



The Boston Marathon Bombing was a Hoax

by Noel Joshua Hadley

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FEAR. That is what you are supposed to be feeling right now. As a result of all those attacks, that is. Fear the reaper. Or else the demons will have to go elsewhere and find another feeding trough other than humans, and what a shame that would be. From here on out, I will try my best to be a respectable writer, avoiding all sarcasm. Such a task however will be truly difficult, knowing what I do. That the Boston Marathon bombing was the most amateurish of Intel hoaxes. It followed in the wake of Sandy Hook, and they could barely keep that mess together. But then the Boston Marathon bombing came along and it's like they weren't even trying anymore.

It truly is difficult looking back upon that botched event and concluding that anyone *in the know* took it seriously. That right there is a crying shame, considering how the **kabbalists** had spent so much time putting together an event that complimented their number game. It happened on **April 15th**, which just so happens to be the **105th day** of the year. Take out the *zero* and we have **15**. But then that leaves us with **260-days** remaining, and **Boston, Massachusetts equals 260**. **Boston Marathon Bombing equals 93**, and so does **propaganda**. The actual date 04/15/2013 can be added up as **4+15+20+13**, which *equals* **52**. Do you know what else adds up to

52? **Terrorist** does. See how this works? *Easy-peasy*, exposing these people. But I'm not through yet.

The incident was blamed on two young **Muslim** men, who were given the name the **Tsarnaev Brothers**. Well, **Tsarnaev equals 53**, just as **religion equals 53**. Their names pay tribute to **Freemasonry**. **Tamerlan Tsarnaev equals 58**, but then so does **Freemasonry**, **Secret Society**, and **Solomon's Temple**. The boys down at the Lodge love to leave their calling card, obviously.

His brother **Dzhokhar Tsarnaev equals 74**, just as **Masonic**, **Muhammad**, and **Lucifer equals 74**. Dzhokhar, being the younger of the two, was said to be born on 7/22/1993. **7+2+2+1+9+9+3 equals 33**, kind of like how **Massachusetts equals 33**.

Pythagorean Gematria (Reduction Gematria)	55 / 1
Boston Massachusetts	55 / 1
Reverse Simple English (also called Reverse Ordinal)	260 / 8
Boston Massachusetts	260 / 8

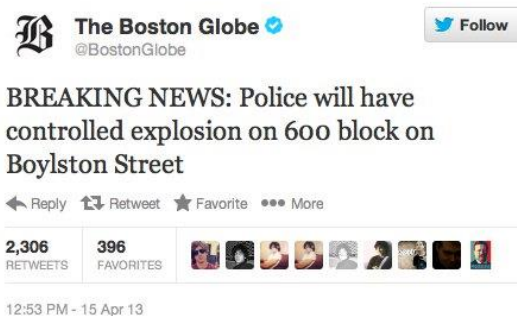
He was then sentenced to death on 5/15/2015. **5+15+20+15 equals 55**, and though we've already seen how **Boston, Massachusetts** adds up to 260 in a reverse cypher, it also adds up to **55**, according to Pythagorean Gematria. He would also be sentenced to death at a Colorado prison. You should know then that Colorado is not simply the **38th state**. **Colorado** and **death** both *equal* **38**.

As I was saying, the mathematics are everywhere, making the Boston Marathon bombing a doozy, as numerical ceremonies go. Such a shame to see so much potential going to waste. Because of the bombing being a botched event and put on by rookie hoaxers, that is. You'll see what I mean from here on out. Perhaps it more of a signpost as to how our Slave Masters think of us. The Boston Marathon bombing was sponsored by the same people who will have us look out upon a horizon which they call

sea level and then sell us on the surface of flat water being curved. *Ridiculous*. I wish I were making this stuff up. People have been buying it, hook line and sinker, for so long that they've simply given up trying.



The two bombs were detonated at 2:49 p.m., precisely 14 seconds apart, and yet **The Boston Globe** was tweeting about it nearly two hours beforehand. The message reads: "Officials: There will be a **controlled explosion** opposite the library within one minute as part of bomb squad activities." *Amazing*. I had absolutely no idea the killer was working for the Boston Globe. So cocky of him, letting everyone in on his plans. I hope they used this as evidence in court, to convict him of his crimes against humanity.



They even wrote to let us is on the BREAKING NEWS. That the Police would have a **controlled explosion on the 600 block of Boylston Street**. Therefore, you can't argue and say the first message was a fluke. Look,

when you know the police and the Media are in on it, well, then you know, and knowing is half the battle. No point in arguing and trying to convince them otherwise, since they were obviously in on it. Were the Zionists in on it too?



And then we read this. "BREAKING NEWS: Multiple people injured near the Boston Marathon finish line **after explosion.**" It's so nice of The Boston Globe to keep us posted on that controlled explosion exercise, wouldn't you agree?



You will probably spend the rest of this essay arguing how the police and the Media really were planning a controlled explosion, except that the killer foiled their plans by bringing in the real thing. Well then, if that's the

case, I hope you are prepared to jump through fiery hoops and play the xylophone like a barking seal. You will need excuse after excuse after excuse after excuse to make the official narrative work, starting with an explanation on the science of shadows.



Take another look at the photo used for the Newspaper cover. The shadows don't line up right. Tell me how that's humanly possible. There is only one light source present, the sun. In all my life, I have never observed anything like this except in doctored photos. Either that's Peter Pan grown up and in a cop costume or we might as well throw away everything we've come to learn about sun dials. The Boston Globe simply couldn't help themselves. After gaslighting their own readers with the controlled explosion Tweets, their very first image was photoshopped. Not surprising, since deception is literally in their title. **Globe.**

MEMA conducted mock drill involving bomb at marathon in 2012

Expand



April 24, 2013 at 5:19 pm EDT

On April 24, a week after the bombing, Boston 25 News dropped another peculiar story, with a headline reading: “**MEMA conducted mock drill involving bomb at marathon in 2012.**” What makes their admission particularly confusing is that the cover picture involves footage of the Boston Marathon bombing from 2013, not 2012. Are they expecting us to make a connection between the two, *or worse*, are we witnessing a Freudian slip?

By the way, MEMA is an acronym for Massachusetts Emergency Management Agency. On their website, their self-stated purpose is to “ensure that the state is prepared to withstand, respond to and recover from all types of emergencies and disasters.” Do a little digging and you’ll come to find that the FBI, Department of Homeland Security, Massachusetts State Police, American Red Cross, ATF, and a host of other Government agencies were multitasking on this one. The same Newspaper article then states:

Officials with MEMA say the 2012 training session involved a mock scenario in which a bombing occurred at the finish line beneath a spectator grand stand.

In review, their 2012 training session involved a **mock scenario in which a bombing occurred at the finish line**. Well, that’s a self-fulfilling prophecy, if ever I’ve seen one. The killer must have been standing around among his FBI and DHS friends, taking notes, getting ready to turn their mock back upon them.

After the 2013 ~~mock~~ bombing, the **police foundation** published the *following report*. I won’t make you read the entire thing. You can if that’s your cup of tea. I did after all leave a link. Some of my readers are so

On April 15, 2013, 80 representatives from state and local law enforcement, fire services and EMS, the BAA, the Massachusetts Emergency Management Agency (MEMA), the Massachusetts Department of Public Health (MDPH), the Massachusetts National Guard (MANG), the American Red Cross (ARC), the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI), and the Department of Homeland Security (DHS) staffed the Multi-Agency Coordination Center (MACC) at MEMA Headquarters in Framingham. The purpose of the MACC was to coordinate public safety, public health and EMS activities across the jurisdictions, and provide situational awareness. In addition to the MACC, various state and local coordination and operations centers were also activated, including: the Massachusetts Department of Public Health (MDPH) Department Operations Center (DOC), the Boston Police Department’s (BPD) Law Enforcement Coordination Center (LECC), and the Boston Public Health Commission’s (BPHC) Medical Intelligence Center (MIC).²

thorough that they'll even scour the footnotes. They probably already stopped everything and are already caught up to speed. Meanwhile, I'm dropping the following passage for the rest of you. Try not to resist. It's for your own good.

Again, we find the **FBI** and **DHS** hanging around in Framingham with the MEMA gang in 2013. But then look at all the names involved. The purpose of the DOC is to provide coordination for emergency response among all local governments, and they're counted among the ranks. Even the National Guard was present and accounted for. What are the chances that the same Government agencies would be standing by in the same bunker one year after their last mock exercise? I'll let you figure that one out and answer the question for yourself, as I'm trying not to make this too obvious.

The very next paragraph of the *same* report reads:

At 2:49 p.m. the first of two bombs was detonated at 671 Boylston Street; the second bomb was detonated thirteen seconds later 180 yards up course at 755 Boylston Street. It was later determined that explosions were caused by homemade improvised explosive devices (IEDs) hidden in backpacks and placed on the ground level in these viewing areas just seconds before they were detonated. The explosions took the lives of three individuals and injured 264 spectators—many critically, with 16 survivors suffering traumatic amputations.

Did you get all of that? I won't be repeating every word for the sake of paper and the cost of ink. This doesn't read off like an investigative report. No, they're describing another one of their mock scenarios. It's all a game. Despite clever wording, they are under no obligation to correct your misreading of events though. The Boston Globe had already let their readers know that a controlled explosion was going down at the marathon, and in fact there are multiple reports that the Boston Police Department were going around on bullhorns, calling out: "This is a drill! This is a drill!" In other words, if you *still* believe the Boston Bombing really happened just because the Media "may or may not have been confused" and reported it on the television as the real thing, then that's your bad, not theirs.



Might as well delve right into it. Look how many people are covering their ears. That tells us the bomb must have just gone off. They haven't even had the time to react yet by dropping over to play dead, but already we have a man running through the crowd. The bomb has apparently shredded his shirt and pants. No blood though. Why are nobody else's clothes torn but his? The physics of bomb shrapnel must be extremely discriminatory in this case. Or perhaps he is simply the Incredible Hulk and having a bad day at the office, seeing as how he works for MEMA. In time, everyone else will follow his lead, their clothes will also begin to rip. I read in one article that the Feds did a clean sweep of Boston, seeking shredded pants guy out. I hope they found him and then sought the questions they were after, like how he managed to escape ground zero and a pressure cooker without a single cut or bruise.



Do you really need a detailed analysis of this photo? The blood isn't even the right color. Do you recognize corn syrup when you see it? The hooded man's jeans are ripped with no apparent injury, and even his shoes are clean. And then we have the worst abuser of this photo. The man with the missing legs. Both legs have been blown clean off. Nobody else lost any limbs but him. Take a good look at his kneecap and the bone protruding from it, as well as the rest of the photo, because we shall turn to the seconds leading up to this scene in a moment. You'll also want to notice who's missing. The black woman in a white shirt and red sweater.



But first, here is the *same* scene but from another angle. Where did all that blood come from? Nobody in the picture shows any visible wounds which might indicate they bled that out. The hooded man with the clean shoes seems to be leaning on his side and having a good time. Perhaps he is speaking with the director. The blond woman in a tattered shirt is sitting up looking around for stage directions. The make-up artist sure did spend some time combing his fingers through her hair and ruffling it up a bit. I see muddy legs and a shirt with holes in it, but where are the cuts? Seems like lots of people are waiting for their cue. Particularly the man with the cowboy hat, stage left. He's just standing there holding an American flag, waiting for his walk-on part. But then there is the black woman whom I mentioned earlier. She's shielding the man with the missing legs.



There she is being carted off in a stretcher, the black woman in the white shirt and red sweater. In any trauma situation, the amputee would receive immediate medical treatment or risk bleeding out. You will see for yourself soon enough, that they wheeled the amputee off in a chair. Why would they do that? If they had only one stretcher and one chair, then the woman looks perfectly capable of taking the alternative.



Within seconds after the blast, we can see all three players working in harmony. The hooded man, the black woman, and the amputee. Here is how it appears to have gone down. The moment of the bomb blast, the hooded man leans over the amputee and ensures that his prosthetic legs are secured in place. In the *first* picture we can observe him putting his glasses on, a very strange thing to do had this been an actual explosion. That was the signal that he was ready. In the *second* photo both he and the black woman are looking offstage to the director. Her hand is up, signaling that she too is ready. And finally, the amputee's hand goes up in the *third*. The stage is set. Bring in the photographers.



There's still far more to these images though. You've heard it said, a squeaky wheel receives the most grease, but that's not entirely true. Not for **Krystle Campbell**, at any rate. Campbell has been described for us as a 29-year-old restaurant manager, and can be seen grimacing with an open mouth, stage right. They tell us she died instantly, and as you can see, she's playing the part. Some have suggested Campbell was being overly dramatic in hopes of receiving her bruise, but that's unlikely, as she would have been assigned the mortal wound before the countdown clock.

Directly below Campbell, hunched in a position and undoubtedly prepared for the blast, is the woman in pink. In every picture that I can find, she was completely unharmed by the pressure cooker. Not even her clothing was torn. What she manages to do is give the entire game away as she walks about arrogantly with black gloves on, handing out vials of blood. Turn back a few pages to the photo of the hooded man in sunglasses, casually leaning on his side, and you will see her standing around, completely calm as she is speaking with someone.



There she is again. The woman in pink. Not a blemish on her as she strolls about the event. Even her hair is perfect. She has a name and it's **Suzanne Bump**. She's the **State Auditor for Massachusetts**. If you do a search on Bump she is never listed as having stood within ground zero of the bomb blast, but that's her, alright.



See what I mean? Suzanne Bump *confirmed*. Here's what we read about her.

Suzanne M. Bump, the 25th Auditor of the Commonwealth and the first woman to serve in this role, took office in 2011. She leads a 225-person workforce of auditors, fraud investigators, and researchers to improve government accountability and build trust in government.

Bump took office in 2011, becoming the 25th Auditor of the Commonwealth and the first woman in the role. Looks like she was bought and paid for from the very beginning. We then read how she leads

a 225-person workforce of auditors, fraud investigators, and researchers to improve government accountability and build trust in government. Did you get all that? What a joke. I would have choked on my biscotti, had I been chewing on one. Also, it's so very typical of an Orwellian, to speak in opposites.



His name was **Jeff Bauman**, by the way. The amputee. Never once do we see Bauman in shock, nor screaming in agony, as you would expect of anyone whose just been dismembered. This isn't exactly a paper cut we're looking at. It's not a migraine. Nor has he received a gunshot wound to the thigh. As a reminder, both of Bauman's legs were blown off during the explosion. And so, there are so many things wrong with this photo, I don't even know where to begin. At least the man in the cowboy hat has finally found something to do.

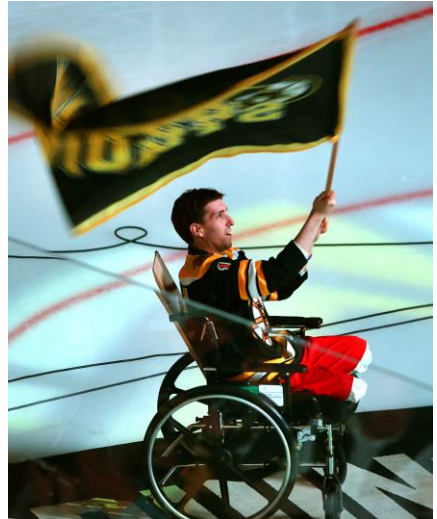
From this angle, the road is clearly visible behind Jeff Bauman, and there is no blood trail. There should be. Jeff Bauman should be bleeding out. Nearly seven minutes have passed since his legs were blown off. How is he still even conscious, much less alive? Standard protocol would have Jeff Bauman lay flat with an elevated leg to frustrate the blood flow, but here he is sitting up in a wheelchair.

Speaking of which, where exactly are they carting him, to the finish line? Let the man finish his race, I guess. Boston Medical Center was 1.5 miles away. Were they hoping to wheel him there the entire way? His tourniquet isn't even clamped on right. Mind you, he lost two legs rather than one. I see only one tourniquet, not two. Is it hidden behind his left leg? Let's have a look from another angle.



It is confirmed. Jeff Bauman only has one tourniquet tied on. His right leg is completely blown off and there's nothing to stop the blood flow. Why not keep *that* leg elevated then? Jeff Bauman and company only seem concerned with other leg.

There is a second tourniquet though. It can be found underneath the wheelchair, dragging between the wheels. Must have fallen off. Seems pointless to keep wheeling him on down the street then. If it were up to me, I'd stop and make a second attempt at the tourniquet, seeing as how Jeff Bauman was at risk of bleeding out, but what do I know? Oh look, there's a B.A.A. Physician. Perhaps she will evaluate the situation and help the man with his legs blown off, but probably not.



On May 4, 2013, less than three weeks after the bombing, Jeff Bauman wheeled himself out at the start of the Maple Leaf's vs. Bruins hockey game and his kneecaps were missing. Well, that's strange. In the moments after the bombing, he had kneecaps. But at the Bruins game he did not. What happened to them? Did he tell the doctor at the hospital to shave a little extra off? It's only **19 days** after the bombing too. Ideally, an amputated leg might heal in about four to eight weeks, not in two weeks and some change. That's not even taking into account the physical and emotional adjustment of losing a limb, which amounts to a much longer recovery schedule. We are expected to believe Jeff Bauman's recovery time is as miraculous as his ability to sit up consciously in a wheelchair and not bleed.



But then we stumble upon pictures such as *this* one. Did Jeff Bauman enlist in the United States Army after the Boston bombing? I didn't think the Military had a wheelchair unit, but I'm willing to be wrong about that. If I had to guess, then we are looking upon a picture of Jeff Bauman from before the Boston bombing incident. And look, no kneecaps. In the Army though, he didn't go by the name of Jeff Bauman. He was known as 2nd Lt. **Nick Vogt**. Clearly, Nick Vogt is Jeff Bauman's doppelganger. Incredibly difficult telling me otherwise.

Their mug is so similar that gatekeeping skills and Intel-bots were working overtime for a spell, spreading memes such as *this* one. The claim is that people were so desperate to say the Boston bombing was fake that they had to invent fake photos of Nick Vogt in his Army fatigues. That's a huge

mistake, because they're at least admitting that the facial recognition of Jeff Bauman and Nick Vogt is a match.



Are you seriously telling me conspiracy theorists have faked the identity of Nick Vogt is faked? The U.S. Army [website](#) claims otherwise. While leading a patrol through the streets of southern Kandahar, Afghanistan, 2nd Lt. Nick Vogt stepped on an IED and blew his legs clean off. The date was November 12, 2011. There are numerous articles devoted to Vogt before the Boston Bombing. If Nick Vogt is faked by conspiracy theorists, then who is the conspiracy theorist now? Don't get me wrong,

even the Afghanistan story might be faked. I couldn't say either way. The legless 2nd Lieutenant checks out though, as Media storytelling goes.

Ironically, it is a **Hollywood actor** who was publicized building a new home for Vogt and his family. Wouldn't you like to know who? **Gary Sinise**.



Well then, who is this woman? In case you're confused, we are back on Jeff Bauman again, and told he had a baby with his new girlfriend in July of 2014, a year after the Boston bombing.



How very strange, since the Media has Nick Vogt meeting his wife in June of 2013, some 2 months after the Boston bombing, as linear timelines go. We are told her name is **Lauren**. I was capable of tracking down only one picture of her in uniform. Name and rank, please. I am guessing by those bars that she's O3. Lieutenant Junior grade, if Navy. We've seen this time and again, and if I had to guess, then she's **Intel**.



Every time I study the photo of Jeff Bauman being raced offstage in a wheelchair; I find something new. I will challenge you to look up this image on your own. Go ahead. I'll wait. What did you find? Nearly every Media image crops the photo so that the fleshly opening cannot be seen. Why is that do you think? I'd say because this photo exposes the game. Those aren't arteries hanging out. They're wires. If I'm to take this scene as legitimate, then Jeff Bauman is more machine than man.



Even from the backside, the prosthetic stump is an obvious fake. Look closely. You can see a fold on the backside. Jeff Bauman lays there so calmly, waiting to be tended to. He should be screaming in agony. There are other oddities here as well. The woman in the foreground has a smudge of fake blood near to her ear but none whatsoever in her auburn hair. With all that blood on the bricks and the pavement, you figure she'd be lathered with it. She looks uncomfortable. Probably didn't want to get

herself too dirty. Why do I get the feeling that she dabs the blood on the same way that she typically applies perfume?

But then look *beyond* her. There is a pale woman lying down. She looks lifeless, though I checked, she is not mentioned among the casualty count. I've attempted to track her down in various photographs and it's always the same cold expression. No wound. No blood. Same lifelessness. *Mmm-hmm*, she's a mannequin.



And then there is the matter of the blood packet tucked into the cowboys' pants. He must have been wanting to keep Jeff Bauman alive. That must be it. Nothing to see here, I'm sure.



So nice of all these first responders to carry blood on them to a sporting event, just in case of an emergency. Because you never really know when somebody is going to need it.



And *now*, tell me what is wrong with this picture. A female medical professional is struggling with a leg splint while the wheelchair is still in motion. A real medical professional however would never do something like that. They look to be in a hurry, but it's not to get the man to safety. There are at least fourteen other people in this photo, wandering to and fro. A real medical professional would secure the leg splint first and then move him in the direction of the hospital.

With this many responders coolly strolling about the scene, how many minutes do you suppose have passed? Quite a few is my guess. The blood is still far too red. Nowhere on Boylston Street do we see any blood which has turned to a rusty brown color. FYI, that's a prosthetic wound on his face.



Back at the bomb blast, we initially observe the old woman in the red sweater and black coat with no blood on her face. But then follow along with what happens. The moment when she smears the blood upon her face is captured on film. Afterwards, as she is pictured in a chair being wheeled offstage, the fingerprint is unmistakable.

You will tell me it's because there was a wound on her hand, and naturally, the blood was transferred to her forehead and cheeks from her fingertips. Well then, look again. On either side, front or back, there was no wound nor blood on her hand after the bomb blast. The old man and the old woman are sitting in a pool of blood, but like everybody else, it's not their own. It is only afterwards, while the old woman in the red sweater and black coat is having her staring moment for the photographers, that the wound is pronounced upon her hand.



Wandering aimlessly up one direction or another on Boylston Street, **James Costello** went for the Hulk look with his shredded clothes and I see no visible wound. The raggedy pants are a bit much, no? Seems like this guy walked out of a bar brawl rather than a bomb. Somebody must have taken scissors to his shirt. If the Bomb did that rather than a pair of shears, then where's the blood? There should be blood. Am I to believe that shrapnel ripped through his button-up and then stopped short of his undershirt?

Ridiculous.

Costello can later be found with wounds on his right leg. We are told is it one month after the event, as linear timelines go, and that he is recovering at Spaulding Rehabilitation Hospital in Boston's Charlestown section. If the wound on his leg was *fresh* on April 15, then we should have seen blood. There was none. The bulk of his wounding however appears to be

above the ankle, and his pants weren't shredded there. Even his right leg looks scarred in this photo, just not on the day of the event. And lastly, where are the scars across his waistline?

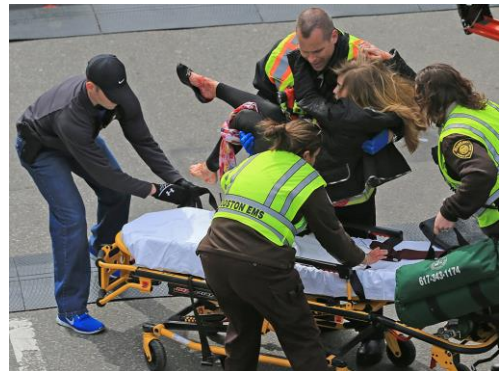


The trail of blood across the sidewalk, twirling in circles like a happy ballerina, is so amateurish as to be laughable. And then we have the young woman being tended to. There are various pictures of her and in everyone she is laying there so nicely, arms folded, lips slightly separated, almost like Snow White in her glass coffin. Wanted to look pretty on camera, for sure. Why a tourniquet is being tied around her right leg, we are not told. Seems like she was getting plenty of attention from the men though, because we I have counted as many as five men putting their hands on

her. No wonder why she has folded her arms across her breasts. Gotta let the guys know where they're expected to keep their dirty paws off.



This is getting ridiculous. Now the one dude is taking his red shirt off for her. Competition is intense, I suppose. Too many handsome princes arriving to play doctor. The woman's hands are still on her breasts while her suitors practice CPR. That's a lot of self-conscious talent, for being unconscious.



Here is a pretty woman being carted off by a handsome hero, but with more of the same dribble. Either that or she is struggling against her kidnapper. Wouldn't surprise me in the least, as she's lost a shoe, and nobody cares to retrieve it. The blood on her feet is amateurish like the rest of the blood we've seen and, like practically everyone else, she's wearing a loose tourniquet with no visible wound. Seriously, have you honed-in upon the cloth tied around her leg yet? I can't take my eyes off it. Simply adorable, what they pass off as the real thing in this princess movie.



The person being worked on by countless individuals is identified to us as **Ray Bowman**. Nobody can seem to figure out what is wrong with him. Probably because there's nothing wrong with him. For a tourniquet, they give a wool sweater the old college try, and when that obviously doesn't work, they try a t-shirt. What are they attempting to stop the flow of, exactly—reality?

Speaking of which, on the picture to the left there is no blood near Ray Bowman's shoulder, but then quite suddenly there is. I would say the woman in pink must have walked by to help decorate, but the old lady has

more of the finger paint on her hand and it just as well might be her. Perhaps they are FEMA friends. I have studied this picture for some time now and, if you look at the old ladies' pants, they're wet nearly from the kneecap down. I'm guessing there's one of them blood packs in there. It's dripping down her leg to the shoe and then making prints on the sidewalk. That's why she's standing there, pretending to be interested. To plant more blood to the crime scene. If that were a real injury, then how is she standing? Do tell.



More of Ray Bowman's antics. Looks like he's finally gotten into character, now that the EMT and a security official have arrived to cart him offstage. It's difficult knowing who I should hand an award to, but Ray Bowman rose to the aspiration of every crisis actor, putting on such a good performance that he received a visit in his hospital room from **Anderson Cooper**. Yes, there he is. Ray Bowman. With a cast on the leg which everyone was applying pressure to and elevating.





Can you tell me what is wrong with this picture? Surprisingly, it's not the woman in pink this time. You will have to utilize all your sleuth skills to find the issue. Look to the leg wound. Stage right. Do you see it? The pressure cooker opened the woman's calf, but in doing so, exposing who she really is. She too is a cyborg. Either that or we're dealing with the more obvious, which is another stage prop. There are wires hanging out of the wound.

None of the first responders seem concerned about all the fake injuries though. Especially the medical professional who is speaking to the boy in the red jersey, *center stage*. What is he saying to him? Hard to tell. I would very much like to know. Apparently, the medical professional hasn't figure it out yet, that he's conversing with a dummy. How embarrassing.

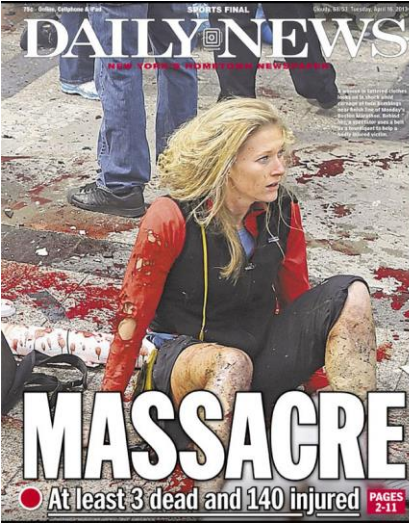


The same child can later be seen getting wheeled off the world stage. Look how one hand is clutching the arm of his chair, whereas the other is in the same clutching position but is hanging off. He's slouched down and his feet are practically dragging on the floor. Looks like a mannequin. But even if he isn't, there is no wound. Only a tourniquet. And who is the woman? That's not even his mother. Where are they carting him to, Macy's? The police officer is having too much fun,

even for a Media hoax such as this one.



Recognize the woman? We have seen her already helping two other people keep Ray Bowman's leg elevated. Apparently, she has decided to play the victim now, and with that a costume change, hoping nobody recognizes her. She has gone from black pants and a waistcoat to a blue sweater and shorts. Must have warmed up. Also, she's sporting a tourniquet. Seems the leg bandages were much to be desired, seeing as how the photographers were attracted to them. Anywho, there she is, getting ready for her trip to the hospital. Having a fun time, hmmm?

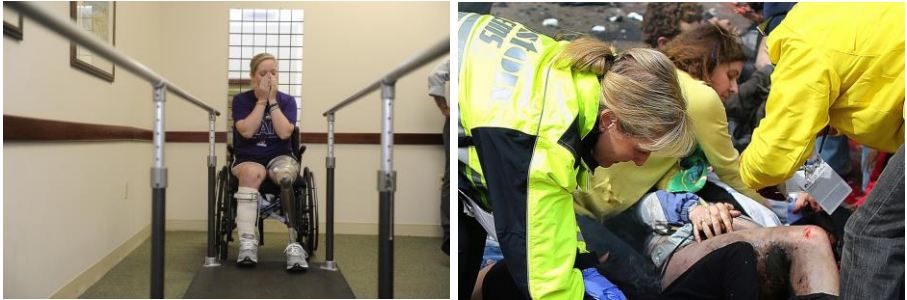


Tri-athlete **Nicole Brannock Gross** landed on at least two different magazine covers. She reportedly broke both her tibia and fibula on both legs and severed her Achilles tendon, and then sat there for 20 minutes with nobody attending to her while her husband was carted away.



In Gross' recovery photos, there is an easily identified scar on her inner left leg, about halfway between the ankle and kneecap. They make a point of showing it. And yet, her war wound is mysteriously missing from the Magazine cover photo. Obviously, it would have been fresh moments

after the bomb blast, but I can't find it. At least, not on the Magazine cover. I have seen what appears to be a wound from afar, but it doesn't line up with what is shown to us afterwards. And when it comes to her up-close portrait at the event, they have chosen to cover the wound with a white cloth. Why would photographers do that if the point was to real the MASSACRE and TERROR to a gullible audience?



Nicole's sister **Erika Brannock** was also said to have received an injury at the Boston Marathon, but hers was far worse. Brannock lost a leg. I have been trying to find a picture of her anywhere at either bombing sight, but no confirmed sighting has been found, at least on my part. She is never seen being rescued nor carted away. I am told this is Brannock being attended to by the people in yellow. A face however is never identified, and not even her incinerated leg is shown. Photographers should have been all over that.

The only person whom I can identify in the photo is Jeff Bauman. I base this upon the curly head of hair in the back. Also, the long gray sleeves are his. This would pit Erika Brannock directly to his right.



The problem is I can't find her anywhere in the bomb blast photos. I'm not saying she's not there. Contrarily, I cannot find her on the scene, and I've looked. Where is she? Seriously, I'm asking.

Can you find her? If so, point her out.



Los Angeles (CNN) — Darrel Folkert of Redondo Beach, California, stood next to a mailbox near the finish line of the Boston Marathon to cheer on his wife as she completed the race.

Moments later he was suddenly thrown by a loud explosion that shattered windows behind him, lifted tables from their foundations and tossed chairs along the sidewalk.

"He was standing right next to the mailbox when it exploded," his wife, Jac Bost, told CNN in a phone interview.

An article for CNN has the mailbox saving the life of a certain **Darrel Folkert** of Redondo Beach, California. Isn't that adorable? Mind you, this is the same pressure cooker bomb that is described as supersonic and was said to explode material faster than the speed of sound, incinerating dismembered flesh in its wake. Strange then that the mailbox isn't damaged. You must wonder what saved the mailbox from dismemberment. Do you see anything else undamaged? The tree standing within feet of the bomb, for starters. How is it that none of the chairs are ripped to shreds? Security footage from the restaurant's perspective animates a blast which wasn't even strong enough to knock over half-full plastic cups on the tables. Or half-empty if you're *that* type. Plastic cups and a tree could withstand the blast, but legs and bones were disintegrated.



None of the flags on Boylston Street are ripped or torn. Well, that's odd. Victims show ripped clothes with no wounds and then others with tourniquets but no rips or blood. Hands down, these are the most discriminatory bomb I've ever seen.



At the LensCrafters shop, there is broken glass on the inside of the shop, but not nearly as much as what can be found on the outside. Seems like somebody broke the glass from the inside, not the outside.



There were so many miracles to be had at the Boston Bombing that the slain principal from Sandy Hook was resurrected from the dead, according to Fox News. Only **Dawn Hochsprung** went by **Donna** now. Apparently, Donna was a few blocks away when the bombs exploded. I'm glad she made it through this psyop. You only live twice, you know. Though sometimes cats are given nine lives. Ask yourself how such a slip-up happened. I can only assume they had planned on using Donna for Boston before swapping her character part to Sandy Hook, though I'm inclined to conclude the mishap was purposeful.

[Protective Marking]
Homeland Security Exercise and Evaluation Program (HSEEP)

Actor Waiver Form [Full Exercise Name]
[Exercise Name Continued]

ACTOR WAIVER FORM

On behalf of [Jurisdiction], we thank you for volunteering to be a simulated casualty for our preparedness exercise. The event is scheduled for [date]. Actors should report to [location] at [time].

Exercise Overview

You will be participating as a mock victim of a [scenario]. You will be triaged and either directed or taken to an area where appropriate decontamination will occur, potentially including cutting of your clothing. You will be washed and reclothed. Alternative garments will be provided. **Please wear a bathing suit, shorts, and T-shirt, and bring a change of clothes and towel.** We would appreciate your wearing loose-fitting and easily removable shoes. **It is recommended that you do not wear jewelry.** Jewelry and personal items will be removed during the decontamination process, bagged, and given to you to carry as you go through the decontamination line.

Before the event, you will be given a complete orientation to the incident site, the type of injury or symptoms you should simulate, and what actions are expected of you.

Please eat a meal and drink plenty of liquids before you come. After the event, food and refreshments will be available for you. Restrooms also will be available for your convenience.

Please Print Name, Sign, and Date

I, _____, agree to participate in the [sponsor name]-sponsored exercise on [conduct date]. I agree to go through the decontamination process. I will hold harmless [Jurisdiction] and any other agency or its members participating in this exercise. I understand that all reasonable and customary safety measures will be performed to try to prevent injury or harm to me.

Signature: _____ Date: _____

Dawn *slash* Donna is only a picture, of course. I will remind you again that a death certificate has nothing to do with a flesh and blood person. A

death certificate is representative of a fictitious person, and not to be confused with the actual injured at the event. They were **actors**. You heard me the first time. Actors, every-last one of them. You probably have that figured out by now, but I never want to assume. And so, I leave you with *this*. An **ACTOR WAIVER FORM**, courtesy of the **Department of Homeland Security**. It says the participant will be taking part in a mock victim scenario and triaged. That's not the fine print though. If you keep reading all the way down to the bottom, the actor swears an oath when signing his or her name. They agree to "hold harmless [the said agency] and any other agency or its members participating in the exercise." Whether they realize it or not, they're signing their soul away. They are not given permission to out the deeds or the crimes of anyone else involved in a court of law and are expected to live the lie for the rest of their days or reap the consequences.

If you're still kicking and screaming at the mere thought that FEMA, a subdivision of DHS, would need actors for their crisis interventions, then there's nothing more I can do for you. The Media psyop is so obvious because the world is a stage performance put on by actors. But more importantly, they're not even very good actors. There's a reason why they had to sign a DHS waiver. Because no Hollywood studio would take them. First and foremost, they will never be a luminary on Sunset Boulevard because they are not of a certain pedigree, as I've shown in other papers. They are the runts of the litter and on the bottom floor of the pyramid. That won't stop them from cashing out their eternal inheritance for a slice of the pie though. If it's fifteen minutes of fame which they seek, then they've found it. Just know, it is not their lack of integrity, but the unimaginative and talentless hacks which expose the lie.

