

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 Gift of Job

Flu season is peeking at us from around the corner! And in anticipation of fevers, sneezes and sniffles, drugstores now have a big sign out front that reads: "Flu Shot Gift Cards Available Now! Give Your Loved Ones The Benefit Of Good Health." How *thoughtful*. You can now get your friends a flu-shot gift card from Walgreens. It occurred to me (later, unfortunately) to go inside and ask at the customer service counter if Walgreens had any brain washing liquid on sale. *What if the flu shot you gave someone actually harmed them?* I know one person, I am very sorry to say, who has ALS and is in a wheelchair and cannot even type easily on a computer, and when I asked him how this condition had developed and progressed over the past 15 years since we had last spoken (I used to work for him), he said: "I think the turning point was a flu shot I had in 2001. It all went downhill from there."

So imagine what would be on your conscience and would stay with you for the rest of your life if you were to give the gift of a flu shot and it generated a massive collapse in a loved one's health. The man I mentioned above did not know of the chemical link to a failing immune system, and thus was not doing anything except pinpointing the time frame of the demise of his health. By "chemical link" I mean the introduction of man-made chemical compounds into our lives (think of household cleansers, pharmaceutical drugs, environmental toxins, *and* vaccines), which compounds do not occur in these combinations in nature and do not sit well with the human body and other living things. Remember the slogan embroidered on patches that people would sew on their pants and jean jackets: *War is not good for children and other living things?* Well, nor are chemicals good for children and OLTs (other living things).

For a good 100 years, we have been sold on chemicals as the antidote to everything – illness, dirt, germs, you name it – when it is actually chemicals themselves that cause illness, and chemicals themselves that form the "dirt" in our

environment, and chemicals themselves that have by far overtaken germs as a threat to our well-being. But not according to the masses, who are counseled by television to spray chemicals up their noses, plug in chemical candles that fill their homes with aromatic chemical scents, and slather their bodies with chemical lotions that prevent them from sweating and rob them of Vitamin D.

A Grim Fairy Tale

At the beach I ran into a woman I had seen a few times last year. She was getting ready to go for a swim and hastily peeled a bandaid from her arm. "Oh!" she said. "I almost forgot this. I got my H1N1 *and* whooping cough shot today." I gave her a very dark look. "What's wrong?" she asked. "Don't ever get vaccinated," I told her. "It's not what you think." "I'm a substitute teacher," she said. "I just don't want to get sick." My response was to pull an Independent Thinker's Vaccines Fact Sheet out of my bag. I handed it to her.

She put it away without reading it and thanked me. A few minutes later I saw her give it to her husband. He began to read. He laughed and laughed. He laughed the most as he read out loud: "chicken embryos and aborted human fetal cells." "I don't think so!" he crowed triumphantly as he put the card away.

I don't think so. What it means is: *I don't think there are chicken embryos and aborted human fetal cells in vaccines because companies that are safeguarding our health wouldn't use such ingredients in their products.* I wouldn't have thought so either until it was made known to me and I stopped to think about what bacteria likes to grow on. Making a culture for pathogens to thrive on ... of course it would be those ingredients! A grim thought, but highly plausible, except that in our cosmetic and whitewashed world we are not educated to know of such things.

Speaking of grim ... here's a story from the Grimm Brothers:

A cat, having made acquaintance with a mouse, professed such great love and friendship for her that the mouse at last agreed that they should live and keep house together. “We must make provision for the winter,” said the cat, “or we shall suffer hunger. And you, little mouse, must not stir out, or you will be caught in a trap.”

So they took counsel together and bought a little pot of fat. Then they could not tell where to put it for safety, but after long consideration the cat said there could not be a better place than the church, for nobody would steal there. And they decided to put it under the altar and not touch it until they were really in want. So the little pot was placed in safety. But before long the cat was seized with a great desire to taste it.

“Listen to me, little mouse,” said he. “I have been asked by my cousin to stand godfather to a little son she has brought into the world. He is white with brown spots, and they want to have the christening today. So let me go to it, and you stay at home and keep house.”

Here I will intercede: The cat goes straight to the church (the godfather stuff was a lie) and licks a nice amount of fat from the pot.

“And what name did you give the child?” asked the mouse [upon the cat’s return]. “Top-off,” answered the cat dryly. [...] A little time after this the cat was again seized with a longing for the pot of fat. “Again I must ask you,” said he to the mouse, “to do me a favor and keep house alone for a day. I have been asked a second time to stand godfather ... and I cannot well refuse.”

So it goes on, and each time the cat eats more of the fat. The mouse asks (after the third time) what name was given to the new child.

“It is called All-gone,” [answered the cat.] “All-gone!” cried the mouse. What an unheard-of name! I never met anything like it! All-gone! Whatever can it mean?” [...]

When the winter had come and there was nothing more to be had out of doors, the mouse began to think of their store. “Come, cat,” said she, “we will fetch our pot of fat. How good it will taste, to be sure!” ... So they set out, and when they

reached the place they found the pot, but it was standing empty. “Oh, now I know what it all meant,” cried the mouse. “Now I see what sort of partner you have been! Instead of standing godfather you have eaten it all up. First Top-off! Then Half-gone! Then – ”

“Hold your tongue!” screamed the cat. “Another word, and I eat you too!” And the poor little mouse, having “All-gone” on her tongue, out it came, and the cat leaped upon her and made an end of her. And that is the way of the world.

Cat and Mouse: A Symbiosis

You might think this is a really dumb story, but Messrs. Grimm were right on the mark back in the early 1800s. Wikipedia (yes, I know I must stop searching there) says, “The first volumes were much criticized because, although they were called ‘Children’s Tales,’ they were not regarded as suitable for children, both for the scholarly information included and the subject matter.” The title of the story above is *The Cat and Mouse in Partnership*. (It is not suitable for children; can you imagine a child saying, “All gone, Mommy? And then I’m going to be eaten up?”) The thing I would like to point out is that we (the mice) have agreed to partner with the cat for quite a while now, and it is time for us to cut the partnership. For it is almost all gone already ...

Let me explain. A good many years ago, I met a geologist on the beach who took me for a walk and showed me the sedimentary deposits visible on the cliffs. He told me that in a few years everything we knew was going to change. One day the ocean would be 60 degrees (Fahrenheit) or colder during the summer in southern California, and during the winter the water would be warm as toast. He told me a tsunami would hit San Diego – a rogue wave that would wipe out the houses on the cliffs. He told me to stock up on water and hydrogen peroxide, because the latter was good for emergencies and you could use it to clean your teeth. I thought he was bonkers.

Today, August 2010, the ocean temperature is a frigid 57 degrees. We have huge amounts of yellow-green algae blooming and turning the beautiful ocean the color of Gatorade. So far I have been able to swim only four times without a wetsuit, and July is gone, with August halfway over too. It is the geologist’s prediction come true. And all along Highway 101, there are signs that read *Tsunami Hazard Zone*. The same signs can be seen north of here in Santa Monica and Marina del Rey. Strangely, no one but

yours truly has noticed them. I ask people all the time, “Have you seen the tsunami signs on Highway 101?” And no one has ever said they have noticed these signs, but there they are, as plain as day, lining the coast from here to Los Angeles.

I have photos of the signs. A friend in Los Angeles lives very near the water and there is a big tsunami sign blatantly posted above the traffic stoplight at the bottom of her street. She has to obey that stoplight every single day as she drives to work and or to do errands. *But she has never seen the tsunami sign hanging right above the red light on her very own street.* This is how disconnected from our surroundings we are. This is how successful the brilliant socialization plan designed by the Cat has been to keep the Mice focused on anything but that which is right in front of their twitching little noses – the next appointment, what to do this evening, the phone call that just came in, or bills to pay.

At this rate, most of the world is never going to notice what’s really going on. And one day we will have arrived at the final destination, the glittering Emerald City, renamed by the Cat’s planners and cartographers: *All-Gone.*

Who was that geologist? I have his name scratched down somewhere, but if I were to look for it I would be caught for hours examining bits of paper, lost in the recollection of names and events of past years. It is almost better to rely on my memory of the walk, the lines he showed me on the cliffs, and what he went on to say. He did not explain how these changes would happen; he just said it would all be backwards. All gone.

Planetary Engineering

I stared at the gray-green ocean today from the cliffs, a cool wind fluttering off the Pacific, which as the geologist had predicted, was down at its winter temperature of 57 degrees. The day before, a produce grower had told me that there are no eggplants, asparagus wholesales at \$7.50 a pound, and the tomatoes haven’t ripened for lack of sun. You see, 57 degrees in the ocean has created heavy overcast in this vastly agricultural state (California), which produces most of America’s fruits and vegetables. All you need to do is drive the Humboldt current southward during the summer, which is not hard to do given the wonders of HAARP, sonar, and various other technologies.

It’s called *planetary engineering*. We are living it, yet few of us know that. We are being altered from the ground up and from the inside out. The process is vast, and at the same time subtle. So subtle that it is barely noticeable. It even

feels comfortable. At one time www.LiveEarth.org was touting one climate for one world. Would this climate for everyone be a breezy 60 degrees with a light layer of overcast? It would be so *doable* compared to the sweltering heat that most Midwestern and East Coast Americans have had this year. No sun? *No prob. It’s bad for you anyway.*

The place this is all going is known as Synthetic Biology. Hear it from the lips of the Godfather himself:

We are going to put these technologies inside us, blood-cell-size devices that will augment our immune system, make us a lot healthier, destroy disease and dramatically push back human longevity, go inside our brains and actually enable us to remember things better, solve problems more effectively. We are going to become a hybrid of machine and our biological heritage. In my mind, we are not going to be transcending our humanity. We are going to be transcending our biology.

Who is this Godfather? None other than Ray Kurzweil, futurist, graduate of MIT, author of the book *The Singularity is Near*. You can read an interview with the Godfather at <http://www.pbs.org/wnet/religionandethics/episodes/august-20-2010/ethics-of-human-enhancement/6823> In it he says:

We are the species *that does change ourselves*. We didn’t stay on the ground. We didn’t stay on the planet. We didn’t stay with the limits of our biology. If you want to speak in religious terms you can say that’s what God intended us to do. (My italics)

And undoubtedly if God intended us to change ourselves, He intended us to fool around with nature too. For if we can transcend our own biological limits, why not blast through those of nature while we’re at it? If you don’t believe that “they’re doing such things,” Ray Kurzweil is a good place to have the veil torn off.

You Say Chemtrails, I Say Contrails

Photo essayist Carole Pellatt (www.ISeeLines.com) just put out an Internet essay that contained some great pearls of wisdom. She had not posted a new photo collection of our engineered skies in some time, and the essay was written to answer concerns of fans who did not know why she had “fallen off the radar.” When a person goes public with observations about nefarious activities by putting up a website, writing articles, or giving talks and interviews, they get lots of emails with the same anxious question: *What can*

we do about it? Another question is *How can we stop it?* When asked this second question while giving interviews myself, I answer: “There is no *stop action* in the universe.” Think about it. What is “stop,” except the beginning of something else? When I ask you to stop eating all the potato chips, you put down the bag, walk to the other side of the room, pick up a magazine and begin to read. You simply substitute a new action for the old one. “Stop” is not a “doing word,” as our second-grade teachers used to say.

Carole says it in her own way:

Stopping “chemtrails” or programs that spray the sky is akin to trying to stop the way coal is mined, or the way wood is produced, animals harvested, or weapons designed. It’s like trying to change the way power, ownership, security, and weapons of mass destruction are idolized and prioritized in our society. This simple, innocent question of “How do we stop the spraying?” invariably leads us to such questions as, “How do we stop civilization from valuing humans—and only certain groups of them—over the needs of other humans, and those of the natural world?”

How can we make those in power realize that the happiness of humans is tied directly to the health and abundance of our eco-system? Have you ever tried to stop a freeway from being built? A trade agreement from being signed? Have you ever tried to save an old building from demolition? Have you ever tried to get one homeless person off the streets and back into society? You are now stepping onto the ruthless, treacherous, all too familiar turf that environmentalists and activists tread upon daily. Who is an “activist” or an “environmentalist”? Well, these people are teachers, lawyers, writers, scientists, students, caregivers, artists, researchers, grandparents, farmers, waiters, and anyone you may encounter on your daily walks. They are people from all walks of life. What they have in common is knowledge and deep understanding of the exploitation of our earth, the pain inflicted upon its inhabitants, and its causes and effects. And they are so moved by these injustices that *they react to them with action*. That’s what an “activist” is. Someone who cares enough to put the time and energy into changing something that feels so wrong. So now, when someone asks of chemtrails, “What can we do to stop them?”, we must understand the machinery from which they

emanate. It is a long, merciless road to change. And one you will have to walk alone a lot of the time. If you sincerely ask, “How can we stop them?”, you have two choices: you can become a knowledgeable activist, or you can walk away and join the rest of civilization dancing to the fiddle as Rome burns. (My italics)

So did you notice what she said? ... *they react to them with action*. There’s no demonstrable verb called “stop.” It’s the beginning of another action. You can read Carole’s full, heartfelt article at <http://homepage.mac.com/carolepellatt/No%20Apology/> Her best line (in my personal quirky opinion) is: “You call it chemtrails, he calls it contrails, Let’s Call the Whole Thing Off.” Which is from the famous song sung by Fred Astaire:

You say tomayto, I say tomahto
You eat potayto and I eat potahto
Tomayto, tomahto, potayto, potahto
Let’s call the whole thing off

In other words, however you say it, we’re both eating it, so let’s not argue. And for c—trails, the whole point is we’re all in it, they’re above us, we’re eating them, (they’re eating us), they’re real, whatever their name, so let’s call the argument off. *Can we just discuss what’s going on?*

Laughter, by Anonymous

An effort to do just this was made by a Russian by the name of Andrei Areshev, Deputy Director of the Strategic Culture Foundation, presumably in Moscow. A recent post on www.rferl.org (Radio Free Europe Radio Liberty) was titled “Russian Scholar Warns Of ‘Secret’ U.S. Climate Change Weapon,” referring to an article about Areshev’s theories that had galloped across Russia. Quoting the post (which is at http://www.rferl.org/content/Russian_Scholar_Warns_Of_Secret_US_Climate_Change_Weapon/2114381.html):

As Muscovites suffer record high temperatures this summer, a Russian political scientist has claimed the United States may be using climate-change weapons to alter the temperatures and crop yields of Russia and other Central Asian countries. [...]

The U.S. National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, however, announced in July that land and ocean temperatures throughout the world were the highest ever, since they began tracking global temperatures in 1880. [...]

In the article, Areshev voiced suspicions about the High-Frequency Active Auroral Research Program (HAARP), funded by the U.S. Defense Department and the University of Alaska.

A ribald dismissal of Areshev (by Anonymous from USA):

LOL! this is truly laughable. I suppose the USA is also responsible for Russian traffic deaths, Russian drunkenness, and Russia's low birth rate as well right? Areshev appears to be a first-class moron. I suppose we can believe in conspiracies too. Maybe Russia is responsible for the BP oil spill, or the Kalamazoo River oil spill, or the various droughts that have hit the US in recent years. Maybe Russia was even behind 9/11? LOL

Anonymous cannot imagine weather weapons. In a later comment he writes:

I think the military has better things to do right now than engage in such ridiculous crap.

Like what, Anonymous? Would it be climbing into green-painted vehicles and moving from Iraq into Afghanistan? Or perhaps engineering better smart bombs? Anonymous is not aware that after sticks and stones came knives and swords, then came gunpowder, then explosives, then chemical weapons and bio-weapons, and the natural next step has been the development of electromagnetic weapons, also known as "invisible weapons." But Anonymous has not thought this far ... to him this is "ridiculous crap."

When uninformed, just laugh. I spoke to an activist recently who sees through just about everything (vaccines, 9/11, the money hoodwink), but not c—trails. He insists they're water vapor, and is impatient with the "silly chemtrails movement." He quotes the annoying debunker website www.ContrailScience.com. Of this kind of insistence (I won't call it denial) Carole Pellatt sagely says, "*What we choose to see every day is based on how much reality we feel we can handle.*" The woman in Los Angeles who never saw the tsunami sign is *not like me*, she doesn't research [conspiracy theories], therefore the sign is invisible to her. All the people I ask around here about the signs are *not like me*, and they tell me they have never seen the signs. But I passed a few of the signs just yesterday. In fact, one of them helpfully said, "Leaving Tsunami Hazard Zone."

Animal World

It takes all kinds, they say. And "all kinds" of us are being

herded into what I call the vortex, which is a pressure zone of sorts – *our present time on earth* – in which events are occurring and compounding on one another as never before. To make our situation a bit more pictorial, I developed a little analogy game. Here's how it goes: People who are wide awake and are putting out messages to the public about these compounding events in very visible ways (e.g., websites, books, interviews, talks) are Eagles. Eagles are powerful and fly high and are brave. Beneath them are Owls: people who are awake and wise and see deeply into what's going on, but who do not have or want as wide a reach as the Eagle... Owls spread the word in their own resourceful way. Below the Owls are the Sparrows – "truthers" at large who are out there hopping around and scattering crumbs of knowledge in the effort to alert people to wake up.

Then we have the masses who are asleep, who don't suspect much (if anything): they are the Lambs. Scattered here and there among the Lambs are people who have been told about a few things, but for whom the prospect of reality being upside down is frightening and they would rather not know more ... these are the Sheep.

Then there are the people on the payroll of the perps, who are richly rewarded for operating and executing the various nasty scenarios and plans: these are the Snakes. (Please don't tell me I'm giving snakes a bad name – this is just an exercise, okay?) And then there are those who have been shown ample proof of the upsidedownness of things (by various Sparrows or Owls) but who insistently deny that things are awry or that anything sinister is going on – denying, rebutting, arguing, dismissing, over and over – these are the Jackals.

Eagles, Owls, Sparrows, Lambs, Sheep, Snakes, Jackals. That's my list so far. The worst are the Jackals, it seems, because for no reward at all they are willing to ignore the danger and therefore do their part in transporting humanity and nature into oblivion. (Anonymous, by the way, sounds like a Jackal.) The Snakes have got the Jackals on their side, and the masses of Lambs and Sheep are their fodder. A few Eagles and some handfuls of Owls supported by a scattering of Sparrows are trying to rescue the sleeping Lambs from Jackals backed by Snakes who are endlessly shouting them down. The Sheep are simply blinking in the sunlight. *What animal are you?*

Sherwood Forest is Changing

The Forest is changing, and very few of the animals in it know what to do. Some of the animals are helping to make

the changes happen. Of the perps behind the scenes I am often asked: “But *they* breathe the poison and eat the GMOs too! What are *they* doing to save themselves?” And I answer, “Maybe they don’t want to be saved. Maybe they *like* and *want* the changes. Maybe the changes will be good for them and different for us.” Because, you see, the whole point of the changes is about control. When technology has control of everything, it can confer positives upon some and negatives on others. *This is the secret that so many of us are not managing to understand.*

What’s good for the goose is good for the gander. While the goose is cooked, the gander will head for immortality. The goose will be made to *devolve*; the gander will *evolve*. And it will all be possible because of the wonders of technology. It will be *scientific selection*. Nature (that unpredictable, inconvenient monster) does not allow us to sort like this, but science does. When man has enough machine parts contained in his cellular and sub-cellular componentry (I made up this word – sorry), the species can be manipulated as never before. When the natural world becomes a memory and technology determines how many of this tree and that bird and that animal are to occupy the Forest, all of these clonable (another made-up word), the planet will have been conquered. Engineered. Hassle-free. Problems all gone! The Cat and Mouse relationship will have birthed a new ecology, humming with exciting possibilities.

“We’ve engineered every other environment we live in, why not the planet?” The words of Pentagon physicist Dr. Lowell Wood, protegee of H-bomb daddy Dr. Edward Teller, spoken like a true techno-pioneer. *Why not indeed?*

Running now with this baton is Yuri Izrael, “the latest in a long line of scientists who have advocated planetary engineering,” wrote public-ethics professor Clive Hamilton in the July issue of *New Scientist* magazine. Bill(ions) Gates of Microsoft fame has funded geoeengineering for several years now, and the Gates Foundation just bought \$23 million worth of Monsanto stock. Isn’t it wonderful to have that kind of cash behind the pump? In the face of such might and such men, what are the little creatures of the Forest supposed to do?

Study up, for one. In this phase of the vortex (for it is not only a space but a time), Jackals are howling for control of climate change as the Snakes hiss on about global warming. The Lambs will panic, stampeding into little corrals designed for them by the architects of Agenda 21, the global plan for sustainability. And the Sheep will trot after them, giving one last blink in the direction of the Sparrows, Owls and Eagles, who will soar upward in the effort to escape

containment. *And what will be in the air to meet them?*

This is the great unknown. Perhaps it will be spirit alone that will free us, provided we exercise it now with every cell of our being. It is said that knowledge itself is power; thus spirit plus knowledge has got to add up to something even better. What exactly, I do not know. Perhaps our mix of spirit and knowledge will keep Them from hooking into our souls, depriving us of understanding.

For the brains are being washed. Matthew Rothschild tells us in *The Progressive* (quoting Brian Tokar of the Institute of Social Ecology) that the recent floods in Pakistan “can be traced back to our destruction of the environment,” and that

We need to pay the Third World a “climate debt” or “climate reparations,” since it is the United States, along with other industrialized countries, that have done almost all of the environmental destruction, while ... it is the people of the Third World who are suffering the most from it. [...] We’ll need nothing less [than] “a sweeping ecological transformation of society.” (8/13/10)

There you go – extremes of weather blamed on climate change, necessitating cap and trade. A new social ecology.

Around us are layers of obfuscation and confusing sound bites. Even those who consider themselves informed are not seeing clearly through the madness. The book *Fowl* by Dr. Sherri Tenpenny did the best job for me of explaining the fraud of the animal-flu pandemics. *Holes in Heaven*, the DVD, is a great journalistic exploration into HAARP. *The Future of Food* (by Jerry Garcia’s wife Deborah) tells the story of farmer Percy Schmeiser’s ordeal with Monsanto.

“Ecology” is defined as the interrelationship of organisms and their environments. But no matter how much money is put into changing our ecology, it is our *knowing* of what is that will affect and create our true social ecology.

Yours in forming the right kind of ecology!