

COVID VENTILATOR KILLING – A PERSONAL STORY

By Peter Koenig

Global Research, December 27, 2020

This is a personal story. Actually, a story told to me by a very close friend, so close that I asked him whether he would allow me to personalize his story and publish it – because it was important for the world to know.

So, this is like an open letter about a personal drama, of which there are myriad of similar ones across the continents. A warning to what might happen to innocently trusting people – a warning, not to blindly trust authorities, nor the official covid-narrative and covid-science. Both may have a higher agenda than what you know and what they let you know. That much should already be clear from the constantly changing uncoordinated chaotic lockdowns, semi-lockdowns, border crossing allowed – not allowed, exceptions ... and so on.

This happened somewhere in Europe. This very personal friend told me not to divulge names and locations – which I will respect. They are not important. This is the story of his brother. Some four weeks ago, he apparently felt unwell, stayed in bed, and as the unwellness continued and got worse, he wanted to go to the hospital. He was adamant. He refused his wife's offer to drive him there, but called an ambulance. His condition was well enough, so that he himself on his own feet, entered the ambulance – not on a stretcher.

By covid-ambulance standards nobody was allowed to accompany him. So, he went alone, took decisions alone, and there are really no witnesses. My friend said, his brother was a true believer in authority, in his government, in the official science and in the official covid-narrative of the mainstream media. He added, we just have to go by what he told his wife and their son in his last phone call before being put into a coma and intubated into a deadly ventilator. And we also have the doctors' side of the story which is pretty similar to what his brother told his family. His brother apparently left home in an anxious hurry to the clinic – leaving things behind at home, as if he were to go shopping and return in a few hours.

When my friend's brother got to the hospital, they apparently asked him about breathing. He said he had some shortness of breath (who wouldn't? Anxiety is known to sometimes knock people out; lowered breathing capacity is normal).

They measured his blood-oxygen level – it was apparently 91 – normal is 95-100. So, it was below normal but not so bad.

The doctors told my friend's brother, it was a good thing he came now. The next day may have been too late, as he may have had already brain damage, not getting enough oxygen to his brain. That's what he told his wife. That's what the doctor who received him at the clinic also confirmed later, when he talked to my friend's brother's wife and son.

Author's observation: According to "Science", Covid-19 infected patients had at times extremely low blood-oxygen levels, or hypoxia.

Blood-oxygen saturation could be as low as in the 70s, 60s, or 50s. Or even lower. See

<https://www.sciencemag.org/news/2020/04/why-don-t-some-coronavirus-patients-sense-their-alarmingly-low-oxygen-levels> .

Of course, they then need treatment. But no brain damage had been reported due to temporary low blood-oxygen saturation.

With more fear instilled, my friend's brother let himself be intubated, induced into an artificial coma – hooked up for the rest of his life to a ventilator – they are deadly.

Nobody told him about the risks, that during the first wave in Italy and NYC – and many more places around the world, 70%-80% of patients on ventilators did not survive. (*author's note:* this percentage may now have come down to about 50%), that even if he would survive there was a chance that his lungs would never recover their full strength to provide enough oxygen, and that he might have to be hooked up to – and walk around – with an oxygen tank. None of this was told to him.

After my friend's brother was on, what is often called, the "death-machine", his wife and / or his son got only daily reports by telephone. My friend told me that they, his wife and son, met physically with a "chief" medical doctor only twice. My friend's brother could be visited 3 times a week by either his wife or his son, not both. They had to decide who would go – they decided for his wife. His son saw his dad only once, at the beginning. Why this drastic covid rule, nobody could explain. What difference does it make to the covid virus, whether both visit their husband and father?

My friend was a bit upset:

"It's all so hysterical and wrong – what the government and the medical dictatorship impose is inhuman and has nothing to do with protecting the citizenry".

And then he added, as in a spiritual reflection – *"But I hold no grudges, my brother is gone, won't come back. These people are sick and one day they will have to face their own conscience."*

Chapeau! What a grandiose statement. What a generous and awakened mindset. And he meant it; I could tell from his facial expression.

My friend added, kind of tongue in cheek, but meaning it: *"I'm not even sure whether they tested him for covid, before intubating him. Shouldn't that tell you that there is something wrong?"*

Seeing a loved person under such helpless conditions – not able to talk, not able to understand – deep asleep, and hooked up to a breathing machine, to tubes and ticking instruments, disguised in isolating and protecting plastic gear – just a horrible experience.

My friend's brother's situation didn't improve. But they – the doctors – kept “hoping” – that he might react and get better.

Author's remarks:

My suspicion is that they knew all along that their patient, my friend's brother, would not wake up; a “death” more for the statistics. And of course, 30 days on a ventilator in an Intensive Care Unit (ICU) – imagine the cost; recovering the losses from the first “wave” earlier this year, when they had to leave the beds empty for covid patients that never showed up...

This European country, like many others, is apparently awash in ventilators. First, they had to import them, then they produced them at home or elsewhere under license, and now they have to amortize them.

The death rate of hospitals correlates with the frequency with which they use ventilators, pretty similar to what happened in Italy and New York during the “first wave” from March to May 2020.

With his eyes lost in sorrow, my friend continued –

“So, yesterday morning (21 December 2020) came the sad-sad news that my brother ‘didn't make it’ — a healthy person, no co-morbidities. It may have been the flu, or even if it was covid, there was no reason whatsoever to go to the hospital and even less so to get himself into more fear and intubated – with the ventilator killing-machine.” My friend added – lost in thoughts – “It is as if my brother committed suicide for fear.”

“His wife couldn't even see the body anymore before he was to be cremated. Covid dictatorship, I guess.” My friend was clearly devastated.

Yes, we are moving very quickly towards a health-tyranny, where the people are oppressed ever more.

One new wave after another interspersed by a “new corona strain” – so no space to breathe between waves and new, more “dangerous covid mutations”, no time and occasions to get together and organize, isolation masks – police-enforced, even brutally enforced by riot police. Imagine!

Who would have thought a mere year ago – that we would all humbly submit to an invisible enemy, a virus – and wearing masks, social distancing and would be arrested, hand-cuffed and put in jail for resisting masking our faces – for not submitting to breathe our own CO₂, instead of the vital oxygen – for which, on the other hand, they put patients on deadly ventilators?

Absurdities no end. Throughout all Continents. But we accept it. Imagine, a herd of sheep, scared by the endlessly repeated screaming and yelling of “Wolf”, running towards an unknown dark abyss – from where there is no return.