**How I escaped the gravedigger's shovel. Montreal, June 6, 2022**

*My mention of my escape from the undertaker's shovel has aroused the curiosity of acquaintances as to how and what was. I will reveal what I experienced with Covid as a "non-vaccinated" person who never caught or had Covid. Or maybe he did, I just call it the flu. I see the pandemic as a lying scam and a fabrication by people who profit heavily from it. And they've been shoving the Covid hoax down the scared world's throat for two and a half years now, and they won't let go.*

Sometime in January of this year, I wasn't feeling well. I was weak, I didn't feel like eating, so my family took me to the new, state-of-the-art **Montreal McGill Hospital** for observation. I once came across an article on the internet by an American lawyer from Ohio who had been hired by a family there to get the father of the family home from quarantine in the hospital, or at least to another hospital with a better reputation. In the course of his efforts, the attorney learned about the secret hospital processes for 'treating' Coronavirus, which, thanks to a biased media and the material involvement of hospitals, never became public, but which are strictly followed everywhere.

**On arrival at the hospital, the first thing done is testing for Covid.**

Testing is almost always positive, the attorney revealed. If it is not, testing continues until the patient tests positive. Then he is taken to quarantine, where he is given various cocktails of drugs in his veins, to stabilize him, to calm him, to numb him, to put him to sleep. The diet is minimal because of the effectiveness of the drugs. After some time in quarantine, the weakened, often sleeping patient is taken to the intensive care unit, from where it is only a short hop to the ventilator. The ventilator destroys the patient's lungs and shuts down after some time. The patient breathes his last and the hospital receives multiple payments from the state for treating the Covid patient. It is a well-orchestrated crime and lie, keeping the public in constant fear of death and depriving humanity of old men and women who are already useless in the world anyway. Autopsies are not performed, the doctors know full well what the deceased died of.

**The media will increase the number of Covid deaths and a frightened public will add to the move to get a life-saving vaccine, of which a caring Trudeau used our tax dollars to buy up foroty 3 for every Canadian, children not included.**

Confirming a horrific pandemic and reimbursing hospitals big bucks works very well. In Europe, hundreds of those who died from Covid initially had autopsies done. It was found that only about 2% of those autopsied died of Covid, so the autopsies were stopped. The media was thus given free rein to fearlessly report the unprovable numbers of Covid deaths, and a frightened public rushed itself into the oft-compulsory anti-Covid vaccination. Fear of a pandemic provides fabulous revenues for the vaccine, mask and syringe manufacturers (I suspect this is the prime minister's main reason for building a factory for new jobs in Canada).

**Morally unstable doctors work for little, for a lot of money. You just have to want to and not be too sensitive.**

A potential "wistleblower" will get fired or laid off, have his work license revoked and discredit himself by saying "the dog won't take the crust" from him. My son-in-law's uncle in Montreal recently died on a fan. In New York, a nurse cried on TV over a recovering patient who was killed there in her absence in this way. She lost her job and never again "adjusted" at that hospital.

**But I only found out about this after I had experienced my personal hospital story "first hand".**

I was admitted to the hospital around 6:00 pm. I was given a wheelchair, the window closed and no one cared for me any more. It was already past my shift, and an old man like me was annoying me with his presence. The reception area was empty and cold. It was -27 degrees C on the floor without a door in the parking lot. Like a chipper, I wheeled my wheelchair through the deserted reception area, freezing. At 8 p.m. I discovered one ER (Emergency Room) with an empty, clean linen bed. The cleaner who caught me there gave me permission to sleep there. I found it strange that this hospital, overcrowded with patients, as the TV breathlessly proclaimed, had Emergency Rooms cleaned, made up and empty. But I wasn't in the mood for any great reflection, and I slept contentedly in my ER. In the morning, a commotion, and into the harshly lit room, I was joined on the bed, still half asleep, by a corpulent nurse, who was unnaturally loud, shouting that I had Covid, and that she was testing for it. She announced that I was infected before any testing had begun, which gave me pause. I had been tested 2 times the day before, all negative, so I decided to share this knowledge with the nurse. She was surprised. When I wasn't too keen on the new test, she gathered herself and walked away sourly. After that, there was never any further testing, but the "cowgirl" label apparently remained.

The second night, I was moved to another ER room, where a pin was put on my finger and the news was announced that I had a low % of some tissue blood flow, and that it was not good. I remembered the Ohio attorney talking about this as well. He said there are some kind of fooling drugs for that right into the vein. And so, to make delivery of that liquid bloodletting medicine by drip easier, a permanent tube (I still have it stashed at home) was installed directly into my artery, for medications, blood draws, etc. Then I was allowed to sleep. At 11:00 pm that night, however, there was noise and light again, and some guy was picking up my stuff and throwing it into a plastic bag, saying I was going up one floor for quarantine. Again, I thought of the Ohio attorney who also had a patient quarantined and never got out. Family visitors were then only given trespassing tickets and warnings from the guarding cops that patients were not allowed to leave the quarantine area.

**And suddenly everything started to feel uncomfortably consistent with the treatment protocols and findings of that Ohio attorney.**

The weird testing in the morning, the nurse's declaration that I had covid before the test started, no food, the insertion of the tubing into the artery, and now the quick transfer to quarantine, at night... I decided to change things. I explained to the doctors and nurses in plastic scrubs, of which there were maybe eight at a time, that **New York Governor Cuomo was being prosecuted** for the same thing they were trying to do to me, and that I was going home. I called my daughter, my wife, got dressed, and left the ER in a wheelchair, to the mute applause of the lapdogs who clearly didn't know what to do with the situation. They didn't seem to have seen many troublemakers there, and the old man, who had worked at their McGill University for 35 years and knew a lot, didn't really fit the bill. The fact that I, unvaccinated, would infect someone didn't even cross their minds, and the nurse's comment that they had **better vaccines upstairs than the regular ones** just confirmed that I was doing the right thing. On the way out to the parking lot, I noticed an old man still in the reception area, deeply bent over in a wheel chair, flimsily dressed for the -27 C, sleeping or dead, I don't know. He wasn't moving and none of the staff cared for him, even though it was already 23:00.

**I shuddered at the strange way our health care works these days, and that it would be better not to get our hands on them.**

I got in the car with the girls and headed home. It was warm, soft, and pleasant at home. A few days of flu couriering in bed later I was like a fish in water again. The next day, in my half-sleep, I heard my fully vaccinated son mutedly scolding me for leaving the place where they said they wanted to help me. I know he meant well, he's a good kid, but I wonder how and where our medics actually wanted to help me. Three days without food, an old, stupid-looking 80 year old who is still eating off the common slice of today's young generation? I think they probably wanted to help me to my grave so that the hospital would cash in the multiple dollar allotment for Covid's corpse, unvaccinated and therefore politically rarer compared to the vaccinated ones. Poor little Martin got sick the next week, though full of life-saving vaccines and boosters, and treated his Covid for 2 weeks in strict quarantine in his room at home. I'm a little worried if I, who staunchly refuse vaccines of any kind, gave him the flu.

The knowledge of the Ohio attorney has been very useful to me. But in the case of the Ohio family's dad, he couldn't get the grandfather out. He died on a ventilator and reportedly weighed about 80 pounds. In a discussion with an attorney at the hospital there, he said he was told between the two of them not to even try to keep the daddy in that hospital. All legal, backed up by legitimate concerns for the health of others, policed by cops, legalized by legislation.

**Conclusion:** this is the abbreviated story of how I slid off their shovel. I've left out the details and interesting facts, the chemicals and methods to 'calm' and prepare a person to vent that the Ohio lawyer mentioned.

**I feel sorry for people who are alone and don't have the courage or family to take care of them.**

My sister in admissions asked how long I had been in Canada. I lied that it was only 20 years, and she said I could have learned to speak better French in that time too. Well, I could have, but they didn't speak much French at McGill, so I'll have to live with the shame...

*Jan Chlumsky, Montreal.*