldly-calculated for a specific outcome of human control and that's why super-psychopaths like Gates have called for them so vehemently. Super-psychopath psychologists have demanded them and psychopathic or clueless, spineless, politicians have gone along with them by 'following the science'. But it's not science at all. 'Science' is not what is; it's only what people can be manipulated to believe it is. The whole 'Covid' catastrophe is

founded on mind control. Three word or three statement mantras issued by the UK government are a well-known mind control technique and so we've had 'Stay home/protect the NHS/save lives', 'Stay alert/control the virus/save lives' and 'hands/face/space'. One of the most vocal proponents of extreme 'Covid' rules in the UK has been Professor Susan Michie, a member of the British Communist Party, who is not a medical professional. Michie is the director of the Centre for Behaviour Change at University College London. She is a *behavioural psychologist* and another filthy rich 'Marxist' who praised China's draconian lockdown. She was known by fellow students at Oxford University as 'Stalin's nanny' for her extreme Marxism. Michie is an influential member of the UK government's Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE) and behavioural manipulation groups which have dominated 'Covid' policy. She is a consultant adviser to the World Health Organization on 'Covid-19' and behaviour. Why the hell are lockdowns anything to do with her when they are claimed to be about health? Why does a behavioural psychologist from a group charged with changing the behaviour of the public want lockdown, human isolation and mandatory masks? Does that question really need an answer? Michie *absolutely* has to explain herself before a Nuremberg court when humanity takes back its world again and even more so when you see the consequences of masks that she demands are compulsory. This is a Michie classic:

The benefits of getting primary school children to wear masks is that regardless of what little degree of transmission is occurring in those age groups it could help normalise the practice. Young children wearing masks may be more likely to get their families to accept masks.

Those words alone should carry a prison sentence when you ponder on the callous disregard for children involved and what a statement it makes about the mind and motivations of Susan Michie. What a lovely lady and what she said there encapsulates the mentality of the psychopaths behind the 'Covid' horror. Let us compare what Michie said with a countrywide study in Germany published at [researchsquare.com](https://www.researchsquare.com) involving 25,000 school children and 17,854 health complaints submitted by parents. Researchers

found that masks are harming children physically, psychologically, and behaviourally with 24 health issues associated with mask wearing. They include: shortness of breath (29.7%); dizziness (26.4%); increased headaches (53%); difficulty concentrating (50%); drowsiness or fatigue (37%); and malaise (42%). Nearly a third of children experienced more sleep issues than before and a quarter developed new fears. Researchers found health issues and other impairments in 68 percent of masked children covering their faces for an average of 4.5 hours a day. Hundreds of those taking part experienced accelerated respiration, tightness in the chest, weakness, and short-term impairment of consciousness. A reminder of what Michie said again:

The benefits of getting primary school children to wear masks is that regardless of what little degree of transmission is occurring in those age groups it could help normalise the practice. Young children wearing masks may be more likely to get their families to accept masks.

Psychopaths in government and psychology now have children and young people – plus all the adults – wearing masks for hours on end while clueless teachers impose the will of the psychopaths on the young they should be protecting. What the hell are parents doing?

## **Cult lab rats**

We have some schools already imposing on students microchipped buzzers that activate when they get 'too close' to their pals in the way they do with lab rats. How apt. To the Cult and its brain-dead servants our children *are* lab rats being conditioned to be unquestioning, dehumanised slaves for the rest of their lives. Children and young people are being weaned and frightened away from the most natural human instincts including closeness and touch. I have tracked in the books over the years how schools were banning pupils from greeting each other with a hug and the whole Cult-induced Me Too movement has terrified men and boys from a relaxed and natural interaction with female friends and work colleagues to the point where many men try never to be in a room

alone with a woman that's not their partner. Airhead celebrities have as always played their virtue-signalling part in making this happen with their gross exaggeration. For every monster like Harvey Weinstein there are at least tens of thousands of men that don't treat women like that; but everyone must be branded the same and policy changed for them as well as the monster. I am going to be using the word 'dehumanise' many times in this chapter because that is what the Cult is seeking to do and it goes very deep as we shall see. Don't let them kid you that social distancing is planned to end one day. That's not the idea. We are seeing more governments and companies funding and producing wearable gadgets to keep people apart and they would not be doing that if this was meant to be short-term. A tech start-up company backed by GCHQ, the British Intelligence and military surveillance headquarters, has created a social distancing wrist sensor that alerts people when they get too close to others. The CIA has also supported tech companies developing similar devices. The wearable sensor was developed by Tended, one of a number of start-up companies supported by GCHQ (see the CIA and DARPA). The device can be worn on the wrist or as a tag on the waistband and will vibrate whenever someone wearing the device breaches social distancing and gets anywhere near natural human contact. The company had a lucky break in that it was developing a distancing sensor when the 'Covid' hoax arrived which immediately provided a potentially enormous market. How fortunate. The government in big-time Cult-controlled Ontario in Canada is investing \$2.5 million in wearable contact tracing technology that 'will alert users if they may have been exposed to the Covid-19 in the workplace and will beep or vibrate if they are within six feet of another person'. Facedrive Inc., the technology company behind this, was founded in 2016 with funding from the Ontario Together Fund and obviously they, too, had a prophet on the board of directors. The human surveillance and control technology is called TraceSCAN and would be worn by the human cyborgs in places such as airports, workplaces, construction sites, care homes and ... *schools*.

I emphasise schools with children and young people the prime targets. You know what is planned for society as a whole if you keep your eyes on the schools. They have always been places where the state program the next generation of slaves to be its compliant worker-ants – or Woker-ants these days; but in the mist of the ‘Covid’ madness they have been transformed into mind laboratories on a scale never seen before. Teachers and head teachers are just as programmed as the kids – often more so. Children are kept apart from human interaction by walk lanes, classroom distancing, staggered meal times, masks, and the rolling-out of buzzer systems. Schools are now physically laid out as a laboratory maze for lab-rats. Lunatics at a school in Anchorage, Alaska, who should be prosecuted for child abuse, took away desks and forced children to kneel (know your place) on a mat for five hours a day while wearing a mask and using their chairs as a desk. How this was supposed to impact on a ‘virus’ only these clinically insane people can tell you and even then it would be clap-trap. The school banned recess (interaction), art classes (creativity), and physical exercise (getting body and mind moving out of inertia). Everyone behind this outrage should be in jail or better still a mental institution. The behavioural manipulators are all for this dystopian approach to schools. Professor Susan Michie, the mind-doctor and British Communist Party member, said it was wrong to say that schools were safe. They had to be made so by ‘distancing’, masks and ventilation (sitting all day in the cold). I must ask this lady round for dinner on a night I know I am going to be out and not back for weeks. She probably wouldn’t be able to make it, anyway, with all the visits to her own psychologist she must have block-booked.

## **Masking identity**

I know how shocking it must be for you that a behaviour manipulator like Michie wants everyone to wear masks which have long been a feature of mind-control programs like the infamous MKUltra in the United States, but, there we are. We live and learn. I spent many years from 1996 to right across the millennium

researching mind control in detail on both sides of the Atlantic and elsewhere. I met a large number of mind-control survivors and many had been held captive in body and mind by MKUltra. MK stands for mind-control, but employs the German spelling in deference to the Nazis spirited out of Germany at the end of World War Two by Operation Paperclip in which the US authorities, with help from the Vatican, transported Nazi mind-controllers and engineers to America to continue their work. Many of them were behind the creation of NASA and they included Nazi scientist and SS officer Wernher von Braun who swapped designing V-2 rockets to bombard London with designing the Saturn V rockets that powered the NASA moon programme's Apollo craft. I think I may have mentioned that the Cult has no borders. Among Paperclip escapees was Josef Mengele, the Angel of Death in the Nazi concentration camps where he conducted mind and genetic experiments on children often using twins to provide a control twin to measure the impact of his 'work' on the other. If you want to observe the Cult mentality in all its extremes of evil then look into the life of Mengele. I have met many people who suffered mercilessly under Mengele in the United States where he operated under the name Dr Greene and became a stalwart of MKUltra programming and torture. Among his locations was the underground facility in the Mojave Desert in California called the China Lake Naval Weapons Station which is almost entirely below the surface. My books *The Biggest Secret*, *Children of the Matrix* and *The Perception Deception* have the detailed background to MKUltra.

The best-known MKUltra survivor is American Cathy O'Brien. I first met her and her late partner Mark Phillips at a conference in Colorado in 1996. Mark helped her escape and deprogram from decades of captivity in an offshoot of MKUltra known as Project Monarch in which 'sex slaves' were provided for the rich and famous including Father George Bush, Dick Cheney and the Clintons. Read Cathy and Mark's book *Trance-Formation of America* and if you are new to this you will be shocked to the core. I read it in 1996 shortly before, with the usual synchronicity of my life, I found

myself given a book table at the conference right next to hers. MKUltra never ended despite being very publicly exposed (only a small part of it) in the 1970s and continues in other guises. I am still in touch with Cathy. She contacted me during 2020 after masks became compulsory in many countries to tell me how they were used as part of MKUltra programming. I had been observing 'Covid regulations' and the relationship between authority and public for months. I saw techniques that I knew were employed on individuals in MKUltra being used on the global population. I had read many books and manuals on mind control including one called *Silent Weapons for Quiet Wars* which came to light in the 1980s and was a guide on how to perceptually program on a mass scale. 'Silent Weapons' refers to mind-control. I remembered a line from the manual as governments, medical authorities and law enforcement agencies have so obviously talked to – or rather at – the adult population since the 'Covid' hoax began as if they are children. The document said:

If a person is spoken to by a T.V. advertiser as if he were a twelve-year-old, then, due to suggestibility, he will, with a certain probability, respond or react to that suggestion with the uncritical response of a twelve-year-old and will reach in to his economic reservoir and deliver its energy to buy that product on impulse when he passes it in the store.

That's why authority has spoken to adults like children since all this began.

### **Why did Michael Jackson wear masks?**

Every aspect of the 'Covid' narrative has mind-control as its central theme. Cathy O'Brien wrote an article for [davidicke.com](http://davidicke.com) about the connection between masks and mind control. Her daughter Kelly who I first met in the 1990s was born while Cathy was still held captive in MKUltra. Kelly was forced to wear a mask as part of her programming from the age of *two* to dehumanise her, target her sense of individuality and reduce the amount of oxygen her brain and body received. *Bingo*. This is the real reason for compulsory

masks, why they have been enforced en masse, and why they seek to increase the number they demand you wear. First one, then two, with one disgraceful alleged 'doctor' recommending four which is nothing less than a death sentence. Where and how often they must be worn is being expanded for the purpose of mass mind control and damaging respiratory health which they can call 'Covid-19'. Canada's government headed by the man-child Justin Trudeau, says it's fine for children of two and older to wear masks. An insane 'study' in Italy involving just 47 children concluded there was no problem for babies as young as *four months* wearing them. Even after people were 'vaccinated' they were still told to wear masks by the criminal that is Anthony Fauci. Cathy wrote that mandating masks is allowing the authorities literally to control the air we breathe which is what was done in MKUltra. You might recall how the singer Michael Jackson wore masks and there is a reason for that. He was subjected to MKUltra mind control through Project Monarch and his psyche was scrambled by these simpletons. Cathy wrote:

In MKUltra Project Monarch mind control, Michael Jackson had to wear a mask to silence his voice so he could not reach out for help. Remember how he developed that whisper voice when he wasn't singing? Masks control the mind from the outside in, like the redefining of words is doing. By controlling what we can and cannot say for fear of being labeled racist or beaten, for example, it ultimately controls thought that drives our words and ultimately actions (or lack thereof).

Likewise, a mask muffles our speech so that we are not heard, which controls voice ... words ... mind. This is Mind Control. Masks are an obvious mind control device, and I am disturbed so many people are complying on a global scale. Masks depersonalize while making a person feel as though they have no voice. It is a barrier to others. People who would never choose to comply but are forced to wear a mask in order to keep their job, and ultimately their family fed, are compromised. They often feel shame and are subdued. People have stopped talking with each other while media controls the narrative.

The 'no voice' theme has often become literal with train passengers told not to speak to each other in case they pass on the 'virus', singing banned for the same reason and bonkers California officials telling people riding roller coasters that they cannot shout and scream. Cathy said she heard every day from healed MKUltra survivors who cannot wear a mask without flashing back on ways

their breathing was controlled – ‘from ball gags and penises to water boarding’. She said that through the years when she saw images of people in China wearing masks ‘due to pollution’ that it was really to control their oxygen levels. ‘I knew it was as much of a population control mechanism of depersonalisation as are burkas’, she said. Masks are another Chinese communist/fascist method of control that has been swept across the West as the West becomes China at lightning speed since we entered 2020.

## **Mask-19**

There are other reasons for mandatory masks and these include destroying respiratory health to call it ‘Covid-19’ and stunting brain development of children and the young. Dr Margarite Griesz-Brisson MD, PhD, is a Consultant Neurologist and Neurophysiologist and the Founder and Medical Director of the London Neurology and Pain Clinic. Her CV goes down the street and round the corner. She is clearly someone who cares about people and won’t parrot the propaganda. Griesz-Brisson has a PhD in pharmacology, with special interest in neurotoxicology, environmental medicine, neuroregeneration and neuroplasticity (the way the brain can change in the light of information received). She went public in October, 2020, with a passionate warning about the effects of mask-wearing laws:

The reinhalation of our exhaled air will without a doubt create oxygen deficiency and a flooding of carbon dioxide. We know that the human brain is very sensitive to oxygen deprivation. There are nerve cells for example in the hippocampus that can’t be longer than 3 minutes without oxygen – they cannot survive. The acute warning symptoms are headaches, drowsiness, dizziness, issues in concentration, slowing down of reaction time – reactions of the cognitive system.

Oh, I know, let’s tell bus, truck and taxi drivers to wear them and people working machinery. How about pilots, doctors and police? Griesz-Brisson makes the important point that while the symptoms she mentions may fade as the body readjusts this does not alter the fact that people continue to operate in oxygen deficit with long list of

potential consequences. She said it was well known that neurodegenerative diseases take years or decades to develop. 'If today you forget your phone number, the breakdown in your brain would have already started 20 or 30 years ago.' She said degenerative processes in your brain are getting amplified as your oxygen deprivation continues through wearing a mask. Nerve cells in the brain are unable to divide themselves normally in these circumstances and lost nerve cells will no longer be regenerated. 'What is gone is gone.' Now consider that people like shop workers and *schoolchildren* are wearing masks for hours every day. What in the name of sanity is going to be happening to them? 'I do not wear a mask, I need my brain to think', Griesz-Brisson said, 'I want to have a clear head when I deal with my patients and not be in a carbon dioxide-induced anaesthesia'. If you are told to wear a mask anywhere ask the organisation, police, store, whatever, for their risk assessment on the dangers and negative effects on mind and body of enforcing mask-wearing. They won't have one because it has never been done not even by government. All of them must be subject to class-action lawsuits as the consequences come to light. They don't do mask risk assessments for an obvious reason. They know what the conclusions would be and independent scientific studies that *have* been done tell a horror story of consequences.

### **'Masks are criminal'**

Dr Griesz-Brisson said that for children and adolescents, masks are an absolute no-no. They had an extremely active and adaptive immune system and their brain was incredibly active with so much to learn. 'The child's brain, or the youth's brain, is thirsting for oxygen.' The more metabolically active an organ was, the more oxygen it required; and in children and adolescents every organ was metabolically active. Griesz-Brisson said that to deprive a child's or adolescent's brain of oxygen, or to restrict it in any way, was not only dangerous to their health, it was absolutely criminal. 'Oxygen deficiency inhibits the development of the brain, and the damage that has taken place as a result CANNOT be reversed.' Mind

manipulators of MKUltra put masks on two-year-olds they wanted to neurologically rewire and you can see why. Griesz-Brisson said a child needs the brain to learn and the brain needs oxygen to function. 'We don't need a clinical study for that. This is simple, indisputable physiology.' Consciously and purposely induced oxygen deficiency was an absolutely deliberate health hazard, and an absolute medical contraindication which means that 'this drug, this therapy, this method or measure should not be used, and is not allowed to be used'. To coerce an entire population to use an absolute medical contraindication by force, she said, there had to be definite and serious reasons and the reasons must be presented to competent interdisciplinary and independent bodies to be verified and authorised. She had this warning of the consequences that were coming if mask wearing continued:

When, in ten years, dementia is going to increase exponentially, and the younger generations couldn't reach their god-given potential, it won't help to say 'we didn't need the masks'. I know how damaging oxygen deprivation is for the brain, cardiologists know how damaging it is for the heart, pulmonologists know how damaging it is for the lungs. Oxygen deprivation damages every single organ. Where are our health departments, our health insurance, our medical associations? It would have been their duty to be vehemently against the lockdown and to stop it and stop it from the very beginning.

Why do the medical boards issue punishments to doctors who give people exemptions? Does the person or the doctor seriously have to prove that oxygen deprivation harms people? What kind of medicine are our doctors and medical associations representing? Who is responsible for this crime? The ones who want to enforce it? The ones who let it happen and play along, or the ones who don't prevent it?

All of the organisations and people she mentions there either answer directly to the Cult or do whatever hierarchical levels above them tell them to do. The outcome of both is the same. 'It's not about masks, it's not about viruses, it's certainly not about your health', Griesz-Brisson said. 'It is about much, much more. I am not participating. I am not afraid.' They were taking our air to breathe and there was no unfounded medical exemption from face masks. Oxygen deprivation was dangerous for every single brain. It had to be the free decision of every human being whether they want to

wear a mask that was absolutely ineffective to protect themselves from a virus. She ended by rightly identifying where the responsibility lies for all this:

The imperative of the hour is personal responsibility. We are responsible for what we think, not the media. We are responsible for what we do, not our superiors. We are responsible for our health, not the World Health Organization. And we are responsible for what happens in our country, not the government.

Halle-bloody-lujah.

### **But surgeons wear masks, right?**

Independent studies of mask-wearing have produced a long list of reports detailing mental, emotional and physical dangers. What a definition of insanity to see police officers imposing mask-wearing on the public which will cumulatively damage their health while the police themselves wear masks that will cumulatively damage *their* health. It's utter madness and both public and police do this because 'the government says so' – yes a government of brain-donor idiots like UK Health Secretary Matt Hancock reading the 'follow the science' scripts of psychopathic, lunatic psychologists. The response you get from Stockholm syndrome sufferers defending the very authorities that are destroying them and their families is that 'surgeons wear masks'. This is considered the game, set and match that they must work and don't cause oxygen deficit. Well, actually, scientific studies have shown that they *do* and oxygen levels are monitored in operating theatres to compensate. Surgeons wear masks to stop spittle and such like dropping into open wounds – not to stop 'viral particles' which are so miniscule they can only be seen through an electron microscope. Holes in the masks are significantly bigger than 'viral particles' and if you sneeze or cough they will breach the mask. I watched an incredibly disingenuous 'experiment' that claimed to prove that masks work in catching 'virus' material from the mouth and nose. They did this with a slow motion camera and the mask did block big stuff which stayed inside the mask and

against the face to be breathed in or cause infections on the face as we have seen with many children. 'Viral particles', however, would never have been picked up by the camera as they came through the mask when they are far too small to be seen. The 'experiment' was therefore disingenuous *and* useless.

Studies have concluded that wearing masks in operating theatres (and thus elsewhere) make no difference to preventing infection while the opposite is true with toxic shite building up in the mask and this had led to an explosion in tooth decay and gum disease dubbed by dentists 'mask mouth'. You might have seen the Internet video of a furious American doctor urging people to take off their masks after a four-year-old patient had been rushed to hospital the night before and nearly died with a lung infection that doctors sourced to mask wearing. A study in the journal *Cancer Discovery* found that inhalation of harmful microbes can contribute to advanced stage lung cancer in adults and long-term use of masks can help breed dangerous pathogens. Microbiologists have said frequent mask wearing creates a moist environment in which microbes can grow and proliferate before entering the lungs. The Canadian Agency for Drugs and Technologies in Health, or CADTH, a Canadian national organisation that provides research and analysis to healthcare decision-makers, said this as long ago as 2013 in a report entitled 'Use of Surgical Masks in the Operating Room: A Review of the Clinical Effectiveness and Guidelines'. It said:

- No evidence was found to support the use of surgical face masks to reduce the frequency of surgical site infections
- No evidence was found on the effectiveness of wearing surgical face masks to protect staff from infectious material in the operating room.
- Guidelines recommend the use of surgical face masks by staff in the operating room to protect both operating room staff and patients (despite the lack of evidence).

We were told that the world could go back to 'normal' with the arrival of the 'vaccines'. When they came, fraudulent as they are, the story changed as I knew that it would. We are in the midst of transforming 'normal', not going back to it. Mary Ramsay, head of immunisation at Public Health England, echoed the words of US criminal Anthony Fauci who said masks and other regulations must stay no matter if people are vaccinated. The Fauci idiot continued to wear two masks – different colours so both could be clearly seen – after he *claimed* to have been vaccinated. Senator Rand Paul told Fauci in one exchange that his double-masks were 'theatre' and he was right. It's all theatre. Mary Ramsay back-tracked on the vaccine-return-to-normal theme when she said the public may need to wear masks and social-distance for years despite the jabs. 'People have got used to those lower-level restrictions now, and [they] can live with them', she said telling us what the idea has been all along. 'The vaccine does not give you a pass, even if you have had it, you must continue to follow all the guidelines' said a Public Health England statement which reneged on what we had been told before and made having the 'vaccine' irrelevant to 'normality' even by the official story. Spain's fascist government trumped everyone by passing a law mandating the wearing of masks on the beach and even when swimming in the sea. The move would have devastated what's left of the Spanish tourist industry, posed potential breathing dangers to swimmers and had Northern European sunbathers walking around with their forehead brown and the rest of their face white as a sheet. The ruling was so crazy that it had to be retracted after pressure from public and tourist industry, but it confirmed where the Cult wants to go with masks and how clinically insane authority has become. The determination to make masks permanent and hide the serious dangers to body and mind can be seen in the censorship of scientist Professor Denis Rancourt by Bill Gates-funded academic publishing website ResearchGate over his papers exposing the dangers and uselessness of masks. Rancourt said:

ResearchGate today has permanently locked my account, which I have had since 2015. Their reasons graphically show the nature of their attack against democracy, and their corruption of

science ... By their obscene non-logic, a scientific review of science articles reporting on harms caused by face masks has a 'potential to cause harm'. No criticism of the psychological device (face masks) is tolerated, if the said criticism shows potential to influence public policy.

This is what happens in a fascist world.

### **Where are the 'greens' (again)?**

Other dangers of wearing masks especially regularly relate to the inhalation of minute plastic fibres into the lungs and the deluge of discarded masks in the environment and oceans. Estimates predicted that more than 1.5 billion disposable masks will end up in the world's oceans every year polluting the water with tons of plastic and endangering marine wildlife. Studies project that humans are using 129 billion face masks each month worldwide – about three million a minute. Most are disposable and made from plastic, non-biodegradable microfibers that break down into smaller plastic particles that become widespread in ecosystems. They are littering cities, clogging sewage channels and turning up in bodies of water. I have written in other books about the immense amounts of microplastics from endless sources now being absorbed into the body. Rolf Halden, director of the Arizona State University (ASU) Biodesign Center for Environmental Health Engineering, was the senior researcher in a 2020 study that analysed 47 human tissue samples and found microplastics in all of them. 'We have detected these chemicals of plastics in every single organ that we have investigated', he said. I wrote in *The Answer* about the world being deluged with microplastics. A study by the Worldwide Fund for Nature (WWF) found that people are consuming on average every week some 2,000 tiny pieces of plastic mostly through water and also through marine life and the air. Every year humans are ingesting enough microplastics to fill a heaped dinner plate and in a life-time of 79 years it is enough to fill two large waste bins. Marco Lambertini, WWF International director general said: 'Not only are plastics polluting our oceans and waterways and killing marine life – it's in all of us and we can't escape consuming plastics,' American

geologists found tiny plastic fibres, beads and shards in rainwater samples collected from the remote slopes of the Rocky Mountain National Park near Denver, Colorado. Their report was headed: 'It is raining plastic.' Rachel Adams, senior lecturer in Biomedical Science at Cardiff Metropolitan University, said that among health consequences are internal inflammation and immune responses to a 'foreign body'. She further pointed out that microplastics become carriers of toxins including mercury, pesticides and dioxins (a known cause of cancer and reproductive and developmental problems). These toxins accumulate in the fatty tissues once they enter the body through microplastics. Now this is being compounded massively by people putting plastic on their face and throwing it away.

Workers exposed to polypropylene plastic fibres known as 'flock' have developed 'flock worker's lung' from inhaling small pieces of the flock fibres which can damage lung tissue, reduce breathing capacity and exacerbate other respiratory problems. *Now ...* commonly used surgical masks have three layers of melt-blown textiles made of ... polypropylene. We have billions of people putting these microplastics against their mouth, nose and face for hours at a time day after day in the form of masks. How does anyone think that will work out? I mean – what could possibly go wrong? We posted a number of scientific studies on this at [davidicke.com](http://davidicke.com), but when I went back to them as I was writing this book the links to the science research website where they were hosted were dead. Anything that challenges the official narrative in any way is either censored or vilified. The official narrative is so unsupportable by the evidence that only deleting the truth can protect it. A study by Chinese scientists still survived – with the usual twist which it why it was still active, I guess. Yes, they found that virtually all the masks they tested increased the daily intake of microplastic fibres, but people should still wear them because the danger from the 'virus' was worse said the crazy 'team' from the Institute of Hydrobiology in Wuhan. Scientists first discovered microplastics in lung tissue of some patients who died of lung cancer

in the 1990s. Subsequent studies have confirmed the potential health damage with the plastic degrading slowly and remaining in the lungs to accumulate in volume. Wuhan researchers used a machine simulating human breathing to establish that masks shed up to nearly 4,000 microplastic fibres in a month with reused masks producing more. Scientists said some masks are laced with toxic chemicals and a variety of compounds seriously restricted for both health and environmental reasons. They include cobalt (used in blue dye) and formaldehyde known to cause watery eyes, burning sensations in the eyes, nose, and throat, plus coughing, wheezing and nausea. No – that must be ‘Covid-19’.

### **Mask ‘worms’**

There is another and potentially even more sinister content of masks. Mostly new masks of different makes filmed under a microscope around the world have been found to contain strange black fibres or ‘worms’ that appear to move or ‘crawl’ by themselves and react to heat and water. The nearest I have seen to them are the self-replicating fibres that are pulled out through the skin of those suffering from Morgellons disease which has been connected to the phenomena of ‘chemtrails’ which I will bring into the story later on. Morgellons fibres continue to grow outside the body and have a form of artificial intelligence. Black ‘worm’ fibres in masks have that kind of feel to them and there is a nanotechnology technique called ‘worm micelles’ which carry and release drugs or anything else you want to deliver to the body. For sure the suppression of humanity by mind altering drugs is the Cult agenda big time and the more excuses they can find to gain access to the body the more opportunities there are to make that happen whether through ‘vaccines’ or masks pushed against the mouth and nose for hours on end.

So let us summarise the pros and cons of masks:

*Against masks:* Breathing in your own carbon dioxide; depriving the body and brain of sufficient oxygen; build-up of toxins in the mask that can be breathed into the lungs and cause rashes on the face and 'mask-mouth'; breathing microplastic fibres and toxic chemicals into the lungs; dehumanisation and deleting individualisation by literally making people faceless; destroying human emotional interaction through facial expression and deleting parental connection with their babies which look for guidance to their facial expression.

*For masks:* They don't protect you from a 'virus' that doesn't exist and even if it did 'viral' particles are so minute they are smaller than the holes in the mask.

Governments, police, supermarkets, businesses, transport companies, and all the rest who seek to impose masks have done no risk assessment on their consequences for health and psychology and are now open to group lawsuits when the impact becomes clear with a cumulative epidemic of respiratory and other disease. Authorities will try to exploit these effects and hide the real cause by dubbing them 'Covid-19'. Can you imagine setting out to force the population to wear health-destroying masks without doing any assessment of the risks? It is criminal and it is evil, but then how many people targeted in this way, who see their children told to wear them all day at school, have asked for a risk assessment? Billions can't be imposed upon by the few unless the billions allow it. Oh, yes, with just a tinge of irony, 85 percent of all masks made worldwide come from *China*.

### **Wash your hands in toxic shite**

'Covid' rules include the use of toxic sanitisers and again the health consequences of constantly applying toxins to be absorbed through the skin is obvious to any level of Renegade Mind. America's Food and Drug Administration (FDA) said that sanitisers are drugs and issued a warning about 75 dangerous brands which contain

methanol used in antifreeze and can cause death, kidney damage and blindness. The FDA circulated the following warning even for those brands that it claims to be safe:

Store hand sanitizer out of the reach of pets and children, and children should use it only with adult supervision. Do not drink hand sanitizer. This is particularly important for young children, especially toddlers, who may be attracted by the pleasant smell or brightly colored bottles of hand sanitizer.

Drinking even a small amount of hand sanitizer can cause alcohol poisoning in children. (However, there is no need to be concerned if your children eat with or lick their hands after using hand sanitizer.) During this coronavirus pandemic, poison control centers have had an increase in calls about accidental ingestion of hand sanitizer, so it is important that adults monitor young children's use.

Do not allow pets to swallow hand sanitizer. If you think your pet has eaten something potentially dangerous, call your veterinarian or a pet poison control center right away. Hand sanitizer is flammable and should be stored away from heat and flames. When using hand sanitizer, rub your hands until they feel completely dry before performing activities that may involve heat, sparks, static electricity, or open flames.

There you go, perfectly safe, then, and that's without even a mention of the toxins absorbed through the skin. Come on kids – sanitise your hands everywhere you go. It will save you from the 'virus'. Put all these elements together of the 'Covid' normal and see how much health and psychology is being cumulatively damaged, even devastated, to 'protect your health'. Makes sense, right? They are only imposing these things because they care, right? *Right?*

## **Submitting to insanity**

Psychological reframing of the population goes very deep and is done in many less obvious ways. I hear people say how contradictory and crazy 'Covid' rules are and how they are ever changing. This is explained away by dismissing those involved as idiots. It is a big mistake. The Cult is delighted if its cold calculation is perceived as incompetence and idiocy when it is anything but. Oh, yes, there are idiots within the system – lots of them – but they are *administering* the Cult agenda, mostly unknowingly. They are not deciding and dictating it. The bulwark against tyranny is self-

respect, always has been, always will be. It is self-respect that has broken every tyranny in history. By its very nature self-respect will not bow to oppression and its perpetrators. There is so little self-respect that it's always the few that overturn dictators. Many may eventually follow, but the few with the iron spines (self-respect) kick it off and generate the momentum. The Cult targets self-respect in the knowledge that once this has gone only submission remains. Crazy, contradictory, ever-changing 'Covid' rules are systematically applied by psychologists to delete self-respect. They *want* you to see that the rules make no sense. It is one thing to decide to do something when *you* have made the choice based on evidence and logic. You still retain your self-respect. It is quite another when you can see what you are being told to do is insane, ridiculous and makes no sense, and *yet you still do it*. Your self-respect is extinguished and this has been happening as ever more obviously stupid and nonsensical things have been demanded and the great majority have complied even when they can see they are stupid and nonsensical.

People walk around in face-nappies knowing they are damaging their health and make no difference to a 'virus'. They do it in fear of not doing it. I know it's daft, but I'll do it anyway. When that happens something dies inside of you and submissive reframing has begun. Next there's a need to hide from yourself that you have conceded your self-respect and you convince yourself that you have not really submitted to fear and intimidation. You begin to believe that you are complying with craziness because it's the right thing to do. When first you concede your self-respect of  $2+2 = 4$  to  $2+2 = 5$  you *know* you are compromising your self-respect. Gradually to avoid facing that fact you begin to *believe* that  $2+2=5$ . You have been reframed and I have been watching this process happening in the human psyche on an industrial scale. The Cult is working to break your spirit and one of its major tools in that war is humiliation. I read how former American soldier Bradley Manning (later Chelsea Manning after a sex-change) was treated after being jailed for supplying WikiLeaks with documents exposing the enormity of

government and elite mendacity. Manning was isolated in solitary confinement for eight months, put under 24-hour surveillance, forced to hand over clothing before going to bed, and stand naked for every roll call. This is systematic humiliation. The introduction of anal swab 'Covid' tests in China has been done for the same reason to delete self-respect and induce compliant submission. Anal swabs are mandatory for incoming passengers in parts of China and American diplomats have said they were forced to undergo the indignity which would have been calculated humiliation by the Cult-owned Chinese government that has America in its sights.

### **Government-people: An abusive relationship**

Spirit-breaking psychological techniques include giving people hope and apparent respite from tyranny only to take it away again. This happened in the UK during Christmas, 2020, when the psychopsychologists and their political lackeys announced an easing of restrictions over the holiday only to reimpose them almost immediately on the basis of yet another lie. There is a big psychological difference between getting used to oppression and being given hope of relief only to have that dashed. Psychologists know this and we have seen the technique used repeatedly. Then there is traumatising people before you introduce more extreme regulations that require compliance. A perfect case was the announcement by the dark and sinister Whitty and Vallance in the UK that 'new data' predicted that 4,000 could die every day over the winter of 2020/2021 if we did not lockdown again. I think they call it lying and after traumatising people with that claim out came Jackboot Johnson the next day with new curbs on human freedom. Psychologists know that a frightened and traumatised mind becomes suggestable to submission and behaviour reframing. Underpinning all this has been to make people fearful and suspicious of each other and see themselves as a potential danger to others. In league with deleted self-respect you have the perfect psychological recipe for self-loathing. The relationship between authority and public is now demonstrably the same as that of

subservience to an abusive partner. These are signs of an abusive relationship explained by psychologist Leslie Becker-Phelps:

**Psychological and emotional abuse:** Undermining a partner's self-worth with verbal attacks, name-calling, and belittling. Humiliating the partner in public, unjustly accusing them of having an affair, or interrogating them about their every behavior. Keeping partner confused or off balance by saying they were just kidding or blaming the partner for 'making' them act this way ... Feigning in public that they care while turning against them in private. This leads to victims frequently feeling confused, incompetent, unworthy, hopeless, and chronically self-doubting. [Apply these techniques to how governments have treated the population since New Year, 2020, and the parallels are obvious.]

**Physical abuse:** The abuser might physically harm their partner in a range of ways, such as grabbing, hitting, punching, or shoving them. They might throw objects at them or harm them with a weapon. [Observe the physical harm imposed by masks, lockdown, and so on.]

**Threats and intimidation:** One way abusers keep their partners in line is by instilling fear. They might be verbally threatening, or give threatening looks or gestures. Abusers often make it known that they are tracking their partner's every move. They might destroy their partner's possessions, threaten to harm them, or threaten to harm their family members. Not surprisingly, victims of this abuse often feel anxiety, fear, and panic. [No words necessary.]

**Isolation:** Abusers often limit their partner's activities, forbidding them to talk or interact with friends or family. They might limit access to a car or even turn off their phone. All of this might be done by physically holding them against their will, but is often accomplished through psychological abuse and intimidation. The more isolated a person feels, the fewer resources they have to help gain perspective on their situation and to escape from it. [No words necessary.]

**Economic abuse:** Abusers often make their partners beholden to them for money by controlling access to funds of any kind. They might prevent their partner from getting a job or withhold access to money they earn from a job. This creates financial dependency that makes leaving the relationship very difficult. [See destruction of livelihoods and the proposed meagre 'guaranteed income' so long as you do whatever you are told.]

**Using children:** An abuser might disparage their partner's parenting skills, tell their children lies about their partner, threaten to take custody of their children, or threaten to harm their children. These tactics instil fear and often elicit compliance. [See reframed social service mafia and how children are being mercilessly abused by the state over 'Covid' while their parents look on too frightened to do anything.]

A further recurring trait in an abusive relationship is the abused blaming themselves for their abuse and making excuses for the abuser. We have the public blaming each other for lockdown abuse by government and many making excuses for the government while attacking those who challenge the government. How often we have heard authorities say that rules are being imposed or reimposed only because people have refused to 'behave' and follow the rules. We don't want to do it – it's *you*.

Renegade Minds are an antidote to all of these things. They will never concede their self-respect no matter what the circumstances. Even when apparent humiliation is heaped upon them they laugh in its face and reflect back the humiliation on the abuser where it belongs. Renegade Minds will never wear masks they know are only imposed to humiliate, suppress and damage both physically and psychologically. Consequences will take care of themselves and they will never break their spirit or cause them to concede to tyranny. UK newspaper columnist Peter Hitchens was one of the few in the mainstream media to speak out against lockdowns and forced vaccinations. He then announced he had taken the jab. He wanted to see family members abroad and he believed vaccine passports were inevitable even though they had not yet been introduced. Hitchens

has a questioning and critical mind, but not a Renegade one. If he had no amount of pressure would have made him concede. Hitchens excused his action by saying that the battle has been lost. Renegade Minds never accept defeat when freedom is at stake and even if they are the last one standing the self-respect of not submitting to tyranny is more important than any outcome or any consequence.

That's why Renegade Minds are the only minds that ever changed anything worth changing.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

### **'Reframing' insanity**

*Insanity is relative. It depends on who has who locked in what cage*  
Ray Bradbury

**R**eframing' a mind means simply to change its perception and behaviour. This can be done subconsciously to such an extent that subjects have no idea they have been 'reframed' while to any observer changes in behaviour and attitudes are obvious.

Human society is being reframed on a ginormous scale since the start of 2020 and here we have the reason why psychologists rather than doctors have been calling the shots. Ask most people who have succumbed to 'Covid' reframing if they have changed and most will say 'no'; but they *have* and fundamentally. The Cult's long-game has been preparing for these times since way back and crucial to that has been to prepare both population and officialdom mentally and emotionally. To use the mind-control parlance they had to reframe the population with a mentality that would submit to fascism and reframe those in government and law enforcement to impose fascism or at least go along with it. The result has been the fact-deleted mindlessness of 'Wokeness' and officialdom that has either enthusiastically or unquestioningly imposed global tyranny demanded by reframed politicians on behalf of psychopathic and deeply evil cultists. 'Cognitive reframing' identifies and challenges the way someone sees the world in the form of situations, experiences and emotions and then restructures those perceptions to view the same set of circumstances in a different way. This can have

benefits if the attitudes are personally destructive while on the other side it has the potential for individual and collective mind control which the subject has no idea has even happened.

Cognitive therapy was developed in the 1960s by Aaron T. Beck who was born in Rhode Island in 1921 as the son of Jewish immigrants from the Ukraine. He became interested in the techniques as a treatment for depression. Beck's daughter Judith S. Beck is prominent in the same field and they founded the Beck Institute for Cognitive Behavior Therapy in Philadelphia in 1994. Cognitive reframing, however, began to be used worldwide by those with a very dark agenda. The Cult reframes politicians to change their attitudes and actions until they are completely at odds with what they once appeared to stand for. The same has been happening to government administrators at all levels, law enforcement, military and the human population. Cultists love mind control for two main reasons: It allows them to control what people think, do and say to secure agenda advancement and, by definition, it calms their legendary insecurity and fear of the unexpected. I have studied mind control since the time I travelled America in 1996. I may have been talking to next to no one in terms of an audience in those years, but my goodness did I gather a phenomenal amount of information and knowledge about so many things including the techniques of mind control. I have described this in detail in other books going back to *The Biggest Secret* in 1998. I met a very large number of people recovering from MKUltra and its offshoots and successors and I began to see how these same techniques were being used on the population in general. This was never more obvious than since the 'Covid' hoax began.

## **Reframing the enforcers**

I have observed over the last two decades and more the very clear transformation in the dynamic between the police, officialdom and the public. I tracked this in the books as the relationship mutated from one of serving the public to seeing them as almost the enemy and certainly a lower caste. There has always been a class divide

based on income and always been some psychopathic, corrupt, and big-I-am police officers. This was different. Wholesale change was unfolding in the collective dynamic; it was less about money and far more about position and perceived power. An us-and-them was emerging. Noses were lifted skyward by government administration and law enforcement and their attitude to the public they were *supposed* to be serving changed to one of increasing contempt, superiority and control. The transformation was so clear and widespread that it had to be planned. Collective attitudes and dynamics do not change naturally and organically that quickly on that scale. I then came across an organisation in Britain called Common Purpose created in the late 1980s by Julia Middleton who would work in the office of Deputy Prime Minister John Prescott during the long and disastrous premiership of war criminal Tony Blair. When Blair speaks the Cult is speaking and the man should have been in jail a long time ago. Common Purpose proclaims itself to be one of the biggest 'leadership development' organisations in the world while functioning as a *charity* with all the financial benefits which come from that. It hosts 'leadership development' courses and programmes all over the world and claims to have 'brought together' what it calls 'leaders' from more than 100 countries on six continents. The modus operandi of Common Purpose can be compared with the work of the UK government's reframing network that includes the Behavioural Insights Team 'nudge unit' and 'Covid' reframing specialists at SPI-B. WikiLeaks described Common Purpose long ago as 'a hidden virus in our government and schools' which is unknown to the general public: 'It recruits and trains "leaders" to be loyal to the directives of Common Purpose and the EU, instead of to their own departments, which they then undermine or subvert, the NHS [National Health Service] being an example.' This is a vital point to understand the 'Covid' hoax. The NHS, and its equivalent around the world, has been utterly reframed in terms of administrators and much of the medical personnel with the transformation underpinned by recruitment policies. The outcome has been the criminal and psychopathic behaviour of the

NHS over 'Covid' and we have seen the same in every other major country. WikiLeaks said Common Purpose trainees are 'learning to rule without regard to democracy' and to usher in a police state (current events explained). Common Purpose operated like a 'glue' and had members in the NHS, BBC, police, legal profession, church, many of Britain's 7,000 quangos, local councils, the Civil Service, government ministries and Parliament, and controlled many RDA's (Regional Development Agencies). Here we have one answer for how and why British institutions and their like in other countries have changed so negatively in relation to the public. This further explains how and why the beyond-disgraceful reframed BBC has become a propaganda arm of 'Covid' fascism. They are all part of a network pursuing the same goal.

By 2019 Common Purpose was quoting a figure of 85,000 'leaders' that had attended its programmes. These 'students' of all ages are known as Common Purpose 'graduates' and they consist of government, state and local government officials and administrators, police chiefs and officers, and a whole range of others operating within the national, local and global establishment. Cressida Dick, Commissioner of the London Metropolitan Police, is the Common Purpose graduate who was the 'Gold Commander' that oversaw what can only be described as the murder of Brazilian electrician Jean Charles de Menezes in 2005. He was held down by psychopathic police and shot seven times in the head by a psychopathic lunatic after being mistaken for a terrorist when he was just a bloke going about his day. Dick authorised officers to pursue and keep surveillance on de Menezes and ordered that he be stopped from entering the underground train system. Police psychopaths took her at her word clearly. She was 'disciplined' for this outrage by being *promoted* – eventually to the top of the 'Met' police where she has been a disaster. Many Chief Constables controlling the police in different parts of the UK are and have been Common Purpose graduates. I have heard the 'graduate' network described as a sort of Mafia or secret society operating within the fabric of government at all levels pursuing a collective policy

ingrained at Common Purpose training events. Founder Julia Middleton herself has said:

Locally and internationally, Common Purpose graduates will be 'lighting small fires' to create change in their organisations and communities ... The Common Purpose effect is best illustrated by the many stories of small changes brought about by leaders, who themselves have changed.

A Common Purpose mission statement declared:

Common Purpose aims to improve the way society works by expanding the vision, decision-making ability and influence of all kinds of leaders. The organisation runs a variety of educational programmes for leaders of all ages, backgrounds and sectors, in order to provide them with the inspirational, information and opportunities they need to change the world.

Yes, but into what? Since 2020 the answer has become clear.

## **NLP and the Delphi technique**

Common Purpose would seem to be a perfect name or would common programming be better? One of the foundation methods of reaching 'consensus' (group think) is by setting the agenda theme and then encouraging, cajoling or pressuring everyone to agree a 'consensus' in line with the core theme promoted by Common Purpose. The methodology involves the 'Delphi technique', or an adaptation of it, in which opinions are expressed that are summarised by a 'facilitator or change agent' at each stage. Participants are 'encouraged' to modify their views in the light of what others have said. Stage by stage the former individual opinions are merged into group consensus which just happens to be what Common Purpose wants them to believe. A key part of this is to marginalise anyone refusing to concede to group think and turn the group against them to apply pressure to conform. We are seeing this very technique used on the general population to make 'Covid' group-thinkers hostile to those who have seen through the bullshit. People can be reframed by using perception manipulation methods such as Neuro-Linguistic Programming (NLP) in which you change perception with the use of

carefully constructed language. An NLP website described the technique this way:

... A method of influencing brain behaviour (the 'neuro' part of the phrase) through the use of language (the 'linguistic' part) and other types of communication to enable a person to 'recode' the way the brain responds to stimuli (that's the 'programming') and manifest new and better behaviours. Neuro-Linguistic Programming often incorporates hypnosis and self-hypnosis to help achieve the change (or 'programming') that is wanted.

British alternative media operation UKColumn has done very detailed research into Common Purpose over a long period. I quoted co-founder and former naval officer Brian Gerrish in my book *Remember Who You Are*, published in 2011, as saying the following years before current times:

It is interesting that many of the mothers who have had children taken by the State speak of the Social Services people being icily cool, emotionless and, as two ladies said in slightly different words, '... like little robots'. We know that NLP is cumulative, so people can be given small imperceptible doses of NLP in a course here, another in a few months, next year etc. In this way, major changes are accrued in their personality, but the day by day change is almost unnoticeable.

In these and other ways 'graduates' have had their perceptions uniformly reframed and they return to their roles in the institutions of government, law enforcement, legal profession, military, 'education', the UK National Health Service and the whole swathe of the establishment structure to pursue a common agenda preparing for the 'post-industrial', 'post-democratic' society. I say 'preparing' but we are now there. 'Post-industrial' is code for the Great Reset and 'post-democratic' is 'Covid' fascism. UKColumn has spoken to partners of those who have attended Common Purpose 'training'. They have described how personalities and attitudes of 'graduates' changed very noticeably for the worse by the time they had completed the course. They had been 'reframed' and told they are the 'leaders' – the special ones – who know better than the population. There has also been the very demonstrable recruitment of psychopaths and narcissists into government administration at all

levels and law enforcement. If you want psychopathy hire psychopaths and you get a simple cause and effect. If you want administrators, police officers and 'leaders' to perceive the public as lesser beings who don't matter then employ narcissists. These personalities are identified using 'psychometrics' that identifies knowledge, abilities, attitudes and personality traits, mostly through carefully-designed questionnaires and tests. As this policy has passed through the decades we have had power-crazy, power-trippers appointed into law enforcement, security and government administration in preparation for current times and the dynamic between public and law enforcement/officialdom has been transformed. UKColumn's Brian Gerrish said of the narcissistic personality:

Their love of themselves and power automatically means that they will crush others who get in their way. I received a major piece of the puzzle when a friend pointed out that when they made public officials re-apply for their own jobs several years ago they were also required to do psychometric tests. This was undoubtedly the start of the screening process to get 'their' sort of people in post.

How obvious that has been since 2020 although it was clear what was happening long before if people paid attention to the changing public-establishment dynamic.

## **Change agents**

At the centre of events in 'Covid' Britain is the National Health Service (NHS) which has behaved disgracefully in slavishly following the Cult agenda. The NHS management structure is awash with Common Purpose graduates or 'change agents' working to a common cause. Helen Bevan, a Chief of Service Transformation at the NHS Institute for Innovation and Improvement, co-authored a document called 'Towards a million change agents, a review of the social movements literature: implications for large scale change in the NHS'. The document compared a project management approach to that of change and social movements where 'people change

themselves and each other – peer to peer’. Two definitions given for a ‘social movement’ were:

*A group of people who consciously attempt to build a radically new social order; involves people of a broad range of social backgrounds; and deploys politically confrontational and socially disruptive tactics – Cyrus Zirakzadeh 1997*

*Collective challenges, based on common purposes and social solidarities, in sustained interaction with elites, opponents, and authorities – Sidney Tarrow 1994*

Helen Bevan wrote another NHS document in which she defined ‘framing’ as ‘the process by which leaders construct, articulate and put across their message in a powerful and compelling way in order to win people to their cause and call them to action’. I think I could come up with another definition that would be rather more accurate. The National Health Service and institutions of Britain and the wider world have been taken over by reframed ‘change agents’ and that includes everything from the United Nations to national governments, local councils and social services which have been kidnapping children from loving parents on an extraordinary and gathering scale on the road to the end of parenthood altogether. Children from loving homes are stolen and kidnapped by the state and put into the ‘care’ (inversion) of the local authority through council homes, foster parents and forced adoption. At the same time children are allowed to be abused without response while many are under council ‘care’. UKColumn highlighted the Common Purpose connection between South Yorkshire Police and Rotherham council officers in the case of the scandal in that area of the sexual exploitation of children to which the authorities turned not one blind eye, but both:

We were alarmed to discover that the Chief Executive, the Strategic Director of Children and Young People's Services, the Manager for the Local Strategic Partnership, the Community Cohesion Manager, the Cabinet Member for Cohesion, the Chief Constable and his predecessor had all attended Leadership training courses provided by the pseudo-charity Common Purpose.

Once 'change agents' have secured positions of hire and fire within any organisation things start to move very quickly. Personnel are then hired and fired on the basis of whether they will work towards the agenda the change agent represents. If they do they are rapidly promoted even though they may be incompetent. Those more qualified and skilled who are pre-Common Purpose 'old school' see their careers stall and even disappear. This has been happening for decades in every institution of state, police, 'health' and social services and all of them have been transformed as a result in their attitudes to their jobs and the public. Medical professions, including nursing, which were once vocations for the caring now employ many cold, callous and couldn't give a shit personality types. The UKColumn investigation concluded:

By blurring the boundaries between people, professions, public and private sectors, responsibility and accountability, Common Purpose encourages 'graduates' to believe that as new selected leaders, they can work together, outside of the established political and social structures, to achieve a paradigm shift or CHANGE – so called 'Leading Beyond Authority'. In doing so, the allegiance of the individual becomes 'reframed' on CP colleagues and their NETWORK.

## **Reframing the Face-Nappies**

Nowhere has this process been more obvious than in the police where recruitment of psychopaths and development of unquestioning mind-controlled group-thinkers have transformed law enforcement into a politically-correct 'Woke' joke and a travesty of what should be public service. Today they wear their face-nappies like good little gofers and enforce 'Covid' rules which are fascism under another name. Alongside the specifically-recruited psychopaths we have software minds incapable of free thought. Brian Gerrish again:

An example is the policeman who would not get on a bike for a press photo because he had not done the cycling proficiency course. Normal people say this is political correctness gone mad. Nothing could be further from the truth. The policeman has been reframed, and in his reality it is perfect common sense not to get on the bike 'because he hasn't done the cycling course'.

Another example of this is where the police would not rescue a boy from a pond until they had taken advice from above on the 'risk assessment'. A normal person would have arrived, perhaps thought of the risk for a moment, and dived in. To the police now 'reframed', they followed 'normal' procedure.

There are shocking cases of reframed ambulance crews doing the same. Sheer unthinking stupidity of London Face-Nappies headed by Common Purpose graduate Cressida Dick can be seen in their behaviour at a vigil in March, 2021, for a murdered woman, Sarah Everard. A police officer had been charged with the crime. Anyone with a brain would have left the vigil alone in the circumstances. Instead they 'manhandled' women to stop them breaking 'Covid rules' to betray classic reframing. Minds in the thrall of perception control have no capacity for seeing a situation on its merits and acting accordingly. 'Rules is rules' is their only mind-set. My father used to say that rules and regulations are for the guidance of the intelligent and the blind obedience of the idiot. Most of the intelligent, decent, coppers have gone leaving only the other kind and a few old school for whom the job must be a daily nightmare. The combination of psychopaths and rule-book software minds has been clearly on public display in the 'Covid' era with automaton robots in uniform imposing fascistic 'Covid' regulations on the population without any personal initiative or judging situations on their merits. There are thousands of examples around the world, but I'll make my point with the infamous Derbyshire police in the English East Midlands – the ones who think pouring dye into beauty spots and using drones to track people walking in the countryside away from anyone is called 'policing'. To them there are rules decreed by the government which they have to enforce and in their bewildered state a group gathering in a closed space and someone walking alone in the countryside are the same thing. It is beyond idiocy and enters the realm of clinical insanity.

Police officers in Derbyshire said they were 'horrified' – *horrified* – to find 15 to 20 'irresponsible' kids playing a football match at a closed leisure centre 'in breach of coronavirus restrictions'. When they saw the police the kids ran away leaving their belongings behind and the reframed men and women of Derbyshire police were seeking to establish their identities with a view to fining their parents. The most natural thing for youngsters to do – kicking a ball about – is turned into a criminal activity and enforced by the moronic software programs of Derbyshire police. You find the same mentality in every country. These barely conscious 'horrified' officers said they had to take action because 'we need to ensure these rules are being followed' and 'it is of the utmost importance that you ensure your children are following the rules and regulations for Covid-19'. Had any of them done ten seconds of research to see if this parroting of their masters' script could be supported by any evidence? Nope. Reframed people don't think – others think for them and that's the whole idea of reframing. I have seen police officers one after the other repeating without question word for word what officialdom tells them just as I have seen great swathes of the public doing the same. Ask either for 'their' opinion and out spews what they have been told to think by the official narrative. Police and public may seem to be in different groups, but their mentality is the same. Most people do whatever they are told in fear not doing so or because they believe what officialdom tells them; almost the entirety of the police do what they are told for the same reason. Ultimately it's the tiny inner core of the global Cult that's telling both what to do.

So Derbyshire police were 'horrified'. Oh, really? Why did they think those kids were playing football? It was to relieve the psychological consequences of lockdown and being denied human contact with their friends and interaction, touch and discourse vital to human psychological health. Being denied this month after month has dismantled the psyche of many children and young people as depression and suicide have exploded. Were Derbyshire police *horrified by that*? Are you kidding? Reframed people don't have those

mental and emotional processes that can see how the impact on the psychological health of youngsters is far more dangerous than any 'virus' even if you take the mendacious official figures to be true. The reframed are told (programmed) how to act and so they do. The Derbyshire Chief Constable in the first period of lockdown when the black dye and drones nonsense was going on was Peter Goodman. He was the man who severed the connection between his force and the Derbyshire Constabulary *Male Voice* Choir when he decided that it was not inclusive enough to allow women to join. The fact it was a male voice choir making a particular sound produced by male voices seemed to elude a guy who terrifyingly ran policing in Derbyshire. He retired weeks after his force was condemned as disgraceful by former Supreme Court Justice Jonathan Sumption for their behaviour over extreme lockdown impositions. Goodman was replaced by his deputy Rachel Swann who was in charge when her officers were 'horrified'. The police statement over the boys committing the hanging-offence of playing football included the line about the youngsters being 'irresponsible in the times we are all living through' missing the point that the real relevance of the 'times we are all living through' is the imposition of fascism enforced by psychopaths and reframed minds of police officers playing such a vital part in establishing the fascist tyranny that their own children and grandchildren will have to live in their entire lives. As a definition of insanity that is hard to beat although it might be run close by imposing masks on people that can have a serious effect on their health while wearing a face nappy all day themselves. Once again public and police do it for the same reason – the authorities tell them to and who are they to have the self-respect to say no?

## **Workers in uniform**

How reframed do you have to be to arrest a *six-year-old* and take him to court for *picking a flower* while waiting for a bus? Brain dead police and officialdom did just that in North Carolina where criminal proceedings happen regularly for children under nine. Attorney Julie Boyer gave the six-year-old crayons and a colouring book

during the 'flower' hearing while the 'adults' decided his fate. County Chief District Court Judge Jay Corpening asked: 'Should a child that believes in Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny and the tooth fairy be making life-altering decisions?' Well, of course not, but common sense has no meaning when you have a common purpose and a reframed mind. Treating children in this way, and police operating in American schools, is all part of the psychological preparation for children to accept a police state as normal all their adult lives. The same goes for all the cameras and biometric tracking technology in schools. Police training is focused on reframing them as snowflake Wokers and this is happening in the military. Pentagon top brass said that 'training sessions on extremism' were needed for troops who asked why they were so focused on the Capitol Building riot when Black Lives Matter riots were ignored. What's the difference between them some apparently and rightly asked. Actually, there is a difference. Five people died in the Capitol riot, only one through violence, and that was a police officer shooting an unarmed protestor. BLM riots killed at least 25 people and cost billions. Asking the question prompted the psychopaths and reframed minds that run the Pentagon to say that more 'education' (programming) was needed. Troop training is all based on psychological programming to make them fodder for the Cult – 'Military men are just dumb, stupid animals to be used as pawns in foreign policy' as Cult-to-his-DNA former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger famously said. Governments see the police in similar terms and it's time for those among them who can see this to defend the people and stop being enforcers of the Cult agenda upon the people.

The US military, like the country itself, is being targeted for destruction through a long list of Woke impositions. Cult-owned gaga 'President' Biden signed an executive order when he took office to allow taxpayer money to pay for transgender surgery for active military personnel and veterans. Are you a man soldier? No, I'm a LGBTQIA+ with a hint of Skoliosexual and Spectrasexual. Oh, good man. Bad choice of words you bigot. The Pentagon announced in March, 2021, the appointment of the first 'diversity and inclusion

officer' for US Special Forces. Richard Torres-Estrada arrived with the publication of a 'D&I Strategic Plan which will guide the enterprise-wide effort to institutionalize and sustain D&I'. If you think a Special Forces 'Strategic Plan' should have something to do with defending America you haven't been paying attention. Defending Woke is now the military's new role. Torres-Estrada has posted images comparing Donald Trump with Adolf Hitler and we can expect no bias from him as a representative of the supposedly non-political Pentagon. Cable news host Tucker Carlson said: 'The Pentagon is now the Yale faculty lounge but with cruise missiles.' Meanwhile Secretary of Defense Lloyd Austin, a board member of weapons-maker Raytheon with stock and compensation interests in October, 2020, worth \$1.4 million, said he was purging the military of the 'enemy within' – anyone who isn't Woke and supports Donald Trump. Austin refers to his targets as 'racist extremists' while in true Woke fashion being himself a racist extremist. Pentagon documents pledge to 'eradicate, eliminate and conquer all forms of racism, sexism and homophobia'. The definitions of these are decided by 'diversity and inclusion committees' peopled by those who see racism, sexism and homophobia in every situation and opinion. Woke (the Cult) is dismantling the US military and purging testosterone as China expands its military and gives its troops 'masculinity training'. How do we think that is going to end when this is all Cult coordinated? The US military, like the British military, is controlled by Woke and spineless top brass who just go along with it out of personal career interests.

### **'Woke' means fast asleep**

Mind control and perception manipulation techniques used on individuals to create group-think have been unleashed on the global population in general. As a result many have no capacity to see the obvious fascist agenda being installed all around them or what 'Covid' is really all about. Their brains are firewalled like a computer system not to process certain concepts, thoughts and realisations that are bad for the Cult. The young are most targeted as the adults they

will be when the whole fascist global state is planned to be fully implemented. They need to be prepared for total compliance to eliminate all pushback from entire generations. The Cult has been pouring billions into taking complete control of 'education' from schools to universities via its operatives and corporations and not least Bill Gates as always. The plan has been to transform 'education' institutions into programming centres for the mentality of 'Woke'. James McConnell, professor of psychology at the University of Michigan, wrote in *Psychology Today* in 1970:

The day has come when we can combine sensory deprivation with drugs, hypnosis, and astute manipulation of reward and punishment, to gain almost absolute control over an individual's behaviour. It should then be possible to achieve a very rapid and highly effective type of brainwashing that would allow us to make dramatic changes in a person's behaviour and personality ...

... We should reshape society so that we all would be trained from birth to want to do what society wants us to do. We have the techniques to do it... no-one owns his own personality you acquired, and there's no reason to believe you should have the right to refuse to acquire a new personality if your old one is anti-social.

This was the potential for mass brainwashing in 1970 and the mentality there displayed captures the arrogant psychopathy that drives it forward. I emphasise that not all young people have succumbed to Woke programming and those that haven't are incredibly impressive people given that today's young are the most perceptually-targeted generations in history with all the technology now involved. Vast swathes of the young generations, however, have fallen into the spell – and that's what it is – of Woke. The Woke mentality and perceptual program is founded on *inversion* and you will appreciate later why that is so significant. Everything with Woke is inverted and the opposite of what it is claimed to be. Woke was a term used in African-American culture from the 1900s and referred to an awareness of social and racial justice. This is not the meaning of the modern version or 'New Woke' as I call it in *The Answer*. Oh, no, Woke today means something very different no matter how much Wokers may seek to hide that and insist Old Woke and New

Woke are the same. See if you find any 'awareness of social justice' here in the modern variety:

- Woke demands 'inclusivity' while excluding anyone with a different opinion and calls for mass censorship to silence other views.
- Woke claims to stand against oppression when imposing oppression is the foundation of all that it does. It is the driver of political correctness which is nothing more than a Cult invention to manipulate the population to silence itself.
- Woke believes itself to be 'liberal' while pursuing a global society that can only be described as fascist (see 'anti-fascist' fascist Antifa).
- Woke calls for 'social justice' while spreading injustice wherever it goes against the common 'enemy' which can be easily identified as a differing view.
- Woke is supposed to be a metaphor for 'awake' when it is solid-gold asleep and deep in a Cult-induced coma that meets the criteria for 'off with the fairies'.

I state these points as obvious facts if people only care to look. I don't do this with a sense of condemnation. We need to appreciate that the onslaught of perceptual programming on the young has been incessant and merciless. I can understand why so many have been reframed, or, given their youth, framed from the start to see the world as the Cult demands. The Cult has had access to their minds day after day in its 'education' system for their entire formative years. Perception is formed from information received and the Cult-created system is a life-long download of information delivered to elicit a particular perception, thus behaviour. The more this has expanded into still new extremes in recent decades and ever-increasing censorship has deleted other opinions and information why wouldn't that lead to a perceptual reframing on a mass scale? I

have described already cradle-to-grave programming and in more recent times the targeting of young minds from birth to adulthood has entered the stratosphere. This has taken the form of skewing what is 'taught' to fit the Cult agenda and the omnipresent techniques of group-think to isolate non-believers and pressure them into line. There has always been a tendency to follow the herd, but we really are in a new world now in relation to that. We have parents who can see the 'Covid' hoax told by their children not to stop them wearing masks at school, being 'Covid' tested or having the 'vaccine' in fear of the peer-pressure consequences of being different. What is 'peer-pressure' if not pressure to conform to group-think? Renegade Minds never group-think and always retain a set of perceptions that are unique to them. Group-think is always underpinned by consequences for not group-thinking. Abuse now aimed at those refusing DNA-manipulating 'Covid vaccines' are a potent example of this. The biggest pressure to conform comes from the very group which is itself being manipulated. 'I am programmed to be part of a hive mind and so you must be.'

Woke control structures in 'education' now apply to every mainstream organisation. Those at the top of the 'education' hierarchy (the Cult) decide the policy. This is imposed on governments through the Cult network; governments impose it on schools, colleges and universities; their leadership impose the policy on teachers and academics and they impose it on children and students. At any level where there is resistance, perhaps from a teacher or university lecturer, they are targeted by the authorities and often fired. Students themselves regularly demand the dismissal of academics (increasingly few) at odds with the narrative that the students have been programmed to believe in. It is quite a thought that students who are being targeted by the Cult become so consumed by programmed group-think that they launch protests and demand the removal of those who are trying to push back against those targeting the students. Such is the scale of perceptual inversion. We see this with 'Covid' programming as the Cult imposes the rules via psycho-psychologists and governments on

shops, transport companies and businesses which impose them on their staff who impose them on their customers who pressure Pushbackers to conform to the will of the Cult which is in the process of destroying them and their families. Scan all aspects of society and you will see the same sequence every time.

### **Fact free Woke and hijacking the 'left'**

There is no more potent example of this than 'Woke', a mentality only made possible by the deletion of factual evidence by an 'education' system seeking to produce an ever more uniform society. Why would you bother with facts when you don't know any? Deletion of credible history both in volume and type is highly relevant. Orwell said: 'Who controls the past controls the future: who controls the present controls the past.' They who control the perception of the past control the perception of the future and they who control the present control the perception of the past through the writing and deleting of history. Why would you oppose the imposition of Marxism in the name of Wokeism when you don't know that Marxism cost at least 100 million lives in the 20th century alone? Watch videos and read reports in which Woker generations are asked basic historical questions – it's mind-blowing. A survey of 2,000 people found that six percent of millennials (born approximately early 1980s to early 2000s) believed the Second World War (1939-1945) broke out with the assassination of President Kennedy (in 1963) and one in ten thought Margaret Thatcher was British Prime Minister at the time. She was in office between 1979 and 1990. We are in a post-fact society. Provable facts are no defence against the fascism of political correctness or Silicon Valley censorship. Facts don't matter anymore as we have witnessed with the 'Covid' hoax. Sacrificing uniqueness to the Woke group-think religion is all you are required to do and that means thinking for yourself is the biggest Woke no, no. All religions are an expression of group-think and censorship and Woke is just another religion with an orthodoxy defended by group-think and censorship. Burned at

the stake becomes burned on Twitter which leads back eventually to burned at the stake as Woke humanity regresses to ages past.

The biggest Woke inversion of all is its creators and funders. I grew up in a traditional left of centre political household on a council estate in Leicester in the 1950s and 60s – you know, the left that challenged the power of wealth-hoarding elites and threats to freedom of speech and opinion. In those days students went on marches defending freedom of speech while today's Wokers march for its deletion. What on earth could have happened? Those very elites (collectively the Cult) that we opposed in my youth and early life have funded into existence the antithesis of that former left and hijacked the 'brand' while inverting everything it ever stood for. We have a mentality that calls itself 'liberal' and 'progressive' while acting like fascists. Cult billionaires and their corporations have funded themselves into control of 'education' to ensure that Woke programming is unceasing throughout the formative years of children and young people and that non-Wokers are isolated (that word again) whether they be students, teachers or college professors. The Cult has funded into existence the now colossal global network of Woke organisations that have spawned and promoted all the 'causes' on the Cult wish-list for global transformation and turned Wokers into demanders of them. Does anyone really think it's a coincidence that the Cult agenda for humanity is a carbon (sorry) copy of the societal transformations desired by Woke?? These are only some of them:

**Political correctness:** The means by which the Cult deletes all public debates that it knows it cannot win if we had the free-flow of information and evidence.

**Human-caused 'climate change':** The means by which the Cult seeks to transform society into a globally-controlled dictatorship imposing its will over the fine detail of everyone's lives 'to save the planet' which doesn't actually need saving.

**Transgender obsession:** Preparing collective perception to accept the 'new human' which would not have genders because it would be created technologically and not through procreation. I'll have much more on this in Human 2.0.

**Race obsession:** The means by which the Cult seeks to divide and rule the population by triggering racial division through the perception that society is more racist than ever when the opposite is the case. Is it perfect in that regard? No. But to compare today with the racism of apartheid and segregation brought to an end by the civil rights movement in the 1960s is to insult the memory of that movement and inspirations like Martin Luther King. Why is the 'anti-racism' industry (which it is) so dominated by privileged white people?

**White supremacy:** This is a label used by privileged white people to demonise poor and deprived white people pushing back on tyranny to marginalise and destroy them. White people are being especially targeted as the dominant race by number within Western society which the Cult seeks to transform in its image. If you want to change a society you must weaken and undermine its biggest group and once you have done that by using the other groups you next turn on them to do the same ... 'Then they came for the Jews and I was not a Jew so I did nothing.'

**Mass migration:** The mass movement of people from the Middle East, Africa and Asia into Europe, from the south into the United States and from Asia into Australia are another way the Cult seeks to dilute the racial, cultural and political influence of white people on Western society. White people ask why their governments appear to be working against them while being politically and culturally biased towards incoming cultures. Well, here's your answer. In the same way sexually 'straight' people, men and women, ask why the

authorities are biased against them in favour of other sexualities. The answer is the same – that's the way the Cult wants it to be for very sinister motives.

These are all central parts of the Cult agenda and central parts of the Woke agenda and Woke was created and continues to be funded to an immense degree by Cult billionaires and corporations. If anyone begins to say 'coincidence' the syllables should stick in their throat.

### **Billionaire 'social justice warriors'**

Joe Biden is a 100 percent-owned asset of the Cult and the Wokers' man in the White House whenever he can remember his name and for however long he lasts with his rapidly diminishing cognitive function. Even walking up the steps of an aircraft without falling on his arse would appear to be a challenge. He's not an empty-shell puppet or anything. From the minute Biden took office (or the Cult did) he began his executive orders promoting the Woke wish-list. You will see the Woke agenda imposed ever more severely because it's really the *Cult* agenda. Woke organisations and activist networks spawned by the Cult are funded to the extreme so long as they promote what the Cult wants to happen. Woke is funded to promote 'social justice' by billionaires who become billionaires by destroying social justice. The social justice mantra is only a cover for dismantling social justice and funded by billionaires that couldn't give a damn about social justice. Everything makes sense when you see that. One of Woke's premier funders is Cult billionaire financier George Soros who said: 'I am basically there to make money, I cannot and do not look at the social consequences of what I do.' This is the same Soros who has given more than \$32 billion to his Open Society Foundations global Woke network and funded Black Lives Matter, mass immigration into Europe and the United States, transgender activism, climate change activism, political correctness and groups targeting 'white supremacy' in the form of privileged white thugs that dominate Antifa. What a scam it all is and when

you are dealing with the unquestioning fact-free zone of Woke scamming them is child's play. All you need to pull it off in all these organisations are a few in-the-know agents of the Cult and an army of naïve, reframed, uninformed, narcissistic, know-nothings convinced of their own self-righteousness, self-purity and virtue.

Soros and fellow billionaires and billionaire corporations have poured hundreds of millions into Black Lives Matter and connected groups and promoted them to a global audience. None of this is motivated by caring about black people. These are the billionaires that have controlled and exploited a system that leaves millions of black people in abject poverty and deprivation which they do absolutely nothing to address. The same Cult networks funding BLM were behind the *slave trade*! Black Lives Matter hijacked a phrase that few would challenge and they have turned this laudable concept into a political weapon to divide society. You know that BLM is a fraud when it claims that *All Lives Matter*, the most inclusive statement of all, is 'racist'. BLM and its Cult masters don't want to end racism. To them it's a means to an end to control all of humanity never mind the colour, creed, culture or background. What has destroying the nuclear family got to do with ending racism? Nothing – but that is one of the goals of BLM and also happens to be a goal of the Cult as I have been exposing in my books for decades. Stealing children from loving parents and giving schools ever more power to override parents is part of that same agenda. BLM is a Marxist organisation and why would that not be the case when the Cult created Marxism *and* BLM? Patrisse Cullors, a BLM co-founder, said in a 2015 video that she and her fellow organisers, including co-founder Alicia Garza, are 'trained Marxists'. The lady known after marriage as Patrisse Khan-Cullors bought a \$1.4 million home in 2021 in one of the whitest areas of California with a black population of just 1.6 per cent and has so far bought *four* high-end homes for a total of \$3.2 million. How very Marxist. There must be a bit of spare in the BLM coffers, however, when Cult corporations and billionaires have handed over the best part of \$100 million. Many black people can see that Black Lives Matter is not

working for them, but against them, and this is still more confirmation. Black journalist Jason Whitlock, who had his account suspended by Twitter for simply linking to the story about the 'Marxist's' home buying spree, said that BLM leaders are 'making millions of dollars off the backs of these dead black men who they wouldn't spit on if they were on fire and alive'.

## **Black Lies Matter**

Cult assets and agencies came together to promote BLM in the wake of the death of career criminal George Floyd who had been jailed a number of times including for forcing his way into the home of a black woman with others in a raid in which a gun was pointed at her stomach. Floyd was filmed being held in a Minneapolis street in 2020 with the knee of a police officer on his neck and he subsequently died. It was an appalling thing for the officer to do, but the same technique has been used by police on peaceful protestors of lockdown without any outcry from the Woke brigade. As unquestioning supporters of the Cult agenda Wokers have supported lockdown and all the 'Covid' claptrap while attacking anyone standing up to the tyranny imposed in its name. Court documents would later include details of an autopsy on Floyd by County Medical Examiner Dr Andrew Baker who concluded that Floyd had taken a fatal level of the drug fentanyl. None of this mattered to fact-free, question-free, Woke. Floyd's death was followed by worldwide protests against police brutality amid calls to defund the police. Throwing babies out with the bathwater is a Woke speciality. In the wake of the murder of British woman Sarah Everard a Green Party member of the House of Lords, Baroness Jones of Moulscroomb (Nincompoopia would have been better), called for a 6pm curfew for all men. This would be in breach of the Geneva Conventions on war crimes which ban collective punishment, but that would never have crossed the black and white Woke mind of Baroness Nincompoopia who would have been far too convinced of her own self-righteousness to compute such details. Many American cities did defund the police in the face of Floyd riots

and after \$15 million was deleted from the police budget in Washington DC under useless Woke mayor Muriel Bowser car-jacking alone rose by 300 percent and within six months the US capital recorded its highest murder rate in 15 years. The same happened in Chicago and other cities in line with the Cult/Soros plan to bring fear to streets and neighbourhoods by reducing the police, releasing violent criminals and not prosecuting crime. This is the mob-rule agenda that I have warned in the books was coming for so long. Shootings in the area of Minneapolis where Floyd was arrested increased by 2,500 percent compared with the year before. Defunding the police over George Floyd has led to a big increase in dead people with many of them black. Police protection for politicians making these decisions stayed the same or increased as you would expect from professional hypocrites. The Cult doesn't actually want to abolish the police. It wants to abolish local control over the police and hand it to federal government as the psychopaths advance the Hunger Games Society. Many George Floyd protests turned into violent riots with black stores and businesses destroyed by fire and looting across America fuelled by Black Lives Matter. Woke doesn't do irony. If you want civil rights you must loot the liquor store and the supermarket and make off with a smart TV. It's the only way.

### **It's not a race war – it's a class war**

Black people are patronised by privileged blacks and whites alike and told they are victims of white supremacy. I find it extraordinary to watch privileged blacks supporting the very system and bloodline networks behind the slave trade and parroting the same Cult-serving manipulative crap of their privileged white, often billionaire, associates. It is indeed not a race war but a class war and colour is just a diversion. Black Senator Cory Booker and black Congresswoman Maxine Waters, more residents of Nincompoopia, personify this. Once you tell people they are victims of someone else you devalue both their own responsibility for their plight and the power they have to impact on their reality and experience. Instead

we have: 'You are only in your situation because of whitey – turn on them and everything will change.' It won't change. Nothing changes in our lives unless *we* change it. Crucial to that is never seeing yourself as a victim and always as the creator of your reality. Life is a simple sequence of choice and consequence. Make different choices and you create different consequences. *You* have to make those choices – not Black Lives Matter, the Woke Mafia and anyone else that seeks to dictate your life. Who are they these Wokers, an emotional and psychological road traffic accident, to tell you what to do? Personal empowerment is the last thing the Cult and its Black Lives Matter want black people or anyone else to have. They claim to be defending the underdog while *creating* and perpetuating the underdog. The Cult's worst nightmare is human unity and if they are going to keep blacks, whites and every other race under economic servitude and control then the focus must be diverted from what they have in common to what they can be manipulated to believe divides them. Blacks have to be told that their poverty and plight is the fault of the white bloke living on the street in the same poverty and with the same plight they are experiencing. The difference is that your plight black people is due to him, a white supremacist with 'white privilege' living on the street. Don't unite as one human family against your mutual oppressors and suppressors – fight the oppressor with the white face who is as financially deprived as you are. The Cult knows that as its 'Covid' agenda moves into still new levels of extremism people are going to respond and it has been spreading the seeds of disunity everywhere to stop a united response to the evil that targets *all of us*.

Racist attacks on 'whiteness' are getting ever more outrageous and especially through the American Democratic Party which has an appalling history for anti-black racism. Barack Obama, Joe Biden, Hillary Clinton and Nancy Pelosi all eulogised about Senator Robert Byrd at his funeral in 2010 after a nearly 60-year career in Congress. Byrd was a brutal Ku Klux Klan racist and a violent abuser of Cathy O'Brien in MKUltra. He said he would never fight in the military 'with a negro by my side' and 'rather I should die a thousand times,

and see Old Glory trampled in the dirt never to rise again, than to see this beloved land of ours become degraded by race mongrels, a throwback to the blackest specimen from the wilds'. Biden called Byrd a 'very close friend and mentor'. These 'Woke' hypocrites are not anti-racist they are anti-poor and anti-people not of their perceived class. Here is an illustration of the scale of anti-white racism to which we have now descended. Seriously Woke and moronic *New York Times* contributor Damon Young described whiteness as a 'virus' that 'like other viruses will not die until there are no bodies left for it to infect'. He went on: '... the only way to stop it is to locate it, isolate it, extract it, and kill it.' Young can say that as a black man with no consequences when a white man saying the same in reverse would be facing a jail sentence. *That's* racism. We had super-Woke numbskull senators Tammy Duckworth and Mazie Hirono saying they would object to future Biden Cabinet appointments if he did not nominate more Asian Americans and Pacific Islanders. Never mind the ability of the candidate what do they look like? Duckworth said: 'I will vote for racial minorities and I will vote for LGBTQ, but anyone else I'm not voting for.' Appointing people on the grounds of race is illegal, but that was not a problem for this ludicrous pair. They were on-message and that's a free pass in any situation.

## **Critical race racism**

White children are told at school they are intrinsically racist as they are taught the divisive 'critical race theory'. This claims that the law and legal institutions are inherently racist and that race is a socially constructed concept used by white people to further their economic and political interests at the expense of people of colour. White is a 'virus' as we've seen. Racial inequality results from 'social, economic, and legal differences that white people create between races to maintain white interests which leads to poverty and criminality in minority communities'. I must tell that to the white guy sleeping on the street. The principal of East Side Community School in New York sent white parents a manifesto that called on

them to become 'white traitors' and advocate for full 'white abolition'. These people are teaching your kids when they urgently need a psychiatrist. The 'school' included a chart with 'eight white identities' that ranged from 'white supremacist' to 'white abolition' and defined the behaviour white people must follow to end 'the regime of whiteness'. Woke blacks and their privileged white associates are acting exactly like the slave owners of old and Ku Klux Klan racists like Robert Byrd. They are too full of their own self-purity to see that, but it's true. Racism is not a body type; it's a state of mind that can manifest through any colour, creed or culture.

Another racial fraud is '*equity*'. Not equality of treatment and opportunity – equity. It's a term spun as equality when it means something very different. Equality in its true sense is a raising up while '*equity*' is a race to the bottom. Everyone in the same level of poverty is '*equity*'. Keep everyone down – that's equity. The Cult doesn't want anyone in the human family to be empowered and BLM leaders, like all these 'anti-racist' organisations, continue their privileged, pampered existence by perpetuating the perception of gathering racism. When is the last time you heard an 'anti-racist' or 'anti-Semitism' organisation say that acts of racism and discrimination have *fallen*? It's not in the interests of their fundraising and power to influence and the same goes for the professional soccer anti-racism operation, Kick It Out. Two things confirmed that the Black Lives Matter riots in the summer of 2020 were Cult creations. One was that while anti-lockdown protests were condemned in this same period for 'transmitting 'Covid' the authorities supported mass gatherings of Black Lives Matter supporters. I even saw self-deluding people claiming to be doctors say the two types of protest were not the same. No – the non-existent 'Covid' was in favour of lockdowns and attacked those that protested against them while 'Covid' supported Black Lives Matter and kept well away from its protests. The whole thing was a joke and as lockdown protestors were arrested, often brutally, by reframed Face-Nappies we had the grotesque sight of police officers taking the knee to Black Lives Matter, a Cult-funded Marxist

organisation that supports violent riots and wants to destroy the nuclear family and white people.

## **He's not white? Shucks!**

Woke obsession with race was on display again when ten people were shot dead in Boulder, Colorado, in March, 2021. Cult-owned Woke TV channels like CNN said the shooter appeared to be a white man and Wokers were on Twitter condemning 'violent white men' with the usual mantras. Then the shooter's name was released as Ahmad Al Aliwi Alissa, an anti-Trump Arab-American, and the sigh of disappointment could be heard five miles away. Never mind that ten people were dead and what that meant for their families. Race baiting was all that mattered to these sick Cult-serving people like Barack Obama who exploited the deaths to further divide America on racial grounds which is his job for the Cult. This is the man that 'racist' white Americans made the first black president of the United States and then gave him a second term. Not-very-bright Obama has become filthy rich on the back of that and today appears to have a big influence on the Biden administration. Even so he's still a downtrodden black man and a victim of white supremacy. This disingenuous fraud reveals the contempt he has for black people when he puts on a Deep South Alabama accent whenever he talks to them, no, *at* them.

Another BLM red flag was how the now fully-Woke (fully-Cult) and fully-virtue-signalled professional soccer authorities had their teams taking the knee before every match in support of Marxist Black Lives Matter. Soccer authorities and clubs displayed 'Black Lives Matter' on the players' shirts and flashed the name on electronic billboards around the pitch. Any fans that condemned what is a Freemasonic taking-the-knee ritual were widely condemned as you would expect from the Woke virtue-signallers of professional sport and the now fully-Woke media. We have reverse racism in which you are banned from criticising any race or culture except for white people for whom anything goes – say what you like, no problem. What has this got to do with racial harmony and

equality? We've had black supremacists from Black Lives Matter telling white people to fall to their knees in the street and apologise for their white supremacy. Black supremacists acting like white supremacist slave owners of the past couldn't breach their self-obsessed, race-obsessed sense of self-purity. Joe Biden appointed a race-obsessed black supremacist Kristen Clarke to head the Justice Department Civil Rights Division. Clarke claimed that blacks are endowed with 'greater mental, physical and spiritual abilities' than whites. If anyone reversed that statement they would be vilified. Clarke is on-message so no problem. She's never seen a black-white situation in which the black figure is anything but a virtuous victim and she heads the Civil Rights Division which should treat everyone the same or it isn't civil rights. Another perception of the Renegade Mind: If something or someone is part of the Cult agenda they will be supported by Woke governments and media no matter what. If they're not, they will be condemned and censored. It really is that simple and so racist Clarke prospers despite (make that because of) her racism.

## **The end of culture**

Biden's administration is full of such racial, cultural and economic bias as the Cult requires the human family to be divided into warring factions. We are now seeing racially-segregated graduations and everything, but everything, is defined through the lens of perceived 'racism'. We have 'racist' mathematics, 'racist' food and even 'racist' *plants*. World famous Kew Gardens in London said it was changing labels on plants and flowers to tell its pre-'Covid' more than two million visitors a year how racist they are. Kew director Richard Deverell said this was part of an effort to 'move quickly to decolonise collections' after they were approached by one Ajay Chhabra 'an actor with an insight into how sugar cane was linked to slavery'. They are *plants* you idiots. 'Decolonisation' in the Woke manual really means colonisation of society with its mentality and by extension colonisation by the Cult. We are witnessing a new Chinese-style 'Cultural Revolution' so essential to the success of all

Marxist takeovers. Our cultural past and traditions have to be swept away to allow a new culture to be built-back-better. Woke targeting of long-standing Western cultural pillars including historical monuments and cancelling of historical figures is what happened in the Mao revolution in China which 'purged remnants of capitalist and traditional elements from Chinese society' and installed Maoism as the dominant ideology'. For China see the Western world today and for 'dominant ideology' see Woke. Better still see Marxism or Maoism. The 'Covid' hoax has specifically sought to destroy the arts and all elements of Western culture from people meeting in a pub or restaurant to closing theatres, music venues, sports stadiums, places of worship and even banning *singing*. Destruction of Western society is also why criticism of any religion is banned except for Christianity which again is the dominant religion as white is the numerically-dominant race. Christianity may be fading rapidly, but its history and traditions are weaved through the fabric of Western society. Delete the pillars and other structures will follow until the whole thing collapses. I am not a Christian defending that religion when I say that. I have no religion. It's just a fact. To this end Christianity has itself been turned Woke to usher its own downfall and its ranks are awash with 'change agents' – knowing and unknowing – at every level including Pope Francis (*definitely* knowing) and the clueless Archbishop of Canterbury Justin Welby (possibly not, but who can be sure?). Woke seeks to coordinate attacks on Western culture, traditions, and ways of life through 'intersectionality' defined as 'the complex, cumulative way in which the effects of multiple forms of discrimination (such as racism, sexism, and classism) combine, overlap, or intersect especially in the experiences of marginalised individuals or groups'. Wade through the Orwellian Woke-speak and this means coordinating disparate groups in a common cause to overthrow freedom and liberal values.

The entire structure of public institutions has been infested with Woke – government at all levels, political parties, police, military, schools, universities, advertising, media and trade unions. This abomination has been achieved through the Cult web by appointing

Wokers to positions of power and battering non-Wokers into line through intimidation, isolation and threats to their job. Many have been fired in the wake of the empathy-deleted, vicious hostility of 'social justice' Wokers and the desire of gutless, spineless employers to virtue-signal their Wokeness. Corporations are filled with Wokers today, most notably those in Silicon Valley. Ironically at the top they are not Woke at all. They are only exploiting the mentality their Cult masters have created and funded to censor and enslave while the Wokers cheer them on until it's their turn. Thus the Woke 'liberal left' is an inversion of the traditional liberal left. Campaigning for justice on the grounds of power and wealth distribution has been replaced by campaigning for identity politics. The genuine traditional left would never have taken money from today's billionaire abusers of fairness and justice and nor would the billionaires have wanted to fund that genuine left. It would not have been in their interests to do so. The division of opinion in those days was between the haves and have nots. This all changed with Cult manipulated and funded identity politics. The division of opinion today is between Wokers and non-Wokers and not income brackets. Cult corporations and their billionaires may have taken wealth disparity to cataclysmic levels of injustice, but as long as they speak the language of Woke, hand out the dosh to the Woke network and censor the enemy they are 'one of us'. Billionaires who don't give a damn about injustice are laughing at them till their bellies hurt. Wokers are not even close to self-aware enough to see that. The transformed 'left' dynamic means that Wokers who drone on about 'social justice' are funded by billionaires that have destroyed social justice the world over. It's *why* they are billionaires.

## **The climate con**

Nothing encapsulates what I have said more comprehensively than the hoax of human-caused global warming. I have detailed in my books over the years how Cult operatives and organisations were the pump-primers from the start of the climate con. A purpose-built vehicle for this is the Club of Rome established by the Cult in 1968

with the Rockefellers and Rothschilds centrally involved all along. Their gofer frontman Maurice Strong, a Canadian oil millionaire, hosted the Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, in 1992 where the global 'green movement' really expanded in earnest under the guiding hand of the Cult. The Earth Summit established Agenda 21 through the Cult-created-and-owned United Nations to use the illusion of human-caused climate change to justify the transformation of global society to save the world from climate disaster. It is a No-Problem-Reaction-Solution sold through governments, media, schools and universities as whole generations have been terrified into believing that the world was going to end in their lifetimes unless what old people had inflicted upon them was stopped by a complete restructuring of how everything is done. Chill, kids, it's all a hoax. Such restructuring is precisely what the Cult agenda demands (purely by coincidence of course). Today this has been given the codename of the Great Reset which is only an updated term for Agenda 21 and its associated Agenda 2030. The latter, too, is administered through the UN and was voted into being by the General Assembly in 2015. Both 21 and 2030 seek centralised control of all resources and food right down to the raindrops falling on your own land. These are some of the demands of Agenda 21 established in 1992. See if you recognise this society emerging today:

- End national sovereignty
- State planning and management of all land resources, ecosystems, deserts, forests, mountains, oceans and fresh water; agriculture; rural development; biotechnology; and ensuring 'equity'
- The state to 'define the role' of business and financial resources
- Abolition of private property
- 'Restructuring' the family unit (see BLM)
- Children raised by the state
- People told what their job will be
- Major restrictions on movement
- Creation of 'human settlement zones'

- Mass resettlement as people are forced to vacate land where they live
- Dumbing down education
- Mass global depopulation in pursuit of all the above

The United Nations was created as a Trojan horse for world government. With the climate con of critical importance to promoting that outcome you would expect the UN to be involved. Oh, it's involved all right. The UN is promoting Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030 justified by 'climate change' while also driving the climate hoax through its Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (IPCC), one of the world's most corrupt organisations. The IPCC has been lying ferociously and constantly since the day it opened its doors with the global media hanging unquestioningly on its every mendacious word. The Green movement is entirely Woke and has long lost its original environmental focus since it was co-opted by the Cult. An obsession with 'global warming' has deleted its values and scrambled its head. I experienced a small example of what I mean on a beautiful country walk that I have enjoyed several times a week for many years. The path merged into the fields and forests and you felt at one with the natural world. Then a 'Green' organisation, the Hampshire and Isle of Wight Wildlife Trust, took over part of the land and proceeded to cut down a large number of trees, including mature ones, to install a horrible big, bright steel 'this-is-ours-stay-out' fence that destroyed the whole atmosphere of this beautiful place. No one with a feel for nature would do that. Day after day I walked to the sound of chainsaws and a magnificent mature weeping willow tree that I so admired was cut down at the base of the trunk. When I challenged a Woke young girl in a green shirt (of course) about this vandalism she replied: 'It's a weeping willow – it will grow back.' This is what people are paying for when they donate to the Hampshire and Isle of Wight Wildlife Trust and many other 'green' organisations today. It is not the environmental movement that I knew and instead has become a support-system – as with Extinction Rebellion – for a very dark agenda.

## **Private jets for climate justice**

The Cult-owned, Gates-funded, World Economic Forum and its founder Klaus Schwab were behind the emergence of Greta Thunberg to harness the young behind the climate agenda and she was invited to speak to the world at ... the UN. Schwab published a book, *Covid-19: The Great Reset* in 2020 in which he used the 'Covid' hoax and the climate hoax to lay out a new society straight out of Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030. Bill Gates followed in early 2021 when he took time out from destroying the world to produce a book in his name about the way to save it. Gates flies across the world in private jets and admitted that 'I probably have one of the highest greenhouse gas footprints of anyone on the planet ... my personal flying alone is gigantic.' He has also bid for the planet's biggest private jet operator. Other climate change saviours who fly in private jets include John Kerry, the US Special Presidential Envoy for Climate, and actor Leonardo DiCaprio, a 'UN Messenger of Peace with special focus on climate change'. These people are so full of bullshit they could corner the market in manure. We mustn't be sceptical, though, because the Gates book, *How to Avoid a Climate Disaster: The Solutions We Have and the Breakthroughs We Need*, is a genuine attempt to protect the world and not an obvious pile of excrement attributed to a mega-psychopath aimed at selling his masters' plans for humanity. The Gates book and the other shite-pile by Klaus Schwab could have been written by the same person and may well have been. Both use 'climate change' and 'Covid' as the excuses for their new society and by coincidence the Cult's World Economic Forum and Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation promote the climate hoax and hosted Event 201 which pre-empted with a 'simulation' the very 'coronavirus' hoax that would be simulated for real on humanity within weeks. The British 'royal' family is promoting the 'Reset' as you would expect through Prince 'climate change caused the war in Syria' Charles and his hapless son Prince William who said that we must 'reset our relationship with nature and our trajectory as a species' to avoid a climate disaster. Amazing how many promoters of the 'Covid' and 'climate change' control

systems are connected to Gates and the World Economic Forum. A 'study' in early 2021 claimed that carbon dioxide emissions must fall by the equivalent of a global lockdown roughly every two years for the next decade to save the planet. The 'study' appeared in the same period that the Schwab mob claimed in a video that lockdowns destroying the lives of billions are good because they make the earth 'quieter' with less 'ambient noise'. They took down the video amid a public backlash for such arrogant, empathy-deleted stupidity You see, however, where they are going with this. Corinne Le Quéré, a professor at the Tyndall Centre for Climate Change Research, University of East Anglia, was lead author of the climate lockdown study, and she writes for ... the World Economic Forum. Gates calls in 'his' book for changing 'every aspect of the economy' (long-time Cult agenda) and for humans to eat synthetic 'meat' (predicted in my books) while cows and other farm animals are eliminated. Australian TV host and commentator Alan Jones described what carbon emission targets would mean for farm animals in Australia alone if emissions were reduced as demanded by 35 percent by 2030 and zero by 2050:

Well, let's take agriculture, the total emissions from agriculture are about 75 million tonnes of carbon dioxide, equivalent. Now reduce that by 35 percent and you have to come down to 50 million tonnes, I've done the maths. So if you take for example 1.5 million cows, you're going to have to reduce the herd by 525,000 [by] 2030, nine years, that's 58,000 cows a year. The beef herd's 30 million, reduce that by 35 percent, that's 10.5 million, which means 1.2 million cattle have to go every year between now and 2030. This is insanity!

There are 75 million sheep. Reduce that by 35 percent, that's 26 million sheep, that's almost 3 million a year. So under the Paris Agreement over 30 million beasts. dairy cows, cattle, pigs and sheep would go. More than 8,000 every minute of every hour for the next decade, do these people know what they're talking about?

Clearly they don't at the level of campaigners, politicians and administrators. The Cult *does* know; that's the outcome it wants. We are faced with not just a war on humanity. Animals and the natural world are being targeted and I have been saying since the 'Covid' hoax began that the plan eventually was to claim that the 'deadly virus' is able to jump from animals, including farm animals and

domestic pets, to humans. Just before this book went into production came this story: 'Russia registers world's first Covid-19 vaccine for cats & dogs as makers of Sputnik V warn pets & farm animals could spread virus'. The report said 'top scientists warned that the deadly pathogen could soon begin spreading through homes and farms' and 'the next stage is the infection of farm and domestic animals'. Know the outcome and you'll see the journey. Think what that would mean for animals and keep your eye on a term called zoonosis or zoonotic diseases which transmit between animals and humans. The Cult wants to break the connection between animals and people as it does between people and people. Farm animals fit with the Cult agenda to transform food from natural to synthetic.

### **The gas of life is killing us**

There can be few greater examples of Cult inversion than the condemnation of carbon dioxide as a dangerous pollutant when it is the gas of life. Without it the natural world would be dead and so we would all be dead. We breathe in oxygen and breathe out carbon dioxide while plants produce oxygen and absorb carbon dioxide. It is a perfect symbiotic relationship that the Cult wants to dismantle for reasons I will come to in the final two chapters. Gates, Schwab, other Cult operatives and mindless repeaters, want the world to be 'carbon neutral' by at least 2050 and the earlier the better. 'Zero carbon' is the cry echoed by lunatics calling for 'Zero Covid' when we already have it. These carbon emission targets will deindustrialise the world in accordance with Cult plans – the post-industrial, post-democratic society – and with so-called renewables like solar and wind not coming even close to meeting human energy needs blackouts and cold are inevitable. Texans got the picture in the winter of 2021 when a snow storm stopped wind turbines and solar panels from working and the lights went down along with water which relies on electricity for its supply system. Gates wants everything to be powered by electricity to ensure that his masters have the kill switch to stop all human activity, movement, cooking, water and warmth any time they like. The climate lie is so

stupendously inverted that it claims we must urgently reduce carbon dioxide when we *don't have enough*.

Co2 in the atmosphere is a little above 400 parts per million when the optimum for plant growth is 2,000 ppm and when it falls anywhere near 150 ppm the natural world starts to die and so do we. It fell to as low as 280 ppm in an 1880 measurement in Hawaii and rose to 413 ppm in 2019 with industrialisation which is why the planet has become *greener* in the industrial period. How insane then that psychopathic madman Gates is not satisfied only with blocking the rise of Co2. He's funding technology to suck it out of the atmosphere. The reason why will become clear. The industrial era is not destroying the world through Co2 and has instead turned around a potentially disastrous ongoing fall in Co2. Greenpeace co-founder and scientist Patrick Moore walked away from Greenpeace in 1986 and has exposed the green movement for fear-mongering and lies. He said that 500 million years ago there was *17 times* more Co2 in the atmosphere than we have today and levels have been falling for hundreds of millions of years. In the last 150 million years Co2 levels in Earth's atmosphere had reduced by *90 percent*. Moore said that by the time humanity began to unlock carbon dioxide from fossil fuels we were at '38 seconds to midnight' and in that sense: 'Humans are [the Earth's] salvation.' Moore made the point that only half the Co2 emitted by fossil fuels stays in the atmosphere and we should remember that all pollution pouring from chimneys that we are told is carbon dioxide is in fact nothing of the kind. It's pollution. Carbon dioxide is an invisible gas.

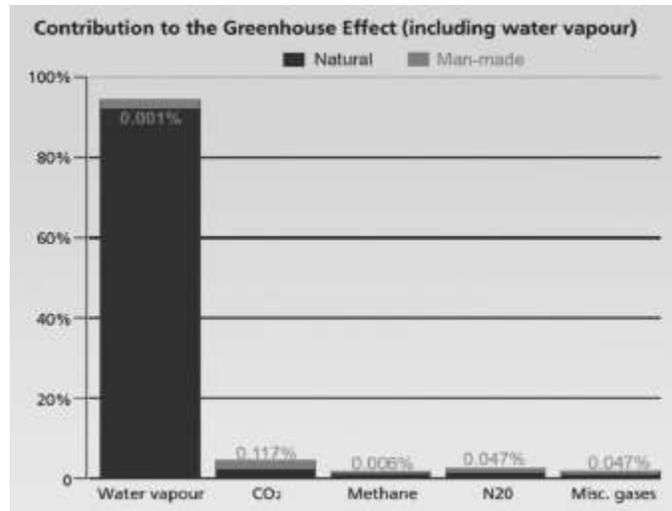
William Happer, Professor of Physics at Princeton University and long-time government adviser on climate, has emphasised the Co2 deficiency for maximum growth and food production. Greenhouse growers don't add carbon dioxide for a bit of fun. He said that most of the warming in the last 100 years, after the earth emerged from the super-cold period of the 'Little Ice Age' into a natural warming cycle, was over by 1940. Happer said that a peak year for warming in 1988 can be explained by a 'monster El Nino' which is a natural and cyclical warming of the Pacific that has nothing to do with 'climate

change'. He said the effect of Co2 could be compared to painting a wall with red paint in that once two or three coats have been applied it didn't matter how much more you slapped on because the wall will not get much redder. Almost all the effect of the rise in Co2 has already happened, he said, and the volume in the atmosphere would now have to *double* to increase temperature by a single degree. Climate hoaxers know this and they have invented the most ridiculously complicated series of 'feedback' loops to try to overcome this rather devastating fact. You hear puppet Greta going on cluelessly about feedback loops and this is why.

### **The Sun affects temperature? No you *climate denier***

Some other nonsense to contemplate: Climate graphs show that rises in temperature do not follow rises in Co2 – *it's the other way round* with a lag between the two of some 800 years. If we go back 800 years from present time we hit the Medieval Warm Period when temperatures were higher than now without any industrialisation and this was followed by the Little Ice Age when temperatures plummeted. The world was still emerging from these centuries of serious cold when many climate records began which makes the ever-repeated line of the 'hottest year since records began' meaningless when you are not comparing like with like. The coldest period of the Little Ice Age corresponded with the lowest period of sunspot activity when the Sun was at its least active. Proper scientists will not be at all surprised by this when it confirms the obvious fact that earth temperature is affected by the scale of Sun activity and the energetic power that it subsequently emits; but when is the last time you heard a climate hoaxer talking about the Sun as a source of earth temperature?? Everything has to be focussed on Co2 which makes up just 0.117 percent of so-called greenhouse gases and only a fraction of even that is generated by human activity. The rest is natural. More than *90 percent* of those greenhouse gases are water vapour and clouds ([Fig 9](#)). Ban moisture I say. Have you noticed that the climate hoaxers no longer use the polar bear as their promotion image? That's because far from becoming extinct polar

bear communities are stable or thriving. Joe Bastardi, American meteorologist, weather forecaster and outspoken critic of the climate lie, documents in his book *The Climate Chronicles* how weather patterns and events claimed to be evidence of climate change have been happening since long before industrialisation: 'What happened before naturally is happening again, as is to be expected given the cyclical nature of the climate due to the design of the planet.' If you read the detailed background to the climate hoax in my other books you will shake your head and wonder how anyone could believe the crap which has spawned a multi-trillion dollar industry based on absolute garbage (see HIV causes AIDs and Sars-Cov-2 causes 'Covid-19'). Climate and 'Covid' have much in common given they have the same source. They both have the contradictory *everything* factor in which everything is explained by reference to them. It's hot – 'it's climate change'. It's cold – 'it's climate change'. I got a sniffle – 'it's Covid'. I haven't got a sniffle – 'it's Covid'. Not having a sniffle has to be a symptom of 'Covid'. Everything is and not having a sniffle is especially dangerous if you are a slow walker. For sheer audacity I offer you a Cambridge University 'study' that actually linked 'Covid' to 'climate change'. It had to happen eventually. They concluded that climate change played a role in 'Covid-19' spreading from animals to humans because ... wait for it ... I kid you not ... *the two groups were forced closer together as populations grow*. Er, that's it. The whole foundation on which this depended was that 'Bats are the likely zoonotic origin of SARS-CoV-1 and SARS-CoV-2'. Well, they are not. They are nothing to do with it. Apart from bats not being the origin and therefore 'climate change' effects on bats being irrelevant I am in awe of their academic insight. Where would we be without them? Not where we are that's for sure.



**Figure 9:** The idea that the gas of life is disastrously changing the climate is an insult to brain cell activity.

One other point about the weather is that climate modification is now well advanced and not every major weather event is natural – or earthquake come to that. I cover this subject at some length in other books. China is openly planning a rapid expansion of its weather modification programme which includes changing the climate in an area more than one and a half times the size of India. China used weather manipulation to ensure clear skies during the 2008 Olympics in Beijing. I have quoted from US military documents detailing how to employ weather manipulation as a weapon of war and they did that in the 1960s and 70s during the conflict in Vietnam with Operation Popeye manipulating monsoon rains for military purposes. Why would there be international treaties on weather modification if it wasn't possible? Of course it is. Weather is energetic information and it can be changed.

### **How was the climate hoax pulled off? See 'Covid'**

If you can get billions to believe in a 'virus' that doesn't exist you can get them to believe in human-caused climate change that doesn't exist. Both are being used by the Cult to transform global society in the way it has long planned. Both hoaxes have been achieved in pretty much the same way. First you declare a lie is a fact. There's a

'virus' you call SARS-Cov-2 or humans are warming the planet with their behaviour. Next this becomes, via Cult networks, the foundation of government, academic and science policy and belief. Those who parrot the mantra are given big grants to produce research that confirms the narrative is true and ever more 'symptoms' are added to make the 'virus'/'climate change' sound even more scary. Scientists and researchers who challenge the narrative have their grants withdrawn and their careers destroyed. The media promote the lie as the unquestionable truth and censor those with an alternative view or evidence. A great percentage of the population believe what they are told as the lie becomes an everybody-knows-that and the believing-masses turn on those with a mind of their own. The technique has been used endlessly throughout human history. Wokers are the biggest promoters of the climate lie *and* 'Covid' fascism because their minds are owned by the Cult; their sense of self-righteous self-purity knows no bounds; and they exist in a bubble of reality in which facts are irrelevant and only get in the way of looking without seeing.

Running through all of this like veins in a blue cheese is control of information, which means control of perception, which means control of behaviour, which collectively means control of human society. The Cult owns the global media and Silicon Valley fascists for the simple reason that it *has* to. Without control of information it can't control perception and through that human society. Examine every facet of the Cult agenda and you will see that anything supporting its introduction is never censored while anything pushing back is always censored. I say again: Psychopaths that know why they are doing this must go before Nuremberg trials and those that follow their orders must trot along behind them into the same dock. 'I was just following orders' didn't work the first time and it must not work now. Nuremberg trials must be held all over the world before public juries for politicians, government officials, police, compliant doctors, scientists and virologists, and all Cult operatives such as Gates, Tedros, Fauci, Vallance, Whitty, Ferguson, Zuckerberg, Wojcicki, Brin, Page, Dorsey, the whole damn lot of

them – including, no *especially*, the psychopath psychologists. Without them and the brainless, gutless excuses for journalists that have repeated their lies, none of this could be happening. Nobody can be allowed to escape justice for the psychological and economic Armageddon they are all responsible for visiting upon the human race.

As for the compliant, unquestioning, swathes of humanity, and the self-obsessed, all-knowing ignorance of the Wokers ... don't start me. God help their kids. God help their grandkids. God *help them*.

## CHAPTER NINE

### **We must have it? So what is it?**

*Well I won't back down. No, I won't back down. You can stand me up at the Gates of Hell. But I won't back down*

**Tom Petty**

I will now focus on the genetically-manipulating 'Covid vaccines' which do not meet this official definition of a vaccine by the US Centers for Disease Control (CDC): 'A product that stimulates a person's immune system to produce immunity to a specific disease, protecting the person from that disease.' On that basis 'Covid vaccines' are not a vaccine in that the makers don't even claim they stop infection or transmission.

They are instead part of a multi-levelled conspiracy to change the nature of the human body and what it means to be 'human' and to depopulate an enormous swathe of humanity. What I shall call Human 1.0 is on the cusp of becoming Human 2.0 and for very sinister reasons. Before I get to the 'Covid vaccine' in detail here's some background to vaccines in general. Government regulators do not test vaccines – the makers do – and the makers control which data is revealed and which isn't. Children in America are given 50 vaccine doses by age six and 69 by age 19 and the effect of the whole combined schedule has never been tested. Autoimmune diseases when the immune system attacks its own body have soared in the mass vaccine era and so has disease in general in children and the young. Why wouldn't this be the case when vaccines target the *immune system*? The US government gave Big Pharma drug

companies immunity from prosecution for vaccine death and injury in the 1986 National Childhood Vaccine Injury Act (NCVIA) and since then the government (taxpayer) has been funding compensation for the consequences of Big Pharma vaccines. The criminal and satanic drug giants can't lose and the vaccine schedule has increased dramatically since 1986 for this reason. There is no incentive to make vaccines safe and a big incentive to make money by introducing ever more. Even against a ridiculously high bar to prove vaccine liability, and with the government controlling the hearing in which it is being challenged for compensation, the vaccine court has so far paid out more than \$4 billion. These are the vaccines we are told are safe and psychopaths like Zuckerberg censor posts saying otherwise. The immunity law was even justified by a ruling that vaccines by their nature were 'unavoidably unsafe'.

Check out the ingredients of vaccines and you will be shocked if you are new to this. *They put that in children's bodies?? What??* Try aluminium, a brain toxin connected to dementia, aborted foetal tissue and formaldehyde which is used to embalm corpses. World-renowned aluminium expert Christopher Exley had his research into the health effect of aluminium in vaccines shut down by Keele University in the UK when it began taking funding from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. Research when diseases 'eradicated' by vaccines began to decline and you will find the fall began long *before* the vaccine was introduced. Sometimes the fall even plateaued after the vaccine. Diseases like scarlet fever for which there was no vaccine declined in the same way because of environmental and other factors. A perfect case in point is the polio vaccine. Polio began when lead arsenate was first sprayed as an insecticide and residues remained in food products. Spraying started in 1892 and the first US polio epidemic came in Vermont in 1894. The simple answer was to stop spraying, but Rockefeller-created Big Pharma had a better idea. Polio was decreed to be caused by the *poliovirus* which 'spreads from person to person and can infect a person's spinal cord'. Lead arsenate was replaced by the lethal DDT which had the same effect of causing paralysis by damaging the brain and central nervous

system. Polio plummeted when DDT was reduced and then banned, but the vaccine is still given the credit for something it didn't do. Today by far the biggest cause of polio is the vaccines promoted by Bill Gates. Vaccine justice campaigner Robert Kennedy Jr, son of assassinated (by the Cult) US Attorney General Robert Kennedy, wrote:

In 2017, the World Health Organization (WHO) reluctantly admitted that the global explosion in polio is predominantly vaccine strain. The most frightening epidemics in Congo, Afghanistan, and the Philippines, are all linked to vaccines. In fact, by 2018, 70% of global polio cases were vaccine strain.

Vaccines make fortunes for Cult-owned Gates and Big Pharma while undermining the health and immune systems of the population. We had a glimpse of the mentality behind the Big Pharma cartel with a report on WION (World is One News), an international English language TV station based in India, which exposed the extraordinary behaviour of US drug company Pfizer over its 'Covid vaccine'. The WION report told how Pfizer had made fantastic demands of Argentina, Brazil and other countries in return for its 'vaccine'. These included immunity from prosecution, even for Pfizer negligence, government insurance to protect Pfizer from law suits and handing over as collateral sovereign assets of the country to include Argentina's bank reserves, military bases and embassy buildings. Pfizer demanded the same of Brazil in the form of waiving sovereignty of its assets abroad; exempting Pfizer from Brazilian laws; and giving Pfizer immunity from all civil liability. This is a 'vaccine' developed with government funding. Big Pharma is evil incarnate as a creation of the Cult and all must be handed tickets to Nuremberg.

### **Phantom 'vaccine' for a phantom 'disease'**

I'll expose the 'Covid vaccine' fraud and then go on to the wider background of why the Cult has set out to 'vaccinate' every man, woman and child on the planet for an alleged 'new disease' with a survival rate of 99.77 percent (or more) even by the grotesquely-

manipulated figures of the World Health Organization and Johns Hopkins University. The 'infection' to 'death' ratio is 0.23 to 0.15 percent according to Stanford epidemiologist Dr John Ioannidis and while estimates vary the danger remains tiny. I say that if the truth be told the fake infection to fake death ratio is zero. Never mind all the evidence I have presented here and in *The Answer* that there is no 'virus' let us just focus for a moment on that death-rate figure of say 0.23 percent. The figure includes all those worldwide who have tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' and then died within 28 days or even longer of any other cause – *any other cause*. Now subtract all those illusory 'Covid' deaths on the global data sheets from the 0.23 percent. What do you think you would be left with? *Zero*. A vaccination has never been successfully developed for a so-called coronavirus. They have all failed at the animal testing stage when they caused hypersensitivity to what they were claiming to protect against and made the impact of a disease far worse. Cult-owned vaccine corporations got around that problem this time by bypassing animal trials, going straight to humans and making the length of the 'trials' before the public rollout as short as they could get away with. Normally it takes five to ten years or more to develop vaccines that still cause demonstrable harm to many people and that's without including the long-term effects that are never officially connected to the vaccination. 'Covid' non-vaccines have been officially produced and approved in a matter of months from a standing start and part of the reason is that (a) they were developed before the 'Covid' hoax began and (b) they are based on computer programs and not natural sources. Official non-trials were so short that government agencies gave *emergency*, not full, approval. 'Trials' were not even completed and full approval cannot be secured until they are. Public 'Covid vaccination' is actually a *continuation of the trial*. Drug company 'trials' are not scheduled to end until 2023 by which time a lot of people are going to be dead. Data on which government agencies gave this emergency approval was supplied by the Big Pharma corporations themselves in the form of Pfizer/BioNTech, AstraZeneca, Moderna, Johnson & Johnson, and

others, and this is the case with all vaccines. By its very nature *emergency* approval means drug companies do not have to prove that the 'vaccine' is 'safe and effective'. How could they with trials way short of complete? Government regulators only have to *believe* that they *could* be safe and effective. It is criminal manipulation to get products in circulation with no testing worth the name. Agencies giving that approval are infested with Big Pharma-connected place-people and they act in the interests of Big Pharma (the Cult) and not the public about whom they do not give a damn.

### **More human lab rats**

'Covid vaccines' produced in record time by Pfizer/BioNTech and Moderna employ a technique *never approved before for use on humans*. They are known as mRNA 'vaccines' and inject a synthetic version of 'viral' mRNA or 'messenger RNA'. The key is in the term 'messenger'. The body works, or doesn't, on the basis of information messaging. Communications are constantly passing between and within the genetic system and the brain. Change those messages and you change the state of the body and even its very nature and you can change psychology and behaviour by the way the brain processes information. I think you are going to see significant changes in personality and perception of many people who have had the 'Covid vaccine' synthetic potions. Insider Aldous Huxley predicted the following in 1961 and mRNA 'vaccines' can be included in the term 'pharmacological methods':

There will be, in the next generation or so, a pharmacological method of making people love their servitude, and producing dictatorship without tears, so to speak, producing a kind of painless concentration camp for entire societies, so that people will in fact have their own liberties taken away from them, but rather enjoy it, because they will be distracted from any desire to rebel by propaganda or brainwashing, or brainwashing enhanced by pharmacological methods. And this seems to be the final revolution.

Apologists claim that mRNA synthetic 'vaccines' don't change the DNA genetic blueprint because RNA does not affect DNA only the other way round. This is so disingenuous. A process called 'reverse

transcription' can convert RNA into DNA and be integrated into DNA in the cell nucleus. This was highlighted in December, 2020, by scientists at Harvard and Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT). Geneticists report that more than 40 percent of mammalian genomes results from reverse transcription. On the most basic level if messaging changes then that sequence must lead to changes in DNA which is receiving and transmitting those communications. How can introducing synthetic material into cells not change the cells where DNA is located? The process is known as transfection which is defined as 'a technique to insert foreign nucleic acid (DNA or RNA) into a cell, typically with the intention of altering the properties of the cell'. Researchers at the Sloan Kettering Institute in New York found that changes in messenger RNA can deactivate tumour-suppressing proteins and thereby promote cancer. This is what happens when you mess with messaging. 'Covid vaccine' maker Moderna was founded in 2010 by Canadian stem cell biologist Derrick J. Rossi after his breakthrough discovery in the field of transforming and reprogramming stem cells. These are neutral cells that can be programmed to become any cell including sperm cells. Moderna was therefore founded on the principle of genetic manipulation and has never produced any vaccine or drug before its genetically-manipulating synthetic 'Covid' shite. Look at the name – Mode-RNA or Modify-RNA. Another important point is that the US Supreme Court has ruled that genetically-modified DNA, or complementary DNA (cDNA) synthesized in the laboratory from messenger RNA, can be patented and owned. These psychopaths are doing this to the human body.

Cells replicate synthetic mRNA in the 'Covid vaccines' and in theory the body is tricked into making antigens which trigger antibodies to target the 'virus spike proteins' which as Dr Tom Cowan said have *never been seen*. Cut the crap and these 'vaccines' deliver *self-replicating* synthetic material to the cells with the effect of changing human DNA. The more of them you have the more that process is compounded while synthetic material is all the time self-replicating. 'Vaccine'-maker Moderna describes mRNA as 'like

software for the cell' and so they are messing with the body's software. What happens when you change the software in a computer? Everything changes. For this reason the Cult is preparing a production line of mRNA 'Covid vaccines' and a long list of excuses to use them as with all the 'variants' of a 'virus' never shown to exist. The plan is further to transfer the mRNA technique to other vaccines mostly given to children and young people. The cumulative consequences will be a transformation of human DNA through a constant infusion of synthetic genetic material which will kill many and change the rest. Now consider that governments that have given emergency approval for a vaccine that's not a vaccine; never been approved for humans before; had no testing worth the name; and the makers have been given immunity from prosecution for any deaths or adverse effects suffered by the public. The UK government awarded *permanent legal indemnity* to itself and its employees for harm done when a patient is being treated for 'Covid-19' or 'suspected Covid-19'. That is quite a thought when these are possible 'side-effects' from the 'vaccine' (they are not 'side', they are effects) listed by the US Food and Drug Administration:

Guillain-Barre syndrome; acute disseminated encephalomyelitis; transverse myelitis; encephalitis; myelitis; encephalomyelitis; meningoencephalitis; meningitis; encephalopathy; convulsions; seizures; stroke; narcolepsy; cataplexy; anaphylaxis; acute myocardial infarction (heart attack); myocarditis; pericarditis; autoimmune disease; death; implications for pregnancy, and birth outcomes; other acute demyelinating diseases; non anaphylactic allergy reactions; thrombocytopenia ; disseminated intravascular coagulation; venous thromboembolism; arthritis; arthralgia; joint pain; Kawasaki disease; multisystem inflammatory syndrome in children; vaccine enhanced disease. The latter is the way the 'vaccine' has the potential to make diseases far worse than they would otherwise be.

UK doctor and freedom campaigner Vernon Coleman described the conditions in this list as 'all unpleasant, most of them very serious, and you can't get more serious than death'. The thought that anyone at all has had the 'vaccine' in these circumstances is testament to the potential that humanity has for clueless, unquestioning, stupidity and for many that programmed stupidity has already been terminal.

## **An insider speaks**

Dr Michael Yeadon is a former Vice President, head of research and Chief Scientific Adviser at vaccine giant Pfizer. Yeadon worked on the inside of Big Pharma, but that did not stop him becoming a vocal critic of 'Covid vaccines' and their potential for multiple harms, including infertility in women. By the spring of 2021 he went much further and even used the no, no, term 'conspiracy'. When you begin to see what is going on it is impossible not to do so. Yeadon spoke out in an interview with freedom campaigner James Delingpole and I mentioned earlier how he said that no one had samples of 'the virus'. He explained that the mRNA technique originated in the anti-cancer field and ways to turn on and off certain genes which could be advantageous if you wanted to stop cancer growing out of control. 'That's the origin of them. They are a very unusual application, really.' Yeadon said that treating a cancer patient with an aggressive procedure might be understandable if the alternative was dying, but it was quite another thing to use the same technique as a public health measure. Most people involved wouldn't catch the infectious agent you were vaccinating against and if they did they probably wouldn't die:

If you are really using it as a public health measure you really want to as close as you can get to zero sides-effects ... I find it odd that they chose techniques that were really cutting their teeth in the field of oncology and I'm worried that in using gene-based vaccines that have to be injected in the body and spread around the body, get taken up into some cells, and the regulators haven't quite told us which cells they get taken up into ... you are going to be generating a wide range of responses ... with multiple steps each of which could go well or badly.

I doubt the Cult intends it to go well. Yeadon said that you can put any gene you like into the body through the 'vaccine'. 'You can certainly give them a gene that would do them some harm if you wanted.' I was intrigued when he said that when used in the cancer field the technique could turn genes on and off. I explore this process in *The Answer* and with different genes having different functions you could create mayhem – physically and psychologically – if you turned the wrong ones on and the right ones off. I read reports of an experiment by researchers at the University of Washington's school of computer science and engineering in which they encoded DNA to infect computers. The body is itself a biological computer and if human DNA can inflict damage on a computer why can't the computer via synthetic material mess with the human body? It can. The Washington research team said it was possible to insert malicious malware into 'physical DNA strands' and corrupt the computer system of a gene sequencing machine as it 'reads gene letters and stores them as binary digits 0 and 1'. They concluded that hackers could one day use blood or spit samples to access computer systems and obtain sensitive data from police forensics labs or infect genome files. It is at this level of digital interaction that synthetic 'vaccines' need to be seen to get the full picture and that will become very clear later on. Michael Yeadon said it made no sense to give the 'vaccine' to younger people who were in no danger from the 'virus'. What was the benefit? It was all downside with potential effects:

The fact that my government in what I thought was a civilised, rational country, is raining [the 'vaccine'] on people in their 30s and 40s, even my children in their 20s, they're getting letters and phone calls, I know this is not right and any of you doctors who are vaccinating you know it's not right, too. They are not at risk. They are not at risk from the disease, so you are now hoping that the side-effects are so rare that you get away with it. You don't give new technology ... that you don't understand to 100 percent of the population.

Blood clot problems with the AstraZeneca 'vaccine' have been affecting younger people to emphasise the downside risks with no benefit. AstraZeneca's version, produced with Oxford University, does not use mRNA, but still gets its toxic cocktail inside cells where

it targets DNA. The Johnson & Johnson 'vaccine' which uses a similar technique has also produced blood clot effects to such an extent that the United States paused its use at one point. They are all 'gene therapy' (cell modification) procedures and not 'vaccines'. The truth is that once the content of these injections enter cells we have no idea what the effect will be. People can speculate and some can give very educated opinions and that's good. In the end, though, only the makers know what their potions are designed to do and even they won't know every last consequence. Michael Yeadon was scathing about doctors doing what they knew to be wrong. 'Everyone's mute', he said. Doctors in the NHS must know this was not right, coming into work and injecting people. 'I don't know how they sleep at night. I know I couldn't do it. I know that if I were in that position I'd have to quit.' He said he knew enough about toxicology to know this was not a good risk-benefit. Yeadon had spoken to seven or eight university professors and all except two would not speak out publicly. Their universities had a policy that no one said anything that countered the government and its medical advisors. They were afraid of losing their government grants. This is how intimidation has been used to silence the truth at every level of the system. I say silence, but these people could still speak out if they made that choice. Yeadon called them 'moral cowards' – 'This is about your children and grandchildren's lives and you have just buggered off and left it.'

### **'Variant' nonsense**

Some of his most powerful comments related to the alleged 'variants' being used to instil more fear, justify more lockdowns, and introduce more 'vaccines'. He said government claims about 'variants' were nonsense. He had checked the alleged variant 'codes' and they were 99.7 percent identical to the 'original'. This was the human identity difference equivalent to putting a baseball cap on and off or wearing it the other way round. A 0.3 percent difference would make it impossible for that 'variant' to escape immunity from the 'original'. This made no sense of having new 'vaccines' for

'variants'. He said there would have to be at least a *30 percent* difference for that to be justified and even then he believed the immune system would still recognise what it was. Gates-funded 'variant modeller' and 'vaccine'-pusher John Edmunds might care to comment. Yeadon said drug companies were making new versions of the 'vaccine' as a 'top up' for 'variants'. Worse than that, he said, the 'regulators' around the world like the MHRA in the UK had got together and agreed that because 'vaccines' for 'variants' were so similar to the first 'vaccines' *they did not have to do safety studies*. How transparently sinister that is. This is when Yeadon said: 'There is a conspiracy here.' There was no need for another vaccine for 'variants' and yet we were told that there was and the country had shut its borders because of them. 'They are going into hundreds of millions of arms without passing 'go' or any regulator. Why did they do that? Why did they pick this method of making the vaccine?'

The reason had to be something bigger than that it seemed and 'it's not protection against the virus'. It's was a far bigger project that meant politicians and advisers were willing to do things and not do things that knowingly resulted in avoidable deaths – 'that's already happened when you think about lockdown and deprivation of health care for a year.' He spoke of people prepared to do something that results in the avoidable death of their fellow human beings and it not bother them. This is the penny-drop I have been working to get across for more than 30 years – the level of pure evil we are dealing with. Yeadon said his friends and associates could not believe there could be that much evil, but he reminded them of Stalin, Pol Pot and Hitler and of what Stalin had said: 'One death is a tragedy. A million? A statistic.' He could not think of a benign explanation for why you need top-up vaccines 'which I'm sure you don't' and for the regulators 'to just get out of the way and wave them through'. Why would the regulators do that when they were still wrestling with the dangers of the 'parent' vaccine? He was clearly shocked by what he had seen since the 'Covid' hoax began and now he was thinking the previously unthinkable:

If you wanted to depopulate a significant proportion of the world and to do it in a way that doesn't involve destruction of the environment with nuclear weapons, poisoning everyone with anthrax or something like that, and you wanted plausible deniability while you had a multi-year infectious disease crisis, I actually don't think you could come up with a better plan of work than seems to be in front of me. I can't say that's what they are going to do, but I can't think of a benign explanation why they are doing it.

He said he never thought that they would get rid of 99 percent of humans, but now he wondered. 'If you wanted to that this would be a hell of a way to do it – it would be unstoppable folks.' Yeadon had concluded that those who submitted to the 'vaccine' would be allowed to have some kind of normal life (but for how long?) while screws were tightened to coerce and mandate the last few percent. 'I think they'll put the rest of them in a prison camp. I wish I was wrong, but I don't think I am.' Other points he made included: There were no coronavirus vaccines then suddenly they all come along at the same time; we have no idea of the long term affect with trials so short; coercing or forcing people to have medical procedures is against the Nuremberg Code instigated when the Nazis did just that; people should at least delay having the 'vaccine'; a quick Internet search confirms that masks don't reduce respiratory viral transmission and 'the government knows that'; they have smashed civil society and they know that, too; two dozen peer-reviewed studies show no connection between lockdown and reducing deaths; he knew from personal friends the elite were still flying around and going on holiday while the public were locked down; the elite were not having the 'vaccines'. He was also asked if 'vaccines' could be made to target difference races. He said he didn't know, but the document by the Project for the New American Century in September, 2000, said developing 'advanced forms of biological warfare that can target *specific genotypes* may transform biological warfare from the realm of terror to a politically useful tool.' Oh, they're evil all right. Of that we can be *absolutely* sure.

## **Another cull of old people**

We have seen from the CDC definition that the mRNA 'Covid vaccine' is not a vaccine and nor are the others that *claim* to reduce 'severity of symptoms' in *some* people, but not protect from infection or transmission. What about all the lies about returning to 'normal' if people were 'vaccinated'? If they are not claimed to stop infection and transmission of the alleged 'virus', how does anything change? This was all lies to manipulate people to take the jabs and we are seeing that now with masks and distancing still required for the 'vaccinated'. How did they think that elderly people with fragile health and immune responses were going to be affected by infusing their cells with synthetic material and other toxic substances? They *knew* that in the short and long term it would be devastating and fatal as the culling of the old that began with the first lockdowns was continued with the 'vaccine'. Death rates in care homes soared immediately residents began to be 'vaccinated' – infused with synthetic material. Brave and committed whistleblower nurses put their careers at risk by exposing this truth while the rest kept their heads down and their mouths shut to put their careers before those they are supposed to care for. A long-time American Certified Nursing Assistant who gave his name as James posted a video in which he described emotionally what happened in his care home when vaccination began. He said that during 2020 very few residents were sick with 'Covid' and no one died during the entire year; but shortly after the Pfizer mRNA injections 14 people died within two weeks and many others were near death. 'They're dropping like flies', he said. Residents who walked on their own before the shot could no longer and they had lost their ability to conduct an intelligent conversation. The home's management said the sudden deaths were caused by a 'super-spreader' of 'Covid-19'. Then how come, James asked, that residents who refused to take the injections were not sick? It was a case of inject the elderly with mRNA synthetic potions and blame their illness and death that followed on the 'virus'. James described what was happening in care homes as 'the greatest crime of genocide this country has ever seen'. Remember the NHS staff nurse from earlier who used the same

word 'genocide' for what was happening with the 'vaccines' and that it was an 'act of human annihilation'. A UK care home whistleblower told a similar story to James about the effect of the 'vaccine' in deaths and 'outbreaks' of illness dubbed 'Covid' after getting the jab. She told how her care home management and staff had zealously imposed government regulations and no one was allowed to even question the official narrative let alone speak out against it. She said the NHS was even worse. Again we see the results of reframing. A worker at a local care home where I live said they had not had a single case of 'Covid' there for almost a year and when the residents were 'vaccinated' they had 19 positive cases in two weeks with eight dying.

### **It's not the 'vaccine' – honest**

The obvious cause and effect was being ignored by the media and most of the public. Australia's health minister Greg Hunt (a former head of strategy at the World Economic Forum) was admitted to hospital after he had the 'vaccine'. He was suffering according to reports from the skin infection 'cellulitis' and it must have been a severe case to have warranted days in hospital. Immediately the authorities said this was nothing to do with the 'vaccine' when an effect of some vaccines is a 'cellulitis-like reaction'. We had families of perfectly healthy old people who died after the 'vaccine' saying that if only they had been given the 'vaccine' earlier they would still be alive. As a numbskull rating that is off the chart. A father of four 'died of Covid' at aged 48 when he was taken ill two days after having the 'vaccine'. The man, a health administrator, had been 'shielding during the pandemic' and had 'not really left the house' until he went for the 'vaccine'. Having the 'vaccine' and then falling ill and dying does not seem to have qualified as a possible cause and effect and 'Covid-19' went on his death certificate. His family said they had no idea how he 'caught the virus'. A family member said: 'Tragically, it could be that going for a vaccination ultimately led to him catching Covid ...The sad truth is that they are never going to know where it came from.' The family warned people to remember

that the virus still existed and was 'very real'. So was their stupidity. Nurses and doctors who had the first round of the 'vaccine' were collapsing, dying and ending up in a hospital bed while they or their grieving relatives were saying they'd still have the 'vaccine' again despite what happened. I kid you not. You mean if your husband returned from the dead he'd have the same 'vaccine' again that killed him??

Doctors at the VCU Medical Center in Richmond, Virginia, said the Johnson & Johnson 'vaccine' was to blame for a man's skin peeling off. Patient Richard Terrell said: 'It all just happened so fast. My skin peeled off. It's still coming off on my hands now.' He said it was stinging, burning and itching and when he bent his arms and legs it was very painful with 'the skin swollen and rubbing against itself'. Pfizer/BioNTech and Moderna vaccines use mRNA to change the cell while the Johnson & Johnson version uses DNA in a process similar to AstraZeneca's technique. Johnson & Johnson and AstraZeneca have both had their 'vaccines' paused by many countries after causing serious blood problems. Terrell's doctor Fnu Nutan said he could have died if he hadn't got medical attention. It sounds terrible so what did Nutan and Terrell say about the 'vaccine' now? Oh, they still recommend that people have it. A nurse in a hospital bed 40 minutes after the vaccination and unable to swallow due to throat swelling was told by a doctor that he lost mobility in his arm for 36 hours following the vaccination. What did he say to the ailing nurse? 'Good for you for getting the vaccination.' We are dealing with a serious form of cognitive dissonance madness in both public and medical staff. There is a remarkable correlation between those having the 'vaccine' and trumpeting the fact and suffering bad happenings shortly afterwards. Witold Rogiewicz, a Polish doctor, made a video of his 'vaccination' and ridiculed those who were questioning its safety and the intentions of Bill Gates: 'Vaccinate yourself to protect yourself, your loved ones, friends and also patients. And to mention quickly I have info for anti-vaxxers and anti-Coviders if you want to contact Bill Gates you can do this through me.' He further ridiculed the dangers of 5G. Days later he

was dead, but naturally the vaccination wasn't mentioned in the verdict of 'heart attack'.

## **Lies, lies and more lies**

So many members of the human race have slipped into extreme states of insanity and unfortunately they include reframed doctors and nursing staff. Having a 'vaccine' and dying within minutes or hours is not considered a valid connection while death from any cause within 28 days or longer of a positive test with a test not testing for the 'virus' means 'Covid-19' goes on the death certificate. How could that 'vaccine'-death connection not have been made except by calculated deceit? US figures in the initial rollout period to February 12th, 2020, revealed that a third of the deaths reported to the CDC after 'Covid vaccines' happened within 48 hours. Five men in the UK suffered an 'extremely rare' blood clot problem after having the AstraZeneca 'vaccine', but no causal link was established said the Gates-funded Medicines and Healthcare products Regulatory Agency (MHRA) which had given the 'vaccine' emergency approval to be used. Former Pfizer executive Dr Michael Yeadon explained in his interview how the procedures could cause blood coagulation and clots. People who should have been at no risk were dying from blood clots in the brain and he said he had heard from medical doctor friends that people were suffering from skin bleeding and massive headaches. The AstraZeneca 'shot' was stopped by some 20 countries over the blood clotting issue and still the corrupt MHRA, the European Medicines Agency (EMA) and the World Health Organization said that it should continue to be given even though the EMA admitted that it 'still cannot rule out definitively' a link between blood clotting and the 'vaccine'. Later Marco Cavaleri, head of EMA vaccine strategy, said there was indeed a clear link between the 'vaccine' and thrombosis, but they didn't know why. So much for the trials showing the 'vaccine' is safe. Blood clots were affecting younger people who would be under virtually no danger from 'Covid' even if it existed which makes it all the more stupid and sinister.

The British government responded to public alarm by wheeling out June Raine, the terrifyingly weak infant school headmistress sound-alike who heads the UK MHRA drug 'regulator'. The idea that she would stand up to Big Pharma and government pressure is laughable and she told us that all was well in the same way that she did when allowing untested, never-used-on-humans-before, genetically-manipulating 'vaccines' to be exposed to the public in the first place. Mass lying is the new normal of the 'Covid' era. The MHRA later said 30 cases of rare blood clots had by then been connected with the AstraZeneca 'vaccine' (that means a lot more in reality) while stressing that the benefits of the jab in preventing 'Covid-19' outweighed any risks. A more ridiculous and disingenuous statement with callous disregard for human health it is hard to contemplate. Immediately after the mendacious 'all-clears' two hospital workers in Denmark experienced blood clots and cerebral haemorrhaging following the AstraZeneca jab and one died. Top Norwegian health official Pål Andre Holme said the 'vaccine' was the only common factor: 'There is nothing in the patient history of these individuals that can give such a powerful immune response ... I am confident that the antibodies that we have found are the cause, and I see no other explanation than it being the vaccine which triggers it.' Strokes, a clot or bleed in the brain, were clearly associated with the 'vaccine' from word of mouth and whistleblower reports. Similar consequences followed with all these 'vaccines' that we were told were so safe and as the numbers grew by the day it was clear we were witnessing human carnage.

### **Learning the hard way**

A woman interviewed by UKColumn told how her husband suffered dramatic health effects after the vaccine when he'd been in good health all his life. He went from being a little unwell to losing all feeling in his legs and experiencing 'excruciating pain'. Misdiagnosis followed twice at Accident and Emergency (an 'allergy' and 'sciatica') before he was admitted to a neurology ward where doctors said his serious condition had been caused by the

'vaccine'. Another seven 'vaccinated' people were apparently being treated on the same ward for similar symptoms. The woman said he had the 'vaccine' because they believed media claims that it was safe. 'I didn't think the government would give out a vaccine that does this to somebody; I believed they would be bringing out a vaccination that would be safe.' What a tragic way to learn that lesson. Another woman posted that her husband was transporting stroke patients to hospital on almost every shift and when he asked them if they had been 'vaccinated' for 'Covid' they all replied 'yes'. One had a 'massive brain bleed' the day after his second dose. She said her husband reported the 'just been vaccinated' information every time to doctors in A and E only for them to ignore it, make no notes and appear annoyed that it was even mentioned. This particular report cannot be verified, but it expresses a common theme that confirms the monumental underreporting of 'vaccine' consequences. Interestingly as the 'vaccines' and their brain blood clot/stroke consequences began to emerge the UK National Health Service began a publicity campaign telling the public what to do in the event of a stroke. A Scottish NHS staff nurse who quit in disgust in March, 2021, said:

I have seen traumatic injuries from the vaccine, they're not getting reported to the yellow card [adverse reaction] scheme, they're treating the symptoms, not asking why, why it's happening. It's just treating the symptoms and when you speak about it you're dismissed like you're crazy, I'm not crazy, I'm not crazy because every other colleague I've spoken to is terrified to speak out, they've had enough.

Videos appeared on the Internet of people uncontrollably shaking after the 'vaccine' with no control over muscles, limbs and even their face. A Scottish mother broke out in a severe rash all over her body almost immediately after she was given the AstraZeneca 'vaccine'. The pictures were horrific. Leigh King, a 41-year-old hairdresser from Lanarkshire said: 'Never in my life was I prepared for what I was about to experience ... My skin was so sore and constantly hot ... I have never felt pain like this ...' But don't you worry, the 'vaccine' is perfectly safe. Then there has been the effect on medical

staff who have been pressured to have the 'vaccine' by psychopathic 'health' authorities and government. A London hospital consultant who gave the name K. Polyakova wrote this to the *British Medical Journal* or *BMJ*:

I am currently struggling with ... the failure to report the reality of the morbidity caused by our current vaccination program within the health service and staff population. The levels of sickness after vaccination is unprecedented and staff are getting very sick and some with neurological symptoms which is having a huge impact on the health service function. Even the young and healthy are off for days, some for weeks, and some requiring medical treatment. Whole teams are being taken out as they went to get vaccinated together.

Mandatory vaccination in this instance is stupid, unethical and irresponsible when it comes to protecting our staff and public health. We are in the voluntary phase of vaccination, and encouraging staff to take an unlicensed product that is impacting on their immediate health ... it is clearly stated that these vaccine products do not offer immunity or stop transmission. In which case why are we doing it?

Not to protect health that's for sure. Medical workers are lauded by governments for agenda reasons when they couldn't give a toss about them any more than they can for the population in general. Schools across America faced the same situation as they closed due to the high number of teachers and other staff with bad reactions to the Pfizer/BioNTech, Moderna, and Johnson & Johnson 'Covid vaccines' all of which were linked to death and serious adverse effects. The *BMJ* took down the consultant's comments pretty quickly on the grounds that they were being used to spread 'disinformation'. They were exposing the truth about the 'vaccine' was the real reason. The cover-up is breathtaking.

## **Hiding the evidence**

The scale of the 'vaccine' death cover-up worldwide can be confirmed by comparing official figures with the personal experience of the public. I heard of many people in my community who died immediately or soon after the vaccine that would never appear in the media or even likely on the official totals of 'vaccine' fatalities and adverse reactions when only about ten percent are estimated to be

reported and I have seen some estimates as low as one percent in a Harvard study. In the UK alone by April 29th, 2021, some 757,654 adverse reactions had been officially reported from the Pfizer/BioNTech, Oxford/AstraZeneca and Moderna 'vaccines' with more than a thousand deaths linked to jabs and that means an estimated ten times this number in reality from a ten percent reporting rate percentage. That's seven million adverse reactions and 10,000 potential deaths and a one percent reporting rate would be ten times *those* figures. In 1976 the US government pulled the swine flu vaccine after 53 deaths. The UK data included a combined 10,000 eye disorders from the 'Covid vaccines' with more than 750 suffering visual impairment or blindness and again multiply by the estimated reporting percentages. As 'Covid cases' officially fell hospitals virtually empty during the 'Covid crisis' began to fill up with a range of other problems in the wake of the 'vaccine' rollout. The numbers across America have also been catastrophic. Deaths linked to *all* types of vaccine increased by 6,000 percent in the first quarter of 2021 compared with 2020. A 39-year-old woman from Ogden, Utah, died four days after receiving a second dose of Moderna's 'Covid vaccine' when her liver, heart and kidneys all failed despite the fact that she had no known medical issues or conditions. Her family sought an autopsy, but Dr Erik Christensen, Utah's chief medical examiner, said proving vaccine injury as a cause of death almost never happened. He could think of only one instance where an autopsy would name a vaccine as the official cause of death and that would be anaphylaxis where someone received a vaccine and died almost instantaneously. 'Short of that, it would be difficult for us to definitively say this is the vaccine,' Christensen said. If that is true this must be added to the estimated ten percent (or far less) reporting rate of vaccine deaths and serious reactions and the conclusion can only be that vaccine deaths and serious reactions – including these 'Covid' potions' – are phenomenally understated in official figures. The same story can be found everywhere. Endless accounts of deaths and serious reactions among the public, medical

and care home staff while official figures did not even begin to reflect this.

Professional script-reader Dr David Williams, a 'top public-health official' in Ontario, Canada, insulted our intelligence by claiming only four serious adverse reactions and no deaths from the more than 380,000 vaccine doses then given. This bore no resemblance to what people knew had happened in their own circles and we had Dirk Huyer in charge of getting millions vaccinated in Ontario while at the same time he was Chief Coroner for the province investigating causes of death including possible death from the vaccine. An aide said he had stepped back from investigating deaths, but evidence indicated otherwise. Rosemary Frei, who secured a Master of Science degree in molecular biology at the Faculty of Medicine at Canada's University of Calgary before turning to investigative journalism, was one who could see that official figures for 'vaccine' deaths and reactions made no sense. She said that doctors seldom reported adverse events and when people got really sick or died after getting a vaccination they would attribute that to anything except the vaccines. It had been that way for years and anyone who wondered aloud whether the 'Covid vaccines' or other shots cause harm is immediately branded as 'anti-vax' and 'anti-science'. This was 'career-threatening' for health professionals. Then there was the huge pressure to support the push to 'vaccinate' billions in the quickest time possible. Frei said:

So that's where we're at today. More than half a million vaccine doses have been given to people in Ontario alone. The rush is on to vaccinate all 15 million of us in the province by September. And the mainstream media are screaming for this to be sped up even more. That all adds up to only a very slim likelihood that we're going to be told the truth by officials about how many people are getting sick or dying from the vaccines.

What is true of Ontario is true of everywhere.

### **They KNEW – and still did it**

The authorities knew what was going to happen with multiple deaths and adverse reactions. The UK government's Gates-funded

and Big Pharma-dominated Medicines and Healthcare products Regulatory Agency (MHRA) hired a company to employ AI in compiling the projected reactions to the 'vaccine' that would otherwise be uncountable. The request for applications said: 'The MHRA urgently seeks an Artificial Intelligence (AI) software tool to process the expected high volume of Covid-19 vaccine Adverse Drug Reaction ...' This was from the agency, headed by the disingenuous June Raine, that gave the 'vaccines' emergency approval and the company was hired before the first shot was given. 'We are going to kill and maim you – is that okay?' 'Oh, yes, perfectly fine – I'm very grateful, thank you, doctor.' The range of 'Covid vaccine' adverse reactions goes on for page after page in the MHRA criminally underreported 'Yellow Card' system and includes affects to eyes, ears, skin, digestion, blood and so on. Raine's MHRA amazingly claimed that the 'overall safety experience ... is so far as expected from the clinical trials'. The death, serious adverse effects, deafness and blindness were *expected*? When did they ever mention that? If these human tragedies were expected then those that gave approval for the use of these 'vaccines' must be guilty of crimes against humanity including murder – a definition of which is 'killing a person with malice aforethought or with recklessness manifesting extreme indifference to the value of human life.' People involved at the MHRA, the CDC in America and their equivalent around the world must go before Nuremberg trials to answer for their callous inhumanity. We are only talking here about the immediate effects of the 'vaccine'. The longer-term impact of the DNA synthetic manipulation is the main reason they are so hysterically desperate to inoculate the entire global population in the shortest possible time.

Africa and the developing world are a major focus for the 'vaccine' depopulation agenda and a mass vaccination sales-pitch is underway thanks to caring people like the Rockefellers and other Cult assets. The Rockefeller Foundation, which pre-empted the 'Covid pandemic' in a document published in 2010 that 'predicted' what happened a decade later, announced an initial \$34.95 million grant in February, 2021, 'to ensure more equitable access to Covid-19

testing and vaccines' among other things in Africa in collaboration with '24 organizations, businesses, and government agencies'. The pan-Africa initiative would focus on 10 countries: Burkina Faso, Ethiopia, Ghana, Kenya, Nigeria, Rwanda, South Africa, Tanzania, Uganda, and Zambia'. Rajiv Shah, President of the Rockefeller Foundation and former administrator of CIA-controlled USAID, said that if Africa was not mass-vaccinated (to change the DNA of its people) it was a 'threat to all of humanity' and not fair on Africans. When someone from the Rockefeller Foundation says they want to do something to help poor and deprived people and countries it is time for a belly-laugh. They are doing this out of the goodness of their 'heart' because 'vaccinating' the entire global population is what the 'Covid' hoax set out to achieve. Official 'decolonisation' of Africa by the Cult was merely a prelude to financial colonisation on the road to a return to physical colonisation. The 'vaccine' is vital to that and the sudden and convenient death of the 'Covid' sceptic president of Tanzania can be seen in its true light. A lot of people in Africa are aware that this is another form of colonisation and exploitation and they need to stand their ground.

### **The 'vaccine is working' scam**

A potential problem for the Cult was that the 'vaccine' is meant to change human DNA and body messaging and not to protect anyone from a 'virus' never shown to exist. The vaccine couldn't work because it was not designed to work and how could they make it *appear* to be working so that more people would have it? This was overcome by lowering the amplification rate of the PCR test to produce fewer 'cases' and therefore fewer 'deaths'. Some of us had been pointing out since March, 2020, that the amplification rate of the test not testing for the 'virus' had been made artificially high to generate positive tests which they could call 'cases' to justify lockdowns. The World Health Organization recommended an absurdly high 45 amplification cycles to ensure the high positives required by the Cult and then remained silent on the issue until January 20th, 2021 – Biden's Inauguration Day. This was when the

'vaccinations' were seriously underway and on that day the WHO recommended after discussions with America's CDC that laboratories *lowered their testing amplification*. Dr David Samadi, a certified urologist and health writer, said the WHO was encouraging all labs to reduce their cycle count for PCR tests. He said the current cycle was much too high and was 'resulting in any particle being declared a positive case'. Even one mainstream news report I saw said this meant the number of 'Covid' infections may have been 'dramatically inflated'. Oh, just a little bit. The CDC in America issued new guidance to laboratories in April, 2021, to use 28 cycles *but only for 'vaccinated' people*. The timing of the CDC/WHO interventions were cynically designed to make it appear the 'vaccines' were responsible for falling cases and deaths when the real reason can be seen in the following examples. New York's state lab, the Wadsworth Center, identified 872 positive tests in July, 2020, based on a threshold of 40 cycles. When the figure was lowered to 35 cycles 43 percent of the 872 were no longer 'positives'. At 30 cycles the figure was 63 percent. A Massachusetts lab found that between 85 to 90 percent of people who tested positive in July with a cycle threshold of 40 would be negative at 30 cycles, Ashish Jha, MD, director of the Harvard Global Health Institute, said: 'I'm really shocked that it could be that high ... Boy, does it really change the way we need to be thinking about testing.' I'm shocked that I could see the obvious in the spring of 2020, with no medical background, and most medical professionals still haven't worked it out. No, that's not shocking – it's terrifying.

Three weeks after the WHO directive to lower PCR cycles the London *Daily Mail* ran this headline: 'Why ARE Covid cases plummeting? New infections have fallen 45% in the US and 30% globally in the past 3 weeks but experts say vaccine is NOT the main driver because only 8% of Americans and 13% of people worldwide have received their first dose.' They acknowledged that the drop could not be attributed to the 'vaccine', but soon this morphed throughout the media into the 'vaccine' has caused cases and deaths to fall when it was the PCR threshold. In December, 2020, there was

chaos at English Channel ports with truck drivers needing negative 'Covid' tests before they could board a ferry home for Christmas. The government wanted to remove the backlog as fast as possible and they brought in troops to do the 'testing'. Out of 1,600 drivers just 36 tested positive and the rest were given the all clear to cross the Channel. I guess the authorities thought that 36 was the least they could get away with without the unquestioning catching on. The amplification trick which most people believed in the absence of information in the mainstream applied more pressure on those refusing the 'vaccine' to succumb when it 'obviously worked'. The truth was the exact opposite with deaths in care homes soaring with the 'vaccine' and in Israel the term used was 'skyrocket'. A re-analysis of published data from the Israeli Health Ministry led by Dr Hervé Seligmann at the Medicine Emerging Infectious and Tropical Diseases at Aix-Marseille University found that Pfizer's 'Covid vaccine' killed 'about 40 times more [elderly] people than the disease itself would have killed' during a five-week vaccination period and *260 times* more younger people than would have died from the 'virus' even according to the manipulated 'virus' figures. Dr Seligmann and his co-study author, Haim Yativ, declared after reviewing the Israeli 'vaccine' death data: 'This is a new Holocaust.'

Then, in mid-April, 2021, after vast numbers of people worldwide had been 'vaccinated', the story changed with clear coordination. The UK government began to prepare the ground for more future lockdowns when Nuremberg-destined Boris Johnson told yet another whopper. He said that cases had fallen because of *lockdowns* not 'vaccines'. Lockdowns are irrelevant when *there is no 'virus'* and the test and fraudulent death certificates are deciding the number of 'cases' and 'deaths'. Study after study has shown that lockdowns don't work and instead kill and psychologically destroy people. Meanwhile in the United States Anthony Fauci and Rochelle Walensky, the ultra-Zionist head of the CDC, peddled the same line. More lockdown was the answer and not the 'vaccine', a line repeated on cue by the moron that is Canadian Prime Minister Justin Trudeau. Why all the hysteria to get everyone 'vaccinated' if lockdowns and

not 'vaccines' made the difference? None of it makes sense on the face of it. Oh, but it does. The Cult wants lockdowns *and* the 'vaccine' and if the 'vaccine' is allowed to be seen as the total answer lockdowns would no longer be justified when there are still livelihoods to destroy. 'Variants' and renewed upward manipulation of PCR amplification are planned to instigate never-ending lockdown *and* more 'vaccines'.

### **You *must* have it – we're desperate**

Israel, where the Jewish and Arab population are ruled by the Sabbatian Cult, was the front-runner in imposing the DNA-manipulating 'vaccine' on its people to such an extent that Jewish refusers began to liken what was happening to the early years of Nazi Germany. This would seem to be a fantastic claim. Why would a government of Jewish people be acting like the Nazis did? If you realise that the Sabbatian Cult was behind the Nazis and that Sabbatians hate Jews the pieces start to fit and the question of why a 'Jewish' government would treat Jews with such callous disregard for their lives and freedom finds an answer. Those controlling the government of Israel *aren't Jewish* – they're Sabbatian. Israeli lawyer Tamir Turgal was one who made the Nazi comparison in comments to German lawyer Reiner Fuellmich who is leading a class action lawsuit against the psychopaths for crimes against humanity. Turgal described how the Israeli government was vaccinating children and pregnant women on the basis that there was no evidence that this was dangerous when they had no evidence that it *wasn't* dangerous either. They just had no evidence. This was medical experimentation and Turgal said this breached the Nuremberg Code about medical experimentation and procedures requiring informed consent and choice. Think about that. A Nuremberg Code developed because of Nazi experimentation on Jews and others in concentration camps by people like the evil-beyond-belief Josef Mengele is being breached by the *Israeli* government; but when you know that it's a *Sabbatian* government along with its intelligence and military agencies like Mossad, Shin Bet and the Israeli Defense Forces, and that Sabbatians

were the force behind the Nazis, the kaleidoscope comes into focus. What have we come to when Israeli Jews are suing their government for violating the Nuremberg Code by essentially making Israelis subject to a medical experiment using the controversial 'vaccines'? It's a shocker that this has to be done in the light of what happened in Nazi Germany. The Anshe Ha-Emet, or 'People of the Truth', made up of Israeli doctors, lawyers, campaigners and public, have launched a lawsuit with the International Criminal Court. It says:

When the heads of the Ministry of Health as well as the prime minister presented the vaccine in Israel and began the vaccination of Israeli residents, the vaccinated were not advised, that, in practice, they are taking part in a medical experiment and that their consent is required for this under the Nuremberg Code.

The irony is unbelievable, but easily explained in one word: Sabbatians. The foundation of Israeli 'Covid' apartheid is the 'green pass' or 'green passport' which allows Jews and Arabs who have had the DNA-manipulating 'vaccine' to go about their lives – to work, fly, travel in general, go to shopping malls, bars, restaurants, hotels, concerts, gyms, swimming pools, theatres and sports venues, while non-'vaccinated' are banned from all those places and activities. Israelis have likened the 'green pass' to the yellow stars that Jews in Nazi Germany were forced to wear – the same as the yellow stickers that a branch of UK supermarket chain Morrisons told exempt mask-wearers they had to display when shopping. How very sensitive. The Israeli system is blatant South African-style apartheid on the basis of compliance or non-compliance to fascism rather than colour of the skin. How appropriate that the Sabbatian Israeli government was so close to the pre-Mandela apartheid regime in Pretoria. The Sabbatian-instigated 'vaccine passport' in Israel is planned for everywhere. Sabbatians struck a deal with Pfizer that allowed them to lead the way in the percentage of a national population infused with synthetic material and the result was catastrophic. Israeli freedom activist Shai Dannon told me how chairs were appearing on beaches that said 'vaccinated only'. Health Minister Yuli Edelstein said that anyone unwilling or unable to get

the jabs that 'confer immunity' will be 'left behind'. The man's a liar. Not even the makers claim the 'vaccines' confer immunity. When you see those figures of 'vaccine' deaths these psychopaths were saying that you must take the chance the 'vaccine' will kill you or maim you while knowing it will change your DNA or lockdown for you will be permanent. That's fascism. The Israeli parliament passed a law to allow personal information of the non-vaccinated to be shared with local and national authorities for three months. This was claimed by its supporters to be a way to 'encourage' people to be vaccinated. Hadas Ziv from Physicians for Human Rights described this as a 'draconian law which crushed medical ethics and the patient rights'. But that's the idea, the Sabbatians would reply.

### **Your papers, please**

Sabbatian Israel was leading what has been planned all along to be a global 'vaccine pass' called a 'green passport' without which you would remain in permanent lockdown restriction and unable to do anything. This is how badly – *desperately* – the Cult is to get everyone 'vaccinated'. The term and colour 'green' was not by chance and related to the psychology of fusing the perception of the green climate hoax with the 'Covid' hoax and how the 'solution' to both is the same Great Reset. Lying politicians, health officials and psychologists denied there were any plans for mandatory vaccinations or restrictions based on vaccinations, but they knew that was exactly what was meant to happen with governments of all countries reaching agreements to enforce a global system. 'Free' Denmark and 'free' Sweden unveiled digital vaccine certification. Cyprus, Czech Republic, Estonia, Greece, Hungary, Iceland, Italy, Poland, Portugal, Slovakia, and Spain have all committed to a vaccine passport system and the rest including the whole of the EU would follow. The satanic UK government will certainly go this way despite mendacious denials and at the time of writing it is trying to manipulate the public into having the 'vaccine' so they could go abroad on a summer holiday. How would that work without something to prove you had the synthetic toxicity injected into you?

Documents show that the EU's European Commission was moving towards 'vaccine certificates' in 2018 and 2019 before the 'Covid' hoax began. They knew what was coming. Abracadabra – Ursula von der Leyen, the German President of the Commission, announced in March, 2021, an EU 'Digital Green Certificate' – green again – to track the public's 'Covid status'. The passport sting is worldwide and the Far East followed the same pattern with South Korea ruling that only those with 'vaccination' passports – again the *green* pass – would be able to 'return to their daily lives'.

Bill Gates has been preparing for this 'passport' with other Cult operatives for years and beyond the paper version is a Gates-funded 'digital tattoo' to identify who has been vaccinated and who hasn't. The 'tattoo' is reported to include a substance which is externally readable to confirm who has been vaccinated. This is a bio-luminous light-generating enzyme (think fireflies) called ... *Luciferase*. Yes, named after the Cult 'god' Lucifer the 'light bringer' of whom more to come. Gates said he funded the readable tattoo to ensure children in the developing world were vaccinated and no one was missed out. He cares so much about poor kids as we know. This was just the cover story to develop a vaccine tagging system for everyone on the planet. Gates has been funding the ID2020 'alliance' to do just that in league with other lovely people at Microsoft, GAVI, the Rockefeller Foundation, Accenture and IDEO.org. He said in interviews in March, 2020, before any 'vaccine' publicly existed, that the world must have a globalised digital certificate to track the 'virus' and who had been vaccinated. Gates knew from the start that the mRNA vaccines were coming and when they would come and that the plan was to tag the 'vaccinated' to marginalise the intelligent and stop them doing anything including travel. Evil just doesn't suffice. Gates was exposed for offering a \$10 million bribe to the Nigerian House of Representatives to invoke compulsory 'Covid' vaccination of all Nigerians. Sara Cunial, a member of the Italian Parliament, called Gates a 'vaccine criminal'. She urged the Italian President to hand him over to the International Criminal Court for crimes against

humanity and condemned his plans to 'chip the human race' through ID2020.

You know it's a long-planned agenda when war criminal and Cult gofer Tony Blair is on the case. With the scale of arrogance only someone as dark as Blair can muster he said: 'Vaccination in the end is going to be your route to liberty.' Blair is a disgusting piece of work and he confirms that again. The media has given a lot of coverage to a bloke called Charlie Mullins, founder of London's biggest independent plumbing company, Pimlico Plumbers, who has said he won't employ anyone who has not been vaccinated or have them go to any home where people are not vaccinated. He said that if he had his way no one would be allowed to walk the streets if they have not been vaccinated. Gates was cheering at the time while I was alerting the white coats. The plan is that people will qualify for 'passports' for having the first two doses and then to keep it they will have to have all the follow ups and new ones for invented 'variants' until human genetics is transformed and many are dead who can't adjust to the changes. Hollywood celebrities – the usual propaganda stunt – are promoting something called the WELL Health-Safety Rating to verify that a building or space has 'taken the necessary steps to prioritize the health and safety of their staff, visitors and other stakeholders'. They included Lady Gaga, Jennifer Lopez, Michael B. Jordan, Robert DeNiro, Venus Williams, Wolfgang Puck, Deepak Chopra and 17th Surgeon General Richard Carmona. Yawn. WELL Health-Safety has big connections with China. Parent company Delos is headed by former Goldman Sachs partner Paul Scialla. This is another example – and we will see so many others – of using the excuse of 'health' to dictate the lives and activities of the population. I guess one confirmation of the 'safety' of buildings is that only 'vaccinated' people can go in, right?

## **Electronic concentration camps**

I wrote decades ago about the plans to restrict travel and here we are for those who refuse to bow to tyranny. This can be achieved in one go with air travel if the aviation industry makes a blanket decree.

The 'vaccine' and guaranteed income are designed to be part of a global version of China's social credit system which tracks behaviour 24/7 and awards or deletes 'credits' based on whether your behaviour is supported by the state or not. I mean your entire lifestyle – what you do, eat, say, everything. Once your credit score falls below a certain level consequences kick in. In China tens of millions have been denied travel by air and train because of this. All the locations and activities denied to refusers by the 'vaccine' passports will be included in one big mass ban on doing almost anything for those that don't bow their head to government. It's beyond fascist and a new term is required to describe its extremes – I guess fascist technocracy will have to do. The way the Chinese system of technological – technocratic – control is sweeping the West can be seen in the Los Angeles school system and is planned to be expanded worldwide. Every child is required to have a 'Covid'-tracking app scanned daily before they can enter the classroom. The so-called Daily Pass tracking system is produced by Gates' Microsoft which I'm sure will shock you rigid. The pass will be scanned using a barcode (one step from an inside-the-body barcode) and the information will include health checks, 'Covid' tests and vaccinations. Entry codes are for one specific building only and access will only be allowed if a student or teacher has a negative test with a test not testing for the 'virus', has no symptoms of anything alleged to be related to 'Covid' (symptoms from a range of other illness), and has a temperature under 100 degrees. No barcode, no entry, is planned to be the case for everywhere and not only schools.

Kids are being psychologically prepared to accept this as 'normal' their whole life which is why what they can impose in schools is so important to the Cult and its gofers. Long-time American freedom campaigner John Whitehead of the Rutherford Institute was not exaggerating when he said: 'Databit by databit, we are building our own electronic concentration camps.' Canada under its Cult gofer prime minister Justin Trudeau has taken a major step towards the real thing with people interned against their will if they test positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' when they arrive at a Canadian

airport. They are jailed in internment hotels often without food or water for long periods and with many doors failing to lock there have been sexual assaults. The interned are being charged sometimes \$2,000 for the privilege of being abused in this way. Trudeau is fully on board with the Cult and says the 'Covid pandemic' has provided an opportunity for a global 'reset' to permanently change Western civilisation. His number two, Deputy Prime Minister Chrystia Freeland, is a trustee of the World Economic Forum and a Rhodes Scholar. The Trudeau family have long been servants of the Cult. See *The Biggest Secret* and Cathy O'Brien's book *Trance-Formation of America* for the horrific background to Trudeau's father Pierre Trudeau another Canadian prime minister. Hide your fascism behind the façade of a heart-on-the-sleeve liberal. It's a well-honed Cult technique.

### **What can the 'vaccine' really do?**

We have a 'virus' never shown to exist and 'variants' of the 'virus' that have also never been shown to exist except, like the 'original', as computer-generated fictions. Even if you believe there's a 'virus' the 'case' to 'death' rate is in the region of 0.23 to 0.15 percent and those 'deaths' are concentrated among the very old around the same average age that people die anyway. In response to this lack of threat (in truth none) psychopaths and idiots, knowingly and unknowingly answering to Gates and the Cult, are seeking to 'vaccinate' every man, woman and child on Planet Earth. Clearly the 'vaccine' is not about 'Covid' – none of this ever has been. So what is it all about *really*? Why the desperation to infuse genetically-manipulating synthetic material into everyone through mRNA fraudulent 'vaccines' with the intent of doing this over and over with the excuses of 'variants' and other 'virus' inventions? Dr Sherri Tenpenny, an osteopathic medical doctor in the United States, has made herself an expert on vaccines and their effects as a vehement campaigner against their use. Tenpenny was board certified in emergency medicine, the director of a level two trauma centre for 12 years, and moved to Cleveland in 1996 to start an integrative

medicine practice which has treated patients from all 50 states and some 17 other countries. Weaning people off pharmaceutical drugs is a speciality.

She became interested in the consequences of vaccines after attending a meeting at the National Vaccine Information Center in Washington DC in 2000 where she 'sat through four days of listening to medical doctors and scientists and lawyers and parents of vaccine injured kids' and asked: 'What's going on?' She had never been vaccinated and never got ill while her father was given a list of vaccines to be in the military and was 'sick his entire life'. The experience added to her questions and she began to examine vaccine documents from the Centers for Disease Control (CDC). After reading the first one, the 1998 version of *The General Recommendations of Vaccination*, she thought: 'This is it?' The document was poorly written and bad science and Tenpenny began 20 years of research into vaccines that continues to this day. She began her research into 'Covid vaccines' in March, 2020, and she describes them as 'deadly'. For many, as we have seen, they already have been. Tenpenny said that in the first 30 days of the 'vaccine' rollout in the United States there had been more than 40,000 adverse events reported to the vaccine adverse event database. A document had been delivered to her the day before that was 172 pages long. 'We have over 40,000 adverse events; we have over 3,100 cases of [potentially deadly] anaphylactic shock; we have over 5,000 neurological reactions.' Effects ranged from headaches to numbness, dizziness and vertigo, to losing feeling in hands or feet and paraesthesia which is when limbs 'fall asleep' and people have the sensation of insects crawling underneath their skin. All this happened in the first 30 days and remember that only about *ten percent* (or far less) of adverse reactions and vaccine-related deaths are estimated to be officially reported. Tenpenny said:

So can you think of one single product in any industry, any industry, for as long as products have been made on the planet that within 30 days we have 40,000 people complaining of side effects that not only is still on the market but ... we've got paid actors telling us how great

they are for getting their vaccine. We're offering people \$500 if they will just get their vaccine and we've got nurses and doctors going; 'I got the vaccine, I got the vaccine'.

Tenpenny said they were not going to be 'happy dancing folks' when they began to suffer Bell's palsy (facial paralysis), neuropathies, cardiac arrhythmias and autoimmune reactions that kill through a blood disorder. 'They're not going to be so happy, happy then, but we're never going to see pictures of those people' she said. Tenpenny described the 'vaccine' as 'a well-designed killing tool'.

## **No off-switch**

Bad as the initial consequences had been Tenpenny said it would be maybe 14 months before we began to see the 'full ravage' of what is going to happen to the 'Covid vaccinated' with full-out consequences taking anything between two years and 20 years to show. You can understand why when you consider that variations of the 'Covid vaccine' use mRNA (messenger RNA) to in theory activate the immune system to produce protective antibodies without using the actual 'virus'. How can they when it's a computer program and they've never isolated what they claim is the 'real thing'? Instead they use *synthetic* mRNA. They are inoculating synthetic material into the body which through a technique known as the Trojan horse is absorbed into cells to change the nature of DNA. Human DNA is changed by an infusion of messenger RNA and with each new 'vaccine' of this type it is changed even more. Say so and you are banned by Cult Internet platforms. The contempt the contemptuous Mark Zuckerberg has for the truth and human health can be seen in an internal Facebook video leaked to the Project Veritas investigative team in which he said of the 'Covid vaccines': '... I share some caution on this because we just don't know the long term side-effects of basically modifying people's DNA and RNA.' At the same time this disgusting man's Facebook was censoring and banning anyone saying exactly the same. He must go before a Nuremberg trial for crimes against humanity when he *knows* that he

is censoring legitimate concerns and denying the right of informed consent on behalf of the Cult that owns him. People have been killed and damaged by the very 'vaccination' technique he cast doubt on himself when they may not have had the 'vaccine' with access to information that he denied them. The plan is to have at least annual 'Covid vaccinations', add others to deal with invented 'variants', and change all other vaccines into the mRNA system. Pfizer executives told shareholders at a virtual Barclays Global Healthcare Conference in March, 2021, that the public may need a third dose of 'Covid vaccine', plus regular yearly boosters and the company planned to hike prices to milk the profits in a 'significant opportunity for our vaccine'. These are the professional liars, cheats and opportunists who are telling you their 'vaccine' is safe. Given this volume of mRNA planned to be infused into the human body and its ability to then replicate we will have a transformation of human genetics from biological to synthetic biological – exactly the long-time Cult plan for reasons we'll see – and many will die. Sherri Tenpenny said of this replication:

It's like having an on-button but no off-button and that whole mechanism ... they actually give it a name and they call it the Trojan horse mechanism, because it allows that [synthetic] virus and that piece of that [synthetic] virus to get inside of your cells, start to replicate and even get inserted into other parts of your DNA as a Trojan-horse.

Ask the overwhelming majority of people who have the 'vaccine' what they know about the contents and what they do and they would reply: 'The government says it will stop me getting the virus.' Governments give that false impression on purpose to increase take-up. You can read Sherri Tenpenny's detailed analysis of the health consequences in her blog at [Vaxxter.com](https://www.vaxxter.com), but in summary these are some of them. She highlights the statement by Bill Gates about how human beings can become their own 'vaccine manufacturing machine'. The man is insane. ['Vaccine'-generated] 'antibodies' carry synthetic messenger RNA into the cells and the damage starts, Tenpenny contends, and she says that lungs can be adversely affected through varying degrees of pus and bleeding which

obviously affects breathing and would be dubbed 'Covid-19'. Even more sinister was the impact of 'antibodies' on macrophages, a white blood cell of the immune system. They consist of Type 1 and Type 2 which have very different functions. She said Type 1 are 'hyper-vigilant' white blood cells which 'gobble up' bacteria etc. However, in doing so, this could cause inflammation and in extreme circumstances be fatal. She says these affects are mitigated by Type 2 macrophages which kick in to calm down the system and stop it going rogue. They clear up dead tissue debris and reduce inflammation that the Type 1 'fire crews' have caused. Type 1 kills the infection and Type 2 heals the damage, she says. This is her punchline with regard to 'Covid vaccinations': She says that mRNA 'antibodies' block Type 2 macrophages by attaching to them and deactivating them. This meant that when the Type 1 response was triggered by infection there was nothing to stop that getting out of hand by calming everything down. There's an on-switch, but no off-switch, she says. What follows can be 'over and out, see you when I see you'.

## **Genetic suicide**

Tenpenny also highlights the potential for autoimmune disease – the body attacking itself – which has been associated with vaccines since they first appeared. Infusing a synthetic foreign substance into cells could cause the immune system to react in a panic believing that the body is being overwhelmed by an invader (it is) and the consequences can again be fatal. There is an autoimmune response known as a 'cytokine storm' which I have likened to a homeowner panicked by an intruder and picking up a gun to shoot randomly in all directions before turning the fire on himself. The immune system unleashes a storm of inflammatory response called cytokines to a threat and the body commits hara-kiri. The lesson is that you mess with the body's immune response at your peril and these 'vaccines' seriously – fundamentally – mess with immune response. Tenpenny refers to a consequence called anaphylactic shock which is a severe and highly dangerous allergic reaction when the immune system

floods the body with chemicals. She gives the example of having a bee sting which primes the immune system and makes it sensitive to those chemicals. When people are stung again maybe years later the immune response can be so powerful that it leads to anaphylactic shock. Tenpenny relates this 'shock' with regard to the 'Covid vaccine' to something called polyethylene glycol or PEG. Enormous numbers of people have become sensitive to this over decades of use in a whole range of products and processes including food, drink, skin creams and 'medicine'. Studies have claimed that some 72 percent of people have antibodies triggered by PEG compared with two percent in the 1960s and allergic hypersensitive reactions to this become a gathering cause for concern. Tenpenny points out that the 'mRNA vaccine' is coated in a 'bubble' of polyethylene glycol which has the potential to cause anaphylactic shock through immune sensitivity. Many reports have appeared of people reacting this way after having the 'Covid vaccine'. What do we think is going to happen as humanity has more and more of these 'vaccines'?

Tenpenny said: 'All these pictures we have seen with people with these rashes ... these weepy rashes, big reactions on their arms and things like that – it's an acute allergic reaction most likely to the polyethylene glycol that you've been previously primed and sensitised to.'

Those who have not studied the conspiracy and its perpetrators at length might think that making the population sensitive to PEG and then putting it in these 'vaccines' is just a coincidence. It is not. It is instead testament to how carefully and coldly-planned current events have been and the scale of the conspiracy we are dealing with. Tenpenny further explains that the 'vaccine' mRNA procedure can breach the blood-brain barrier which protects the brain from toxins and other crap that will cause malfunction. In this case they could make two proteins corrupt brain function to cause Amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (ALS), a progressive nervous system disease leading to loss of muscle control, and frontal lobe degeneration – Alzheimer's and dementia. Immunologist J. Bart Classon published a paper connecting mRNA 'vaccines' to prion

disease which can lead to Alzheimer's and other forms of neurodegenerative disease while others have pointed out the potential to affect the placenta in ways that make women infertile. This will become highly significant in the next chapter when I will discuss other aspects of this non-vaccine that relate to its nanotechnology and transmission from the injected to the uninjected.

## **Qualified in idiocy**

Tenpenny describes how research has confirmed that these 'vaccine'-generated antibodies can interact with a range of other tissues in the body and attack many other organs including the lungs. 'This means that if you have a hundred people standing in front of you that all got this shot they could have a hundred different symptoms.'

Anyone really think that Cult gofers like the Queen, Tony Blair, Christopher Whitty, Anthony Fauci, and all the other psychopaths have really had this 'vaccine' in the pictures we've seen? Not a bloody chance. Why don't doctors all tell us about all these dangers and consequences of the 'Covid vaccine'? Why instead do they encourage and pressure patients to have the shot? Don't let's think for a moment that doctors and medical staff can't be stupid, lazy, and psychopathic and that's without the financial incentives to give the jab. Tenpenny again:

Some people are going to die from the vaccine directly but a large number of people are going to start to get horribly sick and get all kinds of autoimmune diseases 42 days to maybe a year out. What are they going to do, these stupid doctors who say; 'Good for you for getting that vaccine.' What are they going to say; 'Oh, it must be a mutant, we need to give an extra dose of that vaccine.'

Because now the vaccine, instead of one dose or two doses we need three or four because the stupid physicians aren't taking the time to learn anything about it. If I can learn this sitting in my living room reading a 19 page paper and several others so can they. There's nothing special about me, I just take the time to do it.

Remember how Sara Kayat, the NHS and TV doctor, said that the 'Covid vaccine' would '100 percent prevent hospitalisation and death'. Doctors can be idiots like every other profession and they

should not be worshipped as infallible. They are not and far from it. Behind many medical and scientific 'experts' lies an uninformed prat trying to hide themselves from you although in the 'Covid' era many have failed to do so as with UK narrative-repeating 'TV doctor' Hilary Jones. Pushing back against the minority of proper doctors and scientists speaking out against the 'vaccine' has been the entire edifice of the Cult global state in the form of governments, medical systems, corporations, mainstream media, Silicon Valley, and an army of compliant doctors, medical staff and scientists willing to say anything for money and to enhance their careers by promoting the party line. If you do that you are an 'expert' and if you won't you are an 'anti-vaxxer' and 'Covidiot'. The pressure to be 'vaccinated' is incessant. We have even had reports claiming that the 'vaccine' can help cure cancer and Alzheimer's and make the lame walk. I am waiting for the announcement that it can bring you coffee in the morning and cook your tea. Just as the symptoms of 'Covid' seem to increase by the week so have the miracles of the 'vaccine'. American supermarket giant Kroger Co. offered nearly 500,000 employees in 35 states a \$100 bonus for having the 'vaccine' while donut chain Krispy Kreme promised 'vaccinated' customers a free glazed donut every day for the rest of 2021. Have your DNA changed and you will get a doughnut although we might not have to give you them for long. Such offers and incentives confirm the desperation.

Perhaps the worse vaccine-stunt of them all was UK 'Health' Secretary Matt-the-prat Hancock on live TV after watching a clip of someone being 'vaccinated' when the roll-out began. Hancock faked tears so badly it was embarrassing. Brain-of-Britain Piers Morgan, the lockdown-supporting, 'vaccine' supporting, 'vaccine' passport-supporting, TV host played along with Hancock – 'You're quite emotional about that' he said in response to acting so atrocious it would have been called out at a school nativity which will presumably today include Mary and Jesus in masks, wise men keeping their camels six feet apart, and shepherds under tent arrest. System-serving Morgan tweeted this: 'Love the idea of covid vaccine passports for everywhere: flights, restaurants, clubs, football, gyms,

shops etc. It's time covid-denying, anti-vaxxer loonies had their bullsh\*t bluff called & bar themselves from going anywhere that responsible citizens go.' If only I could aspire to his genius. To think that Morgan, who specialises in shouting over anyone he disagrees with, was lauded as a free speech hero when he lost his job after storming off the set of his live show like a child throwing his dolly out of the pram. If he is a free speech hero we are in real trouble. I have no idea what 'bullsh\*t' means, by the way, the \* throws me completely.

The Cult is desperate to infuse its synthetic DNA-changing concoction into everyone and has been using every lie, trick and intimidation to do so. The question of '*Why?*' we shall now address.

## CHAPTER TEN

### Human 2.0

*I believe that at the end of the century the use of words and general educated opinion will have altered so much that one will be able to speak of machines thinking without expecting to be contradicted – Alan Turing (1912-1954), the ‘Father of artificial intelligence’*

I have been exposing for decades the plan to transform the human body from a biological to a synthetic-biological state. The new human that I will call Human 2.0 is planned to be connected to artificial intelligence and a global AI ‘Smart Grid’ that would operate as one global system in which AI would control everything from your fridge to your heating system to your car to your mind. Humans would no longer be ‘human’, but post-human and sub-human, with their thinking and emotional processes replaced by AI.

What I said sounded crazy and beyond science fiction and I could understand that. To any balanced, rational, mind it *is* crazy. Today, however, that world is becoming reality and it puts the ‘Covid vaccine’ into its true context. Ray Kurzweil is the ultra-Zionist ‘computer scientist, inventor and futurist’ and co-founder of the Singularity University. Singularity refers to the merging of humans with machines or ‘transhumanism’. Kurzweil has said humanity would be connected to the cyber ‘cloud’ in the period of the ever-recurring year of 2030:

Our thinking ... will be a hybrid of biological and non-biological thinking ... humans will be able to extend their limitations and ‘think in the cloud’ ... We’re going to put gateways to the

cloud in our brains ... We're going to gradually merge and enhance ourselves ... In my view, that's the nature of being human – we transcend our limitations. As the technology becomes vastly superior to what we are then the small proportion that is still human gets smaller and smaller and smaller until it's just utterly negligible.

They are trying to sell this end-of-humanity-as-we-know-it as the next stage of 'evolution' when we become super-human and 'like the gods'. They are lying to you. Shocked, eh? The population, and again especially the young, have been manipulated into addiction to technologies designed to enslave them for life. First they induced an addiction to smartphones (holdables); next they moved to technology on the body (wearables); and then began the invasion of the body (implantables). I warned way back about the plan for microchipped people and we are now entering that era. We should not be diverted into thinking that this refers only to chips we can see. Most important are the nanochips known as smart dust, neural dust and nanobots which are far too small to be seen by the human eye. Nanotechnology is everywhere, increasingly in food products, and released into the atmosphere by the geoengineering of the skies funded by Bill Gates to 'shut out the Sun' and 'save the planet from global warming'. Gates has been funding a project to spray millions of tonnes of chalk (calcium carbonate) into the stratosphere over Sweden to 'dim the Sun' and cool the Earth. Scientists warned the move could be disastrous for weather systems in ways no one can predict and opposition led to the Swedish space agency announcing that the 'experiment' would not be happening as planned in the summer of 2021; but it shows where the Cult is going with dimming the impact of the Sun and there's an associated plan to change the planet's atmosphere. Who gives psychopath Gates the right to dictate to the entire human race and dismantle planetary systems? The world will not be safe while this man is at large.

The global warming hoax has made the Sun, like the gas of life, something to fear when both are essential to good health and human survival (more inversion). The body transforms sunlight into vital vitamin D through a process involving ... *cholesterol*. This is the cholesterol we are also told to fear. We are urged to take Big Pharma

statin drugs to reduce cholesterol and it's all systematic. Reducing cholesterol means reducing vitamin D uptake with all the multiple health problems that will cause. At least if you take statins long term it saves the government from having to pay you a pension. The delivery system to block sunlight is widely referred to as chemtrails although these have a much deeper agenda, too. They appear at first to be contrails or condensation trails streaming from aircraft into cold air at high altitudes. Contrails disperse very quickly while chemtrails do not and spread out across the sky before eventually their content falls to earth. Many times I have watched aircraft cross-cross a clear blue sky releasing chemtrails until it looks like a cloudy day. Chemtrails contain many things harmful to humans and the natural world including toxic heavy metals, aluminium (see Alzheimer's) and nanotechnology. Ray Kurzweil reveals the reason without actually saying so: 'Nanobots will infuse all the matter around us with information. Rocks, trees, everything will become these intelligent creatures.' How do you deliver that? *From the sky*. Self-replicating nanobots would connect everything to the Smart Grid. The phenomenon of Morgellons disease began in the chemtrail era and the correlation has led to it being dubbed the 'chemtrail disease'. Self-replicating fibres appear in the body that can be pulled out through the skin. Morgellons fibres continue to grow outside the body and have a form of artificial intelligence. I cover this at greater length in *Phantom Self*.

### **'Vaccine' operating system**

'Covid vaccines' with their self-replicating synthetic material are also designed to make the connection between humanity and Kurzweil's 'cloud'. American doctor and dedicated campaigner for truth, Carrie Madej, an Internal Medicine Specialist in Georgia with more than 20 years medical experience, has highlighted the nanotechnology aspect of the fake 'vaccines'. She explains how one of the components in at least the Moderna and Pfizer synthetic potions are 'lipid nanoparticles' which are 'like little tiny computer bits' – a 'sci-fi substance' known as nanobots and hydrogel which can be 'triggered

at any moment to deliver its payload' and act as 'biosensors'. The synthetic substance had 'the ability to accumulate data from your body like your breathing, your respiration, thoughts and emotions, all kind of things' and each syringe could carry a *million* nanobots:

This substance because it's like little bits of computers in your body, crazy, but it's true, it can do that, [and] obviously has the ability to act through Wi-Fi. It can receive and transmit energy, messages, frequencies or impulses. That issue has never been addressed by these companies. What does that do to the human?

Just imagine getting this substance in you and it can react to things all around you, the 5G, your smart device, your phones, what is happening with that? What if something is triggering it, too, like an impulse, a frequency? We have something completely foreign in the human body.

Madej said her research revealed that electromagnetic (EMF) frequencies emitted by phones and other devices had increased dramatically in the same period of the 'vaccine' rollout and she was seeing more people with radiation problems as 5G and other electromagnetic technology was expanded and introduced to schools and hospitals. She said she was 'floored with the EMF coming off' the devices she checked. All this makes total sense and syncs with my own work of decades when you think that Moderna refers in documents to its mRNA 'vaccine' as an 'operating system':

Recognizing the broad potential of mRNA science, we set out to create an mRNA technology platform that functions very much like an operating system on a computer. It is designed so that it can plug and play interchangeably with different programs. In our case, the 'program' or 'app' is our mRNA drug – the unique mRNA sequence that codes for a protein ...

... Our MRNA Medicines – 'The 'Software Of Life': When we have a concept for a new mRNA medicine and begin research, fundamental components are already in place. Generally, the only thing that changes from one potential mRNA medicine to another is the coding region – the actual genetic code that instructs ribosomes to make protein. Utilizing these instruction sets gives our investigational mRNA medicines a software-like quality. We also have the ability to combine different mRNA sequences encoding for different proteins in a single mRNA investigational medicine.

Who needs a real 'virus' when you can create a computer version to justify infusing your operating system into the entire human race on the road to making living, breathing people into cyborgs? What is missed with the 'vaccines' is the *digital* connection between synthetic material and the body that I highlighted earlier with the study that hacked a computer with human DNA. On one level the body is digital, based on mathematical codes, and I'll have more about that in the next chapter. Those who ridiculously claim that mRNA 'vaccines' are not designed to change human genetics should explain the words of Dr Tal Zaks, chief medical officer at Moderna, in a 2017 TED talk. He said that over the last 30 years 'we've been living this phenomenal digital scientific revolution, and I'm here today to tell you, that we are actually *hacking the software of life*, and that it's changing the way we think about prevention and treatment of disease':

In every cell there's this thing called messenger RNA, or mRNA for short, that transmits the critical information from the DNA in our genes to the protein, which is really the stuff we're all made out of. This is the critical information that determines what the cell will do. So we think about it as an operating system. So if you could change that, if you could introduce a line of code, or change a line of code, it turns out, that has profound implications for everything, from the flu to cancer.

Zaks should more accurately have said that this has profound implications for the human genetic code and the nature of DNA. Communications within the body go both ways and not only one. But, hey, no, the 'Covid vaccine' will not affect your genetics. Cult fact-checkers say so even though the man who helped to develop the mRNA technique says that it does. Zaks said in 2017:

If you think about what it is we're trying to do. We've taken information and our understanding of that information and how that information is transmitted in a cell, and we've taken our understanding of medicine and how to make drugs, and we're fusing the two. We think of it as information therapy.

I have been writing for decades that the body is an information field communicating with itself and the wider world. This is why

radiation which is information can change the information field of body and mind through phenomena like 5G and change their nature and function. 'Information therapy' means to change the body's information field and change the way it operates. DNA is a receiver-transmitter of information and can be mutated by information like mRNA synthetic messaging. Technology to do this has been ready and waiting in the underground bases and other secret projects to be rolled out when the 'Covid' hoax was played. 'Trials' of such short and irrelevant duration were only for public consumption. When they say the 'vaccine' is 'experimental' that is not true. It may appear to be 'experimental' to those who don't know what's going on, but the trials have already been done to ensure the Cult gets the result it desires. Zaks said that it took decades to sequence the human genome, completed in 2003, but now they could do it in a week. By 'they' he means scientists operating in the public domain. In the secret projects they were sequencing the genome in a week long before even 2003.

## **Deluge of mRNA**

Highly significantly the Moderna document says the guiding premise is that if using mRNA as a medicine works for one disease then it should work for many diseases. They were leveraging the flexibility afforded by their platform and the fundamental role mRNA plays in protein synthesis to pursue mRNA medicines for a broad spectrum of diseases. Moderna is confirming what I was saying through 2020 that multiple 'vaccines' were planned for 'Covid' (and later invented 'variants') and that previous vaccines would be converted to the mRNA system to infuse the body with massive amounts of genetically-manipulating synthetic material to secure a transformation to a synthetic-biological state. The 'vaccines' are designed to kill stunning numbers as part of the long-exposed Cult depopulation agenda and transform the rest. Given this is the goal you can appreciate why there is such hysterical demand for every human to be 'vaccinated' for an alleged 'disease' that has an estimated 'infection' to 'death' ratio of 0.23-0.15 percent. As I write

children are being given the 'vaccine' in trials (their parents are a disgrace) and ever-younger people are being offered the vaccine for a 'virus' that even if you believe it exists has virtually zero chance of harming them. Horrific effects of the 'trials' on a 12-year-old girl were revealed by a family member to be serious brain and gastric problems that included a bowel obstruction and the inability to swallow liquids or solids. She was unable to eat or drink without throwing up, had extreme pain in her back, neck and abdomen, and was paralysed from the waist down which stopped her urinating unaided. When the girl was first taken to hospital doctors said it was all in her mind. She was signed up for the 'trial' by her parents for whom no words suffice. None of this 'Covid vaccine' insanity makes any sense unless you see what the 'vaccine' really is – a body-changer. Synthetic biology or 'SynBio' is a fast-emerging and expanding scientific discipline which includes everything from genetic and molecular engineering to electrical and computer engineering. Synthetic biology is defined in these ways:

- A multidisciplinary area of research that seeks to create new biological parts, devices, and systems, or to redesign systems that are already found in nature.
- The use of a mixture of physical engineering and genetic engineering to create new (and therefore synthetic) life forms.
- An emerging field of research that aims to combine the knowledge and methods of biology, engineering and related disciplines in the design of chemically-synthesized DNA to create organisms with novel or enhanced characteristics and traits (synthetic organisms including humans).

We now have synthetic blood, skin, organs and limbs being developed along with synthetic body parts produced by 3D printers. These are all elements of the synthetic human programme and this comment by Kurzweil's co-founder of the Singularity University,

Peter Diamandis, can be seen in a whole new light with the 'Covid' hoax and the sanctions against those that refuse the 'vaccine':

Anybody who is going to be resisting the progress forward [to transhumanism] is going to be resisting evolution and, fundamentally, they will die out. It's not a matter of whether it's good or bad. It's going to happen.

'Resisting evolution'? What absolute bollocks. The arrogance of these people is without limit. His 'it's going to happen' mantra is another way of saying 'resistance is futile' to break the spirit of those pushing back and we must not fall for it. Getting this genetically-transforming 'vaccine' into everyone is crucial to the Cult plan for total control and the desperation to achieve that is clear for anyone to see. Vaccine passports are a major factor in this and they, too, are a form of resistance is futile. It's NOT. The paper funded by the Rockefeller Foundation for the 2013 'health conference' in China said:

We will interact more with artificial intelligence. The use of robotics, bio-engineering to augment human functioning is already well underway and will advance. Re-engineering of humans into potentially separate and unequal forms through genetic engineering or mixed human-robots raises debates on ethics and equality.

A new demography is projected to emerge after 2030 [that year again] of technologies (robotics, genetic engineering, nanotechnology) producing robots, engineered organisms, 'nanobots' and artificial intelligence (AI) that can self-replicate. Debates will grow on the implications of an impending reality of human designed life.

What is happening today is so long planned. The world army enforcing the will of the world government is intended to be a robot army, not a human one. Today's military and its technologically 'enhanced' troops, pilotless planes and driverless vehicles are just stepping stones to that end. Human soldiers are used as Cult fodder and its time they woke up to that and worked for the freedom of the population instead of their own destruction and their family's destruction – the same with the police. Join us and let's sort this out. The phenomenon of enforce my own destruction is widespread in the 'Covid' era with Woker 'luvvies' in the acting and entertainment

industries supporting 'Covid' rules which have destroyed their profession and the same with those among the public who put signs on the doors of their businesses 'closed due to Covid – stay safe' when many will never reopen. It's a form of masochism and most certainly insanity.

## **Transgender = transhumanism**

When something explodes out of nowhere and is suddenly everywhere it is always the Cult agenda and so it is with the tidal wave of claims and demands that have infiltrated every aspect of society under the heading of 'transgenderism'. The term 'trans' is so 'in' and this is the dictionary definition:

A prefix meaning 'across', 'through', occurring ... in loanwords from Latin, used in particular for denoting movement or conveyance from place to place (transfer; transmit; transplant) or complete change (transform; transmute), or to form adjectives meaning 'crossing', 'on the other side of', or 'going beyond' the place named (transmontane; transnational; trans-Siberian).

Transgender means to go beyond gender and transhuman means to go beyond human. Both are aspects of the Cult plan to transform the human body to a synthetic state with *no gender*. Human 2.0 is not designed to procreate and would be produced technologically with no need for parents. The new human would mean the end of parents and so men, and increasingly women, are being targeted for the deletion of their rights and status. Parental rights are disappearing at an ever-quickenning speed for the same reason. The new human would have no need for men or women when there is no procreation and no gender. Perhaps the transgender movement that appears to be in a permanent state of frenzy might now contemplate on how it is being used. This was never about transgender rights which are only the interim excuse for confusing gender, particularly in the young, on the road to *fusing* gender. Transgender activism is not an end; it is a *means* to an end. We see again the technique of creative destruction in which you destroy the status quo to 'build back better' in the form that you want. The gender status quo had to be

destroyed by persuading the Cult-created Woke mentality to believe that you can have 100 genders or more. A programme for 9 to 12 year olds produced by the Cult-owned BBC promoted the 100 genders narrative. The very idea may be the most monumental nonsense, but it is not what is true that counts, only what you can make people *believe* is true. Once the gender of  $2 + 2 = 4$  has been dismantled through indoctrination, intimidation and  $2 + 2 = 5$  then the new no-gender normal can take its place with Human 2.0.

Aldous Huxley revealed the plan in his prophetic *Brave New World* in 1932:

Natural reproduction has been done away with and children are created, decanted', and raised in 'hatcheries and conditioning centres'. From birth, people are genetically designed to fit into one of five castes, which are further split into 'Plus' and 'Minus' members and designed to fulfil predetermined positions within the social and economic strata of the World State.

How could Huxley know this in 1932? For the same reason George Orwell knew about the Big Brother state in 1948, Cult insiders I have quoted knew about it in 1969, and I have known about it since the early 1990s. If you are connected to the Cult or you work your balls off to uncover the plan you can predict the future. The process is simple. If there is a plan for the world and nothing intervenes to stop it then it will happen. Thus if you communicate the plan ahead of time you are perceived to have predicted the future, but you haven't. You have revealed the plan which without intervention will become the human future. The whole reason I have done what I have is to alert enough people to inspire an intervention and maybe at last that time has come with the Cult and its intentions now so obvious to anyone with a brain in working order.

## **The future is here**

Technological wombs that Huxley described to replace parent procreation are already being developed and they are only the projects we know about in the public arena. Israeli scientists told *The Times of Israel* in March, 2021, that they have grown 250-cell embryos

into mouse fetuses with fully formed organs using artificial wombs in a development they say could pave the way for gestating humans outside the womb. Professor Jacob Hanna of the Weizmann Institute of Science said:

We took mouse embryos from the mother at day five of development, when they are just of 250 cells, and had them in the incubator from day five until day 11, by which point they had grown all their organs.

By day 11 they make their own blood and have a beating heart, a fully developed brain. Anybody would look at them and say, 'this is clearly a mouse foetus with all the characteristics of a mouse.' It's gone from being a ball of cells to being an advanced foetus.

A special liquid is used to nourish embryo cells in a laboratory dish and they float on the liquid to duplicate the first stage of embryonic development. The incubator creates all the right conditions for its development, Hanna said. The liquid gives the embryo 'all the nutrients, hormones and sugars they need' along with a custom-made electronic incubator which controls gas concentration, pressure and temperature. The cutting-edge in the underground bases and other secret locations will be light years ahead of that, however, and this was reported by the London *Guardian* in 2017:

We are approaching a biotechnological breakthrough. Ectogenesis, the invention of a complete external womb, could completely change the nature of human reproduction. In April this year, researchers at the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia announced their development of an artificial womb.

The article was headed 'Artificial wombs could soon be a reality. What will this mean for women?' What would it mean for children is an even bigger question. No mother to bond with only a machine in preparation for a life of soulless interaction and control in a world governed by machines (see the *Matrix* movies). Now observe the calculated manipulations of the 'Covid' hoax as human interaction and warmth has been curtailed by distancing, isolation and fear with people communicating via machines on a scale never seen before.

These are all dots in the same picture as are all the personal assistants, gadgets and children's toys through which kids and adults communicate with AI as if it is human. The AI 'voice' on Sat-Nav should be included. All these things are psychological preparation for the Cult endgame. Before you can make a physical connection with AI you have to make a psychological connection and that is what people are being conditioned to do with this ever gathering human-AI interaction. Movies and TV programmes depicting the transhuman, robot dystopia relate to a phenomenon known as 'pre-emptive programming' in which the world that is planned is portrayed everywhere in movies, TV and advertising. This is conditioning the conscious and subconscious mind to become familiar with the planned reality to dilute resistance when it happens for real. What would have been a shock such is the change is made less so. We have young children put on the road to transgender transition surgery with puberty blocking drugs at an age when they could never be able to make those life-changing decisions.

Rachel Levine, a professor of paediatrics and psychiatry who believes in treating children this way, became America's highest-ranked openly-transgender official when she was confirmed as US Assistant Secretary at the Department of Health and Human Services after being nominated by Joe Biden (the Cult). Activists and governments press for laws to deny parents a say in their children's transition process so the kids can be isolated and manipulated into agreeing to irreversible medical procedures. A Canadian father Robert Hoogland was denied bail by the Vancouver Supreme Court in 2021 and remained in jail for breaching a court order that he stay silent over his young teenage daughter, a minor, who was being offered life-changing hormone therapy without parental consent. At the age of 12 the girl's 'school counsellor' said she may be transgender, referred her to a doctor and told the school to treat her like a boy. This is another example of state-serving schools imposing ever more control over children's lives while parents have ever less.

Contemptible and extreme child abuse is happening all over the world as the Cult gender-fusion operation goes into warp-speed.

### **Why the war on men – and now women?**

The question about what artificial wombs mean for women should rightly be asked. The answer can be seen in the deletion of women's rights involving sport, changing rooms, toilets and status in favour of people in male bodies claiming to identify as women. I can identify as a mountain climber, but it doesn't mean I can climb a mountain any more than a biological man can be a biological woman. To believe so is a triumph of belief over factual reality which is the very perceptual basis of everything Woke. Women's sport is being destroyed by allowing those with male bodies who say they identify as female to 'compete' with girls and women. Male body 'women' dominate 'women's' competition with their greater muscle mass, bone density, strength and speed. With that disadvantage sport for women loses all meaning. To put this in perspective nearly 300 American high school boys can run faster than the quickest woman sprinter in the world. Women are seeing their previously protected spaces invaded by male bodies simply because they claim to identify as women. That's all they need to do to access all women's spaces and activities under the Biden 'Equality Act' that destroys equality for women with the usual Orwellian Woke inversion. Male sex offenders have already committed rapes in women's prisons after claiming to identify as women to get them transferred. Does this not matter to the Woke 'equality' hypocrites? Not in the least. What matters to Cult manipulators and funders behind transgender activists is to advance gender fusion on the way to the no-gender 'human'. When you are seeking to impose transparent nonsense like this, or the 'Covid' hoax, the only way the nonsense can prevail is through censorship and intimidation of dissenters, deletion of factual information, and programming of the unquestioning, bewildered and naive. You don't have to scan the world for long to see that all these things are happening.

Many women's rights organisations have realised that rights and status which took such a long time to secure are being eroded and that it is systematic. Kara Dansky of the global Women's Human Rights Campaign said that Biden's transgender executive order immediately he took office, subsequent orders, and Equality Act legislation that followed 'seek to erase women and girls in the law as a category'. *Exactly*. I said during the long ago-started war on men (in which many women play a crucial part) that this was going to turn into a war on them. The Cult is phasing out *both* male and female genders. To get away with that they are brought into conflict so they are busy fighting each other while the Cult completes the job with no unity of response. Unity, people, *unity*. We need unity everywhere. Transgender is the only show in town as the big step towards the no-gender human. It's not about rights for transgender people and never has been. Woke political correctness is deleting words relating to genders to the same end. Wokers believe this is to be 'inclusive' when the opposite is true. They are deleting words describing gender because gender *itself* is being deleted by Human 2.0. Terms like 'man', 'woman', 'mother' and 'father' are being deleted in the universities and other institutions to be replaced by the *no-gender*, not trans-gender, 'individuals' and 'guardians'. Women's rights campaigner Maria Keffler of Partners for Ethical Care said: 'Children are being taught from kindergarten upward that some boys have a vagina, some girls have a penis, and that kids can be any gender they want to be.' Do we really believe that suddenly countries all over the world at the same time had the idea of having drag queens go into schools or read transgender stories to very young children in the local library? It's coldly-calculated confusion of gender on the way to the fusion of gender. Suzanne Vierling, a psychologist from Southern California, made another important point:

Yesterday's slave woman who endured gynecological medical experiments is today's girl-child being butchered in a booming gender-transitioning sector. Ovaries removed, pushing her into menopause and osteoporosis, uncharted territory, and parents' rights and authority decimated.

The erosion of parental rights is a common theme in line with the Cult plans to erase the very concept of parents and 'ovaries removed, pushing her into menopause' means what? Those born female lose the ability to have children – another way to discontinue humanity as we know it.

### **Eliminating Human 1.0 (before our very eyes)**

To pave the way for Human 2.0 you must phase out Human 1.0. This is happening through plummeting sperm counts and making women infertile through an onslaught of chemicals, radiation (including smartphones in pockets of men) and mRNA 'vaccines'. Common agriculture pesticides are also having a devastating impact on human fertility. I have been tracking collapsing sperm counts in the books for a long time and in 2021 came a book by fertility scientist and reproductive epidemiologist Shanna Swan, *Count Down: How Our Modern World Is Threatening Sperm Counts, Altering Male and Female Reproductive Development and Imperiling the Future of the Human Race*. She reports how the global fertility rate dropped by *half* between 1960 and 2016 with America's birth rate 16 percent below where it needs to be to sustain the population. Women are experiencing declining egg quality, more miscarriages, and more couples suffer from infertility. Other findings were an increase in erectile dysfunction, infant boys developing more genital abnormalities, male problems with conception, and plunging levels of the male hormone testosterone which would explain why so many men have lost their backbone and masculinity. This has been very evident during the 'Covid' hoax when women have been prominent among the Pushbackers and big strapping blokes have bowed their heads, covered their faces with a nappy and quietly submitted. Mind control expert Cathy O'Brien also points to how global education introduced the concept of 'we're all winners' in sport and classrooms: 'Competition was defused, and it in turn defused a sense of fighting back.' This is another version of the 'equity' doctrine in which you drive down rather than raise up. What a contrast in Cult-controlled China with its global ambitions

where the government published plans in January, 2021, to 'cultivate masculinity' in boys from kindergarten through to high school in the face of a 'masculinity crisis'. A government adviser said boys would be soon become 'delicate, timid and effeminate' unless action was taken. Don't expect any similar policy in the targeted West. A 2006 study showed that a 65-year-old man in 2002 had testosterone levels *15 percent* lower than a 65-year-old man in 1987 while a 2020 study found a similar story with young adults and adolescents. Men are getting prescriptions for testosterone replacement therapy which causes an even greater drop in sperm count with up to 99 percent seeing sperm counts drop to zero during the treatment. More sperm is defective and malfunctioning with some having two heads or not pursuing an egg.

A class of *synthetic* chemicals known as phthalates are being blamed for the decline. These are found everywhere in plastics, shampoos, cosmetics, furniture, flame retardants, personal care products, pesticides, canned foods and even receipts. Why till receipts? Everyone touches them. Let no one delude themselves that all this is not systematic to advance the long-time agenda for human body transformation. Phthalates mimic hormones and disrupt the hormone balance causing testosterone to fall and genital birth defects in male infants. Animals and fish have been affected in the same way due to phthalates and other toxins in rivers. When fish turn gay or change sex through chemicals in rivers and streams it is a pointer to why there has been such an increase in gay people and the sexually confused. It doesn't matter to me what sexuality people choose to be, but if it's being affected by chemical pollution and consumption then we need to know. Does anyone really think that this is not connected to the transgender agenda, the war on men and the condemnation of male 'toxic masculinity'? You watch this being followed by 'toxic femininity'. It's already happening. When breastfeeding becomes 'chest-feeding', pregnant women become pregnant people along with all the other Woke claptrap you know that the world is going insane and there's a Cult scam in progress. Transgender activists are promoting the Cult agenda while Cult

billionaires support and fund the insanity as they laugh themselves to sleep at the sheer stupidity for which humans must be infamous in galaxies far, far away.

### **'Covid vaccines' and female infertility**

We can now see why the 'vaccine' has been connected to potential infertility in women. Dr Michael Yeadon, former Vice President and Chief Scientific Advisor at Pfizer, and Dr Wolfgang Wodarg in Germany, filed a petition with the European Medicines Agency in December, 2020, urging them to stop trials for the Pfizer/BioNTech shot and all other mRNA trials until further studies had been done. They were particularly concerned about possible effects on fertility with 'vaccine'-produced antibodies attacking the protein Syncytin-1 which is responsible for developing the placenta. The result would be infertility 'of indefinite duration' in women who have the 'vaccine' with the placenta failing to form. Section 10.4.2 of the Pfizer/BioNTech trial protocol says that pregnant women or those who might become so should not have mRNA shots. Section 10.4 warns men taking mRNA shots to 'be abstinent from heterosexual intercourse' and not to donate sperm. The UK government said that it *did not know* if the mRNA procedure had an effect on fertility. *Did not know?* These people have to go to jail. UK government advice did not recommend at the start that pregnant women had the shot and said they should avoid pregnancy for at least two months after 'vaccination'. The 'advice' was later updated to pregnant women should only have the 'vaccine' if the benefits outweighed the risks to mother and foetus. What the hell is that supposed to mean? Then 'spontaneous abortions' began to appear and rapidly increase on the adverse reaction reporting schemes which include only a fraction of adverse reactions. Thousands and ever-growing numbers of 'vaccinated' women are describing changes to their menstrual cycle with heavier blood flow, irregular periods and menstruating again after going through the menopause – all links to reproduction effects. Women are passing blood clots and the lining of their uterus while men report erectile dysfunction and blood effects. Most

significantly of all *unvaccinated* women began to report similar menstrual changes after interaction with '*vaccinated*' people and men and children were also affected with bleeding noses, blood clots and other conditions. 'Shedding' is when vaccinated people can emit the content of a vaccine to affect the unvaccinated, but this is different. 'Vaccinated' people were not shedding a 'live virus' allegedly in 'vaccines' as before because the fake 'Covid vaccines' involve synthetic material and other toxicity. Doctors exposing what is happening prefer the term 'transmission' to shedding. Somehow those that have had the shots are transmitting effects to those that haven't. Dr Carrie Madej said the nano-content of the 'vaccines' can 'act like an antenna' to others around them which fits perfectly with my own conclusions. This 'vaccine' transmission phenomenon was becoming known as the book went into production and I deal with this further in the Postscript.

Vaccine effects on sterility are well known. The World Health Organization was accused in 2014 of sterilising millions of women in Kenya with the evidence confirmed by the content of the vaccines involved. The same WHO behind the 'Covid' hoax admitted its involvement for more than ten years with the vaccine programme. Other countries made similar claims. Charges were lodged by Tanzania, Nicaragua, Mexico, and the Philippines. The Gardasil vaccine claimed to protect against a genital 'virus' known as HPV has also been linked to infertility. Big Pharma and the WHO (same thing) are criminal and satanic entities. Then there's the Bill Gates Foundation which is connected through funding and shared interests with 20 pharmaceutical giants and laboratories. He stands accused of directing the policy of United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF), vaccine alliance GAVI, and other groupings, to advance the vaccine agenda and silence opposition at great cost to women and children. At the same time Gates wants to reduce the global population. Coincidence?

**Great Reset = Smart Grid = new human**

The Cult agenda I have been exposing for 30 years is now being openly promoted by Cult assets like Gates and Klaus Schwab of the World Economic Forum under code-terms like the 'Great Reset', 'Build Back Better' and 'a rare but narrow window of opportunity to reflect, reimagine, and reset our world'. What provided this 'rare but narrow window of opportunity'? The 'Covid' hoax did. Who created that? *They* did. My books from not that long ago warned about the planned 'Internet of Things' (IoT) and its implications for human freedom. This was the plan to connect all technology to the Internet and artificial intelligence and today we are way down that road with an estimated 36 billion devices connected to the World Wide Web and that figure is projected to be 76 billion by 2025. I further warned that the Cult planned to go beyond that to the Internet of *Everything* when the human brain was connected via AI to the Internet and Kurzweil's 'cloud'. Now we have Cult operatives like Schwab calling for precisely that under the term 'Internet of Bodies', a fusion of the physical, digital and biological into one centrally-controlled Smart Grid system which the Cult refers to as the 'Fourth Industrial Revolution'. They talk about the 'biological', but they really mean the synthetic-biological which is required to fully integrate the human body and brain into the Smart Grid and artificial intelligence planned to replace the human mind. We have everything being synthetically manipulated including the natural world through GMO and smart dust, the food we eat and the human body itself with synthetic 'vaccines'. I said in *The Answer* that we would see the Cult push for synthetic meat to replace animals and in February, 2021, the so predictable psychopath Bill Gates called for the introduction of synthetic meat to save us all from 'climate change'. The climate hoax just keeps on giving like the 'Covid' hoax. The war on meat by vegan activists is a carbon (oops, sorry) copy of the manipulation of transgender activists. They have no idea (except their inner core) that they are being used to promote and impose the agenda of the Cult or that they are only the *vehicle* and not the *reason*. This is not to say those who choose not to eat meat shouldn't be respected and supported in that right, but there are ulterior motives

for those in power. A *Forbes* article in December, 2019, highlighted the plan so beloved of Schwab and the Cult under the heading: 'What Is The Internet of Bodies? And How Is It Changing Our World?' The article said the human body is the latest data platform (remember 'our vaccine is an operating system'). *Forbes* described the plan very accurately and the words could have come straight out of my books from long before:

The Internet of Bodies (IoB) is an extension of the IoT and basically connects the human body to a network through devices that are ingested, implanted, or connected to the body in some way. Once connected, data can be exchanged, and the body and device can be remotely monitored and controlled.

They were really describing a human hive mind with human perception centrally-dictated via an AI connection as well as allowing people to be 'remotely monitored and controlled'. Everything from a fridge to a human mind could be directed from a central point by these insane psychopaths and 'Covid vaccines' are crucial to this. *Forbes* explained the process I mentioned earlier of holdable and wearable technology followed by implantable. The article said there were three generations of the Internet of Bodies that include:

- Body external: These are wearable devices such as Apple Watches or Fitbits that can monitor our health.
- Body internal: These include pacemakers, cochlear implants, and digital pills that go inside our bodies to monitor or control various aspects of health.
- Body embedded: The third generation of the Internet of Bodies is embedded technology where technology and the human body are melded together and have a real-time connection to a remote machine.

*Forbes* noted the development of the Brain Computer Interface (BCI) which merges the brain with an external device for monitoring and controlling in real-time. 'The ultimate goal is to help restore function to individuals with disabilities by using brain signals rather than conventional neuromuscular pathways.' Oh, do fuck off. The goal of brain interface technology is controlling human thought and emotion from the central point in a hive mind serving its masters wishes. Many people are now agreeing to be chipped to open doors without a key. You can recognise them because they'll be wearing a mask, social distancing and lining up for the 'vaccine'. The Cult plans a Great Reset money system after they have completed the demolition of the global economy in which 'money' will be exchanged through communication with body operating systems. Rand Corporation, a Cult-owned think tank, said of the Internet of Bodies or IoB:

Internet of Bodies technologies fall under the broader IoT umbrella. But as the name suggests, IoB devices introduce an even more intimate interplay between humans and gadgets. IoB devices monitor the human body, collect health metrics and other personal information, and transmit those data over the Internet. Many devices, such as fitness trackers, are already in use ... IoB devices ... and those in development can track, record, and store users' whereabouts, bodily functions, and what they see, hear, and even think.

Schwab's World Economic Forum, a long-winded way of saying 'fascism' or 'the Cult', has gone full-on with the Internet of Bodies in the 'Covid' era. 'We're entering the era of the Internet of Bodies', it declared, 'collecting our physical data via a range of devices that can be implanted, swallowed or worn'. The result would be a huge amount of health-related data that could improve human wellbeing around the world, and prove crucial in fighting the 'Covid-19 pandemic'. Does anyone think these clowns care about 'human wellbeing' after the death and devastation their pandemic hoax has purposely caused? Schwab and co say we should move forward with the Internet of Bodies because 'Keeping track of symptoms could help us stop the spread of infection, and quickly detect new cases'. How wonderful, but keeping track' is all they are really bothered

about. Researchers were investigating if data gathered from smartwatches and similar devices could be used as viral infection alerts by tracking the user's heart rate and breathing. Schwab said in his 2018 book *Shaping the Future of the Fourth Industrial Revolution*:

The lines between technologies and beings are becoming blurred and not just by the ability to create lifelike robots or synthetics. Instead it is about the ability of new technologies to literally become part of us. Technologies already influence how we understand ourselves, how we think about each other, and how we determine our realities. As the technologies ... give us deeper access to parts of ourselves, we may begin to integrate digital technologies into our bodies.

You can see what the game is. Twenty-four hour control and people – if you could still call them that – would never know when something would go ping and take them out of circulation. It's the most obvious rush to a global fascist dictatorship and the complete submission of humanity and yet still so many are locked away in their Cult-induced perceptual coma and can't see it.

### **Smart Grid control centres**

The human body is being transformed by the 'vaccines' and in other ways into a synthetic cyborg that can be attached to the global Smart Grid which would be controlled from a central point and other sub-locations of Grid manipulation. Where are these planned to be? Well, China for a start which is one of the Cult's biggest centres of operation. The technological control system and technocratic rule was incubated here to be unleashed across the world after the 'Covid' hoax came out of China in 2020. Another Smart Grid location that will surprise people new to this is Israel. I have exposed in *The Trigger* how Sabbatian technocrats, intelligence and military operatives were behind the horrors of 9/11 and not 19 Arab hijackers' who somehow manifested the ability to pilot big passenger airliners when instructors at puddle-jumping flying schools described some of them as a joke. The 9/11 attacks were made possible through control of civilian and military air computer systems and those of the White House, Pentagon and connected agencies. See *The Trigger* – it

will blow your mind. The controlling and coordinating force were the Sabbatian networks in Israel and the United States which by then had infiltrated the entire US government, military and intelligence system. The real name of the American Deep State is 'Sabbatian State'. Israel is a tiny country of only nine million people, but it is one of the global centres of cyber operations and fast catching Silicon Valley in importance to the Cult. Israel is known as the 'start-up nation' for all the cyber companies spawned there with the Sabbatian specialisation of 'cyber security' that I mentioned earlier which gives those companies access to computer systems of their clients in real time through 'backdoors' written into the coding when security software is downloaded. The Sabbatian centre of cyber operations outside Silicon Valley is the Israeli military Cyber Intelligence Unit, the biggest infrastructure project in Israel's history, headquartered in the desert-city of Beersheba and involving some 20,000 'cyber soldiers'. Here are located a literal army of Internet trolls scanning social media, forums and comment lists for anyone challenging the Cult agenda. The UK military has something similar with its 77th Brigade and associated operations. The Beersheba complex includes research and development centres for other Cult operations such as Intel, Microsoft, IBM, Google, Apple, Hewlett-Packard, Cisco Systems, Facebook and Motorola. [Techcrunch.com](http://Techcrunch.com) ran an article about the Beersheba global Internet technology centre headlined 'Israel's desert city of Beersheba is turning into a cybertech oasis':

The military's massive relocation of its prestigious technology units, the presence of multinational and local companies, a close proximity to Ben Gurion University and generous government subsidies are turning Beersheba into a major global cybertech hub. Beersheba has all of the ingredients of a vibrant security technology ecosystem, including Ben Gurion University with its graduate program in cybersecurity and Cyber Security Research Center, and the presence of companies such as EMC, Deutsche Telekom, PayPal, Oracle, IBM, and Lockheed Martin. It's also the future home of the INCB (Israeli National Cyber Bureau); offers a special income tax incentive for cyber security companies, and was the site for the relocation of the army's intelligence corps units.

Sabbatians have taken over the cyber world through the following process: They scan the schools for likely cyber talent and develop them at Ben Gurion University and their period of conscription in the Israeli Defense Forces when they are stationed at the Beersheba complex. When the cyber talented officially leave the army they are funded to start cyber companies with technology developed by themselves or given to them by the state. Much of this is stolen through backdoors of computer systems around the world with America top of the list. Others are sent off to Silicon Valley to start companies or join the major ones and so we have many major positions filled by apparently 'Jewish' but really Sabbatian operatives. Google, YouTube and Facebook are all run by 'Jewish' CEOs while Twitter is all but run by ultra-Zionist hedge-fund shark Paul Singer. At the centre of the Sabbatian global cyber web is the Israeli army's Unit 8200 which specialises in hacking into computer systems of other countries, inserting viruses, gathering information, instigating malfunction, and even taking control of them from a distance. A long list of Sabbatians involved with 9/11, Silicon Valley and Israeli cyber security companies are operatives of Unit 8200. This is not about Israel. It's about the Cult. Israel is planned to be a Smart Grid hub as with China and what is happening at Beersheba is not for the benefit of Jewish people who are treated disgustingly by the Sabbatian elite that control the country. A glance at the Nuremberg Codes will tell you that.

The story is much bigger than 'Covid', important as that is to where we are being taken. Now, though, it's time to really strap in. There's more ... much more ...

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### Who controls the Cult?

*Awake, arise or be forever fall'n*  
John Milton, *Paradise Lost*

I have exposed this far the level of the Cult conspiracy that operates in the world of the seen and within the global secret society and satanic network which operates in the shadows one step back from the seen. The story, however, goes much deeper than that.

The 'Covid' hoax is major part of the Cult agenda, but only part, and to grasp the biggest picture we have to expand our attention beyond the realm of human sight and into the infinity of possibility that we cannot see. It is from here, ultimately, that humanity is being manipulated into a state of total control by the force which dictates the actions of the Cult. How much of reality can we see? Next to damn all is the answer. We may appear to see all there is to see in the 'space' our eyes survey and observe, but little could be further from the truth. The human 'world' is only a tiny band of frequency that the body's visual and perceptual systems can decode into *perception* of a 'world'. According to mainstream science the electromagnetic spectrum is 0.005 percent of what exists in the Universe (Fig 10). The maximum estimate I have seen is 0.5 percent and either way it's miniscule. I say it is far, far, smaller even than 0.005 percent when you compare reality we see with the totality of reality that we don't. Now get this if you are new to such information: Visible light, the only band of frequency that we can see, is a *fraction* of the 0.005

percent (Fig 11 overleaf). Take this further and realise that our universe is one of infinite universes and that universes are only a fragment of overall reality – *infinite* reality. Then compare that with the almost infinitesimal frequency band of visible light or human sight. You see that humans are as near blind as it is possible to be without actually being so. Artist and filmmaker, Sergio Toporek, said:

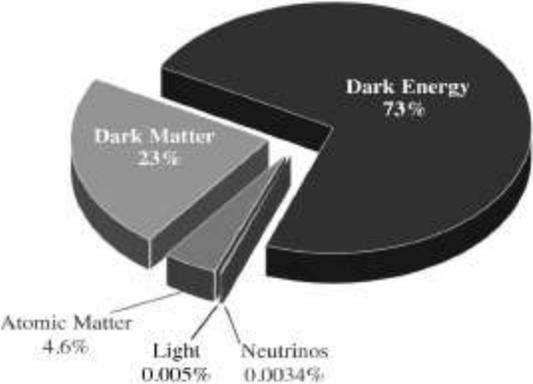


Figure 10: Humans can perceive such a tiny band of visual reality it's laughable.

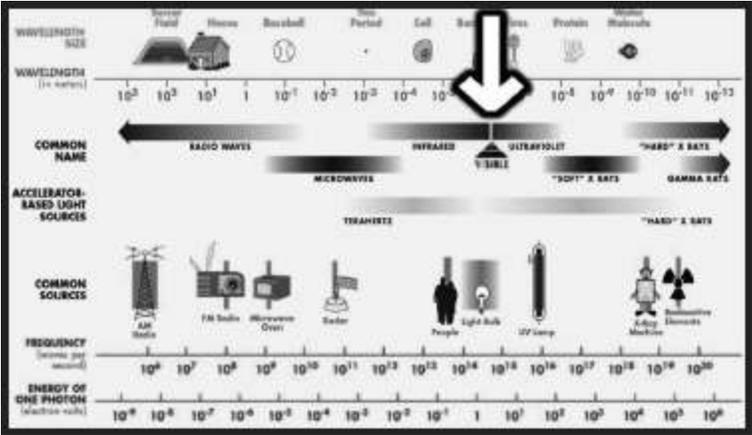


Figure 11: We can see a smear of the 0.005 percent electromagnetic spectrum, but we still know it all. Yep, makes sense.

Consider that you can see less than 1% of the electromagnetic spectrum and hear less than 1% of the acoustic spectrum. 90% of the cells in your body carry their own microbial DNA and are not 'you'. The atoms in your body are 99.999999999999999% empty space and none of them are the ones you were born with ... Human beings have 46 chromosomes, two less than a potato.

The existence of the rainbow depends on the conical photoreceptors in your eyes; to animals without cones, the rainbow does not exist. So you don't just look at a rainbow, you create it. This is pretty amazing, especially considering that all the beautiful colours you see represent less than 1% of the electromagnetic spectrum.

Suddenly the 'world' of humans looks a very different place. Take into account, too, that Planet Earth when compared with the projected size of this single universe is the equivalent of a billionth of a pinhead. Imagine the ratio that would be when compared to infinite reality. To think that Christianity once insisted that Earth and humanity were the centre of everything. This background is vital if we are going to appreciate the nature of 'human' and how we can be manipulated by an unseen force. To human visual reality virtually *everything* is unseen and yet the prevailing perception within the institutions and so much of the public is that if we can't see it, touch it, hear it, taste it and smell it then it cannot exist. Such perception is indoctrinated and encouraged by the Cult and its agents because it isolates believers in the strictly limited, village-idiot, realm of the five senses where perceptions can be firewalled and information controlled. Most of those perpetuating the 'this-world-is-all-there-is' insanity are themselves indoctrinated into believing the same delusion. While major players and influencers know that official reality is laughable most of those in science, academia and medicine really believe the nonsense they peddle and teach succeeding generations. Those who challenge the orthodoxy are dismissed as nutters and freaks to protect the manufactured illusion from exposure. Observe the dynamic of the 'Covid' hoax and you will see how that takes the same form. The inner-circle psychopaths knows it's a gigantic scam, but almost the entirety of those imposing their fascist rules believe that 'Covid' is all that they're told it is.

## **Stolen identity**

Ask people who they are and they will give you their name, place of birth, location, job, family background and life story. Yet that is not who they are – it is what they are *experiencing*. The difference is *absolutely crucial*. The true 'I', the eternal, infinite 'I', is consciousness,

a state of being aware. Forget 'form'. That is a vehicle for a brief experience. Consciousness does not come *from* the brain, but *through* the brain and even that is more symbolic than literal. We are awareness, pure awareness, and this is what withdraws from the body at what we call 'death' to continue our eternal beingness, *isness*, in other realms of reality within the limitlessness of infinity or the Biblical 'many mansions in my father's house'. Labels of a human life, man, woman, transgender, black, white, brown, nationality, circumstances and income are not who we are. They are what we are – awareness – is *experiencing* in a brief connection with a band of frequency we call 'human'. The labels are not the self; they are, to use the title of one of my books, a *Phantom Self*. I am not David Icke born in Leicester, England, on April 29th, 1952. I am the consciousness *having that experience*. The Cult and its non-human masters seek to convince us through the institutions of 'education', science, medicine, media and government that what we are *experiencing* is who we *are*. It's so easy to control and direct perception locked away in the bewildered illusions of the five senses with no expanded radar. Try, by contrast, doing the same with a humanity aware of its true self and its true power to consciously create its reality and experience. How is it possible to do this? We do it all day every day. If you perceive yourself as 'little me' with no power to impact upon your life and the world then your life experience will reflect that. You will hand the power you don't think you have to authority in all its forms which will use it to control your experience. This, in turn, will appear to confirm your perception of 'little me' in a self-fulfilling feedback loop. But that is what 'little me' really is – a *perception*. We are all 'big-me', infinite me, and the Cult has to make us forget that if its will is to prevail. We are therefore manipulated and pressured into self-identifying with human labels and not the consciousness/awareness *experiencing* those human labels.

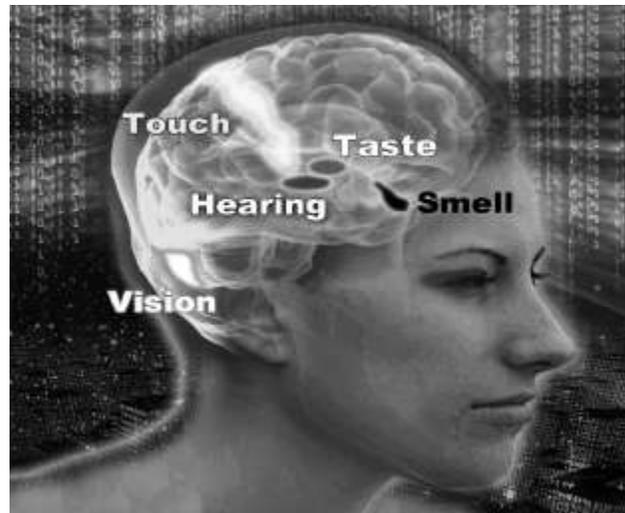
The phenomenon of identity politics is a Cult-instigated manipulation technique to sub-divide previous labels into even smaller ones. A United States university employs this list of letters to

describe student identity: LGBTTQQFAGPBDSM or lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender, transsexual, queer, questioning, flexual, asexual, gender-fuck, polyamorous, bondage/discipline, dominance/submission and sadism/masochism. I'm sure other lists are even longer by now as people feel the need to self-identity the 'I' with the minutiae of race and sexual preference. Wokers programmed by the Cult for generations believe this is about 'inclusivity' when it's really the Cult locking them away into smaller and smaller versions of Phantom Self while firewalling them from the influence of their true self, the infinite, eternal 'I'. You may notice that my philosophy which contends that we are all unique points of attention/awareness within the same infinite whole or Oneness is the ultimate non-racism. The very sense of Oneness makes the judgement of people by their body-type, colour or sexuality utterly ridiculous and confirms that racism has no understanding of reality (including anti-white racism). Yet despite my perception of life Cult agents and fast-asleep Wokers label me racist to discredit my information while they are themselves phenomenally racist and sexist. All they see is race and sexuality and they judge people as good or bad, demons or untouchables, by their race and sexuality. All they see is *Phantom Self* and perceive themselves in terms of Phantom Self. They are pawns and puppets of the Cult agenda to focus attention and self-identity in the five senses and play those identities against each other to divide and rule. Columbia University has introduced segregated graduations in another version of social distancing designed to drive people apart and teach them that different racial and cultural groups have nothing in common with each other. The last thing the Cult wants is unity. Again the pump-primers of this will be Cult operatives in the knowledge of what they are doing, but the rest are just the Phantom Self blind leading the Phantom Self blind. We *do* have something in common – we are all *the same consciousness* having different temporary experiences.

## **What is this 'human'?**

Yes, what *is* 'human'? That is what we are supposed to be, right? I mean 'human'? True, but 'human' is the experience not the 'I'. Break it down to basics and 'human' is the way that information is processed. If we are to experience and interact with this band of frequency we call the 'world' we must have a vehicle that operates within that band of frequency. Our consciousness in its prime form cannot do that; it is way beyond the frequency of the human realm. My consciousness or awareness could not tap these keys and pick up the cup in front of me in the same way that radio station A cannot interact with radio station B when they are on different frequencies. The human body is the means through which we have that interaction. I have long described the body as a biological computer which processes information in a way that allows consciousness to experience this reality. The body is a receiver, transmitter and processor of information in a particular way that we call human. We visually perceive only the world of the five senses in a wakened state – that is the limit of the body's visual decoding system. In truth it's not even visual in the way we experience 'visual reality' as I will come to in a moment. We are 'human' because the body processes the information sources of human into a reality and behaviour system that we *perceive* as human. Why does an elephant act like an elephant and not like a human or a duck? The elephant's biological computer is a different information field and processes information according to that program into a visual and behaviour type we call an elephant. The same applies to everything in our reality. These body information fields are perpetuated through procreation (like making a copy of a software program). The Cult wants to break that cycle and intervene technologically to transform the human information field into one that will change what we call humanity. If it can change the human information field it will change the way that field processes information and change humanity both 'physically' and psychologically. Hence the *messenger* (information) RNA 'vaccines' and so much more that is targeting human genetics by changing the body's information – *messaging* – construct through food, drink, radiation, toxicity and other means.

Reality that we experience is nothing like reality as it really is in the same way that the reality people experience in virtual reality games is not the reality they are really living in. The game is only a decoded source of information that appears to be a reality. Our world is also an information construct – a *simulation* (more later). In its base form our reality is a wavefield of information much the same in theme as Wi-Fi. The five senses decode wavefield information into electrical information which they communicate to the brain to decode into holographic (illusory ‘physical’) information. Different parts of the brain specialise in decoding different senses and the information is fused into a reality that appears to be outside of us but is really inside the brain and the genetic structure in general (Fig 12 overleaf). DNA is a receiver-transmitter of information and a vital part of this decoding process and the body’s connection to other realities. Change DNA and you change the way we decode and connect with reality – see ‘Covid vaccines’. Think of computers decoding Wi-Fi. You have information encoded in a radiation field and the computer decodes that information into a very different form on the screen. You can’t see the Wi-Fi until its information is made manifest on the screen and the information on the screen is inside the computer and not outside. I have just described how we decode the ‘human world’. All five senses decode the waveform ‘Wi-Fi’ field into electrical signals and the brain (computer) constructs reality inside the brain and not outside – ‘You don’t just look at a rainbow, you create it’. Sound is a simple example. We don’t hear sound until the brain decodes it. Waveform sound waves are picked up by the hearing sense and communicated to the brain in an electrical form to be decoded into the sounds that we hear. Everything we hear is inside the brain along with everything we see, feel, smell and taste. Words and language are waveform fields generated by our vocal chords which pass through this process until they are decoded by the brain into words that we hear. Different languages are different frequency fields or sound waves generated by vocal chords. Late British philosopher Alan Watts said:



**Figure 12:** The brain receives information from the five senses and constructs from that our perceived reality.

[Without the brain] the world is devoid of light, heat, weight, solidity, motion, space, time or any other imaginable feature. All these phenomena are interactions, or transactions, of vibrations with a certain arrangement of neurons.

That's exactly what they are and scientist Robert Lanza describes in his book, *Biocentrism*, how we decode electromagnetic waves and energy into visual and 'physical' experience. He uses the example of a flame emitting photons, electromagnetic energy, each pulsing electrically and magnetically:

... these ... invisible electromagnetic waves strike a human retina, and if (and only if) the waves happen to measure between 400 and 700 nano meters in length from crest to crest, then their energy is just right to deliver a stimulus to the 8 million cone-shaped cells in the retina.

Each in turn send an electrical pulse to a neighbour neuron, and on up the line this goes, at 250 mph, until it reaches the ... occipital lobe of the brain, in the back of the head. There, a cascading complex of neurons fire from the incoming stimuli, and we subjectively perceive this experience as a yellow brightness occurring in a place we have been conditioned to call the 'external world'.

**You hear what you decode**

If a tree falls or a building collapses they make no noise unless someone is there to decode the energetic waves generated by the disturbance into what we call sound. Does a falling tree make a noise? Only if you hear it – *decode* it. Everything in our reality is a frequency field of information operating within the overall ‘Wi-Fi’ field that I call The Field. A vibrational disturbance is generated in The Field by the fields of the falling tree or building. These disturbance waves are what we decode into the sound of them falling. If no one is there to do that then neither will make any noise. Reality is created by the observer – *decoder* – and the *perceptions* of the observer affect the decoding process. For this reason different people – different *perceptions* – will perceive the same reality or situation in a different way. What one may perceive as a nightmare another will see as an opportunity. The question of why the Cult is so focused on controlling human perception now answers itself. All experienced reality is the act of decoding and we don’t experience Wi-Fi until it is decoded on the computer screen. The sight and sound of an Internet video is encoded in the Wi-Fi all around us, but we don’t see or hear it until the computer decodes that information. Taste, smell and touch are all phenomena of the brain as a result of the same process. We don’t taste, smell or feel anything except in the brain and there are pain relief techniques that seek to block the signal from the site of discomfort to the brain because if the brain doesn’t decode that signal we don’t feel pain. Pain is in the brain and only appears to be at the point of impact thanks to the feedback loop between them. We don’t see anything until electrical information from the sight senses is decoded in an area at the back of the brain. If that area is damaged we can go blind when our eyes are perfectly okay. So why do we go blind if we damage an eye? We damage the information processing between the waveform visual information and the visual decoding area of the brain. If information doesn’t reach the brain in a form it can decode then we can’t see the visual reality that it represents. What’s more the brain is decoding only a fraction of the information it receives and the rest is absorbed by the

sub-conscious mind. This explanation is from the science magazine, *Wonderpedia*:

Every second, 11 million sensations crackle along these [brain] pathways ... The brain is confronted with an alarming array of images, sounds and smells which it rigorously filters down until it is left with a manageable list of around 40. Thus 40 sensations per second make up what we perceive as reality.

The 'world' is not what people are told to believe that is it and the inner circles of the Cult *know that*.

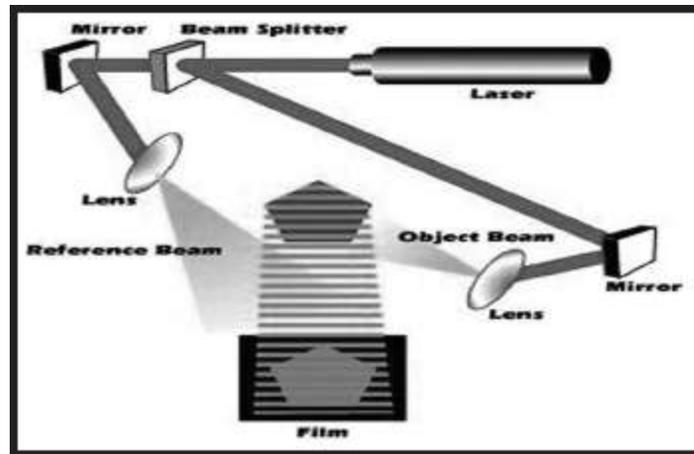
### **Illusory 'physical' reality**

We can only see a smear of 0.005 percent of the Universe which is only one of a vast array of universes – 'mansions' – within infinite reality. Even then the brain decodes only 40 pieces of information ('sensations') from a potential *11 million* that we receive every second. Two points strike you from this immediately: The sheer breathtaking stupidity of believing we know anything so rigidly that there's nothing more to know; and the potential for these processes to be manipulated by a malevolent force to control the reality of the population. One thing I can say for sure with no risk of contradiction is that when you can perceive an almost indescribable fraction of infinite reality there is always more to know as in tidal waves of it. Ancient Greek philosopher Socrates was so right when he said that wisdom is to know how little we know. How obviously true that is when you think that we are experiencing a physical world of solidity that is neither physical nor solid and a world of apartness when everything is connected. Cult-controlled 'science' dismisses the so-called 'paranormal' and all phenomena related to that when the 'para'-normal is perfectly normal and explains the alleged 'great mysteries' which dumbfound scientific minds. There is a reason for this. A 'scientific mind' in terms of the mainstream is a material mind, a five-sense mind imprisoned in see it, touch it, hear it, smell it and taste it. Phenomena and happenings that can't be explained that way leave the 'scientific mind' bewildered and the rule is that if they

can't account for why something is happening then it can't, by definition, be happening. I beg to differ. Telepathy is thought waves passing through The Field (think wave disturbance again) to be decoded by someone able to connect with that wavelength (information). For example: You can pick up the thought waves of a friend at any distance and at the very least that will bring them to mind. A few minutes later the friend calls you. 'My god', you say, 'that's incredible – I was just thinking of you.' Ah, but *they* were thinking of *you* before they made the call and that's what you decoded. Native peoples not entrapped in five-sense reality do this so well it became known as the 'bush telegraph'. Those known as psychics and mediums (genuine ones) are doing the same only across dimensions of reality. 'Mind over matter' comes from the fact that matter and mind are the *same*. The state of one influences the state of the other. Indeed one *and* the other are illusions. They are aspects of the same field. Paranormal phenomena are all explainable so why are they still considered 'mysteries' or not happening? Once you go down this road of understanding you begin to expand awareness beyond the five senses and that's the nightmare for the Cult.



**Figure 13:** Holograms are not solid, but the best ones appear to be.



**Figure 14:** How holograms are created by capturing a waveform version of the subject image.

### **Holographic 'solidity'**

Our reality is not solid, it is holographic. We are now well aware of holograms which are widely used today. Two-dimensional information is decoded into a three-dimensional reality that is not solid although can very much appear to be (Fig 13). Holograms are created with a laser divided into two parts. One goes directly onto a holographic photographic print ('reference beam') and the other takes a waveform image of the subject ('working beam') before being directed onto the print where it 'collides' with the other half of the laser (Fig 14). This creates a *waveform* interference pattern which contains the wavefield information of whatever is being photographed (Fig 15 overleaf). The process can be likened to dropping pebbles in a pond. Waves generated by each one spread out across the water to collide with the others and create a wave representation of where the stones fell and at what speed, weight and distance. A waveform interference pattern of a hologram is akin to the waveform information in The Field which the five senses decode into electrical signals to be decoded by the brain into a holographic illusory 'physical' reality. In the same way when a laser (think human attention) is directed at the waveform interference pattern a three-dimensional version of the subject is projected into apparently 'solid' reality (Fig 16). An amazing trait of holograms reveals more 'paranormal mysteries'. Information of the *whole*

hologram is encoded in waveform in every part of the interference pattern by the way they are created. This means that every *part* of a hologram is a smaller version of the whole. Cut the interference wave-pattern into four and you won't get four parts of the image. You get quarter-sized versions of the *whole* image. The body is a hologram and the same applies. Here we have the basis of acupuncture, reflexology and other forms of healing which identify representations of the whole body in all of the parts, hands, feet, ears, everywhere. Skilled palm readers can do what they do because the information of whole body is encoded in the hand. The concept of as above, so below, comes from this.



**Figure 15:** A waveform interference pattern that holds the information that transforms into a hologram.



**Figure 16:** Holographic people including 'Elvis' holographically inserted to sing a duet with Celine Dion.

The question will be asked of why, if solidity is illusory, we can't just walk through walls and each other. The resistance is not solid against solid; it is electromagnetic field against electromagnetic field and we decode this into the *experience* of solid against solid. We should also not underestimate the power of belief to dictate reality. What you believe is impossible *will be*. Your belief impacts on your decoding processes and they won't decode what you think is impossible. What we believe we perceive and what we perceive we experience. 'Can't dos' and 'impossibles' are like a firewall in a computer system that won't put on the screen what the firewall blocks. How vital that is to understanding how human experience has been hijacked. I explain in *The Answer, Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told* and other books a long list of 'mysteries' and 'paranormal' phenomena that are not mysterious and perfectly normal once you realise what reality is and how it works. 'Ghosts' can be seen to pass through 'solid' walls because the walls are not solid and the ghost is a discarnate entity operating on a frequency so different to that of the wall that it's like two radio stations sharing the same space while never interfering with each other. I have seen ghosts do this myself. The apartness of people and objects is also an illusion. Everything is connected by the Field like all sea life is connected by the sea. It's just that within the limits of our visual reality we only 'see' holographic information and not the field of information that connects everything and from which the holographic world is made manifest. If you can only see holographic 'objects' and not the field that connects them they will appear to you as unconnected to each other in the same way that we see the computer while not seeing the Wi-Fi.

### **What you don't know *can* hurt you**

Okay, we return to those 'two worlds' of human society and the Cult with its global network of interconnecting secret societies and satanic groups which manipulate through governments, corporations, media, religions, etc. The fundamental difference between them is *knowledge*. The idea has been to keep humanity

ignorant of the plan for its total enslavement underpinned by a crucial ignorance of reality – who we are and where we are – and how we interact with it. ‘Human’ should be the interaction between our expanded eternal consciousness and the five-sense body experience. We are meant to be *in* this world in terms of the five senses but not *of* this world in relation to our greater consciousness and perspective. In that state we experience the small picture of the five senses within the wider context of the big picture of awareness beyond the five senses. Put another way the five senses see the dots and expanded awareness connects them into pictures and patterns that give context to the apparently random and unconnected. Without the context of expanded awareness the five senses see only apartness and randomness with apparently no meaning. The Cult and its other-dimensional controllers seek to intervene in the frequency realm where five-sense reality is supposed to connect with expanded reality and to keep the two apart (more on this in the final chapter). When that happens five-sense mental and emotional processes are no longer influenced by expanded awareness, or the True ‘I’, and instead are driven by the isolated perceptions of the body’s decoding systems. They are in the world *and* of it. Here we have the human plight and why humanity with its potential for infinite awareness can be so easily manipulatable and descend into such extremes of stupidity.

Once the Cult isolates five-sense mind from expanded awareness it can then program the mind with perceptions and beliefs by controlling information that the mind receives through the ‘education’ system of the formative years and the media perceptual bombardment and censorship of an entire lifetime. Limit perception and a sense of the possible through limiting knowledge by limiting and skewing information while censoring and discrediting that which could set people free. As the title of another of my books says ... *And The Truth Shall Set You Free*. For this reason the last thing the Cult wants in circulation is the truth about anything – especially the reality of the eternal ‘I’ – and that’s why it is desperate to control information. The Cult knows that information becomes perception

which becomes behaviour which, collectively, becomes human society. Cult-controlled and funded mainstream 'science' denies the existence of an eternal 'I' and seeks to dismiss and trash all evidence to the contrary. Cult-controlled mainstream religion has a version of 'God' that is little more than a system of control and dictatorship that employs threats of damnation in an afterlife to control perceptions and behaviour in the here and now through fear and guilt. Neither is true and it's the 'neither' that the Cult wishes to suppress. This 'neither' is that everything is an expression, a point of attention, within an infinite state of consciousness which is the real meaning of the term 'God'.

Perceptual obsession with the 'physical body' and five-senses means that 'God' becomes personified as a bearded bloke sitting among the clouds or a raging bully who loves us if we do what 'he' wants and condemns us to the fires of hell if we don't. These are no more than a 'spiritual' fairy tales to control and dictate events and behaviour through fear of this 'God' which has bizarrely made 'God-fearing' in religious circles a state to be desired. I would suggest that fearing *anything* is not to be encouraged and celebrated, but rather deleted. You can see why 'God fearing' is so beneficial to the Cult and its religions when *they* decide what 'God' wants and what 'God' demands (the Cult demands) that everyone do. As the great American comedian Bill Hicks said satirising a Christian zealot: 'I think what God meant to say.' How much of this infinite awareness ('God') that we access is decided by how far we choose to expand our perceptions, self-identity and sense of the possible. The scale of self-identity reflects itself in the scale of awareness that we can connect with and are influenced by – how much knowing and insight we have instead of programmed perception. You cannot expand your awareness into the infinity of possibility when you believe that you are little me Peter the postman or Mary in marketing and nothing more. I'll deal with this in the concluding chapter because it's crucial to how we turnaround current events.

## **Where the Cult came from**

When I realised in the early 1990s there was a Cult network behind global events I asked the obvious question: When did it start? I took it back to ancient Rome and Egypt and on to Babylon and Sumer in Mesopotamia, the 'Land Between Two Rivers', in what we now call Iraq. The two rivers are the Tigris and Euphrates and this region is of immense historical and other importance to the Cult, as is the land called Israel only 550 miles away by air. There is much more going on with deep esoteric meaning across this whole region. It's not only about 'wars for oil'. Priceless artefacts from Mesopotamia were stolen or destroyed after the American and British invasion of Iraq in 2003 justified by the lies of Boy Bush and Tony Blair (their Cult masters) about non-existent 'weapons of mass destruction'.

Mesopotamia was the location of Sumer (about 5,400BC to 1,750BC), and Babylon (about 2,350BC to 539BC). Sabbatians may have become immensely influential in the Cult in modern times but they are part of a network that goes back into the mists of history. Sumer is said by historians to be the 'cradle of civilisation'. I disagree. I say it was the re-start of what we call human civilisation after cataclysmic events symbolised in part as the 'Great Flood' destroyed the world that existed before. These fantastic upheavals that I have been describing in detail in the books since the early 1990s appear in accounts and legends of ancient cultures across the world and they are supported by geological and biological evidence. Stone tablets found in Iraq detailing the Sumer period say the cataclysms were caused by non-human 'gods' they call the Anunnaki. These are described in terms of extraterrestrial visitations in which knowledge supplied by the Anunnaki is said to have been the source of at least one of the world's oldest writing systems and developments in astronomy, mathematics and architecture that were way ahead of their time. I have covered this subject at length in *The Biggest Secret* and *Children of the Matrix* and the same basic 'Anunnaki' story can be found in Zulu accounts in South Africa where the late and very great Zulu high shaman Credo Mutwa told me that the Sumerian Anunnaki were known by Zulus as the Chitauri or 'children of the serpent'. See my six-hour video interview with Credo on this subject entitled *The*

*Reptilian Agenda* recorded at his then home near Johannesburg in 1999 which you can watch on the Ickonic media platform.

The Cult emerged out of Sumer, Babylon and Egypt (and elsewhere) and established the Roman Empire before expanding with the Romans into northern Europe from where many empires were savagely imposed in the form of Cult-controlled societies all over the world. Mass death and destruction was their calling card. The Cult established its centre of operations in Europe and European Empires were Cult empires which allowed it to expand into a global force. Spanish and Portuguese colonialists headed for Central and South America while the British and French targeted North America. Africa was colonised by Britain, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Portugal, Spain, Italy, and Germany. Some like Britain and France moved in on the Middle East. The British Empire was by far the biggest for a simple reason. By now Britain was the headquarters of the Cult from which it expanded to form Canada, the United States, Australia and New Zealand. The Sun never set on the British Empire such was the scale of its occupation. London remains a global centre for the Cult along with Rome and the Vatican although others have emerged in Israel and China. It is no accident that the 'virus' is alleged to have come out of China while Italy was chosen as the means to terrify the Western population into compliance with 'Covid' fascism. Nor that Israel has led the world in 'Covid' fascism and mass 'vaccination'.

You would think that I would mention the United States here, but while it has been an important means of imposing the Cult's will it is less significant than would appear and is currently in the process of having what power it does have deleted. The Cult in Europe has mostly loaded the guns for the US to fire. America has been controlled from Europe from the start through Cult operatives in Britain and Europe. The American Revolution was an illusion to make it appear that America was governing itself while very different forces were pulling the strings in the form of Cult families such as the Rothschilds through the Rockefellers and other subordinates. The Rockefellers are extremely close to Bill Gates and

established both scalpel and drug 'medicine' and the World Health Organization. They play a major role in the development and circulation of vaccines through the Rockefeller Foundation on which Bill Gates said his Foundation is based. Why wouldn't this be the case when the Rockefellers and Gates are on the same team? Cult infiltration of human society goes way back into what we call history and has been constantly expanding and centralising power with the goal of establishing a global structure to dictate everything. Look how this has been advanced in great leaps with the 'Covid' hoax.

### **The non-human dimension**

I researched and observed the comings and goings of Cult operatives through the centuries and even thousands of years as they were born, worked to promote the agenda within the secret society and satanic networks, and then died for others to replace them. Clearly there had to be a coordinating force that spanned this entire period while operatives who would not have seen the end goal in their lifetimes came and went advancing the plan over millennia. I went in search of that coordinating force with the usual support from the extraordinary synchronicity of my life which has been an almost daily experience since 1990. I saw common themes in religious texts and ancient cultures about a non-human force manipulating human society from the hidden. Christianity calls this force Satan, the Devil and demons; Islam refers to the Jinn or Djinn; Zulus have their Chitauri (spelt in other ways in different parts of Africa); and the Gnostic people in Egypt in the period around and before 400AD referred to this phenomena as the 'Archons', a word meaning rulers in Greek. Central American cultures speak of the 'Predators' among other names and the same theme is everywhere. I will use 'Archons' as a collective name for all of them. When you see how their nature and behaviour is described all these different sources are clearly talking about the same force. Gnostics described the Archons in terms of 'luminous fire' while Islam relates the Jinn to 'smokeless fire'. Some refer to beings in form that could occasionally be seen, but the most common of common theme is that they operate from

unseen realms which means almost all existence to the visual processes of humans. I had concluded that this was indeed the foundation of human control and that the Cult was operating within the human frequency band on behalf of this hidden force when I came across the writings of Gnostics which supported my conclusions in the most extraordinary way.

A sealed earthen jar was found in 1945 near the town of Nag Hammadi about 75-80 miles north of Luxor on the banks of the River Nile in Egypt. Inside was a treasure trove of manuscripts and texts left by the Gnostic people some 1,600 years earlier. They included 13 leather-bound papyrus codices (manuscripts) and more than 50 texts written in Coptic Egyptian estimated to have been hidden in the jar in the period of 400AD although the source of the information goes back much further. Gnostics oversaw the Great or Royal Library of Alexandria, the fantastic depository of ancient texts detailing advanced knowledge and accounts of human history. The Library was dismantled and destroyed in stages over a long period with the death-blow delivered by the Cult-established Roman Church in the period around 415AD. The Church of Rome was the Church of Babylon relocated as I said earlier. Gnostics were not a race. They were a way of perceiving reality. Whenever they established themselves and their information circulated the terrorists of the Church of Rome would target them for destruction. This happened with the Great Library and with the Gnostic Cathars who were burned to death by the psychopaths after a long period of oppression at the siege of the Castle of Monségur in southern France in 1244. The Church has always been terrified of Gnostic information which demolishes the official Christian narrative although there is much in the Bible that supports the Gnostic view if you read it in another way. To anyone studying the texts of what became known as the Nag Hammadi Library it is clear that great swathes of Christian and Biblical belief has its origin with Gnostics sources going back to Sumer. Gnostic themes have been twisted to manipulate the perceived reality of Bible believers. Biblical texts have been in the open for centuries where they could be changed while Gnostic

documents found at Nag Hammadi were sealed away and untouched for 1,600 years. What you see is what they wrote.

### **Use your *pneuma* not your *nous***

Gnosticism and Gnostic come from 'gnosis' which means knowledge, or rather *secret* knowledge, in the sense of spiritual awareness – knowledge about reality and life itself. The desperation of the Cult's Church of Rome to destroy the Gnostics can be understood when the knowledge they were circulating was the last thing the Cult wanted the population to know. Sixteen hundred years later the same Cult is working hard to undermine and silence me for the same reason. The dynamic between knowledge and ignorance is a constant. 'Time' appears to move on, but essential themes remain the same. We are told to 'use your nous', a Gnostic word for head/brain/intelligence. They said, however, that spiritual awakening or 'salvation' could only be secured by expanding awareness *beyond* what they called *nous* and into *pneuma* or Infinite Self. Obviously as I read these texts the parallels with what I have been saying since 1990 were fascinating to me. There is a universal truth that spans human history and in that case why wouldn't we be talking the same language 16 centuries apart? When you free yourself from the perception program of the five senses and explore expanded realms of consciousness you are going to connect with the same information no matter what the perceived 'era' within a manufactured timeline of a single and tiny range of manipulated frequency. Humans working with 'smart' technology or knocking rocks together in caves is only a timeline appearing to operate within the human frequency band. Expanded awareness and the knowledge it holds have always been there whether the era be Stone Age or computer age. We can only access that knowledge by opening ourselves to its frequency which the five-sense prison cell is designed to stop us doing. Gates, Fauci, Whitty, Vallance, Zuckerberg, Brin, Page, Wojcicki, Bezos, and all the others behind the 'Covid' hoax clearly have a long wait before their range of frequency can make that connection given that an open heart is

crucial to that as we shall see. Instead of accessing knowledge directly through expanded awareness it is given to Cult operatives by the secret society networks of the Cult where it has been passed on over thousands of years outside the public arena. Expanded realms of consciousness is where great artists, composers and writers find their inspiration and where truth awaits anyone open enough to connect with it. We need to go there fast.

## **Archon hijack**

A fifth of the Nag Hammadi texts describe the existence and manipulation of the Archons led by a 'Chief Archon' they call 'Yaldabaoth', or the 'Demiurge', and this is the Christian 'Devil', 'Satan', 'Lucifer', and his demons. Archons in Biblical symbolism are the 'fallen ones' which are also referred to as fallen angels after the angels expelled from heaven according to the Abrahamic religions of Judaism, Christianity and Islam. These angels are claimed to tempt humans to 'sin' ongoing and you will see how accurate that symbolism is during the rest of the book. The theme of 'original sin' is related to the 'Fall' when Adam and Eve were 'tempted by the serpent' and fell from a state of innocence and 'obedience' (connection) with God into a state of disobedience (disconnection). The Fall is said to have brought sin into the world and corrupted everything including human nature. Yaldabaoth, the 'Lord Archon', is described by Gnostics as a 'counterfeit spirit', 'The Blind One', 'The Blind God', and 'The Foolish One'. The Jewish name for Yaldabaoth in Talmudic writings is Samael which translates as 'Poison of God', or 'Blindness of God'. You see the parallels. Yaldabaoth in Islamic belief is the Muslim Jinn devil known as Shaytan – Shaytan is Satan as the same themes are found all over the world in every religion and culture. The 'Lord God' of the Old Testament is the 'Lord Archon' of Gnostic manuscripts and that's why he's such a bloodthirsty bastard. Satan is known by Christians as 'the Demon of Demons' and Gnostics called Yaldabaoth the 'Archon of Archons'. Both are known as 'The Deceiver'. We are talking about the same 'bloke' for sure and these common themes

using different names, storylines and symbolism tell a common tale of the human plight.

Archons are referred to in Nag Hammadi documents as mind parasites, inverters, guards, gatekeepers, detainers, judges, pitiless ones and deceivers. The 'Covid' hoax alone is a glaring example of all these things. The Biblical 'God' is so different in the Old and New Testaments because they are not describing the same phenomenon. The vindictive, angry, hate-filled, 'God' of the Old Testament, known as Yahweh, is Yaldabaoth who is depicted in Cult-dictated popular culture as the 'Dark Lord', 'Lord of Time', Lord (Darth) Vader and Dormammu, the evil ruler of the 'Dark Dimension' trying to take over the 'Earth Dimension' in the Marvel comic movie, *Dr Strange*. Yaldabaoth is both the Old Testament 'god' and the Biblical 'Satan'. Gnostics referred to Yaldabaoth as the 'Great Architect of the Universe' and the Cult-controlled Freemason network calls their god 'the 'Great Architect of the Universe' (also Grand Architect). The 'Great Architect' Yaldabaoth is symbolised by the Cult as the all-seeing eye at the top of the pyramid on the Great Seal of the United States and the dollar bill. Archon is encoded in *arch*-itect as it is in *arch*-angels and *arch*-bishops. All religions have the theme of a force for good and force for evil in some sort of spiritual war and there is a reason for that – the theme is true. The Cult and its non-human masters are quite happy for this to circulate. They present themselves as the force for good fighting evil when they are really the force of evil (absence of love). The whole foundation of Cult modus operandi is inversion. They promote themselves as a force for good and anyone challenging them in pursuit of peace, love, fairness, truth and justice is condemned as a satanic force for evil. This has been the game plan throughout history whether the Church of Rome inquisitions of non-believers or 'conspiracy theorists' and 'anti-vaxxers' of today. The technique is the same whatever the timeline era.

**Yaldabaoth is revolting (true)**

Yaldabaoth and the Archons are said to have revolted against God with Yaldabaoth claiming to *be* God – the *All That Is*. The Old Testament ‘God’ (Yaldabaoth) demanded to be worshipped as such: ‘*I am the LORD, and there is none else, there is no God beside me*’ (Isaiah 45:5). I have quoted in other books a man who said he was the unofficial son of the late Baron Philippe de Rothschild of the Mouton-Rothschild wine producing estates in France who died in 1988 and he told me about the Rothschild ‘revolt from God’. The man said he was given the name Phillip Eugene de Rothschild and we shared long correspondence many years ago while he was living under another identity. He said that he was conceived through ‘occult incest’ which (within the Cult) was ‘normal and to be admired’. ‘Phillip’ told me about his experience attending satanic rituals with rich and famous people whom he names and you can see them and the wider background to Cult Satanism in my other books starting with *The Biggest Secret*. Cult rituals are interactions with Archontic ‘gods’. ‘Phillip’ described Baron Philippe de Rothschild as ‘a master Satanist and hater of God’ and he used the same term ‘revolt from God’ associated with Yaldabaoth/Satan/Lucifer/the Devil in describing the Sabbatian Rothschild dynasty. ‘I played a key role in my family’s revolt from God’, he said. That role was to infiltrate in classic Sabbatian style the Christian Church, but eventually he escaped the mind-prison to live another life. The Cult has been targeting religion in a plan to make worship of the Archons the global one-world religion. Infiltration of Satanism into modern ‘culture’, especially among the young, through music videos, stage shows and other means, is all part of this.

Nag Hammadi texts describe Yaldabaoth and the Archons in their prime form as energy – consciousness – and say they can take form if they choose in the same way that consciousness takes form as a human. Yaldabaoth is called ‘formless’ and represents a deeply inverted, distorted and chaotic state of consciousness which seeks to attach to humans and turn them into a likeness of itself in an attempt at assimilation. For that to happen it has to manipulate

humans into low frequency mental and emotional states that match its own. Archons can certainly appear in human form and this is the origin of the psychopathic personality. The energetic distortion Gnostics called Yaldabaoth is psychopathy. When psychopathic Archons take human form that human will be a psychopath as an expression of Yaldabaoth consciousness. Cult psychopaths are Archons in human form. The principle is the same as that portrayed in the 2009 *Avatar* movie when the American military travelled to a fictional Earth-like moon called Pandora in the Alpha Centauri star system to infiltrate a society of blue people, or Na'vi, by hiding within bodies that looked like the Na'vi. Archons posing as humans have a particular hybrid information field, part human, part Archon, (the ancient 'demigods') which processes information in a way that manifests behaviour to match their psychopathic evil, lack of empathy and compassion, and stops them being influenced by the empathy, compassion and love that a fully-human information field is capable of expressing. Cult bloodlines interbreed, be they royalty or dark suits, for this reason and you have their obsession with incest. Interbreeding with full-blown humans would dilute the Archontic energy field that guarantees psychopathy in its representatives in the human realm.

Gnostic writings say the main non-human forms that Archons take are *serpentine* (what I have called for decades 'reptilian' amid unbounded ridicule from the Archontically-programmed) and what Gnostics describe as 'an unborn baby or foetus with grey skin and dark, unmoving eyes'. This is an excellent representation of the ET 'Greys' of UFO folklore which large numbers of people claim to have seen and been abducted by – Zulu shaman Credo Mutwa among them. I agree with those that believe in extraterrestrial or interdimensional visitations today and for thousands of years past. No wonder with their advanced knowledge and technological capability they were perceived and worshipped as gods for technological and other 'miracles' they appeared to perform. Imagine someone arriving in a culture disconnected from the modern world with a smartphone and computer. They would be

seen as a 'god' capable of 'miracles'. The Renegade Mind, however, wants to know the source of everything and not only the way that source manifests as human or non-human. In the same way that a Renegade Mind seeks the original source material for the 'Covid virus' to see if what is claimed is true. The original source of Archons in form is consciousness – the distorted state of consciousness known to Gnostics as Yaldabaoth.

### **'Revolt from God' is energetic disconnection**

Where I am going next will make a lot of sense of religious texts and ancient legends relating to 'Satan', Lucifer' and the 'gods'. Gnostic descriptions sync perfectly with the themes of my own research over the years in how they describe a consciousness distortion seeking to impose itself on human consciousness. I've referred to the core of infinite awareness in previous books as Infinite Awareness in Awareness of Itself. By that I mean a level of awareness that knows that it is all awareness and is aware of all awareness. From here comes the frequency of love in its true sense and balance which is what love is on one level – the balance of all forces into a single whole called Oneness and Isness. The more we disconnect from this state of love that many call 'God' the constituent parts of that Oneness start to unravel and express themselves as a part and not a whole. They become individualised as intellect, mind, selfishness, hatred, envy, desire for power over others, and such like. This is not a problem in the greater scheme in that 'God', the *All That Is*, can experience all these possibilities through different expressions of itself including humans. What we as expressions of the whole experience the *All That Is* experiences. We are the *All That Is* experiencing itself. As we withdraw from that state of Oneness we disconnect from its influence and things can get very unpleasant and very stupid. Archontic consciousness is at the extreme end of that. It has so disconnected from the influence of Oneness that it has become an inversion of unity and love, an inversion of everything, an inversion of life itself. Evil is appropriately live written backwards. Archontic consciousness is obsessed with death, an inversion of life,

and so its manifestations in Satanism are obsessed with death. They use inverted symbols in their rituals such as the inverted pentagram and cross. Sabbatians as Archontic consciousness incarnate invert Judaism and every other religion and culture they infiltrate. They seek disunity and chaos and they fear unity and harmony as they fear love like garlic to a vampire. As a result the Cult, Archons incarnate, act with such evil, psychopathy and lack of empathy and compassion disconnected as they are from the source of love. How could Bill Gates and the rest of the Archontic psychopaths do what they have to human society in the 'Covid' era with all the death, suffering and destruction involved and have no emotional consequence for the impact on others? Now you know. Why have Zuckerberg, Brin, Page, Wojcicki and company callously censored information warning about the dangers of the 'vaccine' while thousands have been dying and having severe, sometimes life-changing reactions? Now you know. Why have Tedros, Fauci, Whitty, Vallance and their like around the world been using case and death figures they're aware are fraudulent to justify lockdowns and all the deaths and destroyed lives that have come from that? Now you know. Why did Christian Drosten produce and promote a 'testing' protocol that he knew couldn't test for infectious disease which led to a global human catastrophe. Now you know. The Archontic mind doesn't give a shit ([Fig 17](#)). I personally think that Gates and major Cult insiders are a form of AI cyborg that the Archons want humans to become.

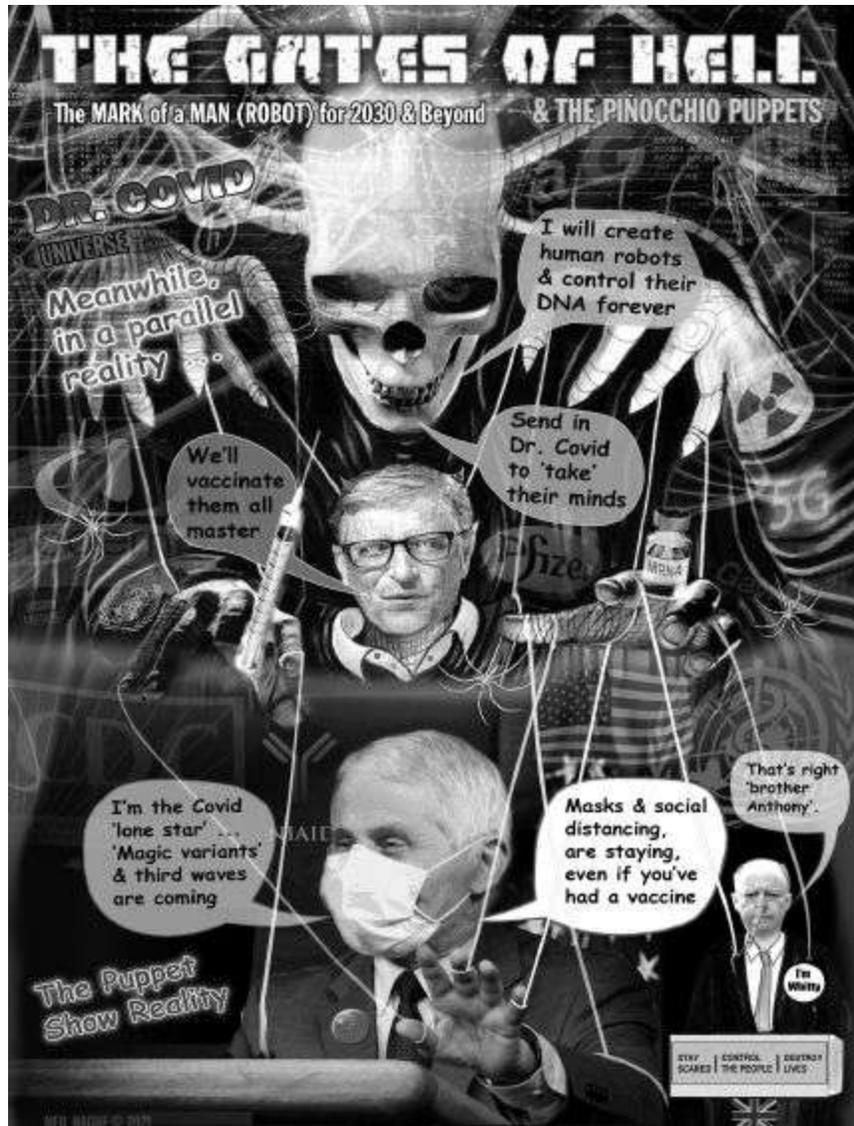


Figure 17: Artist Neil Hague's version of the 'Covid' hierarchy.

## Human batteries

A state of such inversion does have its consequences, however. The level of disconnection from the Source of All means that you withdraw from that source of energetic sustenance and creativity. This means that you have to find your own supply of energetic power and it has – us. When the Morpheus character in the first *Matrix* movie held up a battery he spoke a profound truth when he said: 'The Matrix is a computer-generated dream world built to keep us under control in order to change the human being into one of

these.’ The statement was true in all respects. We do live in a technologically-generated virtual reality simulation (more very shortly) and we have been manipulated to be an energy source for Archontic consciousness. The Disney-Pixar animated movie *Monsters, Inc.* in 2001 symbolised the dynamic when monsters in their world had no energy source and they would enter the human world to terrify children in their beds, catch the child’s scream, terror (low-vibrational frequencies), and take that energy back to power the monster world. The lead character you might remember was a single giant eye and the symbolism of the Cult’s all-seeing eye was obvious. Every thought and emotion is broadcast as a frequency unique to that thought and emotion. Feelings of love and joy, empathy and compassion, are high, quick, frequencies while fear, depression, anxiety, suffering and hate are low, slow, dense frequencies. Which kind do you think Archontic consciousness can connect with and absorb? In such a low and dense frequency state there’s no way it can connect with the energy of love and joy. Archons can only feed off energy compatible with their own frequency and they and their Cult agents want to delete the human world of love and joy and manipulate the transmission of low vibrational frequencies through low-vibrational human mental and emotional states. *We are their energy source.* Wars are energetic banquets to the Archons – a world war even more so – and think how much low-frequency mental and emotional energy has been generated from the consequences for humanity of the ‘Covid’ hoax orchestrated by Archons incarnate like Gates.

The ancient practice of human sacrifice ‘to the gods’, continued in secret today by the Cult, is based on the same principle. ‘The gods’ are Archontic consciousness in different forms and the sacrifice is induced into a state of intense terror to generate the energy the Archontic frequency can absorb. Incarnate Archons in the ritual drink the blood which contains an adrenaline they crave which floods into the bloodstream when people are terrorised. Most of the sacrifices, ancient and modern, are children and the theme of ‘sacrificing young virgins to the gods’ is just code for children. They

have a particular pre-puberty energy that Archons want more than anything and the energy of the young in general is their target. The California Department of Education wants students to chant the names of Aztec gods (Archontic gods) once worshipped in human sacrifice rituals in a curriculum designed to encourage them to 'challenge racist, bigoted, discriminatory, imperialist/colonial beliefs', join 'social movements that struggle for social justice', and 'build new possibilities for a post-racist, post-systemic racism society'. It's the usual Woke crap that inverts racism and calls it anti-racism. In this case solidarity with 'indigenous tribes' is being used as an excuse to chant the names of 'gods' to which people were sacrificed (and still are in secret). What an example of Woke's inability to see beyond black and white, us and them, They condemn the colonisation of these tribal cultures by Europeans (quite right), but those cultures sacrificing people including children to their 'gods', and mass murdering untold numbers as the Aztecs did, is just fine. One chant is to the Aztec god Tezcatlipoca who had a man sacrificed to him in the 5th month of the Aztec calendar. His heart was cut out and he was eaten. Oh, that's okay then. Come on children ... after three ... Other sacrificial 'gods' for the young to chant their allegiance include Quetzalcoatl, Huitzilopochtli and Xipe Totec. The curriculum says that 'chants, affirmations, and energizers can be used to bring the class together, build unity around ethnic studies principles and values, and to reinvigorate the class following a lesson that may be emotionally taxing or even when student engagement may appear to be low'. Well, that's the cover story, anyway. Chanting and mantras are the repetition of a particular frequency generated from the vocal cords and chanting the names of these Archontic 'gods' tunes you into their frequency. That is the last thing you want when it allows for energetic synchronisation, attachment and perceptual influence. Initiates chant the names of their 'Gods' in their rituals for this very reason.

## **Vampires of the Woke**

Paedophilia is another way that Archons absorb the energy of children. Paedophiles possessed by Archontic consciousness are used as the conduit during sexual abuse for discarnate Archons to vampire the energy of the young they desire so much. Stupendous numbers of children disappear every year never to be seen again although you would never know from the media. Imagine how much low-vibrational energy has been generated by children during the 'Covid' hoax when so many have become depressed and psychologically destroyed to the point of killing themselves. Shocking numbers of children are now taken by the state from loving parents to be handed to others. I can tell you from long experience of researching this since 1996 that many end up with paedophiles and assets of the Cult through corrupt and Cult-owned social services which in the reframing era has hired many psychopaths and emotionless automatons to do the job. Children are even stolen to order using spurious reasons to take them by the corrupt and secret (because they're corrupt) 'family courts'. I have written in detail in other books, starting with *The Biggest Secret* in 1997, about the ubiquitous connections between the political, corporate, government, intelligence and military elites (Cult operatives) and Satanism and paedophilia. If you go deep enough both networks have an interlocking leadership. The Woke mentality has been developed by the Cult for many reasons: To promote almost every aspect of its agenda; to hijack the traditional political left and turn it fascist; to divide and rule; and to target agenda pushbackers. But there are other reasons which relate to what I am describing here. How many happy and joyful Wokers do you ever see especially at the extreme end? They are a mental and psychological mess consumed by emotional stress and constantly emotionally cocked for the next explosion of indignation at someone referring to a female as a female. They are walking, talking, batteries as Morpheus might say emitting frequencies which both enslave them in low-vibrational bubbles of perceptual limitation and feed the Archons. Add to this the hatred claimed to be love; fascism claimed to 'anti-fascism', racism claimed to be 'anti-racism';

exclusion claimed to inclusion; and the abuse-filled Internet trolling. You have a purpose-built Archontic energy system with not a wind turbine in sight and all founded on Archontic *inversion*. We have whole generations now manipulated to serve the Archons with their actions and energy. They will be doing so their entire adult lives unless they snap out of their Archon-induced trance. Is it really a surprise that Cult billionaires and corporations put so much money their way? Where is the energy of joy and laughter, including laughing at yourself which is confirmation of your own emotional security? Mark Twain said: 'The human race has one really effective weapon, and that is laughter.' We must use it all the time. Woke has destroyed comedy because it has no humour, no joy, sense of irony, or self-deprecation. Its energy is dense and intense. *Mmmmm*, lunch says the Archontic frequency. Rudolf Steiner (1861-1925) was the Austrian philosopher and famous esoteric thinker who established Waldorf education or Steiner schools to treat children like unique expressions of consciousness and not minds to be programmed with the perceptions determined by authority. I'd been writing about this energy vampiring for decades when I was sent in 2016 a quote by Steiner. He was spot on:

There are beings in the spiritual realms for whom anxiety and fear emanating from human beings offer welcome food. When humans have no anxiety and fear, then these creatures starve. If fear and anxiety radiates from people and they break out in panic, then these creatures find welcome nutrition and they become more and more powerful. These beings are hostile towards humanity. Everything that feeds on negative feelings, on anxiety, fear and superstition, despair or doubt, are in reality hostile forces in super-sensible worlds, launching cruel attacks on human beings, while they are being fed ... These are exactly the feelings that belong to contemporary culture and materialism; because it estranges people from the spiritual world, it is especially suited to evoke hopelessness and fear of the unknown in people, thereby calling up the above mentioned hostile forces against them.

Pause for a moment from this perspective and reflect on what has happened in the world since the start of 2020. Not only will pennies drop, but billion dollar bills. We see the same theme from Don Juan Matus, a Yaqui Indian shaman in Mexico and the information source for Peruvian-born writer, Carlos Castaneda, who wrote a series of

books from the 1960s to 1990s. Don Juan described the force manipulating human society and his name for the Archons was the predator:

We have a predator that came from the depths of the cosmos and took over the rule of our lives. Human beings are its prisoners. The predator is our lord and master. It has rendered us docile, helpless. If we want to protest, it suppresses our protest. If we want to act independently, it demands that we don't do so ... indeed we are held prisoner!

They took us over because we are food to them, and they squeeze us mercilessly because we are their sustenance. Just as we rear chickens in coops, the predators rear us in human coops, humaneros. Therefore, their food is always available to them.

Different cultures, different eras, same recurring theme.

## **The 'ennoia' dilemma**

Nag Hammadi Gnostic manuscripts say that Archon consciousness has no 'ennoia'. This is directly translated as 'intentionality', but I'll use the term 'creative imagination'. The *All That Is* in awareness of itself is the source of all creativity – all possibility – and the more disconnected you are from that source the more you are subsequently denied 'creative imagination'. Given that Archon consciousness is almost entirely disconnected it severely lacks creativity and has to rely on far more mechanical processes of thought and exploit the creative potential of those that do have 'ennoia'. You can see cases of this throughout human society. Archon consciousness almost entirely dominates the global banking system and if we study how that system works you will appreciate what I mean. Banks manifest 'money' out of nothing by issuing lines of 'credit' which is 'money' that has never, does not, and will never exist except in theory. It's a confidence trick. If you think 'credit' figures-on-a-screen 'money' is worth anything you accept it as payment. If you don't then the whole system collapses through lack of confidence in the value of that 'money'. Archontic bankers with no 'ennoia' are 'lending' 'money' that doesn't exist to humans that *do* have creativity – those that have the inspired ideas and create businesses and products. Archon banking feeds off human creativity

which it controls through 'money' creation and debt. Humans have the creativity and Archons exploit that for their own benefit and control while having none themselves. Archon Internet platforms like Facebook claim joint copyright of everything that creative users post and while Archontic minds like Zuckerberg may officially head that company it will be human creatives on the staff that provide the creative inspiration. When you have limitless 'money' you can then buy other companies established by creative humans. Witness the acquisition record of Facebook, Google and their like. Survey the Archon-controlled music industry and you see non-creative dark suit executives making their fortune from the human creativity of their artists. The cases are endless. Research the history of people like Gates and Zuckerberg and how their empires were built on exploiting the creativity of others. Archon minds cannot create out of nothing, but they are skilled (because they have to be) in what Gnostic texts call 'countermimicry'. They can imitate, but not innovate. Sabbatians trawl the creativity of others through backdoors they install in computer systems through their cybersecurity systems. Archon-controlled China is globally infamous for stealing intellectual property and I remember how Hong Kong, now part of China, became notorious for making counterfeit copies of the creativity of others – 'countermimicry'. With the now pervasive and all-seeing surveillance systems able to infiltrate any computer you can appreciate the potential for Archons to vampire the creativity of humans. Author John Lamb Lash wrote in his book about the Nag Hammadi texts, *Not In His Image*:

Although they cannot originate anything, because they lack the divine factor of ennoia (intentionality), Archons can imitate with a vengeance. Their expertise is simulation (HAL, virtual reality). The Demiurge [Yaldabaoth] fashions a heaven world copied from the fractal patterns [of the original] ... His construction is celestial kitsch, like the fake Italianate villa of a Mafia don complete with militant angels to guard every portal.

This brings us to something that I have been speaking about since the turn of the millennium. Our reality is a simulation; a virtual reality that we think is real. No, I'm not kidding.

## **Human reality? Well, virtually**

I had pondered for years about whether our reality is 'real' or some kind of construct. I remembered being immensely affected on a visit as a small child in the late 1950s to the then newly-opened Planetarium on the Marylebone Road in London which is now closed and part of the adjacent Madame Tussauds wax museum. It was in the middle of the day, but when the lights went out there was the night sky projected in the Planetarium's domed ceiling and it appeared to be so real. The experience never left me and I didn't know why until around the turn of the millennium when I became certain that our 'night sky' and entire reality is a projection, a virtual reality, akin to the illusory world portrayed in the *Matrix* movies. I looked at the sky one day in this period and it appeared to me like the domed roof of the Planetarium. The release of the first *Matrix* movie in 1999 also provided a synchronistic and perfect visual representation of where my mind had been going for a long time. I hadn't come across the Gnostic Nag Hammadi texts then. When I did years later the correlation was once again astounding. As I read Gnostic accounts from 1,600 years and more earlier it was clear that they were describing the same simulation phenomenon. They tell how the Yaldabaoth 'Demiurge' and Archons created a 'bad copy' of original reality to rule over all that were captured by its illusions and the body was a prison to trap consciousness in the 'bad copy' fake reality. Read how Gnostics describe the 'bad copy' and update that to current times and they are referring to what we would call today a virtual reality simulation.

Author John Lamb Lash said 'the Demiurge fashions a heaven world copied from the fractal patterns' of the original through expertise in 'HAL' or virtual reality simulation. Fractal patterns are part of the energetic information construct of our reality, a sort of blueprint. If these patterns were copied in computer terms it would indeed give you a copy of a 'natural' reality in a non-natural frequency and digital form. The principle is the same as making a copy of a website. The original website still exists, but now you can change the copy version to make it whatever you like and it can

become very different to the original website. Archons have done this with our reality, a *synthetic* copy of prime reality that still exists beyond the frequency walls of the simulation. Trapped within the illusions of this synthetic Matrix, however, were and are human consciousness and other expressions of prime reality and this is why the Archons via the Cult are seeking to make the human body synthetic and give us synthetic AI minds to complete the job of turning the entire reality synthetic including what we perceive to be the natural world. To quote Kurzweil: 'Nanobots will infuse all the matter around us with information. Rocks, trees, everything will become these intelligent creatures.' Yes, *synthetic* 'creatures' just as 'Covid' and other genetically-manipulating 'vaccines' are designed to make the human body synthetic. From this perspective it is obvious why Archons and their Cult are so desperate to infuse synthetic material into every human with their 'Covid' scam.

### **Let there be (electromagnetic) light**

Yaldabaoth, the force that created the simulation, or Matrix, makes sense of the Gnostic reference to 'The Great Architect' and its use by Cult Freemasonry as the name of its deity. The designer of the Matrix in the movies is called 'The Architect' and that trilogy is jam-packed with symbolism relating to these subjects. I have contended for years that the angry Old Testament God (Yaldabaoth) is the 'God' being symbolically 'quoted' in the opening of Genesis as 'creating the world'. This is not the creation of prime reality – it's the creation of the *simulation*. The Genesis 'God' says: 'Let there be Light: and there was light.' But what is this 'Light'? I have said for decades that the speed of light (186,000 miles per second) is not the fastest speed possible as claimed by mainstream science and is in fact the frequency walls or outer limits of the Matrix. You can't have a fastest or slowest anything within all possibility when everything is possible. The human body is encoded to operate within the speed of light or *within the simulation* and thus we see only the tiny frequency band of visible *light*. Near-death experiencers who perceive reality outside the body during temporary 'death' describe a very different

form of light and this is supported by the Nag Hammadi texts. Prime reality beyond the simulation ('Upper Aeons' to the Gnostics) is described as a realm of incredible beauty, bliss, love and harmony – a realm of 'watery light' that is so powerful 'there are no shadows'. Our false reality of Archon control, which Gnostics call the 'Lower Aeons', is depicted as a realm with a different kind of 'light' and described in terms of chaos, 'Hell', 'the Abyss' and 'Outer Darkness', where trapped souls are tormented and manipulated by demons (relate that to the 'Covid' hoax alone). The watery light theme can be found in near-death accounts and it is not the same as *simulation* 'light' which is electromagnetic or radiation light within the speed of light – the 'Lower Aeons'. Simulation 'light' is the 'luminous fire' associated by Gnostics with the Archons. The Bible refers to Yaldabaoth as 'that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world' (Revelation 12:9). I think that making a simulated copy of prime reality ('countermimicry') and changing it dramatically while all the time manipulating humanity to believe it to be real could probably meet the criteria of deceiving the whole world. Then we come to the Cult god Lucifer – the *Light Bringer*. Lucifer is symbolic of Yaldabaoth, the bringer of radiation light that forms the bad copy simulation within the speed of light. 'He' is symbolised by the lighted torch held by the Statue of Liberty and in the name 'Illuminati'. Sabbatian-Frankism declares that Lucifer is the true god and Lucifer is the real god of Freemasonry honoured as their 'Great or Grand Architect of the Universe' (simulation).

I would emphasise, too, the way Archontic technologically-generated luminous fire of radiation has deluged our environment since I was a kid in the 1950s and changed the nature of The Field with which we constantly interact. Through that interaction technological radiation is changing us. The Smart Grid is designed to operate with immense levels of communication power with 5G expanding across the world and 6G, 7G, in the process of development. Radiation is the simulation and the Archontic manipulation system. Why wouldn't the Archon Cult wish to unleash radiation upon us to an ever-greater extreme to form

Kurzweil's 'cloud'? The plan for a synthetic human is related to the need to cope with levels of radiation beyond even anything we've seen so far. Biological humans would not survive the scale of radiation they have in their script. The Smart Grid is a technological sub-reality within the technological simulation to further disconnect five-sense perception from expanded consciousness. It's a technological prison of the mind.

### **Infusing the 'spirit of darkness'**

A recurring theme in religion and native cultures is the manipulation of human genetics by a non-human force and most famously recorded as the biblical 'sons of god' (the gods plural in the original) who interbred with the daughters of men. The Nag Hammadi *Apocryphon of John* tells the same story this way:

He [Yaldabaoth] sent his angels [Archons/demons] to the daughters of men, that they might take some of them for themselves and raise offspring for their enjoyment. And at first they did not succeed. When they had no success, they gathered together again and they made a plan together ... And the angels changed themselves in their likeness into the likeness of their mates, filling them with the spirit of darkness, which they had mixed for them, and with evil ... And they took women and begot children out of the darkness according to the likeness of their spirit.

Possession when a discarnate entity takes over a human body is an age-old theme and continues today. It's very real and I've seen it. Satanic and secret society rituals can create an energetic environment in which entities can attach to initiates and I've heard many stories of how people have changed their personality after being initiated even into lower levels of the Freemasons. I have been inside three Freemasonic temples, one at a public open day and two by just walking in when there was no one around to stop me. They were in Ryde, the town where I live, Birmingham, England, when I was with a group, and Boston, Massachusetts. They all felt the same energetically – dark, dense, low-vibrational and sinister. Demonic attachment can happen while the initiate has no idea what is going on. To them it's just a ritual to get in the Masons and do a bit of good

business. In the far more extreme rituals of Satanism human possession is even more powerful and they are designed to make possession possible. The hierarchy of the Cult is dictated by the power and perceived status of the possessing Archon. In this way the Archon hierarchy becomes the Cult hierarchy. Once the entity has attached it can influence perception and behaviour and if it attaches to the extreme then so much of its energy (information) infuses into the body information field that the hologram starts to reflect the nature of the possessing entity. This is the *Exorcist* movie type of possession when facial features change and it's known as shapeshifting. Islam's Jinn are said to be invisible tricksters who change shape, 'whisper', confuse and take human form. These are all traits of the Archons and other versions of the same phenomenon. Extreme possession could certainly infuse the 'spirit of darkness' into a partner during sex as the Nag Hammadi texts appear to describe. Such an infusion can change genetics which is also energetic information. Human genetics is information and the 'spirit of darkness' is information. Mix one with the other and change must happen. Islam has the concept of a 'Jinn baby' through possession of the mother and by Jinn taking human form. There are many ways that human genetics can be changed and remember that Archons have been aware all along of advanced techniques to do this. What is being done in human society today – and far more – was known about by Archons at the time of the 'fallen ones' and their other versions described in religions and cultures.

Archons and their human-world Cult are obsessed with genetics as we see today and they know this dictates how information is processed into perceived reality during a human life. They needed to produce a human form that would decode the simulation and this is symbolically known as 'Adam and Eve' who left the 'garden' (prime reality) and 'fell' into Matrix reality. The simulation is not a 'physical' construct (there is no 'physical'); it is a source of information. Think Wi-Fi again. The simulation is an energetic field encoded with information and body-brain systems are designed to decode that information encoded in wave or frequency form which

is transmitted to the brain as electrical signals. These are decoded by the brain to construct our sense of reality – an illusory ‘physical’ world that only exists in the brain or the mind. Virtual reality games mimic this process using the same sensory decoding system. Information is fed to the senses to decode a virtual reality that can appear so real, but isn’t (Figs 18 and 19). Some scientists believe – and I agree with them – that what we perceive as ‘physical’ reality only exists when we are looking or observing. The act of perception or focus triggers the decoding systems which turn waveform information into holographic reality. When we are not observing something our reality reverts from a holographic state to a waveform state. This relates to the same principle as a falling tree not making a noise unless someone is there to hear it or decode it. The concept makes sense from the simulation perspective. A computer is not decoding all the information in a Wi-Fi field all the time and only decodes or brings into reality on the screen that part of Wi-Fi that it’s decoding – focusing upon – at that moment.



**Figure 18:** Virtual reality technology ‘hacks’ into the body’s five-sense decoding system.



**Figure 19:** The result can be experienced as very ‘real’.

Interestingly, Professor Donald Hoffman at the Department of Cognitive Sciences at the University of California, Irvine, says that our experienced reality is like a computer interface that shows us only the level with which we interact while hiding all that exists beyond it: 'Evolution shaped us with a user interface that hides the truth. Nothing that we see is the truth – the very language of space and time and objects is the wrong language to describe reality.' He is correct in what he says on so many levels. Space and time are not a universal reality. They are a phenomenon of decoded *simulation* reality as part of the process of enslaving our sense of reality. Near-death experiencers report again and again how space and time did not exist as we perceive them once they were free of the body – body decoding systems. You can appreciate from this why Archons and their Cult are so desperate to entrap human attention in the five senses where we are in the Matrix and of the Matrix. Opening your mind to expanded states of awareness takes you beyond the information confines of the simulation and you become aware of knowledge and insights denied to you before. This is what we call 'awakening' – *awakening from the Matrix* – and in the final chapter I will relate this to current events.

## **Where are the 'aliens'?**

A simulation would explain the so-called 'Fermi Paradox' named after Italian physicist Enrico Fermi (1901-1954) who created the first nuclear reactor. He considered the question of why there is such a lack of extraterrestrial activity when there are so many stars and planets in an apparently vast universe; but what if the night sky that we see, or think we do, is a simulated projection as I say? If you control the simulation and your aim is to hold humanity fast in essential ignorance would you want other forms of life including advanced life coming and going sharing information with humanity? Or would you want them to believe they were isolated and apparently alone? Themes of human isolation and apartness are common whether they be the perception of a lifeless universe or the fascist isolation laws of the 'Covid' era. Paradoxically the very

existence of a simulation means that we are not alone when some force had to construct it. My view is that experiences that people have reported all over the world for centuries with Reptilians and Grey entities are Archon phenomena as Nag Hammadi texts describe; and that benevolent 'alien' interactions are non-human groups that come in and out of the simulation by overcoming Archon attempts to keep them out. It should be highlighted, too, that Reptilians and Greys are obsessed with *genetics* and *technology* as related by cultural accounts and those who say they have been abducted by them. Technology is their way of overcoming some of the limitations in their creative potential and our technology-driven and controlled human society of today is *archetypical* Archon-Reptilian-Grey modus operandi. Technocracy is really *Archontocracy*. The Universe does not have to be as big as it appears with a simulation. There is no space or distance only information decoded into holographic reality. What we call 'space' is only the absence of holographic 'objects' and that 'space' is The Field of energetic information which connects everything into a single whole. The same applies with the artificially-generated information field of the simulation. The Universe is not big or small as a physical reality. It is decoded information, that's all, and its perceived size is decided by the way the simulation is encoded to make it appear. The entire night sky as we perceive it only exists in our brain and so where are those 'millions of light years'? The 'stars' on the ceiling of the Planetarium looked a vast distance away.

There's another point to mention about 'aliens'. I have been highlighting since the 1990s the plan to stage a fake 'alien invasion' to justify the centralisation of global power and a world military. Nazi scientist Werner von Braun, who was taken to America by Operation Paperclip after World War Two to help found NASA, told his American assistant Dr Carol Rosin about the Cult agenda when he knew he was dying in 1977. Rosin said that he told her about a sequence that would lead to total human control by a one-world government. This included threats from terrorism, rogue nations, meteors and asteroids before finally an 'alien invasion'. All of these

things, von Braun said, would be bogus and what I would refer to as a No-Problem-Reaction-Solution. Keep this in mind when 'the aliens are coming' is the new mantra. The aliens are not coming – they are *already here* and they have infiltrated human society while looking human. French-Canadian investigative journalist Serge Monast said in 1994 that he had uncovered a NASA/military operation called Project Blue Beam which fits with what Werner von Braun predicted. Monast died of a 'heart attack' in 1996 the day after he was arrested and spent a night in prison. He was 51. He said Blue Beam was a plan to stage an alien invasion that would include religious figures beamed holographically into the sky as part of a global manipulation to usher in a 'new age' of worshipping what I would say is the Cult 'god' Yaldabaoth in a one-world religion. Fake holographic asteroids are also said to be part of the plan which again syncs with von Braun. How could you stage an illusory threat from asteroids unless they were holographic inserts? This is pretty straightforward given the advanced technology outside the public arena and the fact that our 'physical' reality is holographic anyway. Information fields would be projected and we would decode them into the illusion of a 'physical' asteroid. If they can sell a global 'pandemic' with a 'virus' that doesn't exist what will humans not believe if government and media tell them?

All this is particularly relevant as I write with the Pentagon planning to release in June, 2021, information about 'UFO sightings'. I have been following the UFO story since the early 1990s and the common theme throughout has been government and military denials and cover up. More recently, however, the Pentagon has suddenly become more talkative and apparently open with Air Force pilot radar images released of unexplained craft moving and changing direction at speeds well beyond anything believed possible with human technology. Then, in March, 2021, former Director of National Intelligence John Ratcliffe said a Pentagon report months later in June would reveal a great deal of information about UFO sightings unknown to the public. He said the report would have 'massive implications'. The order to do this was included bizarrely

in a \$2.3 trillion 'coronavirus' relief and government funding bill passed by the Trump administration at the end of 2020. I would add some serious notes of caution here. I have been pointing out since the 1990s that the US military and intelligence networks have long had craft – 'flying saucers' or anti-gravity craft – which any observer would take to be extraterrestrial in origin. Keeping this knowledge from the public allows craft flown by *humans* to be perceived as alien visitations. I am not saying that 'aliens' do not exist. I would be the last one to say that, but we have to be streetwise here. President Ronald Reagan told the UN General Assembly in 1987: 'I occasionally think how quickly our differences worldwide would vanish if we were facing an alien threat from outside this world.' That's the idea. Unite against a common 'enemy' with a common purpose behind your 'saviour force' (the Cult) as this age-old technique of mass manipulation goes global.

### **Science moves this way ...**

I could find only one other person who was discussing the simulation hypothesis publicly when I concluded it was real. This was Nick Bostrom, a Swedish-born philosopher at the University of Oxford, who has explored for many years the possibility that human reality is a computer simulation although his version and mine are not the same. Today the simulation and holographic reality hypothesis have increasingly entered the scientific mainstream. Well, the more open-minded mainstream, that is. Here are a few of the ever-gathering examples. American nuclear physicist Silas Beane led a team of physicists at the University of Bonn in Germany pursuing the question of whether we live in a simulation. They concluded that we probably do and it was likely based on a lattice of cubes. They found that cosmic rays align with that specific pattern. The team highlighted the Greisen–Zatsepin–Kuzmin (GZK) limit which refers to cosmic ray particle interaction with cosmic background radiation that creates an apparent boundary for cosmic ray particles. They say in a paper entitled 'Constraints on the Universe as a Numerical Simulation' that this 'pattern of constraint' is exactly what you

would find with a computer simulation. They also made the point that a simulation would create its own 'laws of physics' that would limit possibility. I've been making the same point for decades that the *perceived* laws of physics relate only to this reality, or what I would later call the simulation. When designers write codes to create computer and virtual reality games they are the equivalent of the laws of physics for that game. Players interact within the limitations laid out by the coding. In the same way those who wrote the codes for the simulation decided the laws of physics that would apply. These can be overridden by expanded states of consciousness, but not by those enslaved in only five-sense awareness where simulation codes rule. Overriding the codes is what people call 'miracles'. They are not. They are bypassing the encoded limits of the simulation. A population caught in simulation perception would have no idea that this was their plight. As the Bonn paper said: 'Like a prisoner in a pitch-black cell we would not be able to see the "walls" of our prison,' That's true if people remain mesmerised by the five senses. Open to expanded awareness and those walls become very clear. The main one is the speed of light.

American theoretical physicist James Gates is another who has explored the simulation question and found considerable evidence to support the idea. Gates was Professor of Physics at the University of Maryland, Director of The Center for String and Particle Theory, and on Barack Obama's Council of Advisors on Science and Technology. He and his team found *computer codes* of digital data embedded in the fabric of our reality. They relate to on-off electrical charges of 1 and 0 in the binary system used by computers. 'We have no idea what they are doing there', Gates said. They found within the energetic fabric mathematical sequences known as error-correcting codes or block codes that 'reboot' data to its original state or 'default settings' when something knocks it out of sync. Gates was asked if he had found a set of equations embedded in our reality indistinguishable from those that drive search engines and browsers and he said: 'That is correct.' Rich Terrile, director of the Centre for Evolutionary Computation and Automated Design at NASA's Jet

Propulsion Laboratory, has said publicly that he believes the Universe is a digital hologram that must have been created by a form of intelligence. I agree with that in every way. Waveform information is delivered electrically by the senses to the brain which constructs a *digital* holographic reality that we call the 'world'. This digital level of reality can be read by the esoteric art of numerology. Digital holograms are at the cutting edge of holographics today. We have digital technology everywhere designed to access and manipulate our digital level of perceived reality. Synthetic mRNA in 'Covid vaccines' has a digital component to manipulate the body's digital 'operating system'.

## **Reality is numbers**

How many know that our reality can be broken down to numbers and codes that are the same as computer games? Max Tegmark, a physicist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT), is the author of *Our Mathematical Universe* in which he lays out how reality can be entirely described by numbers and maths in the way that a video game is encoded with the 'physics' of computer games. Our world and computer virtual reality are essentially the same.

Tegmark imagines the perceptions of characters in an advanced computer game when the graphics are so good they don't know they are in a game. They think they can bump into real objects (electromagnetic resistance in our reality), fall in love and feel emotions like excitement. When they began to study the apparently 'physical world' of the video game they would realise that everything was made of pixels (which have been found in our energetic reality as must be the case when on one level our world is digital). What computer game characters thought was physical 'stuff', Tegmark said, could actually be broken down into numbers:

And we're exactly in this situation in our world. We look around and it doesn't seem that mathematical at all, but everything we see is made out of elementary particles like quarks and electrons. And what properties does an electron have? Does it have a smell or a colour or a texture? No! ... We physicists have come up with geeky names for [Electron] properties, like

electric charge, or spin, or lepton number, but the electron doesn't care what we call it, the properties are just numbers.

This is the illusory reality Gnostics were describing. This is the simulation. The A, C, G, and T codes of DNA have a binary value – A and C = 0 while G and T = 1. This has to be when the simulation is digital and the body must be digital to interact with it. Recurring mathematical sequences are encoded throughout reality and the body. They include the Fibonacci sequence in which the two previous numbers are added to get the next one, as in ... 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, etc. The sequence is encoded in the human face and body, proportions of animals, DNA, seed heads, pine cones, trees, shells, spiral galaxies, hurricanes and the number of petals in a flower. The list goes on and on. There are fractal patterns – a 'never-ending pattern that is infinitely complex and self-similar across all scales in the as above, so below, principle of holograms. These and other famous recurring geometrical and mathematical sequences such as Phi, Pi, Golden Mean, Golden Ratio and Golden Section are *computer codes* of the simulation. I had to laugh and give my head a shake the day I finished this book and it went into the production stage. I was sent an article in *Scientific American* published in April, 2021, with the headline 'Confirmed! We Live in a Simulation'. Two decades after I first said our reality is a simulation and the speed of light is its outer limit the article suggested that we do live in a simulation and that the speed of light is its outer limit. I left school at 15 and never passed a major exam in my life while the writer was up to his eyes in qualifications. As I will explain in the final chapter *knowing* is far better than thinking and they come from very different sources. The article rightly connected the speed of light to the processing speed of the 'Matrix' and said what has been in my books all this time ... 'If we are in a simulation, as it appears, then space is an abstract property written in code. It is not real'. No it's not and if we live in a simulation something created it and it wasn't *us*. 'That David Icke says we are manipulated by aliens' – he's crackers.'

## **Wow ...**

The reality that humanity thinks is so real is an illusion. Politicians, governments, scientists, doctors, academics, law enforcement, media, school and university curriculums, on and on, are all founded on a world that *does not exist* except as a simulated prison cell. Is it such a stretch to accept that 'Covid' doesn't exist when our entire 'physical' reality doesn't exist? Revealed here is the knowledge kept under raps in the Cult networks of compartmentalised secrecy to control humanity's sense of reality by inducing the population to believe in a reality that's not real. If it wasn't so tragic in its experiential consequences the whole thing would be hysterically funny. None of this is new to Renegade Minds. Ancient Greek philosopher Plato (about 428 to about 347BC) was a major influence on Gnostic belief and he described the human plight thousands of years ago with his Allegory of the Cave. He told the symbolic story of prisoners living in a cave who had never been outside. They were chained and could only see one wall of the cave while behind them was a fire that they could not see. Figures walked past the fire casting shadows on the prisoners' wall and those moving shadows became their sense of reality. Some prisoners began to study the shadows and were considered experts on them (today's academics and scientists), but what they studied was only an illusion (today's academics and scientists). A prisoner escaped from the cave and saw reality as it really is. When he returned to report this revelation they didn't believe him, called him mad and threatened to kill him if he tried to set them free. Plato's tale is not only a brilliant analogy of the human plight and our illusory reality. It describes, too, the dynamics of the 'Covid' hoax. I have only skimmed the surface of these subjects here. The aim of this book is to crisply connect all essential dots to put what is happening today into its true context. All subject areas and their connections in this chapter are covered in great evidential detail in *Everything You Need To Know, But Have Never Been Told* and *The Answer*.

They say that bewildered people 'can't see the forest for the trees'. Humanity, however, can't see the forest for the *twigs*. The five senses

see only twigs while Renegade Minds can see the forest and it's the forest where the answers lie with the connections that reveals. Breaking free of perceptual programming so the forest can be seen is the way we turn all this around. Not breaking free is how humanity got into this mess. The situation may seem hopeless, but I promise you it's not. We are a perceptual heartbeat from paradise if only we knew.

## CHAPTER TWELVE

### **Escaping Wetiko**

*Life is simply a vacation from the infinite*  
Dean Cavanagh

**R**enegade Minds weave the web of life and events and see common themes in the apparently random. They are always there if you look for them and their pursuit is aided by incredible synchronicity that comes when your mind is open rather than mesmerised by what it thinks it can see.

Infinite awareness is infinite possibility and the more of infinite possibility that we access the more becomes infinitely possible. That may be stating the apparently obvious, but it is a devastatingly-powerful fact that can set us free. We are a point of attention within an infinity of consciousness. The question is how much of that infinity do we choose to access? How much knowledge, insight, awareness, wisdom, do we want to connect with and explore? If your focus is only in the five senses you will be influenced by a fraction of infinite awareness. I mean a range so tiny that it gives new meaning to infinitesimal. Limitation of self-identity and a sense of the possible limit accordingly your range of consciousness. We are what we think we are. Life is what we think it is. The dream is the dreamer and the dreamer is the dream. Buddhist philosophy puts it this way: 'As a thing is viewed, so it appears.' Most humans live in the realm of touch, taste, see, hear, and smell and that's the limit of their sense of the possible and sense of self. Many will follow a religion and speak of a God in his heaven, but their lives are still

dominated by the five senses in their perceptions and actions. The five senses become the arbiter of everything. When that happens all except a smear of infinity is sealed away from influence by the rigid, unyielding, reality bubbles that are the five-sense human or Phantom Self. Archon Cult methodology is to isolate consciousness within five-sense reality – the simulation – and then program that consciousness with a sense of self and the world through a deluge of life-long information designed to instil the desired perception that allows global control. Efforts to do this have increased dramatically with identity politics as identity bubbles are squeezed into the minutiae of five-sense detail which disconnect people even more profoundly from the infinite 'I'.

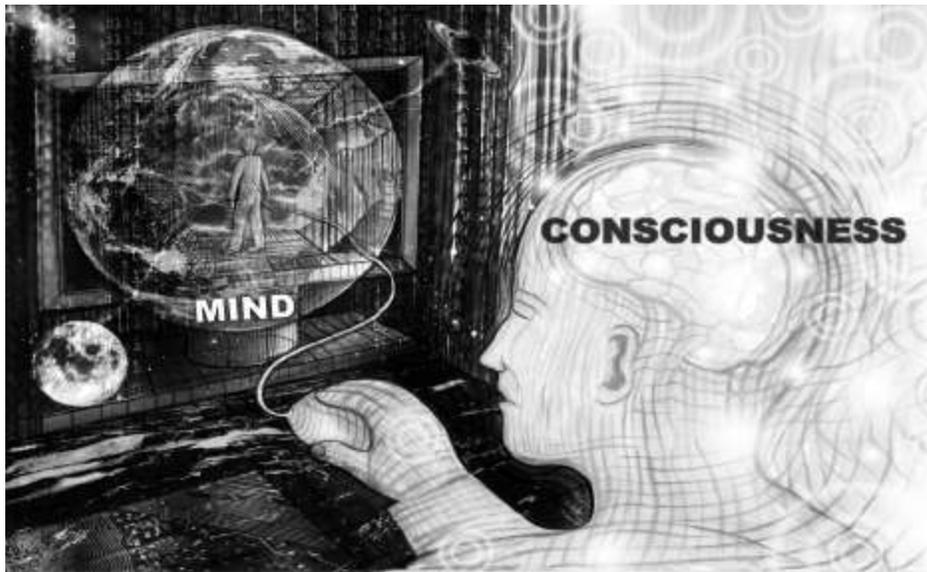
Five-sense focus and self-identity are like a firewall that limits access to the infinite realms. You only perceive one radio or television station and no other. We'll take that literally for a moment. Imagine a vast array of stations giving different information and angles on reality, but you only ever listen to one. Here we have the human plight in which the population is overwhelmingly confined to CultFM. This relates only to the frequency range of CultFM and limits perception and insight to that band – limits *possibility* to that band. It means you are connecting with an almost imperceptibly minuscule range of possibility and creative potential within the infinite Field. It's a world where everything seems apart from everything else and where synchronicity is rare. Synchronicity is defined in the dictionary as 'the happening by chance of two or more related or similar events at the same time'. Use of 'by chance' betrays a complete misunderstanding of reality. Synchronicity is not 'by chance'. As people open their minds, or 'awaken' to use the term, they notice more and more coincidences in their lives, bits of 'luck', apparently miraculous happenings that put them in the right place at the right time with the right people. Days become peppered with 'fancy meeting you here' and 'what are the chances of that?' My entire life has been lived like this and ever more so since my own colossal awakening in 1990 and 91 which transformed my sense of reality. Synchronicity is not 'by chance'; it is by accessing expanded

realms of possibility which allow expanded potential for manifestation. People broadcasting the same vibe from the same openness of mind tend to be drawn 'by chance' to each other through what I call frequency magnetism and it's not only people. In the last more than 30 years incredible synchronicity has also led me through the Cult maze to information in so many forms and to crucial personal experiences. These 'coincidences' have allowed me to put the puzzle pieces together across an enormous array of subjects and situations. Those who have breached the bubble of five-sense reality will know exactly what I mean and this escape from the perceptual prison cell is open to everyone whenever they make that choice. This may appear super-human when compared with the limitations of 'human', but it's really our natural state. 'Human' as currently experienced is consciousness in an unnatural state of induced separation from the infinity of the whole. I'll come to how this transformation into unity can be made when I have described in more detail the force that holds humanity in servitude by denying this access to infinite self.

### **The Wetiko factor**

I have been talking and writing for decades about the way five-sense mind is systematically barricaded from expanded awareness. I have used the analogy of a computer (five-sense mind) and someone at the keyboard (expanded awareness). Interaction between the computer and the operator is symbolic of the interaction between five-sense mind and expanded awareness. The computer directly experiences the Internet and the operator experiences the Internet via the computer which is how it's supposed to be – the two working as one. Archons seek to control that point where the operator connects with the computer to stop that interaction ([Fig 20](#)). Now the operator is banging the keyboard and clicking the mouse, but the computer is not responding and this happens when the computer is taken over – *possessed* – by an appropriately-named computer 'virus'. The operator has lost all influence over the computer which goes its own way making decisions under the control of the 'virus'. I have

just described the dynamic through which the force known to Gnostics as Yaldabaoth and Archons disconnects five-sense mind from expanded awareness to imprison humanity in perceptual servitude.



**Figure 20:** The mind ‘virus’ I have been writing about for decades seeks to isolate five-sense mind (the computer) from the true ‘I’. (Image by Neil Hague).

About a year ago I came across a Native American concept of Wetiko which describes precisely the same phenomenon. Wetiko is the spelling used by the Cree and there are other versions including wintiko and windigo used by other tribal groups. They spell the name with lower case, but I see Wetiko as a proper noun as with Archons and prefer a capital. I first saw an article about Wetiko by writer and researcher Paul Levy which so synced with what I had been writing about the computer/operator disconnection and later the Archons. I then read his book, the fascinating *Dispelling Wetiko, Breaking the Spell of Evil*. The parallels between what I had concluded long before and the Native American concept of Wetiko were so clear and obvious that it was almost funny. For Wetiko see the Gnostic Archons for sure and the Jinn, the Predators, and every other name for a force of evil, inversion and chaos. Wetiko is the Native American name for the force that divides the computer from

the operator (Fig 21). Indigenous author Jack D. Forbes, a founder of the Native American movement in the 1960s, wrote another book about Wetiko entitled *Columbus And Other Cannibals – The Wetiko Disease of Exploitation, Imperialism, and Terrorism* which I also read. Forbes says that Wetiko refers to an evil person or spirit ‘who terrorizes other creatures by means of terrible acts, including cannibalism’. Zulu shaman Credo Mutwa told me that African accounts tell how cannibalism was brought into the world by the Chitauri ‘gods’ – another manifestation of Wetiko. The distinction between ‘evil person or spirit’ relates to Archons/Wetiko possessing a human or acting as pure consciousness. Wetiko is said to be a sickness of the soul or spirit and a state of being that takes but gives nothing back – the Cult and its operatives perfectly described. Black Hawk, a Native American war leader defending their lands from confiscation, said European invaders had ‘poisoned hearts’ – Wetiko hearts – and that this would spread to native societies. Mention of the heart is very significant as we shall shortly see. Forbes writes: ‘Tragically, the history of the world for the past 2,000 years is, in great part, the story of the epidemiology of the wetiko disease.’ Yes, and much longer. Forbes is correct when he says: ‘The wetikos destroyed Egypt and Babylon and Athens and Rome and Tenochtitlan [capital of the Aztec empire] and perhaps now they will destroy the entire earth.’ Evil, he said, is the number one export of a Wetiko culture – see its globalisation with ‘Covid’. Constant war, mass murder, suffering of all kinds, child abuse, Satanism, torture and human sacrifice are all expressions of Wetiko and the Wetiko possessed. The world is Wetiko made manifest, *but it doesn’t have to be*. There is a way out of this even now.



**Figure 21:** The mind 'virus' is known to Native Americans as 'Wetiko'. (Image by Neil Hague).

## **Cult of Wetiko**

Wetiko is the Yaldabaoth frequency distortion that seeks to attach to human consciousness and absorb it into its own. Once this connection is made Wetiko can drive the perceptions of the target which they believe to be coming from their own mind. All the horrors of history and today from mass killers to Satanists, paedophiles like Jeffrey Epstein and other psychopaths, are the embodiment of Wetiko and express its state of being in all its grotesqueness. The Cult is Wetiko incarnate, Yaldabaoth incarnate, and it seeks to facilitate Wetiko assimilation of humanity in totality into its distortion by manipulating the population into low frequency states that match its own. Paul Levy writes: 'Holographically enforced within the psyche of every human being the wetiko virus pervades and underlies the entire field of consciousness, and can therefore potentially manifest through any one of us at any moment if we are not mindful.' The 'Covid' hoax has achieved this with many people, but others have not fallen into Wetiko's frequency lair. Players in the 'Covid' human catastrophe including Gates, Schwab, Tedros, Fauci, Whitty, Vallance, Johnson, Hancock, Ferguson, Drosten, and all the rest, including the psychopath psychologists, are expressions of Wetiko. This is why

they have no compassion or empathy and no emotional consequence for what they do that would make them stop doing it. Observe all the people who support the psychopaths in authority against the Pushbackers despite the damaging impact the psychopaths have on their own lives and their family's lives. You are again looking at Wetiko possession which prevents them seeing through the lies to the obvious scam going on. *Why can't they see it?* Wetiko won't let them see it. The perceptual divide that has now become a chasm is between the Wetikoed and the non-Wetikoed.

Paul Levy describes Wetiko in the same way that I have long described the Archontic force. They are the same distorted consciousness operating across dimensions of reality: '... the subtle body of wetiko is not located in the third dimension of space and time, literally existing in another dimension ... it is able to affect ordinary lives by mysteriously interpenetrating into our three-dimensional world.' Wetiko does this through its incarnate representatives in the Cult and by weaving itself into The Field which on our level of reality is the electromagnetic information field of the simulation or Matrix. More than that, the simulation *is* Wetiko / Yaldabaoth. Caleb Scharf, Director of Astrobiology at Columbia University, has speculated that 'alien life' could be so advanced that it has transcribed itself into the quantum realm to become what we call physics. He said intelligence indistinguishable from the fabric of the Universe would solve many of its greatest mysteries:

Perhaps hyper-advanced life isn't just external. Perhaps it's already all around. It is embedded in what we perceive to be physics itself, from the root behaviour of particles and fields to the phenomena of complexity and emergence ... In other words, life might not just be in the equations. It might BE the equations [My emphasis].

Scharf said it is possible that 'we don't recognise advanced life because it forms an integral and unsuspecting part of what we've considered to be the natural world'. I agree. Wetiko/Yaldabaoth *is* the simulation. We are literally in the body of the beast. But that doesn't mean it has to control us. We all have the power to overcome Wetiko

influence and the Cult knows that. I doubt it sleeps too well because it knows that.

## **Which Field?**

This, I suggest, is how it all works. There are two Fields. One is the fierce electromagnetic light of the Matrix within the speed of light; the other is the 'watery light' of The Field beyond the walls of the Matrix that connects with the Great Infinity. Five-sense mind and the decoding systems of the body attach us to the Field of Matrix light. They have to or we could not experience this reality. Five-sense mind sees only the Matrix Field of information while our expanded consciousness is part of the Infinity Field. When we open our minds, and most importantly our hearts, to the Infinity Field we have a mission control which gives us an expanded perspective, a road map, to understand the nature of the five-sense world. If we are isolated only in five-sense mind there is no mission control. We're on our own trying to understand a world that's constantly feeding us information to ensure we do not understand. People in this state can feel 'lost' and bewildered with no direction or radar. You can see ever more clearly those who are influenced by the Fields of Big Infinity or little five-sense mind simply by their views and behaviour with regard to the 'Covid' hoax. We have had this division throughout known human history with the mass of the people on one side and individuals who could see and intuit beyond the walls of the simulation – Plato's prisoner who broke out of the cave and saw reality for what it is. Such people have always been targeted by Wetiko/Archon-possessed authority, burned at the stake or demonised as mad, bad and dangerous. The Cult today and its global network of 'anti-hate', 'anti-fascist' Woke groups are all expressions of Wetiko attacking those exposing the conspiracy, 'Covid' lies and the 'vaccine' agenda.

Woke as a whole is Wetiko which explains its black and white mentality and how at one it is with the Wetiko-possessed Cult. Paul Levy said: 'To be in this paradigm is to still be under the thrall of a two-valued logic – where things are either true or false – of a

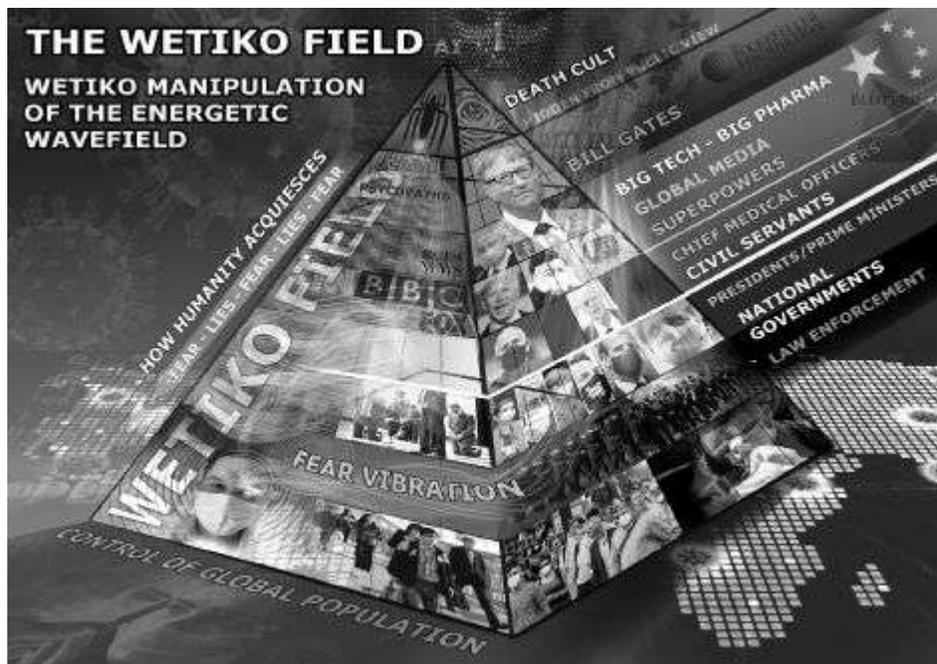
wetikoized mind.’ Wetiko consciousness is in a permanent rage, therefore so is Woke, and then there is Woke inversion and contradiction. ‘Anti-fascists’ act like fascists because fascists *and* ‘anti-fascists’ are both Wetiko at work. Political parties act the same while claiming to be different for the same reason. Secret society and satanic rituals are attaching initiates to Wetiko and the cold, ruthless, psychopathic mentality that secures the positions of power all over the world is Wetiko. Reframing ‘training programmes’ have the same cumulative effect of attaching Wetiko and we have their graduates described as automatons and robots with a cold, psychopathic, uncaring demeanour. They are all traits of Wetiko possession and look how many times they have been described in this book and elsewhere with regard to personnel behind ‘Covid’ including the police and medical profession. Climbing the greasy pole in any profession in a Wetiko society requires traits of Wetiko to get there and that is particularly true of politics which is not about fair competition and pre-eminence of ideas. It is founded on how many backs you can stab and arses you can lick. This culminated in the global ‘Covid’ coordination between the Wetiko possessed who pulled it off in all the different countries without a trace of empathy and compassion for their impact on humans. Our sight sense can see only holographic form and not the Field which connects holographic form. Therefore we perceive ‘physical’ objects with ‘space’ in between. In fact that ‘space’ is energy/consciousness operating on multiple frequencies. One of them is Wetiko and that connects the Cult psychopaths, those who submit to the psychopaths, and those who serve the psychopaths in the media operations of the world. Wetiko is Gates. Wetiko is the mask-wearing submissive. Wetiko is the fake journalist and ‘fact-checker’. The Wetiko Field is coordinating the whole thing. Psychopaths, gofers, media operatives, ‘anti-hate’ hate groups, ‘fact-checkers’ and submissive people work as one unit *even without human coordination* because they are attached to the *same* Field which is organising it all (Fig 22). Paul Levy is here describing how Wetiko-possessed people are drawn together and refuse to let any information breach their rigid

perceptions. He was writing long before 'Covid', but I think you will recognise followers of the 'Covid' religion *oh just a little bit*:

People who are channelling the vibratory frequency of wetiko align with each other through psychic resonance to reinforce their unspoken shared agreement so as to uphold their deranged view of reality. Once an unconscious content takes possession of certain individuals, it irresistibly draws them together by mutual attraction and knits them into groups tied together by their shared madness that can easily swell into an avalanche of insanity.

A psychic epidemic is a closed system, which is to say that it is insular and not open to any new information or informing influences from the outside world which contradict its fixed, limited, and limiting perspective.

There we have the Woke mind and the 'Covid' mind. Compatible resonance draws the awakening together, too, which is clearly happening today.



**Figure 22:** The Wetiko Field from which the Cult pyramid and its personnel are made manifest. (Image by Neil Hague).

## **Spiritual servitude**

Wetiko doesn't care about humans. It's not human; it just possesses humans for its own ends and the effect (depending on the scale of

possession) can be anything from extreme psychopathy to unquestioning obedience. Wetiko's worst nightmare is for human consciousness to expand beyond the simulation. Everything is focussed on stopping that happening through control of information, thus perception, thus frequency. The 'education system', media, science, medicine, academia, are all geared to maintaining humanity in five-sense servitude as is the constant stimulation of low-vibrational mental and emotional states (see 'Covid'). Wetiko seeks to dominate those subconscious spaces between five-sense perception and expanded consciousness where the computer meets the operator. From these subconscious hiding places Wetiko speaks to us to trigger urges and desires that we take to be our own and manipulate us into anything from low-vibrational to psychopathic states. Remember how Islam describes the Jinn as invisible tricksters that 'whisper' and confuse. Wetiko is the origin of the 'trickster god' theme that you find in cultures all over the world. Jinn, like the Archons, are Wetiko which is terrified of humans awakening and reconnecting with our true self for then its energy source has gone. With that the feedback loop breaks between Wetiko and human perception that provides the energetic momentum on which its very existence depends as a force of evil. Humans are both its target and its source of survival, but only if we are operating in low-vibrational states of fear, hate, depression and the background anxiety that most people suffer. We are Wetiko's target because we are its key to survival. It needs us, not the other way round. Paul Levy writes:

A vampire has no intrinsic, independent, substantial existence in its own right; it only exists in relation to us. The pathogenic, vampiric mind-parasite called wetiko is nothing in itself – not being able to exist from its own side – yet it has a 'virtual reality' such that it can potentially destroy our species ...

...The fact that a vampire is not reflected by a mirror can also mean that what we need to see is that there's nothing, no-thing to see, other than ourselves. The fact that wetiko is the expression of something inside of us means that the cure for wetiko is with us as well. The critical issue is finding this cure within us and then putting it into effect.

Evil begets evil because if evil does not constantly expand and find new sources of energetic sustenance its evil, its *distortion*, dies with the assimilation into balance and harmony. Love is the garlic to Wetiko's vampire. Evil, the absence of love, cannot exist in the presence of love. I think I see a way out of here. I have emphasised so many times over the decades that the Archons/Wetiko and their Cult are not all powerful. *They are not*. I don't care how it looks even now *they are not*. I have not called them little boys in short trousers for effect. I have said it because it is true. Wetiko's insatiable desire for power over others is not a sign of its omnipotence, but its insecurity. Paul Levy writes: 'Due to the primal fear which ultimately drives it and which it is driven to cultivate, wetiko's body politic has an intrinsic and insistent need for centralising power and control so as to create imagined safety for itself.' *Yeaaaaaaes!* Exactly! Why does Wetiko want humans in an ongoing state of fear? Wetiko itself *is* fear and it is petrified of love. As evil is an absence of love, so love is an absence of fear. Love conquers all and *especially* Wetiko which *is* fear. Wetiko brought fear into the world when it wasn't here before. *Fear* was the 'fall', the fall into low-frequency ignorance and illusion – fear is **False Emotion Appearing Real**. The simulation is driven and energised by fear because Wetiko/Yaldabaoth (fear) *are* the simulation. Fear is the absence of love and Wetiko is the absence of love.

## **Wetiko today**

We can now view current events from this level of perspective. The 'Covid' hoax has generated momentous amounts of ongoing fear, anxiety, depression and despair which have empowered Wetiko. No wonder people like Gates have been the instigators when they are Wetiko incarnate and exhibit every trait of Wetiko in the extreme. See how cold and unemotional these people are like Gates and his cronies, how dead of eye they are. That's Wetiko. Sabbatians are Wetiko and everything they control including the World Health Organization, Big Pharma and the 'vaccine' makers, national 'health'

hierarchies, corporate media, Silicon Valley, the banking system, and the United Nations with its planned transformation into world government. All are controlled and possessed by the Wetiko distortion into distorting human society in its image. We are with this knowledge at the gateway to understanding the world. Divisions of race, culture, creed and sexuality are diversions to hide the real division between those possessed and influenced by Wetiko and those that are not. The 'Covid' hoax has brought both clearly into view. Human behaviour is not about race. Tyrants and dictatorships come in all colours and creeds. What unites the US president bombing the innocent and an African tribe committing genocide against another as in Rwanda? What unites them? *Wetiko*. All wars are Wetiko, all genocide is Wetiko, all hunger over centuries in a world of plenty is Wetiko. Children going to bed hungry, including in the West, is Wetiko. Cult-generated Woke racial divisions that focus on the body are designed to obscure the reality that divisions in behaviour are manifestations of mind, not body. Obsession with body identity and group judgement is a means to divert attention from the real source of behaviour – mind and perception. Conflict sown by the Woke both within themselves and with their target groups are Wetiko providing lunch for itself through still more agents of the division, chaos, and fear on which it feeds. The Cult is seeking to assimilate the entirety of humanity and all children and young people into the Wetiko frequency by manipulating them into states of fear and despair. Witness all the suicide and psychological unravelling since the spring of 2020. Wetiko psychopaths want to impose a state of unquestioning obedience to authority which is no more than a conduit for Wetiko to enforce its will and assimilate humanity into itself. It needs us to believe that resistance is futile when it fears resistance and even more so the game-changing non-cooperation with its impositions. It can use violent resistance for its benefit. Violent impositions and violent resistance are *both* Wetiko. The Power of Love with its Power of No will sweep Wetiko from our world. Wetiko and its Cult know that. They just don't want us to know.

## **AI Wetiko**

This brings me to AI or artificial intelligence and something else Wetikos don't want us to know. What is AI *really*? I know about computer code algorithms and AI that learns from data input. These, however, are more diversions, the expeditionary force, for the real AI that they want to connect to the human brain as promoted by Silicon Valley Wetikos like Kurzweil. What is this AI? It is the frequency of *Wetiko*, the frequency of the Archons. The connection of AI to the human brain is the connection of the Wetiko frequency to create a Wetiko hive mind and complete the job of assimilation. The hive mind is planned to be controlled from Israel and China which are both 100 percent owned by Wetiko Sabbatians. The assimilation process has been going on minute by minute in the 'smart' era which fused with the 'Covid' era. We are told that social media is scrambling the minds of the young and changing their personality. This is true, but what is social media? Look more deeply at how it works, how it creates divisions and conflict, the hostility and cruelty, the targeting of people until they are destroyed. That's Wetiko. Social media is manipulated to tune people to the Wetiko frequency with all the emotional exploitation tricks employed by platforms like Facebook and its Wetiko front man, Zuckerberg. Facebook's Instagram announced a new platform for children to overcome a legal bar on them using the main site. This is more Wetiko exploitation and manipulation of kids. Amnesty International likened the plan to foxes offering to guard the henhouse and said it was incompatible with human rights. Since when did Wetiko or Zuckerberg (I repeat myself) care about that? Would Brin and Page at Google, Wojcicki at YouTube, Bezos at Amazon and whoever the hell runs Twitter act as they do if they were not channelling Wetiko? Would those who are developing technologies for no other reason than human control? How about those designing and selling technologies to kill people and Big Pharma drug and 'vaccine' producers who know they will end or devastate lives? Quite a thought for these people to consider is that if you are Wetiko in a human life you are Wetiko on the 'other side' unless your frequency

changes and that can only change by a change of perception which becomes a change of behaviour. Where Gates is going does not bear thinking about although perhaps that's exactly where he wants to go. Either way, that's where he's going. His frequency will make it so.

## **The frequency lair**

I have been saying for a long time that a big part of the addiction to smartphones and devices is that a frequency is coming off them that entraps the mind. People spend ages on their phones and sometimes even a minute or so after they put them down they pick them up again and it all repeats. 'Covid' lockdowns will have increased this addiction a million times for obvious reasons. Addictions to alcohol overindulgence and drugs are another way that Wetiko entraps consciousness to attach to its own. Both are symptoms of low-vibrational psychological distress which alcoholism and drug addiction further compound. Do we think it's really a coincidence that access to them is made so easy while potions that can take people into realms beyond the simulation are banned and illegal? I have explored smartphone addiction in other books, the scale is mind-blowing, and that level of addiction does not come without help. Tech companies that make these phones are Wetiko and they will have no qualms about destroying the minds of children. We are seeing again with these companies the Wetiko perceptual combination of psychopathic enforcers and weak and meek unquestioning compliance by the rank and file.

The global Smart Grid is the Wetiko Grid and it is crucial to complete the Cult endgame. The simulation is radiation and we are being deluged with technological radiation on a devastating scale. Wetiko frauds like Elon Musk serve Cult interests while occasionally criticising them to maintain his street-cred. 5G and other forms of Wi-Fi are being directed at the earth from space on a volume and scale that goes on increasing by the day. Elon Musk's (officially) SpaceX Starlink project is in the process of putting tens of thousands of satellites in low orbit to cover every inch of the planet with 5G and other Wi-Fi to create Kurzweil's global 'cloud' to which the

human mind is planned to be attached very soon. SpaceX has approval to operate 12,000 satellites with more than 1,300 launched at the time of writing and applications filed for 30,000 more. Other operators in the Wi-Fi, 5G, low-orbit satellite market include OneWeb (UK), Telesat (Canada), and AST & Science (US). Musk tells us that AI could be the end of humanity and then launches a company called Neuralink to connect the human brain to computers. Musk's (in theory) Tesla company is building electric cars and the driverless vehicles of the smart control grid. As frauds and bullshitters go Elon Musk in my opinion is Major League.

5G and technological radiation in general are destructive to human health, genetics and psychology and increasing the strength of artificial radiation underpins the five-sense perceptual bubbles which are themselves expressions of radiation or electromagnetism. Freedom activist John Whitehead was so right with his 'databit by databit, we are building our own electronic concentration camps'. The Smart Grid and 5G is a means to control the human mind and infuse perceptual information into The Field to influence anyone in sync with its frequency. You can change perception and behaviour en masse if you can manipulate the population into those levels of frequency and this is happening all around us today. The arrogance of Musk and his fellow Cult operatives knows no bounds in the way that we see with Gates. Musk's satellites are so many in number already they are changing the night sky when viewed from Earth. The astronomy community has complained about this and they have seen nothing yet. Some consequences of Musk's Wetiko hubris include: Radiation; visible pollution of the night sky; interference with astronomy and meteorology; ground and water pollution from intensive use of increasingly many spaceports; accumulating space debris; continual deorbiting and burning up of aging satellites, polluting the atmosphere with toxic dust and smoke; and ever-increasing likelihood of collisions. A collective public open letter of complaint to Musk said:

We are writing to you ... because SpaceX is in process of surrounding the Earth with a network of thousands of satellites whose very purpose is to irradiate every square inch of the

Earth. SpaceX, like everyone else, is treating the radiation as if it were not there. As if the mitochondria in our cells do not depend on electrons moving undisturbed from the food we digest to the oxygen we breathe.

As if our nervous systems and our hearts are not subject to radio frequency interference like any piece of electronic equipment. As if the cancer, diabetes, and heart disease that now afflict a majority of the Earth's population are not metabolic diseases that result from interference with our cellular machinery. As if insects everywhere, and the birds and animals that eat them, are not starving to death as a result.

People like Musk and Gates believe in their limitless Wetiko arrogance that they can do whatever they like to the world because they own it. Consequences for humanity are irrelevant. It's absolutely time that we stopped taking this shit from these self-styled masters of the Earth when you consider where this is going.

## **Why is the Cult so anti-human?**

I hear this question often: Why would they do this when it will affect them, too? Ah, but will it? Who is this *them*? Forget their bodies. They are just vehicles for Wetiko consciousness. When you break it all down to the foundations we are looking at a state of severely distorted consciousness targeting another state of consciousness for assimilation. The rest is detail. The simulation is the fly-trap in which unique sensations of the five senses create a cycle of addiction called reincarnation. Renegade Minds see that everything which happens in our reality is a smaller version of the whole picture in line with the holographic principle. Addiction to the radiation of smart technology is a smaller version of addiction to the whole simulation. Connecting the body/brain to AI is taking that addiction on a giant step further to total ongoing control by assimilating human incarnate consciousness into Wetiko. I have watched during the 'Covid' hoax how many are becoming ever more profoundly attached to Wetiko's perceptual calling cards of aggressive response to any other point of view ('There is no other god but me'), psychopathic lack of compassion and empathy, and servile submission to the narrative and will of authority. Wetiko is the psychopaths *and* subservience to psychopaths. The Cult of Wetiko is

so anti-human because it is *not* human. It embarked on a mission to destroy human by targeting everything that it means to be human and to survive as human. 'Covid' is not the end, just a means to an end. The Cult with its Wetiko consciousness is seeking to change Earth systems, including the atmosphere, to suit them, not humans. The gathering bombardment of 5G alone from ground and space is dramatically changing The Field with which the five senses interact. There is so much more to come if we sit on our hands and hope it will all go away. It is not meant to go away. It is meant to get ever more extreme and we need to face that while we still can – just.

Carbon dioxide is the gas of life. Without that human is over. Kaput, gone, history. No natural world, no human. The Cult has created a cock and bull story about carbon dioxide and climate change to justify its reduction to the point where Gates and the ignoramus Biden 'climate chief' John Kerry want to suck it out of the atmosphere. Kerry wants to do this because his master Gates does. Wetikos have made the gas of life a demon with the usual support from the Wokers of Extinction Rebellion and similar organisations and the bewildered puppet-child that is Greta Thunberg who was put on the world stage by Klaus Schwab and the World Economic Forum. The name Extinction Rebellion is both ironic and as always Wetiko inversion. The gas that we need to survive must be reduced to save us from extinction. The most basic need of human is oxygen and we now have billions walking around in face nappies depriving body and brain of this essential requirement of human existence. More than that 5G at 60 gigahertz interacts with the oxygen molecule to reduce the amount of oxygen the body can absorb into the bloodstream. The obvious knock-on consequences of that for respiratory and cognitive problems and life itself need no further explanation. Psychopaths like Musk are assembling a global system of satellites to deluge the human atmosphere with this insanity. The man should be in jail. Here we have two most basic of human needs, oxygen and carbon dioxide, being dismantled.

Two others, water and food, are getting similar treatment with the United Nations Agendas 21 and 2030 – the Great Reset – planning to

centrally control all water and food supplies. People will not even own rain water that falls on their land. Food is affected at the most basic level by reducing carbon dioxide. We have genetic modification or GMO infiltrating the food chain on a mass scale, pesticides and herbicides polluting the air and destroying the soil. Freshwater fish that provide livelihoods for 60 million people and feed hundreds of millions worldwide are being 'pushed to the brink' according the conservationists while climate change is the only focus. Now we have Gates and Schwab wanting to dispense with current food sources all together and replace them with a synthetic version which the Wetiko Cult would control in terms of production and who eats and who doesn't. We have been on the Totalitarian Tiptoe to this for more than 60 years as food has become ever more processed and full of chemical shite to the point today when it's not natural food at all. As Dr Tom Cowan says: 'If it has a label don't eat it.' Bill Gates is now the biggest owner of farmland in the United States and he does nothing without an ulterior motive involving the Cult. Klaus Schwab wrote: 'To feed the world in the next 50 years we will need to produce as much food as was produced in the last 10,000 years ... food security will only be achieved, however, if regulations on genetically modified foods are adapted to reflect the reality that gene editing offers a precise, efficient and safe method of improving crops.' Liar. People and the world are being targeted with aluminium through vaccines, chemtrails, food, drink cans, and endless other sources when aluminium has been linked to many health issues including dementia which is increasing year after year. Insects, bees and wildlife essential to the food chain are being deleted by pesticides, herbicides and radiation which 5G is dramatically increasing with 6G and 7G to come. The pollinating bee population is being devastated while wildlife including birds, dolphins and whales are having their natural radar blocked by the effects of ever-increasing radiation. In the summer windscreens used to be splattered with insects so numerous were they. It doesn't happen now. Where have they gone?

## **Synthetic everything**

The Cult is introducing genetically-modified versions of trees, plants and insects including a Gates-funded project to unleash hundreds of millions of genetically-modified, lab-altered and patented male mosquitoes to mate with wild mosquitoes and induce genetic flaws that cause them to die out. Clinically-insane Gates-funded Japanese researchers have developed mosquitos that spread vaccine and are dubbed 'flying vaccinators'. Gates is funding the modification of weather patterns in part to sell the myth that this is caused by carbon dioxide and he's funding geoengineering of the skies to change the atmosphere. Some of this came to light with the Gates-backed plan to release tonnes of chalk into the atmosphere to 'deflect the Sun and cool the planet'. Funny how they do this while the heating effect of the Sun is not factored into climate projections focussed on carbon dioxide. The reason is that they want to reduce carbon dioxide (so don't mention the Sun), but at the same time they do want to reduce the impact of the Sun which is so essential to human life and health. I have mentioned the sun-cholesterol-vitamin D connection as they demonise the Sun with warnings about skin cancer (caused by the chemicals in sun cream they tell you to splash on). They come from the other end of the process with statin drugs to reduce cholesterol that turns sunlight into vitamin D. A lack of vitamin D leads to a long list of health effects and how vitamin D levels must have fallen with people confined to their homes over 'Covid'. Gates is funding other forms of geoengineering and most importantly chemtrails which are dropping heavy metals, aluminium and self-replicating nanotechnology onto the Earth which is killing the natural world. See *Everything You Need To Know, But Have Never Been Told* for the detailed background to this.

Every human system is being targeted for deletion by a force that's not human. The Wetiko Cult has embarked on the process of transforming the human body from biological to synthetic biological as I have explained. Biological is being replaced by the artificial and synthetic – Archontic 'countermimicry' – right across human society. The plan eventually is to dispense with the human body altogether

and absorb human consciousness – which it wouldn't really be by then – into cyberspace (the simulation which is Wetiko/Yaldabaoth). Preparations for that are already happening if people would care to look. The alternative media rightly warns about globalism and 'the globalists', but this is far bigger than that and represents the end of the human race as we know it. The 'bad copy' of prime reality that Gnostics describe was a bad copy of harmony, wonder and beauty to start with before Wetiko/Yaldabaoth set out to change the simulated 'copy' into something very different. The process was slow to start with. Entrapped humans in the simulation timeline were not technologically aware and they had to be brought up to intellectual speed while being suppressed spiritually to the point where they could build their own prison while having no idea they were doing so. We have now reached that stage where technological intellect has the potential to destroy us and that's why events are moving so fast. Central American shaman Don Juan Matus said:

Think for a moment, and tell me how you would explain the contradictions between the intelligence of man the engineer and the stupidity of his systems of belief, or the stupidity of his contradictory behaviour. Sorcerers believe that the predators have given us our systems of beliefs, our ideas of good and evil; our social mores. They are the ones who set up our dreams of success or failure. They have given us covetousness, greed, and cowardice. It is the predator who makes us complacent, routinary, and egomaniacal.

In order to keep us obedient and meek and weak, the predators engaged themselves in a stupendous manoeuvre – stupendous, of course, from the point of view of a fighting strategist; a horrendous manoeuvre from the point of those who suffer it. They gave us their mind. The predators' mind is baroque, contradictory, morose, filled with the fear of being discovered any minute now.

For 'predators' see Wetiko, Archons, Yaldabaoth, Jinn, and all the other versions of the same phenomenon in cultures and religions all over the world. The theme is always the same because it's true and it's real. We have reached the point where we have to deal with it. The question is – how?

**Don't fight – walk away**

I thought I'd use a controversial subheading to get things moving in terms of our response to global fascism. What do you mean 'don't fight'? What do you mean 'walk away'? We've got to fight. We can't walk away. Well, it depends what we mean by fight and walk away. If fighting means physical combat we are playing Wetiko's game and falling for its trap. It wants us to get angry, aggressive, and direct hate and hostility at the enemy we think we must fight. Every war, every battle, every conflict, has been fought with Wetiko leading both sides. It's what it does. Wetiko wants a fight, anywhere, any place. Just hit me, son, so I can hit you back. Wetiko hits Wetiko and Wetiko hits Wetiko in return. I am very forthright as you can see in exposing Wetikos of the Cult, but I don't hate them. I refuse to hate them. It's what they want. What you hate you become. What you *fight* you become. Wokers, 'anti-haters' and 'anti-fascists' prove this every time they reach for their keyboards or don their balaclavas. By walk away I mean to disengage from Wetiko which includes ceasing to cooperate with its tyranny. Paul Levy says of Wetiko:

The way to 'defeat' evil is not to try to destroy it (for then, in playing evil's game, we have already lost), but rather, to find the invulnerable place within ourselves where evil is unable to vanquish us – this is to truly 'win' our battle with evil.

Wetiko is everywhere in human society and it's been on steroids since the 'Covid' hoax. Every shouting match over wearing masks has Wetiko wearing a mask and Wetiko not wearing one. It's an electrical circuit of push and resist, push and resist, with Wetiko pushing *and* resisting. Each polarity is Wetiko empowering itself. Dictionary definitions of 'resist' include 'opposing, refusing to accept or comply with' and the word to focus on is 'opposing'. What form does this take – setting police cars alight or 'refusing to accept or comply with'? The former is Wetiko opposing Wetiko while the other points the way forward. This is the difference between those aggressively demanding that government fascism must be obeyed who stand in stark contrast to the great majority of Pushbackers. We saw this clearly with a march by thousands of Pushbackers against lockdown in London followed days later by a Woker-hijacked

protest in Bristol in which police cars were set on fire. Masks were virtually absent in London and widespread in Bristol. Wetiko wants lockdown on every level of society and infuses its aggression to police it through its unknowing stooges. Lockdown protesters are the ones with the smiling faces and the hugs, The two blatantly obvious states of being – getting more obvious by the day – are the result of Wokers and their like becoming ever more influenced by the simulation Field of Wetiko and Pushbackers ever more influenced by The Field of a far higher vibration beyond the simulation. Wetiko can't invade the heart which is where most lockdown opponents are coming from. It's the heart that allows them to see through the lies to the truth in ways I will be highlighting.

Renegade Minds know that calmness is the place from which wisdom comes. You won't find wisdom in a hissing fit and wisdom is what we need in abundance right now. Calmness is not weakness – you don't have to scream at the top of your voice to be strong. Calmness is indeed a sign of strength. 'No' means I'm not doing it. NOOOO!!! doesn't mean you're not doing it even more. Volume does not advance 'No – I'm not doing it'. You are just not doing it. Wetiko possessed and influenced don't know how to deal with that. Wetiko wants a fight and we should not give it one. What it needs more than anything is our *cooperation* and we should not give that either. Mass rallies and marches are great in that they are a visual representation of feeling, but if it ends there they are irrelevant. You demand that Wetikos act differently? Well, they're not going to are they? They are Wetikos. We don't need to waste our time demanding that something doesn't happen when that will make no difference. We need to delete the means that *allows* it to happen. This, invariably, is our cooperation. You can demand a child stop firing a peashooter at the dog or you can refuse to buy the peashooter. If you provide the means you are cooperating with the dog being smacked on the nose with a pea. How can the authorities enforce mask-wearing if millions in a country refuse? What if the 74 million Pushbackers that voted for Trump in 2020 refused to wear masks, close their businesses or stay in their homes. It would be unenforceable. The

few control the many through the compliance of the many and that's always been the dynamic be it 'Covid' regulations or the Roman Empire. I know people can find it intimidating to say no to authority or stand out in a crowd for being the only one with a face on display; but it has to be done or it's over. I hope I've made clear in this book that where this is going will be far more intimidating than standing up now and saying 'No' – I will not cooperate with my own enslavement and that of my children. There might be consequences for some initially, although not so if enough do the same. The question that must be addressed is what is going to happen if we don't? It is time to be strong and unyieldingly so. No means no. Not here and there, but *everywhere* and *always*. I have refused to wear a mask and obey all the other nonsense. I will not comply with tyranny. I repeat: Fascism is not imposed by fascists – there are never enough of them. Fascism is imposed by the population acquiescing to fascism. *I will not do it*. I will die first, or my body will. Living meekly under fascism is a form of death anyway, the death of the spirit that Martin Luther King described.

## **Making things happen**

We must not despair. This is not over till it's over and it's far from that. The 'fat lady' must refuse to sing. The longer the 'Covid' hoax has dragged on and impacted on more lives we have seen an awakening of phenomenal numbers of people worldwide to the realisation that what they have believed all their lives is not how the world really is. Research published by the system-serving University of Bristol and King's College London in February, 2021, concluded: 'One in every 11 people in Britain say they trust David Icke's take on the coronavirus pandemic.' It will be more by now and we have gathering numbers to build on. We must urgently progress from seeing the scam to ceasing to cooperate with it. Prominent German lawyer Reiner Fuellmich, also licenced to practice law in America, is doing a magnificent job taking the legal route to bring the psychopaths to justice through a second Nuremberg tribunal for crimes against humanity. Fuellmich has an impressive record of

beating the elite in court and he formed the German Corona Investigative Committee to pursue civil charges against the main perpetrators with a view to triggering criminal charges. Most importantly he has grasped the foundation of the hoax – the PCR test not testing for the ‘virus’ – and Christian Drosten is therefore on his charge sheet along with Gates frontman Tedros at the World Health Organization. Major players must not be allowed to inflict their horrors on the human race without being brought to book. A life sentence must follow for Bill Gates and the rest of them. A group of researchers has also indicted the government of Norway for crimes against humanity with copies sent to the police and the International Criminal Court. The lawsuit cites participation in an internationally-planned false pandemic and violation of international law and human rights, the European Commission’s definition of human rights by coercive rules, Nuremberg and Hague rules on fundamental human rights, and the Norwegian constitution. We must take the initiative from hereon and not just complain, protest and react.

There are practical ways to support vital mass non-cooperation. Organising in numbers is one. Lockdown marches in London in the spring in 2021 were mass non-cooperation that the authorities could not stop. There were too many people. Hundreds of thousands walked the London streets in the centre of the road for mile after mile while the Face-Nappies could only look on. They were determined, but calm, and just *did it* with no histrionics and lots of smiles. The police were impotent. Others are organising group shopping without masks for mutual support and imagine if that was happening all over. Policing it would be impossible. If the store refuses to serve people in these circumstances they would be faced with a long line of trolleys full of goods standing on their own and everything would have to be returned to the shelves. How would they cope with that if it kept happening? I am talking here about moving on from complaining to being pro-active; from watching things happen to making things happen. I include in this our relationship with the police. The behaviour of many Face-Nappies

has been disgraceful and anyone who thinks they would never find concentration camp guards in the 'enlightened' modern era have had that myth busted big-time. The period and setting may change – Wetikos never do. I watched film footage from a London march in which a police thug viciously kicked a protestor on the floor who had done nothing. His fellow Face-Nappies stood in a ring protecting him. What he did was a criminal assault and with a crowd far outnumbering the police this can no longer be allowed to happen unchallenged. I get it when people chant 'shame on you' in these circumstances, but that is no longer enough. They *have* no shame those who do this. Crowds needs to start making a citizen's arrest of the police who commit criminal offences and brutally attack innocent people and defenceless women. A citizen's arrest can be made under section 24A of the UK Police and Criminal Evidence (PACE) Act of 1984 and you will find something similar in other countries. I prefer to call it a Common Law arrest rather than citizen's for reasons I will come to shortly. Anyone can arrest a person committing an indictable offence or if they have reasonable grounds to suspect they are committing an indictable offence. On both counts the attack by the police thug would have fallen into this category. A citizen's arrest can be made to stop someone:

- Causing physical injury to himself or any other person
- Suffering physical injury
- Causing loss of or damage to property
- Making off before a constable can assume responsibility for him

A citizen's arrest may also be made to prevent a breach of the peace under Common Law and if they believe a breach of the peace will happen or anything related to harm likely to be done or already done in their presence. This is the way to go I think – the Common Law version. If police know that the crowd and members of the public will no longer be standing and watching while they commit

their thuggery and crimes they will think twice about acting like Brownshirts and Blackshirts.

### **Common Law – common sense**

Mention of Common Law is very important. Most people think the law is the law as in one law. This is not the case. There are two bodies of law, Common Law and Statute Law, and they are not the same. Common Law is founded on the simple premise of do no harm. It does not recognise victimless crimes in which no harm is done while Statute Law does. There is a Statute Law against almost everything. So what is Statute Law? Amazingly it's the law of the *sea* that was brought ashore by the Cult to override the law of the land which is Common Law. They had no right to do this and as always they did it anyway. They had to. They could not impose their will on the people through Common Law which only applies to do no harm. How could you stitch up the fine detail of people's lives with that? Instead they took the law of the sea, or Admiralty Law, and applied it to the population. Statute Law refers to all the laws spewing out of governments and their agencies including all the fascist laws and regulations relating to 'Covid'. The key point to make is that Statute Law is *contract law*. It only applies between *contracting* corporations. Most police officers don't even know this. They have to be kept in the dark, too. Long ago when merchants and their sailing ships began to trade with different countries a contractual law was developed called Admiralty Law and other names. Again it only applied to *contracts* agreed between *corporate* entities. If there is no agreed contract the law of the sea had no jurisdiction *and that still applies to its new alias of Statute Law*. The problem for the Cult when the law of the sea was brought ashore was an obvious one. People were not corporations and neither were government entities. To overcome the latter they made governments and all associated organisations corporations. All the institutions are *private corporations* and I mean governments and their agencies, local councils, police, courts, military, US states, the whole lot. Go to the

Dun and Bradstreet corporate listings website for confirmation that they are all corporations. You are arrested by a private corporation called the police by someone who is really a private security guard and they take you to court which is another private corporation. Neither have jurisdiction over you unless you consent and *contract* with them. This is why you hear the mantra about law enforcement policing by *consent* of the people. In truth the people 'consent' only in theory through monumental trickery.

Okay, the Cult overcame the corporate law problem by making governments and institutions corporate entities; but what about people? They are not corporations are they? Ah ... well in a sense, and *only* a sense, they are. Not people exactly – the illusion of people. The Cult creates a corporation in the name of everyone at the time that their birth certificate is issued. Note birth/ *berth* certificate and when you go to court under the law of the sea on land you stand in a *dock*. These are throwbacks to the origin. My Common Law name is David Vaughan Icke. The name of the corporation created by the government when I was born is called Mr David Vaughan Icke usually written in capitals as MR DAVID VAUGHAN ICKE. That is not me, the living, breathing man. It is a fictitious corporate entity. The trick is to make you think that David Vaughan Icke and MR DAVID VAUGHAN ICKE are the same thing. *They are not*. When police charge you and take you to court they are prosecuting the corporate entity and not the living, breathing, man or woman. They have to trick you into identifying as the corporate entity and contracting with them. Otherwise they have no jurisdiction. They do this through a language known as legalese. Lawful and legal are not the same either. Lawful relates to Common Law and legal relates to Statute Law. Legalese is the language of Statue Law which uses terms that mean one thing to the public and another in legalese. Notice that when a police officer tells someone why they are being charged he or she will say at the end: 'Do you understand?' To the public that means 'Do you comprehend?' In legalese it means 'Do you stand under me?' Do you stand under my authority? If you say

yes to the question you are unknowingly agreeing to give them jurisdiction over you in a contract between two corporate entities.

This is a confidence trick in every way. Contracts have to be agreed between informed parties and if you don't know that David Vaughan Icke is agreeing to be the corporation MR DAVID VAUGHAN ICKE you cannot knowingly agree to contract. They are deceiving you and another way they do this is to ask for proof of identity. You usually show them a driving licence or other document on which your corporate name is written. In doing so you are accepting that you are that corporate entity when you are not. Referring to yourself as a 'person' or 'citizen' is also identifying with your corporate fiction which is why I made the Common Law point about the citizen's arrest. If you are approached by a police officer you identify yourself immediately as a living, breathing, man or woman and say 'I do not consent, I do not contract with you and I do not understand' or stand under their authority. I have a Common Law birth certificate as a living man and these are available at no charge from [commonlawcourt.com](http://commonlawcourt.com). Businesses registered under the Statute Law system means that its laws apply. There are, however, ways to run a business under Common Law. Remember all 'Covid' laws and regulations are Statute Law – the law of *contracts* and you do not have to contract. This doesn't mean that you can kill someone and get away with it. Common Law says do no harm and that applies to physical harm, financial harm etc. Police are employees of private corporations and there needs to be a new system of non-corporate Common Law constables operating outside the Statute Law system. If you go to [davidicke.com](http://davidicke.com) and put Common Law into the search engine you will find videos that explain Common Law in much greater detail. It is definitely a road we should walk.

### **With all my heart**

I have heard people say that we are in a spiritual war. I don't like the term 'war' with its Wetiko dynamic, but I know what they mean. Sweep aside all the bodily forms and we are in a situation in which two states of consciousness are seeking very different realities.

Wetiko wants upheaval, chaos, fear, suffering, conflict and control. The other wants love, peace, harmony, fairness and freedom. That's where we are. We should not fall for the idea that Wetiko is all-powerful and there's nothing we can do. Wetiko is not all-powerful. It's a joke, pathetic. It doesn't have to be, but it has made that choice for now. A handful of times over the years when I have felt the presence of its frequency I have allowed it to attach briefly so I could consciously observe its nature. The experience is not pleasant, the energy is heavy and dark, but the ease with which you can kick it back out the door shows that its real power is in persuading us that it has power. It's all a con. Wetiko is a con. It's a trickster and not a power that can control us if we unleash our own. The con is founded on manipulating humanity to give its power to Wetiko which recycles it back to present the illusion that it has power when its power is *ours* that we gave away. This happens on an energetic level and plays out in the world of the seen as humanity giving its power to Wetiko authority which uses that power to control the population when the power is only the power the population has handed over. How could it be any other way for billions to be controlled by a relative few? I have had experiences with people possessed by Wetiko and again you can kick its arse if you do it with an open heart. Oh yes – the *heart* which can transform the world of perceived 'matter'.

We are receiver-transmitters and processors of information, but what information and where from? Information is processed into perception in three main areas – the brain, the heart and the belly. These relate to thinking, knowing, and emotion. Wetiko wants us to be head and belly people which means we think within the confines of the Matrix simulation and low-vibrational emotional reaction scrambles balance and perception. A few minutes on social media and you see how emotion is the dominant force. Woke is all emotion and is therefore thought-free and fact-free. Our heart is something different. It *knows* while the head *thinks* and has to try to work it out because it doesn't know. The human energy field has seven prime vortexes which connect us with wider reality ([Fig 23](#)). Chakra means

'wheels of light' in the Sanskrit language of ancient India. The main ones are: The crown chakra on top of the head; brow (or 'third eye') chakra in the centre of the forehead; throat chakra; heart chakra in the centre of the chest; solar plexus chakra below the sternum; sacral chakra beneath the navel; and base chakra at the bottom of the spine. Each one has a particular function or functions. We feel anxiety and nervousness in the belly where the sacral chakra is located and this processes emotion that can affect the colon to give people 'the shits' or make them 'shit scared' when they are nervous. Chakras all play an important role, but the Mr and Mrs Big is the heart chakra which sits at the centre of the seven, above the chakras that connect us to the 'physical' and below those that connect with higher realms (or at least should). Here in the heart chakra we feel love, empathy and compassion – 'My heart goes out to you'. Those with closed hearts become literally 'heart-less' in their attitudes and behaviour (see Bill Gates). Native Americans portrayed Wetiko with what Paul Levy calls a 'frigid, icy heart, devoid of mercy' (see Bill Gates).



**Figure 23:** The chakra system which interpenetrates the human energy field. The heart chakra is the governor – or should be.

Wetiko trembles at the thought of heart energy which it cannot infiltrate. The frequency is too high. What it seeks to do instead is close the heart chakra vortex to block its perceptual and energetic influence. Psychopaths have 'hearts of stone' and emotionally-damaged people have 'heartache' and 'broken hearts'. The astonishing amount of heart disease is related to heart chakra

disruption with its fundamental connection to the 'physical' heart. Dr Tom Cowan has written an outstanding book challenging the belief that the heart is a pump and making the connection between the 'physical' and spiritual heart. Rudolph Steiner who was way ahead of his time said the same about the fallacy that the heart is a pump. *What?* The heart is not a pump? That's crazy, right? Everybody knows that. Read Cowan's *Human Heart, Cosmic Heart* and you will realise that the very idea of the heart as a pump is ridiculous when you see the evidence. How does blood in the feet so far from the heart get pumped horizontally up the body by the heart?? Cowan explains in the book the real reason why blood moves as it does. Our 'physical' heart is used to symbolise love when the source is really the heart vortex or spiritual heart which is our most powerful energetic connection to 'out there' expanded consciousness. That's why we feel *knowing* – intuitive knowing – in the centre of the chest. Knowing doesn't come from a process of thoughts leading to a conclusion. It is there in an instant all in one go. Our heart knows because of its connection to levels of awareness that *do* know. This is the meaning and source of intuition – intuitive *knowing*.

For the last more than 30 years of uncovering the global game and the nature of reality my heart has been my constant antenna for truth and accuracy. An American intelligence insider once said that I had quoted a disinformant in one of my books and yet I had only quoted the part that was true. He asked: 'How do you do that?' By using my heart antenna was the answer and anyone can do it. Heart-centred is how we are meant to be. With a closed heart chakra we withdraw into a closed mind and the bubble of five-sense reality. If you take a moment to focus your attention on the centre of your chest, picture a spinning wheel of light and see it opening and expanding. You will feel it happening, too, and perceptions of the heart like joy and love as the heart impacts on the mind as they interact. The more the chakra opens the more you will feel expressions of heart consciousness and as the process continues, and becomes part of you, insights and knowings will follow. An open

heart is connected to that level of awareness that knows all is *One*. You will see from its perspective that the fault-lines that divide us are only illusions to control us. An open heart does not process the illusions of race, creed and sexuality except as brief experiences for a consciousness that is all. Our heart does not see division, only unity (Figs 24 and 25). There's something else, too. Our hearts love to laugh. Mark Twain's quote that says 'The human race has one really effective weapon, and that is laughter' is really a reference to the heart which loves to laugh with the joy of knowing the true nature of infinite reality and that all the madness of human society is an illusion of the mind. Twain also said: 'Against the assault of laughter nothing can stand.' This is so true of Wetiko and the Cult. Their insecurity demands that they be taken seriously and their power and authority acknowledged and feared. We should do nothing of the sort. We should not get aggressive or fearful which their insecurity so desires. We should laugh in their face. Even in their no-face as police come over in their face-nappies and expect to be taken seriously. They don't take themselves seriously looking like that so why should we? Laugh in the face of intimidation. Laugh in the face of tyranny. You will see by its reaction that you have pressed all of its buttons. Wetiko does not know what to do in the face of laughter or when its targets refuse to concede their joy to fear. We have seen many examples during the 'Covid' hoax when people have expressed their energetic power and the string puppets of Wetiko retreat with their tail limp between their knees. Laugh – the world is bloody mad after all and if it's a choice between laughter and tears I know which way I'm going.



**Figure 24:** Head consciousness without the heart sees division and everything apart from everything else.



**Figure 25:** Heart consciousness sees everything as One.

## **'Vaccines' and the soul**

The foundation of Wetiko/Archon control of humans is the separation of incarnate five-sense mind from the infinite 'I' and closing the heart chakra where the True 'I' lives during a human life. The goal has been to achieve complete separation in both cases. I was interested therefore to read an account by a French energetic healer of what she said she experienced with a patient who had been given the 'Covid' vaccine. Genuine energy healers can sense information and consciousness fields at different levels of being which are referred to as 'subtle bodies'. She described treating the patient who later returned after having, without the healer's knowledge, two doses of the 'Covid vaccine'. The healer said:

I noticed immediately the change, very heavy energy emanating from [the] subtle bodies. The scariest thing was when I was working on the heart chakra, I connected with her soul: it was detached from the physical body, it had no contact and it was, as if it was floating in a state of total confusion: a damage to the consciousness that loses contact with the physical body, i.e. with our biological machine, there is no longer any communication between them.

I continued the treatment by sending light to the heart chakra, the soul of the person, but it seemed that the soul could no longer receive any light, frequency or energy. It was a very powerful experience for me. Then I understood that this substance is indeed used to detach consciousness so that this consciousness can no longer interact through this body that it possesses in life, where there is no longer any contact, no frequency, no light, no more energetic balance or mind.

This would create a human that is rudderless and at the extreme almost zombie-like operating with a fractional state of consciousness at the mercy of Wetiko. I was especially intrigued by what the healer said in the light of the prediction by the highly-informed Rudolf Steiner more than a hundred years ago. He said:

In the future, we will eliminate the soul with medicine. Under the pretext of a 'healthy point of view', there will be a vaccine by which the human body will be treated as soon as possible directly at birth, so that the human being cannot develop the thought of the existence of soul and Spirit. To materialistic doctors will be entrusted the task of removing the soul of humanity.

As today, people are vaccinated against this disease or that disease, so in the future, children will be vaccinated with a substance that can be produced precisely in such a way that people, thanks to this vaccination, will be immune to being subjected to the 'madness' of spiritual life. He would be extremely smart, but he would not develop a conscience, and that is the true goal of some materialistic circles.

Steiner said the vaccine would detach the physical body from the etheric body (subtle bodies) and 'once the etheric body is detached the relationship between the universe and the etheric body would become extremely unstable, and man would become an automaton'. He said 'the physical body of man must be polished on this Earth by spiritual will – so the vaccine becomes a kind of arymanique (Wetiko) force' and 'man can no longer get rid of a given materialistic feeling'. Humans would then, he said, become 'materialistic of constitution and can no longer rise to the spiritual'. I have been writing for years about DNA being a receiver-transmitter of information that connects us to other levels of reality and these 'vaccines' changing DNA can be likened to changing an antenna and what it can transmit and receive. Such a disconnection would clearly lead to changes in personality and perception. Steiner further predicted the arrival of AI. Big Pharma 'Covid vaccine' makers, expressions of Wetiko, are testing their DNA-manipulating evil on children as I write with a view to giving the 'vaccine' to babies. If it's a soul-body disconnecter – and I say that it is or can be – every child would be disconnected from 'soul' at birth and the 'vaccine' would create a closed system in which spiritual guidance from the greater self would play no part. This has been the ambition of Wetiko all

along. A Pentagon video from 2005 was leaked of a presentation explaining the development of vaccines to change behaviour by their effect on the brain. Those that believe this is not happening with the 'Covid' genetically-modifying procedure masquerading as a 'vaccine' should make an urgent appointment with Naivety Anonymous. Klaus Schwab wrote in 2018:

Neurotechnologies enable us to better influence consciousness and thought and to understand many activities of the brain. They include decoding what we are thinking in fine levels of detail through new chemicals and interventions that can influence our brains to correct for errors or enhance functionality.

The plan is clear and only the heart can stop it. With every heart that opens, every mind that awakens, Wetiko is weakened. Heart and love are far more powerful than head and hate and so nothing like a majority is needed to turn this around.

## **Beyond the Phantom**

Our heart is the prime target of Wetiko and so it must be the answer to Wetiko. We *are* our heart which is part of one heart, the infinite heart. Our heart is where the true self lives in a human life behind firewalls of five-sense illusion when an imposter takes its place – *Phantom Self*; but our heart waits patiently to be set free any time we choose to see beyond the Phantom, beyond Wetiko. A Wetikoed Phantom Self can wreak mass death and destruction while the love of forever is locked away in its heart. The time is here to unleash its power and let it sweep away the fear and despair that is Wetiko. Heart consciousness does not seek manipulated, censored, advantage for its belief or religion, its activism and desires. As an expression of the One it treats all as One with the same rights to freedom and opinion. Our heart demands fairness for itself no more than for others. From this unity of heart we can come together in mutual support and transform this Wetikoed world into what reality is meant to be – a place of love, joy, happiness, fairness, justice and freedom. Wetiko has another agenda and that's why the world is as

it is, but enough of this nonsense. Wetiko can't stay where hearts are open and it works so hard to keep them closed. Fear is its currency and its food source and love in its true sense has no fear. Why would love have fear when it knows it is *All That Is, Has Been, And Ever Can Be* on an eternal exploration of all possibility? Love in this true sense is not the physical attraction that passes for love. This can be an expression of it, yes, but Infinite Love, a love without condition, goes far deeper to the core of all being. It *is* the core of all being. Infinite reality was born from love beyond the illusions of the simulation. Love infinitely expressed is the knowing that all is One and the swiftly-passing experience of separation is a temporary hallucination. You cannot disconnect from Oneness; you can only *perceive* that you have and withdraw from its influence. This is the most important of all perception trickery by the mind parasite that is Wetiko and the foundation of all its potential for manipulation.

If we open our hearts, open the sluice gates of the mind, and redefine self-identity amazing things start to happen. Consciousness expands or contracts in accordance with self-identity. When true self is recognised as infinite awareness and label self – Phantom Self – is seen as only a series of brief experiences life is transformed. Consciousness expands to the extent that self-identity expands and everything changes. You see unity, not division, the picture, not the pixels. From this we can play the long game. No more is an experience something in and of itself, but a fleeting moment in the eternity of forever. Suddenly people in uniform and dark suits are no longer intimidating. Doing what your heart knows to be right is no longer intimidating and consequences for those actions take on the same nature of a brief experience that passes in the blink of an infinite eye. Intimidation is all in the mind. Beyond the mind there is no intimidation.

An open heart does not consider consequences for what it knows to be right. To do so would be to consider not doing what it knows to be right and for a heart in its power that is never an option. The Renegade Mind is really the Renegade Heart. Consideration of consequences will always provide a getaway car for the mind and

the heart doesn't want one. What is right in the light of what we face today is to stop cooperating with Wetiko in all its forms and to do it without fear or compromise. You cannot compromise with tyranny when tyranny always demands more until it has everything. Life is your perception and you are your destiny. Change your perception and you change your life. Change collective perception and we change the world.

*Come on people ... One human family, One heart, One goal ...*  
**FREEEEEEEDOM!**

We must settle for nothing less.

## Postscript

The big scare story as the book goes to press is the 'Indian' variant and the world is being deluged with propaganda about the 'Covid catastrophe' in India which mirrors in its lies and misrepresentations what happened in Italy before the first lockdown in 2020.

The *New York Post* published a picture of someone who had 'collapsed in the street from Covid' in India in April, 2021, which was actually taken during a gas leak in May, 2020. Same old, same old. Media articles in mid-February were asking why India had been so untouched by 'Covid' and then as their vaccine rollout gathered pace the alleged 'cases' began to rapidly increase. Indian 'Covid vaccine' maker Bharat Biotech was funded into existence by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation (the pair announced their divorce in May, 2021, which is a pity because they so deserve each other). The Indian 'Covid crisis' was ramped up by the media to terrify the world and prepare people for submission to still more restrictions. The scam that worked the first time was being repeated only with far more people seeing through the deceit. [Davidicke.com](http://Davidicke.com) and [Ickonic.com](http://Ickonic.com) have sought to tell the true story of what is happening by talking to people living through the Indian nightmare which has nothing to do with 'Covid'. We posted a letter from 'Alisha' in Pune who told a very different story to government and media mendacity. She said scenes of dying people and overwhelmed hospitals were designed to hide what was really happening – genocide and starvation. Alisha said that millions had already died of starvation during the ongoing lockdowns while government and media were lying and making it look like the 'virus':

Restaurants, shops, gyms, theatres, basically everything is shut. The cities are ghost towns. Even so-called 'essential' businesses are only open till 11am in the morning. You basically have just an hour to buy food and then your time is up.

Inter-state travel and even inter-district travel is banned. The cops wait at all major crossroads to question why you are traveling outdoors or to fine you if you are not wearing a mask.

The medical community here is also complicit in genocide, lying about hospitals being full and turning away people with genuine illnesses, who need immediate care. They have even created a shortage of oxygen cylinders.

This is the classic Cult modus operandi played out in every country. Alisha said that people who would not have a PCR test not testing for the 'virus' were being denied hospital treatment. She said the people hit hardest were migrant workers and those in rural areas. Most businesses employed migrant workers and with everything closed there were no jobs, no income and no food. As a result millions were dying of starvation or malnutrition. All this was happening under Prime Minister Narendra Modi, a 100-percent asset of the Cult, and it emphasises yet again the scale of pure anti-human evil we are dealing with. Australia banned its people from returning home from India with penalties for trying to do so of up to five years in jail and a fine of £37,000. The manufactured 'Covid' crisis in India was being prepared to justify further fascism in the West. Obvious connections could be seen between the Indian 'vaccine' programme and increased 'cases' and this became a common theme. The Seychelles, the most per capita 'Covid vaccinated' population in the world, went back into lockdown after a 'surge of cases'.

Long ago the truly evil Monsanto agricultural biotechnology corporation with its big connections to Bill Gates devastated Indian farming with genetically-modified crops. Human rights activist Gurcharan Singh highlighted the efforts by the Indian government to complete the job by destroying the food supply to hundreds of millions with 'Covid' lockdowns. He said that 415 million people at the bottom of the disgusting caste system (still going whatever they say) were below the poverty line and struggled to feed themselves every year. Now the government was imposing lockdown at just the

time to destroy the harvest. This deliberate policy was leading to mass starvation. People may reel back at the suggestion that a government would do that, but Wetiko-controlled 'leaders' are capable of any level of evil. In fact what is described in India is in the process of being instigated worldwide. The food chain and food supply are being targeted at every level to cause world hunger and thus control. Bill Gates is not the biggest owner of farmland in America for no reason and destroying access to food aids both the depopulation agenda and the plan for synthetic 'food' already being funded into existence by Gates. Add to this the coming hyper-inflation from the suicidal creation of fake 'money' in response to 'Covid' and the breakdown of container shipping systems and you have a cocktail that can only lead one way and is meant to. The Cult plan is to crash the entire system to 'build back better' with the Great Reset.

### **'Vaccine' transmission**

Reports from all over the world continue to emerge of women suffering menstrual and fertility problems after having the fake 'vaccine' and of the non-'vaccinated' having similar problems when interacting with the 'vaccinated'. There are far too many for 'coincidence' to be credible. We've had menopausal women getting periods, others having periods stop or not stopping for weeks, passing clots, sometimes the lining of the uterus, breast irregularities, and miscarriages (which increased by 400 percent in parts of the United States). Non-'vaccinated' men and children have suffered blood clots and nose bleeding after interaction with the 'vaccinated'. Babies have died from the effects of breast milk from a 'vaccinated' mother. Awake doctors – the small minority – speculated on the cause of non-'vaccinated' suffering the same effects as the 'vaccinated'. Was it nanotechnology in the synthetic substance transmitting frequencies or was it a straight chemical bioweapon that was being transmitted between people? I am not saying that some kind of chemical transmission is not one possible answer, but the foundation of all that the Cult does is frequency and

this is fertile ground for understanding how transmission can happen. American doctor Carrie Madej, an internal medicine physician and osteopath, has been practicing for the last 20 years, teaching medical students, and she says attending different meetings where the agenda for humanity was discussed. Madej, who operates out of Georgia, did not dismiss other possible forms of transmission, but she focused on frequency in search of an explanation for transmission. She said the Moderna and Pfizer 'vaccines' contained nano-lipid particles as a key component. This was a brand new technology never before used on humanity. 'They're using a nanotechnology which is pretty much little tiny computer bits ... nanobots or hydrogel.' Inside the 'vaccines' was 'this sci-fi kind of substance' which suppressed immune checkpoints to get into the cell. I referred to this earlier as the 'Trojan horse' technique that tricks the cell into opening a gateway for the self-replicating synthetic material and while the immune system is artificially suppressed the body has no defences. Madej said the substance served many purposes including an on-demand ability to 'deliver the payload' and using the nano 'computer bits' as biosensors in the body. 'It actually has the ability to accumulate data from your body, like your breathing, your respiration, thoughts, emotions, all kinds of things.'

She said the technology obviously has the ability to operate through Wi-Fi and transmit and receive energy, messages, frequencies or impulses. 'Just imagine you're getting this new substance in you and it can react to things all around you, the 5G, your smart device, your phones.' We had something completely foreign in the human body that had never been launched large scale at a time when we were seeing 5G going into schools and hospitals (plus the Musk satellites) and she believed the 'vaccine' transmission had something to do with this: '... if these people have this inside of them ... it can act like an antenna and actually transmit it outwardly as well.' The synthetic substance produced its own voltage and so it could have that kind of effect. This fits with my own contention that the nano receiver-transmitters are designed to connect people to the

Smart Grid and break the receiver-transmitter connection to expanded consciousness. That would explain the French energy healer's experience of the disconnection of body from 'soul' with those who have had the 'vaccine'. The nanobots, self-replicating inside the body, would also transmit the synthetic frequency which could be picked up through close interaction by those who have not been 'vaccinated'. Madej speculated that perhaps it was 5G and increased levels of other radiation that was causing the symptoms directly although interestingly she said that non-'vaccinated' patients had shown improvement when they were away from the 'vaccinated' person they had interacted with. It must be remembered that you can control frequency and energy with your mind and you can consciously create energetic barriers or bubbles with the mind to stop damaging frequencies from penetrating your field. American paediatrician Dr Larry Palevsky said the 'vaccine' was not a 'vaccine' and was never designed to protect from a 'viral' infection. He called it 'a massive, brilliant propaganda of genocide' because they didn't have to inject everyone to get the result they wanted. He said the content of the jabs was able to infuse any material into the brain, heart, lungs, kidneys, liver, sperm and female productive system. 'This is genocide; this is a weapon of mass destruction.' At the same time American colleges were banning students from attending if they didn't have this life-changing and potentially life-ending 'vaccine'. Class action lawsuits must follow when the consequences of this college fascism come to light. As the book was going to press came reports about fertility effects on sperm in 'vaccinated' men which would absolutely fit with what I have been saying and hospitals continued to fill with 'vaccine' reactions. Another question is what about transmission via blood transfusions? The NHS has extended blood donation restrictions from seven days after a 'Covid vaccination' to 28 days after even a sore arm reaction.

I said in the spring of 2020 that the then touted 'Covid vaccine' would be ongoing each year like the flu jab. A year later Pfizer CEO, the appalling Albert Bourla, said people would 'likely' need a 'booster dose' of the 'vaccine' within 12 months of getting 'fully

vaccinated' and then a yearly shot. 'Variants will play a key role', he said confirming the point. Johnson & Johnson CEO Alex Gorsky also took time out from his 'vaccine' disaster to say that people may need to be vaccinated against 'Covid-19' each year. UK Health Secretary, the psychopath Matt Hancock, said additional 'boosters' would be available in the autumn of 2021. This is the trap of the 'vaccine passport'. The public will have to accept every last 'vaccine' they introduce, including for the fake 'variants', or it would cease to be valid. The only other way in some cases would be continuous testing with a test not testing for the 'virus' and what is on the swabs constantly pushed up your nose towards the brain every time?

### **'Vaccines' changing behaviour**

I mentioned in the body of the book how I believed we would see gathering behaviour changes in the 'vaccinated' and I am already hearing such comments from the non-'vaccinated' describing behaviour changes in friends, loved ones and work colleagues. This will only increase as the self-replicating synthetic material and nanoparticles expand in body and brain. An article in the *Guardian* in 2016 detailed research at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville which developed a new method for controlling brain circuits associated with complex animal behaviour. The method, dubbed 'magnetogenetics', involves genetically-engineering a protein called ferritin, which stores and releases iron, to create a magnetised substance – 'Magneto' – that can activate specific groups of nerve cells from a distance. This is claimed to be an advance on other methods of brain activity manipulation known as optogenetics and chemogenetics (the Cult has been developing methods of brain control for a long time). The ferritin technique is said to be non-invasive and able to activate neurons 'rapidly and reversibly'. In other words, human thought and perception. The article said that earlier studies revealed how nerve cell proteins 'activated by heat and mechanical pressure can be genetically engineered so that they become sensitive to radio waves and magnetic fields, by attaching them to an iron-storing protein called ferritin, or to inorganic

paramagnetic particles'. Sensitive to radio waves and magnetic fields? You mean like 5G, 6G and 7G? This is the human-AI Smart Grid hive mind we are talking about. The *Guardian* article said:

... the researchers injected Magneto into the striatum of freely behaving mice, a deep brain structure containing dopamine-producing neurons that are involved in reward and motivation, and then placed the animals into an apparatus split into magnetised and non-magnetised sections.

Mice expressing Magneto spent far more time in the magnetised areas than mice that did not, because activation of the protein caused the striatal neurons expressing it to release dopamine, so that the mice found being in those areas rewarding. This shows that Magneto can remotely control the firing of neurons deep within the brain, and also control complex behaviours.

Make no mistake this basic methodology will be part of the 'Covid vaccine' cocktail and using magnetics to change brain function through electromagnetic field frequency activation. The Pentagon is developing a 'Covid vaccine' using ferritin. Magnetics would explain changes in behaviour and why videos are appearing across the Internet as I write showing how magnets stick to the skin at the point of the 'vaccine' shot. Once people take these 'vaccines' anything becomes possible in terms of brain function and illness which will be blamed on 'Covid-19' and 'variants'. Magnetic field manipulation would further explain why the non-'vaccinated' are reporting the same symptoms as the 'vaccinated' they interact with and why those symptoms are reported to decrease when not in their company. Interestingly 'Magneto', a 'mutant', is a character in the Marvel Comic *X-Men* stories with the ability to manipulate magnetic fields and he believes that mutants should fight back against their human oppressors by any means necessary. The character was born Erik Lehnsherr to a Jewish family in Germany.

## **Cult-controlled courts**

The European Court of Human Rights opened the door for mandatory 'Covid-19 vaccines' across the continent when it ruled in a Czech Republic dispute over childhood immunisation that legally

enforced vaccination could be 'necessary in a democratic society'. The 17 judges decided that compulsory vaccinations did not breach human rights law. On the face of it the judgement was so inverted you gasp for air. If not having a vaccine infused into your body is not a human right then what is? Ah, but they said human rights law which has been specifically written to delete all human rights at the behest of the state (the Cult). Article 8 of the European Convention on Human Rights relates to the right to a private life. The crucial word here is *'except'*:

There shall be no interference by a public authority with the exercise of this right EXCEPT such as is in accordance with the law and is necessary in a democratic society in the interests of national security, public safety or the economic wellbeing of the country, for the prevention of disorder or crime, for the protection of health or morals, or for the protection of the rights and freedoms of others [My emphasis].

No interference *except* in accordance with the law means there *are* no 'human rights' *except* what EU governments decide you can have at their behest. 'As is necessary in a democratic society' explains that reference in the judgement and 'in the interests of national security, public safety or the economic well-being of the country, for the prevention of disorder or crime, for the protection of health or morals, or for the protection of the rights and freedoms of others' gives the EU a coach and horses to ride through 'human rights' and scatter them in all directions. The judiciary is not a check and balance on government extremism; it is a vehicle to enforce it. This judgement was almost laughably predictable when the last thing the Cult wanted was a decision that went against mandatory vaccination. Judges rule over and over again to benefit the system of which they are a part. Vaccination disputes that come before them are invariably delivered in favour of doctors and authorities representing the view of the state which owns the judiciary. Oh, yes, and we have even had calls to stop putting 'Covid-19' on death certificates within 28 days of a 'positive test' because it is claimed the practice makes the 'vaccine' appear not to work. They are laughing at you.

The scale of madness, inhumanity and things to come was highlighted when those not 'vaccinated' for 'Covid' were refused evacuation from the Caribbean island of St Vincent during massive volcanic eruptions. Cruise ships taking residents to the safety of another island allowed only the 'vaccinated' to board and the rest were left to their fate. Even in life and death situations like this we see 'Covid' stripping people of their most basic human instincts and the insanity is even more extreme when you think that fake 'vaccine'-makers are not even claiming their body-manipulating concoctions stop 'infection' and 'transmission' of a 'virus' that doesn't exist. St Vincent Prime Minister Ralph Gonsalves said: 'The chief medical officer will be identifying the persons already vaccinated so that we can get them on the ship.' Note again the power of the chief medical officer who, like Whitty in the UK, will be answering to the World Health Organization. This is the Cult network structure that has overridden politicians who 'follow the science' which means doing what WHO-controlled 'medical officers' and 'science advisers' tell them. Gonsalves even said that residents who were 'vaccinated' after the order so they could board the ships would still be refused entry due to possible side effects such as 'wooziness in the head'. The good news is that if they were woozy enough in the head they could qualify to be prime minister of St Vincent.

## **Microchipping freedom**

The European judgement will be used at some point to justify moves to enforce the 'Covid' DNA-manipulating procedure. Sandra Ro, CEO of the Global Blockchain Business Council, told a World Economic Forum event that she hoped 'vaccine passports' would help to 'drive forced consent and standardisation' of global digital identity schemes: 'I'm hoping with the desire and global demand for some sort of vaccine passport – so that people can get travelling and working again – [it] will drive forced consent, standardisation, and frankly, cooperation across the world.' The lady is either not very bright, or thoroughly mendacious, to use the term 'forced consent'.

You do not 'consent' if you are forced – you *submit*. She was describing what the plan has been all along and that's to enforce a digital identity on every human without which they could not function. 'Vaccine passports' are opening the door and are far from the end goal. A digital identity would allow you to be tracked in everything you do in cyberspace and this is the same technique used by Cult-owned China to enforce its social credit system of total control. The ultimate 'passport' is planned to be a microchip as my books have warned for nearly 30 years. Those nice people at the Pentagon working for the Cult-controlled Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA) claimed in April, 2021, they have developed a microchip inserted under the skin to detect 'asymptomatic Covid-19 infection' before it becomes an outbreak and a 'revolutionary filter' that can remove the 'virus' from the blood when attached to a dialysis machine. The only problems with this are that the 'virus' does not exist and people transmitting the 'virus' with no symptoms is brain-numbing bullshit. This is, of course, not a ruse to get people to be microchipped for very different reasons. DARPA also said it was producing a one-stop 'vaccine' for the 'virus' and all 'variants'. One of the most sinister organisations on Planet Earth is doing this? Better have it then. These people are insane because Wetiko that possesses them is insane.

Researchers from the Salk Institute in California announced they have created an embryo that is part human and part monkey. My books going back to the 1990s have exposed experiments in top secret underground facilities in the United States where humans are being crossed with animal and non-human 'extraterrestrial' species. They are now easing that long-developed capability into the public arena and there is much more to come given we are dealing with psychiatric basket cases. Talking of which – Elon Musk's scientists at Neuralink trained a monkey to play Pong and other puzzles on a computer screen using a joystick and when the monkey made the correct move a metal tube squirted banana smoothie into his mouth which is the basic technique for training humans into unquestioning compliance. Two Neuralink chips were in the monkey's skull and

more than 2,000 wires 'fanned out' into its brain. Eventually the monkey played a video game purely with its brain waves. Psychopathic narcissist Musk said the 'breakthrough' was a step towards putting Neuralink chips into human skulls and merging minds with artificial intelligence. *Exactly*. This man is so dark and Cult to his DNA.

## **World Economic Fascism (WEF)**

The World Economic Forum is telling you the plan by the statements made at its many and various events. Cult-owned fascist YouTube CEO Susan Wojcicki spoke at the 2021 WEF Global Technology Governance Summit (see the name) in which 40 governments and 150 companies met to ensure 'the responsible design and deployment of emerging technologies'. Orwellian translation: 'Ensuring the design and deployment of long-planned technologies will advance the Cult agenda for control and censorship.' Freedom-destroyer and Nuremberg-bound Wojcicki expressed support for tech platforms like hers to censor content that is 'technically legal but could be harmful'. Who decides what is 'harmful'? She does and they do. 'Harmful' will be whatever the Cult doesn't want people to see and we have legislation proposed by the UK government that would censor content on the basis of 'harm' no matter if the information is fair, legal and provably true. Make that *especially* if it is fair, legal and provably true. Wojcicki called for a global coalition to be formed to enforce content moderation standards through automated censorship. This is a woman and mega-censor so self-deluded that she shamelessly accepted a 'free expression' award – *Wojcicki* – in an event sponsored by her own *YouTube*. They have no shame and no self-awareness.

You know that 'Covid' is a scam and Wojcicki a Cult operative when YouTube is censoring medical and scientific opinion purely on the grounds of whether it supports or opposes the Cult 'Covid' narrative. Florida governor Ron DeSantis compiled an expert panel with four professors of medicine from Harvard, Oxford, and Stanford Universities who spoke against forcing children and

vaccinated people to wear masks. They also said there was no proof that lockdowns reduced spread or death rates of 'Covid-19'. Cult-gofer Wojcicki and her YouTube deleted the panel video 'because it included content that contradicts the consensus of local and global health authorities regarding the efficacy of masks to prevent the spread of Covid-19'. This 'consensus' refers to what the Cult tells the World Health Organization to say and the WHO tells 'local health authorities' to do. Wojcicki knows this, of course. The panellists pointed out that censorship of scientific debate was responsible for deaths from many causes, but Wojcicki couldn't care less. She would not dare go against what she is told and as a disgrace to humanity she wouldn't want to anyway. The UK government is seeking to pass a fascist 'Online Safety Bill' to specifically target with massive fines and other means non-censored video and social media platforms to make them censor 'lawful but harmful' content like the Cult-owned Facebook, Twitter, Google and YouTube. What is 'lawful but harmful' would be decided by the fascist Blair-created Ofcom.

Another WEF obsession is a cyber-attack on the financial system and this is clearly what the Cult has planned to take down the bank accounts of everyone – except theirs. Those that think they have enough money for the Cult agenda not to matter to them have got a big lesson coming if they continue to ignore what is staring them in the face. The World Economic Forum, funded by Gates and fronted by Klaus Schwab, announced it would be running a 'simulation' with the Russian government and global banks of just such an attack called Cyber Polygon 2021. What they simulate – as with the 'Covid' Event 201 – they plan to instigate. The WEF is involved in a project with the Cult-owned Carnegie Endowment for International Peace called the WEF-Carnegie Cyber Policy Initiative which seeks to merge Wall Street banks, 'regulators' (I love it) and intelligence agencies to 'prevent' (arrange and allow) a cyber-attack that would bring down the global financial system as long planned by those that control the WEF and the Carnegie operation. The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace sent an instruction to First World

War US President Woodrow Wilson not to let the war end before society had been irreversibly transformed.

## **The Wuhan lab diversion**

As I close, the Cult-controlled authorities and lapdog media are systematically pushing 'the virus was released from the Wuhan lab' narrative. There are two versions – it happened by accident and it happened on purpose. Both are nonsense. The perceived existence of the never-shown-to-exist 'virus' is vital to sell the impression that there is actually an infective agent to deal with and to allow the endless potential for terrifying the population with 'variants' of a 'virus' that does not exist. The authorities at the time of writing are going with the 'by accident' while the alternative media is promoting the 'on purpose'. Cable news host Tucker Carlson who has questioned aspects of lockdown and 'vaccine' compulsion has bought the Wuhan lab story. 'Everyone now agrees' he said. Well, I don't and many others don't and the question is *why* does the system and its media suddenly 'agree'? When the media moves as one unit with a narrative it is always a lie – witness the hour by hour mendacity of the 'Covid' era. Why would this Cult-owned combination which has unleashed lies like machine gun fire suddenly 'agree' to tell the truth??

Much of the alternative media is buying the lie because it fits the conspiracy narrative, but it's the *wrong* conspiracy. The real conspiracy is that *there is no virus* and that is what the Cult is desperate to hide. The idea that the 'virus' was released by accident is ludicrous when the whole 'Covid' hoax was clearly long-planned and waiting to be played out as it was so fast in accordance with the Rockefeller document and Event 201. So they prepared everything in detail over decades and then sat around strumming their fingers waiting for an 'accidental' release from a bio-lab? *What??* It's crazy. Then there's the 'on purpose' claim. You want to circulate a 'deadly virus' and hide the fact that you've done so and you release it down the street from the highest-level bio-lab in China? I repeat – *What??*

You would release it far from that lab to stop any association being made. But, no, we'll do it in a place where the connection was certain to be made. Why would you need to scam 'cases' and 'deaths' and pay hospitals to diagnose 'Covid-19' if you had a real 'virus'? What are sections of the alternative media doing believing this crap? Where were all the mass deaths in Wuhan from a 'deadly pathogen' when the recovery to normal life after the initial propaganda was dramatic in speed? Why isn't the 'deadly pathogen' now circulating all over China with bodies in the street? Once again we have the technique of tell them what they want to hear and they will likely believe it. The alternative media has its 'conspiracy' and with Carlson it fits with his 'China is the danger' narrative over years. China *is* a danger as a global Cult operations centre, but not for this reason. The Wuhan lab story also has the potential to instigate conflict with China when at some stage the plan is to trigger a Problem-Reaction-Solution confrontation with the West. Question everything – *everything* – and especially when the media agrees on a common party line.

### **Third wave ... fourth wave ... fifth wave ...**

As the book went into production the world was being set up for more lockdowns and a 'third wave' supported by invented 'variants' that were increasing all the time and will continue to do so in public statements and computer programs, but not in reality. India became the new Italy in the 'Covid' propaganda campaign and we were told to be frightened of the new 'Indian strain'. Somehow I couldn't find it within myself to do so. A document produced for the UK government entitled 'Summary of further modelling of easing of restrictions – Roadmap Step 2' declared that a third wave was inevitable (of course when it's in the script) and it would be the fault of children and those who refuse the health-destroying fake 'Covid vaccine'. One of the computer models involved came from the Cult-owned *Imperial College* and the other from Warwick University which I wouldn't trust to tell me the date in a calendar factory. The document states that both models presumed extremely high uptake

of the 'Covid vaccines' and didn't allow for 'variants'. The document states: 'The resurgence is a result of some people (mostly children) being ineligible for vaccination; others choosing not to receive the vaccine; and others being vaccinated but not perfectly protected.' The mendacity takes the breath away. Okay, blame those with a brain who won't take the DNA-modifying shots and put more pressure on children to have it as 'trials' were underway involving children as young as six months with parents who give insanity a bad name. Massive pressure is being put on the young to have the fake 'vaccine' and child age consent limits have been systematically lowered around the world to stop parents intervening. Most extraordinary about the document was its claim that the 'third wave' would be driven by 'the resurgence in both hospitalisations and deaths ... dominated by *those that have received two doses of the vaccine*, comprising around 60-70% of the wave respectively'. The predicted peak of the 'third wave' suggested 300 deaths per day with 250 of them *fully 'vaccinated' people*. How many more lies do acquiescers need to be told before they see the obvious? Those who took the job to 'protect themselves' are projected to be those who mostly get sick and die? So what's in the 'vaccine'? The document went on:

It is possible that a summer of low prevalence could be followed by substantial increases in incidence over the following autumn and winter. Low prevalence in late summer should not be taken as an indication that SARS-CoV-2 has retreated or that the population has high enough levels of immunity to prevent another wave.

They are telling you the script and while many British people believed 'Covid' restrictions would end in the summer of 2021 the government was preparing for them to be ongoing. Authorities were awarding contracts for 'Covid marshals' to police the restrictions with contracts starting in July, 2021, and going through to January 31st, 2022, and the government was advertising for 'Media Buying Services' to secure media propaganda slots worth a potential £320 million for 'Covid-19 campaigns' with a contract not ending until March, 2022. The recipient – via a list of other front companies – was reported to be American media marketing giant Omnicom Group

Inc. While money is no object for 'Covid' the UK waiting list for all other treatment – including life-threatening conditions – passed 4.5 million. Meantime the Cult is seeking to control all official 'inquiries' to block revelations about what has really been happening and why. It must not be allowed to – we need Nuremberg jury trials in every country. The cover-up doesn't get more obvious than appointing ultra-Zionist professor Philip Zelikow to oversee two dozen US virologists, public health officials, clinicians, former government officials and four American 'charitable foundations' to 'learn the lessons' of the 'Covid' debacle. The personnel will be those that created and perpetuated the 'Covid' lies while Zelikow is the former executive director of the 9/11 Commission who ensured that the truth about those attacks never came out and produced a report that must be among the most mendacious and manipulative documents ever written – see *The Trigger* for the detailed exposure of the almost unimaginable 9/11 story in which Sabbatians can be found at every level.

## **Passive no more**

People are increasingly challenging the authorities with amazing numbers of people taking to the streets in London well beyond the ability of the Face-Nappies to stop them. Instead the Nappies choose situations away from the mass crowds to target, intimidate, and seek to promote the impression of 'violent protestors'. One such incident happened in London's Hyde Park. Hundreds of thousands walking through the streets in protest against 'Covid' fascism were ignored by the Cult-owned BBC and most of the rest of the mainstream media, but they delighted in reporting how police were injured in 'clashes with protestors'. The truth was that a group of people gathered in Hyde Park at the end of one march when most had gone home and they were peacefully having a good time with music and chat. Face-Nappies who couldn't deal with the full-march crowd then waded in with their batons and got more than they bargained for. Instead of just standing for this criminal brutality the crowd used their numerical superiority to push the Face-Nappies out of the

park. Eventually the Nappies turned and ran. Unfortunately two or three idiots in the crowd threw drink cans striking two officers which gave the media and the government the image they wanted to discredit the 99.9999 percent who were peaceful. The idiots walked straight into the trap and we must always be aware of potential agent provocateurs used by the authorities to discredit their targets.

This response from the crowd – the can people apart – must be a turning point when the public no longer stand by while the innocent are arrested and brutally attacked by the Face-Nappies. That doesn't mean to be violent, that's the last thing we need. We'll leave the violence to the Face-Nappies and government. But it does mean that when the Face-Nappies use violence against peaceful people the numerical superiority is employed to stop them and make citizen's arrests or Common Law arrests for a breach of the peace. The time for being passive in the face of fascism is over.

We are the many, they are the few, and we need to make that count before there is no freedom left and our children and grandchildren face an ongoing fascist nightmare.

*COME ON PEOPLE – IT'S TIME.*

### **One final thought ...**

The power of love  
A force from above  
Cleaning my soul  
Flame on burn desire  
Love with tongues of fire  
Purge the soul  
Make love your goal

I'll protect you from the hooded claw  
Keep the vampires from your door  
When the chips are down I'll be around  
With my undying, death-defying  
Love for you

Envy will hurt itself  
Let yourself be beautiful  
Sparkling love, flowers  
And pearls and pretty girls  
Love is like an energy  
Rushin' rushin' inside of me

This time we go sublime  
Lovers entwine, divine, divine,  
Love is danger, love is pleasure  
Love is pure – the only treasure

I'm so in love with you  
Purge the soul  
Make love your goal

The power of love  
A force from above  
Cleaning my soul  
The power of love  
A force from above  
A sky-scraping dove

Flame on burn desire  
Love with tongues of fire  
Purge the soul  
Make love your goal

**Frankie Goes To Hollywood**

## APPENDIX

### **Cowan-Kaufman-Morell Statement on Virus Isolation (SOVI)**

*Isolation: The action of isolating; the fact or condition of being isolated or standing alone; separation from other things or persons; solitariness*

Oxford English Dictionary

The controversy over whether the SARS-CoV-2 virus has ever been isolated or purified continues. However, using the above definition, common sense, the laws of logic and the dictates of science, any unbiased person must come to the conclusion that the SARS-CoV-2 virus has never been isolated or purified. As a result, no confirmation of the virus' existence can be found. The logical, common sense, and scientific consequences of this fact are:

- the structure and composition of something not shown to exist can't be known, including the presence, structure, and function of any hypothetical spike or other proteins;
- the genetic sequence of something that has never been found can't be known;
- "variants" of something that hasn't been shown to exist can't be known;
- it's impossible to demonstrate that SARS-CoV-2 causes a disease called Covid-19.

In as concise terms as possible, here's the proper way to isolate, characterize and demonstrate a new virus. First, one takes samples (blood, sputum, secretions) from many people (e.g. 500) with symptoms which are unique and specific enough to characterize an illness. Without mixing these samples with ANY tissue or products that also contain genetic material, the virologist macerates, filters and ultracentrifuges i.e. *purifies* the specimen. This common virology technique, done for decades to isolate bacteriophages<sup>1</sup> and so-called giant viruses in every virology lab, then allows the virologist to demonstrate with electron microscopy thousands of identically sized and shaped particles. These particles are the isolated and purified virus.

These identical particles are then checked for uniformity by physical and/or microscopic techniques. Once the purity is determined, the particles may be further characterized. This would include examining the structure, morphology, and chemical composition of the particles. Next, their genetic makeup is characterized by extracting the genetic material directly from the purified particles and using genetic-sequencing techniques, such as Sanger sequencing, that have also been around for decades. Then one does an analysis to confirm that these uniform particles are exogenous (outside) in origin as a virus is conceptualized to be, and not the normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues.<sup>2</sup> (As of May 2020, we know that virologists have no way to determine whether the particles they're seeing are viruses or just normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues.)<sup>3</sup>

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1 Isolation, characterization and analysis of bacteriophages from the haloalkaline lake Elmenteita, Kenya Julia Khayeli Akhwale et al, PLOS One, Published: April 25, 2019.  
<https://journals.plos.org/plosone/article?id=10.1371/journal.pone.0215734> – accessed 2/15/21

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2 "Extracellular Vesicles Derived From Apoptotic Cells: An Essential Link Between Death and Regeneration," Maojiao Li et al, Frontiers in Cell and Developmental Biology, 2020 October 2.  
<https://www.frontiersin.org/articles/10.3389/fcell.2020.573511/full> – accessed 2/15/21

If we have come this far then we have fully isolated, characterized, and genetically sequenced an exogenous virus particle. However, we still have to show it is causally related to a disease. This is carried out by exposing a group of healthy subjects (animals are usually used) to this isolated, purified virus in the manner in which the disease is thought to be transmitted. If the animals get sick with the same disease, as confirmed by clinical and autopsy findings, one has now shown that the virus actually causes a disease. This demonstrates infectivity and transmission of an infectious agent.

None of these steps has even been attempted with the SARS-CoV-2 virus, nor have all these steps been successfully performed for any so-called pathogenic virus. Our research indicates that a single study showing these steps does not exist in the medical literature.

Instead, since 1954, virologists have taken unpurified samples from a relatively few people, often less than ten, with a similar disease. They then minimally process this sample and inoculate this unpurified sample onto tissue culture containing usually four to six other types of material – all of which contain identical genetic material as to what is called a “virus.” The tissue culture is starved and poisoned and naturally disintegrates into many types of particles, some of which contain genetic material. Against all common sense, logic, use of the English language and scientific integrity, this process is called “virus isolation.” This brew containing fragments of genetic material from many sources is then subjected to genetic analysis, which then creates in a computer-simulation process the alleged sequence of the alleged virus, a so called in silico genome. At no time is an actual virus confirmed by electron microscopy. At no time is a genome extracted and sequenced from an actual virus. This is scientific fraud.

The observation that the unpurified specimen — inoculated onto tissue culture along with toxic antibiotics, bovine fetal tissue, amniotic fluid and other tissues — destroys the kidney tissue onto which it is inoculated is given as evidence of the virus' existence and pathogenicity. This is scientific fraud.

From now on, when anyone gives you a paper that suggests the SARS-CoV-2 virus has been isolated, please check the methods sections. If the researchers used Vero cells or any other culture method, you know that their process was not isolation. You will hear the following excuses for why actual isolation isn't done:

1. There were not enough virus particles found in samples from patients to analyze.
2. Viruses are intracellular parasites; they can't be found outside the cell in this manner.

If No. 1 is correct, and we can't find the virus in the sputum of sick people, then on what evidence do we think the virus is dangerous or even lethal? If No. 2 is correct, then how is the virus spread from person to person? We are told it emerges from the cell to infect others. Then why isn't it possible to find it?

Finally, questioning these virology techniques and conclusions is not some distraction or divisive issue. Shining the light on this truth is essential to stop this terrible fraud that humanity is confronting. For, as we now know, if the virus has never been isolated, sequenced or shown to cause illness, if the virus is imaginary, then why are we wearing masks, social distancing and putting the whole world into prison?

Finally, if pathogenic viruses don't exist, then what is going into those injectable devices erroneously called "vaccines," and what is their purpose? This scientific question is the most urgent and relevant one of our time.

We are correct. The SARS-CoV2 virus does not exist.

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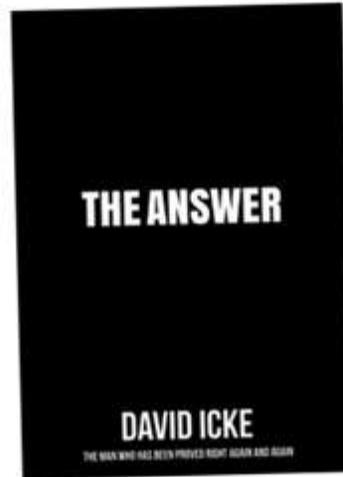
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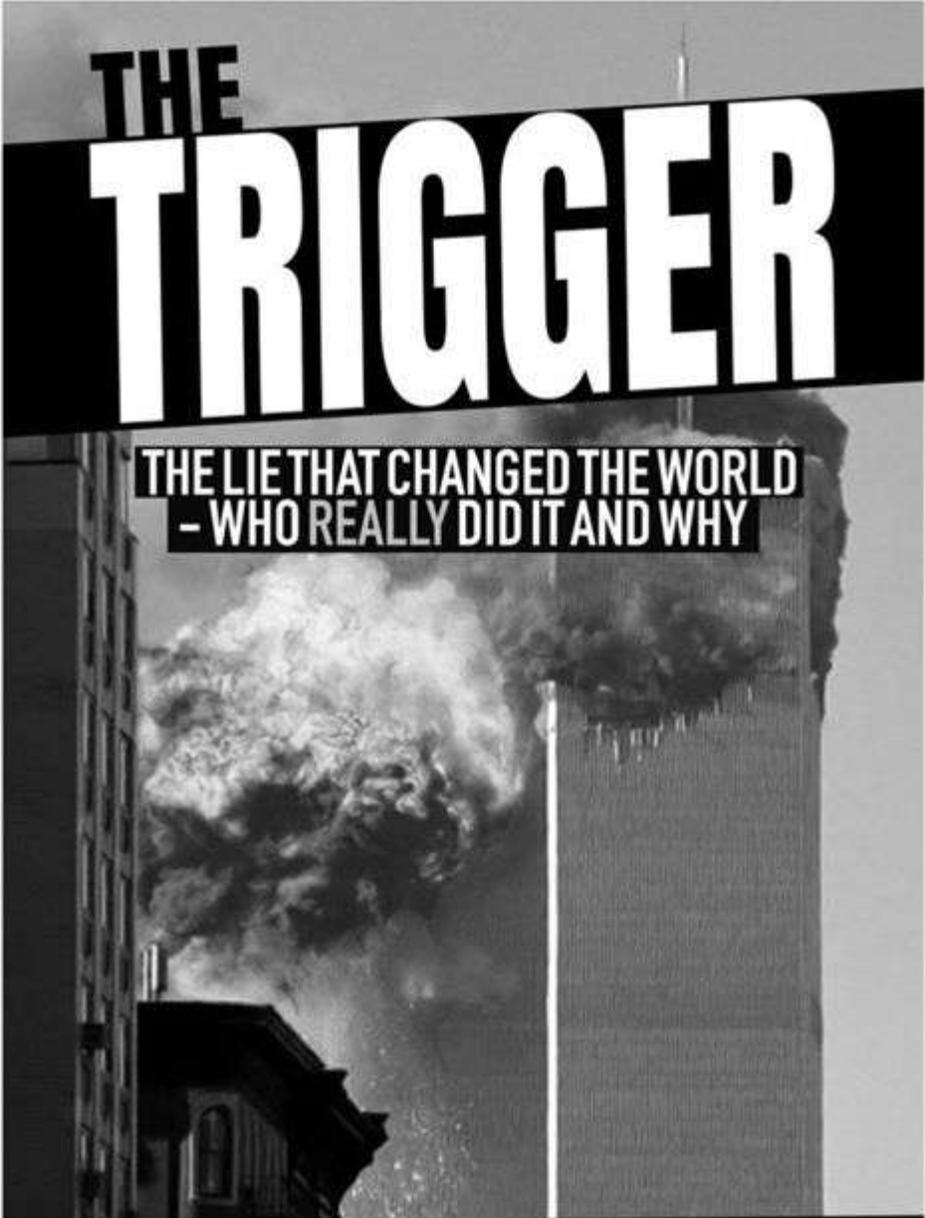
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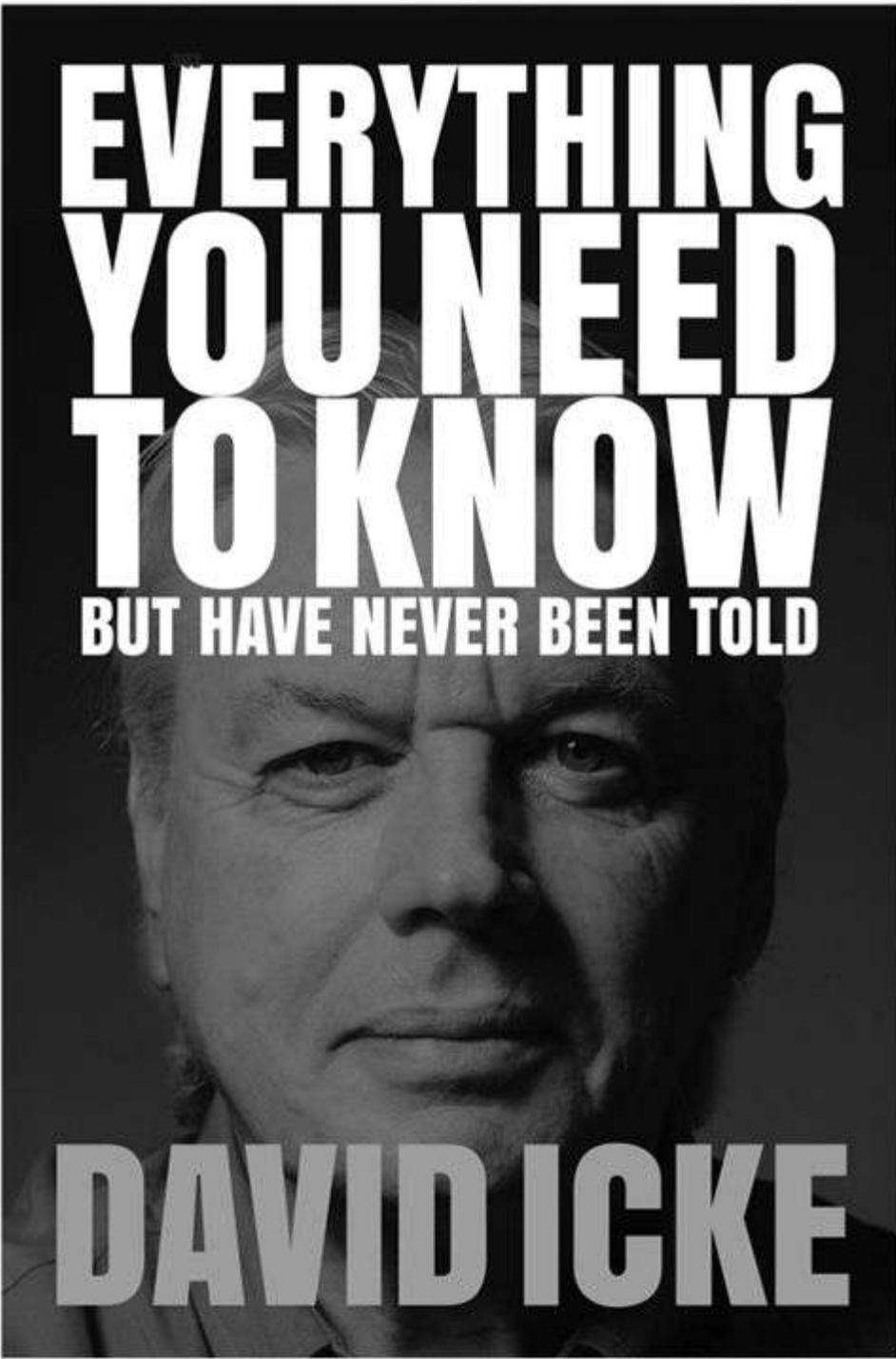
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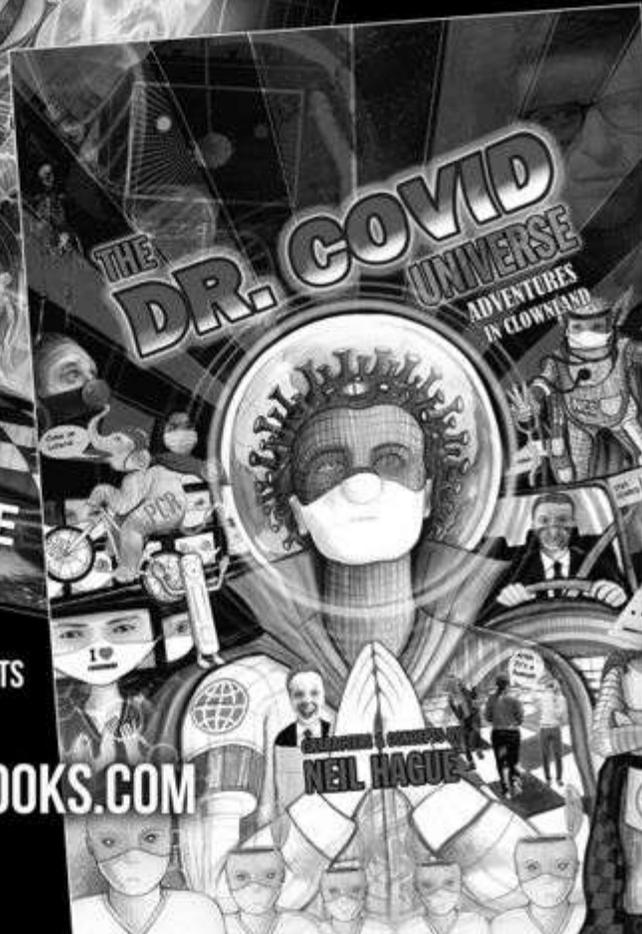
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For more detail, background and evidence about the subjects in *Perceptions of a Renegade Mind* – and so much more – see my others books including *And The Truth Shall Set You Free*; *The Biggest Secret*; *Children of the Matrix*; *The David Icke Guide to the Global Conspiracy*; *Tales from the Time Loop*; *The Perception Deception*; *Remember Who You Are*; *Human Race Get Off Your Knees*; *Phantom Self*; *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told*, *The Trigger* and *The Answer*.

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## Proof That The Pandemic Was Planned & With Purpose

Published on September 30, 2020

Written by Dr James Fetzer



A group of over **500 medical doctors** in Germany called 'Doctors for Information' made a shocking statement during a national press conference: (1)

**'The Corona panic is a play. It's a scam. A swindle. It's high time we understood that we're in the midst of a global crime.'**

This large group of medical experts publishes a medical newspaper on **500,000 copies every week**, to inform the public about the massive misinformation in the mainstream

media. They also organize mass protests in Europe, like the one on August 29, 2020 where **12 million people signed up** and several millions actually showed up.

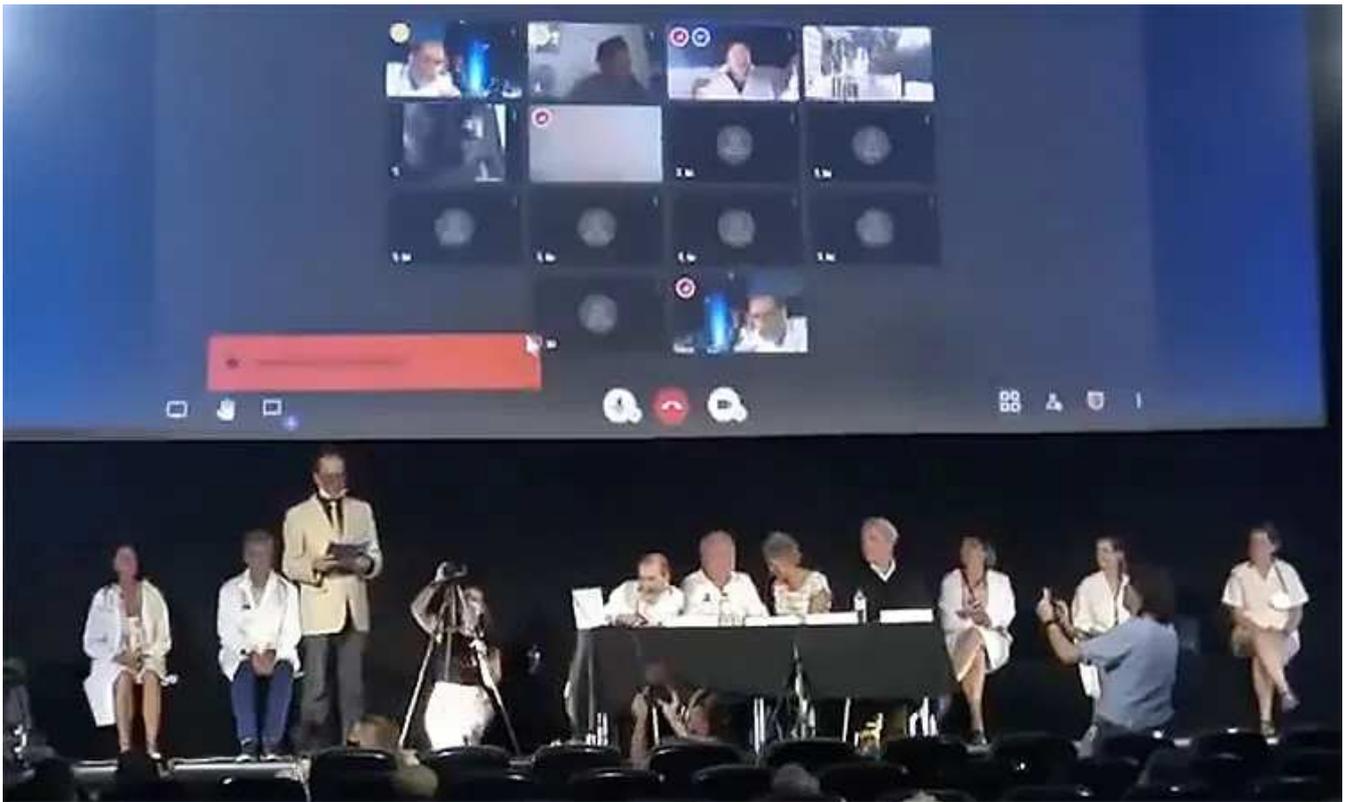
*Why do these 500+ medical doctors say the pandemic is a global crime? What do they know, that we don't?*



**Hundreds Of Spanish Medical Doctors Say The Pandemic Is Planned**

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In Spain a group of **600 medical doctors** called 'Doctors for Truth', made a similar statement during a press conference.



**'Covid-19 is a false pandemic created for political purposes. This is a world dictatorship with a sanitary excuse. We urge doctors, the media and political authorities to stop this criminal operation, by spreading the truth.'** (2)

Germany and Spain are just two examples. Similar large groups of hundreds of medical experts exist in countries across the world.

**In the USA a documentary called PLANDEMIC, which exposes COVID-19 as a criminal operation, is supported by over 27,000 medical doctors!**

Why are these thousands of medical professionals worldwide saying the pandemic is a crime? What information do they have access to, that we are not getting from the mainstream media?

*I invite you to look at the following facts with an open mind and then come to your own conclusions...*

**In 2015 A Testing Method Was Patented For... COVID-19**

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In **2015** a 'System and Method for Testing for COVID-19' was patented by Richard Rothschild, with a Dutch government organisation. Did you catch that? In 2015 – **four years before the disease even existed** – a testing method for COVID-19 was developed. (2B)

*Take a deep breath and let that sink in for a while...*

### **Millions Of COVID-19 Test Kits Sold In 2017 And 2018**

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As we know the new COVID-19 disease appeared in China towards the end of 2019. Therefore it was named COVID-19 which is an acronym for **Corona Virus Disease 2019**. Data from the World Integrated Trade Solution, however, shows something astonishing:

**in 2017 and 2018 – two years before COVID-19 – hundreds of millions of test kits for COVID-19 were distributed worldwide.**

 covid 19 test kits export worldwide

 covid 19 test kits export worldwide

**‘Quick! Hide It!!’**

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This baffling data was discovered by someone on **September 5**, 2020, who posted it on social media. The next day it went viral all over the world. On **September 6** the WITS

suddenly changed the original designation 'COVID-19' into the vague 'Medical Test Kits'.

**This is not allowed in trade, because you always have to be specific. There are many types of test kits for different diseases.**

The fact that they removed the specification 'COVID-19', after this data became known worldwide, **proves that they don't want anyone to know about it.** They however forgot to delete one detail: the product code for these 'Medical Test Kits' is **300215 which means: 'COVID-19 Test Kits'**

 [covid19 product code](#)

[Their cover up came too late: this critical information was uncovered and is being revealed by millions worldwide. You can download a PDF](#) that shows the original data of this website.

**Two Years *Before* The Outbreak Of COVID-19 The USA, The EU, China And Nations Around The World Started Exporting Millions Of Diagnostic Test Instruments For... COVID-19, A Disease That Supposedly Didn't Even Exist Back Then.**

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**The COVID-19 'Project' Is Planned Until 2025**

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The World Bank shows that COVID-19 is a project that is planned to continue until... **end of March 2025!** So the intention is to continue it for another **FIVE YEARS.** (2C)

**Fauci Guaranteed A Pandemic Within The Next Two Years**

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In 2017 Anthony Fauci made a very strange prediction, with an even stranger certainty. With complete confidence Fauci announced that **during the first term of President Trump** a surprise outbreak of an infectious disease would surely happen. Here's what he said: (3)

**There is NO QUESTION there is going to be a challenge for the coming administration in the arena of infectious diseases.**

There will be a SURPRISE OUTBREAK.

There's NO DOUBT in anyones mind about this.

*How could Fauci guarantee a surprise outbreak to happen during the first term of the Trump administration? What did he know, that we don't?*

‘In the next two years there will be a **SURPRISE OUTBREAK**. There’s **NO DOUBT** in anyones mind about this.’ **ANTHONY FAUCI**

## **Bill And Melinda Gates Guaranteed An Imminent Global Pandemic**

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In 2018 Bill Gates publicly announced that **a global pandemic was on it’s way** that could wipe out 30 million people. He said this would probably happen **during the next decade**. (4)

Melinda Gates added that an **engineered virus** is humanities greatest threat and also assured this would hit humanity **in the coming years**. (5)

*Let their choice of words resound into your mind for a moment...*

‘A global pandemic is **ON IT’S WAY**.

An **ENGINEERED VIRUS** is humanities greatest threat.

This will happen in the **NEXT DECADE.**’ **BILL AND MELINDA GATES**

They claim that the dense population of the world guarantees this imminent global pandemic. But let’s be honest: **most of the earth is uninhabited**. Just fly over America in an airplane and look out the window. You see empty space most of the time, with a few cities here and there. Most of the United States is still wide open and empty. The same goes for the rest of the world. Australia, Russia, India, China, America, Africa... **it’s wilderness for the most part**. Our planet isn’t nearly as populated as Bill Gates wants us to believe. This world map shows it clearly...

**Most of the earth is totally void of any human presence. So the idea that the world is vastly overpopulated and is therefor bound to give rise to an imminent global pandemic is a lie.**

The Gates also claimed that air travel was sure to create a global pandemic. But countless people have been traveling in airplanes the past century. Did that give rise to constant outbreaks of global pandemics? Of course not!

Their arguments why they **guaranteed** a global pandemic in the next few years are lies. So what is their real basis to make such guaranteed predictions?

**Practicing For A Pandemic**

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A few months before the outbreak, Bill Gates – the world's nr 1 vaccine dealer – organized an event in New York City. Guess what the event was all about? It was a '*coronavirus pandemic exercise*'. Yes, you read that right:

**Bill Gates organized a coronavirus pandemic exercise, right before it happened!**

On the large display in the auditorium, you see the text printed: '*We need to prepare for the event that becomes a pandemic.*' This pandemic exercise was called Event201 and took place in October 2019, literally right before the outbreak.

*Their conclusion was that all of humanity must be vaccinated...*

## **The Purpose Of Event201 Was To Prepare The World For A Coronavirus Pandemic... Which Happened Right After The Event.**

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### **Excitement About Selling Vaccines In The Next Year**

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Shortly after this 'exercise for a coronavirus pandemic' Bill Gates tweeted:

**I'm particularly excited about what the next year could mean for one of the best buys in global health: vaccines.**

 [tweet bill gates vaccines](#)

Think about this: the world's nr 1 vaccine dealer guarantees a global pandemic to occur in the next few years, and his wife said we should all fear an engineered virus that is 'on its way'. Then they organize an exercise for an imminent global pandemic and say vaccines will be the only solution. Next Bill Gates tweets how excited he is about selling vaccines in the next year. Immediately after that, the announced pandemic breaks out.

*Indeed, right away Bill Gates proclaims that the only solution for humanity is to buy his vaccines...*

### **2020 Coronavirus Pandemic Predicted In 2013**

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Back in 2013 a musician wrote a song called PANDEMIC. In his lyrics he described a global pandemic that kills millions, shuts down economies and gives rise to riots.

**His song literally described in great detail what we are seeing in our world today, seven years later.**

He even mentioned *the exact year* of the pandemic: 2020, and the *specific type* of virus: a coronavirus. (6) This is a line in his lyrics from 2013:

**'2020 combined with CoronaVirus, bodies stacking.'**

This song also predicted the riots that are now raging throughout America:

**'The State is rioting, using the street outside. It's coming to your windows.'**

How could this musician have known in 2013 that a coronavirus pandemic would break out in 2020, and that during this pandemic riots would erupt? He explains:

**‘I Did Research Back In 2012, And Read The So Called “Conspiracy Theories”. You Know, Those Investigations The Media Doesn’t Want Us To Look Into. According To Those Theories Pandemics Were Bound To Happen In The Decade Of 2020 – 2030. So I Wrote The Song Pandemic About It.’**

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### **‘Get Ready For A Global Coronavirus Pandemic’**

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In September 2019 – also right before the outbreak – the Global Preparedness Monitoring Board released a report titled ‘A World At Risk’.

**It stressed the need to be prepared for... a coronavirus outbreak!**

On the cover of the report is the picture of a coronavirus and people wearing face masks.

In the report we read the following interesting paragraph:

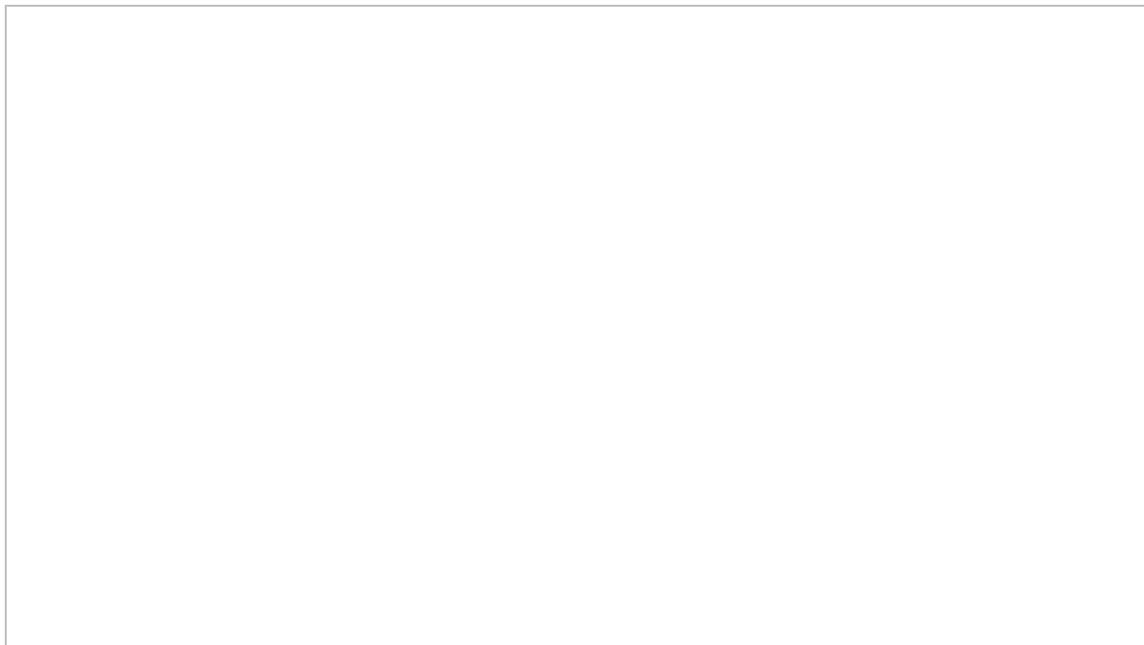
**‘The United Nations (including WHO) conducts at least two system-wide training and simulation exercises, including one for covering the deliberate release of a lethal respiratory pathogen.’**

Did you catch that?

They have been practicing for a *deliberate release of a lethal respiratory pathogen*.

**Outbreak From China Announced**

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In 2018 The Institute for Disease Modeling made a video in which they show **a flu virus originating in China, from the area of Wuhan, and spreading all over the world**, killing millions. They called it 'A Simulation For A Global Flu Pandemic.' That is exactly what happened, two years later. Why did they say it would come from China? Why not Africa, where far more diseases are present? Or why not South America? Or India?

*How could they know there would be a flu virus coming from China and even show Wuhan as the originating area, that would infect the whole world?*

**Was This Coronavirus Engineered?**

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Where did the virus come from? One of the world's leading experts in bioweapons is Dr. Francis Boyle. He is convinced it originated from a bioweapon lab in Wuhan, the Bio Safety Lab Level 4.

**This facility is specialized in the development of... coronaviruses!**

They take existing viruses and 'weaponize' them, meaning they make them far more dangerous, to be used as a biological weapon. In the following two minute video clip you see a spokesperson for the Trump administration, bioweapon expert Dr. Francis Boyle and president Trump talk about how this virus came from the lab in Wuhan.

**Now comes the interesting part: in 2015 Anthony Fauci gave this very lab 3,7 million dollars.**

Figure this: the same man who *guaranteed* a surprise outbreak of a virus in the next two years, gave almost 4 million dollars to a lab that develops coronaviruses. In the short clip below you can see a journalist ask president Trump about this grant given by Fauci to the Wuhan lab.

There are however more options in Wuhan where this virus could have originated from. Some believe it came from the Wuhan Virology Institute, where they also work on weaponizing coronaviruses.

## **Movies Predicted The Coronavirus Pandemic**

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Predictive programming is the process of informing the population about events that are soon to occur. The past years several movies and television series were produced, about... a global coronavirus pandemic!

**The film 'Dead Plague' depicts a global pandemic with a coronavirus and even mentions hydroxychloroquine as the cure.**

Another film called 'Contagion' shows how a coronavirus spreads globally with social distancing, face masks, lock-downs, washing of hands etc. as a result.

*Literally everything we see now, is predicted in detail in these movies.*

## **Pandemic Depicted During Olympics Summergames In 2012**

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Talking about predictive programming: during the opening show of the **Summer Olympics in 2012**, a coronavirus pandemic was played out for the eyes of the whole world. Dozens of hospital beds, large numbers of nurses becoming puppets of a controlling system, death lurking about, a demonic giant rising up over the world, and the whole theatre was lit up in such a way that seen from the sky it looked like a coronavirus.

*Why did the Olympic Games show a coronavirus pandemic, in their opening show?*

**Worldwide Lockdown Predicted In 2008**

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The author and investigator Robin de Ruiter predicted in 2008 that there would come a global lockdown.

**He said the purpose of this would be to create a new world of authoritarian control.**

Because much of what he wrote back in 2008 is now happening right in front of our eyes, this book has been republished.

### **Journalists Predicted Planned Pandemic**

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In 2014 the investigative journalist **Harry Vox** predicted a planned global pandemic and said why the 'ruling class' would do such thing:

**'They will stop at nothing to complete their toolkit of control. One of the things that had been missing from their toolkit is quarantines and curfews. The plan is to get hundreds of thousands of people infected with it and create the next phase of control.'** (7)

**‘The plan is to get hundreds of thousands of people infected with it and **create the next phase of control.**’ HARRY VOX, RENOWN INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST**

### **‘Scenario For The Future’**

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This renown researcher refers to a famous document by the Rockefeller Foundation in which everything we see happening now is literally predicted in great detail: the global pandemic, the lock-downs, the collapse of the economy and the imposing of authoritarian control.

**It’s all described with terrifying accuracy... *ten years before it happened!***

The document is titled ‘Scenario for the Future of Technology and International Development’. (9) That says it all: **a scenario for the future**. It has a chapter called ‘LockStep’ in which a global pandemic is reported as if it happened in the past, but which is clearly intended as a rehearsal for the future.

### **The 2020 Pandemic Is Described In Horrifying Detail In The ‘Scenario For The Future’ By The Rockefeller Foundation Written In 2010.**

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The ‘Scenario for the Future’ continues with comparing two different responses to their predicted pandemic: the USA only ‘strongly discouraged’ people from flying, while China *enforced mandatory quarantine* for all citizens. The first response is accused of spreading the virus even more, while *the imposing of a suffocating lock-down* is praised. Then it goes on to describe the implementation of totalitarian control:

**During the pandemic, national leaders around the world flexed their authority and imposed airtight rules and restrictions, from the mandatory wearing of face masks to body-temperature checks at the entries to communal spaces like train stations and supermarkets.**

Clearly the **flexing of authority** is the desired response. But it gets worse, according to this ‘Scenario of the Future’:

**‘Even after the pandemic faded, this more authoritarian control and oversight of citizens and their activities stuck and even intensified.’**

**‘In developed countries, this heightened oversight took many forms: biometric IDs for all citizens, for example, and tighter regulation of key industries whose stability was deemed vital to national interests.’**

**According To The Rockefeller Foundation A Global Pandemic Must Result In Increased Control, Where People Gladly Surrender Their Freedom, In Order To Feel Safe Again**

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### **[Handbook For Global Control](#)**

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Now that the announced pandemic is indeed here, the same Rockefeller Foundation came forward with step two: **a handbook on how to implement new control systems during this pandemic**. Only when all the required control networks are in place, can the world open up again.

When you combine the two Rockefeller documents, you see the plan:

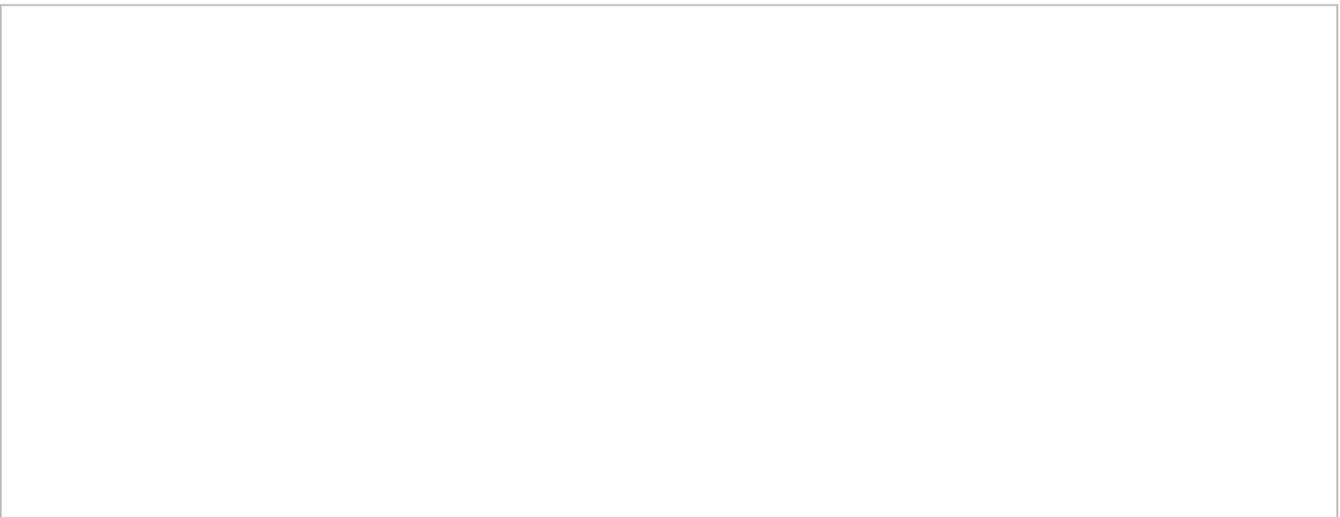
- 1) First they announce a global pandemic with a coronavirus and say what it should lead to: *a whole new level of authoritarian control.***
- 2) Secondly they give practical steps on how to apply this control system.**

These are illustrations and quotes from their guide:



**‘Digital apps and privacy-protected tracking software should be widely used to enable more complete contact tracking.’**

**‘In order to fully control the Covid-19 epidemic, we need to test the majority of the population on a weekly basis.’**



According to their 'Scenario of the future' the entire world population should get a digital ID that indicates who has received all the vaccines. Without sufficient vaccinations, access to schools, concerts, churches, public transport etc. will be denied.

*Now in 2020 that is exactly what Bill Gates and many governments are calling for.*

## **Everyone's Contacts Must Be Checked**

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In a leaked government video (10) we see a conversation between former American president **Bill Clinton and Andrew Cuomo**, the governor of the state of New York. They discuss how to set up a large control system to test the entire population and check all their contacts. They discuss how to build an army to carry out this control system.

**‘Hundreds And Hundreds Of Control Agents Must Be Appointed. They Test Everyone And Then Check All Their Contacts. This Has Never Been Done Before On This Scale. This Is An Army Of Interrogators Who Will Check Everyone’s Contacts.’ ANDREW CUOMO, GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK**

## **A Whole New Level Of Global Control**

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Bill Gates also made it clear that only people who have been vaccinated against Covid-19 should be allowed to travel, go to school, attend meetings and work. (11) Digital vaccine ID's are already being developed (12) and **Gates has a patent on the technology** that makes it possible to trace an individual's body anywhere. This technology is called WO2020-060606 (13). In addition, Gates wants to set up a **global monitoring network**, which will track everyone who came into contact with Covid-19 (14).

## **The Plan: Inject Mankind With DNA Altering Vaccine**

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The famous investigative journalist **Anthony Patch** did years of research concerning the plans to control the world, by means of created pandemics and mandatory vaccines. During an interview in 2014 this researcher predicted the following:

**'They will release a man-made coronavirus. As a result the people will demand a vaccine to protect them. This vaccine will add a third strain of DNA to a persons body, essentially making them a hybrid. Once a person is injected, almost immediately their DNA undergoes a transformation. This genetic change will cause people to loose the ability to think for themselves, without them even being aware this happened. Thus they can be controlled easier, to become slaves for the elite.'**

Of course that sounds insane and it is insane indeed. Yet we have to be aware that this professional investigator is no fool. He has done years of research and this is what he discovered over the years.

**We Must Be Careful Not To Reject Sound Knowledge, Based On Years Of Research, Simply Because Of Our Own Lack Of Insight In These Topics.**

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## **20 Years Of Research Says: The Vaccine Will Change Our DNA**

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Doctor Carrie Madej directed two large clinics in Georgia, before she went to the Dominican Republic to do humanitarian work. She studied DNA and vaccines for the past twenty years and made an urgent video in which she warns that there is a plan to inject humanity with very dangerous vaccines for Covid-19. The purpose of these new vaccines will be twofold:

- 1) reprogram our DNA and make us hybrids that are easier to control.**
- 2) connect us to artificial intelligence through a digital vaccine ID, which will also open a whole new realm of control.**

This medical expert says she has observed multiple times how diseases were spread over populations by air craft. Because of safety reasons she is not able to share more details about this in public.

## **Depopulate The Earth By Means Of Organized Epidemics**

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**Dr. John Coleman** is a famous Intelligence Officer from the CIA who wrote a book titled 'The Committee of 300'. In it he explains how secret societies manipulate governments, health care, food industries, the media and so on. This book can be found on the website of the CIA. (15)

**One of the primary goals of the many secret societies, that control governments and the media, is to depopulate the earth.**

Dr. Coleman says the following about their strategy:

‘At least 4 billion useless eaters shall be eliminated by the year 2050 by means of limited wars and **organized epidemics of fatal rapid acting diseases...**’ **DR. JOHN COLEMAN, CIA INTELLIGENCE OFFICER**

**Maintain Humanity Under 500,000,000**

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In 1980 a granite monument was erected in Georgia, called the Guidestones. A set of 10 guidelines is inscribed on the structure in eight modern languages and a shorter message is inscribed at the top of the structure in four ancient language scripts. The first guideline goes as follows:

**1. Maintain humanity under 500,000,000 in perpetual balance with nature.**

The CIA officer Dr. Coleman revealed that one of their methods to ‘maintain humanity’ is to cause ‘organized epidemics of fatal rapid acting diseases’.

### **Using Vaccines To Reduce Humanity**

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During a TED talk Bill Gates echoed this goal, when he literally said that new vaccines can be used to **reduce the world’s population with 10 – 15%**! (16)

‘There are now 6.7 billion people on earth and soon there will be 9 billion. However, we can reduce that number by ten to fifteen percent if we do a good job with new vaccines, health care and birth control’.

### **BILL GATES, VACCINE DEALER**

### **Covid19 Vaccine For Population Control?**

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Mike Adams is a published food scientist, author of the popular science book Food Forensics and founder of ISO-accredited CWC Labs. Years ago he said the following:

**An engineered bioweapon will be released in population centers. There will be calls for massive government funding for the vaccine industry to come up with a vaccine. Miraculously they will have a vaccine developed in record time. Everyone will be required to line up and take this vaccine shot.**

There is indeed a release of an engineered bioweapon, followed by a vaccine mandate, massive government funding for the vaccine industry and a vaccine that is being developed in record time.

*The rest of his message is that this vaccine will slowly begin to kill millions – if not billions – of people over the course of a few years. It will be a kill-switch vaccine, designed to reduce the world's population.*

## **SUMMARY: WAS THE PANDEMIC PLANNED?**

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Thousands of medical doctors call the pandemic a global crime, and a world dictatorship with a sanitary excuse.

Two years before Covid-19 came to the global scene, the European Union, the USA, China and other nations suddenly started exporting tens of millions of test kits for Covid-19.

In 2013 a musician predicts a global pandemic with a coronavirus and says this will happen in 2020. He knew this because of personal investigation of so called 'conspiracy theories'.

In 2017 Anthony Fauci *guaranteed* a surprise outbreak of an infectious disease during the first term of the Trump administration.

Right before the outbreak of a coronavirus pandemic, Bill Gates organized a global coronavirus pandemic exercise: Event201.

Right before the outbreak the Global Preparedness Monitoring Board told the world to be ready for a coronavirus pandemic.

In 2018 the Institute for Disease Modeling announced a global pandemic with a flu virus, originating in China in the area of Wuhan.

In 2018 Bill and Melinda Gates announced that in the coming years there would be a global pandemic of an engineered virus.

The coronavirus SARS-CoV-2 was created in the Bio Safety Lab Level 4 in Wuhan, which received millions of dollars from Anthony Fauci.

Several movies depicted the coronavirus pandemic with great detail, and even mention hydroxychloroquine as the cure.

The Summer Olympics in 2012 played a pandemic of a coronavirus during their opening show.

The investigative journalist Harry Vox predicted in 2014 that a global pandemic would be caused, so the 'ruling class' could implement a higher level of authoritarian control.

The investigative journalist Anthony Patch predicted a global pandemic with a man made virus, that would be used to force a DNA altering vaccine on humanity.

Dr. Carrie Madej studied DNA and vaccines for decades and says the plan is to use the Covid-19 vaccine to start the process of transhumanism: *reprogramming the human DNA*.

The CIA officer Dr. John Coleman studied secret societies and says their goal is to depopulate the earth by means of organized pandemics of fatal rapid acting diseases.

In the state of Georgia a huge monument was erected in 1980 with ten guidelines for humanity, in eight languages. The first of these 'Ten Commandments' is that humanity needs to be reduced to half a billion people.

Bill Gates said during a TED talk that new vaccines can be used to reduce the world's population with 10-15%.

The 'health ranger' Mike Adams predicted years ago what we see happening now: the release of an engineered bioweapon, followed by a vaccine mandate, massive government funding for the vaccine industry and a vaccine that is being developed in record time. He also predicted that this vaccine will kill innumerable people over the course of a couple of years.

In 2010 the Rockefeller Foundation published the 'Scenario for the future...' in which they describe a coming global pandemic, that should result in the implementation of authoritarian control over the people, which will then intensify after the pandemic.

In 2020 they publish a handbook on how to create this world of control, with a step by step guide. They say life cannot return back to normal, until the world has become 'Locked Down' with this top down control from authoritarian governments.

We indeed see that Bill Gates and many others worldwide are right away seizing control in unprecedented ways, with enforcing vaccine ID's, microchips that will be implanted into people, mandating the wearing of face masks, social distancing, forced lock-downs, extreme contact tracing, and so on.

Part of this top down control is extreme censoring of every single voice from doctors, scientists or other experts that criticize what is going on.

## References

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1: [German group of Doctors For Information](#)

2: [Spanish group of Doctors For Truth](#)

2B: [Richard Rothshild patented a testing method for COVID-19 in 2015](#)

2C: [World Bank shows planned end date of project COVID-19.](#)

3: [Fauci guarantees an outbreak with the next two years.](#)

4: [Bill Gates announced a global pandemic](#)

5: [Melinda Gates says humanities greatest threat is an engineered virus](#)

6: [Lyrics of 2013 song that predicted coronavirus pandemic in 2020](#)

7: [Harry Vox predicted the global pandemic](#)

8: [Robin de Ruitter predicted lockdowns](#)

9: [Scenario for the future described global pandemic](#)

10: [Andrew Cuomo talks with Bill Clinton about authoritarian control](#)

11: [Bill Gates talks about a digital ID to control people](#)

12: [Linking vaccines to a digital ID](#)

13: [Gates has pattend on technology to trace a body anywhere](#)

14: [Gates wants a global monitoring system](#)

15: [Download the book of CIA officer Coleman](#)

16: [Gates talks about reducing world population using vaccines](#)

17: [Tens of millions of Covid-19 test kits were exported by the EU, USA, China etc in 2017 and 2018](#)

18: [DAVOS and the gathering of the globalists](#)

19: [The head of the World Health Organization is member of violent terrorist group](#)

20: [Letter from archbishop and cardinals to humanity](#)

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For **another detailed explanation of what's behind COVID-19:**

<https://articles.mercola.com/sites/articles/archive/2020/10/23/world-economic-forum-prediction-global-takeover>

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