



DR. AAUCI
GOES
to
JAIL

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Los Angeles, CA, USA



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Dr. Auci Goes to Jail

In the beginning of what has been canonized as the Plandemic the ignorant and fearful public was easily manipulated and coerced into behaviors they would have never engaged if not for the program. The DIVOC91 disease had spread across the globe and governments and their propaganda arm, corporate news organizations, reported that it had the imminent potential to kill hundreds of millions of people so it was imperative that the public did exactly what high-level government advisors determined to be the remedies that would impede the virus' spread.

In the United States of America, the top brain trust for Plandemic protocol was Dr. Fnthony Aauci. Every word he uttered, every edict he declared was sacrosanct. It had to be, to ensure that the country, and by extension the world, would responsibly mitigate the scourge of the disease. It was compulsory that the country listened to Dr. Aauci to guarantee the minimalization of casualties. He was nearly deified by those susceptible to the media fear mongering. All of his directives were unquestioned and immediately accepted, adopted, and adhered to by the federal, state, and local governments. Enforcement was vicious peer pressure from a terrified US population.

Dr. Aauci addressed the nation from The White House at the onset of the Plandemic;

“You must follow me. You must follow the science. I know you’re scared. You have every reason to be absolutely mortified at the possibilities of your certain and most imminent death if you do not do everything I say, immediately. Or you will die.”

Dr. Aauci, retired as the Director of the National Center for Disease Prevention, as generally praised and respected for his expertise in epidemiology and decades of service to US public health. However, he had also always had his detractors. He had been the Director of the NCDP since 1979 and had survived many controversies. The most scandalous was how he handled drugs for a devastating autoimmune disease.

Dr. Aauci dismissed the reports that implicated him as being instrumental in overseeing the controversial and unlawful, many argue should be absolutely forbidden and those that engage in the research need to be condemned, charged, tried, then hung, research known as Boost of Behavior linked to the virus's origins. Boost of Behavior is the process of engineering a virus or bacteria to increase its pathogenic ability. It was banned in the United States that is why the research was transported to a lab in Xi'an, China. The Chinese Communist Party did not have any reservations against research considered polemical or contentious to the

international scientific community. China was especially interested in the potential weaponization of the results.

It had been a forgone conclusion for months that Dr. Auci would be arrested. The shock had come from the lack of media coverage. Dr. Auci was accused of being at the center of the Plandemic. He was accused of being its chief orchestrator. Investigative reports by independent journalists had surfaced and new evidence suggested that Dr. Auci played a direct role in not only facilitating the release of the highly infectious virus but also in manipulating the response efforts that followed. He was actually being charged with coercion under the Geneva Convention on human rights along with assault and attempted murder not only for the people that were vaccine injured but everyone that took even one jab, and murder for those that died.

While details remain classified, multiple sources have confirmed that Dr. Auci's directives led to the unauthorized release of the pathogen from a high-security laboratory ran by the World Health Association Taskforce or the WHAT in Xi'an China that has been known to specialize in Boost of Behavior research. Whistleblowers from within the NCDP claimed that first Dr. Auci downplayed the severity of the virus in its early stages to delay any critical response or containment protocols. He then drastically touted the severity of the disease and actively misled government officials and the public about the risks. Internal documents leaked to investigative journalists revealed discrepancies between the actual threat level and the public statements made by Dr. Auci and the NCDP.

It has also been speculated that the vaccine was not the product of President Tonal J. Drump's Operation Hyper Pace. Evidence mounted that the vaccine had been developed years before and was the most essential piece of the Plandemic. It helped launder trillions of dollars from the United States government alone, untold trillions more from other world governments laundered through health care systems and pharmaceutical companies. It collapsed world economies and made only multinational corporations viable and crucial businesses to ensuring that we can weather the Plandemic. A lot of Dr. Auci's friends were made rich.

"Only crucial businesses shall remain open. But they must enforce that customers wear gas masks and remain seven feet six inches apart at all times. They must maintain communal separation of seven feet six inches."

Calls for his arrest and prosecution have intensified. The media can no longer ignore the public outcry; many government officials have demanded an independent tribunal to assess his involvement in the Plandemic. Dr. Auci was tipped off by the few friends he still had in

government and had absconded the country. He had to be careful who to trust because of the immense pressure from lawmakers, scientists, and citizens the world over for his arrest. The United States Department of Justice had launched an official investigation into Dr. Auaci's actions, but many questioned if the DOJ was determined to bring him to justice or cover up his crimes. The DOJ had previously denied any speculation or any modicum of evidence that would indicate that the outbreak was anything but accidental. There was no realm, no universe that could exist with the possibility that the DIVOC91 pandemic was a sophisticated and multilaterally coordinated biological attack waged on the global society.

Across various outlets, pundits approached the catastrophic event through their own various political, ideological, and professional lenses. Dr. Auaci's guilt or innocence was framed in dramatically divergent ways, similarly to how different states had different Plandemic mitigation protocols.

The Libertine Party aligned networks attempted to deflect away from the scandal;

"Music mogul, Cean "D. Piddy" Sombs, was arrested today on 77 counts of sex trafficking. It has been alleged that he ran an elaborate gay prostitute sex ring with the deceased Neter Pygard, and Jake Mefferies," said Machel Raddow to her worldwide audience of 70,000 people on CBNSM.

"Why aren't more artists speaking out against the obvious systemic sexual exploitation in music and in Hollywood? What's worse is the discrimination against the LGBTQP, only 76 percent of the films and television shows have a person of LGBTQP descent. That is a gross under representation. Coming up next, what gender was the earthquake in Mumbai? Well, the answer might surprise you. Stick around," reported Cnderson A Cooper on NNC.

"An unarmed BIPOC upstanding community man with 200 felonies was murdered by a white police officer today. It was obviously racist, and homophobic, and indicative of this oppressive system. The murder of this man, that probably should be in jail because of all of the felony assaults, finally ran into an officer enough times for that one time to be the time he'd be killed. He committed a lot of crimes and interfaced with a lot of cops. So, he had above average odds. Still, there must be justice for this BIPOC angel. Take to the streets!" urged Congresswoman Calexandria Oscar Aortez on CBA News.

The Libertine Party aligned news outlets ignored and disregarded the accusations levied at Dr. Auci, the federal government, and national health services until public outcry forced them from feigning ignorance to ambivalence.

When they did address the issue, they featured medical ethics experts and human rights activists who argued that the healthcare professionals in charge of the response to the Plandemic and the healthcare field were only following the science at the time and could not have predicted any future developments or implications of the decisions being made. The Libertine media excused it away as the people being at the mercy of science. The Plandemic was simply a mishap that governments and healthcare systems can learn from in better preparation for the next pandemic. Some pundits pushed the idea that this is a Principled Party witch hunt, and that this investigation is a part of a broader pattern of character assassination and pandering to their sycophantic, vile, and odious base. They called for the arrest of those investigating Dr. Auci and censorship of those that question the DIVOC19 narrative. Many argued that he was pardoned by former President Bosph Jiden so he has been indemnified against prosecution.

Principled Party aligned media outlets accused the Libertine ran government of blatant corruption and collusion between Libertine Party politicians, public health institutions, and pandemic-era policies. Principle Party aligned pundits framed the investigation as damning evidence of overreach by the federal government and its behemoth of a bureaucracy. There were assumptions that Dr. Auci was the fall guy and that many other people need to be punished for their role in the Plandemic. Many others especially podcasters and other online independent Principled personalities felt vindicated as they understood that the Plandemic could only be a scam since October 2019. They called out the major Principled Party aligned outlets for pretending to always be against the Plandemic when many of them took advertising dollars from the pharmaceutical companies and did not only encourage lock downs but also punishment for those defying health authority edicts. Many argued that his pardon could not even be held up Federally because of the heinousness of the crimes.

Social Media applications became battlegrounds of fierce but inane debate. Numerous users demanded swift and harsh justice, while others would argue about the legal and ethical nuances. Hashtags would trend,

conspiracy theories would emerge, and viral clips of impassioned pundits from all sides flooded social feeds. The case would become less about the specific crimes and more about the philosophy of justice, the justification for authority, and the role of health professionals in society.

The United States and the global community were stunned, and the world thrown into an uproar as the most prominent health official on the planet became the central figure in one of the most seminal events in generations. There were international protests as millions of people all over the globe called for Dr. Aauci's arrest. The collective cognitive dissonance of numerous people the world over to what had truly been done during the Plandemic was being lifted by each horrific revelation. The world struggled to recover from the consequences of the Plandemic, the newly prevailing perception that crisis was not happenstance but coordinated has forever altered the public's faith in institutional health leadership.

The FBI headed by Pash Katel have concluded their investigation. Authorities have gathered conclusive evidence, that includes interviews with key witnesses and whistleblowers, and collaborations with international intelligence agencies to track down collaborators and co-conspirators. Katel held a press conference to announce that there is an arrest warrant issued for Dr. Fnthony Aauci and he has been charged with bioterrorism and crimes against humanity. At the press conference it was also stated that the agents who tipped off Dr. Aauci to their internal investigation have been exposed, arrested, and are awaiting indictment on charges of treason.

It had been determined that the pardon Dr. Aauci received from former President Boseph Jiden only indemnified him against Federal prosecution. He was wanted by the Attorney Generals of all 50 States and by governments on every continent. Dr. Aauci had a year head start so his whereabouts were unknown. He had eluded local and international authorities for months.

An anonymous tip advised that Dr. Aauci had recently arrived in France. His Brooklyn, New York brownstone was searched and there was evidence that corroborated the tip.

Dr. Aauci Goes to France

The dark and frigid waters of the Mediterranean parted as the sleek, unmarked submarine surfaced just off the coast of Marseille, France. A single figure struggled to open the hatch under the crescent moonlight. The hatch crashed onto the iron of the submarine and echoed throughout the bay. Dr. Aauci shuttered and was embarrassed despite the espionage. He was barely visible in the shadow of Cathédrale La Major. Dressed in black, his face hidden beneath the hood of his coat, he stepped onto an even smaller dinghy that drifted him silently to shore.

Waiting for him in the retard built maze-like alleys of Le Panier was Btéphane Sancel. He waited on a motorbike with a sidecar. They greeted each other with the secret handshake then whispered the secret words. One word for each ear, each only knew two. They kicked feet then gyrated their hips in a unique motion. Dr. Aauci got into the sidecar.

“Thank you for your help. They’ll be after you...”

“They are already after me... Ils veulent déjà mon sang (They already want my blood),” responded Sancel nervously. He kept looking over his shoulder.

“What? I thought you were my savior?”

“I was until I wasn’t. Now I need un sauveur aussi (a savior too).”

“This is your city, even still. You should have mapped it. Where do we go to escape?”

A bright light shined upon the two. The dark alley was illuminated and anything hidden was exposed. It was Mmmanual Eacron. He held a large fog light in his hands.

“We have to get out of here,” said Eacron hastily. He turned off the light and threw into a nearby dumpster.

“Oui professeur (Yes, professor)!”

“What the hell are you talking about?”

“Oh, I’m sorry. This way, dépêchez-vous (hurry up)!”

The trio walked sneakily but with haste through the alley.

“Are we on the way to your safehouse, the black site? I thought you had a safehouse? There was supposed to be wine beneath an old wine cellar, ‘a relic from Marseille’s smuggling past...’ that’s how it was sold to me. With French cheese and French pizza and French hotdogs.”

“No time. You took a risk coming to France.”

“If they’re after me they’ll be after you. If they aren’t...”

“Ils sont déjà après moi (They are already after me)! They already are! They’re watching the airports, the ports—everything! Everywhere!” Eacron shouted.

“I was talking to Btéphane.”

“Ce qu’il a dit. What he said.”

“L’avez-vous? L’avez-vous? Do you, have it?”

“Have what?” asked Dr. Aauci confusedly.

“Je l’ai. I do.”

Sancel opened the door to a large warehouse and entered. Dr. Aauci and Mmmanuel Eacron scurried behind. Sancel closed the door then turned on the light. There was a large oak wood table in the center of a room with pure black walls. Sancel grabbed a leather folder from a compartment hidden in the wall then slid the folder across the wooden table. Dr. Aauci picked up the folder timidly. Inside was a Greek passport and Identification card. Utility bills and receipts from a Greek address and the shops that surrounded it. The documents had his face but different names, there were offshore account details. The same documents existed for Sancel and Eacron. The folder also included the last phase of their escape plan. But their meeting was cut short.

**BANG *CRASH*

“Se déplacer! Se déplacer! Retrouver le nain et son ami homosexuel... En fait, ils sont tous gays! Retrouvez tous les gays! (Move! Move! Find the dwarf and his gay friend... Actually, they're all gay! Find all the gays!)” ordered the commanding officer. Interpol authorities led by French officers breached the hideout through the skylights.

A distant, rhythmic pounding echoed through the warehouse as the officers marched the catwalk towards the room of the three fugitives.

“Des pas! Des pas! Listen...” said Bancel. The French authorities had found them.

A flashbang exploded where they had entered the warehouse, and the room filled with smoke, Interpol officers entered the room with their guns drawn. Dr. Aauci, Sancel, and Eacron disappeared through the back wall of the room. They emerged onto the same empty narrow street they had travelled earlier in the evening.

They ran through the alley then the old port dodged market stalls and leapt over moored boats. Bullets were fired! The bullets ripped through the air as the three leapt aboard a speedboat waiting on the docks. The boat surged forward, cutting through the waves to the submarine that was submerged beneath the waves all but the hatch. They entered the

submarine safely and hours later were beneath the setting sun as they drifted into Greek waters.

Dr. Auci exhaled.

“This isn’t over,” Sancel said as he gripped the stolen documents.

“Cela vient de commencer! (It has just begun!)”

...

“Esprit de corps!”

Dr. Aauci Goes to Greece

The Mediterranean was calm at sunset. The unmarked submarine surfaced off the coast of Thessaloniki, Greece. Under the cover of darkness, Dr. Aauci, Sancel, and Eacron slipped onto a dinghy tied to a Bouie. They had barely escaped France, their faces now plastered across news and social feeds all over the world. Thessaloniki was supposed to be safe—just long enough to regroup with their Greek contact, Blbert Aourla.

Aourla met them under the cover of darkness at the statue of the Ancient Greek King Agalma Megalou Alexandrou.

“I wonder where he’s buried?” whispered Dr. Aauci underneath his breath.

“Underneath the Vatican,” said Aourla in his thick Greek accent. He used the ring on his left middle finger and played a unique seven note tune on the Spartan spears and shields that were left adjacent of the statue of Alexander the Great riding horseback. A hatch opened. Aourla directed the three fugitives to climb down the ladder into an elevator. The elevator stopped at the entrance to a tunnel. Awaiting at the entrance was a golf cart. The tunnel had marble floors and was immaculately decorated with antique tables adorned with different antique vases and other expensive art pieces. On the walls hung many priceless paintings. Aourla stopped the golf cart underneath the Museum of Byzantine.

“You’ve stirred up a hornet’s nest,” he muttered, tossing the three a leather briefcase each that carried fresh passports, cash, foreign identification documents, credit cards.

“French intelligence has Greece on high alert.”

Aourla smirked. “Then we don’t have much time.”

Suddenly, there were faint sounds of sirens coming from the streets above them. A squad of mixed agencies and their various vehicles surrounded the museum. Armed men exited the vehicles and strategically positioned themselves, the barrels of their guns trained on every door, window, vent; any probable exit. Aourla pulled out his phone and accessed every camera on the museum’s premises.

“Κίνηση... Move!” Aourla urged frantically. He fumbled his phone and it dropped onto the marble floor, screen up.

“γάμα! (Damn!)”

The group packed up their briefcases hoped in the golf cart and drudged slowly back through the tunnel towards the shores of Thessaloniki and back underneath the statue of Alexander the Macedonian.

“Τελειώσαμε... We’re done,” Aourla muttered.

Dr. Auaci got a notice on his phone.

“You’re done,” exclaimed Dr. Auaci as he held up to Blert Aourla.

On the phone was a post on the “Unknown” social media application from NNC News. There was an international all-points bulletin for the immediate arrest of Blert Aourla.

“Τι... What?”

“You’re wanted. Blert Aourla wanted for crimes against humanity.”

“What! I’m wanted? Καταζητούμενος!”

“No one here speaks Greek. In fact, there is not a single non-Greek person on this earth, even people that have visited here multiple times, that can pronounce any Greek word.”

“Je sais que les Français ne le savent pas. (I know the French don’t know it).”

“Γάμα σου Eacron. (Fuck you Eacron).”

“Va te faire foutre Aourla. (Fuck you Aourla).”

“Γάμα σου Eacron and Sancel!”

“Va te faire foutre Aourla!” shouted Sancel.

“Γάμα σου Sancel! θα νικήσω το χάλι και από τους δύο μάγκες. (I will beat the shit out of both of you faggots).”

“All of you shut the fuck up! They know we are here. Aourla. Where do we go? That must mean they know we have a submarine. By the way, Sancel and Eacron do you have your vaccine passports? We can have as many fake travel passports as humanly possible when it comes to our identity but you know the vaccine passport cannot be faked. Our health cannot be faked.”

“Oui, je l'ai!” said Sancel and Eacron in unison as they presented their vaccine passports from their phones.

“Thank you or merci. Where is yours Aourla?”

Blert Aourla remained silent.

“Ξέχασα το δικό μου... I forgot mine. Assholes.”

“We’re going to take that asshole...”

“Again...”

“If you do not present your vaccine passport you’re not allowed on our submarine.”

“Fuck your submarine. They were going to get your asses any...”
Aourla censored himself.

“You set us up. You tzatziki gobbling fuck.”

“No time to think about that. I have another way out of here. The way I was going to go after you all were caught in the submarine.”

“We should kill this fuck but we need a way out of here.”

“You won’t get out of here if you kill me.”

“Get us out of here!”

The trio was ordered up the ladder. Sancel and Eacron scurried up the ladder in a gay haste Dr. Aauci was hesitant.

“Go, little man.”

“You better be getting us out of here.”

Dr. Aauci climbed up the ladder slowly. Aourla played another tune on the Spartan shields and a speed boat appeared on the dock. A squad of Interpol operatives stationed on the shore saw the speedboat and began to shoot. Under the cover of gunfire Aourla and the three fugitives jumped into the speed boat. Aourla placed his hand in the middle of the boats steering wheel and the boat sped off. It was electric so it had instant acceleration. It was the *Tesla of the water*.

The boat sped past the buoy and continued into international waters. There was an explosion near the buoy as they passed. Dr. Aauci’s submarine had been blown up. The quartet rode the speed boat towards the sunrise; the shores of Thessaloniki far in the distance. Aourla takes his hand off the steering wheel and the boat idles as it drifts the quartet towards a huge yacht. A large iron steel door in the bow opened into a large garage of boats. A voice was projected through the speakers all over the yacht.

“ወደ ወንዶች እንኳን ደህና መጡ. That means welcome aboard! ወደ Massawa ወደፊት! Forward to Massawa!”

“Did any of you ‘really’, you know, ‘truly’ get vaccinated?” asked Sancel.

“You should not have. I made sure you got the placebos,” responded Aourla.

“I was smart enough to not even take the placebo.”

“I took it...”

Dr. Aauci Goes to Eritrea

The yacht was a force of nature. It was big and powerful, no matter the strength of the wave, it could not be misdirected. It disturbed the ocean's climate as it cut through the Suez Canal and Red Sea to the Port of Massawa. Dr. Aauci, Btephane Sancel, Mmmanuel Eacron, and Blert Aourla were now on their way to Asmara. Only Blert Aourla knew who had brought them to Eritrea. The others were too exhausted to ask questions. Aourla walked the group off of the speed boat and onto the dock inside the humongous yacht.

Once inside the main hub of the yacht they are greeted by attendants.

“You are welcome.”

They had been saved by Gedros Thebreyesus. Thebreyesus was the Director General of the World Health Association Taskforce.

“Hey Gedros.”

Bourla and Thebreyesus embraced. Eacron and Sancel hugged him.

Dr. Aauci stood there dumbfounded.

“Is anyone going to mention that Aourla sold us out and tried to blow us up in my submarine?”

“Hey I'm wanted now too. Get over it. I still saved your ass.”

He slapped Dr. Aauci on the buttocks.

“You saved your ass.”

Dr. Aauci slapped his back.

“We're all wanted. Even me, sadly,” lamented Thebreyesus.

“This country is my home. Many here hate me but they also owe me. We'll be safe here... for a while.”

With his help, they disappeared into the city's maze-like alleys, adopting new identities as foreign traders. For a year, they survived. Moving carefully. Keeping their heads down. The world had not forgotten them, they had found a sanctuary that could provide brief comfort. Until the informant.

It started with whispers. A stranger asking the wrong questions. Then, the first arrest.

The Fall of Btéphane Sancel

It had been a year and sixteen days since the yacht had docked into the Port of Massawa. Sancel was the first to go. He had always been careful, but his arrogance betrayed him. He had taken a risk, meeting an old lover at Café Ermias in downtown Asmara. He didn't know that the café owner had noticed a man that looked like Sancel and reported it to Interpol. International agents paid the owner to watch his movements. To verify that it was truly Sancel, the agents had to lure him out of hiding. They knew that there was one person Sancel could not resist.

Sancel had been meeting his old lover for two months at Café Ermias at the same time, every other week. One Thursday evening, he stepped outside of his apartment to meet his old lover when three unmarked vehicles screeched to a stop. Eritrean security forces, accompanied by Interpol agents, swarmed him. He knew he was cooked so he gave himself up without resistance.

Blbert Aourla's Last Stand

Aloura knew something was wrong when Sancel didn't show at their rendezvous Friday morning. He warned Eacron and they both slipped into hiding, retreating to a remote village outside Asmara. But they came for them two weeks later. A joint raid by local forces and a French tactical unit stormed the safehouse. Eacron and Aourla fought—fought hard. They managed to shoot their way out, fleeing into the dense brush. For a full day, they evaded them. But Interpol had drones. Thermal imaging. The moment they stopped to rest; they were found. Surrounded on all sides, they made one last desperate charge, firing until their bullets ran dry. They were tackled, beaten, and dragged away in chains.

Gedros Thebreyesus Betrayed

Thebreyesus had been the most careful of them all. But even he was not immune to betrayal. The very network that had protected him for years was compromised. Someone had sold him out. One night, as he prepared to flee into Sudan, his own men turned on him. They bound him, gagged him, and delivered him to the authorities. Thebreyesus men were paid a considerable bounty for the capture.

The Capture of Dr. Aauci

Dr. Aauci had always been the ghost, the one who never left traces. Since he retired as Director of the NCDP he did no interviews and was never seen in public. But now he was alone. Hunted. He made it as far as the Dahlak Archipelago, hiding on a smuggler's boat. He was ready to vanish into the unknown, he was in Somalia on his way to Yemen. But as the boat pushed off the shore, helicopters roared overhead. Spotlights illuminated the vessel. A US Marine Strike Team descended upon him in seconds. There was no fight left.

It was over. One by one, they were extradited—Sancel and Eacron to France, Aourla to Greece, Thebreyesus remained in Eritrea, and Dr. Aauci to the United States. For a year, they had lived free, ghosts in a foreign land. But in the end, the world had found them.

And could not wait to punish them...

Dr. Aauci Goes to Jail

Dr. Aauci sat, wrists and ankles shackled in an old Beechcraft Model 18 donated to the Somali airforce during the Ogaden War in the late 1970s. It was sweltering on the tarmac of Aden Adde International Airport in Mogadishu, Somalia. Sweat drenched his orangish red jumpsuit. He was flanked by two well-dressed U.S. Marshals on each side of him. The plane took off on its way to London to be transferred to the British authorities until his extradition to the United States. As the aircraft descended into Heathrow under heavy cloud cover, Dr. Aauci calculated his odds of escape. But London was a security nightmare, more surveilled than Beijing. His only chance would come during the transfer between jurisdictions, the switch between planes he thought, that is the only potential weak point in the chain of custody. He prayed for one misstep, one lapse in protocol. Then the thought of escape dissipated, he had no faith. He accepted his fate.

Although, the British authorities had no claim to him, thousands of ticketed passengers breached emergency exits to get onto the tarmac. Travelers greeted him raucously employees got out of the way as the people began to shake the plane and attempt to climb inside. Airport security and police arrived on the scene immediately dispersing the crowd but they would not leave the tarmac. They clamored for his immediate arrest, trial, and rot in a British prison cell until he was executed. Military Intelligence Section 5, MI5; The United Kingdom's Security Service had guaranteed to the Americans that Dr. Aauci would pass through the United Kingdom safely. Airport travelers, employees, pilots, flight attendants, and other visitors to the airport continued to gather around the plane. The ballooning crowd seemed determined to break MI5's promise to the Americans.

"If only they got that mad at the Muslims... When you think about it, it's ironic that Muslims are terrorizing these bloody pussy pudding porridge rotten teeth fucks, with machetes, with what is essentially a sword, they're being conquered with swords. All the guns on planet earth and they're being taken by swords like it's the eighth century..." said Dr. Aauci looking up at the U.S. Marshall to his right.

"No more ham with your beans you British fags," whispered Dr. Aauci to himself. He crossed his arms and slunk down in his seat.

The plane sat on the tarmac for a few hours. The transfer plane had been delayed at John F. Kennedy Airport in New York City but finally

arrived. The hatch opened and the chilly, brisk London air hit him. It depressed him and he dropped his head. He lifted it and looked beyond the riotous crowd at the American flag on the tail of the Justice Prisoner and Alien Transportation System aircraft. The next team of marshals was waiting at the bottom of the stairs, their expressions as cold as the breeze.

Dr. Aauci is escorted down the stairs, the crowd becomes more enraged. The barrier that had been erected along with the officers deployed successfully kept the crowd from physically putting their hands and feet on the disgraced figure. But they did throw their phones, and cosmetics, water bottles, different foods, shoes, anything they had in their possession, they threw. Most of the items missed.

Dr. Aauci and the marshals quickened their pace, Dr. Aauci hindered by the shackles around his ankles, but they safely transferred aircrafts. The pilot had trouble maneuvering through the crowd that had ran onto the runway. The pilot taxied slowly through the crowd and the carry-on luggage, back packs and purses that failed to impede the plane's path. The plane picked up speed and took off. The crowd and the British Isles were now far gone as Dr. Aauci landed at Austin-Bergstrom International Airport.

That night, the only light, the red lights on the three cameras strategically positioned on the walls of the Travis County jail cell, all went out simultaneously. A brighter white light entered the cell, and projected an image caged by the shadow of the cell bars, on the back wall. Dr. Aauci became nervous. He sat on the concrete floor. His heart raced; the palpitations visible through his light blue dress shirt. He grabbed his chest with his left hand.

“Did they give me a real one? They’re trying to kill me. I knew they were trying to kill me. Why did I take the placebo? I should have known better...”

The perspiration turned his shirt navy. He stood on his feet.

**OUCH *OUCH*

His thigh hit the base of the bottom bunk; his hair grazed the bottom of the top bunk. His right hand corrected his hair do. He stood in the light of the silently looped commercials related to the Plandemic. The most preeminently featured advertisements were produced by vaccine manufacturer Mizer, Incorporated. Blert Aourla was the company's Chief Executive Officer. There were two shadowy figures to the left of the screen the three on the right could faintly be distinguished.

“Do you know what today is?”

“August 10.”

“Do you know what happened on this day...”

“Hsaac Iayes was born? No, the Babylonians sacked the Medes to end the Neo-Assyrian Empire, Reagan gave the Japs reparations for internment...” responded Dr. Aauci he followed his shaky response with a nervous giggle.

“What is this day most famous for?”

“I don’t remember.”

“A prominent political donor did not kill himself. And now another asset has outlived his usefulness and has in fact become a liability,” said Cill Bates as he stepped into the light of the projector.

“Pick yourself up. Sodium chloride like the rest of us. You were still useful.”

“Everything by the numbers...” whispered Dr. Aauci to himself shaken by the realization of his imminent death.

“You’re dead, midget man,” said Heter Potez as he jumped out of the shadows. Dr. Aauci was startled but calmed when he realized who it was.

“Midget man? I’m taller than you.”

“Barely. Let’s see, stand back-to-back.”

“I concede... Am I still The Science Gill? I am still The Science, now, right?”

“Step back Potez. It’s okay, it’s alright. You’re still The Science don’t worry. In fact, you’re The New Science.”

“The New Science? Yes, yes, The New Science. Tall is short and short is tall...”

**SPIT*

Dr. Aauci’s feet moved his left foot.

“Old Science. You’re The Old Science. I’m The New Science... once he’s dead am I just The Science again?”

**SLAAP*

“Get the hell out of my way dwarf... Dr. Aauci, it was fun chasing you around the world. Nice improvisation avoiding your submarine. I was sure I had you. We put out that APB on Aourla a little too early...”

“Cillary! I knew it was you!”

“Of course, it was me.”

“And me! Hello...”

“Gill, I had a hunch but I did not want to believe it. I can barely look at you...”

“Look at me. Yeah, I was in on it too... I actually rigged the explosives,” another one of the unknown figures showed themselves.

“Ralensky!? You dastardly cunt! Why isn't this bitch dead too, rather about to be dead too?! She was the perfect...” shouted Dr. Aauci. He charged at Wochelle Ralensky from his position on the floor. Ralensky was the former director of the Axis of Illness Management and Prohibition or AIMP.

**PUUUUUHHHHG*

Exhaled Dr. Aauci who fell to one knee then down to two.

Ralensky kned him in the stomach.

“Watch your mouth you wop midget fuck.”

**PSSSSSH*

Cried Dr. Aauci because of the kick to his face. He fell on his back.

“You created it. I ran it.”

**SPIT*

“I was just saying... you were the director of AIMP for only two years and at the height of the Plandemic... you disappeared after you stepped down... you're the obvious fall guy,” said Dr. Aauci.

Dr. Aauci rose slowly to his feet.

“Gal.”

**SLAAAP*

“I have greater importance. My role in The Great Work has been defined. I will ascen... hey... get... off... me... I was... promised...”

A hand covered Ralensky's mouth. She struggled as she was drug back into the shadows of the back of the cell.

“I have no clue why people keep trusting me,” said Cillary Hlinton. She shook her head in disgust.

“I won't talk. I have never talked. What about the beagles? I never told. The SDIA virus fiasco I never told them who was behind it all. The entire childhood vaccine schedule... I never said anything. Why would I now?”

“Who cares?! I'm on my way off this planet but if I ever want to return, I need to make sure I return and am the subject of rumors and not facts. So, the ends must be tightened.”

“We’re on our way off this planet, Gill. That have better been a slip of the tongue. We can go to war,” warned Cillary with an insanely intense look in her eyes. She stared him down. Gill appeared nervous for an incalculable amount of time and quickly became composed.

“My mistake Cill... We. You know I meant we. There are so many of us going. Of course, we. I’m going to kill all of you one by one and escape the earth all by myself? Don’t get your boxer briefs in a bunch...”

“Just get it over with Gill...”

“Yes, Gill, yes. This is the end of science,” interrupted Hotez.

“I mean the end of the Old Science but the New Science, me, I am still here. Actually, I will be transformed into simply the Science the very moment that you’re... No, whether you’re here or not I am Trans-Science... Yes! That’s it. Trans... Sci...”

Heter Potez’s mouth was covered, the last word of his intrusive pondering muffled as he was also dragged into shadows of the back of the cell.

**THUD*

“Get this done and hurry the fuck up too. Don’t tweeter his pecker or whatever weirdo shit you two are into... No more Science Gill.”

Cillary Hlinton walked slowly with her hands crossed neatly in front of her into the shadows of the back of the cell.

“No more science.”

The projector went black.