

18. Open Letter to Class of '67: Hive or Thrive?

December 25, 2020

This is one of those open letters that's taken me several attempts to get close to feeling right. If I were in that old Cary Grant, Rosalind Russell movie *His Girl Friday*, there would be discarded crumpled up typewriter sheets all over the floor.

Second, and related, I don't want to stand out as a square peg unless I have to.

Third, I have a special fondness for my now-70-something kids with whom I was thrown together in a warmly structured suburban middle-class high school in a *Leave it to Beaver/Ozzie and Harriet* Land of Oz.

And I don't want to lose that 50-year-reunion-kindled fondness with several of you.

Still, let me take you through a story of our youth that haunts me now. Raise your hand if you haven't seen *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, the original 1955 version. [Spoiler alert!] Remember the scene toward the end where Dr. Miles J. Bennell and his restored sweetheart-beauty, Becky Driscoll, are on the run and wind up in the cave?

They manage to shake off the townsfolk-zombie posse on their tails, and are struggling to stay awake so as not to be turned into pod people themselves, when they hear this ethereal melody of voices. Miles goes to check it out and is horrified to find these voices are heralding an agricultural operation producing thousands-MORE PODS.

Miles rushes back to the cave, where Becky has fallen asleep. He's carrying Becky, resuming their getaway to the highway, he stumbles, she exclaims that she can't go on. He kisses her right there with mud puddle residue all over 'em. But the true love of his life has TURNED... into "an alien being bent on his destruction." [End Spoiler.]

This scene haunts me like a recurring nightmare, more now with the 'covid' op.

It's not only that my own dear love of my life has lain (fallen asleep) with the giant mainstream media seed pods daily blaring "come-obey, join-the-hive" messages into her ears—and into her sisters', other family and friends', former coworkers', new senior skins golf buddies', 30-yrs.-running fantasy football league coaches', etc.

It's that the mass of my graduating HS class has fallen, too, as a bellwether.

Why assume that? Because no one even *mentions* the 900# gorilla of covtardia.¹

That's right. On our Shawnee Mission West 1967 Facebook Group page, the only posts have been in passing—"We have to cancel this event or that one because of the generic <'covid'> la de dah." Our primitive limbic system brain structure (fright, flight) emotionally turns to 'authority' to relieve the panic of a perceived MONSTER THREAT.

But what if that threat is *faked* by an organized crime syndicate and its lackeys *inside* the authority? Their exact aim being to drive people to fear and frailty for purposes of control. Does anyone else see the analogy between *Invasion* and covtardia?

The alien 'hive' entity (corrupt syndicate) by promising to still our hive-magnified mental noise (limbic system terror of a pandemic threat) induces its target (you and me) to sleep (nestle into the illusory comfort of collective-brain) then turns humanity into hive-drones without prospect of joy, love, or real sports (enslaves us).

My dear former classmates et al, as a large subset of mine-shaft canaries, please awaken and call out. Show courage, think for yourselves, ask questions. **Stand publicly in concert for your answers**, despite Syndicate-media censorship.

Please read and branch from one breakthru piece: [Thriveon.com/media/covert-19](https://thriveon.com/media/covert-19).

Then know what percentage of ads for mainstream news comes from 'Pharma.'

Last, does Human 2.0 killer 'vax' make *any sense* when 'covid' recovery is 99.9%?



¹ Covtardia: a between-the-ears disease (ref. footnote, previous Stonebeam 17) contrived by the global "Syndicate" to facilitate the Global Reset. The Global Reset is real; I'll leave it to the reader to look up this horror.