

Just A Little Bit on Elitism

A novella.

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MK-Ultra

“This is called elitism and it is a core value of our department” said Jack Parsons, the housing agent. “You and your spouse have been assigned a top neighbourhood and this home is right here, we hope you can appreciate this fact, Mr. Nolan.”

“What’s so elitist about a three bedroom townhouse?” inquired Luc Nolan.

“Dear, this home is lovely” said Rachel Nolan to her husband.

“Fine, Mr. Parsons” said Luc. “We are happy to move in here. It is actually a good neighbourhood from what we’ve heard.”

The couple have just arrived in Wellington and were about to settle in their new townhouse in Hataitai. That was one of the best sector suburbs in the municipality. Amenities were

close, a Pak'N Save supermarket was in close walking distance and they were delivering only the best top-shelf products and organic produce. Plus, the quality of the medical facilities was outstanding and the quality of fresh water was up to the highest standard.

Luc and Rachel Nolan ended up very happy with the house assignment in the end.

The couple were brought together by the Illuminati faction, in Papeete in the French Polynesia. Like all of the current subjects in the MK-Ultra patient program, they had no

recollection of their previous identities. They did not even know what countries they were from, though by the colour of their skin they suspected they could've been Middle Eastern.

Yet, plastic surgery was something ubiquitous in the program so the colour of skin was not something reliable as an indicator.

The couple were Illuminati doppelgangers for an Anglo-Indian couple that left the United Kingdom to settle in New Zealand. So Luc and Rachel, the new versions of them, were training for getting back to England and meeting their true relatives at some particular point in time.

They had to undergo brain enhancements and additional scans at the local medical practice.

Everything was taken care of real well. The Illuminati and Scientology took over Wellington about thirty years earlier, and the native Polynesian population was completely eradicated and most of the Maori were replaced by “synthetic” Polynesians. Similar events happened in the rest of the country, in the North Island and South Island alike.

Nowadays New Zealand played the role of a buffer for Illuminati and Scientology. There was

virtually no real natural person residing in the country.

The New Zealand politics of the time was officially a sort of bi-partisan system, but in reality the established dogma was left-wing corporatism. The state officials had the right to enter your home at any time and use their discretion to impose any measure on any subject.

You had to know how to read the news. The news were a well-regulated sector, with severe provisions being made against “fake news.”

Rumours did circulate. That was the newsroom black market. But in any case, nothing reliable or trustworthy was ever on the media while average people lived in a state of a semi-informed hedonistic lifestyle.

“Well, here are the keys to the place. Two sets, for you and your spouse, Mr. Nolan” said Jack Parsons. “Lovely neighbourhood, friendly neighbours and top-notch services. What else could you in fact want from life, Mr. Nolan?”

“Right” said Luc. “You have a point here, Mr. Parsons...”

Luc and Rachel had to attend brain enhancement therapy four times per week. In the rest of the time they had dummy jobs that either entailed working from home on their tablet devices, or going to the main Illuminati offices on Lambton Quay. Those jobs were part-time.

They were occasionally on the phone with their relatives in England, but were keeping those contacts to a minimal level such as to not arouse any suspicions.

“I have therapy today, dear” said Rachel to her husband. “I need to be at the medical centre in one hour. Are you able to drop me there, dear?” she inquired.

Rachel only had to wait for about five minutes in the medical centre waiting room. There were no screens but the ambient speakers were playing “Spring” by Vivaldi. All in all, a pleasant wait. It was Rachel’s first appointment. She did not like skipping such appointments as it could have resulted in a bad reference on her file.

“Step right in, madam,” said the technician.

Rachel walked in the room.

The room looked like a dentist’s room. There was a huge chair in the middle and a retractable piece of technology that presumably was to be placed on a patient’s head.

“Have you got anything to report, madam?”
asked the technician.

“Like what?” inquired Rachel.

“Health issues mostly” said the technician.

“No, I am perfectly fine...” said Rachel.

“Well, I see here you have a prosthetic on one of your kidneys and a prosthetic on your liver.”

“Yes, I have those” said Rachel. “They were implanted in Papeete” she added.

“And how do you feel?”

“Haven’t been better in my entire life” said Rachel.

“Well, that’s fine then” said the technician. “Are you ready to step on the chair?”

“I am, I suppose” said the woman.

“I understand it is your first appointment with us” said the technician.

“We’re doing things a little different in New Zealand” added the technician.

“Different? How?” inquired Rachel.

“So as it stands, you are a non-natural person madam. Just like 40% of the New Zealand population. Do you have any recollections of your previous life?”

“None” said Rachel.

“You’re stepping in the chair. Where would you like to go? A beach in Hawaii or perhaps skiing in Switzerland?”

“I like the beach, thank you” said Rachel.

The beach in question had white sand. The colour of the water was greenish blue and when taken around with the tourist boat, Rachel could see a multitude of tropical fish swimming around the boat. She tried to catch one a few times but they were very slippery.

The breeze was lovely. The smell of the salty sea air was even better.

Could've been around three hours, give or take. It was now three in the afternoon and Rachel went snorkelling for a while.

After that pleasant experience which could've lasted about two hours, she went to the island hut that was opening for drinks around five o'clock.

For some reason she was all by herself in this holiday. She didn't find that fact unusual, but she did spot a group of ladies that could've been her age and she decided to join them for cocktails.

That's when Rachel woke-up. She could remember everything. That dream was extremely vivid.

“How was your island experience, madam?”

inquired the technician.

“That was exquisite” said Rachel, “but please, next time arrange a companion for me, alright?”

“I would’ve thought you’re off to Switzerland at our next session, madam” joked the technician.

“No, I don’t like skiing at all.”

“Alright. Today we have worked on some aspects regarding the English accent. And we’ve also touched on some childhood memories.

Your next appointment is in two days, madam.”

“Have you ever thought about this, dear?” said Rachel to her husband. “Like, what happens if we malfunction, dear?”

“What do you mean if we malfunction, dear?” inquired Luc.

“Like if our synthetic bodies malfunction. We are going to be replaced, too. They can manufacture a gazillion people that look like us...”

“Don’t be silly, dear” said Luc.

Luc didn’t find that prospect attractive...

15-minute Town

Life in Hataitai was great. It was a quiet place, and nothing was conspicuous about it. The residents were minding their own lifestyle and occasionally there was opportunity for socializing.

Though from its historical roots onwards, New Zealand society was known to have given rise to a solitary type of individual, and that was true

even for the synthetic population that now inhabited the island. People were accustomed to minding their own stuff, and they were especially accustomed not to interfere into somebody else's space too much. As a New Zealander you were a solitary creature. That much was clear.

Luc and Rachel enjoyed the lifestyle. Having access to top-shelf food and top-notch services was something that satisfied them. What else could they have asked from life?

That afternoon the sun was shining bright and sharp. It was early summer in Wellington. Luc and Rachel were having guests. The Robinson family, their next door neighbours, were coming along for a cup of tea and some cake.

The Robinsons, Denis and Marcella, were in the MK-Ultra program too. They were “migrants” from Cork in Ireland, you see. They were also introduced to each other in the French Polynesia and arrived in New Zealand a few months prior.

Having been in the country for a couple of years already, Luc and Rachel decided to provide the Robinsons with some cross-cultural advice...

But first, Jack Parsons had to drop by. In addition to his role as a property agent, he was the first point of contact for Luc and Rachel Nolan. Jack had to make sure everything was running smoothly on their end, especially these days as a trip to England was mandatory very soon and the time was running out quickly.

Luc and Rachel were about to visit their close relatives in the United Kingdom, and their brain enhancement treatment was going well for that purpose, or at least those were the latest reports.

“Good afternoon, Jack” said Rachel.

“Hi Mrs. Nolan” replied Jack Parsons.

“I understand you’re here to be checking on our progress, Jack” said Luc.

“Just to check if you’re happy with your environment. It has been a couple of years already...”

“Yes, it isn’t too bad” said Rachel.

“Yes, we know this isn’t exactly top of the top, but the location is very impressive and the services are simply excellent” said Luc.

“So you’re happy with Pak’N Save? How about the medical practice you’re attending? Everything going smoothly for you?”

“Could not be better” said Luc.

“Once again, food at Pak’N Save top-shelf? Are you happy with the quality of water in this suburb?” inquired Jack Parsons.

“Everything is as it should be, Jack” said Rachel.

“By the way, Jack, you aren’t a reptilian are you?” asked Luc.

“No, Mr. Nolan. I am assuming you’re talking about the demonization portals. They’ve been functioning here since the last century or so. We have a few in Porirua.”

“A-ha” said Luc.

“Why do you ask Mr. Nolan? In case you are interested, I must say going through the portals is incompatible with your MK-Ultra status.”

Denis and Marcella Robinson stepped in the Nolan household.

“I see you have three bedrooms here” said Denis. “And it’s also quite nice looking. We only have two bedrooms were we rent” he added.

“Yes, we’re quite happy with the place” said Luc. “Plus, the suburb is absolutely magnificent, don’t you think?” he asked.

They settled in for a cup of tea and some cookies. They started exchanging impressions about their respective MK-Ultra programs.

The programs the Robinsons were on were more relaxed, they only needed brain enhancement twice per week, as opposed to Luc and Rachel who needed intervention four times a week. The Robinsons had no close relatives, and all other people that knew them were duplicated already.

“I heard you can learn a foreign language in two days this day and age” said Denis Robinson.

“I wouldn’t know” said Rachel. “I’ve worked a little on my British accent, but that’s all on languages” she added.

“Can you guys remember anything from before?” inquired Marcella.

“Not really” said Rachel. “It would not be compatible with the MK-Ultra identity, I would think” she added.

“You are correct on this one” said Denis Robinson.

“So you’re happy with this suburb?” inquired Marcella.

“Yes, it is wonderful over here” said Rachel.

“Well, considering the fact that we aren’t allowed anywhere else but over here and some restricted city areas, I think they should treat us well over here...”

“Yes, indeed they should” said Luc.

“You know, there exist suburbs that are by far better than ours, they have more entertainment facilities like country clubs and tennis courts...” said Denis.

“Yes, and I heard there exist suburbs where they feed people rubbish and the supermarket food tastes very bad” said Luc.

“Well, we’re interested in those top tier suburbs and how to secure a place there, aren’t we?” said Denis.

“I don’t think they are compatible with our very own MK-Ultra program, to be honest...” said Luc.

“Is that right?” asked Marcella.

“Wed did not know that fact” said Denis.

“What a wonderful couple” said Rachel, after the Robinsons left their house.

“Yes, they’re not too bad” said Luc.

“What about Jack Parsons?” asked Rachel.

“What about him?” asked Luc.

“Do you think he’s writing a positive reference for us?”

“I’m hoping he does” said Luc.

“So if our suburb is so good, I’m really wondering what the top suburbs are like, dear...” said Rachel.

“A-ha” said Luc.

“And I’m also wondering how to get in one of those top suburbs...”

“That’s a valid point you’re making. Let us ask Jack Parsons...” said Luc.

“No, dear. That’s something you don’t want to ask...” said Rachel a little frightened.

My Very Sleek Tattoo

“Jack Parsons is dropping by this afternoon,
dear” said Luc to his wife.

“Really?”

“Yes, half a year check-up I think.”

“Is he going to write a good reference for our
files, dear?”

“That depends on how we communicate with him. Remember this: we have no complaints about anything at all.”

“Right” said Rachel.

“My goodness, Jack! What is that on your right hand?” asked Rachel.

“What on my right hand?”

“On the back of your palm. Yes, there...”

“Ah. That is my very sleek tattoo, madam.”

“But it looks like... a bar code, Jack!”

“That’s what it is. It is called a Karma detector in the streets, madam...”

“And it serves what purpose?”

“Identification, madam.”

“And you need a tattoo for identification for what purpose?”

“Well, it is due to mobility of populations. If I’m going to Liverpool in England they should have access to my online file over there, right? What if I’m a terrible troublemaker?”

“A-ha” said Rachel.

“So you’re saying our online Illuminati files are readily available to Law and Order globally?” asked Luc Nolan.

“Indeed they are” said Jack. “Based on this barcode, I can be identified wherever I go.”

“How come we aren’t required to wear the barcodes, Jack?” asked Rachel.

“The MK-Ultra program will be the last to go through within this implementation, madam.”

“I see” said Rachel.

“You know what, dear...”

“What?” said Luc.

“I think those barcodes can be used against us...” said Rachel.

“Like how?”

“They can be used to identify us and eliminate us if somebody finds that useful.”

“Of course that is the case, honey. What did you think?”

We're All
Elitists These
Days

“We are all elitists these days” said Jack

Parsons. “Well, we’ve been elitists since the fifties of the last century, to be precise... these days we’re post-elitists.”

“I just love it when you start talking philosophy to us, Jack” said Rachel. “My husband Luc does not indulge me that much. He’s the engineering type, you see...”

“Thank you for the compliment, madam” said Jack Parsons.

“So, in what way are we elitists? I am assuming this isn’t a matter of semantics...” said Luc Nolan.

“5% to 10% of the entire world population is the ruling class in our society and their financial and health integrity and well-being is first-hand and foremost preserved.”

“That is very interesting, Jack” said Rachel.

“And what about us, Mr. Parsons? I am assuming we aren’t among those 10%.”

“You’re being a little negative here, sir. You aren’t usually this pessimistic...”

“I’ve just asked you a valid question, no?”

“We’re all disposable, indeed... The three of us in this room are disposable material, indeed.”

“Well, thanks for the compliment, Jack. I never thought of myself as disposable material” said Rachel.

“What’s actually much worse, dear, is that anything could happen to us at any given moment in time...” said Luc Nolan.

“So elitism is the ruling philosophy these days, Jack?” asked Rachel Nolan. “Not many people know this, if I may add.”

“Indeed it is, madam” said Jack Parsons.

“But then, based on what parameters are those particular elites chosen... to be... elites?”

“What do you mean?” asked Jack.

“The choice seems rather arbitrary, no?”

“Ah. I see what you are saying. That one is called the Faustian pact, madam!”

The End.



