

Avatar Update

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*A subscription newsletter
to bring you bits and pieces
that clarify understanding
as I come to learn more
in my own Rabbit Hole
discoveries*

The Shock of a Kiss

'Tis the season to be jolly and have parties and hug and kiss people and catch colds and cough a lot. 'Tis a time to give thanks and hang ornaments and write cards and talk about how stressed out you are. But did you know that 'tis possible to put people into shock because of proteins in your breath that their bodies can't handle? Yup. I read this in Vaccination 101, Ingri Cassel's time-tested tutorial on a modern medical practice that's far from what unsuspecting people think it is. 'Tis, that is.

Why do they serve peanuts on airplanes? Because if and when some poor soul goes into shock five miles above the ground in all that re-circulated air, it makes for a hell of a good newspaper story, letting everyone know that Terrible Things Are Capable of Happening Anywhere. They have most thoughtfully switched to serving crackers on airplanes lately, which BTW do not favor the gluten-intolerant and sodium-phobic. "*We are so constituted that we can never receive other proteins into the blood than those that have been modified by digestive juices. Every time alien protein penetrates by effraction, the organism suffers and becomes resistant.*" So spoke Charles Robert Richet, winner of the 1913 Nobel Prize in medicine. ("Effraction" means burglary or, in medical lingo, breaking the skin.)

I am quoting (thanks to www.VacLib.com's Vaccination 101) from Rita Hoffman's article titled: "Anaphylactic Children—Canaries in the Public Health Mine Shaft?" with its subtitle: "Are vaccines responsible for the epidemic of anaphylaxis in young children today?" Richet goes on:

This resistance lies in increased sensitivity, a sort of revolt against the second parenteral injection which would be fatal. At the first injection, the organism [is] taken by surprise and [does] not resist. At the second injection, the organism mans its defences and answers by the anaphylactic shock. ... Phylaxis, a word seldom used, stands in

the Greek for protection. Anaphylaxis will thus stand for the opposite. Anaphylaxis, from its Greek etymological source, therefore means that state of an organism in which it is rendered hypersensitive, instead of being protected ... Seen in these terms, anaphylaxis is a universal defense mechanism against the penetration of heterogenous substances in the blood, whence they can not be eliminated.

Put simply and bluntly, vaccines bring us "alien proteins" by introducing them subcutaneously or intramuscularly, *and not by way of the body's normal entry ports*. When entering by way of the ports (e.g., nose, mouth, eyes), foreign materials are met by the body's Th1 immune system, a type of First Guard that functions by digesting or discharging what is problematic or unwanted. Coughing, sneezing, vomiting, diarrhea are all Th1 responses. So is acute inflammatory response—e.g. fever.

The Th2 immune system is the Second Guard, whose job is antibody response. Bypassing the Th1 system and 'burglarizing' their way in, vaccines trigger the Th2 system to make antibodies. As Dr. Philip Incao ("How Vaccines Work") explains in an odd kind of English:

[A] vaccination works by stimulating very much the antibody production (Th2) and by stimulating very little or not at all the digesting and discharging function of the cellular immune system (Th1). Vaccine antigens are designed to be 'unprovocative' or 'indigestible' for the cellular immune system (Th1) and highly stimulating for the antibody-mediated humoral immune system (Th2). Perhaps it is not difficult to see then why the repeated use of vaccinations would tend to shift the functional balance of the immune system toward the antibody-producing side (Th2) and away from the acute inflammatory discharging side (the cell-mediated side or Th1).

Dying of Boredom

Back in 1913, they already knew that proteins in the body that were not broken down by the digestive tract could cause a dangerous state of shock. Writes Rita Hoffman:

This hypersensitive state called anaphylaxis is now epidemic in young children who live every day of their life under threat of death from everyday, normally harmless substances. The numbers are staggering. According to *Health Canada's* web site, "It is estimated that 600,000 Canadians (2% of the population) may be affected by life-threatening allergies, and the numbers are increasing, especially among children." In 2005 Ontario passed a law to protect anaphylactic students at school while *The Toronto Star* reported an estimated 40,000 children in Ontario with anaphylaxis.

The recent deaths of three Canadian teenagers exposed to minute quantities of allergen have caused a world wide media explosion of anaphylaxis stories. Everyone is asking—why do we have so many kids with peanut allergies? Why have schools banned peanut butter sandwiches? Why are kids dying?

You can read her article at <http://www.vran.org/vaccines/anaphylaxis/ana-vac.htm> ... In it you will see how silly some theories get as they skate *w i d e* of the obvious: We have peanut allergies because more people than ever are eating peanuts! If more people eat peanuts, more of them will be allergic! Let's hear from Dr. Robert Woods of John Hopkins University: "The more your immune system is kept busy by exposure to germs and infections early in life, the less time it can devote to things like allergy." The Food Allergy & Anaphylaxis Network (FAAN) tries this one: "Perhaps our homes are too clean—we've done too much to take away the job of the immune system. We don't have parasites, a lot of the childhood diseases you vaccinate and don't have, so maybe for some people, the immune system is looking for something to do and decides, 'Aha, I don't like milk' or 'I don't like peanuts,' and the body then attacks the food protein as if it were an enemy invader."

Aha! The body is so utterly bored, it's *looking* for something to do ... so it nearly kills itself by going into shock. That'll keep you busy for a while. I am shocked (intellectually) by the leaps and lurches experts will take to pass off institutionalized destruction as "the best that modern medicine can do." I am shocked (emotionally) by the

personal stories of Morgellons sufferers, who no doubt are also so bored that they have come to entertain delusions of parasitosis and self-excoriating as a way to pass a lot of long and tedious days.

"This disease has ruined my life," said one Morgellons [person] to me. "I had a great career, I was making a lot of money, I was married for 25 years, and I had worked very hard to get there. Now it's all gone. Every bit of it." And that could be said for a lot of misfortune – that it rips away everything you have and everything you thought was what you should have – but this condition is a lot more than a "situation" or even an illness.

Invasion of the Body Sharers

I once likened Morgellons to the 1956 movie *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. From a film-industry synopsis:

Something evil has taken possession of the small town of Santa Mira, California. Hysterical people accuse their loved ones of being emotionless impostors; of not being themselves. At first, Dr. Miles Bennell (Kevin McCarthy) tries to convince them they're wrong, but they're not. Plant-like extraterrestrials have invaded Earth, replicating the villagers in giant seed "pods" and taking possession of their souls while they sleep. Soon the entire town is overwhelmed by the inhuman horror, but it won't stop there. In a terrifying race for his life, Dr. Bennell escapes to warn the world of the deadly invasion of the pod people! Remade in both 1978 and 1997, this chilling combination of extraterrestrial terror and anti-conformity paranoia is considered one of the great cult classics of the genre.

Yes, Hollywood decided this movie was important enough to release three times, adjusting the flavor of each release to the culture of the day. I did not finish watching the Donald Sutherland version (1978) and have been told the 1997 film was the poorest of the three. My memories of the first one have lasted for decades. And now I am observing real people I know going through a "possession" of their tissues not unlike the high-drama horror of this film.

What do most of us remember about it? The seed pods, of course, with their yucky, gooey insides, creaking open to reveal a sleeping figure, sometimes not completely formed, which would one day emerge from its cocoon and become a living person, a replica of somebody nearby. The seed pods were planted in garages, greenhouses, quiet places ...

where they would develop until it was time to take over. Unlike what is happening with Morgies, as they call themselves, the pods were external, creating “copies” of real people, while the syndrome of syndromes we are seeing now is *internal*, incubating and creating within in a most god-awful way.

It is as though an electro-technical consciousness has come to live with you, I am told. I don't know how else to describe this, what to call it. I saw a woman rinsing her feet off at the beach shower a few months ago and she had the red spots. They were on her arms and all over her shins. She said she had had it about two years and there was no diagnosis. She said it was “alive.” She talked about the crusting over of the sores and how if you tried to take the crust off it was very, very painful. Yet you have to keep removing the crusts and the stuff extruding and exuding from the lesions, I am told, especially the things that form inside, because they want out too. Morgellons people manufacture fibers as though they were a textile factory. Yet they are not textile fibers. They have no match in any database. One woman has to mop her kitchen and bathroom floor twice a day because there are so many fibers.

“This disease eats up your energy,” I am told. “It takes all your energy to deal with it, with the stuff coming out of you and the pain and the brain fog.” And the biofilm. “I have to keep my head shaved because it's covered with biofilm that I can peel off.” And the *consciousness*. “It communicates with you and you communicate with it.” So many people have told me this: *It's alive. It knows your body. It knows YOU.* One young man calls them “the nanos.” He said, “When I pass by something else that has nanos, my nanos interact with it. I can feel them talking to the other nanos – getting excited.” He said that a practitioner who was treating him for nanotubes coming out of his scalp had put a black light on his head and there was a red outline of a lotus flower on his scalp, underneath the hair.

The Hokey Pokey

What is it all about? Let's contemplate a bit more: One woman, perhaps the most advanced case known to anyone, has lesions so deep they are actual gouges in her body, in which she can see eggs forming on a layer of what looks like endometrial tissue, and these eggs hatch before her very eyes and release tissue-wrapped insects and indescribable other “critters.” They are alive; some of them have faces, she says – nose, mouth, eyes. “And they look at me with hurt and bewilderment as I dig them out, but I've got to dig them out because they want out. I try not to hurt them and I don't want to kill them; I put them under the microscope and take

pictures of them. I have a hundred thousand pictures of what has come out of my body.”

You could call it a whole new meaning for the term *human resources*. People's bodies are actually being used like laboratories or wombs: they are producing eggs and creatures that seek liberty in order to ... *what?* Try to survive? This woman told me a recent thing that came out of her was “a little green bug,” and the picture she sent me looked like any green insect with wings that you might see on a plant—an aphid of some sort—but that is only my very untrained observation. It could have been a technobug—a hybrid of some two or more species, or a hybrid of insect and technology born from a female body, just as billions of live things are born from female bodies every day.

Back to the *Body Snatchers*. In those seed pods were ... fibers. I'm not kidding. The movie showed the gooey stuff, which I would call biofilm for purposes of my argument, but the original 1955 novel (by Jack Finney), which was serialized in *Colliers* magazine, read like this:

I couldn't get clear in my mind what I was seeing, lying there on the concrete. Staring, I had to describe to myself, a bit at a time, just what I was looking at, trying to puzzle out what it was. There lay, I finally decided, what looked like four giant seed pods. They had been round in shape, maybe three feet in diameter, and now they had burst open in places, and from the inside of the great pods, a grayish substance, a heavy fluff in appearance, had partly spilled out onto the floor. That was part of what I saw, my mind still busy trying to sort out impressions. In a way—at a glance—these giant pods reminded me of tumbleweed, those puffballs of dry, tangled vegetable matter, light as air, designed by nature to roll with the wind across the desert. But these pods were enclosed. I saw that their surfaces were made up of tough-looking yellowish fibers, and stretching between these fibers, to completely enclose these pod-like balls, were great patches of brownish, dry-looking membrane, resembling a dead oak leaf in color and texture. (page 96)

...

It's hard to say how long we squatted there, staring in stunned wonder at what we were seeing. But it was long enough to see the gray substance continue to exude, slowly as moving lava, from the great pods, out onto the concrete floor. It was long enough to see the gray substance lighten and whiten after it reached the air. ... The nearly

motionless weaving and aligning of whitening fiber had continued ... (page 98)

The great shattered pods lay on the floor now in tiny, broken fragments, an almost unnoticeable dust. And where they had been, four figures now lay, large as adults, and the thick skeins of sticky fiber that composed them were united at all edges now, the surfaces unbroken, rough as corduroy still, but smoothing out steadily and entirely white. (page 99)

Quotes from the 1956 film:

From the seeds come pods which have the power to reproduce themselves in the exact likeness of any form of life.

Your new bodies are...taking you over—cell for cell, atom for atom...and you'll be born into an untroubled world.

Their bodies were now hosts harboring an alien form of life—a cosmic form.

The story attributes the source of the replicating life form to an alien seed technology that has traveled to Earth. What is the untroubled world? As the psychiatrist in the movie explains (or rather, as does his newly hatched double):

Out of the sky came a solution. You will be born into a world where everyone is the same, no need for love or emotion or feelings, only the instinct to survive remains, we are better off without love, desire, ambition and faith, and ultimately you have no choice.

It could be said that the new techno form of life will be biologically standardized, down to its most minute components, all of it making up The Hive. That is exactly what has been predicted by the Father of Transhumanism, Ray Kurzweil ... that nanobots will be everywhere in the universe (after they are everywhere on the planet), making everything intelligent and responsive. Kurzweil attributes this genius to mankind, which will soon be coming up with machine intelligence that surpasses human intelligence, at which point it would be smart to turn our lives over to machines, because with their vastly greater intelligence they will solve all our problems and get us on the right path at last. The part about the sky (I am referring to the psychiatrist here, and does anyone remember that my website is called *About the Sky?*) ... implies that the seed technology has

wafted down from the sky, and we ourselves, today, have that lovely business called chemtrails patterning the sky, from which are falling all these engineered fibers and biologicals that are getting into living tissues and transforming them.

I once saw a bumper sticker that said *Maybe the Hokey Pokey is what it's all about*. “Hokey pokey” supposedly comes from the magician’s “hocus pocus,” and this in turn derives from the Latin *hoc est enim corpus meum* or “this is my body”—the Latin words spoken for the Eucharist consecration, at which transubstantiation supposedly takes place. (Transubstantiation is what eating the crackers and wine in church are all – the food is/becomes the body of Christ but continues to look like wafers and wine). Now I hope you are getting this. The Hokey Pokey going on in and around us is a technological hocus pocus by which we are being transformed into something else although we still look like ourselves. Now do you get it? I hope so. I knew that bumper sticker was important.

Everything's a Factory!

It is smarter and cheaper to have living/walking/breathing factories that maintain themselves than to build factories and pay people to maintain them. Thus we are all *human resources*, integrating and assembling their technologies in our billions of individual ways, which they can keep tabs on with their ever-improving surveillance methods. By prodding our biologies from inside and out with electromagnetism, radiation, the introduction of proteins and oils and viral cocktails by effraction (vaccines), spilling weird materials out of planes in the sky that form huge swaths of man-made clouds from which engineered materials descend, and integrating animal genes into foodstuffs that are inanimate but still alive (GMOs) ... there is a veritable playground in the works, a Disneyland meets Frankenstein overseen by Dr. Strangelove.

“This is worse than your worst nightmare,” the Morgellons people will tell you. It is a living nightmare, in which you must share your body with a foreign presence, and you are turned into an oozing mess. Some people look like lasagna—the open wounds that will not close, that keep pumping out new materials, crystals, insects. *They are using our living essence to create pseudo-life*, I said to a friend. No one can believe it, except those to which it is already happening. Which astonishment and disbelief leads to bewilderment and horror, and the question: *What can you do about it?*

“This stuff, if you attack it, it retaliates. It attacks back.” It will up the ante: if you try to get it, it will renew itself and

launch a whole new level of assault. If you “treat” one lesion aggressively and get it to start closing up, a new oozing area will begin somewhere else. “It knows when I have to go to the doctor,” said one woman who has had this for almost 15 years. And you don’t just have Morgellons. It affects all your body systems: you develop problems with breathing, digestion, even brain power. “It pulls back when I have a doctor appointment scheduled soon ... almost as though it wants me to look symptom-free when I’m there.” One practitioner of treatments for the condition says you must *improve the host* (i.e., yourself) which means strengthening your immune system and general health as much as you possibly can. People use clay, Rife machines, enzymes, certain kinds of essential oils and soaps and much, much more. The Internet is full of failure and success stories, and yet I am told: *This is something you have to think your way out of*, meaning you have to have the strength of mind not to become destroyed by its stranglehold, ubiquitous presence and its active consciousness. That’s the part I have no personal understanding of, yet it seems all who have met this monster seem to share that experience.

Is it a disease? The spectrum of symptoms is a big one, and the condition seems to go through phases and progressions. New things emerge as time goes by, and those who have it tell me they don’t try to physically meet with others so as to avoid any cross-exchange of symptoms. “Her stuff is different from mine; I don’t want her stuff coming out of my body too.” In one woman the condition is suddenly producing thousands of tiny black fibers; she has never seen these before. “Morgies” all have microscopes; if you’re stuck at home all day dealing with stuff coming out of your body, you might as well get a microscope and start looking at it. Nobody in the outside world will help; family members think the sufferer has gone absolutely crazy and is “doing it to themselves.” Meaning they are fascinated with digging into their skin and making wounds, and that lint from their clothing is sticking to their oozing wounds, which the Morgies foolishly think is fibers coming out. This is called DOP, or *delusions of parasitosis*. Many a dermatologist has made this pronouncement to terrified patients seeking their help. A lab tech who attended one of my talks approached me when it was finished. “I see at least 30 dermatological charts every day. It’s everywhere, and the doctors don’t know what to call it. They write down ‘rash’ or ‘folliculitis,’ but it’s not a rash or folliculitis. It’s *this*, what you’re talking about. It’s showing up all over the place.”

New and Improved

“There’s a new kind out now,” said one of my sources. “This kind is worse than the other kind. People don’t get lesions.

Instead the stuff flies out of them and if you stand in the light just the right way you’ll see the stuff literally flying through the air, landing on everything and everybody else. These people who have it are terrified. I know one of them. She says the stuff attacks people around her – they all start to sneeze and cough. She’s afraid to go to work, to go out on the street. That’s the new and improved kind.”

It is thought that Morgies with lesions are somehow in overdrive or over-production, that they are unable to process the influx of techno-crap as undetectably as everyone else can (that means us!), and that their bodies are spewing it out. Expulsion, rejection. But that is just a theory. The reality is the dismay—on the part of all who know, whether one has the condition or not—and the horror. People’s bodies are being used; they are manufacturing hubs ... a whole new meaning for the word *busybody*. And the state to which the body-factories are abused. Entire areas of the scalp rotting out, gouges in the skin up to 10 inches long, blood that does not run but is filled with goo, that stretches and has to be pulled and plucked off the body. This is all pretty bad. Especially when you’re all alone and nobody cares.

“If people out there knew about this,” said my source, “the economy would flat line. People would hide in their homes. They wouldn’t even go outside.” And yet they do, and quietly the lesions appear on some of us, while the rest of the world does its usual thing. I see people with the telling red spots several times a year. They are ordinary people—out taking walks, standing in line at the post office. Some know what it is, some don’t. Some have found ways to quell it, some have not. One friend who got “stung” standing under a giant chemtrail has had shards of glass-like stuff coming out of her arms and scalp for years. It becomes almost ‘normal,’ no big deal: *Yes, I get nanotubes in my hair and she produces silica.*

Perhaps the day will come when we will all have something weird showing up in or on our bodies. When the signs of this “technological disease” will occupy our daily conversations the way cancer and heart attack does. “My sister has breast cancer ... my aunt has lesions.” It is odd that most Morgies are Caucasian women. Many have light hair and blue or green eyes. The enormous strain of facing and dealing with it makes many suicidal. The lifestyle it reduces you to – flat broke, alone, and berserk – is no one’s envy. If more people had it ... would there be help, a cure, solutions? This is what many ask. Universities and health agencies that do not insultingly call it DOP have pretended interest, and one has most recently “discovered” that Morgellons relates to bovine digital dermatitis or *hairy heel warts* ... on cows. (NOT! Please excuse my intolerance.)

Look Forward and Thrive

It is easy for the powers that be to nod sympathetically and tell us they will set aside funds to research something like Morgellons so that the world will at last have an answer. But who should believe them? (Not I, said the Little Red Hen.) Which brings me to the movie *Thrive* that is flitting all over the Internet and being removed by the PTB from all the links it lands on so that we know it has to be important! One savvy person's comment:

I have viewed this movie and it does cover most of the issues of which you and I and many others are already aware. It may be an eye-opener to the uninformed but is old news to us. The viewer comes away feeling hopeful and at peace, assured that everything will be OK, as any bedtime story [does]. It recommends very benign methods for "solving" the problems we face; methods anyone possessing a modicum of logic would figure out without the movie's advice. Basically, it presents the obvious problems and their obvious solutions while keeping us calm. It is its calming effect which concerns me and makes me very suspicious of its motives. I'm surprised it didn't suggest we all join hands and sing Kumbayah. As to the disinformation warning that familial ties (Foster Gamble being part of the Procter & Gamble clan) should not be of concern ... they most certainly should. I believe the purpose of this production is to slow down reaction to an otherwise inflammatory situation, to delay the inevitable, buying the PTB more time.

If the problems and solutions described in this video can be presented without the feel-good music and visuals, the sedatives, it would be an excellent primer for the uninformed. Passive resistance can only work to a point, and I believe we've passed that point. I do believe in boycotting large corporations, shopping locally, etc., but as far more products and services are supplied by monopolies than not and local alternatives cannot meet demand, what alternatives truly exist? Eat GM food or starve, buy their products and services or do without. Only the rich can opt out; the rest of us with few exceptions cannot.

Thrive to me is mind control. It was apparently released on 11/11/11. I have not watched it. If I watch it, I will have to have arguments with its supporters about why I didn't love it. As the writer above says: *It is its calming effect which*

*concerns me and makes me very suspicious of its motives. Remember *The Secret*? I was able to take about four minutes of that. And yet everyone was reading the book, jabbering about the movie, and looking forward to attracting all kinds of new riches and experiences now that they knew *the secret*. What actually happened? The world got poorer.*

So what is *Thrive* but another bone thrown to the dogs by the perps so we quit our snarling and stay busy being minimal and sustainable. Wag more, puppies, bark less! It will all work out because mass consciousness is truly your best weapon. You will solve the problem as a collective, and whatever you decide together to support will prevail. The power of the people!

In the meantime, as the environment continues to decline (as it shows more of the effects of what it has suffered), global precedents will be set and enforced. Everyone will agree that these are necessary, and Agenda 21 will have arrived. I have heard that in our future, the Earth will be a "living being." Transgressions against nature will be stiffly punished. The rights of humans will diminish further as the rights of Nature are expanded. *Walk, don't run—you're releasing CO2.*

"Thrive" will be the right of all life forms but our own. And as we deny ourselves to protect all else, we will believe we are enlightened. We will tell our children that our forebears did the damage it is now our collective duty to repair. *Everything is one. U&I&RthRI. WRLwrkg2gthr. Iblvthsflm wzmAd2gvusLthesamevZn ...* so we will all move together, peacefully and cooperatively, into AgNda 21! *So how do we not do this?* you ask. I would say keep your eyes and ears open to the shaping of The Hive, keep learning, and most of all, keep discerning. I believe it is *we* who are the wizards, the creators—*individually*. It is we, individually, who must save the collective—perhaps by fluke and passion only.

Yours in that ongoing individual effort,