

17. *Covtardia by Way of Cadillac*

December 17, 2020

Another example of how covtardia¹ magnifies bad behavior.

I should have let this one go, but my writer-ego can't resist.

To begin with, as a *bona fide* covtardia victim—I lost my good medtech-driver job because I refused to wear a mask *inside* the van—my stand on science and principle cost me ~\$500 a month, which helped me to pay, you know, bills.

A retired golf buddy and cause-devotee of mine told me about his part time job as what they call a “dealer trade driver,” so I call around to sales managers in dealerships near me. Turns out, the local Cadillac sales manager—let's call him Harry—does have a need.

We chat for a while and I show up next day to talk turkey. He gives me an idea of what the job entails, mainly shuttling Caddys from and to about 60 dealerships in a 200-mile radius. Sure, I'll do it, 15 to 20 hours per week, I tell him. Harry says, “We need your driving record, too. These are \$50,000-dollar automobiles.” Makes sense.

Trouble is my official driving record is maintained by our World-Famous-and-Now-'Covid'-Slowed-to-Below-Crawl-Speed Secretary of State and I'll have to go to a branch office to pick it up. “No problem,” I say, “I'll head over there right now.”

It's on Beck Road in Wixom, maybe 10 miles away. Harry assures me that SOS doesn't need an appointment for this kind of transaction. Yippee! [It sure did when I needed my eye test for license renewal; my birthday's in mid-July, I call July 1, get my place in line in *late September*. Masks, distancing, you know the standard sheep drill.]

“You have to have an appointment, [dipwad],” says short, pudgy, belligerent SOS chick. “And put your mask on.” She's in the anteroom. “But...” But she's not going to budge, despite what only requires a clerk to look up my record and print it out.

Problem is that to get an appointment means threading a maze of unattended links, pointing to multiple other unattended links and telephone numbers, only more so thanks to covtardia—great excuse NOT to do the job SOS does NOT do well at best.

“Hey,” I call Harry from my car phone, “No deal. Can Cadillac expedite?”

“I think so,” he says. “As a formality, we'll just need you to fill out an application.”

Only what I hear is that Cadillac will take care of getting the driver's record. Whew!

That evening I receive some kind of app *app* from “< >.automaton@cadillac” In the stealth print on the email is a name, Gerty @ ..., which I miss the first time. I press the link in the message, and up pops a cover letter that points to an *employment* application complete w/ drug test requirements and other subserviences.

The email also states cryptically that I have only 24 hours to fill out the app.

Wait a minute, Caddybots, “Danger, Will Robinson.” I've already tried to open the app, but decide, no, I have to straighten out the mistake; me *contractor*. So I reply to the automaton@cadillac email address, realize that's a mistake, then note Gerty's covert email addy and reply to her. Meantime, the app freezes w/ no hope of recovery.

Next day, I point all this out to Gerty. She writes back, “Sorry the job is filled.”

Day after that, I send note to her, copy to Harry, “WTF?”

Let's call her Sunnybrook of No Title replies, “Good faith be damned, FU.” Or polite words to that effect, with the unstated message, “I don't have to tell you jack, I'm Cadillac of Novi, we never had a deal, go pound sand like all the little people.”

I thank her, w/cc all, for all the seasonal good will I'd be sending their way.



¹ Covtardia (the 'mass-batshit-crazy disease') = gullible acceptance of the mainstream 'covid' official story that a meaningless positive test for an unidentified virus => an infection that will kill you [when 90% of the positives have no symptoms and a cheap, 99% cure(s) exists for serious symptoms mistakenly called 'covid'] so governments lock down, isolate, and mask everyone to bury businesses, livelihoods and lives. [And vax all to death.]