Dirty Bombs, Dirty Generals

By Anna Von Reitz



Right now, we know for a fact that there is at least one "dirty" M Class Nuclear Device (or, as Inspector Clusoe would say, "a bimb" moving restlessly back and forth in the vicinity of New York City.

That thing is wandering around like a migrating opossum, traveling irresolutely around the Eastern Seaboard in some kind of truck. Northern New Jersey, down to Baltimore, back up the pike to Jersey, over to the Finger Lakes, back to NYC, down the coast toward DC, no, no, back to Baltimore, I am getting dizzy.

Now, if a Great-Grandma using over the counter radiation grid software can detect this thing from as far away as Big Lake, Alaska, don't you think that NORAD or the Space Force or some mental giant at one of National Laboratories would also have a lock on this?

Ya think?

But they aren't doing anything about it, so what next?

When you see a bomb of that kind on the loose and wandering around like a Bumblebee looking for its next flower, it's beginning to smell a lot like a major, for real False Flag event, where lots of people get killed in order to give the US and its worthless NATO Allies an excuse to attack Russia, —but do it in the Ukraine, where you can destroy a quarter of the Earth's arable farmland and reap big profits off your own agricultural products.

Think Lusitania. Think Pearl Harbor. Think 911.

They are playing at the set up right now.

I would normally be snorting and keeping a jaundiced eye on it, but just over the last few days something else odd has been happening: the Jews are suddenly leaving NYC and caravan-style moving out to their summer digs in the Catskills and even farther north

Are you kidding me?

These are New York Jews going out to what (for them) is the wilderness in the winter. Roughing it. I am 65 and I have never seen or imagined such a thing because it's unthinkable.

These are not just Jews. These are New York Jews. Creatures of habit, comfort loving, devoted to their work and family routines, not wanting to be Grizzly Adams.

Their idea of a winter destination is Miami.

Chills are going down my spine.

Never happened during the worst riots. Didn't happen in response to 911. Didn't happen in 2008....

What do they know all of a sudden that nobody else knows? It's a question worth asking.

I made some discreet inquiries and the answers were odd and unconvincing— oh, it's the whole Covid thing getting to be too much, it's the collapsing supply chain— better chance of getting food in the country, now with the war in the Ukraine getting started....

But it's unconvincing because there is nothing so urgent to explain the sight of a steady stream of Hasidim pouring out of the city this past week. Chabad, JDL, Orthodox and Reformed—-it's an Exodus.

They are coming out of the city with white faces, clutching their Torah scrolls and candlesticks, down comforters and oil lamps and food—- lots and lots of food. And they are leaving in caravans.

It's not just one family and then another.

I have the definite impression that whole neighborhoods and synagogues are hastily putting things in storage, boarding things up, and heading for the hills in the middle of the winter for no apparent, urgent, reason.

And that spooks me.

If they are leaving all of a sudden, what's coming?

The smart money says it's not a big barn dance in the Catskills.

A lot of Jewish businesses are going to be shut down in NYC this week, or running on skeleton crews of Goyim workers.

Meanwhile, that bomb is wandering aimlessly, looking for a target. And the Military Brass is doing nothing — nothing whatsoever— about it.

If there is a dirty bomb explosion in NYC or environs in the not so distant future, count me as one of the Tin Hat Conspiracy Theorists who signed up early and called it before the attack even occurred.

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