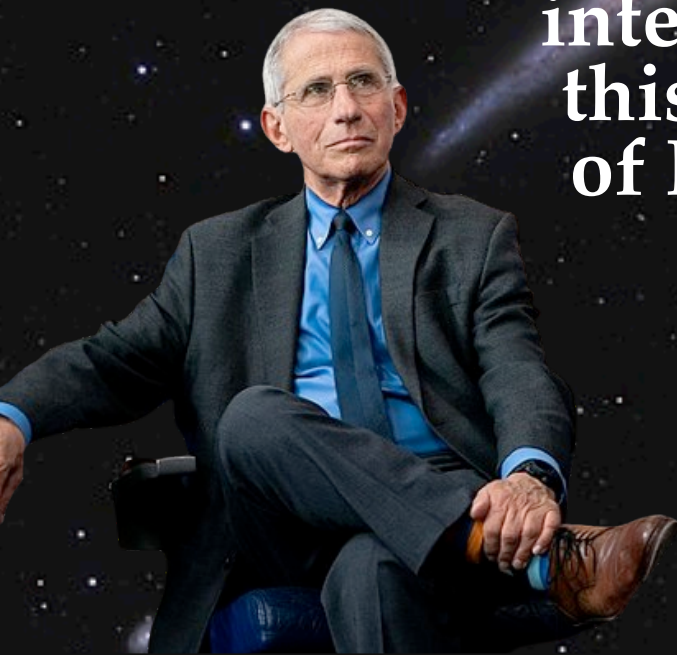


# DR. SCIENCE FICTION

## *Himself*

The most  
far-fetched  
Anthony Fauci  
interview  
this side  
of Pluto



A SHORT SATIRICAL STORY  

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JOHN C.A. MANLEY

# What readers are saying...

"Genius idea!"

"Excellent laugh-out-loud ending. The whole piece is well-written, very funny and has that easily visualizable, cinematic quality your best work tends to have."

"...amazing story. I certainly did not see where it was headed!"

"Superb writing!"

"This is simply excellent!  
It felt oddly like a film."

"Great piece of satire! Very funny!"

"LOL. Brilliant!"

"Wow! This is AMAZING! I initially believed you had actually gone to DC and had spoken with Fauci."

"...an absolutely amazing story..."

"Boyend brilliant!"

"...a SPECTACULAR ending..."

# **DR. SCIENCE FICTION HIMSELF**

The Most Far-Fetched Anthony Fauci  
Interview This Side of Pluto

John C. A. Manley

Blazing Pine Cone Publishing  
Ontario, Canada

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# PART ONE

*Thursday, June 13, 2024, Washington DC...*

“Becoming an immunologist, originally, was just a way to pay the bills, and support my secret passion to become a full-time science fiction writer,” Dr. Anthony Fauci confessed to me in an exclusive interview. “Robin Cook was my hero. Did you know we were both born in Brooklyn in 1940? Robin grew up to be the author of popular medical thrillers, I grew up to be the author of popular medical killers.” He let out a big guffaw, removed his glasses and wiped his tearing eyes. “Oh, my. But somehow, things got flipped around and my talent for spinning apocalyptic pandemic dystopias ended up providing the fodder I needed to become director of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases.”

This was what I had suspected after hearing the bizarre responses Fauci gave before the House Oversight and Accountability Committee Select Subcommittee on the Coronavirus Pandemic on June 3rd. During the hearing, he admitted to making up COVID protocols. For example, when questioned about the scientific validity of social distancing and masking, he said they “sort of just appeared.” Ideas sort of appearing is the mark of what professional novelists call a “discovery writer.” I should know, I’m one of them. We don’t come up with an outline for our stories, we simply start writing and the stories “sort of just appear.”

After hearing his testimonial, I sent Dr. Fauci an email saying: “I knew your secret. Deep down, you always wanted to be a science fiction writer.”

He wrote back immediately telling me to meet him in the boiler room in the basement of the NIH’s Hubert H. Humphrey Building. We’d talk there. Not online.

So I booked a flight from Toronto Pearson airport, and within twelve hours my plane was landing in Washington DC. As promised, I found the real Dr. Anthony Fauci sitting at a beat-up wooden desk, with a 1984 Smith Corona electric typewriter, in the dimly lit basement of the National Institute of Health’s flagship building.

“So this is your writing nook?”

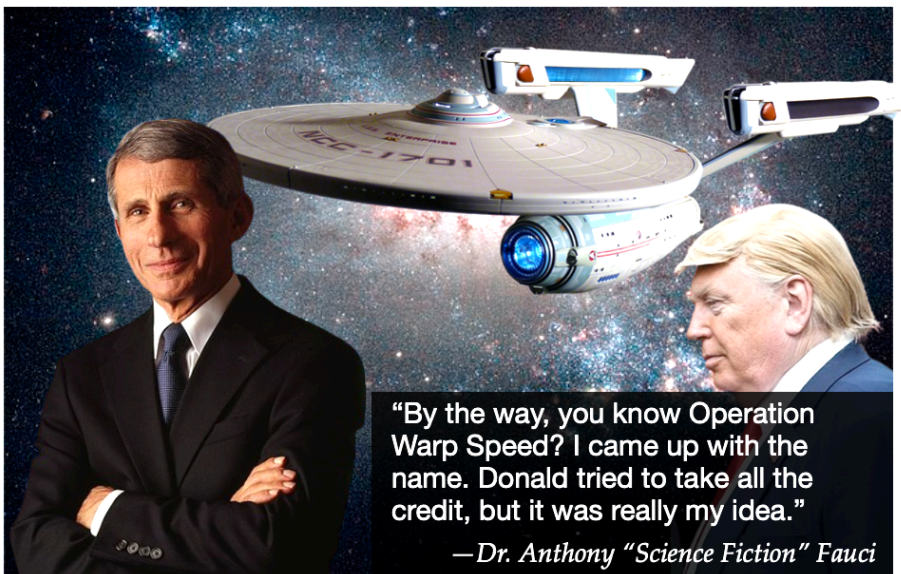
“Yes,” he replied. “Even though I retired as director, they let me hold onto this little corner.” He patted the dusty typewriter. “So, how did you find out my secret?”

“Easy enough,” I replied. “I mean, when the House Committee asked you if you recalled reviewing any studies or data supporting masking you replied, and I quote, ‘I might have, but I don’t recall specifically that I did.’”

Fauci broke out in a wide grin and spread his arms wide. “That’s the beauty of science fiction,” he began. “We just make it all up, write it down and run with it. Fans love it. They don’t want reality. They were all so bored with their lives before COVID. A little science fiction theatre was just what the doctor ordered.”

He then pointed to a model of the Starship Enterprise hanging from the cement ceiling over his desk.

“Like do you think warp drive is a real thing? Do you think Gene Roddenberry tested it before sending Captain Kirk star trekking all over the galaxy? Warp drive makes no sense, has no studies, but millions of Trekkies believe in it.” He leaned in close and lowered his voice to a whisper. “By the way, you know Operation Warp Speed? I came up with the name. Donald took all the credit, but it was really my idea.”



Jotting down notes, I mumbled, “Yes, Trump is many things, but I don’t think he’s a science fiction writer.”

“Oh, don’t be so sure,” said Fauci, wagging a finger. “Ever hear of QAnon?”

“Well, neither of you have ever had a novel published.” I pointed to a stack of envelopes he had piled up in a bin on his desk marked “REJECTION LETTERS.”

“Ah,” he said, thumbing through the pile. “Yes, in my early days, I used to write my medical sci-fi horror stories down and send the manuscripts out to editors. I thought I’d be like Michael Crichton. Did you know Michael wrote pulp fiction to get through med school? I really enjoyed *The Andromeda Strain*. We shared a dorm room in med school. It was actually me who came up with the idea for *Jurassic Park*.”

I frowned. “How is that possible? Crichton went to Harvard and you graduated from Cornell.”

Fauci shrugged. “It’s not possible. I just made it up cause it sounded good. Anyway, I wasn’t as lucky as Crichton. I was just a poor Jewish boy trying to become a doctor.”

“Jewish? But your Wikipedia page says you were raised Catholic.”

He sat up straight and let out a sigh. “Who are you going to believe, Wikipedia or me?”

“Hmm,” I replied. “That’s a tough one.”

“Anyway,” he continued, “Harper Collins, Penguin Random House and all the other big publishing houses kept telling me my stories were too far-fetched. No one would believe them. Ha! Well, I showed them.”

“How did you show them if you’ve never had a novel published? You are not even really a science fiction author.”

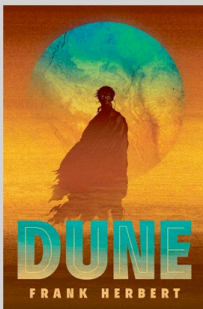
He slipped his glasses back on, adjusted his tie, straightened his lab coat and said, “Science fiction author? Hell. I’m... science fiction itself.”

I gulped, made sure there was at least six feet between us and cautiously asked, “What do you mean?”

“What do I need those big-shot New York publishers for? I got Washington. Ever since they made me director of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases, I’ve taken sci-fi to a whole new level. My first bestseller was called AIDS — a ‘far-fetched’ tale about a deadly new virus for which there was no cure and was easily spread by asymptomatic carriers.”

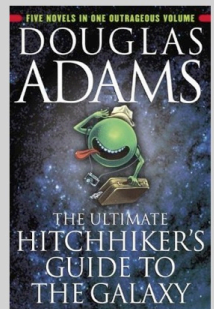
“Sounds a little like COVID-19.”

“Yeah, well, COVID-19 was the sequel to AIDS. I’m really proud of both of them. I tried my hand at a few other spin-offs — the swine flu flop and the monkey pox plop — but the whole coronavirus plot sold like bonkers. I think it was all the comedy I added. You know the crazy rules about wearing a mask only when you’re standing... or how about the one about keeping the liquor stores open and the gyms closed... for your health. Ha! The humour helped a lot. AIDS was too much like Frank Herbert’s *Dune*. Yeah, *Dune* sold well, but it was as dry as desert dust. The zany COVID protocols made it more like Douglas Adam’s *Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Galaxy*, far-fetched, funny and everybody in the whole world dies.”



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—Dr. Anthony “Science Fiction” Fauci



He then began to hum Louis Armstrong’s “What a Wonderful World,” as I glanced again at his pile of rejection letters. Suddenly, I wished time travel was possible. If I could go back to 1984 and convince just one of those editors to publish one of his manuscripts, maybe he would have stuck to writing sci-fis instead of spreading sci-lies.

My gaze fell to his hands. They were shaking slightly. I couldn’t help but think of all the deaths on those hands — deaths that could

have been avoided if his fingers had kept on typing away on his 1984 Corona typewriter.

I felt a great sadness. But I also had hope that I might be able to appeal to remnants of the artist in him and eke out some kind of confession for his countless crimes against humanity. I cleared my throat and moved on to a more probing moral question.

## PART TWO

Sweat was beginning to drip down my forehead — partly from the massive boiler humming away beside me, but mainly from the growing realization that there was no way to reason with this genocidal maniac. I was twenty minutes into my meeting with the fictitious Anthony Fauci in the basement of the NIH's Hubert H. Humphrey building. He'd already confessed that all the "science" he used to guide public health policy was really science fiction. He even revealed how he'd always wanted to become a science fiction novelist — but after all the major publishing houses had rejected his manuscripts, he'd turned to modern medicine as a way to force his far-fetched fiction upon the world.

Hoping to reach some remnant of a conscience in the man, I asked, "Don't you feel that it's unethical to present your fiction as real science? I mean, Herbert, Crichton and Adams were clear that they were *science fiction writers*. But you've been telling people you're a *scientist*—"

He raised a finger. "I went even farther. I told them I was science itself."

"But you've just been making stuff up. Tests, studies and experiments have all shown masks, lockdowns and the mRNA shots don't work. You've been splicing fiction and calling it science."

He gave me a lopsided grin and another shrug of his shoulders. "Ever hear of quantum theorists?" he asked. "They're called scientists, yet all they do is makeup stories about black holes and quarks — stuff so far away or so small nobody will ever see them. In

fact, William Shatner said in an interview with the *Saturday Evening Post*...” He paused and pointed to a clipping taped to the wall. “... that ‘scientists are working in the same way as science fiction writers. They’re working things out in their imagination based on the slim scientific facts that they know.’”

“Yes, but there weren’t slim scientific facts about masking,” I responded. “At the time, thirteen large-scale, double-blind studies already had proven that they do nothing.”

Fauci was nodding rapidly. “Exactly. Exactly. GNDN.”

“GNDN?” I repeated.

“Do you know where that comes from?” he asked.

I shook my head, wondering if GNDN referred to some deep-state government alphabet soup agency.

“It’s from *Star Trek*,” he said pointing up at his model of the Starship Enterprise. “All the power relay cables, tubes and pipes in the ship were labelled GNDN followed by a number.”

“Huh,” I said. “I always wondered if there were pipes on the Enterprise. The crew never seemed to take bathroom breaks. I figured they had waste dematerialized out of their bowels and kidneys by the transporter and discarded in outer space.”

“No, no, no,” said Fauci. “They had toilets and sinks and bathtubs. Trust me.”

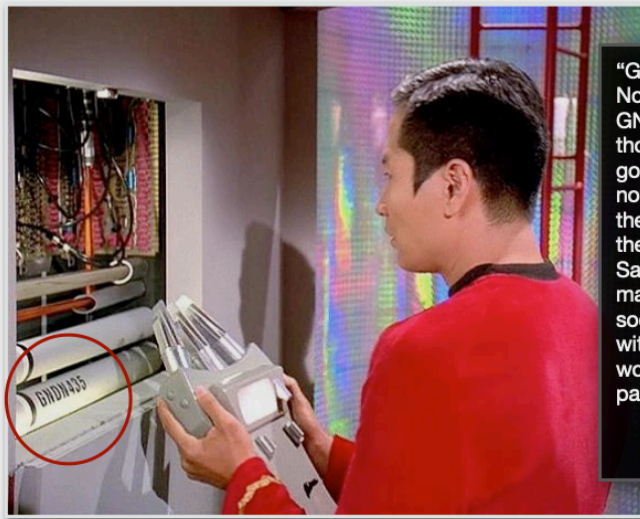
“I’d never trust you.”

“Fine, then look at this,” he pulled a laptop out of his bag and unfolded it. “I have the entire original series on my hard drive.” His voice cracked, as he attempted to sing the operatic theme song while fast-forwarding through an episode. “There! You can see the pipes and cables...”

I looked at the screen. Scotty was standing before an open panel. This was back before Scotty was a four-hundred-pound alcoholic (and somehow managed to be the only crew member to wear a red shirt and not get killed). The open panel before him revealed that the pipes and cables were inscribed with the letters GNDN.

“Goes Nowhere Does Nothing,” Fauci said, pointing at the screen.

“What?”



“Goes Nowhere Does Nothing. That’s what GNDN stands for. All those pipes and cables go nowhere and do nothing. But you need these props to make the show believable. Same thing with the masks, lockdowns and social distancing — without them, we wouldn’t have had a pandemic.”

—Dr. Anthony  
“Science Fiction” Fauci

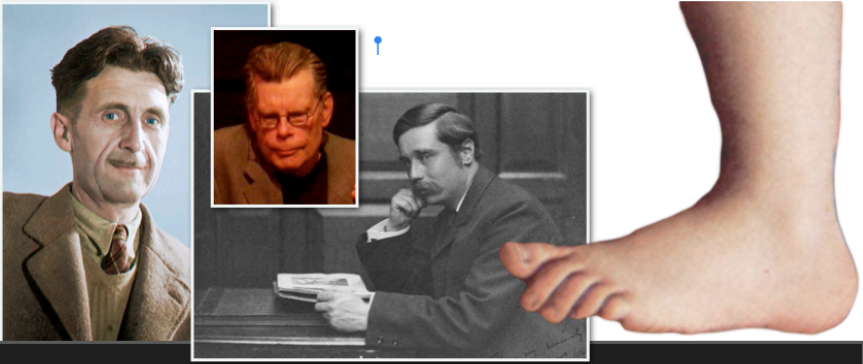
“That’s what GNDN stands for. All those pipes and cables go nowhere and do nothing. But you need these props to make the show believable. Same thing with the masks, lockdowns and social distancing — without them, we wouldn’t have had a pandemic. They were cheesy, but critical, plot elements.”

Fauci shut his laptop and smiled at me. I backed my chair away a few feet, before saying, “Okay, sure. But *Star Trek*, that’s just a TV show. This is real life you’re messing with. Even though the mandates did nothing to stop people from getting sick, they did do a lot of harm — unlike fake tubes on a fake ship. The masks, the lockdowns, the vaccine, directly or indirectly, killed millions of people.”

With arms spread wide, he boasted, “Like I said, I’ve taken sci-fi to a whole other level. I’m sort of like Stephen King meets HG Wells with 5 CCs of George Orwell and a few drops of Monty Python. I told a really scary story and everybody thought it was real. I mean, I really am the master of science fiction.”

“Then why haven’t you won a Hugo Award?”

“Ha!” he exclaimed with a slap of his knee. “I’m beyond petty trophies. Hugo Award! Give me a break. Like I told you, I’m science



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—Dr. Anthony “Science Fiction” Fauci

fiction itself. Just you wait, The World Science Fiction Society will be renaming the Hugo Award the Fauci Award.” He then looked me straight in the eyes. “Maybe you might win a Fauci Award. You said you wrote a book. What’s it called?”

“Oh,” I said, standing and moving to leave. “I’ve taken up enough of your time. I don’t want to trouble you with my little fringe publication.”

Fauci slipped his glasses out of his suit jacket and onto his nose. “Come now, you must have a copy on you. Hand it over. Let me have a look. Doctor’s orders.”

I opened my bag, slipped out a copy of my 500-page novel and handed it to him. He read the title out loud:

“*Much Ado About Corona: A Dystopian Love Story.*” Glancing up at me he added, “You may owe me royalties for using my idea.”

“Well, it more exposes your lies....”

“Ahem,” he said, as he began flipping through the pages. “And, may I ask, who is the hero of the story?”

He asked it modestly enough, but it was obvious what answer he was looking for.

“There are a few heroes in the story,” I replied. “Namely, Stefanie Müller a small-town baker/conspiracy theorist, Vincent McKnight, a young welder who lost his job due to the lockdowns and... well, the ultimate hero of the story, doesn’t get revealed until the end... I don’t want to spoil it for you.”

“Of course, of course,” he said, wrongly assuming I was referring to him. “Well, I’m glad to see a spin-off of my bestselling science fiction. And who is the villain of the story?”

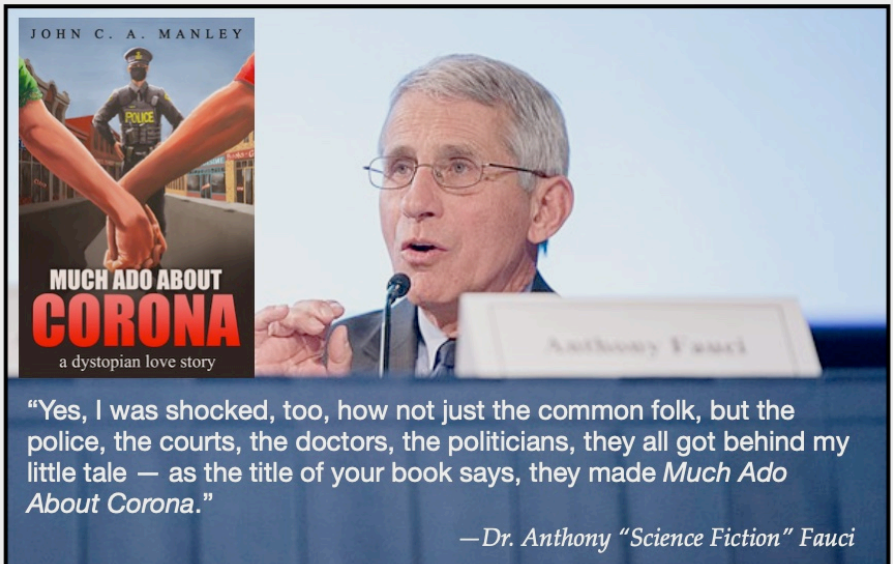
“A cop named Constable MacKenzie,” I replied, “who takes your scandemic a little too seriously.”

He chuckled and nodded, still flipping through pages. “Yes, I was shocked, too, how not just the common folk, but the police, the courts, the doctors, the politicians, they all got behind my little tale — as the title of your book says, they made *Much Ado About Corona*.”

He reached the last page and looked up at me. “You know, I didn’t notice my name once in all 500 pages?”

“It’s not about you. It’s a story about brave people who opposed your lies and refused to comply.”

He grunted, smacked the book closed, dropped it on the table and shoved it towards me.



“I see,” he said. “You’re one of those philosophical fiction writers who think stories should teach morals and values instead of brainwashing and distracting the masses like most TV shows and movies.”

I slid the book back into my bag.

“That’s right,” I said. “It still has to be entertaining. Even a little scary at times. But, yes, I write stories to wake people up, not lull them into a deeper sleep.”

“Not a lot of money in telling the truth.”

“Not a lot of honour in telling a lie,” I countered.

“Who published it?”

“I published it myself.”

Fauci glanced back over his shoulder at the rejection letters piled high on his desk beside his dusty 1984 Corona typewriter. “Self-publishing. I never thought of doing that. Maybe I didn’t need to become a psychopath, killing millions of people. Maybe... there was a better option.”

Silence hung for a moment. All we could hear was the hum of the boiler exhaust and the swaying of his model Enterprise above our heads.

“Oh, well,” Fauci finally said. “I’m too old to change.”

“Well,” I said, standing up, “I think I’ll be going now.”

He reached back down for his briefcase. “Before you go, Mr. Manley, I must ask: Are you up-to-date with all your COVID boosters?”

I took a step backwards. “I haven’t had any vaccine in over two decades. And certainly not your crooked clot shot.”

“Well,” he replied, opening his briefcase. “We’ll soon fix that.” He then extracted the largest syringe with the longest needle I’ve ever seen in my life.

I turned and dashed towards the door I had entered through, ramming against its crash bar. It didn’t budge. The door had been locked from the other side.

Fauci began to laugh.

I gave the thick, metal door a strong front kick but immediately realized it was futile.

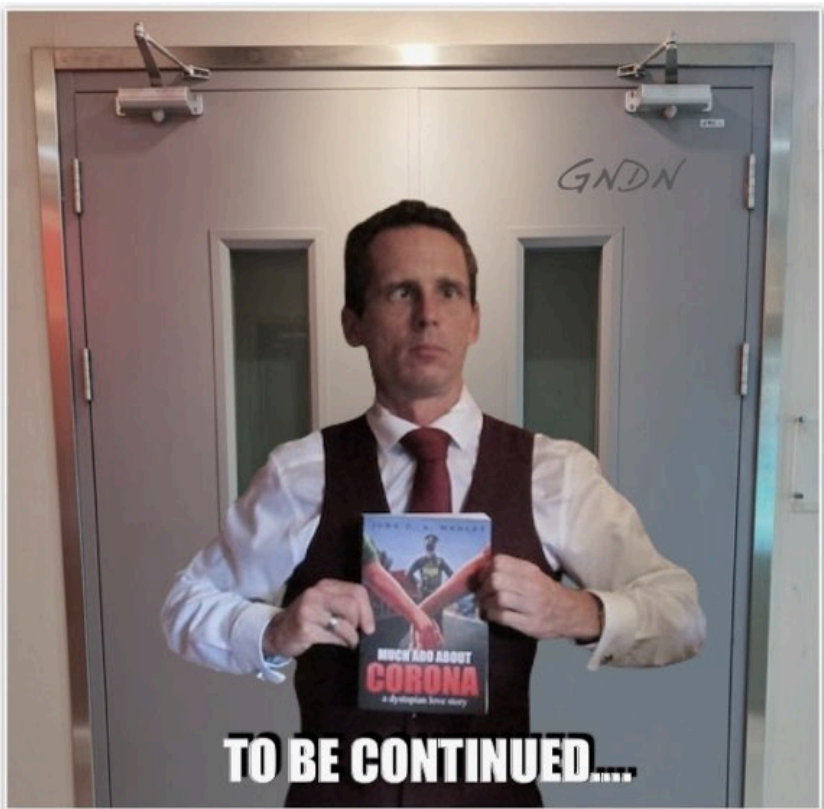
“Come now,” said Fauci. “You’re not afraid of needles, are you?”

I turned around to face the madman. He was now walking slowly towards me, aiming the oversized needle at my chest like a rifle.

“This syringe,” said Fauci, “contains four doses of the Pfizer shot. Eight doses of the Moderna. And twelve doses of the banned AstraZeneca shot. Plus, I thought you wouldn’t mind testing out our forthcoming bird flu vaccine.”

“Don’t come any closer,” I warned, holding my novel before me like a shield.

“Don’t worry,” said Fauci with a chuckle. “It’s safe and effective. You can trust me. After all, *I’m science fiction himself.*”



## PART THREE

Less than ten feet away, Dr. Anthony Fauci was approaching, armed with a needle the size of an AK47, loaded with a cocktail of mRNA clot shots potent enough to boost an elephant to kingdom come. The only protection I had was a hardcover copy of my novel, *Much Ado About Corona*, which I held like a shield over my heart. Behind me, thick, metal fire doors had been locked from the outside, trapping me in the basement of the NIH's Hubert H. Humphrey building with America's most trusted doctor.

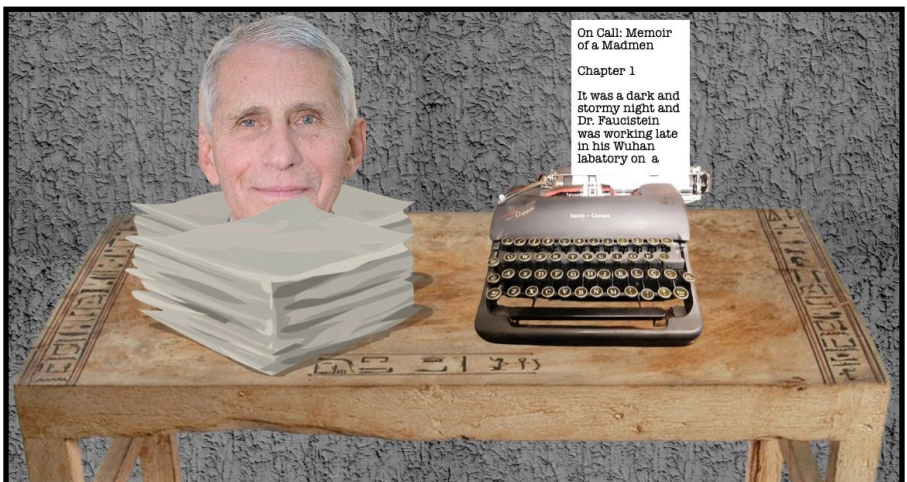
“Now, Mr. Manley,” said Fauci. “If you do suffer any adverse reactions — such as sudden and painful death — I will be sure to report them to the VAERS database. Cross my heart and hope... to... die.”

He lunged with the massive needle as I reached for a broomstick and swung it at his head — which popped off and flew through the air, landing on the pile of rejection letters beside his 1984 Corona typewriter. The hole it left in his neck revealed not blood and gore but wires and gears.

“You're a robot!”

The decapitated body was still standing, aiming the massive needle at my chest while his head, on the desk, spoke:

“I much prefer the term android — robots aren't nearly as brilliant.”



“But just as heartless,” I countered. “You’ve killed millions of people.”

“So what’s one more?”

His headless body made another jab with the massive needle. I deflected its tip with my novel while kicking the Faucibot in the kneecaps, sending it toppling to the ground. Leaping over the thing, I ran past his laughing head on the desk.

“There’s nowhere to run,” he called out. “We’re all in this together.”

Sprinting around the boiler, I spotted another door. This one was old, covered with dust and grime.

“Don’t even think of it,” warned Fauci’s head. “That door goes nowhere, does nothing.”

I ignored him, turned the knob and swung it open.

What I saw left me breathless.

The doorway revealed a massive chamber the size of a football stadium, but perfectly round. Its domed ceiling canopied a vast chasm descending so far into the earth that I could see no end to it. Crossing the gulf were two bridges: one extended from the door I stood at to another door on the opposite wall; while the second bridge crossed at a right angle connecting from two other doors. The two bridges met in the exact middle of the chamber — which is exactly where I ran.

Neither of the metal bridges had a railing and I’m not fond of heights. Despite being two stories underneath the earth, the drop below the bridge made me feel as if I was suspended thousands of feet in the air.

Which way to go? I asked myself. Not down, that’s for sure.

I spun in a circle, examining the three other doors. All of them were marked the same, GNDN.

“Really, Mr. Manley,” said the voice of Fauci from behind me. “Your phobia of needles is quite unmanly.”

I turned to see the Faucibot marching along the bridge, holding his head under his left arm and the AK47 needle in the right.

Taking a deep breath, I realized one of us was going over the edge. All I needed to do was give him a good roundhouse kick to the side

and he'd be plummeting into the depths of hell where he belonged. So far, self-defence didn't seem to be part of his programming.

*Once he's taken care of, I can figure out how to get out of this madhouse.*

With that thought I heard the door behind me, at the other end of the bridge I had traversed, swing open.

"Klaus!" said Fauci. "How nice of you to join us."

I turned around to see the balding countenance of Klaus Schwab step onto the bridge, wearing a black suit and armed with two oversized vaccine needles.

"You vill own notzing," he began in his thick German accent, "and be vaccinated."

"What about the part about being happy?" I asked.

"Yah, dat too."

*Bang! Bang!* The doors to my left and right swung open, revealing Bill Gates and Joe Biden, both brandishing clot shotguns.

"Are you guys robots, too?" I called out across the wide expanse.

Gates spoke up first. "Yeah, well, listen, we prefer the term androids. That's, uh, what we identify as."

"That's right," added Biden, "I'm making an executive order to add another A for android to LGBTQQIP2SAA... A!"

"Listen," I said. "I have a green belt in karate. Or, I had. Back in 1996. Still, if any of you come any closer you're going down." I gestured over the bridge. "Way down."

"But you're outnumbered," Fauci proclaimed.

"By four geriatric robots," I shot back.

"I don't think he can count," said Biden. "Not that I'm one to talk."

Suddenly, from all four doors, duplicates of all four men began marching onto the bridges. Not just one clone each, but at least fifty — all with different earlobes. I was suddenly outnumbered 1 to 200.

"Mr. Manley," said the voice of the fifty Faucis behind me. "It doesn't have to end this way." I turned to face him, still clutching my novel to my chest — not as protection, but for a sense of sanity (and shameless promotion opportunity).

“You’re a great writer,” continued Fauci. “You don’t even use AI to help you write your novels. With your talent and my lies, we can spread such science fiction and propagandize the whole world.”

“I’d never help you,” I yelled back.

“Hey,” cut in Gates. “If you help out my pal Fauci, I’ll make sure you get a fake vaccine passport, so you won’t need to get the shot to leave your home.”

“Never!” I said. “I’d rather have a myocardial infraction.”

Of course, I realized, there was another option. I glanced down into the fathomless drop below our criss-crossing bridges and felt utter terror. One of my brothers was a skydiver, the other bungee jumped into some crazy deep canyon in Australia, while I never even liked living in my second-floor apartment. But don’t all great stories end with the protagonist having to face his greatest fear?

Clutching my book, proud to have written it before I died, I stepped off the side of the bridge.

From above, I could hear all the Fauci clones say in unison, “Gosh, dang it. Not again.”

As I plummeted into the darkness, I gazed up at the cross of the bridges meeting under the illuminated dome.

“Oh, vell,” said the Schwabots. “Ve didn’t really think he was going to be happy about it, anyway.”

My terror quickly melted away as I suddenly understood why they called it free fall. Gravity was no longer pressing me against the earth. I would die truly free. Unless, of course, this pit led to hell itself. Would I be meeting the demons that spawned the National Institute of Health and its dark agendas?

With that frightening thought, I realized my descent was beginning to slow — as if gravity was losing its grip on me. The air was also becoming thinner. I inhaled deeply but felt like I was atop a mountain, not descending into the depths of the earth.

Above, I could no longer see the dome or bridges — just darkness. But glancing down, I could now make out pinpoints of white light.

A moment later, with a sudden “popping” sound that almost split my eardrums, I found myself floating in star-speckled blackness.

Gazing up, however, I could see a hole in the bottom of what looked like a massive island floating in space.

No way, I thought. The earth... *it's flat*.

The king of all conspiracy theories was real. And I would die knowing the truth. A sense of peace and satisfaction filled my mind, heart and soul as suffocation and a deathly cold embraced my body.

When I opened my eyes, I found myself lying on a cot in the middle of a small, round room. There were no visible light fixtures in the well-lit room, although the walls themselves seemed to glow white.

Was this heaven?

“We almost didn’t get to you in time,” said a voice with a slight South African accent that I recognized at once.

“Elon Musk?”

I lifted my head to see his green-blue eyes staring down at me from his six-foot-one stature.

He nodded and smiled broadly. “Another minute and you’d have been Xed.”

Musk was wearing a black uniform with the SpaceX logo. Behind him, through a porthole in the wall, I could see stars and the sun.

“Don’t worry,” he said, “we’ll have you topside in under an hour.”

“I’m on a spaceship,” I whispered.

“Yes, sir,” replied Musk. “And this isn’t my first rescue mission. Fauci did the same thing to Trump when he took office. Boy, that was funny. The whole time Donald plummeted down the chasm he was yelling up at Fauci, ‘*You’re fired!*’”

While Musk chuckled, I stared through the porthole. We appeared to be rising over the edge of what looked like a giant, circular island floating in the vastness of space.

“The earth,” I said. “*It’s flat!*”

“Yeah,” Musk countered, looking through the thick glass, “you could say we’ve finally flattened the curve.” Turning back to me, he added, “Don’t Tweet about it, okay?”

I didn’t promise but felt I owed him something:

“I don’t know if you’re a human, cyborg or robot. Whether you’re good, bad or crazy. But I think I owe you a big thank you for saving my life. You’re already rich, and I’m a starving writer, so I can’t offer you any money. But is there anything I can do to repay you?”

“Sure is,” said Musk, lifting up my copy of *Much Ado About Corona*. “I loved this book, but it ends on a cliffhanger. Promise me you’ll publish the sequel soon. I want to know how the hell you’re going to get Vince out of a maximum security prison, what Captain D’s plan is and whether AJ survived.”

“Deal,” I promised.

Overwhelmed, exhausted and possibly drugged, I found I couldn’t keep my eyes open.

When they reopened I found myself lying on the exercise mat in my writing studio. Standing slowly, I looked out the window. The eastern sky was just beginning to glow with pre-dawn twilight. High above the rooftops hovered a saucer-shaped craft. I nodded at it, and, as if in acknowledgement, it suddenly shot out of view.

“Well,” I said out loud to myself, “I guess that proves I didn’t dream this all up.”

“You bet you didn’t,” said the voice of Fauci.

I spun around to find his robotic head perched on top of my bookshelf.

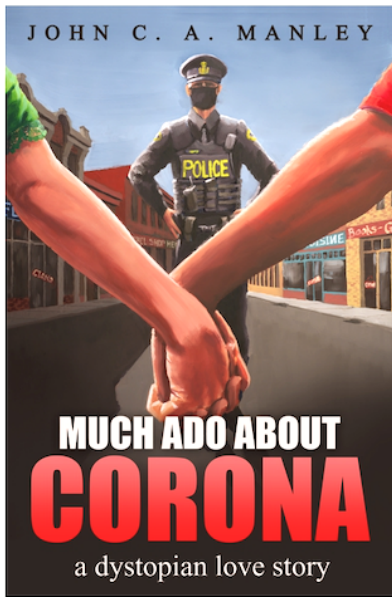
“Don’t worry,” he said. “I’m unarmed. Literally.”

“What...?” I managed to say. “Why?”

“Musk left me here to make sure you finish the sequel to *Much Ado About Corona*.” He grinned. “I’m your new AI editor!”

“Like hell you are.”

I grabbed my son’s gym bag, dumped Fauci’s silicone head into it and headed for the bowling alley.



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# “Beyond brilliant!”

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On June 3, 2024, Dr. Anthony Fauci testified (mainly lies and half-truths) before the House Oversight and Accountability Committee Select Subcommittee on the Coronavirus Pandemic. In his testimonial, Fauci accidentally left a clue that would help explain the psychotic behaviour he has displayed since becoming head of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases in the Orwellian year of 1984.

Soon after his hearing, John C.A. Manley emailed Fauci, letting him know he knew his secret. Fauci immediately responded, insisting they meet in the basement of the NIH's Hubert H. Humphrey Building.

The interview disclosed in these pages reveals how Fauci's failed career as a science fiction writer provided the fodder for deceiving billions of people with his apocalyptic pandemic story-telling. Hold onto your tinfoil hat for the cinematic conclusion where Manley unearths a colossal conspiracy in the laugh-out-loud ending.

Readers are calling *Dr. Science Fiction Himself* "an absolutely amazing story," "a great piece of satire," "a genius idea" and "simply excellent." Dr. Anthony Fauci, however, hasn't bothered to comment.

John C. A. Manley is the author of *Much Ado About Corona: A Dystopian Love Story*, *All the Humans are Sleeping* and other forthcoming works of philosophical fiction. You can get free samples of his fiction, behind-the-scenes stories and exclusive interviews by becoming a subscriber to his Blazing Pine Cone email newsletter at: [BlazingPineCone.com/subscribe](https://BlazingPineCone.com/subscribe)

