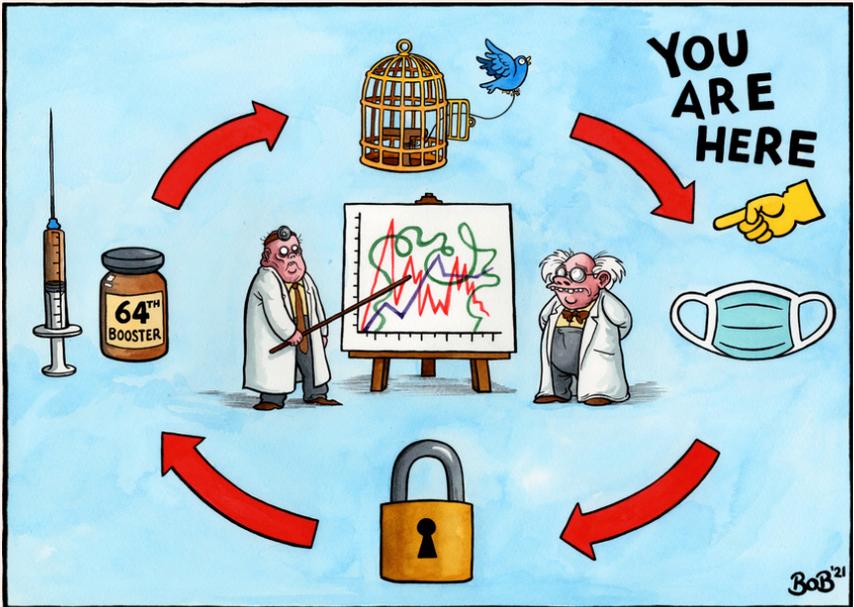


We The People

Letters from Dystopia



Illustrations by Bob Moran

Foreword

"I was born for this. I came into the world for this: To bear witness to the truth; and all who are on the side of truth listen to my voice."

"Truth?" said Pilate.

"What is that?" – John 18:37

This book is dedicated to the millions of people who have suffered under this global tyranny, and those courageous souls who continue to stand up against it.

In May 2022, having been banned on twitter, I decided to start a podcast.

Abi Daily gradually grew into a family for those who feel alone, hopeless, or shunned by their own family, friends and colleagues for speaking out against the Covid propaganda.

After a few weeks, I invited people to write to me about their experiences of the last two and a half years, and every Wednesday I read the letters out. It became known as Meaningful Wednesday. Some of the stories are so harrowing, I found myself physically affected by them days later.

I've put together an e-book of the letters to serve as a permanent record of the unspeakable inhumanity people have endured, and to honour all those who stand up against this evil.

The honesty, humanity and bravery you will read in these letters is astonishing.

Thank you for your testimonies.

The world will read them.

Never forget.

Never forgive.

Never again.

Huge thanks to tech maestro Martin Baker, without whom I'd still be recording the podcast into my iPhone 6s.

With thanks to Scott for designing this e-book.

Love and thanks to my friend Bob Moran for his brilliant art, wisdom, and unwavering courage. www.bobmoran.co.uk

Lots of love

Abi x

<https://abiroberts.substack.com/>

Warning: These Stories Are Harrowing

If your emotional or mental health is vulnerable in any way, speak to the Samaritans.

Call 116 123 or SMS SHOUT to 85258 or

<https://www.samaritans.org/>

For more information on help with vaccine damage please visit VIBUK:

<https://findothers.com/campaign/families-fighting-for-a-uk-bespoke-compensation-sc>

Message From Bob Moran

"Once upon a time, there was a deadly, unprecedented virus and the only way for human beings to survive was by surrendering all control over their lives and their bodies to governments, who had their best interests at heart."

What a ridiculous story. What a completely absurd narrative. Yet it's the narrative that's been rammed down our throats, strapped to our faces and injected into our arms for the past three years. There has been one version of events, one acceptable reality, beamed into us through our phones and televisions, imagined on posters everywhere we look and legitimised by people standing outside their front doors clapping for it. To question it in any way was to declare yourself a pariah and risk losing friends, family, employment and more. Possibly the most blatantly untrue, nonsensical and sinister story ever told managed to fool almost everyone on Earth and take us to the brink of self-destruction.

Stories are powerful.

Something in our being, some extra spark of consciousness gifted to us but denied to other forms of life, both enables and compels us to tell stories. For a long time, all we had was survival, companionship, firelight and stories. They were our entertainment, our education, our spiritual nourishment and our legacy. Like today, there would have been people among us who were particularly good at spinning a yarn. Even so, most people would have acquired the basic skills of storytelling. Everyone contributed to the Great Story.

Everyone made their chapter count for something. If you know how to tell a story, you learn how to recognise a rotten one. You know when you're being lied to. But somewhere along the line, we stopped thinking of ourselves as story tellers. Somehow, the majority of people decided to just sit, vegetating and absorbing whatever stories were thrown at them. And they lost their discernment. They gave up their agency. They extinguished that extra spark.

Fortunately, some people never lost it. In the early weeks and months of 2020, it became clear to a depressingly small number of us that we were in the fight of our lives. What we were fighting for was nothing less than the very essence of what it means to be human. It also became clear that before we could stop the rampaging inhuman agenda set in motion, we had to fight the false narrative that veiled its true intentions.

The true story of this time is one of intentional destruction, division, persecution, murder, moral inversion and human strength in the face of relentless punishment. I have tried my best to tell a version of that story through my cartoons. But no single image could ever convey the full truth of what has happened to people. These accounts, these testimonies, convey the reality with a visceral force that lies beyond the capabilities of my paintbrush. They are not easy to read. They make one thing very clear: The people in charge have taken a lot from us. They've taken away lives. They've taken away relationships. They've taken away futures. They've taken away trust. They've taken away the very foundations of the world we thought we lived in. So much has been lost. However, this collection is also about the things they cannot take. Our courage. Our integrity. Our joy. Our spirit. Our individuality. Our voices. Our stories. They must be heard. They will be heard. Perhaps only by a few to begin with. Maybe as a faint murmur or strange background hum.

But truth is persistent and, unlike a lie, it only gets stronger with time. Eventually the whisper will become a thundering roar, furious and undeniable. This is how we win back the narrative.

The orchestrators of this evil have taken enough from us. It's about time we took something away from them.



"PROTECT THE VULNERABLE"

Hi Abi,

I'm sending this email so that you can share my story to whoever will listen.(you know my story 😊)

My son Benjamin took his own life during Lockdown 2020 aged 25.

Benjamin lived in Yorkshire, he had planned to visit his family in Leicestershire for Easter that year, however, LD prevented him from doing so.

Leicester's regional lockdown again scuppered more plans of a visit.

Ben was found dead in a local park on 14th July 2020.

I strongly believe that LD contributed greatly to my son's suicide.

He was isolated from his loved ones, he adored his family in Leicester.

At the funeral were 18 people, all socially distanced, which made the service cold.

This was not the send off my son deserved, not by a long shot.

I do blame the government, especially knowing that they deliberately flouted rules with no regard whatsoever for the people.

If my son and I had broken the rules, I may have had extra precious time with him. Things may have turned out differently, I'll never know.

So many people have lost loved ones to suicide during lockdown, yet this again has never been spoken about or even acknowledged by the government.

Lockdowns must never ever happen again.

Can I also thank you for all the great stuff you do Abi.

You are a breath of fresh air.

Thanks also for your support.

Huge love

Trudi

Xxx



TESTIMONY

Pre-covid my husband was diagnosed with cancer. We downsized to a one bed garden flat to make life easier, financially and physically. We decided to make the most of life and booked three holidays to New York, Aruba and Las Vegas with plans for more destinations too. The first lockdown came and the holidays were cancelled when 3 weeks to 'flatten the curve' became the first of many lies.

I was sceptical from the outset about the jabs and the restrictions. Nothing the government, the medical profession or the 'scientists' said made sense to any critical thinking person. I've never had the jab, never worn a mask, never social distanced or followed any of the stupid idiotic rules.

My extended family bought into the 'pandemic' big time and saw me not only as a conspiracy theorist but a dangerous person to be around. They said I was selfish to not have the jab and that I would pay the price. My longterm friends were horrified at my stance and one by one they wrote me off as a friend. I have always suffered from depression from time to time and the situation I found myself in with family and friends put me in a very dark place.

Although I followed none of the rules, the pubs, wine bars, restaurants, shops that I would frequent weekly were closed and of course we could not go on holiday. The usual outlets to help alleviate my depression were denied to me.

I felt like I was banging my head against a wall when I tried to explain what a farce lockdowns, mask and social distancing were. That it was not about health and all about control. I joined Twitter and found some people who were awake like me and questioned everything. I soon learned to block the haters rather than engage with them. In the depths of despair where I didn't see the point of living I came across a qualified counsellor on Twitter.

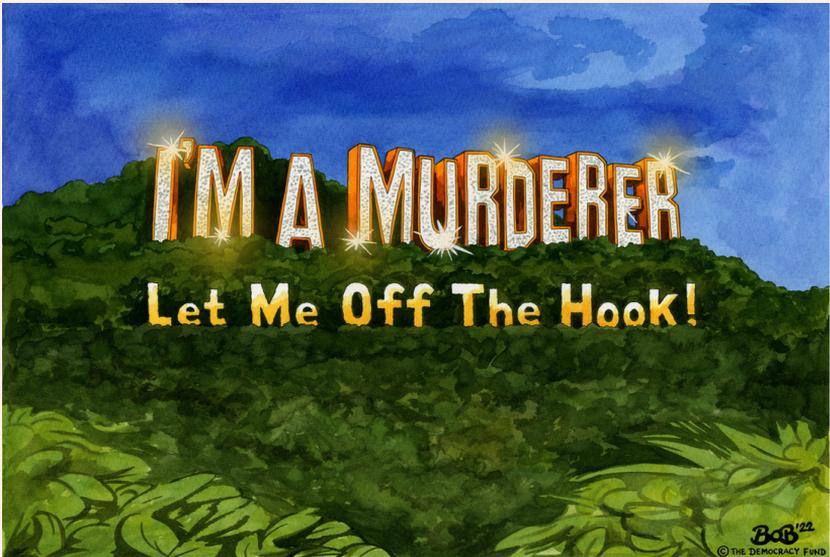
I paid him for a course of counselling sessions, by phone, as he lives in Leeds and I am in Kent.

I can honestly say that this guy saved me. He taught me that depression cannot be cured but can be managed. Sadly he is no longer my counsellor as he had a heart attack after his second job and now has his own problems to deal with.

We became friends (totally unethical apparently) and we still text each other most weeks and occasionally speak on the phone.

My family are still on the covid bandwagon despite all the evidence out there that they were conned from day one. I will never trust government, big pharma, scientists and doctors blindly every again. They all have blood on their hands including the many celebrities who were paid to push the jabs. The celebrities who promoted the idea of a two tier society and wanted the unvaccinated punished and fined are pure evil. I will never forgive or forget what they did but more importantly they will have to answer to God.

Jan Newell



Hi Abi,

Firstly, thank you for being a beacon of light during this madness. My experience over the last two years has not been a pleasant one!

During 2020, I became suicidal for the first time in my life due to the restrictions of lockdown, not being able to see my friends and go to work in the office and do my usual social things that always helped keep my anxiety at bay.

The looming threat of being ousted from society due to choosing not to be vaccinated from an experimental drug also exasperated my depression and I saw a bleak future not worth living for.

When I started having suicidal thoughts, I called my doctor who refused to see me face to face and told me to just go to a and e. So my partner drove me 18 miles to the hospital and due to restrictions, had to drop me off at the front door and leave me sat in a waiting room in the hospital alone, desperate, distressed and crying into my mask as I was told I would not be allowed in without one.

To then have to be tortured with a nurse attacking my nose and throat with a swab to check if I had a virus I did not have any symptoms of further added to my distress and the whole ordeal did not help my situation.

In the end, after some not so helpful assistance and months of waiting lists on the NHS, I had to spend my entire savings on getting private therapy to help me overcome the depression.

We should never have been locked away from our lives and loved ones and we must never do it again.

I was lucky that I could pay for help and I am lucky to be here sending you this email. Not everyone was so lucky and sadly ended their own lives due to these barbaric rules and restrictions.

Thank you again for all that you do in speaking out against this evil.

Kind regards,

Robin

Oh, Abi, how would we cope without you?

When you mentioned that you went to church and no one would come near you, it reminded me of when I first went back to church. My brother had died in April 2020, alone in a nursing home. I was not allowed to the funeral so I couldn't go. I gave the minister a note as I just wanted his name read out. It was 6 lines long but the minister reluctantly read out 3.

Then during the Lords prayer he stopped us half way through. We were only allowed to say it silently and some were heard to mumble through our masks. The congregation was around 10, in an enormous church. I walked out and have never returned.

Keep fighting the good fight, you absolute treasure

xxxx Nanny Anne

Hi Abi.

My 81 year mom has undergone a noticeable personality change since her second Pfizer and the immediate aftermath of excruciating headaches.

My Father in law was advised by his doctor that the AZ was safe right after he finished chemotherapy. This was a provable false statement as it was only tested on healthy under 55s and he was 79!

He was in hospital with lung clots in 48 hours, his lungs were destroyed within a week and he died an awful death 2 months later. He NEVER ONCE had a positive pcr test in hospital yet his doctor wrote "Covid" on his death certificate.

They do this to prevent post mortem.

They are bastards.

Please keep fighting them!

Regards.

Paul.

The best man I've ever known, Dad, was admitted to hospital with Covid just before Christmas 2020. He has a wife & family who absolutely adored him and would have been with him around the clock however, the utterly cruel rules meant not one of us could visit. We kept in contact with him on his mobile phone. When I took fresh pj's , juice etc I had to leave it with security at the main desk of the hospital.

Then my mum who is in her 80's answered the phone one morning to be told her husband, the man she had spent her whole life living was dead.

I contacted the hospital and demanded that we see him to say our goodbyes to be told "it's not allowed". We were then informed it had to be a closed casket & we would only be able to have 2 people at a time visit him in the chapel of rest.

I cannot tell you how devastated & angry my family are.

My poor mum has been destroyed by the fact she could not kiss her husband goodbye as are we, his children.

To then find both parties in parliament "partied" whilst this happened, not only to us but many other families too fills me with rage.

I hate them

- Michelle

Dear Abi

Please don't stop what you're doing.

I still can't put into words what my mother went through watching my father slip away and watching her now kills me.

Sometimes i think empathy and compassion no longer exist ,then i see you or Neil, sometimes I cry knowing there are still people like you out there.

lots of love

Jay



Letters from Dystopia

Abi,

Thank you for championing people and making sure our stories get heard.

I'm a primary school teacher who has worked throughout the past two years. Before this, I have always been a strong, positive and resilient person with lots to live for. I've taught key worker children the whole way through and, disagreeing with the lockdowns, schools closures and masking, did everything I could to keep things normal for them and make sure that they didn't feel any fear, despite what was going on.

I've had health anxiety all my life; it manifests in panic attacks and anxiety, yet I managed to keep it in control until June 2021 when the government stepped up their vaccine coercion.

I made the decision not to have the vaccine because of my health anxiety. I have a phobia of medical procedures and struggled to comprehend how I would cope with worrying about vaccine side effects and adverse reactions that are much more common than they are reported to be. I couldn't have coped with one, let alone two, now three, possibly four.

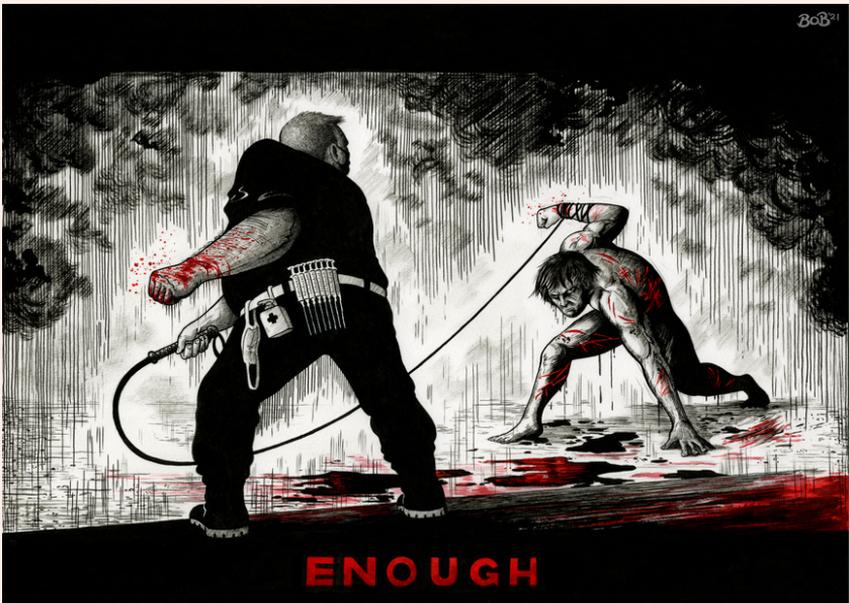
Due to this, since July, my mental health has suffered to the extent that I became suicidal - all due to the pressure, coercion and discrimination that the government were using against unvaccinated people. I have found it incredibly hard to cope with and ended up being that ill, mentally and emotionally, I was unable to work for a few months. The government's policies and fear filled narrative has ruined me beyond belief.

When they launched their 'omicron' scaremongering in December, I became that low, I ended up on the phone to the Samaritans and luckily, a non judgmental doctor, who helped me to see that I do have a future and I do have hope.

The reason I'm contacting you with my story is because if someone in my position with the security and support that I have I has been pushed to the absolute limits of not wanting to live because of the government's handling of the pandemic, I fear for those less fortunate than me.

The government need to be held to account, not because they broke 'the rules,' but because of the consequences of their coercive communications, policies and manipulation of data that has caused mental turmoil for so many people. Thanks for taking the time to read my story,

A



Abi,

I'd like to take you up on your offer to discuss the effects of the last two years. From the start, I felt alone. Alone in seeing where this could lead and the immediate societal issues. I felt like I was tapped into a different wavelength to everyone else when I got angry about mask mandates and nobody else seemed to care. I got angry about how people got vaccinated just to go to Ibiza.

On the other hand, I've discovered so many people, such as yourself, who have stopped things from going even further. And I honestly believe that. Britain still has a sufficient minority of critical thinkers, in my opinion. But, when I do get fed up, I can always visit Sweden or perhaps Albania. In the latter, they had a mask mandate till a few weeks back. But, do you know what? NOBODY followed it. That, for me, is even better than having no 'mandate' at all. I've loved hearing your voice over recently, by the way.

Take care, Calum

.....

I have been trying not to say too many obvious bad things have happened over the last two years. I was coerced into having a jab by my parents and I really regret it. It really scares me the push the gov are putting on people to be jabbing children when we can all see how many previously healthy people are suffering with heart problems.

I read a fascinating book called Scanned by Nick Corbishley and I recommend everyone interested into the worry of our loss of freedom reads it. I am clinging onto the hope that it's not too late for us to stop what is happening but I fear it's already too late.

Keep up the good work, all the best

Nick

I just want to say thanks so much for **Abi** daily you make me smile every day which is very much needed.

This is our lockdown nightmare story.....

I was one of the shielders due to my severe asthma, my mum ended up in hospital(for **3** half months) and tested positive for covid although she only ever had a high temperature, during this time we found my dad dead at home, no post mortem and covid put on his death certificate. **We** were unable to break the news to my mum or have a funeral.

Mum got sectioned and was taken to a psychiatric unit because the social isolation caused her to deteriorate(a **DNR**) had been put on her without our knowledge.

Eventually she was sent to a care home where she smashed the place up i couldn't take much more so we fetched her out and i moved in with her for a couple of weeks until we had some care put in place. It still hadn't sunk in with her that my dad had died so i had to work thru a timeline as to what had happened with her.

During my stay with her i had a breakdown myself because i had been keeping it to myself that i thought i had got breast cancer (which was confirmed a few weeks later) i had inoperable secondary breast cancer, i started some treatment whilst continuing to go and look after mum every day.

My workplace announced they were making redundancies i had worked there for **37** years i managed to get redundancy on medical grounds.

We all made sure mum had the best Christmas with us **2020**(thank goodness we did now)those memories are so precious.

Managed to keep her out of hospital for another **6** months until her chest started playing her up the meds caused her to have delirium yet again so she was admitted to hospital, then psychiatric unit, then another care home, then back to the psychiatric unit after she had another melt down.

The trauma the many phone calls with her crying was starting to take its toll on us all and we were also grieving my dad's death.

We tried to get her back home with a 24 hour carer but she only lasted a couple of hours before we had to get rapid response to take her back to the psychiatric unit where she stayed until we found yet another carehome.

She had only been in there a few days before the place was locked down and we were unable to visit, my mum thought we had abandoned her we had multiple phone calls from her every day crying upset as we were unable to visit.

Eventually i managed to get a 'window visit' this was to be the last time i saw her properly before she was yet again admitted to hospital, during her stay she got angry because we were unable to see her she fell and broke her neck and passed away a few weeks later we were able to be with her when she passed away thankfully.....

A week after mums funeral i got some more bad news myself my treatment wasn't working my cancer had progressed and my treatment was changed, i didn't want chemo i was absolutely broken and traumatised i had now been diagnosed with PTSD. Things got worse earlier this year my husband was rushed to hospital with pulmonary embolism, multiple blood clots and a collapsed lung luckily he survived although he had months of recovery ahead of him.

So fast forward to now i sit here still traumatised thinking what the hell have we been through?

The loss i feel is huge, its like we have been in a war.

My cancer has progressed further i have said no to chemo i just want a bit of 'normal' whatever that is for how long i may have left....Lisa x

Hi Abi

I hope you don't mind me writing to you for a little rant, I was very grateful to you for reading my testimony back in May and felt that you and the Substack family will understand why I'm so angry at what has happened to my poor Dad.

Since my Mums death in 2020 my Dad has been existing rather than living, he spends his days wandering around shops or on the train going to some other town just trying to escape the loneliness he feels without the love of his life, when he is at home he sits with Mums ashes and 'talks to her' about anything and everything. Mum and Dad had the most wonderful marriage and I was incredibly lucky to have had a fantastic childhood with the best parents a child could have, as an adult they were always there to support me, my family, my brothers, their grandchildren, their friends, and anyone else who needed support either practically or emotionally - just good decent people. For as long as I can remember my Dad has volunteered for numerous charities including Victim Support, Barnardos, Mencap, The Samaritans, and even set up a soup kitchen for the homeless, doing all of this alongside working full time as a bricklayer then later as a building surveyor, he continued to volunteer throughout retirement until he started to have some health issues and problems with his heart.

For a while now Dad has been talking about his need to do something more, he said he should be doing more to help people (as if he hasn't done enough), my Dad is 92yrs old!!!! Yesterday he had an interview at the local hospice, the volunteer co-ordinator was very keen to have him on board, he told Dad that they are desperate for help and there would definitely be a role for him, after a lovely chat and a warm handshake the coordinator said "you have had all of your COVID vaccinations haven't you?"

To which Dad replied "No, and I've never had COVID" he was then told that he wouldn't be able to volunteer unless he's been jabbed!

Poor Dad is heartbroken, I am furious, I don't think I have the right words to articulate my feelings of rage! Dad even offered to wash dishes in the kitchen so he wouldn't come in to contact with any of the patients but apparently their policy won't allow it!

I am fuming Abi, I really want to go down to the hospice and speak to someone about their ridiculous policies but my Dad wants me to leave it. How am I supposed to lift his spirits again as now he feels so worthless? What a messed up world we live in! Anyway, thanks for letting me rant I just needed to share.

Much love to you as always, and thank you for being the voice of sanity amongst those who will always "stay stupid" Love you
Abs

Catherine xx

.....

Hi Abi,

Sorry this is a very long one!

This is my 3rd time of writing to you, I first wrote to you in January of this year explaining how the COVID restrictions affected our family and how it ultimately led to my mothers death.

I wrote to you again in August of this year with a little rant about how my 92yr old father was refused a volunteer role in a hospice due to him being unvaccinated.

I'm writing today with another testimony which is incredibly hard for me to write because as a mother I feel as though I have failed my son. I will start at the beginning -

I'm a Mum of 4 great kids, although I should say adults apart from Alex who is the baby of the family but now almost 18. Alex was diagnosed with Cystic Fibrosis when he was 3 years old, CF is chronic lung disease for which there is no cure, people with CF have the possibility of a shortened life span and we were originally told that he would be lucky to reach 31. However, our boy is determined to live much longer than that! Alex manages the symptoms with a range of medications, nebulised treatments, and daily physiotherapy. In addition to CF Alex has arthritis in his knees and has fatty liver disease. Despite endless appointments and hospital admissions for infections Alex kept up with his peers at school gaining 9 GCSE's and is currently at 6th form college, (as I'm typing this he's downstairs doing a college assignment on Global Affairs focussing on COVID 19, - oh the irony).

Throughout his life my husband Gary and I have tried to be very nonchalant about CF and have always told Alex that despite the burden of daily treatments and medication he should never use his illness as an excuse to get out of things and should strive for the things that most of us take for granted. We are exceptionally proud of our young man, he's funny, articulate, loud, and incredibly messy but he is loved by everyone. Over the years I've had some battles with hospital consultants over various medications that they've wanted to try out on Alex, each time I've done my own research looking at side effects and possible long term damage before agreeing or disagreeing with a course of treatment. I know I've annoyed the doctors with my extensive knowledge on medication and clinical trials and one CF specialist nurse used to tell me not to research stuff as the clinicians didn't like it!

In early 2021 when the so called pandemic was in full flow Alex's consultant called us in for an appointment to tell us about a wonderful vaccine which would help vulnerable people combat COVID and give them extra protection if they were unfortunate enough to catch it, I was told all the other teenagers with CF were going to have it and that Alex would be one of the lucky ones. As usual I said I'd go away and look at the research first but was told I wouldn't find much because it was new and had been developed very quickly, with that I said "well if it's been developed quickly there won't be any evidence of clinical trials so he's not having it" the consultant said he'd give us time to reconsider because COVID could kill Alex. Gary and I did our own research and discovered that the vaccine was in fact a genetically developed MRNA jab and that was in our opinion out of the question for our son!

At Alex's next appointment the consultant said he would like to speak to Alex alone, he said the reason was to get him prepared for when he transitions to adult care as parents don't go to appointments and young people start to speak and think for themselves (which he's never had a problem doing). As I sat in the waiting room I knew that they would try bullying Alex in to having the vaccine and I wasn't wrong!

When I spoke to him afterwards he said that the consultant told him that if he caught COVID he would end up on a ventilator and probably die obviously he was really upset. I phoned the Consultant to tell him that I was disappointed in the way they had tried to coerce my son through fear and bullying and said despite this he would not be vaccinated, then came the words I didn't expect, "I'm sorry but while Alex is under 18 and being cared for by a paediatric hospital we can take you to court for neglect, this is because of your failure to meet his needs and this will seriously impair his physical health". I replied, "I'll see you in court".

Alex's Dad is a Police Officer, he said he couldn't let things get as far as court as he would lose his job, it looked like we didn't have a choice. We spoke to Alex and he said he would take the job as he didn't want any of us to get in to trouble and told us not to worry.

The in March 2021 Alex had his first Pfizer jab, within weeks he had developed a terrible rash on his hands which couldn't be identified, it was spreading up his arms but still nobody seemed to know what it was. In June 2021 Alex had his second Pfizer jab and not long afterwards he started to get pains in his chest and occasionally fainted after exercise, because of this he refused to have any more, in January 2022 Alex transferred to adult care, nobody in adult care has asked him to continue with the jabs and he has freedom of choice now.

Unfortunately in August Alex was taken in to hospital with a Cystic Fibrosis related chest infection, during his stay in hospital various tests were carried out and concerns were raised in regard to his heart, apparently he now has cardiomyopathy. Is this an unfortunate coincidence? I don't think so, I am convinced it's the jabs that have done the damage to my son and I'll never forgive myself for letting it happen.

This is the first time I've spoken about this to anyone Abi, I am so full of guilt I don't sleep at night, I can't tell you how much I hate this government, the NHS and the media for what they have done I really hope we see the day when they are made accountable for the avoidable suffering that so many of us have endured.

Thank you Abi for keeping up the fight, you are an amazing person and such a fantastic support to so many of us. God bless you.

Catherine.

Hi Abi, Thank you for your lovely message of support this morning. It's a huge boost for us all.

My name is Alexander Mitchell

I have never had Covid or any underlying health conditions or allergies. On the 20th of March I attended my 1st covid19 vaccination and received the AstraZenica vaccination and returned home.

I had the same as a lot of peoples side affects i.e a dead arm and really tired for the entire weekend. Returned to work on the Monday and after a couple of days felt back to my old self. 12 days after the vaccination on Thursday 1st of April (the irony). I am at work I am/was a Scaffolder and just at the close of the shift when I took what I thought was bad cramp in both calf's.

I went home had a bath and went to work on Friday and the same again but since Friday was a short day I plodded through till I got home. Saturday arrives and I am still in agony so said to my wife " if this is not any better in the Morning then I'm going to the hospital ". Sunday morning and I'm still feeling sore but it's a little bit better. 1 hour later I'm upstairs getting ready to go and get my daughters when both my calf muscles just explode with horrible pain.

One hour later and I'm in Hairmyres hospital being informed that they are wanting to do a CT scan and I need to give my permission which I give and the scan is performed immediately.

At this time my wife and both daughters were taken to a private room and the consultant explained that there was very little hope of me surviving and to prepare for the worse as they had never seen or dealt with the volume of clots in my abdomen and both legs. I came round from the ct scan and the results simply put were not good.

The consultant explained that I had masses of clots from my abdomen down into both legs and needed to go to surgery now as I was in real trouble.

Rushed to theatre and when I came round The Surgeon says that she can't believe I made it through the procedure and she has managed to clear all the clots from my abdomen and my right leg but that they were worried about my left leg.

It is now Saturday the 10th of April and I'm now awaiting for my body to gain some strength and I'm off to theatre again for a large section of my left leg to be amputated. On Sunday the 11th of April into Monday I had an above the knee amputation and spent 8 days in hospital until I was able to come home something I didn't think I would do again.

Once home I began to begin the very slow process of trying to find out what I needed to do with regards to my finances and filled in my DWP Pip claim and a vaccine damage payment at the end of April.

I received confirmation of both claims saying that my claims are being processed and they will be in touch. The vaccine damage payment claims replied on the 2nd of June saying that it may take some time.

I have called the only contact for the vaccine damage payment and it's an answering machine every week since July but they don't respond. To add insult to injury I have received two letters since requesting the 2nd vaccine despite the fact I cannot receive any vaccine as per ukgov guidelines.

It's now nearly October and still no financial help and I am living on £98 per week ssp and have no savings left and I am so so heartbroken and feel so abandoned and discarded by the Scottish government and the Uk government.

It's now January 2022 and I finally got my pip awarded in early December and employment support allowance in the end of January.

I have been liaising with my MSP who has been very supportive and I am now at a resolution manager from the NHSBSA stage and I'm awaiting a response from my MSP on Monday or Tuesday this week.

I am fully aware that I am now a very potent image and my story is horrific to read and also very potent.

There is absolutely no pathway for people like me to follow other than benefits and an archaic system set up in the 1970's that is not fit for purpose.



Good afternoon Abi,

I saw your Twitter post regarding personal experiences of the COVID-19 shit show and thought I'd contribute.

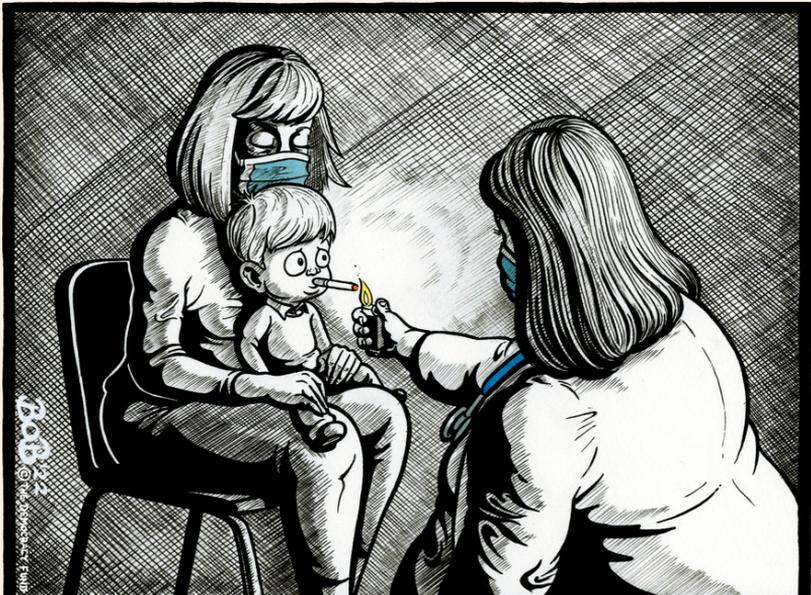
I am a Technical Specialist in respiratory protective equipment for a global manufacturer of personal safety equipment. No names mentioned but the same company makes Post-It Notes 😊. The first thing I should point out is that I have not suffered financially during the alleged pandemic, in fact the products I help sell have been under unprecedented demand so I've not struggled to hit my sales targets. What has been utterly baffling has been the way colleagues - some of whom have many years more experience than I - have gone along with the face covering circus.

The majority of my time is spent providing advice to customers in industrial and health care settings about the importance of selecting adequate and suitable respiratory protection. I am accredited to perform face fit testing of disposable and reusable half mask respirators under the BSIF Fit2Fit scheme. I know what works and what doesn't. I said to my wife that face coverings would never be mandated as a non-certified mask is completely useless at protecting anyone from an airborne respiratory pathogen. It's akin to putting up a chainlink fence to keep flies out. Of course, masks were mandated in summer 2020 and at various intervals since.

I genuinely expected colleagues to agree with me what a farce it was. But no. They have gone along with it. This has been followed by unquestioning take up of 3 doses of the COVID-19 gene therapy injections for most. I've broached the subject of adverse reactions to the jabs and the sheer ridiculousness of the various restrictions and measures imposed, only to be dismissed with the standard narrative that thousands have died, everyone is at risk, the 'vaccines' are the way out as they are 'safe and effective' etc.

These are intelligent people! I've known for quite a while about applied behavioural psychology being used by the UK Government via the Behavioural Insights Team but this type of blind acceptance really brought to the fore the level of brainwashing that has taken place. What I'm trying to get across is that I feel quite isolated nowadays as even close friends of many years don't seem to be able to see what is right in front of them. I don't feel I am able to speak freely about certain subjects as I'll get shouted down as a crank or lazily labelled a 'conspiracy theorist' or 'anti vaxxer'. I'm fortunate that my wife is awake and our children have been home educated for years so they've not had to cope with the bullshit from the teaching unions in schools. We have each other and that's all we need but I am sad that this type of division has been deliberately sown by those in authority with no regard for the consequences to people's mental health and overall wellbeing. Wishing you the very best for your new show!

Regards, Glenn



Hello Abi,

Where to start... well the cancer was discovered about 2.5 months before the operation on the 8th Feb 2022 I saw the hospital doctor many times in that 2.5 months & had a zoom meeting with the surgeon & not once was the vaccine mentioned + they knew I'd refused the vaccine for 2 years even had a little row with the doctor over covid & the vaccine, I was admitted to the royal Brompton hospital at 6.30am prepped ready for op & went down to theatre at 12.30pm, I had problems with eyesight at the time so when surrounded by nurses double checking everything a bloke appeared & shoved the paperwork in front of me without a word & gave me a pen to sign them, I told him I could not see them ... still not a word so I signed thinking I was accepting op could go wrong.

After 5 hour op & minus half a lung I was in recovery room next morning onto ward next day I was at home by 7.30pm average time is 4 - 5 days? ... Now I was fine for 3 weeks all the pains from the cancer had gone & I could walk ok. Went to bed one night after a normal day feeling fine ... woke up in the early hours to visit the bathroom I had zero energy And could just get to the bathroom by holding onto everything ... the bathroom is about 10ft from bedroom & I was exhausted by the time I got back to bed.. I spent 2 days in bed without the energy to go anywhere in the flat apart from the bathroom, Finally got to living room & kitchen & got a bottle of water, I had no appetite no energy just could not face food only drank small amounts of water for 3 weeks(I look anorexic) After that 3 weeks I knew I was in trouble so Forced myself to eat small amounts of food although it made me feel sick, slowly my appetite got better energy slowly returned but nowhere near my normal amount, Now I'm left with little energy & tire quickly .

I used to spend hours on twitter now 20 - 30 minutes any longer & my left arm aches I get pain in my left shoulder & my chest muscles start hurting. . I now walk very slow & the local shop is my limit, I'm trying to paint my bathroom that before op I could do In a few hours has taken me around 4 weeks to do half of it as my arm aches most of the time so need a good day to begin again. Actually I can no longer do much at all . I used to enjoy repairing laptops but can't do that now concentration has gone & hands a bit shaky since vaxx kicked me in the head, I have trouble remembering simple everyday words when I'm talking with my friend, So my normal day now is one visit to shop, rest for about an hour as knees hurt in fact my knees my hips & leg muscles hurt if still tired and achy spend rest of day watching telly.. I was one of those blokes that had to be doing something now I'm on the sofa most of the day. Vaccine took away what little quality of life I had.

I only found out I'd been jabbed after going to see GP he got out the folder I'd taken to the surgery when I went to have stitches taken out, and as he flicked over the pages was a sheet of A4 printed in blue in very large letters saying "Vaccine pass" I was so angry I forgot to ask which vaccine & why it was in the doctors folder & not mine

After reading this do you like me think this stinks to high heaven & totally wrong, I will never trust anyone in the medical profession again
Kind Regards

Eric

Hello Abi

First of all I must thank you for the breath of fresh air you have given to us that are (and have always been AWAKE).

I'm not going to talk about all my family because I want to concentrate on my lovely daughter Annabelle for this one! Annabelle is now 15. She's amazing! She was born a tad premature in 2006 but nothing of concern. She thrived until the vaccines MMR or what ever it is they give them (hindsight eh). First dose, she changed? Family just said attention seeking female! Gosh it makes me mad at my naïve behaviour at the time just even typing this! Second MMR.... She went worse, smacked her little head against her cot. I still couldn't make a connection at the time and I feel very stupid for this. Diagnosis- Autistic- age 3. Ok fair enough?... She now developed hair like Goldilocks just bloody beautiful, the doctor ordered us in for the pre school booster... like a trusting fool I took her. 4 wks later at the age of 4 yrs 6 months every single hair on my daughters head fell out, I've never had an explanation, I've fought tooth and nail but I know (just know) it's that injection that caused it. It's proving it? I just want to warn

Everyone and anyone to please research vaccines before falling into the trap. My daughter is now without hair for life and autistic. To me the connection is obvious.

If you walked into a bar and someone put a clear liquid in front of you and said 'drink this'..... What would be your first question?

If you walk into a doctor's surgery and a clear liquid is in a syringe??? Not a single person is questioning?

Thanks for listening Abi, you're alright you are! Proper alright! Decent I think the word is!!

Zoe

Hi Abi. love your work, glad someone sees the lunacy...

My covid experience started much like everyone else's, China welding folk in their houses and dropping "dead" in the street...my wife is counted among the vulnerable so we behaved keeping her in, mostly...the thing changing everything was, ironically, the "vaccine". Boris told us at least 18 months before anything resembling a start, and "still a long way off" but the MSM was reporting how it was 78% then the next week 96% effective...spidey senses started tingling...like most I got called a tin foil hat wearing conspiracy theorist for daring to question...and lost "friends" two of whom from nursing days with one in particular telling me she hoped I'd have plenty of time to reflect if my wife died because of it...nice....

Even parents called me a conspiracy theorist and ignored the alternative sources calling out the b.s. including Dr Mike Yeadon... we've been ill as one does whether it was covid, flu or any number of viruses we don't know we went to bed, stayed there and only ever took one test at the beginning.my clinically vulnerable wife with her weakened immune system (thanks to a rare neurological thing) is still here as am I and our daughter, who really didn't mind being off school unlike the sad gits they managed to find for the cameras...it became clear it was about control, not a flu bug with covid permission slips to rumours of phone apps and even chips to store your status on conveniently placed in your hand so you could access shops, hospitals, the space outside your house and I realised this sounded like something a lot more sinister was having the foundations laid...you could say I had a revelation... even now with all the proof coming out and being ignored by the MSM I'm still made to feel like a nutter by some. but luckily more folk are awakening.

Paul

WE ARE THE RESISTANCE . WE ARE MANY . WE ARE INDEPENDENT THINKERS
WE ARE TRUTH SEEKERS . WE ARE UNCONVINCED . WE ARE PASSIONATE . WE ARE DEDICATED
WE ARE INFORMED . WE ARE UNCOMPROMISING . WE ARE FURIOUS . WE ARE POWERFUL
WE ARE RELENTLESS . WE ARE COURAGEOUS . WE ARE PRINCIPLED . WE ARE TOGETHER
WE ARE UNBOWED . WE ARE UNBROKEN . WE ARE SMART . WE ARE YOUNG
WE ARE OLD . WE ARE BROTHERS . WE ARE SISTERS . WE ARE SONS . WE ARE DAUGHTERS
WE ARE MOTHERS . WE ARE FATHERS . WE ARE TEACHERS . WE ARE LAWYERS
WE ARE DOCTORS . WE ARE NURSES . WE ARE CARERS . WE ARE FARMERS . WE ARE HISTORIANS
WE ARE BUILDERS . WE ARE ATHLETES . WE ARE ARTISTS . WE ARE WRITERS . WE ARE SCIENTISTS
WE ARE BUSINESS OWNERS . WE ARE WARRIORS . WE ARE RISING . WE ARE STEADFAST
WE ARE INSPIRED . WE ARE DIGNIFIED . WE ARE PREPARED . WE ARE OURSELVES
WE ARE BALANCE . WE ARE PROPORTION . WE ARE FAITH . WE ARE REASON
WE ARE LOVE . WE ARE THE FLAME . WE ARE THE HURRICANE
WE ARE THE LIGHT

WE ARE THE
BEATING HEART

WE ARE THE JUST CITY

WE ARE THE NEW
BEGINNING

WE ARE THE
RECKONING

WE ARE THE
PEOPLE

WE ARE FREE



#WeAreAwake

Bob⁷²

© THE DEMOCRACY FUND

Letters from Dystopia

Hi Abi,

I have been following you for quite a while and have enjoyed your irreverent posts. This is my story, sorry, it's a long one.

For reference: I worked for the British Heart Foundation back in the 80s, worked for a university at the end of the 90s till 2008, latterly in disability support (involving much medical report analysis). In 2008 I transferred to UCL as a support worker but was involved in scientific/medical research. Ironically, my post was funded by the Bill & Melinda Gates foundation.

I left in 2011 to go back to college to study to be a gym instructor/personal trainer. This involved many lessons/exams regarding anatomy & physiology.

After graduation I suffered an injury and have never used those qualifications. I subsequently got a job in a (private) care home as an activity co-ordinator. This involved me thinking of ways to keep the residents happy, interested and engaged in social activities.

Fast forward to 2020 I was using up my annual leave (NHS + care have an April-April annual leave requirement). I went back to work and to my horror discovered that the home had taken in 10 residents from the NHS on a contract. So, what this means is that the existing residents were sitting targets for infection. I asked my manager if the NHS residents (all end of life) had been tested and she assured me they had. Having a suspicious mind, I checked the care plan of the latest resident to be admitted I found out this was untrue.

Several of our residents died due to contracting covid. By April, many staff were off sick with covid and that Easter was a nightmare.

We had so many agency staff and it was all hands-on deck. I didn't mind doing anything to help out but having to hold the iPad for a dying resident to communicate with family will stay with me forever.

I have to say that the home did try to keep the visits going for residents with garden visits (luckily it was good weather). We had to mask ourselves and this caused problems. Many residents rely on lip reading due to hearing difficulties and this was ignored by management. On one occasion I was told to put my mask on during a music therapy session. As you know Abi it is very difficult to sing with a mask on that restricts your breathing.

And then we come to vaccine season. Having a background in immunology I was very sceptical regarding the prospect of producing a new vaccine before the end of the pandemic - this generally would take 5 - 10 years. And when the MRNA prospect was tabled I knew something was up. By sheer coincidence I had read a paper regarding this in 2009 and it was a potential cancer treatment. Then, I started digging and down the rabbit hole I went.

I remember talking to a colleague (who had had covid) about the vaccine. He said the company were strongly recommending the vaccine, this guy was clinical staff (unlike me) and I nearly lost my breath. Immunology 101 - if you have recovered from a virus, you do not get a vaccine.

Then the pressure started - you know the story. However, I had a medical reason for refusing the vaccine (brain haemorrhage 4 years before) - not that I would have had it anyway. I had recovered from the virus after Xmas 2020 & I tried to get an exemption with no joy, so I was sacked on (ironically) 11/11/21.

So, that's me. I'm very glad that I attended my very first protest in October 2020 (all alone at the age on 58) and continued throughout last year with a lovely group.

Funny thing is that all my previous jobs/training and my last employment has coincidentally been beneficial to understanding the last nearly three years, How strange.

Thanks for reading my rambles I have a substack (just a few posts) if you would like to see it. Thank you for being there.
<https://laurasuckling.substack.com/>



Abi,

My frustration with working in healthcare (34 years in the NHS, I am an RGN, DipHE in Midwifery, BSc(Sexual health) MSc(Advanced Clinical Practice), NMP) and trying to keep it together in the midst of the total lunacy and lies takes its toll. I try to warn as many patients as possible but its bloody draining 😞 I despise those who push this shit on the public and needed an outlet to let off steam.

Stay strong.

Not because its morning, but because if we don't, we will be stuck forever in the night.

I have lost faith in my friends and colleagues, where the hell are they? What does it have to take, such that you are able to put two and two together?

Health care is supposed to be based on helping, on healing, on doing no harm. So, when did it become OK to ignore hurt, to minimise harm, to turn your back on those you pretend to care about.

Duplicity of the highest order.

What stops you from being able to apply your critical thinking? Are you that entranced? So wedded to your government and so grateful for their guidance, that you fawn pathetically at the 'latest advice' fed to you by your puppet masters. You are pathetic.

I really mean that, pathetic, for the crime of not applying logic, for not bothering to question, for abandoning all you thought you stood for, so that you stay on the 'right side'.

History will judge you, have no doubt about that, and if history does not, I will.

You see, I do care. I actually see those people sitting before me, who tell me that they have no energy, they can't complete normal daily tasks without consequences, they ache, they itch, they are in pain, they have lost themselves.

They KNOW there is something wrong, that something has changed. And the correlating factor is that they have all had a 'doughnut'.

Some have had one, some have had two or more. Some were enticed to the table by the need to get back to "normal", some were blackmailed and coerced with the threat of losing their job, some were scared, and some, like the colleagues that I speak of, because they cannot think for themselves because they have been swept up and taken to dinner by their burgeoning egos.

They were told they were 'essential workers' they were adored by the public for 'keeping them safe' because they were in the hospitals and surgeries during the 'pandemic'. They were heroes, and they continue to do their bit by stuffing doughnuts in their pathetic mouths every time they are instructed to.

The sad news for these people is that they have been duped, lied to and taken for the ride of their lives. If they had the humility they could admit that they sat on their behinds in empty hospital wards, in empty surgeries, drumming their fingers on the table, but feeling superior while they did it.

Not me...I was ashamed. Where were the public that needed care? They were at home, either too scared to seek help or too scared to be labelled selfish, that they might deprive a 'real patient' and by that I mean 'a covid patient', from getting all the attention that they deserved.

As I say, pathetic.

So, it is time to wake up, as this year, yet another year into this hell, draws toward another winter. Just in time for the fear porn to crank into another gear for the next round of madness. Only this time, there is no slack in the system, no money in the bank, and not enough time or staff to deal with a population who have stuffed themselves with doughnuts, such that they cannot breathe.

Love to you and thank you for all you do.

Love Cherry (Cumbria,) Xx

<https://cherryanne.substack.com>

Hi Abi

There are not enough ways to say a heartfelt thank you to you for your words of rage and railing against this evil that has been set upon us. Thank you for your wit, your courage and style to bring laughter and defiance against the Globalist communitarian AI villains.

As soon as I heard about the virus in China, I knew it was not true, and everything subsequent to that was smoke and mirrors. I was concerned for a very short while on reading reports about skiers in Italy or wherever getting ill, and then seeing all the images and stories on the BBC app I had on my phone.

For a while I thought that a vaccine and testing was going to be useful, but eventually, and especially when the schools were closed, I just concluded there was something seriously wrong going on.

I grew up in Wales, studied Chinese in London, lived in Hong Kong and Japan for a few years, and then came back to the UK. I'm a Saga client now, and I thought that people my age would be able to see through the utter nonsense that we were fed once Lockdown was imposed. But no, all my friends in England around me were taken in. A couple of friends in Wales were, thankfully, sceptical, but that was about it.

I work at a university, so you can imagine the level of woke drivel that I have to tolerate each day. I hate myself for not speaking up, but I want to keep my job. That's the simple version. I know what the truth is, and I'm not strong enough to speak truth to power. But I can lay seeds of doubt where possible, and I try every day.

I was a troubled teenager in Wales, back in the 80s, and was fortunate to have two women friends who guided me and mentored me.

They were much older than me - I met them through work experience at a health food shop, long story - and they had both lived life to the full before settling in the small seaside town. They were like beacons of hope to me, and one of them even attended the births of both my sons in the 2000s, she was like an elder sister that I never had.

One of them is dead now, she died in 2020, but not from the Rona. She had been totally anti allopathic medicine all the years I knew her, and was totally into vitamins and a vege lifestyle. Unfortunately, she was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer in 2019 and immediately turned to chemo and hospitals in a flash. I was horrified to see that she believed all the Rona nonsense, and her husband was not allowed to accompany her to appointments or visit her in hospital as her condition worsened in 2020. I sent her flowers to enjoy at home days before she died. I stayed in touch with her husband but just could not understand how he could embrace the gene therapy shots so willingly.

The other friend also believed all the lies, and actually managed to jump the queue to get the first gene therapy shot. I am just incredulous that these two women who were so intelligent and wordly-wise believed the scam. It was like a bereavement.

It has broken my heart to see how people just accept the insane rules and non-science. I have felt so isolated, but take comfort that both my sons are awake and have not had the death shot. I actually caved last November and had one, as I didn't see any way out. I regret it bitterly, and have been in hospital twice as a result, but of course, both visits were never directly linked to the gene therapy.

Thank you again for your strength, honesty and fearlessness. I hope one day to attend one of your shows.

Be seeing you.

Hi Abi,

My wife and I wanted to get married, due to our religious beliefs we weren't moving in together until we were married and Covid regulations seriously complicated things. We tried so hard to have a nice wedding but it was such a surreal experience having the Government so intertwined in our planning, telling us what not to do. We literally weren't even excited for the wedding, we had 7 different plans (it was so ridiculous that BBC Radio Leicester covered the buildup to the wedding!). We planned a wedding for 30 begrudgingly, then the day after we finally finished the list for invites, the government made it 15 people maximum and we just both cried together. It was a harrowing experience, the day was lovely, but if I could change one thing it would be to have my Grandad who is terminally ill come to the wedding, he wanted to and I wanted him to, so did everyone in attendance, but the State ruled that he couldn't, and I still don't know why.

All the best with the show,

Ben



Dear Abi

Thank you for everything you're doing. I find the testimonials you read out very moving and emotional but I really appreciate that you are doing this.

This is my personal story about how lockdown affected my family. My dear dad was in a care home and the visiting regulations became terrible.

My dear dad was the loveliest of men, a Welshman with a kind and gentle soul and everyone who met him loved him. I was happy with his care but I know he missed us terribly and we missed him terribly. It was a roller coaster of the home opening up to visitors and then shutting down again. Dad was very deaf and he was used to tuning into my voice. The zoom calls were terrible as he could barely hear us and as his sight was poor he could barely see us. The lockdowns, the masking and the visiting restrictions were so cruel. We were told to not touch him and keep our distance. At one time we saw him behind a screen and we were masked etc. he couldn't hear us and had no idea what we were saying. I broke the rules as much as I could by taking off my mask so he could read my lips better but I had to be careful as some of the staff were fully on board with the rules and I was scared of being banned. On one occasion I managed to climb onto a low window sill to get around the screen so I could hug and kiss him. If I had been caught I'm sure I would have been out on my ear! My crime would have been hugging my own dad!

Months after the vaccination roll out we were asked at reception when visiting what our vaccination status was and we had to fill in forms. The only option at the time to tick was two vaccinations or exemption. I had had the first Astra Zeneca jab and reacted very badly to it so I had decided not to have anymore. The manager of the home told me I needed to get an exemption from my doctor as it was likely I would not be allowed in to see my dad in the future.

I couldn't believe it! I wrote to my MP many times about it and although he was sympathetic he always toed the government line. It was obvious the manager of the home was sympathetic too but had been forced into this position. She too had reacted very badly to the jabs. She was being forced to have the jabs and the flu jab to keep her job. Fortunately my doctor wrote me an exemption letter which was accepted but I was deeply upset by the situation and found myself anxious and worried about what was happening.

My father passed away in January this year, he died peacefully in his sleep at the age of 97. I feel such guilt that he spent his last two years with restricted visiting from us and we were unable to spend more time with him. I have cried buckets over it and still feel overwhelmed with guilt that we should have found another way to care for him. I did look into moving him into a different care home but some were even worse with tighter restrictions and he was now in the nursing section and moving him would have been cruel in itself as he was used to the nurses he had. For a long while we were told we could only visit for half an hour but we elongated it as much as possible depending on whether dad was tired or not. On one visit the tea lady offered my husband and myself a cup of tea which was against the rules. It was a little feeling of normality that we were getting back to as my dad loved having a cup of tea with us . Next visit the tea lady had been reprimanded as some miserable covid nazi had snitched on her and that was the end of the tea for visitors.

For my son and daughter it's also been awful as there was a restriction on numbers of designated visitors (3)/in total which was myself, my sister and my husband and so my son and daughter who both dearly loved their grandfather were unable to see him for the last months of his life. They also have wept at this cruelty. My dad deserved better and so did they.

I cannot get over the sheer compliance and complacency of many of my family and friends about the last two years. I now try to avoid too many social gatherings as I feel like an alien from another planet. To hear them go on about supporting the mask wearing, how wonderful the jabs are and endorsing the snitching on people horrify me. When I speak up I've been called the usual names. It's been so disheartening. I look at them all now through a different lens.

Thank you Abi for all you do, you express everything I feel. I'm sorry my letter is so long but once I started it just kept coming. Please don't feel you have to read it all out, if any at all. It's been wonderfully cathartic to write it down .

Please keep going and stay strong, you bring a lot of hope and comfort to many people. You are my favourite freedom warrior.

Much love

Wendy xx



Some risks are always worth taking

My Testimony.

A qualified counsellor, 35 years' experience; having worked with various Community Mental Health Teams CMHT I am now retired but to continue in private practise.

My area of expertise and favoured way of working is psychodynamic - i.e bringing the unconscious in the conscious; helping clients find the links between their current situations/problems in relation to childhood experiences; which inform, influence our whole adult life including our choice of partners, work etc.

During this time of promulgated fear by irresponsible, power-crazed politicians and others, some clients became hermits, terrified of leaving their homes. One client, until a couple of months ago, had only left her home once in two years. This is an intelligent, humorous, feisty woman; 'taken down' by manufactured fear.

(Names have been changed)

The situation which has affected me personally is that of John. We were married and have two sons.

John has suffered from bouts of depression for years also a bit of a hypochondriac though continued with his social activities and even in retirement in March 2019, would have been busy organising tours and walks around the Essex coast and villages; driving a mini-bus, booking restaurants etc. John was also an active member of the University of the Third Age (U3A), sung in folk clubs and church; a voluntary worker with hospital transport.

That was until the campaign by the government to instil the fear of Covid-19 into the population, in order to force them to comply with draconian measures, was rolled out.

John. became anxious and depressed and around April/May 2020 he stopped socialising along with all his group and voluntary work. He was placed on medication but his mental state worsened; Tim was keeping an eye-on-him and popped in regularly.

Over a period of weeks John lost five stone in weight, was developing bizarre behaviours such as trying to sleep with his eyes open. Tim was doing all he could but John, refusing to be admitted to hospital, as suggested by his psychiatrist, finally had to be sectioned under the Mental Health Act 1983. Due to what appears to be a 'breakdown in communication', he was discharged home a few weeks later with insufficient support and was found by Tim, in a confused state, having not eaten for days and believing the heating was going to explode, he had switched it off, so his flat was cold. He was distraught as he thought his whippet was dead but Tim had been looking after her, she was fine and in good health.

I will not go into detail of the neglect in discharging John too early with little support but thanks to an ethical and observant mental health practitioner, he was Sectioned again, placed on antipsychotic meds and offered Electro Convulsive Therapy (ECT). He was terrified at the prospect and refused consent but due to his legal status he had no authority over his bodily autonomy.

John has since lost chunks of his memory, a known side-effect of ECT and psychotic drugs. He remained in that hospital until late 2021 when he was transferred to another mental health unit with a view to discharging him back home but he was incapable of adequately caring for himself now.

March 2022 John was discharged from hospital to a 'care-home' until such time as his flat can be sold and he can hopefully purchase a warden-assisted property.

Tim says of the care-home environment, 'It looks like they're all just waiting to die; Dad just sits there, in the foyer, in an armchair, staring out across the gardens'. Tim continues searching for an appropriate place for John to live - fingers crossed for a warden assisted flat/complex in a familiar area.

Words are not adequate to describe my feelings - my rage. An anti-human tribe of government/world leaders - and they know who they are; having agreed in March 2020, before the first lock-down; to downgrade Sars Cov-2, never-the-less, still went ahead with their treachery, motivated purely by power and greed and to achieve their goal, willingly sacrificed the lives and livelihoods of millions, the hopes of dreams of many young people, the mental and physical development of the young - and more - so much more.

THEY ARE TRAITORS! Conspiring and committing a most a heinous crime upon all humanity for which they must be Prosecuted as the guilty traitors they are and the death penalty restored. - Poppy

<https://www.gov.uk/guidance/high-consequence-infectious-diseases-hcid#status-of-covid-19>



Dear Abi

I see from twitter that you are collecting testimonials. I have several of my own (mother, father in law and godfather all had strokes after administration of jab – for both men this has been life changing). Godmother has pericarditis and now generally unwell all the time with various digestive bleeds – this started after first jab. None of these can be directly attributed so they all think it is not related to jab.

However – as bad as this is – I am writing to you about what I have seen as a CQC inspector. I still work for the CQC, but for many months my ability to earn was taken away as I hadn't been jabbed, so not allowed in care homes or health settings. But when I was out inspecting before November last year – well what I saw was beyond heart-breaking.

I saw countless older people with advanced dementia, in beds and bedrooms that some had not left for nearly 18 months. And I mean NOT LEFT that room for that period of time. Many had not been outside in the fresh air at all in that time, even if had been in communal areas. I would pull down my mask to make myself understood to some residents and they would sob and want you to cuddle them. Some were so absent and neglected that they could not do anything at all. Many expressed their loneliness and bewilderment at what was going on. Those that had not been terrified by covid were terrified of dying alone without seeing family. Many wanted to leave the home they were in – agitated and unhappy.

After two particular inspections I sat in my car and wept for ages – unable to drive home. Such was the appalling sadness and isolation I had seen.

But as far as the care industry is concerned, they were 'safe' from covid so all good. IN fact we gave credit to the excessive PPE use, the 'safe' isolation and visiting rules. Have you seen some of the visitor pods?

God awful if you can see your relative but can't touch them at all. Birthday cakes left for 3 days for 'covid' reasons, and then stale by time got eaten.

One poor resident had been pretty much ignored by staff. All relatives unable to visit so he had probably laid in beds for weeks on end with no TV or radio – just staring at a wall with blue tack marks on it. Truly appalling.

The care industry is in dire straits. All providers are acutely understaffed right now. It is so scary. And still so many masks everywhere – I imagine this particular cruel practice is here to stay unfortunately.

I have so much to say, but I think you get the picture. As always there are some amazing care providers, but even these are so bloody obsessed with covid above all else that it negates all the good that they could be doing. Good luck with raising awareness. I know that very few in my industry want to see the damage lockdowns and PPE have done, and even now the focus is on vax rates and staff testing (still pressure on staff to vax – so many didn't want to but have done it – lots of pressure).

Keep being the antithesis to the woke – all power to you.

Claire

Hello Abi

I think it's a great idea putting together these testimonies because it will be a kind of document, a record of what people experienced.

I know that many people suffered much more than I did, but here is my testimony:

When we first heard about the covid cases and deaths from China towards the end of 2019, it was very concerning but it was something that was happening a long way away. It wasn't affecting us here in the UK.

We went to York University for my son's graduation ceremony in January 2020. There were many Chinese students graduating and their families had flown over from China. As we were milling around and seated in the hall, I couldn't help wondering if we would be OK.

Not long after we got home we heard that the first cases of covid had been confirmed in a hotel in York. We assumed it was one of the Chinese visitors. Not long after that my husband became very ill for about 3 weeks. He said it was like a really bad flu. Unbelievably neither myself nor my daughter or son got ill.

In the meantime the media kept pumping out the stories, gradually making everyone more and more aware and afraid. I admit in the early days I was very concerned too. We cancelled our TV licence many years ago so I never watched all of the fear porn on TV but it would permeate the online news sites and social media.

I was aware that family and friends who did watch were drawn into the fear and drama.

They would complain about how it was all being reported and how it made them feel, they even questioned whether some of it was true.

'Stop watching TV especially Piers Morgan, they are paid to say those things in that way because it keeps their ratings high. If they didn't go along with it all, they would lose their jobs' I would say.

Sometimes they would listen, but like an addict they kept going back for more. One cousin of mine couldn't stop watching Good Morning Britain with Piers Morgan and then she would ring me up to vent about 'that bloody Piers Morgan'!

I honestly think that a mass hypnotic spell was cast over everyone. Most fell under the spell, and good luck with waking them up, but some of us, thank God did not. As so many have said, our numbers can only grow because once you know, there is no going back.

When this all started I was working part time as a support worker, looking after adults with learning disabilities, mainly downs syndrome adults who were absolutely lovely and wonderful to work with. They led full and active lives, creative learning classes both in doors and outdoors. Trips to the theatre, parties, trips into town, meals out, coffee mornings , weekends with their families, holidays and so on.

As I am also an artist, I wanted to bring in some creativity, so I set up and ran an arts and crafts class for them on a Monday evening which they loved doing.

When the first lockdown happened they had to stay on site at all times. They were not allowed out anywhere and their families were not allowed to visit. They had to talk to them via zoom.

Some of the classes were carried out via zoom with staff beside them but it really wasn't an effective way to learn.

Amazingly we all got through that period because of the dedication and initiative of the staff. We devised daily lessons and activities to keep them busy and give their weeks a structure. We had large gardens on site with an outdoor gym, so we made sure they had some fresh air and exercise everyday. We played board games, bingo, did quiz night, takeaway and movie nights. We put a lot of effort into celebrating their birthdays, making bunting together, birthday cakes and devising games for them. We made sure they had a lovely time. The one regular thing they didn't lose was the Monday night art's and crafts class. I was so pleased to be able to provide that continuity for them.

It wasn't until the summer of 2020 that masks and full ppe were brought in. Just before that they had a nurse come in to advise about masks. The nurse said they were not a good idea because they would be a carrier of germs as people tended to keep touching them, then touch other things. I certainly agreed with her. But they came in anyway. Staff were expected to wear a mask even in the office. We bent the rules as much as we could.

New cleaning schedules were presented to us that meant we spent most of our working day cleaning rather than spending time with the guys we were supposed to support.

There were two young girls working with us, who hadn't been able to fully explore having a social life before the lockdown was imposed. They were living alone and I know that life was not at all easy for them.

At least I had my family at home with me, with a large garden, lots of countryside to go for walks in as well as the river nearby. My heart went out to the families and single parents with young children, no garden and very little space. It went to all those poor children and women living in abusive households. Where was their escape? I read about the suicides and those struggling with mental health. I saw what was happening to children in schools and my rage and fury knew no bounds. I wanted to go on the rampage and smash everything down. My son is asthmatic and had it bad as a child. I would have gone to war before I covered his beautiful face with a mask!

At work we started getting regular emails advising us to get jabbed. Some of us were very concerned for different reasons. The young girls worried about the fertility issues they were hearing about. I just did not trust them and made it very clear I would not be having the jabs. We were initially told there was no pressure, it was an individual choice. Some staff couldn't wait to get there's and felt privileged to be one of the first to be able to do so. They gleefully posted about it on social media as soon as they'd had it!

Eventually the emails asking us to get jabbed became more regular and insistent. Then the mandates came, demanding that those of us working in the care sector get jabbed otherwise we would lose our jobs. They justified this coercion by saying we were working with vulnerable people and we have to protect them. This was expected by management and all of the parents. The people we were supporting also had to get jabbed. Last I heard, they had all had their 4th booster!

We had to do pcr tests twice a week. Everyone bar me went ahead and had the jabs. Despite all of these measures I was one of the only ones who never tested positive or got ill. I was due to retire at the end of 2021 but because of the mandates, even though I knew they were not legal, I left in September 2021.

I had had enough of all the nonsense. Everything that was good about my job had been spoiled beyond repair.

I had many chats with my colleagues, some shared my views others didn't, but at least we heard each other out. I very rarely swear but I was so angry, I found myself swearing a lot during this time. Just before I left one of my colleagues, who was so excited to get his jabs, said ' I know you and I have had our differences, but I'm beginning to think you are right, this is not meant to end.

You can get through to some people some of the time, but I have been so shocked at how easily and willingly most people have complied with this. I used to wonder how people could be coerced into doing evil things or enabling it by not standing up. Well we all saw how it was done, and it was so easy!

I want to say that one of the first people to help me understand and put things into perspective was professor John Iannides. There have been so many others who have worked tirelessly to help us and I am so grateful to all of them. Thank you to the wonderful people like you Abi who have made us laugh during these terrible times.

I was born on a mediterranean island into a secular Muslim society. My family moved to the UK in 1960. I grew up with Bowie, velvet underground, t rex and punk music. I lived in a free, democratic society. Women had choices and freedom. I lived in a society with great artists, writers, musicians and great comedians that made me laugh till I cried. To see this society go along with the kind of restrictions that would be common place in the middle east, absolutely horrified me.

The only way I can make any sense of all of this is to believe that a mass hypnotic spell was cast on the population to prevent them from thinking clearly.

Love Hani x

FACE IT



Bob '22 © THE DEMOCRACY FUND

YOU'RE HURTING ME

Letters from Dystopia

Dear Abi, I hope this email finds you well and happy under the crazy circumstances we are all living in right now.

I read your tweet and for a few days now I had thought about sending you an email but wasn't sure but here it is.

I wanted to share a bit about my story over the last nearly 3 years of this nightmare, although possibly not worth sharing with anyone I really needed to share my feelings and thoughts with someone because I think deep down most of us that are awake are going crazy.

So, my name is Ali (born a female and staying as one) I am 52 and am married to the most amazing man whom I'm incredibly blessed every day for having in my life for the last 10 years. I have been working in a small shop for nearly 7 years alongside 12 staff. I worked throughout the scamdemic as we were classed as an essential shop, you know the one, where people queued for toilet roll and hand gel and hand soap, which always makes me laugh as didn't they wash their hands before?

Anyway I guess my husband and I saw through the lies, him before me but I think on the 2nd TV meeting they held and in it mentioned how carbon emissions had decreased because of the lack of cars on the roads due to lockdown and considering that we were supposed to be experiencing a deadly pandemic we thought it was a strange thing to say. Anyway to cut a long story short, as time went by I realised that the staff were brainwashed and watched them all masked up, jump out of the way of people and queue for the death shots as quick as they were rolled out. I pulled the exemption excuse and wasn't prepared to limit my breathing with a face mask, much to the horror of my colleagues and customers. I just carried on as normal and the more I watched the TV meetings with the so called experts the more I saw through the lies. I'm not sure if I suffer with some kind of autism but when I become fixated with something I'm like a dog with a bone and I wanted to learn more about the agenda and of course it was all there for everyone to see except as we know we were and still are classed as the conspiracy nuts.

For myself and my husband we are both at a loss with knowing that both our families have taken the jabs and many of, we all know the possible outcome for all of these people and its utterly heartbreaking to even think what could happen to any of them in the near future. My eldest children also took the jabs to be able to travel and still believe it was to stop them dying from covid. The only one who listened to us was my 17 year old daughter who also luckily had friends who refused the death shots, so I'm so incredibly grateful to her for that.

My husband and I never got tested with those invasive pcr swabs, but we contracted the covid flu in February from my jabbed work colleague who came in to work full of cold, and 8 of us got it. My husband and I spent the next 10 days at home as being unjabbed we weren't allowed back to work but it was a nice break together, watching films on the sofa and snoozing and after having 3 days of feeling tired and lifeless we were back to normal. We have had worse hangovers.

Now the main reason I wanted to just write this to you is I have lost my family through covid (not literally) but the advice and knowledge that I have tried to share with people has labelled me a conspiracy theorist and selfish for not doing my bit.

My parents whom I last saw in 2018 live in Wales and the time we were to go and visit and see them covid struck. I have talked to my mum every week and desperately tried to tell them not to get the jabs and the agenda only to be met with hostility and once again treated like an antivaxx loon. As time went by I continued with my desperate attempt to tell them what was going on and ignored so just before Christmas I wrote a long email to my Dad explaining everything. He didn't wish me a Happy Christmas or speak to me over that time and then I received the email that I am enclosing to you in the January . I hate to say it but my once highly intelligent Dad whom has degrees and had spent most of his life in the RAF (my parents are 80 now) whom I have huge respect for has believed the msm as you will see from his response to me.

The once humble, quiet life that my husband and I have and were looking forward to living the rest of our lives is now in turmoil and daily torment with the next agenda of the pandemic treaty. I know that we have the fight of our lives just to survive and I desperately try to wake more people up but they are oblivious.

My mum had her 4th jab the other day and my dad is booked for Friday, I am just so desperately sad. I'm sad that my parents will leave this earth not realising that I was trying to help them. They are so brainwashed that they don't want to see me again and I am angry beyond belief of what these people have done to us all.

Only time will tell what the next part of agenda 2030 is but we will never allow them to inject us with anything. I was born free and I will die free.

Apologies for the long winded email, there is no one apart from my husband who I can talk to about any of this. I will go back to work tomorrow and my colleagues will be discussing the Johnny Depp case, oblivious to the serious agenda that is happening . I tried to warn them and I have tried to help, I have done all I can. Take care Abi and all the best.

I look forward to your very humorous daily tweets, laughter is definitely what we all need right now.

Kindest regards

Ali x



Hi Abi,

I am a recent follower of yours on GETTR but first saw you on Andrew Doyle's show and was impressed as you actually spoke out about the lunacy around covid-19.

I wanted to tell you my experience of the 'pandemic' as an auxiliary nurse in the NHS. I am sure that many of your listeners will never trust the health service again and I wouldn't blame them for feeling this way. I worked on a cardiology unit and found that there were very people who could talk freely about how mad the guidelines were. We were required to do a pcr swab to each and every patient who was admitted to hospital for any reason. We also had to swab ourselves every 3/4 days. If the patients tested positive we had to transfer them to a covid ward. In March and April I had many colleagues who had symptoms which were consistent with sars-cov 2: fever, flu-like symptoms, no test or smell etc. I was fortunate not to get unwell but felt confused at the fear tactics used by government on everyone. With the guidelines and advice regularly changing we never knew what the right advice should be.

I wasn't based on a covid ward only a cardiology unit but became sceptical that the disease was as life-threatening as it was claimed to be. I transferred to a medical covid ward as the vaccines were being rolled out at the beginning of 2021 to understand it for myself. I had taken one Pfizer mRNA jab at that time believing that it provided myself and by extension the patients I looked after with greater protection against the virus. The patients were poorly on the ward and many had come out of intensive care were disoriented from the experience. A lot of our care was a matter of improving patients' oxygen saturations, reducing O2 requirements and preparing them to be medically fit.

An important aspect was monitoring to prevent new onsets of breathlessness in which case we would transfer them to a higher acuity setting such as intensive care.

I wanted to write to you because I returned to the cardiology unit to do a couple of agency shifts in March 2021 and caught up with former colleagues. Most of us had the 2nd Pfizer jab at the end of March. I am in my early to mid-30s and one of my colleagues was the same age as me. I assume he had taken both jabs as it was almost compulsory to take them in the work setting we were in. At the end of March he appeared tired but otherwise normal when I caught up with him on a shift. At the end of April he had a heart attack and died. He was found by his parents in the morning before he was meant to work at the hospital. He left behind a young daughter. It is shocking that such a kind, dedicated man should die in this way. When I worked alongside him for 4 years I never once heard him complain of chest pain or heart problems. His heart attack occurred roughly 3 weeks after when I would estimate he had the 2nd Pfizer jab. It could be simply speculation but I can see no other likely cause for his death. When I questioned whether his death might be caused by the vaccine to other colleagues my concerns weren't taken seriously.

When the 'Delta' wave subsided, I was transferred to a respiratory ward. I had several patients who presented with a pulmonary embolism after taking the booster in the autumn. When I asked colleagues if they thought there could be any link they would generally downplay or deny any published evidence for it. My flatmate who was also a cardiac nurse had chest pain radiating to his arms and palpitations on the day of his Pfizer booster. I drove him to a&E and his symptoms later resolved. Having seen these various adverse events for myself, I decided against the booster and in many ways would have preferred not to have taken any.

I respect everyone's right to choose but I had difficulty in supporting patients who wanted to take the job for themselves. There was also no guidance on filling out the MHRA yellow forms on adverse events and I don't know of any staff who were doing this.

I want to apologise to everyone who feels lied to by the government officials and health professionals. I still believe that there are many good nurses and doctors working in the service but too many have their judgement clouded and paralysed by group-think and industry pressure. Anyone who speaks out publicly fears ridicule or loss of funding etc. But it is shameful when doctors cannot make an important clinical judgement if it goes against the interests or exposes the malfeasance of pharmaceutical companies.

I can't be the only healthcare worker who felt overwhelmed and stuck in an ethical nightmare, knowing that you're a cog in a fraudulent system but with few people who are willing to speak up. I had many suspicions but few scientists, doctors or evidence I could draw on.

Kind regards,

J.C



Dear Abi,

First of all, thank you for all you have done and continue to do to oppose the absolute madness that has affected us all so badly for the past two years. I am sure it has cost you dear.

I thought I'd respond to your invitation and tell you something of what Covid lunacy has done to me and my family. Many have suffered far, far worse, but this is just the story of our particular family. I'm sorry - this will probably be far too long, but even if you cannot read it out I couldn't pass up the opportunity of writing it all down.

Personally I haven't yet suffered financially unlike many others, although I suspect this may be about to change as we all have to face paying for the Government's folly in the years to come. My husband worked from home and I was furloughed. I am a supply teacher teaching very young kids. We were co-operative with the mad orders to stay in etc for a week or two as we like many other people were initially alarmed at all this talk of a deadly virus which was going to kill our elderly parents. I cannot say I was ever scared for myself as it was bloody obvious that nobody was dropping dead in the streets. On the other hand, I very quickly got very scared at the constant shrill propaganda pumped out by the media at Govt's behest. Seeing every check and balance on Govt power collapse within days, people encouraged to snitch on their neighbours, people shouting at one another in supermarkets about face masks which anyone sentient can see are pointless - all that definitely scared me. Almost worst of all was how little opposition there was to any of it. People were immediately so compliant. Anyone who raised the slightest concern was vilified.

Being a teacher - although frankly you only needed to be a normal person who gives a vague toss about children - I was horrified that schools were closed when it was known early on that it was a pointless measure that would harm all children, the most vulnerable most of all.

I knew that children would suffer and that some children would die at the hands of their 'carers' at home. I was perfectly prepared to go to work – I didn't enjoy sitting at home going mad, but there was no work. The teaching unions behaved with a criminal disregard for children. I left my union because I was so disgusted.

After a couple of months, I travelled to one of the earlyish pro freedom demonstrations in London. The atmosphere in London was generally pretty sinister. What I saw at the protest has changed my view of authority for ever. Riot police charged into a perfectly peaceful crowd and set about them with batons. I should probably clarify that prior to 2020 I was not only a Conservative voter – I was a campaigning member of the Conservatives. I generally trusted and supported the police. Not any more. I left the party in 2020. I simply could not believe that a party that I thought believed in individual liberty was committing crimes against us all. But there you go. You live and learn.

I continued to go to every one of the marches I could. Which at least made me feel less alone and like I was doing something. At the exact point when I thought that perhaps this might all be about to get better it got worse. My brother is (was) a senior nurse. He worked all through this shit show. I am not an expert in any way on the workings of the NHS, but my observation of what he went through is that he became more and more exhausted. He was working in a team going into people's homes and into care homes treating very unwell people. His work load seemed to worsen all the time as many GPs refused to see seriously ill people and he and his team were forced to pick up the slack. He did it without complaint. He became very ill at one point and I really feared for him. We are a close family, we did what little we could to help and he was back on his feet and back at work very quickly indeed as he felt he was needed. The NHS did not offer him any support that I know of.

When it came to the vaccines my brother (and his wife) decided that they were not sufficiently tested, had not been proved to be safe or effective and that they and their children would not be taking them. I had 2 bloody vaccines simply because I was too ignorant / trusting /whatever and didn't realise that they could do you any harm. I just thought they might leave us all alone if we did it. **WHAT AN IDIOT!** I regret it very much now. Didn't get a booster and I most certainly won't be getting any more. Ever. Anyway- I always respected my brother's view, came to see that he was right about the utter stupidity of us all taking something we had no need of and no idea about. I could never have conceived that the Govt would start setting vaccinated against unvaccinated. I couldn't believe how my friends and family who didn't want the vaccine were treated.

My brother has a family including two children to support. He was constantly hounded. He moved from his frontline job (which he was excellent at by the way. He has a first-class degree in nursing and loved his work) because he couldn't afford to not have an income. Who can? He was then in a job still within the NHS, but one not involving contact with patients. He was actually TOLD that moving to this job and giving up a permanent contract for a temporary one would mean that he would at least have a job for the next year. Nevertheless, in the period when Sajid Javid was panicking and doing his level best to blackmail every single NHS worker to take the job, he was told that actually, awfully sorry, he would still have to lose his job with one month's notice. One of the 'reasons' given was that he might walk through the same office doorway as an unvaccinated person. Seriously, that was said to him by HR. He was unclean apparently despite his having nearly worked himself to death for the NHS. One of the worst days was seeing him (finally) cry because he was so worried that he and his family would lose their home. My elderly parents were utterly bemused and distressed by all this.

They have worked hard all their lives to see the country they love descending into chaos and treating their own hardworking son like a pariah. Their only source of news was the MSM, so I think they were incredibly confused. I know that they lost many nights sleep over it all, as did I. I was worried for my beloved brother, his lovely wife and their two beautiful kids. I was worried for my country and for every one of us in it. I ended up taking anti-depressants.

The NHS mandate was cancelled in the end and I salute all those who worked hard to make that happen. I went on every march and signed every petition I could. But my family has been pretty traumatised, my brother has lost his previous career. He is a bright and talented guy and I expect he'll be fine, but that is hardly the point.

My sister in law is South African. Her elderly and frail mother lives in SA. They could not see one another for two years. In that period her mother became very ill at a couple of points and the distress of that must have been dreadful for her at a time when the Govt was piling on the pressure over here too.

Other things happened – my husband's business suffered. My two teenage nephews obviously couldn't go to school for the best part of a year and a half. I imagine that was pretty shit for them and very hard on their parents, but in the lunatic world we live in those things were so universally experienced that they hardly merit special mention. Insane.

Just one last thing. I am a long-term member of Alcoholics Anonymous. I have been sober for 17 years. AA saved my life and that of many people I know. Meetings were stopped for a period in 2020. That was terrifying too.

We very quickly moved to zoom meetings, but in my opinion, they were not the same and not as effective. I know that people relapsed because of not having proper meetings. And for an alcoholic to drink is often to die. We wrote to everyone we could to get face to face meetings back.

They have worked hard all their lives to see the country they love descending into chaos and treating their own hardworking son like a pariah. Their only source of news was the MSM, so I think they were incredibly confused. I know that they lost many nights sleep over it all, as did I. I was worried for my beloved brother, his lovely wife and their two beautiful kids. I was worried for my country and for every one of us in it. I ended up taking anti-depressants.

The NHS mandate was cancelled in the end and I salute all those who worked hard to make that happen. I went on every march and signed every petition I could. But my family has been pretty traumatised, my brother has lost his previous career. He is a bright and talented guy and I expect he'll be fine, but that is hardly the point.

My sister in law is South African. Her elderly and frail mother lives in SA. They could not see one another for two years. In that period her mother became very ill at a couple of points and the distress of that must have been dreadful for her at a time when the Govt was piling on the pressure over here too.

Other things happened – my husband's business suffered. My two teenage nephews obviously couldn't go to school for the best part of a year and a half. I imagine that was pretty shit for them and very hard on their parents, but in the lunatic world we live in those things were so universally experienced that they hardly merit special mention. Insane.

Just one last thing. I am a long-term member of Alcoholics Anonymous. I have been sober for 17 years. AA saved my life and that of many people I know. Meetings were stopped for a period in 2020. That was terrifying too.

We very quickly moved to zoom meetings, but in my opinion, they were not the same and not as effective. I know that people relapsed because of not having proper meetings. And for an alcoholic to drink is often to die. We wrote to everyone we could to get face to face meetings back.

We managed it, but nevertheless the Govt's relentless terrorising of people resulted in some not coming back to meetings for months on end. I believe that lives were lost and that this too is the Govt's fault. I should clarify that I don't speak for AA here. AA is quite strict that we don't do that at the level of press, tv, media etc and as an organisation it has no opinion on 'outside issues.' I am just relating my own personal opinions and experiences.

I have lost at least one friend over my stance on all this. Other friendships have undoubtedly been affected. Which is fine. On the plus side I feel that I am now very much awake as to the real nature of our 'leaders' and of the world we live in. I have made some wonderful new friends who are as determined as I am to do all they can to oppose the sinister plans which I suspect are in the pipeline. I will never, ever trust a Govt again. I never should have in the first place. I am appalled that so many people stood back and watched whilst their fellow countrymen who had made the decision not to take an experimental vaccine were ostracised, sacked and berated by politicians and by the collaborating morons in the media. I try to maintain faith in humanity, but it has been severely shaken. I am lucky that my immediate family stood together despite some difficult moments. I now see that dangerous 'vaccines' are being pushed everywhere for reasons which I cannot honestly fathom. On the whole I am FURIOUS. Which is good really as I'm not depressed any more, just livid. I fully intend to continue resisting. I am going to Yuri's party on the 14th and I look forward to seeing you there. Thank you so much.

Love from R

PS - when I say that I blame the Govt above all, I should say that I also blame the 'Opposition', every major political party, nearly every MP, the unions, the establishment generally, the police and the media. You name it. They've all behaved disgustingly. The entire system is fucked. Please excuse my language. I'm sure you will!



Letters from Dystopia

Good Evening Abi and can I say how wonderful that you are giving people the opportunity to be heard. Thank you so much. We love seeing you on GB News and we are really pleased you came over to Gettr as Twitter really needed to be sent a message about freedom of speech. Thank you again!

Our family has been affected by coronavirus in so many ways Abi.

Firstly, our youngest son moved to China (yes, I know) in September of 2019. He left uni during the 2009 recession when all graduates job prospects were virtually non-existent unless Daddy had a place in London and you were willing or able to work as an intern for nothing. In spite of gaining a first class Hons in Journalism and International Relations he was never able to make up for those lost years and spent the next nine years working mostly in call centres and living in bedsits with no obvious way out. He was losing all hope.

At the end of 2019 he had hit a low point and decided anywhere was better than where he was and so he went to China to teach English with the promise of a paid flight home each year from the company he worked for.

So he was one of the very first people therefore to be affected by Coronavirus. We were shocked by the immediate lockdowns he faced never imagining that the disease would make it's way here or that we would ever be seeing similar circumstances to those in China.

Most of his fellow non-Chinese teachers raced home but he had been loving his time there, his job and his new-found prosperity!

The other teachers soon found themselves at home during a long lockdown where they were unable to find new jobs but also unable to go back to China and so our son decided to stay where he was in Qing Dao.

As a result he has not been able to come home at all for over two years now because if he leaves he would not be allowed back as a non-resident.

He has a good job, a fiance and a nice life. He can't leave now and we cannot go there.

Whilst we are relieved he is finally in a happy place it is cruel to keep families apart like this especially when there is no end in sight.

Also, while Borris and his pals were having drinks back in May of 2020 my husband was due back to his job on a cruise ship but chose to retire 18 months earlier than we had planned because of the fear that had been put out by the government and the media and we really thought it was safest to be together during what we were told was a highly dangerous pandemic.

We now know differently of course and as a result of the Covid lies and Covid theatre we lost 18 months of wages and my husband is only just getting his state pension now after nearly two years without money.

Had he known the real facts about the disease and that the government and their cronies were never scared of catching it he would never have retired early.

At the same time our other son was due to emigrate back to England from South Africa with his wife and three year old daughter who was recovering from a childhood cancer. Their plans were delayed and delayed until his wife was eventually able to bring their daughter over just at the time when quarantine hotels were first mandated in April 2020. Our daughter in law was forced to pay a fortune to stay in one room for ten days with an active three year old that was going stir crazy as you can imagine. Hell for her and to make it worse the food was dire as I'm sure you have heard at a time when our granddaughter needed the very best in nutrition to help with her ongoing recovery. My daughter in law's pleas for help fell on deaf ears.

The money they wasted on that unnecessary ten day incarceration was money that they could have used to help set them up back here in England. All of this suffering unnecessary.

In spite of all this we often forget how affected we have been as a family because we know that our troubles pale into insignificance compared to many. It sounds like you are now hearing many of these stories. We haven't lost our business, none of us have died alone or have taken our lives because of lockdown loneliness and we didn't miss saying goodbye to anyone we love because of the lies we were told about the dangers of Covid.

We consider ourselves the very lucky ones which just goes to show how bad things are and how immeasurably the world has changed in the last two years. We were duped into taking two Astra Zeneca "vaccinations" early on only to learn later about the WEF and the great reset. Gates, Big Pharma and Big business BlackRock etc etc

We learned from Sherri Tenpenny early on and more recently from Robert Malone and Mike Yeadon too about the dangers of MRNA vaccinations and so won't be taking any more government injectables not even to see our son in China. I have held firm from early on that if Coronavirus was so dangerous we wouldn't have seen the elites/royals or politicians for dust. They'd all have scurried down to their bunkers that fast and we'd only have seen their sorry faces via zoom from the safety of those bunkers. We'd have seen just how much they cared about us Prols then.

Thank you for standing up to be heard. You'll never know the comfort you have brought to those of us that can see what is really happening and what is being taken from us under the ruse of a pandemic.

You and your like minded colleagues on GB News are heroes all!
-Julie x



Letters from Dystopia

If your emotional or mental health is vulnerable in any way,
speak to the Samaritans.

Call 116 123 or SMS SHOUT to 85258 or

<https://www.samaritans.org/>

For more information on help with vaccine damage please
visit VIBUK:

<https://findothers.com/campaign/families-fighting-for-a-uk-bespoke-compensation-sc>

I don't know if you still are receiving these so apologies if I'm too late. My family has suffered incredibly over the past 2 years. My son who was 19 when the lockdowns started tragically lost his dad to a heart attack. His dad was only 49. The paramedics spent crucial minutes putting PPE on before attending to him. I, my son and his stepmother believe he might still be alive had they treated him immediately. My son had done what he thought at the time was responsible and followed the rules. He missed out of the last 3 months of his dad's life, time he will never get back. He then had to have a restricted funeral which felt like an injustice because his dad (Phil) was such a character, I know that service would have been packed to standing room only. I was so proud of him when he stood up at the funeral and gave a beautiful eulogy. At the same time my heart was breaking for him and Phil's wife Karen. We'd always remained civil and friendly and Phil deserved better. My son then went off to university where they quickly locked them down and put them on online learning. I knew his mental health wasn't great because of his grief and him not having any distractions like being able to go to the pub. I feared I would get a phone call like poor Ben's mother. I was delighted when he told me they'd been throwing illegal parties in their halls.

But in the back of our minds was my nan who I adored more than anyone. She was suffering with dementia and in a care home. We barely saw her the past 2 years. If we did it was window visits and she didn't understand why we couldn't come in and was distressing for her. The lockdowns seemed to accelerate her dementia very quickly. I went to take her birthday flowers and had to pass them through a window, she didn't recognise my son and I saw the colour drain from his face. The irony is that same day no.10 had a party. She passed away in October and is probably the only person in the past 2 years to have influenza as the cause of death on her death certificate. It wasn't influenza.

The hospital had released her too early while suffering with a water infection (something family would have spotted immediately if we'd of been allowed to visit) it turned into sepsis. They then took her off her blood thinners to administer a strong antibiotic, which again had we been able to visit, would have told them she's prone to TIA's. She had a massive stroke and sadly passed away. I was happy she was no longer suffering but I was so angry she'd had so much of her precious last time stolen from her. That she died alone and I wasn't allowed to be there holding her hand. What was going through her mind? Did she think we didn't care or love her.

Two days later my dad called to say my grandma had also passed away. She lived in Wales so I'd not been able to visit because of the tomfoolery that was going on there. Again rage consumed me that she'd had her last days robbed from being with loved ones and died alone.

Whilst this is going on the realisation kicked in that they both got boosted at this time. It could be a complete coincidence but how common is it to lose both your grandmother's in the same week?

My double jabbed mum during this time is now riddled with tumours and has incurable cancer. We have zero cancer history in our family. All my past relatives lived well into their 80's. I can't bare the thought of losing my mum too or telling my son he's lost another loved one.

I'm sorry if this was a long email but I want to thank you Abbie if you took the time to read it. Also for using your platform for good and speaking the truth. I admire you so much. People like you have kept me sane when I just wanted to fall apart. From the bottom of my heart, thank you.

Maxine xx

Dear Abi,

First up, my sincere thanks to you for your daily podcasts which keep me sane. I discovered you through the Delingpod and your interview with Jeffrey Peel. You truly are a breath of fresh air and I very much consider myself a member of the Substack fam, albeit a silent one until now!

I am British but have lived in South Africa since my parents emigrated here when I was a child. I long to return to England permanently, but we are economic prisoners here as our money is worthless. Both of my children, and twin granddaughters, live in England, and I visit every year when I can (more on that later). I'm 58 years old and employed at a university as a lecturer in law. It would be best if you do not mention my surname or the name of the university, as I would likely lose my job for penning this email.

The shitshow in South Africa was on another level and I still find myself wondering how I survived the last two and a half years. Our initial hard lockdown endured for a long time (so much for the 3 weeks to flatten the curve!) and for a few months in 2020 we were not allowed to exercise outside our homes or walk our dogs. Since I am a keen walker and have two beloved dogs whom I exercise daily, this was like torture to me although I did find ways around it by loading my dogs in my vehicle and heading outside town to the commonage to walk. Curtain twitchers were highly active here and I was appalled at people running others in for being seen out of their homes. The worst was our security forces who are on record as killing people in their own homes for allegedly violating lockdown rules. You can read more about one notorious case here <http://www.saflii.org/za/cases/ZAGPPHC/2020/147.html> and particularly at paragraph [34]. For a long time, it was like living in a police state and I had many experiences of hiding in bushes to avoid soldiers and cops.

We were also prohibited from buying alcohol and cigarettes for about six months which was a hardship, although the black market was alive and well (and expensive!). We were not able to buy any goods other than what the government decreed, mainly only food and medicine, and we had compulsory masking. There were no exemptions to masking, and the instruction to wear one was only lifted in July this year. I despise fucking masks and would only wear one to get into a supermarket because they wouldn't let you in without one. I had many experiences of shopping in the supermarket and seeing small children with masks on which made me cry. On a few occasions, I had to go outside and sit in my car to cry about what was happening around me.

My university sent everyone home in March 2020 and we had online lectures for the rest of 2020 and 2021. It was quite a challenge to get up to speed with online lecturing and the software etc. but I did what I could, although it was a dreadful experience. We returned to contact lectures and attendance on campus at the beginning of this year much to my relief but there was a strict mask policy. I never wore a mask on campus and was waiting for someone to report me, but thankfully, no-one ever did. I didn't make a thing of it but just quietly went about my day. All of my colleagues are totally blue pillled so I have found myself growing very distant from them. So much for intellectual integrity and freedom of speech - it simply does not exist here. The university also introduced a compulsory vaccine mandate and to my eternal shame and regret, I took the Pfizer vaccine under coercion. I had a really bad reaction to both shots with a terrible angry red rash on my forearms and insane itching. My son in England is auto-immune after receiving one Pfizer jab and he has been given the run around by his GP to the point where he has given up with the NHS. He lives with constant skin complaints and it breaks my heart. I have vowed never to have a booster but surprise, surprise, the university is now considering compulsory boosters.

This is the hill I am willing to die on because I am not doing it. I will probably lose my job so face much uncertainty.

The worst of it all, however, was being separated from my children and grandchildren in England. I was in England in July 2019 and when I returned to South Africa I can clearly remember driving home from the airport and having this knot in my stomach because I had the feeling I would not see them again for a long time. Until then, I visited every year in your summer. As you may remember, South Africa was on your "red list" for a long time and if I had travelled to England I would have had to stay in one of Matt Hancock's Heathrow gulag hotels for 10 days which would have driven me stark raving mad. I would probably have had an easier time crossing the channel in a dingy! So much for having a British passport. I finally returned to England this year in July and had a wonderful reunion with my children and grandchildren after three long years.

I find myself a changed person now and I don't trust anyone anymore. I'm quite isolated as everyone around me goes along with this covid bullshit and cannot see it for what it is. I have never feared getting the virus but, to date, have not caught it. I keep myself as healthy as I can by walking long distances every day and eating well. Yes, I have vices - cigarettes and other smokable and the odd glass of red wine, which takes the edge off things. I have a small circle of friends who help to keep me sane but they are few and far between these days. My two closest friends (my sister and a former colleague) work in the UK so I don't see much of them except when they come home for a holiday.

I teach law and one of the issues I cover in a course I teach is informed consent - what a joke because it simply does not exist. The paranoia here is on another level. I am totally disillusioned with my job and my life generally but am really trying to keep going.

On top of that, we face daily challenges with electricity and "load shedding" (blackouts in your parlance) and water supply. At the moment, we only have tap water for one day out of three but thankfully I saw this coming some time ago and installed rainwater tanks so I never run out. The only really good thing we have going for us here is wonderful beaches and great weather. I live about 40 minutes drive from the sea so get down there as often as I can with my dogs for long walks and swims.

I look back on what we have all endured for the last two and a half years and cannot help but wonder what the hell this was all about. There needs to be a reckoning but I have no faith that will ever happen. So many times I have thought of ending my life but the thought of my dogs, children and grandchildren prevents me from doing so.

Your podcasts have really lifted my spirits and I cannot thank you enough. I cried listening to the stories of people who wrote in with their experiences and it helped me to know that I am not alone. I particularly remember the Freedom Fighter and her story, which truly moved me.

I will be in England again next year in July, all being well, and I would love to take you for a drink or join you for a walk along the banks of the Thames.

Keep doing what you do Abi and much love,

Sarah a.k.a .South African Freedom Fighter x



Bob'22
© THE DEMOCRACY FUND

Letters from Dystopia

Hello Abi,

I follow you on Twitter and saw a few days ago that you wanted to hear the stories of ordinary, everyday people regarding the pandemic.

Firstly, can I just say a huge thank you to you for fighting for us ordinary folk and giving us a voice. People like your good self, Neil Oliver, Tonia Buxton and Laura Dodsworth amongst others have helped me tremendously to keep going and given me hope that we will get out of this and be on the right side of history. I think my family's experience will be like that of thousands of other families across the country. We are people who keep themselves to themselves. We don't know lots and lots of people, but we don't know anyone who has died of or with covid. I felt right from the beginning that something wasn't right and that things just didn't add up. I have always felt the government response was way over the top and disproportionate. We have been lucky in many respects. My husband has worked from home throughout and we have kept our income. I work as a midday supervisor in a primary school on a supply basis, so I didn't work in the first lockdown, but as I say, my husband did, so we OK financially.

There are a couple of things which for me are unforgivable. Firstly, the scaremongering that has taken place, deliberately taken place to make us all comply with the restrictions and lockdowns. I have read Laura Dodsworth's book 'A State of Fear' which explains how the government handled the pandemic. They knew there would be severe collateral damage from the lockdowns and restrictions and yet they did it anyway. I have seen lots of doctors interviewed on the likes of Talk Radio and GB News who have said that they knew early on that covid was affecting the elderly and vulnerable far more than any other part of society. Why did they not change the strategy at this point?

As I say, I felt in my gut that something was not right. So, for me and my husband, this has never been about the nation's health. Yes, it is a virus, I do not deny that, but the reactions were so disproportionate that if it wasn't so serious it would be almost laughable.

The division caused in society has also been very palpable. Pitting one side against another, again deliberately. Mask wearers have become saints and everyone else granny killers. It is disgusting what they have done. I stopped wearing a mask on 21st June, the original freedom day. I do feel I am being judged and there are times when my heart is racing when I'm in shops, but I am not going to comply because the masks just reinforce that we are in danger when we clearly are not. I have a friend who also does not wear a mask and she was called a 'dirty bastard' when she was shopping in Tesco. This is disgusting. The hatred and fear that has been drummed up in people and I fear this is how so many people feel and will continue to feel.

I know people who are completely changed because of the scaremongering. People who before the pandemic I would have said were rational, intelligent people and now they are scared to do anything without wearing a mask, continually washing their hands and doing those awful lateral flow tests. I even know one ex work colleague who has not been out of her house since March 2020 because she is so petrified, she is going to catch the virus and die. At the school where I work, we were told the lateral flow tests were being done on an opt in basis. I did not opt in and because of that I feel that I have been cold shouldered. My colleagues only engage with me when it is absolutely necessary, I feel. This is quite difficult to deal with at times, but I understand they have been frightened in to behaving as they do. I do not wear a mask when they do. They do not know this, but I have not had the jab.

They are jabbed and boosted and guess what? they keep testing positive and catching colds which are really bad and linger. Mmm funny that, but they say 'Just think how bad it would be if I wasn't jabbed.' It is ridiculous.

The lies and propaganda the government have put out has been unforgivable and the cancelling of certain views of experts whose thoughts and opinions vary from the government line. The thing that angers me the most and is why I wanted to write to you, is what they have done to our children and young people. I work in a school with 3- and 4-year-olds and I can see the damage that has been done in terms of lack of social skills, speech problems as well as the fact that they have missed many learning opportunities.

But for me it is the effect it has had on my children. I have three sons aged who were 18, 16 and 14 when the pandemic began. My eldest son had been at university for 6 months when he was told to go home and learn online. His whole second year has been done online and now into his third year, he is actually allowed back on the campus for some lectures and classes. He has struggled with the online learning and the fact he couldn't go and seek out actual physical face to face help. He had to re-sit some exams. Now I'm not saying it is all the fault of the virus and he has to take responsibility for his studies, absolutely, but I wonder if things had been normal, would he have had a better experience? I think we know the answer to that.

My middle son was due to take his GCSEs in the Summer of 2020. He was at school in March and the teachers just told them to pack their things and go. No more lessons, no exams, no prom, no nothing. I think this was a disgrace. Yes, there was a perceived threat from this virus, but couldn't they have bided their time to give them a chance to do the exams? My son was devastated. He had already been preparing and revising and the rug was well and truly pulled from under him and his peers.

There is a young woman called Sophie Corcoran who has spoken very eloquently on Talk Radio and GB News about how it affected her. She must be the same age as my son and the devastation she speaks of was certainly felt by my son. He struggled with the lockdowns and has definitely struggled with on line study. His studies have suffered and he has dropped one of his A levels. He wanted to go to university this September, but has said he won't be able to go because he knows he hasn't done well enough. Again, as with my eldest, he has to take responsibility, but he has suffered immensely with the lack of social connection with teachers and friends. He needs that face-to-face everyday contact to ensure he is on the right track with his studies and to give him the opportunity to ask for help.

My youngest son who is now in year 11 and 16 years old. He now suffers with anxiety. He is a quiet young man, but since the lockdowns he doesn't like to go out where there are crowds. He likes to know what is going to happen right down to the last detail and finds it hard to cope if there are variables. I'm taking him out most weekends to try and combat this, but his anxiety is palpable. I think this is the worst outcome for me. This was totally unnecessary. Young people were not in danger. I managed to get him an exemption from mask wearing at school because I disagreed with the policy, but he wouldn't wear the lanyard because he didn't want to stand out from the crowd. Teachers seem to have forgotten what it is like to be a teenager, standing out is not a good look. I think schools have a lot to answer for their actions and what they have inflicted on our young people during the pandemic. So, I do worry about my youngest. He has his exams this Summer, fingers crossed and he wants to go to study A levels. I am supporting him as much as I can, but I will never, never forgive those in power who did this to our young people. For them, two years is a big chunk of their lives. Supposedly the best time of their lives.

For an 80-year-old, two years is nothing in comparison. We have sacrificed our young people for other people who have already had their lives. This is so, so wrong.

As I say this has not been about our health. There is another agenda which I have heard you speak about. the Great Reset for one, the implementation of digital ID and a cashless society. If I'm honest, it scares me. My husband and I are preparing and planning for what is coming, but all those that have been hoodwinked by the government are going to be in for a rude awakening. I hope and pray this will all be stopped, but my gut tells me to prepare and protect those most dear to me.

Sorry for such a long email. As I have said, no one has died, but we are changed forever because of the restrictions, lockdowns and scaremongering. I believe in karma and I think there will be a special place in hell for those who have played a part in this dystopian nightmare. I only hope that those involved will face justice one day, but I won't hold my breath.

Thanks again Abi for using your voice to raise awareness and I'm looking forward to seeing you again on GB news.

Best wishes to you, Louise Banks x



Hi Abi

Firstly, my mother is in a retirement home in Rochdale, she is deteriorating with dementia

I have not been able to see her for the last 2 years, I am not vaccinated and therefore am not allowed in. I have 2 sisters - One is fully jabbed and was allowed to see her for an hour in a side room having travelled up from Norfolk. My other sister went up a couple of weeks ago, because of Omicron fears she had to talk to her through a closed window after travelling from West London (She is also jabbed)

NHS

At the end of November I started to have issues around constipation . My GP is not doing face to face appointments due to the virus, I had to fill in an online form and then a locum rang me 48 hours later. The prescription given over the phone made the situation worse and I had to go to hospital A&E 3 days later where I was doubled over in pain, unable to pass anything, every 20-30 minutes. The A&E duty doctor stated that the medication given was completely wrong as after examination I had a lump that was obstructing things and it was enlarged due to irritation. It had also irritated my prostate which was also enlarged.

The following day I had to be taken in by ambulance on a 999 call as the pain was worse. A&E wasn't that busy but it took them from admission at 11am to 9pm before I was properly examined - There were very few staff on duty, I subsequently found out from one of the cleaners that a large number of medical staff were self isolating due to coming in to contact with Covid cases. During that wait time, my bladder had filled completely and was stretched to double the size it should be and they had to carry out an emergency catheterisation.

The Doctor was inexperienced and I heard her talking to nurses behind the curtain as to how to carry out the procedure (This was botched , causing scar tissue that had me back in for another emergency procedure on New Year's Day.)

On release, I was given painkillers which I was told afterwards at an out patients visit later in the week should not have been given as they make the constipation worse - Subsequently, it was found on a colonoscopy that I have Diverticular disease of the colon which both lots of medication had aggravated.

I am now sitting at home with a second catheter in as my prostate is so enlarged that I cannot pass water without it and am awaiting an operation to drill it out. The NHS waiting list is long so I am having to go private to get a procedure done that the consultant states is not available via the public health service and has far better outcomes.

Whilst not conclusive, it is likely that the situation would not have come to this if I had been examined by my GP when the first call was made.

Best Regards

Cliff Dixon



Hello Abi,

I have only just discovered your podcast, last night in fact. I can't thank you enough for being alive, for doing your bit, for talking your truth. For seeing the truth of the bloody evil that is now ruling the planet, that has been unleashed on humanity and that most of the species still can't see; the normalising of the immoral is so evident to those that can. Thank you for being brave enough to call it all out. Thank you from my soul because you are helping me to stand up and stick around long enough to raise my child, one more day at a time, through this shit show. My anchor is my love for my child and making sure that child knows how loved, unique and special they are in my eyes and in the eyes of God / the Universe, for every single human being on the planet has unique value.

My testimony of the past 2 1/2 years for what it's worth. Use it if you will, don't if you won't, I don't mind. You have good judgment.

So, initially March 2020, I bought the narrative. 'Oh my God there is a Virus that is killing people in China and it is spreading round the world at speed'. I watched the numbers in Worldometer daily as well as Sky News, I was hooked. I dutifully locked ourselves down for the first lockdown and actually enjoyed the time at home with my child while they 'online schooled', there was fear but also something nice about the Community atmosphere that suddenly cropped up in our local village. And of course in that first lockdown the weather was bliss. My job involves care services to people and so I also felt part of the solution.

However as the weeks passed and I observed the 'Government' response, which was actually a co-ordinated, scripted, singular response my first thought was, "How the fuck did all these countries have these lengthy draconian statutes ready for action, all at the same time, with the same phraseology?"

And it's my job to understand and know 'the Law' so I read the Corona Virus Act, all of it, hundreds of pages of it and I was horrified at the powers within it. Most still have yet to be used...and I'm pretty sure most of the politicians that voted it in haven't read it. And then, as the initial weeks passed so the Worldometer figures demonstrated worldwide, the vast majority of those 'diagnosed' with Covid recovered, end of, no problems. It was really clear quickly that the survival rate was well over 95% already. At that stage I started to feel the cognitive dissonance, it was May 2020. I started to realise the TV was fear mongering, it was deliberately overstating the risk and severity of the illness, I started to feel sick to my stomach. I started to see the daily updates from No 10, for what they were, scripted nonsense with other people clearly pulling the strings. In my Daily Work we were dealing with Government Policy and advice that created utter chaos in the care world because it changed, daily, and none of it made sense. As the months passed, it was accepted without challenge that masking heart attack and asthma victims was 'for their benefit'. WTF!?! And the Furlough rollout was so generous, some people were given 80% of their income to stay at home for nearly a year - they loved it - but the basic Mathematics of that made any sane person see we were heading into financial apocalypse when the inflation kicked in that this would create, I did Economics A Level, this was basic stuff and yet no single mainstream Economist was questioning these global fiscal bombs being set off round the world. None of this made sense and yet everyone around me continued to buy it all, hook line and sinker. My family did not understand my questions. They were still in the land of fear and 'doing as we are told'. Masks arrived. I did not consent to my child being masked in school. I was the only parent in the school. My child suffered asthma. There was no way I was going to agree to something which I knew would be detrimental to their health when it was already clear 'Covid' wasn't going to be.

In attempting to understand what was going on I searched on-line for anyone else who had questions and I discovered quite quickly there were many people out there who really knew what was going on, who was behind it and what the end goal was; depopulation and the digital / biomedical / transhumanist enslavement of the race of man. The cognitive dissonance disappeared and now everything made sense. The world response made sense, once you see the end game all the policies made sense. All of them. Financial, health, climate, all of it. All of it then makes sense. It took many hundreds of hours reading real journalism worldwide (Corbettreport.com / Ice Age farmer et al) to see the full picture. And then the period of Shock and Grief. Shock that all the institutions I had naively seen as 'supportive' and 'right' were now exposed as part of the end goal. Shock that our Government was actively deceiving it's population in order to deliberately impoverish and cull it. Grief at all those I love buying the narrative and obediently queuing up for their vial of 'solution' when it arrived. And I already knew the deceit of that. I work within Government so I knew the date of the first vial rollout even before the public were told a 'saviour' had been found - thanks to Science. How did a system know when it was going to start injecting people before the vaccine had even been 'confirmed'?

I grieved for months for all the adults and children world wide being killed and maimed. I spent weeks in the subsequent months in Telegram reading the stories of vax victims crying my heart out. I had to delete Telegram in the end in order to function in my daily life. For someone who had barely been on the internet outside of work prior to March 2020 I was now consumed by it. (I have now stepped back and limit my time in the virtual once again so that I spend more time in the real physical world, connecting with real people, and showing those I love that I love them).

And boy does one feel alone when one doesn't know a single person in the real 'non virtual' world who sees what's going on too.

And in the midst of this, God throws me the biggest curve ball of my own. A gigantic, 50-tonne metal spike protein to smash my life to smithereens, for a time. In December 2020, the week of the vaccine rollout, I dismantled and reassembled my Woodburner in order to sweep our chimney. I did it myself to save money, I live on a tight budget. Reassembled I did not notice that a part of the flue had come away from the stove, there was a gap. And then another part of the Woodburner finally failed, the baffle. So each night the baffle fell over the fire as I fell asleep and starved it of oxygen, I lived worked and slept in the same room as the Woodburner. For 8 weeks I got sicker and sicker not knowing what was the cause. I got migraines, I was throwing up, I got tired but could not sleep because of a racing heart, I got confused, I got extremely forgetful. And I was still working every day on my pc throughout. Eventually I got so sick one night I lost the ability to communicate properly. At that point something in me told me to get me and my child out of the house, I was convinced the house was going to catch fire and I had to get us out. My child was woken by me at 5am on a bitterly cold January night and could not believe me (understandably). I ran from the house so my child would follow. Thank God they did. A neighbour was called. The police and ambulance was called. I returned, sick, confused and terrified to my neighbour's house and was unable to communicate adequately with the ambulance personnel. Two men. The Country was in it's second strict lockdown - the NHS was 'overwhelmed' with Covid the TV told us. Vaccines were now available for the elderly and immune compromised. The push for vaccines was hard. 'Anti-Vax' hatred was beginning in earnest.

As I was taken to the ambulance I was able to say 'but this isn't a normal ambulance?', because it wasn't. This looked like some kind of 'security first aid vehicle' like a modified St John's ambulance not a bog standard NHS Emergency Vehicle. I was informed the 'normal ambulances' were reserved for COVID and that 'mental health' warranted this vehicle.

Note I've never had 'mental health' issues in my life. Not used any illicit substances or drunk alcohol. I'm what used to be known as a 'Square'. I don't drink because it gives me really bad migraines, even a thimble of alcohol with do it and I've never used illicit substances because the idea of putting something in my body of which I do not know the contents of has always been abhorrent to me. Thank God. But the 'ambulance' personnel, in their black unmarked uniform, assumed I was 'mentally ill' or 'off my rocker' on some kind of substance. They repeatedly asked my child was substance their mother used, how drunk she got, how often did she 'have a breakdown'. The trauma they put my child through when they refused to accept their responses was difficult in itself to watch.

I was placed in the ambulance for the hour and quarter drive to the local city hospital. Alone of course as friends or family are no longer allowed. I live in a rural village a long way from most things. And here comes the 50-tonne wrecking ball. I'm female, was was once very attractive, (now not to bad for my age), lone hardworking parent, I run for fitness and in 2018 did the 100K Yorkshire Dales Challenge to raise money for blind veterans, I placed 15th in the Country and I'm a qualified lawyer. I have raised my child for 15 years on my own and without recourse to benefits. I've worked two jobs 7 days a week at times to see us through.

I'm sat in the back of some strange 'security / first aid' vehicle. The Driver, Saul lets call him, is in the front (obviously!) but it's not part of the rear of the vehicle because of it's set up.

I'm in the back, semi clad (night attire) strapped to a stretcher and sobbing without tears. I was distraught.

I did not know what had happened to me, why I was so confused, why I could not breathe properly, why my heart was racing, why I was in so much pain. (All symptoms of severe Carbon Monoxide poisoning). And then 25 minutes or so into the journey, 'Lucifer' let's call him, the second ambulance man, starts to let his hands wander...on my legs, up my thighs, towards my groin.....w..t..f...

Suffice to say the next 30 minutes were some of the most traumatic of my life. My body was already uncontrollably spasming from CO poisoning and here was some Fucker trying to climb on top of it. And I was unable to utter a word. The poisoning was so bad I could not speak. Or maybe it was shock. I prayed to die. I prayed the heart pain would intensify so much I would have a heart attack and die right there. I had the pains down my left arm so my hope was high. When I quickly realised the fact that death was not going to release me from this situation, I concluded that whatever happened I was not going to make this easy for this Fucker, I was not going to be compliant. And I fought like my life depended on it. There was a singular slim back door to the vehicle and I determined I was going out of it. Rather be dead in the road, killed by the fall or another driver than raped in the back of an 'ambulance'. Life under the proposed New World Order doesn't have that much to offer so the risk was worth it. I got that Fucker off me, eventually, and I got the door open. The vehicle then drew to a stop and the driver alighted and ran to the end of the vehicle to 'assist'. I saw that by this time, we were within the city limits and not far from the hospital. The two men manhandled me back to the stretcher where I was strapped down for the remainder of the journey. By then I gave up the fight because I knew that Saul, the Driver, was a kind person and had (I hope) no idea what had gone on and there wasn't enough time left for Lucifer to get his way.

We arrive at the hospital and I hear Lucifer tell the staff 'we've got another nutter' before I collapse unconscious.

I waken, I know not how many hours later. I'm on a drip, in a ward with just 6 beds in it and we are all at least 10 feet from each other. The other patients are all elderly women either half conscious or shouting the odds 24 / 7 because of advanced dementia. The next 6 days see me in the mouth of the Midazolam Lion during the Second lockdown and the 'peak of the Covid Wave'. I'm put in a lone room 'due to exposure to someone who tested positive'. I am wheeled through the hospital for brain scans because no virus can be found in my bloodstream, that said I am treated with anti-virals, intravenously, without my knowledge or consent for 2 days 'just in case'. I see for myself, with my own eyes, how WARD AFTER WARD of the hospital is EMPTY. No patients. The TV is telling us the NHS is overwhelmed and people are clapping outside their homes and yet the beds are EMPTY. The corridors are empty. The consultants are watching Netflix day in, day out. Many of the NHS staff know this to be true and they stayed silent. For 4 days I have sticks stuck up my nose and then the back of my throat - the same stick! - to test for 'Covid'. I'm a wise woman, I realise quickly there is no way in the world anyone here will believe one second of my experience of what happened in the ambulance and I need to keep schtum and do whatever it takes to get out. They want to keep me in for 14 days for 'Covid Isolation' just in case. Brain scans show nothing. They cannot explain my admission. I'm asked by visiting consultants, 'Have you been stressed at work?' - The assumption made is that 'This is all Mental Health'. When I ask if toxicology has been carried out as I feel as if I have been poisoned I am told, 'We are not currently undertaking any toxicology tests because the whole of the Country is in lock down and no one can go to a club which is usually where they might get 'spiked' or poisoned'. I am told by the Consultant I was 'violent in the ambulance', I say nothing.

(After discharge I come to learn from my wider family that the hospital 'sedated' me for 2 days 'for my benefit'. That 'sedation' rendered me unconscious for 48 hours so they could do what they like to me. Come day 6 enough of my mental and physical strength has returned to know that I can legally discharge myself, I don't need their permission and I can 'self isolate for the 14 day period' in my own home. I have a legal and medical background, I knew what needed to be said. They didn't like it but they had to concede hospital is not prison.

For the last near 2 years I have been recovering from severe delayed neurological sequelae as a result of the CO poisoning. Which was only diagnosed 3 weeks after my hospital discharge when my mum came to my home to look after me and then herself suffered mild CO poisoning as the woodburner was still faulty. A retired medical professional friend who knows me personally bothered to listen to what had happened in the lead up to the hospital admission and suggested it sounded like CO poisoning. I bought a CO detector that day and it went off. For nearly 11 weeks I had breathed low levels of CO 24/7. Praise God my child studies / sleeps in a different part of the house with the door closed. The NHS had never bothered to ask me what happened prior to the hospital admission, they weren't interested in cause. My GP was advised about the CO detector and I did my homework studying medical transcripts on CO poisoning. My GP was human enough to read all of them and concluded entirely with the diagnosis. I then had 6 months of nightly 'epilepsy' like spasms over my whole body which sometimes lasted 6 hours straight. Sometimes my diaphragm would go into spasm, as happened on the night of the CO admission, and I would literally be unable to breathe for minutes at a time. It was scary for my mum to watch. I wasn't able to return to work for 6 months. And all this while the NWO does it's thing. My family don't believe the NWO stuff, nor the End Game. I tried to wake them up but was assumed to be 'nuts'.

And then more latterly 'an extremist' because I no longer believed in lockdowns, masks, tests or vaccines. My father went blind in one eye not 2 weeks after his second dose, he was told it was 'spontaneous blindness' due to lying down in the sun. Vaccine harm is now being actively called 'mental ill health'. I've grieved for those being murdered, for our children whose future and freedom is being stolen from them. for those being harmed and misled and felt pretty sorry for myself having to stick around to witness this all, when quite frankly I would rather be with my Grandmother in the Afterlife, wherever that is. 3 months after the ambulance ride I tried to tell my mother what had happened in the ambulance. She did not believe me. Same as when I finally told her (at 42 years of age) that I had been sexually abused at 8 years old. She refused to believe it and turned away. Yeah, 50-tonne metal spike protein.

And this year in February I was facing the sack for refusal to take the experimental 'vaccine'. And my line manager was ok with that. Everyone in my team was okay with that. And we work in a field supporting the sick, the vulnerable and abused - you couldn't make this shit up. Staff with social work backgrounds of values and ethics. This is mind boggling. I only still have a job because the Government U turned at the last minute....when only 3% in the end held the line. (So shows the data at work anyway). Some of those poor sods took the job 3 days before the U turn. This all happened THIS BLOODY Year and yet most of the populous has moved on and forgotten...while the whole health sector are STILL masked - all working shift. And health sector is much wider than hospitals. But I am still here because I can not bail out on humanity, I CAN NOT bail out on my child. My health is nearly back, I still suffer some speech impediment at times and neurological / muscular problems at night. suffice to say my recover has nothing to do with the NHS and everything to do with my refusal to give in, support from awake people who understand and a belief in my body and it's power to heal. Our God given ability to heal if we just leave well alone.

I went to one of the protests in London in the Summer of 2021 too. Took me 6 hours to get there but it was worth it to see 650,000 other people who could also see what was going on. I no longer felt so alone.

Jimmy Saville got away with shit because people did not believe the victims and knowingly turned a blind eye. Vulnerable people in health settings were raped. They are still being raped in some hospitals. Same story for Epstein, Weinstein and millions of others. Yeah waking up to the Child Trafficking side of things is also pretty savage. I knew and know there is no point reporting what happened because the system is loaded against victims. I know 97% of rapists never see the inside of a Court Room. And those that do...the majority walk out scot free. And now those that are convicted get less time than Alex Belfield. I've supported victims of rape and sexual abuse over the years, sometimes the police have been supportive, 'Yes, we know you were raped, but CPS advise we will not secure a conviction so we will not prosecute'. All the system does is gaslight and re-traumatise the victim. There are rapists in all jobs, including the Police Force and NHS, which I now know from personal experience. And off Lucifer goes about his daily business. How easy it is to target 'drug users / mental health cases' as he assumed me to be. Those victims are not believed, same a victims with Learning Disability - not 'Credible Witnesses' according to CPS. More latterly I have come across the work of Tommy Robinson. Who I had naively believed to be a racist because the newspapers told me so. Wow, the work he has done in trying to expose sexual predators is quite something. I feel great empathy for those 1000s of girls repeatedly raped and not believed and still being shat on by a system protecting perpetrators.

The world is currently under the power of evil for sure. Thank you Abi for being a voice of reason. For being an anchor to hold on to through this shit storm for how ever long my part through it is.

I know we will meet each other in the afterlife if not before because our souls already talk the same language. A language of love, hope, doing no harm, respect for the character of a person not their appearance, a language for family, for love, for choice, for freedom and ultimately for God. A language of community and acceptance not division. I will not be led to divide and conquer. Hold on darling because we are holding on to you too. xxxx Thank you for being you.

P.S I only refer to my child as 'they' as I don't want to give away 'their' gender. They have one and are very gratefully very ok with their God given Gender. Of which there are only two in my opinion. But of course, if you wish to identify as a Unicorn feel free, just don't tell me I have to or else! I've never had a problem with any faith, sexuality or even trans dressing up as women, each to their own. But now it's being used to destroy objective truth and the essence of men, women and children. It's truly evil. Much love and thanks for reading. It's been cathartic to speak my truth to someone who might believe it. xxx

Nicky.



Hi Abi.

I hope you are doing well. Do appreciate your integrity and public stance, when everyone around is too scared to speak their mind. Here is my experience of lockdowns over in Germany and how vaccine passports have made me, and many millions pariahs.
<https://ladyskimmington.substack.com/p/apathy-in-germany>.

Regards and hugs, S.

For many years, Germany is the place that I've called my home. Frankfurt to be more precise. Sitting on the River Main, it is a city of Skyscrapers.

Nice places, high wages, affluent high status professionals behaving like amateur wine tasters at the regular fests in the city's prime spaces. City dwellers mix with blue collar workers, aimless student time wasters, and unforgivably, far too many homeless people and those lacking even life's basics. While the masses pass it on the street daily, like blind strangers. All the time acting like they are quite blameless. I find the sight shameless.

A stark, contradictory and often polarising city, it is the physical manifestation of Fritz Lang's Metropolis. And that is by no means a compliment.

The inequality of this strange city has always been there for all to see. From the constant rasping exhausts of rich banker's super cars, to the desperate call for small change from the many impoverished people on the street. But even more so now, it really is a city of division.

As I see it, we are now beginning to witnessing the formation of a two-tier society, divided roughly into these two conflicting but not mutually exclusive groups:

The vaccinated, the recovered and those willing to submit themselves to testing. (Whatever justification they have. Playing their part. For the greater good. An easy life. Egal, as they say here.)

And those who remain unvaccinated and are unwilling to undergo any such discriminatory testing or restrictions. (Either because of health reason. Their strong principles. Their religion. Their normal weighing up of the available facts. Whatever reason.)

Oh, it is discriminatory, by the way. Before anyone attempts to argue otherwise. It is. The fact that neither those vaccinated nor those deemed recovered have to test but are equally as likely to be infected and infectious, highlights how, not only are vaccine passports totally ineffective at virus control, but are simple a means by which to increase the take up of vaccines, by means of imposing restrictions on fundamental freedoms.

And that is coercion. Coercion, especially under what is effectively threats of duress, has been shown to be unacceptable at any juncture of our history.

Let alone when enacted by a government using emergency powers to circumvent normal legal avenues that can curtail their exercise of such draconian powers, and in doing so they are able to administer subsequent punishments for failing to submit to their illegal & unconstitutional demands!

That is also a very dangerous cycle that we must urgently escape from. A Kafkaesque nightmare that we need to bring attention to. Again, before it becomes too late.

Irrespective of these imminent threats to our well being, there is clearly now a deeper and further division that is slowly emerging between friends, family and neighbours. Constantly stoked by the media and it's government approved messaging. A simple Google search of the word "unvaccinated" will show you just how far some have fallen.

One group will tolerate the discrimination and segregation of the other, whilst said other will tolerate no such thing.

Yet they are the ones who are demonised! Please let that sink in for a minute.

One will ridicule, dehumanise and wish harm on the other, armed only by the certainty that they are correct and that the others are ignorant and deserving of their subsequent suffering.

The other will prey that they are wrong, wish the other well and hope that they can both be united against what they see is the greater loss of both of their liberties.

Now that division becomes even more obvious.

For one month now, due to exceeding the defined incidence rate per 100,000, the state of Hessen has imposed the requirement on businesses to check their customer's private medical information, or face legal ramifications such as fines and prosecutions.

The so-called 3G system (geimpft/genesen/getestet - vaccinated/recovered/tested) allows them to demand that you provide businesses with proof of either your recent "full" vaccination, evidence of whether you have recently recovered from Covid-19 or proof of a recent negative test result.

These businesses include restaurants, bars, nightclubs, cinemas, theatres, operas, gyms, swimming pools, spas, sports halls, fairgrounds, hairdressers, nail salons, tattoo parlours, casinos, trade fairs and hotels.

Also bear in mind in Hessen, this includes outdoor dining and drinking establishments!

Yes, outdoor!

In summer!

Even though I fall into the later group in this segregated aberration I find myself trapped in, it is not the ridiculous regulations, discriminatory as they are illogical, that I am most shocked by.

No. That is not what hurts or surprises me the most.

Yes, I am now completely excluded from enjoying any semblance of normal life, forced to walk along busy streets of smiling diners and drinkers, all the while expected to tolerate and accept this as a consequence of my perfectly reasonable decision not to get vaccinated, nor to have to be tested. More so it's somewhat understandable when the policy exclusively targets me, against all logical explanation and lacking any remotely sensible health justification. But remember, I'm still totally excluded from normal life, despite the insanity of it all or any complaints! And yes, I am becoming increasingly more marginalised and further isolated by the government's extreme, unscientific and inhumane "public health" policy. But do you know what really shocks me the most?

None of the points mentioned above are the answer to what I find the most shocking thing in all of this orchestrated chaos. So, out of all of this, what shocks me the most?

It is people's compliance.

It is the complete apathy towards this illogical & inhumane system. To it's implementation. And now to it's month long enforcement.

It is the acceptance of everything as inevitable. From customers, to business owners. From friends, to work colleagues. They all simply complied. Without any protestations whatsoever.

They collectively shrugged their shoulders, rolled up their sleeves and then they posted their selfies. Then, when they were asked, they meekly got out their phone to show their covid passports.

They ignored any voices to the contrary. Fearful of the difficulties in holiday travel or future social life, they rushed out and took the path of least resistance. Paradoxically enabling the very thing they used to justify their own decision. And in doing so, they have indeed allowed this segregation to plough on, at full speed.

And they have turn a blind eye each and every hour, of every day, of every week that this nightmare has been allowed to continue. And they still do.

The public. The businesses. The politicians. The media. The lawyers. The unions. The charities. The God's themselves. With that said, it shouldn't shock me that they are happy to see people like me excluded from society. But I would be lying if I said it didn't. Especially in a country with such a history as this one. And especially in a city like this.

One, who's very streets are now cobbled with reminders of their last decent into a loss of morality and humanity.

One, who's street were once lined with baying, jeering crowds as the thousand of of their fellow citizens and neighbours were openly moved through the city on public transport to a hall.

Where the new ECB Headquarters now stand. To be sent to their eventual death. I expected better of this city, this country and it's people.

When something happens to you directly, that also cements the feeling of shock and disappointment. When my work colleagues went drinking, I did not. My team leaders and colleagues, some once respected, say that the unvaccinated should pay the consequences for their choices (their basic human right to do so, remember!) one even says that they should be excluded more than now! Others who see the madness of it all, simply shrug and try to change the subject. The few friends I have left who still can be bothered to meet me, seem to agree. Well, some do! Yet still, they all roll over and comply.

Still take their jabs.

Still wear their masks.

Still take their tests.

Still show their pass.

Telling me it is simply too difficult to have to miss out on things! Well, it is. I can assure you. It is very difficult. And if they remove the option for testing and move to a 2G system, then it will become very difficult for millions more.

It brings me down everyday it is rubbed in my face. It crushes my very soul.

Every time I walk by a busy street cafe and bar, every time I see snaking queues outside test centres, every time I see that people accept this as even remotely acceptable or normal, a little bit of my heart grows colder. And I see it every single day. When night time curfews were introduced in April this year, what limited existence I had was shattered. This cut me off from what is still my only social contact.

When you live alone in a small apartment, in a different country you can get used to loneliness. When you weren't able to see your family at Christmas and in fact have not seen them since January 2020, you sometimes struggle. But it becomes a lot harder to cope when you are totally isolated.

Yes, daily I go to work. I've worked throughout this pandemic. Except for the initial 4 week lockdown at the end of March, I have been in the office every, whilst the majority of my team work from home. Still being the only employee who has attended work almost non stop these last 15 months. I was expected to come into the office at a time of significant risk, saying many people each day, even carrying a letter in case I was stopped by the police on the way to or from work.

But now I am being expected to take a vaccine to partake in normal life. And in not doing so, I am privately, professionally and publicly attacked, smeared, insulted and now actually excluded? I am to be further isolated, all the while being told that I am selfish? That I deserve this treatment. That there are consequences to my choice.

Well, tell me how these disgusting "consequences" are remotely proportionate to the choice of exercising your basic human rights?

When the mounting body of evidence shows just how preposterous vaccine passports are as an infection control tool. They cannot even be defended as a stick to enforce vaccine uptake, when that idea is so unethical and counter to what makes us human, it should not even be considered as a valid argument to use. In any democratic society!

Just two year ago, the thought of mandatory vaccines to partake in normal life sounded as far-fetched as it did morally repugnant. Yet here we are, people advocating, accepting and acquiescing to this madness.

The law was changed just last week in Germany to allow companies to not only now ask employees their previously protected private medical information, in this instance their vaccination status, but be able to store and use that information.

Think deeply about that.

This change in law is currently limited to health care workers, educational settings and close contact public bodies. Which is bad enough as it is. And I feel sorry for those like me in those professions. But you only have to look to the UK or Italy to see where this will eventually lead for all of us.

The existing law says that companies cannot ask for this information. And rightly so!

But sadly, as we have seen recently, with companies in the UK such as Morrison's or previous statements from the Germany Health Minister, that the idea of financial penalties being enacted on the non-vaccinated are already here.

How long before it becomes a requirement for simply going to work? To being able to feed yourself and your family? To be able to shop? To be able to earn your wage? To be able travel again? To receive medical treatment?

It is no longer far-fetched for me to ask those questions anymore. I've seen how quickly we've gone to get to here, in just 18 months.

People have short memories. I'm often reminded of one particular line from George Orwell's novel- 1984.

"History has stopped. Nothing exists except an endless present in which the Party is always right."

They quickly forget each step that was taken in these last 18 months, that slowly stripped and peeled away another layer of hard earned rights, and now demands the very thing their jailer wanted all along!

At this point it is clear that they will do everything in their power to not only maintain that power but extend it by repeating the same cruel tactics as last year.

People don't realise the damage that lockdowns have done. The missed treatments. The crippling fear. The lost businesses. The domestic violence. The poverty caused. The lives lost.

Or the damage that curfew and social isolation has done. The suicides. The depressions. The emptiness that you've fuelled.

Then those who developed these barbaric campaigns against their fellow earthlings have the audacity to offer advice on people's mental health!

That's not even getting into the actual documented damage that vaccines have caused many people affected by life changing side effects. That's an equally pressing subject to address, but for another day.

Right now, we need to ask why are there so many people that don't seem to realise the dangers to them if vaccine passports are introduced?

As someone who is completely discriminated against and isolated by their usage, I'll attest that they have no place whatsoever in any society, city or country that attempts to call itself civilised.

Just like all of the world's government's recent measures, they go too far, at too much cost, for little to no proven benefit.

Whatever you can do to resist them, I beg you that you do.

Whatever it takes. No matter how small or how big.

We now stand at another crossroads in history.

I genuinely fear that Germany has sadly already embarked upon the wrong path and it will be too hard to change course now.

But it is not too late for your country.

Maybe it is not too late for mine, either.

Let us all hope that none of us are beyond redemption, just yet.

We The People



Letters from Dystopia

If your emotional or mental health is vulnerable in any way,
speak to the Samaritans.

Call 116 123 or SMS SHOUT to 85258 or

<https://www.samaritans.org/>

For more information on help with vaccine damage please
visit VIBUK:

<https://findothers.com/campaign/families-fighting-for-a-uk-bespoke-compensation-sc>