

How Yulia and Sergei Skripal (and Their Cat) Saved the World!

Reality or Political Satire?

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In-depth Report: [SYRIA](#)

Ah, the "Sorrows of Empire." Its lies these days so easily exposed. Yet, too often ignored.

This past Saturday morning, April 14, 2018, the world released a collective sigh of relief after a week of collective, anguished hand-wringing at the too-likely possibility of our own utter annihilation. US President, Donald J. Trump, a man of massive ego, reportedly small hands etc., had failed, despite direct attempts by the Big Bad Wolf of American military madness, to blow down the retaining walls protecting human conscience... and reality.

Or fatally damage Syria.

Having witnessed this failed attempt to blow the world to pieces via the winds of war, we, the remaining civilized world, were instead treated to worldwide giddy, heel kicking and side-splitting laughter at the ultimate tepid US military inspired results. Yes, despite a week of US hegemonic huffing and puffing- and tweeting- many of us were amazed to actually wake-up once again.

This past Saturday, we all discovered that the latest triumvirate of self-serving, sadistic and socially challenged world leaders (US/UK/FR) had suffered a storied defeat...one caused by two little pigs- guinea pigs really- and one black cat.

Thanks to these three demur little mammals, who spoke not a word of English, but were likely - if the UK media folly is to be believed - secretly taking Russian language lessons, these three accurately summed up current Western foreign policy:

"You can fool some of the people some of the time. You can fool some of the people all of the time, but... You can't fool all of the people all the time."

This sage advice off course was not within the full understanding of Messrs. Trump and Macron, nor Ms. May who instead preferred to believe in their own weakening hearts and minds the much older capitalist mantra:

"Never give a sucker an even break!"

Having seen their laundry list of previous cunning political connivances go almost

unchallenged by their own populace in routine acquiescence, their lies became ever bolder. And inexplicable. This lulled them into a false sense of overconfidence that believed they could provide all manner of utter nonsense as long as it was alleged to be attached to the never *passe* “Soviet Union” better known as “Russia.” So, it was natural for these three myopic world leaders to assume their latest plot would pass easily within the shadows of their own dark souls. Instead, theirs was a comedy show that suddenly snapped the world to the realization:

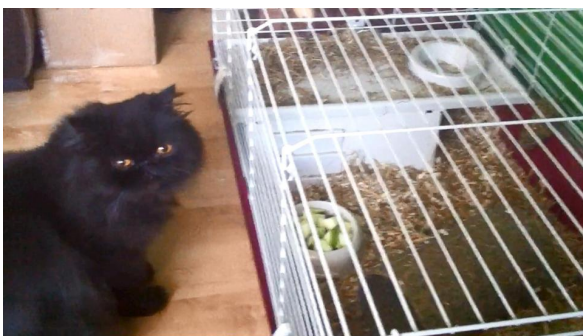
“We no longer believe a f**king thing you say!”

This ultimate and fundamental realization was spawned weeks before this past Saturday’s illegal attack. In the quaint UK town of Salisbury, former double agent and recent MI6 participant, Sergei Skripal, had relocated to go out to pasture and retire. Little did he know that his long-term goals would turn out to be somewhat premature. Well, almost.

UK Prime Minister, Theresa May, was and is, a desperate woman. So desperate is she – after her own recent David Cameron moment of parliamentary disaster – to retain power within the posh digs at No. 10 that she quite willingly proved correct all criticisms of her Conservative Party: She joined forces with the Irish Nazi party led by Ian Paisley, better known as the DUP... and gave them a 1 Billion British pound *mortita* for their trouble. That’s desperate!

Strangely, Ms. May could not understand why, after all this, she was still reviled by all the UK parliamentary parties and most of the British people. Having done her best to achieve Neville Chamberlain style unpopularity, she needed a distraction... no matter how amateurish the production. For she had long ago concluded, as have so many foreign leaders, that her public was just as easily controlled as watering a potted plant in the window of *her* number 10.

Over arrogant, Ms. May sent in her Keystone Cops – MI-6- to do what had worked so often before in times of political need. So easy. Indeed. As the plot unfurled on a park bench in Salisbury on March 4, 2018, the press dutifully expanded daily on the one proffered set of lies. Nice and smoothly... *Russia did it!* Who, but a treasonous Brit would possibly argue with such a complete lack of prima face evidence? Yes, all was going so well for Ms. May and her conspirators until their hired media minions made their first fatal and undeniable mistake.



Enter the true hero of our story, our savior, Nash Van Drake. Cat. Black cat. Likely Russian agent and the only live witness; one who knew all too well the other fundamental slogan of political cover-up... “*Dead men (and cats) tell no tales*”. The two Guinea pigs were already toast, which of course fit the UK narrative that the Russian sounding Novichok- quickly renamed that week [from its original name, “Foliant”](#)– had ultimately (after the Gov’t story

changed multiple time) originated in... or on... or around the Skripal house, hence the two little Guinea pigs timely demise and convenient incineration. However...

You see, Van Drake was a black cat: Persian of Arabic descent. In the UK being black and/ or Arab is increasingly great cause for caution. After years of living safely curled up on the living room settee watching the daily BBC propaganda reel or evenings on former spy Mr. Skripal's lap forever watching James Bond reruns on ITV- over and over and over again- when the strange alien-looking men in yellow suits, plastic masks, and oxygen tanks picked the lock on the Skripal's front door, astutely Van Drake took to these years of imposed TV training and knew just what to do. *Run!*

The poor caged Guinea pigs didn't have a chance.

Once upon a time, the secret services of the dominant world had at least the courtesy to respect the world's intelligence quotient even when discounting their country's own. In that era, evil political intentions *did* attempt to carefully cover the footprints leading to their too many false flag operations. Professional surreptitious skullduggery, however, has now given way to plots of conquest that are really ham-fisted affronts to simple mental logic followed by a near total media cover-up in favor of same.

This has so far been all too effective, and with the similarly agendized publishers in the US and UK having control of over 90% of these "media choices," a media black-out of inconvenient facts has been the *de rigueur* method of cover-up. This new methodology of political deceit relies on one single, all-important premise, one that evil minds similar to those of Trump, Macron, and May believe to their soulless core:

"We control the story and ...You... are too stupid and willfully ignorant to find the truth."

While quantitatively and historically accurate in their belief to date, unfortunately for MI-6 and their resulting worldwide television theatrical performance, Brits are also animal lovers. One might well, then, imagine the look on the faces of the conspirators when, after already disposing of the evidence of the two conveniently dead rodents and thus certifying their claim that the Skripals were poisoned at their home, they were suddenly shocked by the very first serious media question, one for which the co-conspirators collectively had only one confused, nervous, sideways looking answer... "*What Cat?!*"

Like Jack Ruby seeking out Oswald, the cops were off again to fix this glaring omission. Poor Van Drake, still hiding in the dark of his own Palestine under the couch, and now revealed, never had a chance. As the yellow suited masked men dragged him kicking and screaming off to certain chemical weapons death at Briton's own self-proclaimed Auschwitz, the secret chemical weapons facility now instead as Porton Down, the poor kitty had no way of knowing that his cremation would make him the hero of this hilarious and almost fatal- *for-us-* tragedy. For it was Van Drake, his being alive and next dead, that snapped the world to the proper realization that; one: the highly lethal military grade *Novichok/Foliant* in question was approximately as deadly as Van Drake's own flea collar, and better: Ms. May, the Cons, and the vaunted UK press were *completely lying out their ass!*

Finally, it seemed the counter-intelligence services of first world hegemony had actually

managed to underestimated the true intelligence of the average Briton and, apparently, the military intelligence services of most of the other nations on earth. It's one thing to [shoot Palestinians for target practice](#), inflict the [world's biggest cholera epidemic on Yemen](#) while bombing its hospitals and doctors, [or terrorize a few hundred thousand Rohingya](#) into abandoning their homes for the pleasure of capitalist pursuits: all these so easily ignored by a deliberate media sedated, flag-wrapped public. But, this time they had gone too far. They had killed... a cat!

*What a f**k-up!*

Fast forward to the land -the epicenter- of nationwide mind fabrication. Just as strangely as barely-prime minister, Ms. May, the new White House presidential marionette in orange, despite having been repeatedly for a year bitch slapped into submission by his adversaries on all sides of the aisle, was still having problems with those pesky Democrats and *their* Justice Dept, *their* attorney's and this past week, *their* cops. Worse, to a President who craves personal approval like an American male does Opioids, *his* popularity ratings were down.

What to do? To a man with a golf ball sized IQ, there was only one thing he could do. A choice that would make him popular from the boardrooms of Halliburton to the gun-toting, Jack Daniels-swilling taverns, and barrooms of Tennessee. From the dark shadowy dampness of the Israeli Knesset to the gold lined palaces of the newly anointed Saudi prophet, MBS in Riyadh: A nice "new, shiny, smart" war.

Perfect.

But how to start a new war. That chemical weapons false flag rubbish had failed, one, two three... six times in the past. Oh, and that Salisbury debacle -where the Skripal's were doing just fine all of a sudden- now makes seven failures. But, to hell with a smart guy like Einstein, why not give it another shot. Besides Trump had a specially prepared US media tool awaiting: Those ever handy and timely White Helmets; the ones who always seem better with a video camera than at performing first aid. Fresh off being handed a shiny 2017 Oscar for their star acting role in their own Hollywood propaganda film of justification, surely they could finally get it right this time?

Thus we, the civilized world, were treated to another round of intelligence insulting western inspired theatrics. And it might have worked. Almost did. Because, hey, these are the guys who wore the *White* helmets. White ones. Who could argue with that?

Needing a coalition of the willing for his new war, the logical first choice for Trump was to invite his equally flawed counterpart in London to jump into bed with him. Apparently the salacious allegations of the Steele dossier- [which the UK press failed to show as connected to Skripal senior](#)- may be true since Trump showed a continued passion for the kinky in next going French, and inviting another similarly descending political hack to his *menage a trois* of war.

Macron, whose popularity echoes his two concubines in being approximately that of Napoleon bringing the troops home from Russia, was down to his skivvies in seconds. Reduced to attacking farmers and peaceful protesters in his stated effort to bring all things capitalist to bare in traditionally socialist France, he had obviously failed to yet master the emasculation of his own media. Thus the irony of all this, applied to French Napoleonic law,

was that in the eyes of his countrymen Macron was at the very least, *"guilty until proven innocent."* And, good luck with that.

So, when Washington called, followed by a short follow-up ring from Tel Aviv, Macron also knew just what to do. And, off to war it was.



For two weeks these three frolicked in a pre-war orgy of selling the exact same pack of lies to their own nation's public via their own controlled media; lies that continued to include the connection to the ~~Soviet Union~~ Russia via the Skripal chemical weapons attack in Salisbury. Of course, this Syrian attack in Ghouta was real this time. Right?

However, in this mad three-nation ramp-up to new war many persons of rational mind and a penchant for self-preservation, persons that included world leaders still in possession of their faculties, continued to wonder about the massive logical and factual problems with the Skripal incident and *"the cat."* This was shown in the universal lack of willingness of other countries to enter the fray. When Angela Merkel doesn't willingly join an American rush to war, you know there's a *big* problem. However, many leaders did save face with Israel and half-heartedly attested to the full package of lies being true by abstaining in their UN votes to stop the pending attack.

So, our three continued to cavort in pre-war bliss despite the constant interruptions made by John Bolton and Mike Pompeo, scratching and whining at the bedroom door while trying to get in. But, their orgy did continue, the glee of upcoming death and destruction being spawned from their own loins an aphrodisiac far too strong to be controlled.

Sadly, despite the inquiries and outrage of the few sharp minds- and cat lovers- worldwide, these three Israeli concubines did finally manage to achieve coitus this past Saturday, April 14, 2018, with the Donald next indiscriminately ejaculating cruise missiles all over Syria.

These missiles, having an unusually high mortality rate of their own (71/103), did almost nothing to Syria or Syrians who that new morning danced in streets afterward. But this charade did allow an embattled US president to temporarily forget his troubles, put his golf balls back in his sack and feel much better after having finally relieved himself.

Not quite done, it was time for the final act: for the three to prove that, when it comes to congressional or parliamentary oversight for more war: 1) it is far easier to beg forgiveness, than to ask permission and 2) these same legislative checks on war powers are in reality as effective and deterrent as that of a Las Vegas boxing commissioner. A few more calls from Tel Aviv, soon to be Jerusalem, and the little fish in the US congress and the two parliaments were again nicely kettled into the proper way of retroactive thinking and approving...*more*

war.

Well, the moral of this ages-old recurring fable of overconfident governmental, covert operations should be obvious. It should not take one dead cat and a couple of Guineas to shock us all to the proper realization:

"When it comes to the Governments of our world...it's all a pack of lies"

So, we the intelligent world salute you Nash Van Drake and your tiny brethren. May you all rest in peace in the service of us all. May we together pray: pray that the world quickly awakens to the terminal realizations of poor Van Drake, reluctant hero, as the steel doors of the gas chamber called Porton Down creaked open before him and he swallowed forever his last breath...

Not a one of us has nine lives, and our governments are pretty sure that we are all... *dumber than a god damn cat!*

*

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