

2. *Lions and Tigers and Distancing Inner Tubes, Oh My!*

28 October 2020

Just could not let the reference in Stonebeam 1 to covtardia¹ go to waste with nothing left to say about it. After all, this disease is THE *dictionary definition* of “taking the cake for all time 900# (phantom) gorillas of human history.” Let me be the historian then and post one of my few photos in these story shots—I’m convinced that when parents of our time tell their grandchildren bedtime stories of real adult behavior in the ‘season of covtardia,’ none of the little ones will believe it for a second... even *with* photos and a Webpage.



That’s if the Web is even around in 40-some years.
Or people.

Not taking any bets.

If a bunch of frat bros pulled a kegger one night, smoked some doobie, woke up on a sunny morning in La Jolla, then hatched an invention for naturally keeping six feet away from sandal-wearing hippies at the local beach club, I’d chalk it up to California fruit salad and think no more about it. But I believe it was actually a serious notion floated by a restaurant in, like, Baltimore. (!)

And lately Del Bigtree on The HighWire tells me that California governor Gavin Newsom is dictating the following rules for citizens of the state who gather at someone’s home for the upcoming Thanksgiving:

- ❑ First, don’t do it, and here’s why:
- ❑ No more than three families may attend, any member more than 6’4” tall must stoop to stand less than 6’ high. Stay outside except to toilet.
- ❑ Maintain 6’ away from everyone else. Grandmothers who drool: 12’. And anyone pushing granny in a wheelchair must don a state-certified hazmat suit while moving her to and from her special location.
- ❑ Of course, face-cover constantly, bring a stopwatch, to ensure that removal of your mask for ingesting food or supping drink occurs in a maximum of 5 seconds. State officials, like God, will be watching.
- ❑ Remaining restrictions are spelled out in a 50-page document at the Sacramento Library reference desk. The slightest infraction will be punished by life in prison with Bubba, having to listen to his Roy Acuff records.
- ❑ We are sending out tens of thousands of special forces, AI robots, and mosquito drones to monitor and report on every gatherer movement.

Newsom calls out to his aide, “Hey, Sybil, how are we going to manage all this? Wouldn’t it have been a lot easier to require permits at \$10,000 apiece? It was sooo much easier when I was a boy playing with my ant farm.”

So it goes. These Wizard of Oz public health authorities and officials just make it up as they go along: “Stop COVID! Stand on your head and whistle Dixie.” No not Dixie, for chrissakes, “The Internationale.”

When you’re talking degrees of insanity and inanity who’s to say whether dining in inner tubes, complying w/ Newsom’s turkey-day edicts, or watching football games attended by cardboard fans making fake noise is the ‘cake taker.’

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.