

THE CHOICE

A SHORT STORY

BY

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“Well this is a strange looking police cell,” muttered Jasper Conran after opening his eyes and looking around the small room that he now found himself laying within.

Slowly he sat up on the small, clean single bed and he then gingerly touched the lump on his forehead, yes it was sore and the swelling was quite large.

“That fucking copper gave me quite a wallop,” he mused while looking around the room, “still gives me a reason to sue them I suppose”

The room Jasper found himself in was small at just over ten feet square and each wall was plain white in colour. The only furniture in the room was the bed he was sitting on and a single wooden chair. There was a single light in the centre of the ceiling and the floor was covered in white tiles.

Also there was no window and in front of him was a single wooden door, this he presumed would be locked. This was not his first time in a police cell.

“Nice room,” said Jasper out load, “okay then you jokers I am awake now so what do you say we get this finished eh? Charge me with something and then let me go, what do you say?”

Quietly he then waited for a response but none was coming, all Jasper could hear was a roaring silence both inside and out of the room.

“Come on then you sad wankers,” he eventually continued “what do you say then, let’s get this over with, bloody charge me and let me go. What do you say?”

Again he waited and again there was no initial response. Jasper was about to actually believe he really was alone when after a further ten minutes the door finally opened. The first thing that surprised Jasper was the fact that the door appeared to have been unlocked all of the time, the second thing was the person who walked into the room.

“What the fuck are you doing here?” he muttered in shock

Steven Conran smiled at his younger brother as he stepped into the room and closed the door behind him. At thirty years old he was three years senior to his sibling and by far the more sensible of the pair. In appearance they did look quite similar a just over six feet with slim, muscular builds and light brown hair. But that is where the similarities ended.

Jasper was unemployed and had achieved very little in education or work experience. His hair was long and unkempt and he was dressed in dirty jeans, top and old trainers. He was also unmarried and he had seen neither of his children for just over two years.

Steven by contrast was dressed in a well pressed black suit and he hair was shorter and much tidier. He was employed as a civil servant for the British government and was married with two young children. He had always been the proud son while his younger brother had always been the annoying rebel.

“Hello Jasper,” smiled Steven “how are you feeling, nice lump you have there?”

Jasper felt the bruise on his forehead again before responding.

“Bit sore,” he muttered “but good enough for a case of pig brutality and some compensation”

Steven grinned as he sat on the chair and looked back at his brother.

“Jasper I have seen the video footage, the baseball bat you were hitting out with would say otherwise so please do not be silly, every time you try and sue the police you lose”

“You have seen that footage,” responded an even more surprised Jasper “so what department is it you actually work for?”

Steven ignored the question and stared straight into his brothers eyes.

“I suppose you are wondering why you are here and not in a standard filthy, vomit stained police cell?”

“The thought had crossed my mind,” shrugged Jasper

“It’s quite simple brother, I asked for you to be bought here”

Jasper blinked in surprise, so just for whom did his brother really work? How much sway did he have in the corridors of power?

“So you have that sort of clout,” he then asked, “so who do you work for?”

“Let’s just say the department I work for transcends many governments around the world”

“You mean the people who are responsible for this covid myth and pandemic lies”

Steven sighed, his brother had spent all of his life fighting one anti-establishment cause after another. The covid protests were simply the latest in a lengthy line of causes he had joined, battled for until boredom struck and then he moved on. What Jasper did not know yet was that this was likely to be his final cause.

“So you still stick to that worn out old rhetoric do you,” he responded

“Off course I do, because it is true, also what sort of police cell is this anyway?”

“This is no police cell brother. This is a plain, simple sound proofed room in a plain and simple sounded proofed flat somewhere in the centre of noisy old London. We are the only two people in this entire building. Also what you believe to be true is in fact only half true”

Jasper did not respond, all he could do was gaze at his brother. For three years now he had argued with him about the realities of the pandemic and the inoculation. Jasper had always claimed the virus was not a real killer that the government claimed and the vaccine was nothing more than a mind control drug with microscopic 5G nano-robots included.

His brother had always denied these claims of course and they had argued on the subject regularly over the past couple of years. Now, here in this room Steven had just said his brother was in fact half right. The question was which half?

“So what are you saying,” he responded, “that the virus is real or the mind control theory is false?”

Steven considered his response for a moment. He had bought his brother here in an attempt to save his life, the only way to do that was now to provide Jasper with the full truth here and now.

“The virus is real Jasper, it was conceived just under twenty-five years ago by a group of governments who currently control over ninety-percent of the global power. Since then every incoming prime minister and president would have known about the virus and its intended usage. None of them have said anything, no single leader has enjoyed any real power for over fifty years now. They are all puppets to a higher order, as we all in fact are. Had any of them objected or attempted to go public with the facts then assassination would have been the end game for them”

“So why was covid released recently then, what changed?”

“Have you noticed how unstable and dangerous the world has become in the last thirty years?”

Jasper nodded, this was a fact he could not deny.

“Just look at the problems we now face,” continued Steven “first we have the issues will religion fading as a global force. The fact is all religions are slowly but surely dying out. Their follower numbers are declining and the only way religions can continue to enslave vast pockets of the population is by force, fear and brutality”

He paused for moment to allow this to sink in, there was no argument on this matter from his brother and so Steven continued.

“Then we have the problem with climate change and the fact that any time soon the real truth will leak out”

“What truth,” countered Jasper “we all know it is down to the carbon emissions we throw into the atmosphere?”

“While it is true,” nodded Steven “that we as a race do chuck out a lot of carbon every year these amounts are dwarfed by the total amount the planet has been throwing out over the past fifty or so years”

“From what?”

“Mostly undersea volcanoes around the Pacific rim. Research in that area has revealed thousands of active volcanoes deep in the ocean pouring out vast amounts of carbon dioxide, far more than we believed five years ago and over eighty per cent more than all human activity combined”

“This has been kept very quiet, why?”

“First it is a series of very recent discoveries, the facts are only just beginning to be understood. Second we need to understand why, there is enough fake news out there poisoning people’s minds as it is. Also, once this information is in the public domain a lot of climate activists will be extremely upset and out looking for new jobs and people to blame”

“So why is this being hidden now, surely the people have the right to the truth?”

“Yes they do, but not until we know enough about the truth to give the people factual information and not a pile of guess work. The hydrogen bomb tests in the fifties and sixties may have played a part but research is ongoing. As I just said brother there is already enough fake news out there to get people excited. Did you know that over ninety-five percent of the so called news on the internet is fake, all it does is distort the truth and make millions of people very angry and very ill-informed?”

“So who decides when this will be released? A small group of middle-aged elite white men I suppose”

“Oh no,” responded Steven “the committee is a good mix of all colours and races. Also just under half of them are women, take my word for it this is a very global concern”

Jasper looked down at the floor and shook his head in dismay.

“You said I was only half right, so is it my belief that the vaccine is a mind control drug in anyway close to the real truth?”

Steven looked carefully into his brother’s eyes, he could see the seeds of doubt had now well and truly taken seed, he decided it was now time for the complete truth.

“It is not a mind control drug in the way you think,” he began “more like a calming agent if you like”

“So, what does that mean”

“Like I said just now, there are a lot of angry people out there and their number is growing. People like your current collection of friends, people who always believe fake news and use that as an excuse to riot, loot, shoot police and piss off the law abiding majority on this planet. Those who have taken the vaccine will be easier to keep calm and pacify when the next pile of crap hits the fan. Those who have not will no longer be a worry, you see paranoia runs deep in their minds and that will be their ultimate undoing”

“What, so what do you mean by that comment?”

“As you are aware every major virus can mutate, covid 19 is no exception and the latest mutation will be released globally tomorrow”

“Released, by who?”

“By the people who really run this planet and before you make another statement about them being privileged white men you should know that only forty percent are white and forty-five percent are women. As I have already stated this is a true global concern that represents all colours, races and genders”

“But not religion?”

“Religion is irrelevant in the modern world you know that, it is a dying animal savagely kicking out in fear while dying on the ground”

“So just how bad will this new strain be then?”

“Those who are fully vaccinated and boosted will be fine. This who have received their first jab or second jab will be ill for a few days but most will survive. All of those without any vaccine will die within two days of getting the virus”

“What do you mean, all of those without the vaccine. What about all of the children under the age of twelve? Our own government have not inoculated a lot of them yet because of the supposed low risks, will they die also?”

“Please remember brother that this has all been in the planning and development stages for nearly twenty-five years. All those governments that actually gave a crap about their populations have been quietly inoculating their kids for fifteen years as part of their standard inoculation programs. This is why there was never any rush to get them jabbed in this country. There was never any real need, most have been protected since birth”

“And those who did not have the luxury of caring leaders, what happens to those millions of poor, innocent children?”

“Sadly, the vast majority will die”

“How do you feel about that?”

“Sad,” confessed Steven “but then again there is nothing I can do about it is there, I am just one person? Remember I have two kids of my own, kids who invite you to their birthday parties but you never turn up”

Jasper looked sadly at his brother. Despite all of their differences he was still his sibling and he could not help but love him as well as pity him. Also Jasper was not stupid and he had to admit he was forced to agree with him, what could one man have done in the grand scheme of things?

“So what you are saying,” he responded “is that in a couple of days I will be dead”

“That is entirely up to you brother,” replied Steven as he stood up and took a plastic container from his inner suit pocket and walked up to his brother.

“This is a single jab inoculation,” he continued as he placed the container on the bed “if you take it soon then you will live a long life”

Jasper looked at the container and then up at his brother.

“A single jab vaccine, so how long as that existed?”

“Years,” shrugged Steven “but we could never admit to its existence now could we. I must confess we were all very impressed with the speed with which the pharmaceutical companies actually produced their own versions, as a race it is amazing what we can achieve when properly motivated. The human instinct for survival will ultimately save us as a species”

“And you want me to take this even though millions of people are about to die?”

“Yes,” Steven nodded “you are my brother and I love you, I want you to live and remain part of the family. I want you to eventually fall in love, have children of your own and grow old a happy, family man”

Tears appeared in Jaspers eyes but he did not speak.

“We predict that without the pandemic and the vaccine then the world would descend into chaos and anarchy within ten years. Our best predictions show fifty per-cent of the global population dead and another forty in slavery. This way, with the immunization we predict twenty two per-cent dead and the rest alive, healthy and free. Which would you prefer brother?”

“That is a lot of dead people and a lot in slavery,” sighed Jasper “no doubt white Europeans will be in charge of the slaves again”

“Probably not bother. What people tend to forget these days is that slavery has been about since the dawn of man and it still persists today in certain parts of the planet. The slave trade you are thinking about only lasted a short time when placed against the true history of

slavery, shameful though it was in the terms of human misery it is a small proportion. So again I ask, which would you prefer brother?"

"Of course I would agree with your choice," sobbed Jasper "but it is the fact your people can actually make that choice for the rest of the human population, that just seems so wrong to me"

"So who should make it? Yes I am sure many people would claim we are playing at being gods and deciding who lives and who dies. The trouble is brother if we did not then who would. The alternative would be billions dead and millions enslaved"

"Yes I know but what about those who will still die, who decided their fate? Who has that right?"

Steven walked back to the chair and sat himself back down.

"All I can say is that it was not us. Every government was offered in on this venture, quite a few sad no. Some of those sad no because of fear and mistrust, for others it was their own corruption and greed. You see some leaders simply do not care about their own people. Ultimate power and greed is all they desire. Also in countries like ours, people like you who refuse to accept the danger, your choices are down to mis-information, lies and fake news but in the end it is your decision Jasper"

Steven then stood back up and walked to the door.

"I was allowed to bring you here as an indulgence because of my years of challenging work and loyalty to the cause. The decisive step you must take alone and of your own free will. Please think it over very carefully Jasper. This flat is empty, you have all day but remember it all starts tomorrow so make your choice by tonight and please make the right decision"

Steven then smiled at his brother and left the room.

For at least thirty minutes Jasper did not move, he simply sat on the bed staring at the door. Then he looked at the plastic container which he then opened and removed the syringe from inside. With this now in his hand he stared at the clear liquid inside.

So what now? With tears flowing from his eyes he considered the options. Betray his friends and his cause, take the injection and live or let down his brother and die. Two hours later the choice was made.