

# Speaking for the Dead

The trench warfare continues, and the vax damaged cry out just to be acknowledged



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<acknowledging the explicit reference to the novel by [Orson Scott Card \(Speaker for the Dead\) \(2010\)](#),  
[and Speaker for the Dead #2 / Comic Issues / Marvel Comics](#)>

I begin writing this essay while stuck in Frankfurt for an extra day (thanks Lufthansa!), once again frustrated in our attempts to return to a degenerating Imperial Capital from an [increasingly autonomous but dysfunctional “Garden”](#). Jill and I sit on a gray morning in Terminal 1 Gate Z66 awaiting a seat at the back of an aging German-owned 747.

I remember childhood years when my family lived in a modest newly-built middle class housing tract home in Bellevue, Washington, and my engineer father worked as a subcontractor designing and selling instrumentation for the new summit of aviation design—the Boeing 747. The future was bright, King Salmon and local oysters were plentiful, and the

potential of the Emerald City was somehow embodied in the image the Worlds Fair “Space Needle” with its futuristic rotating restaurant. My father started building a boat in the garage while visions of Lake Washington danced in his head. The future certainly looked bright, running on tracks made of graphite and glitter. As a young boy, trying to navigate third grade while being tracked as “gifted and talented” through an innovative Bellevue school system committed to producing the best and the brightest, I had no reason to question that the future surely must involve flying cars and robot housecleaners as promised to us by Hanna-Barbera Cartoons in it’s “Jetsons” series. Instead, somehow, we have ended up with a 21st century update on [Hanna Arendt’s Totalitarian hellscape](#). Thanks, Klaus.



For Jill and I, this failure to return on time makes three out of the last three attempts to return from Europe according to schedule, two of which were the direct consequence of Lufthansa’s chronic failures to adhere to their own flight schedule, one of which was due to Lufthansa’s fellow Star Alliance member United bungling their one key task of electronic record keeping, and taking unilateral actions without notifying their end customer (me!).

I fully own that I am starting to get more than a bit surly and resentful when confronting a world where the old concepts of customer-focused service (and just plain polite respect for others) has become yet another victim of the COVIDcrisis.

Yes, whining I am. But snowflake I am not. Jill and I travel and travel, speaking and writing from all over the western world, and we have become observers and commentators on the gradual, stepwise erosion of what we had once naively believed to be an ever upwardly evolving civilization.

Instead, we now see humans behaving as humans always have. A rather harsh fall from belief in the probability of achieving earthly grace.

A sliding leader fall on a shiny wet pillow dome slab of high Sierra granite, no protection in place. Palms, fingernails and knees shredded. A special kind of pain which includes a dollop of shame for being so bold in risking running the rope so far out. Icarus revisited.



At the center of the creeping rot spreading across western civilization, one repeatedly observes a globalist cabal of narcissistic (psychopathic) self-styled and self-appointed “leader”/monopolists who have once again completed their annual winter bacchanal in Davos, Switzerland. Reporting on location indicates that one immediate economic benefit has been a boost in the sex worker business sector of the continent. So there is at least a modicum of solace for that aspect of the European economy.

Somehow, finally, it seems that the worm may have turned. Maybe. I constantly have to curb my enthusiasm. Scott Adams, famous/infamous American “Dilbert” sardonic cartoonist and observer of all things absurd in modern corporate life has turned back (flip flopped?) on his prior COVID pro-vax advocacy. Personally, I find [Jeffrey Tucker’s critique](#) of this conversion pretty much dead on (no pun intended).

Scott Adams, creator of the insightful Dilbert comic strip, earned his status as an influencer not only from his acidic commentary on the bureaucratization of business life. He was also very early in noticing that there was something special about Donald Trump. There were moments back in the day when Trump was wizard-like, he said. Adams was bold in noting it and predicting his eventual triumph, which came in 2016.

Four years later, Adams, like so many others, was felled by the COVID pandemic when he seemed on board with the [lockdowns](#) and, later, embraced vaccines as a certain path to end this pandemic. But bless him, he has been relatively out front with both his opinions and mistakes along the way. He has recently released a [video](#) in which he said he was clearly on the wrong side of this one.

To be sure, his language in the mea culpa was not entirely satisfying. He constantly refers to the refuseniks as “anti-vaxxers,” which is offensive to those who merely had doubts about the tax-funded and police-enforced universalization of this experimental technology. Further, he seemed to credit the party that turned out the vaccines with only being correct, not due to insight and intelligence, but merely to a bias that doubted all official pronouncements.

Additionally, he says that “it was a coin flip and some guessed right.” That’s a cop-out. No, we used our brains and happened to look up whether and to what extent vaccines are actually useful for unstable pathogens like coronaviruses. Given that we have no record at all for vaccines for this or any similarly mutating pathogens, many people very reasonably decided to take a pass.

Still, at least Adams is trying to be open and honest about his own failures. That’s good. One wishes he would also address his unwarranted [coronaphobia](#) and support for lockdowns too.

Gold Star award goes to Jeffrey for coining the term “coronaphobia”. I nominate that neologism for inclusion in the 2024 Websters’ dictionary update. At a minimum, the term deserves to become a popular hashtag.

Meanwhile, there are those of us who have continued astride our chargers, swords drawn, a ragtag “Scientific Realism” Light Brigade, bravely riding on again, on again into the canyon of death (up to three years now and counting), cannon to the left of us and to the right, both sides firing at will. Now returning from Stockholm, soon to appear at a location near you. For us, as for the vaccine damaged and dead, there is no solace and no forgiveness. No apologies anticipated nor provided.

All of our lives, our health, and our reputations have been casually sacrificed to advance the interests of the state and the globalist overlords. Just as the 4th and 13th Light Dragoons, the 17th Lancers, and the 8th and 11th Hussars under command of Major General James Brundell, 7th Earl of Cardigan (remember their names!) were needlessly sacrificed in a failed attempt to advance British Imperial interests involving preventing Russian troops from gnawing captured guns off the bones of overrun Turkish positions. The more things change, the more they stay the same.



Meanwhile, back in the comfort of his home, Alex Berenson (one prominent barometer of bi-coastal journalist-elite sensibilities), still considers it culturally acceptable to [deride and gaslight the vaccine damaged](#). As often noted, you can take the reporter out of the NY Times, but once inculcated into that tribe you seemingly cannot take NY Times elite snarkiness out of the reporter. As far as I am concerned, with this action Alex has completely forfeited whatever shreds of legitimacy (and decency!) he may have ever had as one of the voices of reason and truth in the COVIDcrisis dialog. Plenty of trolls lacking any shred of empathy lurk in caves, virtual forests and under bridges across this fifth generation information war battlescape.

My personal position is that the only consideration they deserve is the nanosecond required to select “block” from the Twitter drop down menu.



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**Setting aside dark gallows humor for a moment, where, oh where do we go from here?**

Will those few who have withstood the guns, who have maintained whatever shreds of integrity they could clutch around themselves, now suffer a modern version of the fate of the [Last of the Light Brigade](#) as remembered by the immortal author/journalist Rudyard Kipling?

**And what of the vaccine damaged and dead?**

My heart aches for those who have payed the ultimate price for the corruption, collusion and malfeasance of governments, corporate media, transnational non-governmental organizations, WHO, WEF, EU and *their* globalist financial overlords.

These damaged and surviving but isolated individual humans have been driven into dark corners of their minds (and homes), silenced and ostracized, denied the minimal dignity and respect of being afforded informed consent, then coerced, enticed, and forced to participate in the largest public health and medical experiments in the history of humanity. All in the name of a propaganda-driven mad rush to “protect” vox populi from yet another RNA respiratory virus variant which by all indications has been bioengineered by some of the most arrogant

and entitled members of the modern scientific priesthood of molecular virology and vaccinology.

The term “gaslight”, derived from a 20th century movie centering around the twisted strategy of convincing an otherwise sane person that they are mentally ill so that they may be exploited in some way, hardly begins to scratch the surface of the true victimization which has been perpetrated by the overlord class on these most vulnerable who have been damaged by their callous actions. The vaccine damaged are literally and repeatedly told by physicians, society, and their own families that they are mentally ill. As if the original damage and lack of any practical recourse or road to recovery was not bad enough, society has determined that they must be ostracized and cast into a pit of eternal self doubt and recrimination.

Of the dead, only their survivors remain to speak on their behalf. Many of the physically “healthy” survivors continue to remain either ignorant or (worse) virulently deny the clear temporal relationship between the needle and the damage done. Of the tragic truth and reality of ignorant, arrogant iatrogenic murder. Slipping into the shadows of survivor’s minds now creeps cognitive dissonance, sneaking into their subconsciousness like a thief in the night, robbing them of any chance for imagined forgiveness from their dead loved ones.

And what of the medical caregivers who, in a fit of insane fear compounded by hubris and arrogance, have the blood of tens, hundreds, thousands or perhaps millions of unnecessary deaths? Like theatric living dead, these moral zombies will walk through the rest of their lives oscillating between either various denial mechanisms or occupying an eternal purgatory stretching from their remaining time on this earthly realm into a terrifying spiritual future - even if this only extends the eight minutes during which the brain remains functional after gas exchange ceases. Having personally experienced the avarice, dishonesty and lack of integrity of modern academic medicine so many, many times, I admit that I would not mourn if Dante had undercounted, and there is yet another level of hell reserved for those of that ilk. I suspect even Shakespeare would have endorsed a pox on all of their elite academic houses.

And then there are the artists, “journalists”, musicians, and comedians who have sold their souls for a few pieces of silver. If there is any justice, the widespread twenty first century specter of low sex hormones, sperm count and reproductive drive will plague them, future generations will be spared any get from their loins, and their version of immortality will consist of a footnote in dusty historic tomes or obsolete solid state drives recording their ready willingness to collaborate with the oppressor-overlords for short term financial benefit.

Despite the daily malicious assault of defamation and reputation damage perpetrated by both foes as well as fairweather “friends” who thrive on a business and social media-driven model involving [badjacketing](#) others, it has been my *conscious choice* to not identify as a victim, but rather to transform my slow burning rage into assimilating the skills required to effectively combat the constant stream of ignorance, falsehoods, and intentional blindness. And to taking action against the oppressors and those who have seemingly embraced evil. To do what I can to help illuminate what has been done, and to teach my new information warfare skills to those who choose to walk beside me as we strive to resist the imposition of the New World Order, “Great Reset” and “Great Narrative” which the globalists seem to believe they have a right, granted by the gods of Social Darwinism, to impose on us less evolved (ergo, by definition less wealthy) humanoids.

As Jill and I once *consciously chose* to strive to protect the children from the atrocities which we could foresee which the state and the globalists sought to impose on them, in support of whatever agendas those self-appointed overlords have concocted during their decades of planning, now we *consciously choose* to speak for and do what we can to empower the dead and the damaged. Whether from neglect, fear, suicide, depression, lockdowns, genetic vaccine harms, or withholding of effective treatments.

I am vaccine damaged, and continue to struggle with post-Moderna vaccine onset life threatening hypertension and elevated heart rate. My i-Watch repeatedly interrupts me as I get passionate when writing, recording or speaking, to notify me that I am in the dangerous zone above 120 beats per minute. For some reason, it just happened again (twice) as I sit here pouring my heart out onto the page for all to read and criticize.

I refuse to define myself as a victim. I choose to be a warrior. In a very real sense, we have all been victimized. And if you wish, fully respecting *your freedom to choose*, I invite you also to not define yourself as a victim. Take council from your own death, as I do mine. If your death tells you the time has not come yet, then please choose to walk with me as a fellow warrior. For our children’s sake, if not for your own soul. And perhaps carry on after Jill and I are gone? That would be sufficient solace for enduring the outrageous slings and arrows which we have withstood while striving to keep our heads held high.

In the meantime, 40,000 feet above the Atlantic Ocean, heading towards landing in an airport named after a CIA spymaster (or his oil company lawyer brother?) in the degenerating Imperial Capital, Jill and I ride towards the cannon, into the valley of death.

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And hopefully towards a new prescription for Beta-blockers. Damn Pharma. You can't live with them, and you can't live without them. Maybe, just maybe, cardiac benefits from this diet will kick in soon. Hope springs eternal.

Jet Airliner



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