

*The Fall of America:  
The Rebellion Awakens*

*Geoff Linsley*



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## ***About the Author***

A strange feeling of obligation overtook me, forcing me to write this. The needs of my country replaced many of my own. Every day even mainstream news made it increasingly clearer what's about to happen here if the present situation is left unchecked. An anomalous uprising in the name of freedom emerged, its most visible leader being top tier 2012 Presidential candidate Ron Paul. Life put me in a unique situation where I had *just* enough time to write this while finishing my Bachelor's in Atmospheric Sciences at Texas A&M University. About a year before completing this, it occurred to me how unique my situation was. Caring enough, years of writing experience, and knowledge of the system from years of personal research allowed me to imbue within this book the functions comprising what appears to be the only possible solution. What humanity will choose to do with these functions is the only remaining variable.

[www.geofflinsley.com](http://www.geofflinsley.com)

**Geoff@geofflinsley.com**

## *Foreword*

Who ever said wanting to save the world is a childish fantasy? Giving up assures failure and there's nothing adult about accepting that. What would a winner do to try to help? What would be needed? Money? Power? The power lies in the people and the power of the people lies in the ideas that motivate them. Therefore, ideas are and always have been the most powerful forces on Earth. Having established this fact, it can be concluded that if the world is to be saved, it must be done by spreading powerful ideas. The war that is truly being fought between the symbiotic and destructive forces shaping society is thus a war of information. Fortunately for the good guys, the Internet is changing the rules and allowing humanity to challenge the debt slavery that austerity has entrapped it within for thousands of years.

Citizens of America and the world, I humbly present to you the first superweapon in the information war. The answer to what needs to be done is thoroughly described in this book. From the perspective of a boy eaten alive by the system readers learn about prison life, the prison industry, corruption in Michigan's correctional facilities and the juiciest bits of Federal corruption.

Included are: the truth surrounding America's Revolutionary War; a history of its central banking; the War of 1812; the Civil War; the 1871 British takeover of Washington, D.C.; the Great Depression; the New Deal; the creation and function of the Federal Reserve; the creation and function of its criminal minion, the IRS; the private monopolization of its media; the essence and evils of globalism; the origin and rise of the Illuminati and the Rothschilds; the Bilderberg Group; sovereign Americans; the Zionist-staged World Wars, including World War III; the UN; the truth about the Oklahoma City bombing and 9/11; the full Osama bin Laden hoax; the Bush and bin Laden families' ties to 9/11; the opium War in Afghanistan; the War on Iraq, including Saddam's staged capture; the War on Terror; the War on Drugs; the Great Recession; stimulus packages and QE; the rampant corruption of the Obama Administration; his birth fiasco; the true purpose of the Department of Homeland Security, the Transportation Security Agency and Federal Emergency Management Agency concentration camps in the US; the efforts to repeal the Second Amendment and take over the Internet through Executive Order; and the Ron Paul R3volution. The information he gathers motivates him to become proactive and find thrilling solutions.

The assortment and delivery of these topics molds together a global perspective of why the world is deteriorating. Written to entertain, *The Fall of America:*

*The Rebellion Awakens* is a novel and a guidebook, explaining for the best of us the plights of the modern world and how to fix them. At its end are chilling predictions for the tumultuous times in 2013 and beyond.

## *Dedication*

I'd like to dedicate this book to the architects of the English language. Without your help, this never would've been possible. Additionally, I'd like to thank everyone who relentlessly tries to use this language to inspire honest, positive change, indirectly bettering everyone's lives.



**The Birth  
of  
The Rebellion**

My people perish from a lack of knowledge.

– Hosea 4:6, King James Version

Ω Ω Ω

“Step out of the vehicle! Slowly! Slowly!” The damning sound bellows from the megaphone of an aroused State trooper. Turning his head, Dermot estimates in his first glance that fifteen high-powered rifles are pointed at his heart. Resistance seems futile. “Face the vehicle, now!”

Two officers sprint to his side, slamming him into the car door. Digging into his wrists without remorse, they violently cuff him and toss him onto the backseat of one of their cruisers.

Like Nazis, they interrogate him, persuading a confession by presenting false offers of leniency under the condition that he remains perfectly cooperative while pushed through the system. A feeling of dread like none he’s ever felt sweeps over him. He has no idea how the system is about to change him; and the system has no idea whom it’s about to create.

# Chapter One

## *Four Months Later*

For the first time Dermot awakens in his new hovel. Confused and uneasy, he freezes and then nervously surveys the room until remembering where they've taken him. Twelve thick, iron bars crossing this aired tomb segregate him from the rest of the world. Darkened by years of tobacco smoke, white paint peels from his three walls like a shedding snake. Faded carvings from once trapped lonesome souls cover the walls of the cell. Dirt cakes the rough, cement floor as if neglected for decades. The only companions in this room for the young felon are a chair, a fragment of a desk, a toilet/sink, his inch-thin mattress filled with worn, highly compressed cotton and the unforgiving, cast iron foundation underneath it.

Translucent windows outside his cell overlook the neighboring prison yard. His cell is one of over a hundred, stacked five floors high like a giant, artificial hive. All day long random, obnoxious noises from the undesirables celled around him, all just longing to move more than four feet in one direction at once, unwillingly penetrate his audio cortex. Despaired and animalistic voices compound

the already maddening situation. Here, at quarantine, convicts are left with three options in life: “press” their bunks, stand up, or dirty one of their two provided uniforms by lying on the rough, dirt-caked, cement floor. Like most in his situation, he normally chooses to further compress the cotton in his mattress. If it was donated to an elementary school, it’d become garbage because it’d be declared too thin to be used as a gym mat.

Just seventeen and raised in 90s middle-class suburbia, where serious depravity was more legendary than reality, he’s never been in a situation like this. Like his schoolmates, he once enjoyed all of the benefits of being American that existed during the early years of his generation. A healthier Federal Reserve Note, made more valuable than reality because it is the world reserve currency, kept his expected contributions to humanity minimal. An overly comfortable life bred laziness into the boy. Partying with his friends took precedence over the needs of the rest of humanity. Sometimes it even compromised him. Today, he can only socialize with some of the most undesirable characters in his State. Whether he wishes to or not, it becomes nearly impossible to avoid during both mealtimes and showers.

Strange voices from the cell next to him catch his ear. The words spoken aren’t discernible but it’s obvious the man is conversing. Celled alone, Dermot wonders who they could possibly be for.

“Grab your doors for chow!” a distant voice commands. As forced, the prisoners grab their cell doors and slide them to the side when their row is unlocked by a guard pulling the master release. If they don’t comply, they miss their meals and risk receiving a disciplinary ticket.

Out of hunger, the massive mealtime exodus speed walks four hundred meters to the dining hall, which is run like a farm by a small crew of guards accepting hungry, angry cattle. The most immature run to make sure they’re fed first. The chow hall is purposely continuously filled to capacity to abbreviate mealtimes. This reduces the time the guards, standing around talking and laughing in their own conversations, have to “work” while on the clock. In this chow hall there’s a severe lack of elbow room while eating. Diners unwillingly rub both elbows against their neighbors, the only exceptions being the aisle seats of the long rows. Otherwise, one arm-thickness of freedom graces a few fortunate, proximate inmates. When luck happens to grace Dermot, he makes a conscious effort to lean to maximize the comfort of his row.

The food is like off-brand, Grade B, frozen TV dinners. As he swiftly picks the intestinal chunks out of his pork slab, his memory of the full, satisfying taste of food rich in nutrients begins to fade. His bowels growl as he introduces to them what remains of the slab. The foreign substance attempts to sit well with him as he attempts to adapt.

While rotting in his cell, an action that presently consumes twenty-two hours of his day, he does anything to occupy his mind. There's no substantial form of stimulus during these hours, so almost any activity is welcome. Under the eyes of an army of prison guards he illegally snatches unused jelly packets remaining on the tables from the previous units released to chow. He hopes they'll trigger enough electrical activity in his brain to keep him sane at least a little longer.

A book would be wonderful, given the opportunity to read one. A library cart comes by once a week to deliver random books to random inmates but the books acquired are only interesting under the given conditions and minimally informational. It's just him. He's never felt so alone.

Most days he reflects on his past. Once he possessed all of the physical necessities to make the choice to live healthy and happy. Using the tall, mysterious, handsome guy technique, he won a decent amount of attention from the girls his age. Even at seventeen he had encounters that most his age could only fantasize about at night. By no means does this indicate his social life was particularly amazing, but it was certainly better than it is now.

His parents are living "the American dream" by working hard their entire lives, modestly raising their family's middle-class income. His father was a neoconservative Republican, his mother a neoconservative

Democrat. Neither purposely pushed a political opinion onto their son. They also never knowingly pushed a religious opinion on him, although his dad has always been an atheist, converting through passive force his mother during her later years.

Often he reflects upon the lack of religious and political persuasion from his parents. It's as if they were choosing to give him a clean slate so he could decide for himself what to believe in life. This purity gives him a freedom that few have enjoyed. In the past, the biggest restriction on his mind was the belief that nothing substantive is occurring in the world besides what the news reports because capitalistic news broadcasters theoretically would want to cover sensationalistic events. Recent political events have begun to enlighten him; yet his interest in American politics remains marginal because of how nonsensical it all seems to him: a boy who prefers reason and facts, not feel-good lies.

Finishing alone, he returns his tray to a metal rack near the exit. As he walks out of the chow hall he slows his stroll, enjoying the chance to move his limbs. The leisurely stroll turns into a disgusting walk as some of the grossest convicts in his vision repossess grounded cigarette butts, some discarded by diseased inmates. So hopelessly addicted, the foragers, dirt poor during at least the beginning of their stay in hell, find a few and roll up the gross, foraged remnants into a petty, disgusting, temporary vacation.

While waiting for his prison bars to unlatch so he can imprison himself for the night, he encounters his noisy neighbor: a timid Black man in his 40s with a lazy left eye. The cartoonish neighbor initiates their first conversation. Curious by nature and horrifically bored, Dermot obliges. Soon the man randomly begins to describe the things he sees that other people can't.

"Every night," he claims, "the demons come to talk to me."

"What do they look like?" the boy asks, perhaps without healthy reservation.

"They have horns and black skin and have holes all over their faces... and worms crawl in and out of them."

The man begins to explain that God is actually the sun and how He stops watching at night to let the world's evil have its turn to rule, as if the human situation – murders, pestilence and famine – is just a cosmic game. Several creepy statements later, the strange man explains how much Thorazine the State is injecting into him to treat his schizophrenia and how it helps to keep the demons at bay.

Naturally, he wonders why the unfortunate man is in a prison and not a mental hospital. In time he'll discover there are countless others just like this schizophrenic being punished, tortured by imprisonment for having an abnormal brain, simply because Michigan sacrificed its means to care for the mentally disabled to build, control and fill more prisons with random selections from the

general public, which hasn't endured an increase in crime in many years.

As the days pass, he tries to comprehend how long he's destined to rot here. The first week seemed like a year. Three and a half years of this is incomprehensible to the boy; and that's *if* he doesn't screw up behind bars. The Michigan Department of Corrections, MDOC, promised he'd be let out on his minimum outdate if he just behaves in accordance with its rules. Even entering prison, he knew that leaving on his minimum outdate is the best case scenario, knowing of but not understanding the potential problems and deterring dangers about to be revealed during his unfolding journey. There's no certainty amidst insanity.

Like anyone stuck in his position, he ponders his options. Escape? If caught, he'll have a mandatory five years tacked onto his existing sentence. If successful, he'll have to avoid many of the fruits of modern society during a lifetime of evading the government. This damned if you do, damned if you don't scenario generates within him thoughts of suicide.

"Certainly it would be better than this," he speaks to himself in his lonely cell as if schizophrenia is contagious.

Believing the afterlife is but a fairytale, he isn't afraid of death; and this isn't the first time he's considered the ultimate sin. The MDOC does all it can to try to prevent prisoners from acting on this consideration. All of

the metal in and around the cell is bolted to the building. The suicide-preventing clothes hanger on the wall can only hold light objects, otherwise dropping its burden. Rope-like substances aren't available, although sheets can be used. It's nearly impossible to prevent an inmate from killing himself if that's what his heart truly desires.

A couple days ago, a man two floors above found a way: he broke his light fixture and held the exposed wires while standing in his toilet. The option is attractive to Dermot but he prefers the idea of finding on the yard a sharp rock suited for slitting wrists: a persistent fantasy of his. Perhaps it was what he heard during yard time yesterday that raised his spirits, keeping him from fulfilling this fantasy: the State may institute "day for day" because of overpopulation, which would cut his sentence in half. Despite persistent depression, he finds a way to move on, choosing the State-sanctioned option.

"Catch your doors!" booms a deep voice from the open, shallow side of the housing unit. The gate containing him cracks open and he swings it to the side. A massive motley crew appears and hurries outside like happy dogs, dirtying the cement. "The rock," as the convicts call it, resonates with the sound of hundreds of feet on unforgiving, overly-mopped cement.

The grass on the yard is apportioned somewhat randomly by commonly obscure markers. The obscurity gets prisoners used to the idea of following nonsensical rules, training them to abandon and replace their good

judgment with constant orders. Heavy penalization can arise simply from stepping off the sanctioned cement pathways that wind around the yard.

As the crowd spills out the exit, some immediately fight over the rusty dumbbells and weight benches in the middle of the yard, composing the “weight pit.” A giant Black man monopolizing one of the benches flashes his ugly, angry mug at him for no apparent reason. In prison, power and respect are acquired from displaying testosterone. Ignoring the display, he walks laps to stretch his legs.

A stocky, scruffy White man enters his vision and attempts to steal his attention.

“They’re up to 460,000 now? That makes me feel old as hell!” Examining the poorly kept convict, he gives him respectful attention but simultaneously attempts to send the signal that he doesn’t care to converse. The big number on his back is embarrassing, highlighting his inexperience, his vulnerability. “Where you from?”

“Battle Creek.”

“I don’t even remember when I was a fish,” he arrogantly shifts the subject, proud of catching his number fifteen years ago. “The numbers are getting bigger faster than ever,” he continues. “It was dangerous just to be a fish when I first came down. Things are different nowadays. There are so many fish catching cases now, they’ve overrun the whole system!” Dermot eyes the numbers on the backs of several nearby prisoners. “That 200 number,”

the man isolates the 200,000 number of an old geezer, “that’s from the mid-90s. That 140 number, that’s from the early 80s. The earliest I’ve seen was a 75. He came down a little after World War II. I can’t believe they’re already up to 460!”

“How did you catch yours?” he timidly inquires without understanding that asking the question grinds against prison etiquette and, when engulfed in a sea of evil, it’s a good question to avoid for the sake of preserving sanity. The misguided oaf, however, doesn’t seem to mind.

“B&E.” Not understanding the criminal slang at first, he quickly puts two and two together and realizes the criminal is in for breaking and entering. “I’ve got another year to go, but I’m not mad ‘cause I’ve done worse. I miss the world so much, hittin’ up the bars and shit.”

“Are all the ‘joints’ this rough?” he fishes for an answer within the shady character that can cheer him up, if only a little.

“Depends. Quarantine sucks. If you go to Level IV or max from here, it will probably get worse. If you go to Level II, it gets a lot better. You’d get most of the day to move around and shoot the shit with your homeboys from your hometown. The food will probably be a little better. There may be a weight pit.” After an initial sigh of relief he pulls himself together to disguise his feelings of powerlessness. “What’s your name, dude?”

“Dermot. You?”

“Stonewall. Dermot, you married?”

“No, bro.”

“Good thing. If you were, she’d leave you now, anyway. My girl left me hangin’ instantly when I caught this case. That bitch.... I can’t wait to knock on her door when I get out....”

“What’d she do?” he asks and then wonders if he should’ve.

“Took my shit and hooked up with this loser. When I get out.... She’s living with him and thinks I don’t know where. My boy gets his crank from him though and has it all scoped out for me.”

“You serious?”

“As death. The cops aren’t shit when it comes to solving murders. Hell, I’ve gunned guys down in busy bars before and they were still clueless. They’re usually just revenue raisers; they don’t care about the people, just their paychecks and their own vices. It’s like nothing else... the rush you get.”

“How many have you killed?” curiosity grips him, despite the horror of what Stonewall is saying.

“Six now.” He stares at the ground and pretends to straddle a body. “When they die, I take their souls.”

The loudspeaker on the yard spontaneously booms: “Yard time is over. Yard time is over. Return to your housing units. Yard time is over.”

The captives slowly return to their degrading dungeon. Looking to his right, Dermot sees about forty gravestones, presumably memorializing those who’ve died

and were buried here. Lingering thoughts of never leaving this hell, receiving a permanent cell underneath the east side of the yard, torment him.

“Well, I’ll see you around,” Stonewall concludes as he splits paths.

“Later.”

A large cockroach crosses Dermot and adds to his preexisting feeling that he’s dirty, adopted the moment he entered the gate. Guards scowl at him with contempt as he passes because they automatically assume his character is worth less than human excrement, reminding him of words from the bailiff during his arraignment. While exiting the courtroom, where he’d just been threatened with forty years of prison time, he looked him in the eyes and said: “Boy, you just done fucked up your whole life!”

Heeding a command from down the hall, he opens his door and slams it shut.

“Oh boy! More mattress and wall time,” he bitches to existence, returning his eyes to the remaining disparaging carvings on the wall. He has no interest in carving his own thoughts into it. If he does, something of him will never leave.

The thought of it horrifies him and floods him with hopelessness. As he realizes he can’t even imagine what lies ahead, emotions consume him and lead him to remember the words of a prisoner who arrived with him and noticed his quiet, depressed state: “You weren’t scared to do what you did, don’t be scared now!” The memory

forces out of him a whimper, directed toward nothing but reality, itself: “What did I get myself into?”

## Chapter Two

### *Twenty-eight Months Later*

An absence of fear creates fertile soil for the growth of power. Removing fear yields new layers of awareness that are incomprehensible in the mind of any slave. It is what we choose to do with this awareness, this power, when we encounter it that defines us as men. Long ago, Dermot heard this logic but never fully understood it until observing men more selfish than any he'd previously encountered.

Interesting is the psychology of such men. There are two types of prisoners: those who truly need to be separated from society; and those whom society would be better off collecting taxes from but, instead, are considered enemies of the State through a twisted, sadistic and inherently insane form of so-called "justice." Those who don't belong in prison but remain there because of misfortune learn to despise those who aren't ashamed to call the hell home. It's easy to spot those who belong behind bars: they disregard decency and comity and instead choose to whimsically taste their own flavors of restricted anarchy. They are nothing but mindless barbarians who

prefer forms of jungle law – the type that’s too self-centered to play nice in society. The system responds to this barbaric nature by continually reinforcing within these corruptible men the artificial mindset that they’re beneath society. This, in turn, reinforces the neuroses behind their corrupt natures by feeding their rebellion demons, which usually enhances the evil parts of them, further infecting society. The system isn’t adequately organized, adequately intelligent, nor adequately funded to perform the function of separating who gets treated in which manner; but the more moral of the bunch admittedly or secretly don’t mind being treated like shit if they can watch those who actually deserve such treatment for their continued self-centered misbehavior get what’s coming to them.

Attempting to sleep on his bunk, he dwells on how much he hates the lower beings disrespectfully screaming all around his head. Over time he’s learned how to tune out much of this proximate primal noise to preserve his sanity. No amount of experience can teach him to filter it all; and every last screeching note he allows to permeate his auditory cortex brings with it a new morsel of hatred for the worst aspects of humanity. A couple experienced older prisoners, “old heads,” whom he met throughout the system tried to explain to him that “the only man powerful enough to let others get into your head is yourself.” Having sat on this knowledge for many months, he well knows that he’s the only one who can choose how to feel about

someone else's actions toward him. One can act passively, aggressively, ignorantly, wisely. Like a mantra in preparation for meditation, he notices himself cycling through these empowering thoughts, gathering the discipline to temporarily ignore the surrounding chaos.

A strange vibration shaking the bunk underneath him steals his attention. Next to his wall locker he sees his new bunkie tossing State-issued bedding onto his bunk: first two worn sheets and then a thin blanket. Carefully observing the newcomer's actions, he attempts to read every last detail the universe is providing – a tactic he's practiced to help adapt to the system while walking through it alone. Having already gone through the song and dance of cycling through new bunkies dozens of times, his intuition tells him this one is mild-mannered and knows how to do time, which relieves him in a way that only someone who has bunked with rambunctious fish or controlling assholes can fully understand.

The ride-in gazes back with eyes that reveal an unhealthy lack of care toward who's about to live directly above his head for months, possibly years. As maladaptive as it seems, he attempts to convince himself that he doesn't care. Without any substantive power over his life, it's all he can do. Words from an anthropology textbook Dermot once read revisit his mind: it is man's uncanny ability to adapt to his environment that most separates him from the remainder of the animal kingdom. Some people simply don't possess the cognitive tools, the proper stress-coping

mechanisms, to survive in prison. The recollection reminds him of the smell in quarantine of the prisoner who electrocuted himself in his toilet. Only about halfway through his “bit,” sometimes he wonders whether it was he or the human lightning rod who made the better choice.

“What’s up, bro,” words his new bunkie calmly releases to break the ice.

“Sup.” He offers his hand and finishes the shake with a strong grip.

“I’m Chuck, you?”

“Dermot. Where’d you just come from?”

“Jackson. Freaking glad to get the ankle and belly shackles off.”

“Yeah, I remember that wasn’t fun. It was an eight hour trip for me. Did they let you pee?”

“Just in the community can.” They cringe from their independent memories. “I just held it in. I’ve never once used it, not once in the past ten years.”

“Don’t blame you.”

Chuck’s aggressive tone clearly indicates he isn’t happy about being shipped to Michigan’s wintery Upper Peninsula, far away from his family and thus potential visits. Having been eight hours away from his own for a year and a half now, Dermot doesn’t really give a damn how the import is feeling. Simultaneously, he respects the fact that he’s managed to survive through all that hard time.

The veteran assembles his bunk and plops onto it for a break. Dermot closes his eyes, hoping to embrace and enhance the remaining vestiges of sleepiness within him after being riled by frustration, derived from the follies of his fellow felons.

Unlike him, Chuck is slighter than the average prisoner. Caution and experience have taught him how to avoid undesirable situations and how to do his time as he chooses. Like Dermot, he enjoys keeping his mind active by reading. Both believe that knowledge frees minds but don't anticipate the wisdom that lies within each other. There is something mysterious, something different about the wild-bearded veteran that his mind is struggling to define.

“Who you callin’ a nigga? I ain’t no nigga!” The sudden primal yell from the hall attached to their tiny living quarters, nicknamed their “cube,” startles him out of the sleep he’d just reached. In every direction he sees annoyed eyes beaming at the hall, responding to the voluminous bickering of two Black men, one old, one young.

“You’sa nigga, nigga!” the youngster adamantly shouts. Dermot rolls his eyes and chuckles a little. The level of stupidity he encounters on a daily basis is laughable. Embracing the humor is all he can do to dilute his learned, unhealthy disgust for his fellow man.

In prison, true intelligence is a rarity. He's joked that, if the dead come back to life searching for human flesh, zombies will enter the prison gates moaning "braaaaains" but will let out sighs of disappointment as they realize they've crept so slowly all the way there from their graves for exceptionally meager rewards, at which point they'd drop their shoulders, stare at the ground, creep back out the gates and begin searching for more ambitious frontiers.

Looking on the bright side, he embraces his safety from the zombies within the confines of his rundown residence, seemingly neglected and forgotten by the world's engineers and repairmen. The paneled, Styrofoam ceilings, once pearl white but now the color of weak coffee from prisoners smoking inside despite the risk of receiving disciplinary "tickets," continually disintegrate. Gypsum board dividers that separate the cubes in this long housing unit bear the memories of past prisoners. They haven't been washed since the building opened twenty years ago. Months ago a rumor entered his ears that the makeshift units were intended to last only twenty years before they were to be bulldozed and replaced in order to comply with the Federal code for permissible prisoner housing.

Staying realistic, he isn't naïve enough to believe the MDOC is going to start obeying laws of any sort any time soon. When it comes to forcing it to obey the law, the same scenario usually pans out: it employs the use of an avoidance technique he coined "the bubble of

irresponsibility.” When litigation is sent its way, the Director assumes initial responsibility but then points at the bureaucrat supposedly controlling the operation. The problem with this finger pointing is that the divisions of responsibility are purposely never clearly drawn so individuals are rarely held accountable. The bureaucrat pointed at gets the chance to point at some other officer or department, temporarily redirecting the blame to stall accountability. Fire is then returned, creating an endless cycle. Blame thus gets caught in limbo by design. Once upon a time there was an MDOC employee in each of its prisons called an ombudsman who worked with prisoners to help pierce the bubble. When the State’s economy began to freefall a few years back, this position was one of the first to be cut from the MDOC’s budget.

Glancing down at his fragment of a desk, he spots a newspaper foreign to him. Immediately he assumes it must be Chuck’s, which baffles him because placing one’s possessions within another prisoner’s domain is something a fish would do, not a veteran. He moves to look under his bunk at his mysterious bunkie, who’s frantically finishing a complex crossword puzzle faster than he’s ever seen anyone race through one. The performance and his general demeanor suggest that he’s exceptionally intelligent. Caring little about the intrusion of his limited domain, his eyes return to the newspaper, this time focusing on the small font. Further examination reveals it’s the latest

edition of *The American's Bulletin*, which he already knows is popular libertarian reading material.

Knowledge of the publication first came to him a year and a half ago from a strikingly interesting prisoner named Gary Northington. The decrepit old head is a self-proclaimed enemy of the State. Initially he was incarcerated for conspiracy to commit 1<sup>st</sup> degree murder. The sentence he serves spontaneously varies, periodically adjusted from twenty years to LIFE by his enemies until rebutted by him or his loyal wife. The unfortunate old head's extensive, regurgitated knowledge of the crimes of the US government deeply intrigued Dermot. Gary noticed this and carefully filtered his knowledge from the young man's ears, seemingly to spare his sanity.

For many, accepting that the government isn't always looking out for their best interests is like accepting that their fathers don't really care about them. Most simply choose to believe they can't handle knowing too much of the truth so they purposely avoid it; but if bravery leads to the contrary, one will never again look at the world quite the same. The knowledge derives power in the learner but also paves a slippery slope to insanity on which only an individual who's honest with oneself can descend safely.

Despite the filtering, his young audience was far too curious to stop searching, even if what he learned conflicted with what he thought he knew. A glutton for punishment, what life has taught him to understand best, he perhaps too frequently loves to test both his wits and his

sanity for the promise of future self-improvement. After several intermittent inquiries this characteristic of his grew immediately obvious to the experienced enemy of the State.

A few years before they met, he spontaneously contracted Lyme disease while incarcerated. It is common sense to any entomologist that no one can contract Lyme disease while behind bars because ticks avoid forests of full fortresses erected on concrete jungles. Therefore an outsider must have delivered it. One day, he claimed that one of his bunkies was an undercover government agent who placed an infected tick on him while he slept. There was no way for Dermot to know if the old head was telling the truth or was simply paranoid but he did think something seemed strikingly strange about the story. Feeling ill for an abnormally long time, Gary soon saw a prison doctor who diagnosed him with the disease. Despite the diagnosis, he was then denied treatment. It stole from him his ability to properly digest meat. During mealtimes the charitable man always offered all his beef, chicken and pork to his curious, inquiring young audience. A couple years later, Dermot learned how Lyme disease disrupts digestive systems – it was impossible for him to digest the meat without experiencing undesirable physiological consequences.

He's since never met anyone quite like the old head. On occasion he misses their informative walks as they circled the common area of their giant cell block.

Repeatedly he explained how the government criminally stole citizens' gold in 1933 during the New Deal, how the Federal Reserve Bank was unconstitutionally instituted, how it remains unconstitutional and why he believes it is the source of the majority of the world's evil.

Some of the things he said, however, made Dermot question his credibility. A devout evangelical Christian, he believes Satan pulls the strings of corruption that puppeteer the motions of the US government. One particular fanatical belief heavily detracted Dermot: that NASA's goal of trying to travel to Mars is about trying to put Lucifer, the morning star, back in the sky. Such fanaticism forced the taking of many grains of salt but part of him knew that at least some of the evangelist's information must have been legitimate and that the implications of the truth can't be safely ignored. What he didn't have was the opportunity to verify these facts or obtain references to relate Gary's perspective, thus his memory of what he'd been taught virtually dissolved, followed by much of his desire to research.

Some of this desire, however, still lingers in the young convict. In his incessant state of boredom he's certainly pleased to have discovered a copy of the newspaper. Perhaps Chuck purposely wanted him to discover and take interest in it? Simply possessing it makes a statement. As explained by Gary, seeing an edition is a rarity because the MDOC censors the material under the rationale that it's "believed to breed terrorism" because of

the anger toward the government the content propagates. Prisons are a natural breeding ground for antigovernment sentiment because they host the rare situation where the government retains its ability to completely control a man but not keep his best interests in mind.

The MDOC typically discourages personal growth, no matter how obvious and ridiculous the tactic of repression may be. Before meeting the enemy of the State, the new jailbird, once enrolled in college but physically plucked from society before given the chance to attend, attempted to reenroll through correspondence using a proctor supplied by the MDOC. Its staff told him that it wouldn't guarantee that its proctor would correctly monitor any proctor-required tests and said he could take classes but they wouldn't be considered official by Ohio University, the only approved choice. In this manner it kept itself looking good on paper by saying it allowed him to enroll but simultaneously avoided all responsibility and denied him his ability to obtain a degree.

Years ago, the MDOC funded institutional degree programs that were free to prisoners, who struggle to find jobs after paroled and consequentially typically fall back into a life of crime merely to survive. Along his path he's met several old heads who earned degrees but have never been given a chance to use them.

During Governor Engler's term the amount of prisons in the State tripled and so did the prison population. As a result, the State overextended its budget. Years later,

Michigan's economy began to free-fall. More than ever, propaganda portrayed prisoners as subhuman. All of the programs that once helped convicts stay on the streets were the first in the MDOC's budget to be cut.

This moral descent was primarily caused by both the existence of unions and an artificially-inspired demand to keep the entirety of the State's overinflated prison industry functioning at full capacity. A quota of new prisoners is now required to keep all of the jobs Engler created existent. Governor Granholm, his successor, is too afraid of taking political heat from the unions and the public to deflate the industry and has raised the population to new peaks. Meanwhile, the public majority remains unaware of these crimes against humanity and the immoral business that is the MDOC continues as usual.

"Mind if I check out that newspaper?" he spontaneously requests, leaning over his bunk, making only his head visible. The request grabs Chuck's attention more than most any words that could've fallen out of his new bunkie's mouth.

"Sure, bro." With little hesitation he snatches the newspaper and jumps back onto his bunk. "Are you a libertarian or just bored?"

"Undecided," he lies, attempting to remain as neutral as possible to avoid a drawn out political debate with the stranger. If he's going to get along with his bunkies, which he may have to do for very long stretches, he finds it best to avoid discussing politics and religion

unless a solid friendship or acquaintanceship has already been attained.

Silently reading the headlines, he processes the cover page. The Oregon-based subscription is far beneath the quality of even a standard local newspaper, pieced together monthly by a few self-proclaimed freedom fighters. The headlines are somewhat sensationalistic but he hasn't yet decided their credibility is absent.

He opens it and skims an article about the 1933 gold seizure that Gary solidified into his memory. According to the article, it arose from a series of Executive Orders that Franklin Delano Roosevelt instituted immediately after ascending to the Presidency. The information stirs through his brain.

“Why would a President completely reform the US economy after just three days in the White House?” he wonders in whispers.

The article continues, explaining how all constitutional gold and silver currencies were replaced with unconstitutional Federal Reserve Notes: not instruments of tangible value but rather instruments of debt, equivalent to IOU letters to a banker or a court.

Under the new law the money is issued to the banks in return for Government obligations, bills of exchanges, drafts, notes, trade acceptances, and bankers' acceptances. The money will be worth 100 cents on the dollar, because it is backed by the credit of the nation. It will represent a mortgage on all the homes and other

property of all the people in the nation. The money so issued will not have one penny of gold coverage behind it, because it is really not needed.<sup>1</sup>

“Am I really reading this right?” he thinks as he dwells on the law. “The government put a mortgage on everyone’s property without their consent? How can they put a mortgage on my possessions unless they think they own my stuff?” The disturbing thought forces him to set down the paper and consider his own logic. “So Gary wasn’t nuts. Why do people go to prison for making fake money if that’s what the Federal Reserve does? Where did all the real money, the gold and silver go? He did always say that I could find the truth by following the money trail.”

As chow approaches the volume in the unit rises.

“The natives are growing restless,” he habitually murmurs just before chicken is served. As he quickly discovered, the stereotype about Blacks and chicken seems accurate. Although he’s met a few who aren’t fans of the bird, nearly all grow very audibly excited just before chicken dinners. The extra excitement can carry on all day and can start surprisingly early. Very aware of the demand, over half the Whites purposely lag behind the group to avoid the obnoxiously fast mass exodus that always

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<sup>1</sup> House 73rd Congress, Session I, Chapter I, p. 83; Also see Senate Report 93-549 and Executive Orders 6072, 6102, and 6246

materializes. Dermot is one of them. Many sell their ration for two or three soaps, profiting from the excitement.

In the underground barter economies of the MDOC these soaps are the standard monetary unit. A bar of Dial soap is the most common unit, likely because it resembles a gold brick, making incarcerated trash feel ghetto rich. Worth seventy-five cents when purchased from commissary, the store list, they're rounded to a dollar when introduced into the barter system to simplify transactions.

“Chooowww!” yells the Corrections Officer, the “CO,” at the front desk as annoyingly as possible just because no one is willing to blow their parole by physically forcing him to mature. The two wait, witnessing half the rock sprint toward the exit doors. As usual, the active COs pretend they have control over the exodus by unsuccessfully commanding it to walk, not run.

If it put forth as much energy into a prison break as it does into “gettin’ theirs” on chicken day, everyone would be free within minutes. The only thing keeping prisoners in line is the fear of the unknown consequences that would arise from having to stay on the run, abandoning their familiar lifestyles back home. Leaders are further discouraged with the threat of five years of additional time and a permanent maximum security classification.

After a ten minute wait for the chaos to subside and the line to shorten, Dermot and Chuck jump off their bunks to grab their State-issued coats, which are less effective than leather jackets, despite Michigan’s bitter winters. In

the Upper Peninsula afternoon air typically doesn't breach -5°C. Nights are far colder, gravitating prisoners towards any potential heat sources. The only other defenses provided are two pairs of paper thin, State-issued thermal underwear and a knit cap. When worn simultaneously, one can be comfortable in calm winds if the weather warms to 0°C. Sometimes Dermot wonders if, while ordering clothes, the quartermaster general looked at a map and misplaced Michigan with Mississippi.

One day, while rotting in Marquette Branch Prison, his bunkie Tony and he decided to test the nightly temperature in their two-man room by filling a cup with water and leaving it in a corner. Upon awakening they checked the cup and discovered floating chunks of ice. The two continually bitched to COs about the cold but no resolution ever came. Wearing every article of clothing he possessed to bed, he suffered through two winters in that room, awakening almost every night shivering. Here, the only time he freezes is when one of the village idiots opens a window on a bitterly cold night to "get some fresh air" and falls asleep before shutting it. Well understanding that such narcissists are typically malevolent, he suspects their true intentions are predominately sadistic.

The two slowly stroll out of the housing unit to the chow hall: a long, outdoor walk during bitter, wintery evenings. Grainy snow pelts their faces and freezes. Already severely chapped, his lips crack open in the cold wind. Arriving from downstate, where the winters aren't

quite as rough, the circumstances coerce Chuck to contemplate how long he'll be experimenting with frostbite.

It's not uncommon here. One of the worst forms of mandatory slave labor in the Upper Peninsula is the yard crew, "the shovel crew" as Dermot calls it. For seventeen cents an hour conscripted convicts fight with the cold for the State until their appendages grow numb. It's just a matter of time until skin yellows and blisters. The crew shovels a hundred and eighty inches of snow off the grounds' many winding, cemented and blacktopped paths and lots annually. In the beginning of every winter, the crew progressively builds the first tall mounds, throwing the dreaded white powder with their backs higher and higher. Come December or January, these mounds must be moved back about twenty feet using shovels and sinking shoes to make way for the next mounds. Generally the weather remains too cold for them to melt. Through this process the hundred and eighty annual inches balloon into a workload of at least four hundred.

The warmth of the chow hall bombards their faces, produced by both the preparation of the industrial-sized banquet and the nearly constant count of three hundred convicts crammed into the cooking cave. Petty privileges mean a lot to prisoners, such as the ability to sit wherever one wishes, contrasting with quarantine and some other prisons where the order that food is received from the serving line is the order in which they must sit. Some

wardens understand that the more freedom a population has the calmer it is, making it easier to control. Others are simply sadistic and enjoy torturing what they perceive are their misbehaving pets. Disguising their sadism underneath a vocalized hatred for prisoners, they say criminals' prior actions justify their current foul treatment, even if their crimes are questionable or they've been incarcerated for more than a decade.

Corruption high on the chain of command is the norm. While at Marquette, Dermot witnessed many examples of this. One night, a drunken CO randomly shot the prison, shattering a prisoner's window, narrowly missing his head. No accountability ensued. Another day, a different drunken CO drove a security rover into the security fence, knocking over a large section next to a unit exclusively for pedophiles. The warden then chose to use prisoner benefit fund money, collected through the taxation of commissary – funds allocated for making living conditions more humane for prisoners – to repair it, never replacing the stolen funds. No accountability ensued.

The fatty smell of State chicken catches his nose. The boiled, breasted bird is supposedly sterilized while soaking in the kitchen's industrial-size kettle but he's been given bloody portions before. The option to appeal to the kitchen supervisor to get a new tray exists but historically his chances of success have been minimal, despite his hunger.

While working in the kitchen at Marquette, he happened upon insight into the mentality of the maniacal management. One of the supervisors repeatedly corrupted the already unsavory menu with unintended spices, making everyone suffer, including unwitting staff who chose to taste it. Worn from such experiences, he compares moving through the prison system to plunging downward into Dante's layers of hell: every new layer of captivity sports unique modes of suffering.

"I take it you've heard of the freedom movement?" Chuck assumes from his bunkie's choice to read his newspaper.

"Once I knew an interesting old head who taught me a little about it but I thought he may have been a little nutty. If something is factual, I believe everyone should be aware of it so we have more intelligent minds fighting society's problems."

"How eloquent! Well, I have a book you may be interested in checking out when we get back." Despite attempting to disguise his excitement, derived from the hope that he may have found a similar mind, Chuck's emotions remain visible and obvious. His sequence of shifting facial expressions leads Dermot to assume that his new bunkie harbors valuable knowledge and is longing to teach others, like an excited first grader ready to tell his parents what he learned in school.

Giving up on their undercooked portions, they haul their trays to a metal rack near the exit. A slave manning

the tray station reminds him of the kitchen at Marquette. Once his grunt work, not having to clean up after an entire prison's greasy remains generates gratitude within him, warming him before he reunites with the cold.

Grabbing the book from Chuck's hands, he reads the title: *The Fall of America*.

"This book explains the political and economic history that's usually censored from textbooks and the media. After reading it, even the news will start to make more sense. Instead of seeing chaos, you'll see through the lies and see hidden motives. All you need to do is follow the money trail. But I must warn you: it's going to change your life. The choice you make as I give this book to you is like the scene in the movie *The Matrix* where Neo is warned about taking the red pill, which let him remove the veil over his eyes so he could see reality. If you take the blue pill by choosing to not read it and giving it back, your life will remain exactly as it is. If you take the red pill, someday you'll understand why I felt I needed to warn you."

The threat doesn't faze him. It's difficult to be intimidated by antigovernment sentiment while rotting in prison. Behind its walls, it's obvious that the system has little interaction with the public and it's this lack of transparency that naturally leads to corruption, felt by prisoners daily.

This is partially the reason for the accelerated propagation of prisons' militant Black Muslim groups like the Fruit of Islam, which typically births racism, terrorism and homosexuality. Knowing this, he likes to call its followers "Fruits of Islam." Despite how counterintuitive it may seem, the other part of the reason for their propagation is that the system actually condones the group.

While it's encouraged to flourish, his friend Sonny, who practices Ásatrú, the old Scandinavian religion, is persecuted. The system blindly labels his a White supremacist religion and forbids practicing it, despite the fact that its wisdom preaches against hate and terror.

"It's too bad someone tore out most of the pages before I got my hands on it."

Leaning over his bunk just enough to have an eye to eye chat, he inquires: "Where did you get it?"

"A man gave it to me a couple years ago. I asked him the same question and he didn't know where it came from, just the same. It was handed down to him by another man, and someone else handed it down to that man. After reading it, I can only assume the author is or was an important figure in the patriot movement."

"What's the patriot movement?" Fear of sounding ignorant to his seemingly knowledgeable bunkie dilutes his voice.

"The patriot movement is the force forged by everyone who's trying to preserve the Constitution and our country's right to control her own economic system: those

who act to uphold the libertarian values of limited government, freedom and liberty. For the first time in national history the movement has grown so considerably, it now measurably impacts America's politics. Before now, most aware of her problems thought her decline into a socialist dictatorship run by a giant, criminal government was inevitable. New levels of information sharing are beginning to change this. The ultimate goals of the movement are to promote peace, freedom and truth so the people's voices can't continue to be ignored.

“Mainstream media propaganda controls the minds of the majority, replacing truth with feel-good lies, trying to convince us that we don't need to bother to think for ourselves. Blind trust in it corrupts our moral censors. Most children's values are now injected into them by the TV, molding them into lazy, uninformed, amoral or immoral idiots. The fact that we're devolving into socialists sucking on the nipple of a giant, corrupt government is sold to us as trendy and sometimes even admirable. Self-centeredness is bred into us so thickly that many of us unquestioningly accept unnecessary wars and evildoings as necessary components of life.”

Spontaneously, a CO tells Chuck to go to the unit's office to get his nametag, startling them both. Attempting to absorb what he just heard, Dermot tosses the book onto his desktop and reclines onto his bunk. In his mind the angry vibe accompanying the rant makes his new bunkie sound less credible.

Closing his eyes, his mind drifts to an image of Chuck in a tin foil hat, cheering him up a little, lightening his mood. After further contemplation he struggles to understand why the image amused him if even part of what was said is true.

Before meeting the outspoken inmate, he'd heard that, since 9/11, Constitutionlists have been increasingly portrayed as terrorists. If a mainstream news reporter heard him say what he just did, the news would label him a "Right-wing extremist" and equate him to an "America-hating terrorist." Yet, from the first impression left by the man, Dermot believes he's more genuine and empathetic than most he's met behind bars, and behaviors are what best represent us as individuals.

Having been cordial besides the angry rant, he sees no reason to ignore what he has to say. His anger may be justified if he has an honest, peaceful, pertinent concern about the well being of his country and has useful, factual information to share. Why would the media call him an "America-hating terrorist" if the patriot is preaching peace, freedom and truth?

## Chapter Three

Curiosity frequently gets the best of Dermot, despite potential negative consequences. During childhood he became curious of the high he felt while climbing dangerously high in trees. One day, he approached a very tall tree: a prospect for his most arduous arbor adventure ever. Forty feet up, his footing unexpectedly broke and he fell. After six feet of descent, a miracle may have happened: his jean belt loop fortunately wrapped a very firmly affixed small nub that once was a branch. About an inch of wood absorbed his fall, allowing him to descend safely. If he'd fallen forty feet, he would've landed on a pile of blunt, broken branches. Too deep in the woods for a swift rescue, he most likely would've perished. Many Christians would say his rescue was a sign that God has a great purpose for him. Whatever the source of his luck may have been, he realizes how close to death he once was.

One may say curiosity has once again put him in danger; but this time his potential adversary is far less predictable than a random tree branch. In his task of keeping his nose clean, so he can be paroled as early as possible, he has three deadly new adversaries: the MDOC, its inmates and his own fears. Stories of guys blowing their

cool because of the antics of the idiots they're forced to live with for insane periods permeate prisons. He's not a particularly violent guy, but prison wears on him. Early on he learned to take no one's shit. Otherwise, the local evil element would walk all over him for looking young. Some say ex-felons carry visible tension in their shoulders that never calms. With a dark attitude that gives off an aura which warns others that he's always ready to resort to violence, he walks around like he owns the joint. This defense mechanism, this chip remains on his shoulder because his young mind does not yet know how to convert intelligence or physical prowess into leadership. The fear-based facade has successfully teamed with his reason to keep him safer than most other "young bucks" kidnapped by the system.

Fear has directed him to develop a deep awareness of his sleeping space. If in particularly deep sleep and in need of being awakened, his bunkies on occasion have instinctively hit his feet or shook his ankle to wake him. After experiencing some of the things he's seen and heard, his environment has conditioned him to jump on such occasions into fight-or-flight mode. Pumping with immediate adrenaline, he typically launches off his bunk in pursuit until his conscious mind fully awakens. Fortunately for him and them, he regains consciousness quickly. It is no secret that prison has taught him to be an angrier man. Knowledge of his potential and focusing on his outdate help him to understand the need to sort unhealthy anger

from healthy anger far better than any of the assaultive offender or anger management programs they've forced down his throat, wherein convicts get together to complain and share their neuroses before the State programs into them the lie that they've been cured.

Throughout his life he's experienced glimmers of skepticism about the nature of the US government but has always believed that, in time, everything will work out even if he doesn't intervene. Overly cautious about overinvesting his energy, he thinks the patriot movement must be futile, despite Chuck's enthusiasm. Most don't have a clue how corrupt the system is and he knows they have no inspiration or time to invest significant parts of their lives into thinking about it. To him, the lack of mail he now receives from old friends proves this. Most carry on as if the government and the system will never drastically affect them; and they generally don't, at least in their eyes. Usually it only comes to them in the forms of taxes, media and seemingly random new rules, which are tolerable for a citizen who wishes to remain brainwashed by believing the system that runs America is overall beneficial to humanity.

"It's futile unless most start to care. They only act when they want to, so they'd need to understand how their lives would benefit from positive reform. Of course, it requires imagination to visualize the effects of their potential actions. Once imagined, they can paint their visualizations onto reality through effort," he whispers to

himself, attempting to imagine a realistic glimmer of hope. Curiosity once again overtakes him, forcing him to his desktop to gather Chuck's mysterious book.

## **Chapter 1: America, a Debtor Nation**

Like most dramas, the story of America is both a triumph and a tragedy. Unlike most, the story began a triumph but flounders into a tragedy. It is full of characters who have acted both productively and counterproductively toward preserving America, the land of the free. Sadly, the counterproductive, corrupt, antagonistic forces in this drama outweigh the productive protagonists and have already initiated what, if left unchallenged, will imminently lead to its fall.

Before the decorated days of the American Revolution, the US was just an idea, the construct of very, very rich European bankers. Always searching for new ways to expand their banking empires and family fortunes, they merged to manifest the most expensive investment ever.

Residents of numerous countries were encouraged to move to and thrive in the New World under the condition that they paid taxes. These taxes ultimately went to the Bank of England, which served as the central bank for all of America's investors. Hope for new, better, American lives persuaded the immigrants to agree to the condition.

The new country's economic disposition was and currently is no different than any other creditor/debtor relationship: the investors were the creditors and the colonists were the debtors. If a teenager spends too much on her credit

card, she needs to pay interest on the accumulated debt until the debt is cleared. The obligation to pay was created when she cosigned the credit card company's contract with her dad. Governments similarly hold contractual obligations to pay back their creditors.

In time, Americans decided they no longer wanted to honor their contractual obligation to the Bank of England and proverbially flipped Britain the bird: an illegal action according to international law – commercial law.

The most elaborate attempt to avoid paying taxes was the introduction of American fiat money. There are three distinct types of money: commodity, receipt and fiat. Commodity money is goods, like a cow or a chocolate bar. Before the other two types existed people assigned value to and bartered goods amongst themselves. If an agreement between business partners was not reached, no business was conducted. People can't carry cows like change so they invented *receipt money*: any intrinsically worthless item that's publicly accepted as a representation of real goods being transferred, now made unique by minting or painting and inserting tags.

The value of receipt money is calculated by observing the total wealth backing a currency and dividing that quantity by the amount of money existing in an economy. Gold and silver are the preferred backings because they're truly valuable and rare enough that competitive mining doesn't destabilize the value of the existent supply, which would destabilize a nation's economy.

Many think Federal Reserve Notes are a form of receipt money but they are *fiat money*, backed by no real value at all, just perceived value. They are created out of thin air by the controllers of the currency for their benefit. Just before the

Revolution the early colonists, bound to the King of England's monetary system, grew tired of his taxes and created their own fiat system. The downside to using an intrinsically worthless fiat monetary system is that it's certain to deflate in value, so it's not a wise choice for any government that's not trying to one day strategically collapse.

King George III couldn't regulate America's fiat money so he passed a law that required his subjects to pay taxes in gold only. Relative to him, the colonists had very little gold, so they pled for legal reform. His greedy ego didn't respect their plea, further feeding a bubble of anger that burst into the Revolutionary War. During it, the colonists continued to use fiat money, calling it Continental Currency. The abrupt inflation of the money supply during the War gave rise to the saying "not worth a Continental."

In her beginnings America bore two obligations: to her foreign creditors and to the legal stipulations of the King. She bravely fought off the King but she couldn't dishonor her debt to her creditors without breaking international law and experiencing fatal consequences. The best way to explain the result of the Revolutionary War is that we made peace with Britain: words one will hear when one listens to any accurate history documentary. America may have earned her ability to govern herself but she didn't walk out of the War unscathed: she still bore monetary obligations to the Bank of England and went deep into debt by financing the War – she wasn't a truly free nation but a debtor nation economically subservient to sovereign, truly free creditors.

Gaining freedom from oppressive legislation was the primary goal of America's forefathers and they did their best to maintain this dream when they ratified the Constitution in 1789.

The US Constitution is a contract of limitations: the New World's first attempt to maintain a beneficial and functional government while simultaneously preserving the *sovereign* rights of its bosses: the people. Sovereignty is the ideal mindset that comes from being a creditor, where one expresses complete independence and self-government. It's only possible if debt-free.

America needed to completely pay off or continually, gradually pay interest toward her Debt, which caused a reintroduction of taxes. Deeply affected by them, some colonists, particularly sovereign, land-owning farmers, forcefully revolted. In 1786 Daniel Shays of Massachusetts led a rebellion called the Second Revolutionary War. The outnumbered rebellion assembled, was crushed and taxes continued to grip America just as they did before the First Revolutionary War.

Her creditors knew the cost of the First War would cause her economy to topple. The destabilized economy strong-armed Congress into overstepping the Constitution by passing the 1791 Assumption Act, establishing the US' first central bank – the First Bank of the United States – chartered by the Bank of England for a term of twenty years. On Dec. 12, 1791 it opened for business in Philadelphia despite James Madison's famous warning three years earlier: "History records that the money changers have used every form of abuse, intrigue, deceit, and violent means possible to maintain their control over governments by controlling money and its issuance."<sup>2</sup>

Economically conquered, the government contracted with the same European bankers who held its Debt before the

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<sup>2</sup> In a 1788 letter to Thomas Jefferson

War. Initially the Bank's capitalization was \$10,000,000 with 80% privately owned by foreign bankers. It was authorized to lend up to \$20,000,000, which was profitable for both the government and the foreign bankers since they could lend and collect interest on money that wasn't real – a banking trick that's still used today, further corrupting a fiat system into a *fractional* monetary system. Five years later, the government owed the Bank \$6,200,000 and was regularly selling shares of its ownership to its creditors to fend off a destabilizing economic cataclysm. By 1802, the government sold all of its shares, leaving the US with no ownership whatsoever of its own central bank. A country loses control of its economic wellbeing when it loses control of its currency: the denominations of its true power. The importance of this crisis was well illustrated by Thomas Jefferson:

If the American people ever allow private banks to control the issue of their currency, first by inflation, then by deflation, the banks...will deprive the people of all property until their children wake-up homeless on the continent their fathers conquered.... The issuing power should be taken from the banks and restored to the people, to whom it properly belongs.<sup>3</sup>

The Bank was created for the benefit of her foreign creditors, who demanded its existence to handle the assets of their investment. These assets became the collateral for the US'

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<sup>3</sup> In an 1802 letter written to Secretary of the Treasury Albert Gallatin, later published in *The Debate Over the Recharter of the Bank Bill*, 1809

Debt and future loans. Years after the Bank's creation, one of its largest private investors Amshel Mayer Rothschild made the famous statement "Let me issue and control a nation's money and I care not who writes the laws."

Dermot's eyes rise from the page as he realizes that governments are debt slaves to bankers if their sovereignty is lost, if they become debtor nations.

"Why did the government implement a central bank if doing so overstepped the Constitution? The way this reads, we didn't overcome being ruled, we just got new kings," he whispers to himself under his breath. "In the end I guess money does pull the strings." The revelation challenges what he previously thought he understood about the nature of freedom in America. Regrouping, he finishes the chapter:

## **The War of 1812**

In 1811, the twenty year contract with the Bank of England expired. On Feb. 20, 1812, the government again decided to flip Britain the bird by refusing to renew it, reasoning that Congress doesn't have the Constitutional authority to authorize the existence of a central bank. The refusal created a new problem: by denying the existence of the central bank the government denied its creditors' right to hold collateral on their investment, violating international law. The event led to the

withdrawal of \$7,000,000 by European investors, precipitating a US economic recession and British militarization.

During the War of 1812 Britain invaded the US on a letter of marque and seized her assets. On August 24<sup>th</sup> and 25<sup>th</sup> she reshaped Washington, D.C., notably burning down the first White House, the first Library of Congress and the President's house. More accumulated debt from this war only reaffirmed the need for a new contract and the Second Bank of the United States arose in 1816, chartered for twenty years.

Four years before this new contract was set to expire, Britain once again came knocking, this time proposing an early contract renewal to ensure economic continuity. Not a perfect man but a true patriot and perhaps fundamentally the best American President ever, Andrew Jackson – the only US President not born into wealth – successfully denied the renewal by both reiterating that the Constitution doesn't delegate to Congress the authority to establish a central bank and also addressing the Debt that bound his debtor country.

In 1832 several States weren't fully exercising their powers to tax their Citizens. For the greater good of America, Jackson sent Federal troops to the States and forced them to start collecting. Accruing both these taxes and also revenue from selling Federal land, he completely paid off the National Debt, eliminating the financial obligation and therefore the creditors' sovereign rights over their debtor. While vetoing the bill to renew the contract for the Second Bank of the United States he said: "If Congress has the right under the Constitution to issue paper money, it was given to them to use themselves, not to be

delegated to individuals or corporations.”<sup>4</sup> Before the charter ended in 1836 he successfully removed the existing Federal deposits in the Bank, transforming America from a subservient, debtor nation into a sovereign, truly free, creditor nation.

What happened to Jackson after his heroism? On January 30, 1835, an unemployed house painter named Richard Lawrence, brandishing two pistols, attempted to assassinate him. The first pistol malfunctioned and the bullet didn't discharge. The second then similarly misfired. Enraged, Jackson defended himself with his cane. After the attack, he said he believed Lawrence was sent by his political enemies, the Whigs, because of his plan to do away with the Second Bank of the United States. The event began a sad trend for US Presidents: those who begin to fight for their people are soon forced to dodge bullets.

The optimistic narrative distracts him from the discomfort he feels from realizing he knows far less about his nation's history than he thought. The chapter feeds his imagination as he envisions a hierarchy he already knew exists but never fully considered: money is power and those with the most money have the most power over the most people. Whoever controls a nation's currency also controls that nation because the gear that keeps it running is the credit of the people comprising the nation, which comes in the forms of tangible resources and banking tricks.

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<sup>4</sup> Veto message regarding the Second Bank of the United States, Jul. 10, 1832

Ruminating, he shuts the enlightening book and stares at its cover. Displayed on the front are four themes. The first: a famous picture of Andrew Jackson with an unfamiliar flag above his head. The second: a famous picture of FDR with the Federal Reserve Bank above his head. The third: a doctored picture of George W. Bush with a Nazi flag behind him and a burning Constitution above his head. The fourth: the assembly of three national flags: a US flag, an Israeli flag and the flag of Vatican City. The connections baffle him.

In front of his cube, screams coming from two delinquent Blacks not respecting that others are trying to live peacefully around them, not considering that others also have human emotions, steal his attention. After entering prison, the meaning behind race changes because humans instinctively search for allies after stripped of them. Tribalism and time have shaped how race is viewed behind bars worldwide. Hatred towards Blacks permeates both the Latino and White populations because of both tribal and moral reasons. Latinos are notorious for shifting sides between Whites and Blacks to best weasel their way. About half of the Blacks publically or secretly hate everyone who isn't Black, commonly even grouping Asians with Whites simply because of the visual cue that is their lighter skin. Not one to join groups for safety or acceptance, he has acquaintances of every race present.

For eight months his Lebanese friend Nimer – a jolly, tan giant shaped like the Michelin Man – was his

“cubie.” Generally, Nimer has a full, four-inch beard and is either shirtless or wearing a food-stained white shirt. When gluttony brings him down, his people skills generally compensate for his sin.

While “on the outs” he was one of the top car salesmen in Michigan because he’s an expert at peeling away the barriers that people construct around their comfort zones, lowering their guard. The morbidly obese man has a knack for making people feel good about getting cars forced upon them. Observing his ability to manipulate has helped Dermot understand the mindset of a politician and a criminal, despite the fact that Nimer has unrelentingly demonstrated respect to him. The con artist’s typically pure motives are his saving grace.

Alcohol brought him down more than anything else. Although still available, it’s impossible to drink one’s life into oblivion with the amount one can regularly find in most prisons but it’s not a rare find: too many prisoners know how to produce it. The most common concoction comes from covertly carrying a few orange juice containers back from breakfast, combining them in a larger container and letting it sit, occasionally burping it. Accelerants such as sugar and yeast are obtained from chow halls by making deals with disenchanted, slave-waged staff. This type of brew isn’t too hard on the tongue but the impurities produced during fermentation are never distilled, so it’s hard on the kidneys and liver. Years ago, convicts used kettles in kitchens at strategic, unobserved times to make

huge batches of potato vodka. Tighter security has relocated the prison booze industry into housing units, where it is typically brewed inside hidden bladders.

After having done a few months in this prison, Dermot met Elvis, a Black man, at chow. Sporting the White persona, he seems to have chosen the nickname for political reasons, despite looking much more like an emaciated version of actor Laurence Fishburne. The most distinguishable characteristic of the smooth, slick-talking scoundrel is his ability to use the legal system to almost always get what he wishes, often winning small claims for both himself and inmates who hire him. The “legal beagle’s” most epic battle is over his own case, which he’s been fighting behind bars for a decade.

A couple years ago, he chose to add verbal violence to his veritas in one of his many hearings with the most corrupt member of the Parole Board, who never forgot. Far too cocky to have humility and try to fix what he broke, every day he continues his attack against the Board through his legal work.

On “the streets” people can receive justice from the courts far more readily than in prison. There is little a prisoner can do to ensure that the government won’t break its own laws or indefinitely postpone any resolution – the status quo. Prisoners are portrayed as property of the Department of Corrections – the MDOC literally forces the freshly kidnapped to sign away their bodies to it in back rooms via contracts immediately after sentencing. Since the

13<sup>th</sup> Amendment allows for the enslavement of criminals, this procedure would be lawful if the signatures weren't all obtained under duress.

About six months after they met, Elvis managed to have strings pulled on the outs and uncovered a stunning revelation. Derrick Smith beneath his self-appointed persona, he discovered that *his true sentence expired years ago and he's since been serving the sentence of a completely different Derrick Smith!* Despite his awareness of the law and diligence, limited access to the paperwork that binds him prevented him from uncovering this. The whole time he just thought the Board had it out for him. It did; but he now understands why he keeps getting “flopped”: given additional time by the Board after every nerve-racking hearing. His latest attempt to reclaim his life, formally explaining how the system goofed, is hastily pending.

The stereotypes associated with being Black seldom fit him and he claims to feel alienated from his race. Yet, when solely around his own, he behaves completely differently. Suspicions of him being two-faced commonly arise in conversations between Nimer and Dermot, who've always questioned the honesty of the attorney and keep him at a safe distance. Both are experts at being cordial but guarded, knowing to avoid conveying intimate information with self-serving manipulators. A small fraction of the population is far more trustworthy than the remainder and

usually tends to click together, like ladybugs under bark trying to survive a harsh winter.

Several strange characters have found places within Dermot's crew as he's strived to walk out of prison as soon as possible with all of his dignity intact. Charisma and a tough-ass attitude gain him the necessary connections to undertake this journey reasonably comfortably. At a rougher joint a couple years back, he lived primarily amongst old murderers, serial rapists and other lifers. Remaining financially self-sufficient and knowing how to keep his nose out of their business keeps him out of most potential trouble but some is inevitable when caged with irrationally explosive miscreants. Placed into a layer of hell that demanded precautionary measures, he made connections with a few convinced they'd never go home.

One of them, "Big Heavy" knife fought two men. After winning, he severed their heads at the neck. The next stop was a local pub, where he entered with one in each hand, approached the bar, placed them upon it facing the bartender and bought them drinks.

Another heinous acquaintance, turned decent after serving twenty-two years, Womack may have done worse when sixteen, before he'd even experienced the love of a woman. Under the influence of a street gang he helped shoot a man. Days later, feeling peer pressure and the effects of PCP, they entered the victim's funeral and with automatic rifles shot up his corpse. How exactly he thought

he could smoothly get away with it Dermot still doesn't understand.

After many interesting philosophical conversations, the now middle-aged menace befriended him, recognizing his potential and the unfairness of his sentence. It became his mission to help him adapt to prison life, ranging from explaining the evils of the games on the yard to toughening him through boxing drills on "the back forty": the dirt lot outside the main, cemented yard.

The most valuable knowledge the killer offered him was that every other prisoner, no matter how big or angry, can only attack in the same ways that he can attack them. It's possible to get stabbed but everyone is constantly worried about being stabbed, themselves. Fists may be thrown but he has quick feet and is intelligent enough to be resourceful. Having established these facts, his growing aura of confidence keeps him safe from the most dangerous, as evil prefers to prey on the weak.

Womack offered to gut anyone who messed with Dermot as long as they remained in general population together and he, in accordance with prison etiquette, morally remained in the right. It wasn't difficult for him to believe he'd have his back because he'd already stabbed several men, knew what being punished for it was like and didn't believe he'd ever be returned to the world to impart good. Ironically, soon after leaving that prison, Dermot heard from a reliable source that he'd been spontaneously discharged – a direct result of the State's budget crisis.

With the quest for knowledge persistently pulling on him harder than the average man, Dermot's once again summoned by Chuck's book. A peeling sound emanates as his anxious fingers open its plastic binding and reveal the next chapter:

## **Chapter 2: The Civil War and the Private Laws of D.C.**

In 1836, sixty years after the First American Revolution, the US finally earned her freedom. Having lost their battle with President Jackson, the foreign creditors of the Second National Bank sought revenge. In the US' early years, a close business relationship developed between cotton growers in the South and the English cotton manufacturing industry. Due to these business ties, the States swarmed with British agents, especially the South. These agents carefully planted and nurtured political propaganda between the North and South, which aided servile insurrection and the secession of South Carolina on Dec. 26, 1860. In its declaration of secession it stated: "They have encouraged and assisted thousands of our slaves to leave their homes: and those who remain have been incited by emissaries, books and pictures to servile insurrection."

The quarrel between the North and South had more to do with economic policies than the moral issue of slavery. Even in the early 19<sup>th</sup> Century, the North's economy was primarily driven by factories, the South's primarily by slaves on

plantations. In 1828 the “Tariff of Abominations” was laid, greatly favoring Northern industries over Southern plantations. For the next thirty-two years tensions and arguments over balancing the burden of these taxes persisted. Political propaganda eventually enticed South Carolina, which hurt the worst from industry-favoring tariffs, to be the first to secede from the Union. Other Southern States soon followed, arguing that the North was unconstitutionally denying them their property rights by freeing their slaves.

Despite what is taught to school children and parroted by media today, the North didn’t orchestrate the war for moral reasons. In retrospect one could argue that it stole the slaves by simply telling them that they’d obtained “freedom,” knowing that they probably had no comprehension of its meaning. Once absorbed by the North, they worked for far cheaper wages than most whites during the boom of the Industrial Revolution. The end of involuntary servitude was more an incidental result of the War than the true reason many of our ancestors died in it. Slavery, it can be thoroughly argued, just changed definitions for the blacks if one believes that being forced to work for dirt cheap while someone else reaps massive profits from the labor is equivalent to slavery.

The initial event precipitating the downward spiral that led to civil war occurred on Mar. 27, 1861 when the representatives for the Southern States walked out of Congress over the aforesaid matters, adjourning *sine die*: without a definite return date. This left fewer Congressmen than required per the Constitution to implement US laws, rendering it powerless. As it ceased to exist as a lawful deliberative body, no party remained that could constitutionally declare war.

Lost, Abraham Lincoln unconstitutionally executed Executive Order 1, putting America under martial law on Apr. 15, 1861. Congress did eventually reassemble but did so under the military authority of Lincoln, the Commander-in-Chief, not in accordance with parliamentary law or the Constitution. A 1973 Senate Report illustrates how his martial law has never been repealed:

*A majority of the people of the United States have lived under emergency rule.... And, in the United States, actions taken by the Government in times of great crises have – from, at least, the Civil War – in important ways, shaped the present phenomenon of a permanent state of national emergency.*<sup>5</sup>

Knowing very well that instituting the first Executive Order was unconstitutional, on Apr. 24, 1863 he commissioned General Orders No. 100, a.k.a. the Lieber Instructions and the Lieber Code: a special code to “govern” his illegal actions while under martial law, crafting the illusion that his actions were justified and legal. It ignored the Constitution by proclaiming the laws of the District of Columbia and the provisions of Article I, Section 8, Clauses 17-18 of the Constitution were henceforth legally extended to the States, feeding the illusion that they are under the same laws of war and private commerce as Federal territories.

Drooling over the opportunity to again corrupt the US for their benefit, representatives of the government’s former creditors rushed into the open Congressional seats. Quickly they

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<sup>5</sup> Senate Report 93-549, 93<sup>rd</sup> Congress, 1<sup>st</sup> Session, 1973

helped the North illegally “ratify” two very important and damaging Constitutional amendments: a new 13<sup>th</sup> Amendment and the 14<sup>th</sup> Amendment.<sup>6</sup>

Today’s 13<sup>th</sup> Amendment is new because it replaced the old 13<sup>th</sup> Amendment – a.k.a. the Titles of Nobility Act – created after the War of 1812 to prevent exactly what occurred after the South seceded. Last ratified in Virginia on Mar. 12, 1819, it read:

*If any citizen of the United States shall accept, claim, receive, or retain any title of nobility or honour, or shall without the consent of Congress, accept and retain any present, pension, office, or emolument of any kind whatever, from any emperor, king, prince, or foreign power, such person shall cease to be a citizen of the united States, and shall be incapable of holding any office of trust or profit under them, or either of them.”*

After the South seceded, many with titles of nobility poured into Congress; and this is why these “nobles”

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<sup>6</sup> The 14<sup>th</sup> Amendment was never properly ratified because Congress lacked the proper governing authority to ratify it. “I cannot believe any court, in full possession of its faculties, could honestly hold that the amendment was properly approved and adopted.” *State v. Phillips*, Pacific Reporter, 2<sup>nd</sup> Series, Vol. 540, pp. 941-2, 1975. Also see *Utah Supreme Court Case Dyvett v Turner*, (1968) 439 P2d 266, 267. Also see *Coleman v Miller*, 307 US 448, 59 S. Ct. 972. Also see 28 *Tulane Law Review*. Also see 11 and 22 *South Carolina Law Quarterly* 484. Also see the *Congressional Record*, Jun. 13, 1967, pp. 15641-15646.

immediately replaced any remembrance of the old 13<sup>th</sup> Amendment with a new 13<sup>th</sup> Amendment.<sup>7</sup> No longer lawful, Congress was no longer empowered to hinder these invaders. The new 13<sup>th</sup> Amendment – which eliminated involuntary servitude beyond criminal incarceration – was a stepping block for the 14<sup>th</sup> Amendment, which, because of the wording of its first section, became *the most important piece of legislation for the future of US law*.

*Section 1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.*

Some US laws are purposely written obscurely. The 14<sup>th</sup> Amendment is one of them, written with words which have legal definitions that don't match those found in an English dictionary. For starters, there's a difference legally between the "United States" and the "united States." The "united States" are the unity of the sovereign States of America. The "United

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<sup>7</sup> *Section 1.* Neither Slavery nor servitude, except as a punishment for crime where of the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction. *Section 2.* Congress shall have the power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

States” is actually referring to a corporation, a.k.a. “The United States of America.” The “united States” is the abbreviated form of “united States for America.” The “United States of America” is the name used in the Constitution to describe the Federal government, not the united States now subjects to it. The purpose of the old 13<sup>th</sup> Amendment was to keep those with titles of nobility out of the Federal government of the united States for America by preventing them from becoming citizens of any of the united States, a Constitutional prerequisite for office.

Section 1 of the 14<sup>th</sup> Amendment created Federal citizenship for State citizens, subjecting them to both entities’ laws. Before this time, States were like countries of their own and the Federal government was the mediator between and the protector of them. The change was implemented by redefining what a “Citizen” is: the capitalization of the C in the term Citizen, used in the earliest parts of the Constitution, is different from the 14<sup>th</sup> Amendment’s description of a “citizen.”

The other key legal term in the formula is “person” or “persons,” which is distinguishable from “people.” *Person* has three legal definitions. The third one is different from those found in an English dictionary: 3. An entity (such as a corporation) that is recognized by law as having the rights and duties of a human being. In this sense, the term includes partnerships and other associations, whether incorporated or unincorporated.<sup>8</sup> In short, a person can also mean a corporation. Applying this to the 14<sup>th</sup> Amendment, one can reword the first line: “All *corporations* born or naturalized in the *United States*, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are *citizens* of the *United States* and of the State wherein they reside.” A 14<sup>th</sup> Amendment

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<sup>8</sup> Black’s Law Dictionary 1178 (8<sup>th</sup> ed. 2004)

citizen, as we shall see later in greater detail, can and usually does refer to a corporation.

The 14<sup>th</sup> Amendment didn't reestablish the rights of a "Citizen"; it outlined the rights of a "citizen." The Department of Education forces schools to teach that this Amendment made everyone equal. Its purpose was to do just that; but it didn't include the condition that everyone remains free. It was an attempt to lower everyone's "Citizen" status to a "citizen," making everyone subject to the laws of the Federal government. At the time the Amendment didn't visibly affect anyone's lives so most didn't think to try to understand the significance of the wording and bought the propaganda that its purpose was to make the slaves equal. The real reason for its implementation was to set into place the first step in a devious, gradual plan that the US' former creditors had been plotting, which wouldn't be fully realized until the New Deal in 1933. The Amendment remains the keystone upon which all new Federal laws, such as statutes, have been written.

When it comes to defying the American people's interests, the most historically celebrated Presidents are the most culpable since the families they did backroom deals with still have economic footholds here and are indirectly controlling the Department of Education. One of them, Lincoln cowardly accepted war loans from the same creditors from which Jackson patriotically freed us, making the United States once again a debtor nation.

By the end of his Presidency, the miserable, ugly man began to realize the consequences of his evils. Doubting if both sides of the War would repay their generous war loan debt, the US' creditors argued that their future US beneficiaries couldn't be trusted with their Constitutional powers and

political/monetary system of free enterprise because the new nation was already struggling to keep herself together. Wanting to regain monetary and political control, they used their money and power to manipulate Lincoln's egotistical will to keep his dictatorial union together so he could defeat the South. Eventually realizing the damage he was doing, he in 1865 introduced a new monetary policy, contrived to pay off the war debt without accruing harmful interest:

*The Government should create, issue, and circulate all the currency and credits needed to satisfy the spending power of the Government and the buying power of consumers. By the adoption of these principles, the taxpayers will be saved immense sums of interest. Money will cease to be master and become the servant of humanity.... The privilege of creating and issuing money is not only the supreme prerogative of government, but it is the government's greatest opportunity.*

Had his economic policy been implemented, the US would have once again worked her way out of her war debt. Just five days after General Lee surrendered and Lincoln won his War, there came the bullet of the mysterious John Wilkes Booth.

Wet from snow melting in their treads, the sound of Chuck's State shoes slipping into the cube shifts his attention. As he blinks, his mind sorts through several questions inspired by the text: "What became of the martial

law? What were those with titles of nobility up to when they passed the two Amendments? Did the creditors order Lincoln's assassination when he tried to introduce his new fiat system?"

As he notices his bunkie's eyes returning to the ink, Chuck smiles but chooses to interrupt: "Just heard a story down the hall about the new kid a few cubes over."

"You mean that obnoxious White trash punk that moved in the other day? That boy has trouble coming for him if he doesn't wise up fast."

"Trash like that is too rambunctious to heed any of my wisdom when I try to impart it. Most 'young bucks' aren't with it the way you are. But anyway, I heard his bunkie in the day room explaining how he caught that boy masturbating in the cube last night!" Both laugh for several seconds while empathizing with both sides of the situation.

Troubling for the younger, testosterone-filled, undomesticated convicts more than any, there is no particularly suitable place in the facility to take care of the business when it arises. In some facilities there are two-man rooms which can be temporarily vacated for the comfort and convenience of a bunkie between scheduled body counts by employing strategies, such as temporarily hanging up a shirt to cover the window of the otherwise solid steel cell door. According to prison etiquette, getting caught mid-tug in an open cube setting is grounds for an immediate ass whooping.

"What'd he do?"

“When he saw it he called him out on the spot in front of their cube and threatened to kick his teeth in if he ever has to witness that again.” Again caught in laughter, Chuck removes the shoes from his blistered feet. The humor calms and he collides with his bunk to begin a crossword puzzle. During the silence Dermot’s mind floats to what he’s read, compelling him to recover the book and finish the second chapter.

## **The Private Laws of the District of Columbia**

In 1871, three years after the illegal ratification of the 14<sup>th</sup> Amendment, the government defaulted on its Civil War debt, forcing it into the bankruptcy<sup>9</sup> that was the death blow to the united States for America: on Feb. 21<sup>st</sup> Britain claimed what was hers according to international law and incorporated the ten mile square that is Washington, D.C.<sup>10</sup> Britain also incorporated both the US Constitution and new names for its newly-founded corporation, such as THE UNITED STATES, THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, US, USA, etc., as declared in the

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<sup>9</sup> “A statutory procedure by which a (usually insolvent) debtor obtains financial relief and undergoes a judicially supervised reorganization or liquidation of the debtor’s assets for the benefit of the creditors.” Black’s Law Dictionary 156 (8<sup>th</sup> ed. 2004)

<sup>10</sup> 16 Stat. 419 Chapter 62

District of Columbia Organic Act of 1871.<sup>11</sup> The corporation covertly coexists with the united States but simultaneously denies that these united States still exist, creating a privately-controlled shadow government.

Being a bankrupt nation, the United States retained only her power to settle court cases funded by civilians and lost her ability to fund her own criminal cases. The absence of authority allowed for the illusion to emerge that only Britain's private, Roman civil system structuring its corporation called THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA apply to US criminal cases. It filled the authoritative gap created by the bankruptcy, crafting an illusion of normalcy and continuity. Since this moment in history, THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA has been governed entirely by foreign, private, corporate law and Washington, D.C. has been under British control.

*The UNITED STATES OF AMERICA is a corporation, whose jurisdiction is applicable only in the ten-mile-square parcel of land known as the District of Columbia and to whatever properties are legally titled to the UNITED STATES, by its registration in the corporate County, State, and Federal governments that are under military power of the UNITED STATES and its creditors.*<sup>12</sup>

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<sup>11</sup> Title 28 USC Section 3002(5) Chapter 176; 534 FEDERAL SUPPLEMENT 724

<sup>12</sup> Act to Provide a Government for the District of Columbia, Section 34 of the Forty-First Congress of the United States, Session III, Chapters 61 and 62, enacted Feb. 21, 1871

To use Britain's imposed, incorporated laws, US citizens need permission. The Americans who usually use these alien laws against their own are *attorneys*, not *lawyers*. The word "attorney" comes from "attorn," which means to turn over to another; transfer.<sup>13</sup> In old England, the title "attorney" was for one who attorned: one who transferred money, goods, etc. to another party.<sup>14</sup> Attorneys served the King or Queen, handling disputes with their peasants over resources. Today, attorneys transfer tangible value through court proceedings to both other, equivalent forms and to new owners, being either persons or the government. Attorneys have limited legislative power because they have sworn to uphold Britain's copyrighted laws instead of America's preexisting laws.

A lawyer isn't limited. Many falsely believe a license is required in order to practice law. If one wishes to use Britain's private laws, one would only need to become licensed to avoid a copyright violation, although the owners of the copyright would rather not press charges to avoid the media's spotlight. The point of becoming licensed by passing the BAR exam is less to practice law and more to join the club, the American BAR Association: an appendage of the BAR Council, a.k.a. the BAR association of England. The term BAR is an acronym for British Accreditation Regency, a.k.a. British Accreditation Register: the registry for those who have been accredited to use America's new, British-imposed, Roman civil legal system.

Henceforth, all laws written by the US have been the private laws of Britain, created on behalf of the Bank of England and the US' creditors. Sovereign Citizens are exempt from these

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<sup>13</sup> *Random House Dictionary*. Random House, Inc., 2009.

<sup>14</sup> *Black's Law Dictionary* 138 (8<sup>th</sup> ed. 2004)

private laws. Anyone who doesn't dispute being a 14<sup>th</sup> Amendment citizen is subject to them. The 13<sup>th</sup> Amendment eliminated involuntary servitude but it gave no warning about voluntary servitude. The 14<sup>th</sup> Amendment began American citizens' voluntary servitude to the Federal government. In the late 19<sup>th</sup> Century, simply claiming to be a sovereign Citizen and not a 14<sup>th</sup> Amendment citizen was legally sufficient to avoid being subject to Britain's private laws. In order to legally and financially enslave the Citizens of the States, the US' creditors needed to convince them to formally agree to a 14<sup>th</sup> Amendment citizenship through a horrifically elaborate scam which took sixty-two more years to craft.

Feeling as if his whole world has just been flipped and flopped, Dermot drops the book on his bunk. New hatred for his current situation arises as he realizes it's an unwelcome, British legal system that holds him captive, not the fair, American legal system he's been brainwashed into believing still controls the country. He cringes from feeling some of his childish naiveté and national pride die. It's a pain life has already taught him to know well. Nevertheless, he still fights the realization by rationalizing, considering the possibility that the imbedded citations are just bluffs.

Before dragged down into these desolate pits of despair, he was a creature who unwittingly worshiped false idols to build an ego instead of building true character through hard work and self-honesty. The development of

his ego was a natural psychological response, a defense mechanism for coping with the social world of fiction into which he was cast. As a baby he was very peaceful because, beyond his basic needs, he didn't know that in order to survive in this world one needs to think about oneself far more than is natural and healthy. Soon he began to surrender to society's programming and tried to develop a bigger ego than those of his peers. It was then when he truly started idolizing his older brother of seven years, who in his eyes was as cool as cool could get. Beyond his father, no figure was a greater idol and he regularly emulated his trendiness. Meanwhile, his father did everything possible to separate them because in his stepson he saw and heard things that could've potentially destroyed the positive progress he'd made orienting his only blood son's young, fragile mind.

When Dermot was ten, his brother ran away from home. Their parents recognized the stunt as a delinquent behavior but he cared little about their diagnosis and just wanted his brother back. As he began to spend more time at his father's house, they only visited in small segments. A couple years later, after having a daughter and getting married, he joined the military and moved from Michigan to Ft. Sill, Oklahoma. Over the next six years, their contact diminished and, as Dermot once told his best friend, he almost began to forget he even had a brother.

After experiencing a divorce and tough times in Oklahoma, his brother was welcomed home by the family

when Dermot was sixteen, a junior in high school. In no time they bonded once again.

About six months later, his brother was accused of and incarcerated for a serious crime that he didn't commit and spent six months in the county jail until a speedy trial law came into effect, forcing his release. When the court finally tried him a couple months later, he was convicted of a different, lesser offense. The court credited his time served, affixed to his leg a tether, a remote sensor that let the police know where he was at all times, and called regularly to verify his house arrest. If the two were to see each other, they were forced to spend time in his brother's apartment outside of his parents' supervision. There he let him throw parties for his high school friends. Everyone always had a blast, so much that it spiked his popularity.

Having lost custody of his beloved daughter during the divorce, he longed to be in her life as much as possible. She adored him for being a great dad in all the little ways. Naively and selfishly he found it necessary to keep a two bedroom apartment, as she loved the room he prepared for her and it kept them visibly closer. Child support, a brutal setback for a minimum wage worker at a local lumber yard, tore him apart.

Months down the road, money got tight and one of his delinquent friends explained to him how easy it is to stick up highway gas stations. Entranced by the idea and his ego, he told Dermot what he was beginning to consider,

who proceeded to inform him of the stupidity of the plan, shaming and eventually convincing him to retract it.

Over the next two weeks, his predicament only grew worse. Despite having time to consider the negative consequences, he decided that a highway stick-up was his best option if he was to pay his already late rent and retain the remains of his life. He'd just wrecked his old, big body Ford, nicknamed "the beast," yielding the need for a new ride. Selfishness and desperation led him to ask his little brother if he could borrow his old Buick for the heist. Having received few social freedoms from his parents throughout childhood, he loved the freedom his car gave him and wasn't ready to part with it in the event that his brother wrecked it, too. Another fear pulled on him even harder: if left alone, his long lost sidekick would find himself once again behind bars. He'd already been shown by the system that it has no problem incarcerating his family for unreasonable stretches but, never having done anything seriously wrong, the idea that it would also be thirsty for his blood made little sense to him. Naively, he decided the best option was to accept the inevitability of his brother's mission and also to drive him, hoping to keep both him out of jail and his car intact. This reached consensus became both the most important and the worst decision of both of their lives.

The brothers exercised their cunning by constructing a paper maché mask, buying a toy BB gun, keeping it unloaded and stealing a license plate from a

random car in a random apartment complex to help temporarily shield their identities. Having not thought out their target very well, they randomly and clumsily searched for something easy and eventually parked a functional distance from a “mom and pop” gas station. Wearing the mask on his face and the toy BB gun on his hip, his brother ran in and attempted to act convincingly intimidating.

About a minute elapsed before Dermot saw him sprinting back to the car. The clerk had recently emptied his drawer into the company’s safe so the plunder was meager. Driving back from the heist, Dermot insisted it was time to call it a day. His brother, however, wasn’t satisfied because of the meagerness of the plunder. After pulling his arm to continue, they found another convenient-looking gas station and his brother repeated the felonious action, this time scoring more cash.

While driving away Dermot saw a sign on the opposite side of the road that pointed to the moderately-distant highway, their escape route, which he remembered was to the right. The sign, however, said it was to the left. In a foreign area and instantly more trusting of the transportation system’s sign than his own judgment, he made a left. Riled in the moment, his brother didn’t notice the change. Just for some silly fun, the sound of *Judas Priest’s* “Breaking the Law” filled the Buick.

The cops were already privy to their crime spree and had begun developing a perimeter around the major roads around the second gas station. By the time they saw

the sizeable squadron cruising down the other side of the road hunting for them, it was too late. Recognizing the car because of a phoned tip, about a dozen cruisers U-turned and began flaring their lights. The beat up Buick definitely wasn't going to survive the off-road terrain, forcing them to pull over and surrender.

Once arrested, the police told him that, if he cooperatively confessed, he would be eligible to join a two year youth program that would keep him out of prison. Naively believing police are good people who wouldn't purposely lie to and take advantage of him, and considering all the necessary evidence to build a solid case against them was seized upon arrest, he figured being honest was the best approach, as taught by his parents.

In reality he was just an accomplice to the crimes because he himself never robbed anyone. Having never stolen as much as candy before, he's always hated thieves, so during the crime spree he internally despised the act. Michigan's bloodthirsty judicial system, however, charged both his brother and him with two armed robberies. Prosecutors decided to charge him, a seventeen year old, as an adult without meaningful reason, ballooning his time from a two year program he'd endure while on probation to two floaters: two twenty year sentences for the two robberies, which they threatened he wouldn't serve concurrently.

In the aftermath, his brother remained in prison but he was bailed by his parents to finish high school three

months before his sentencing. Never will he forget the conviction in his father's voice when he told him that he'd ruined the family name. More of his friends and family suffered from his misbehavior than he realized would. Some felt the need to leave school early after hearing the news. Dozens wrote character reference letters to the judge on his behalf. In the end he was given forty-two to seventy-two months of prison time. Universally recognized as the ring leader, his brother was given ten to fifteen years.

Despite only being an accessory, Dermot well understands what he did wrong and regularly admits to the role he played, understanding the damage the incident must've inflicted on the gas station attendants' psyches. What he still doesn't understand is why simply sitting in his car while these crimes occurred merited such a torturous prison sentence. Brandishing an unloaded toy BB gun, his brother had no means to hurt the clerks. In reality his brother was the only one in physical danger: from startled, stubborn clerks keeping real guns near their registers. Dermot's full role in the incident was to permit the brief psychological trauma of a couple random clerks in order to ease the suffering of his own family. By looking out for his own instead of humanity at large, he acted selfishly.

Instead of choosing to use the State's resources to incarcerate hardened, dangerous criminals, the judge, deemed "Honorable" for bullying ignorant, powerless citizens with the British system's might, told him that he

needed to be “made an example of.” Never understanding how the confiscation of his youth helped the world, the new jailbird was forced to grow up staggeringly fast, ripped from the safety of his parents’ house and thrown into an abyss primarily inhabited by humanity’s darkest attributes.

Days after transporting him to quarantine to start his journey, the system pushed him through various competency tests, and he did stellar. Despite his exceptionally high scores, it tried to crush his confidence by suggesting he’s best fit for manual labor.

The bird, however, is an anomaly in the system. Frequently random inmates approach him to comment on how out of place he looks wearing prison stripes, encouraging him to move on with his life and go to college. Accelerated adaptation and something he’s discovered deep within himself have kept him safe amidst chaos. Instead of letting his hellish environment change him for the worse, he finds an intense peace in learning how to recognize and destroy the roots of the evil encompassing him daily. Obsession is less easily noticed when all one has is time, which only serves to further blur the line between genius and insanity.

## Chapter Four

### *One Month Later*

“462472! It’s past 8:00! What the hell are you doing under those sheets?” Dermot awakens, shocked. The angry CO, nicknamed the “Ticketmaster,” is chewing him out over a seldom enforced rule. He knows what the rulebook says: he needs to be on top of his bedding after 8:00 a.m., not under it, and can’t get back underneath until after dinner. Generally he disregards the rule because only the most sadistic COs choose to go out of their way to enforce it. With the deeply annoyed eyes of a man ready to fall over the edge he stares at the Ticketmaster, pondering his options: he can get up swinging; follow the Ticketmaster’s orders and sleep on top of the sheets; or humor the power-hungry asshole by getting out from under them only to slide back into their warmth once he leaves. “462472! See me in the bubble!” Merely four seconds of inaction persuade the sadistic prick to write him a minor ticket. Canning his anger until the miser leaves, he avoids additional, major tickets for “Disobeying a Direct Order” and “Intimidating an Officer,” which would hinder his chances of being released as early as possible.

Heading to the “bubble,” he wades through a hall full of inconsiderate convicts, who obnoxiously and routinely blow cigarette smoke in the aisle without caring whose airspace they’re violating. Nearly the whole way he holds his breath, as if his reservation retains reason in such a smoke-filled housing unit. A minor, irritating tobacco allergy enhances his frustrations.

Wet cement lies between him and the office, where the Ticketmaster is preparing a petty ticket for him. From the doorframe of the bubble he glares at the officer, surveying and analyzing the misery composing him. After a long, needless delay he produces the ticket. The assigned punishment: a week of top lock, meaning he can’t leave his cube until a week passes, the only exceptions being a daily shower, three potential trips to the chow hall and bathroom breaks via permission. Already anticipating this fate, he gathers and stores his anger, sighs, turns around and walks away.

“What a great start to the day!” he thinks, wading once again through deliberately obnoxious convicts, whose volume multiplied after the disappearance of the Ticketmaster. The loudest of them all, a young Black who likes to be called “T. Martin” crosses his path and lends him a nasty look, as if he owns the joint. Disappointed by his fellow man, he returns the ugly look and shakes his head to and fro. There is no merit in T. Martin’s attitude because Dermot knows far more about prison, having descended from the highest security levels. It isn’t the first

time the punk has given him a sharp look and his instincts warn him it won't be the last.

A couple hours later, the Ticketmaster makes his rounds and lets Dermot take a bathroom break. After visiting the urinal, he approaches one of the many sinks, where he washes his hands and splashes rusty water on his face. In a decrepit, scarred mirror above the steel basin the unflattering reflection of T. Martin appears.

“What are you lookin’ at!” he challenges, notorious for exclaiming rather than questioning.

“What’cha gonna do about it, punk?” he barks, holding his ground, ready to pounce on his infuriated, overly-aggressive adversary. The hellion’s mouth may get a lot of exercise but it’s a worthless defense mechanism if his victim isn’t also a punk and is willing to resist with fists.

Thud! The Ticketmaster hears the scuffle, slams open the bathroom door and glares at both of them as if they broke a vase in his house. “462472! Go back to your bunk!”

Longing to fight while pumped with adrenaline, he’s grateful by the time he returns that he didn’t blow his cool and perhaps his parole over the village idiot. Immediately he vents his frustrations to Chuck, who explains how much he too has learned to dislike the “loud punk.” Both fantasize fun ways to resolve his presence.

As the need to vent subsides, Dermot lies down on his blanket. Growing heavy, his eyelids shut. Despite vociferous noise from the day room, he falls asleep. In his mind vivid dreams subconsciously influenced by the noise surface. The sound of T. Martin's voice molds his peaceful sleep into a violent nightmare, wherein he gets up, confronts the punk and beats him to a pulp over the cold, cement floor.

Adrenaline awakens him. The time and effort his mind invested into detailing this memorable, power-based fantasy deeply disturb him. All he really wants is to not live with the annoying man; but that's not an option. During times like this, having patience is usually the only solution. It's a quality he knows he needs to strengthen in order to safely and gracefully meander his way through and eventually out of hell. Calming his frustrations, he meditates to clear his mind.

After a month of digesting the fact that Britain took over the Federal government, he decides he's ready to revisit Chuck's book, recovers it and turns to the only remaining chapter:

### **Chapter 3: The Greatest Scam Ever**

“In politics, nothing happens by accident. If it happens, you can bet it was planned that way.”

Since 1871, when Washington, D.C. was overtaken by Britain and the Constitution lost its meaning, new US monetary policies emerged. After just two years, the creditors cast the Coinage Act through Congress, which constricted the economy by disallowing the minting of silver coins, tightening their economic control. It became harder for debtors to pay debts because of the rise in the value of the existent currency, indirectly forcing a third of the US workforce into unemployment. To investigate the change Congress formed the 1876 United States Silver Commission, which blamed the economic crisis on the US' creditors and noted that a similar monetary contraction precipitated the collapse of the Roman Empire.

Responding to the panic, the Bland-Allison Act was pushed through Congress, despite Rutherford B. Hayes's Presidential veto. He worried about the inflation that would naturally arise from the Act, as it pegged the new silver dollar at the same value as the existent gold dollar when silver was only worth 90% of the value of gold, and said: "Expediency and justice both demand an honest currency."<sup>15</sup>

Four years later, he didn't seek a second term. Troubled by the disparity between the rich and the poor, six years later he said "free government cannot long endure if property is largely in a few hands and large masses of people are unable to earn

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<sup>15</sup> Hoogenboom, Ari. *Rutherford Hayes: Warrior and President*. University Press of Kansas, 1995.

homes, education, and a support in old age.”<sup>16</sup> The following year he wrote in his diary:

In church it occurred to me that it is time for the public to hear that the giant evil and danger in this country, the danger which transcends all others, is the vast wealth owned or controlled by a few persons. Money is power. In Congress, in state legislatures, in city councils, in the courts, in the political conventions, in the press, in the pulpit, in the circles of the educated and the talented, its influence is growing greater and greater. Excessive wealth in the hands of the few means extreme poverty, ignorance, vice, and wretchedness as the lot of the many. It is not yet time to debate about the remedy. The previous question is as to the danger—the evil. Let the people be fully informed and convinced as to the evil. *Let them earnestly seek the remedy and it will be found.* Fully to know the evil is the first step towards reaching its eradication.<sup>17</sup>

He was delighted when citizens elected President James A. Garfield, who campaigned with a promise to revive silver coinage. Responding to the economic contraction during

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<sup>16</sup> Barnard, Harry. *Rutherford Hayes and his America*. American Political Biography Press, 2005 [1954].

<sup>17</sup> Hayes, Rutherford B. Williams, Charles Richard. ed. *The Diary and Letters of Rutherford B. Hayes, Nineteenth President of the United States*. Ohio State Archeological and Historical Society, 1992.

Hayes's Presidency, he stated: "Whoever controls the volume of money in any country is absolute master of all industry and commerce. And when you realize that the entire system is very easily controlled, one way or another, by a few powerful men at the top, you will not have to be told how periods of inflation and depression are caused."<sup>18</sup> Retaining control of the money supply, the foreign creditors easily created recoveries and then recessions to buy up US property from citizens for pennies on the dollar. In 1891 the American Bankers Association printed a memo establishing their plans for America:

*On September 1<sup>st</sup>, 1894, we will not renew our loans under any consideration. On September 1<sup>st</sup>, we will demand our money. We will foreclose and become mortgagees in possession. We will take two-thirds of the farms west of the Mississippi and thousands of them east of the Mississippi as well, at our own price.... Then the farmers will become tenants, as in England.*<sup>19</sup>

The conquered US government was once again a debtor and the threat of economic default returned in 1909. Congress proposed to Britain a new twenty year charter and it accepted the offer under the condition that it passed two new pieces of legislation. The first was the act that created a new unconstitutional central bank, which emerged from the tip of President Woodrow Wilson's pen in 1913. The second was the

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<sup>18</sup> Brown, Ellen Hodgson. *Web of Debt*. Third Millennium Press, 2008.

<sup>19</sup> 1881 ABA Memo, as recorded on the Congressional Record, Apr. 29<sup>th</sup>, 1913

ratification of the fluffy, unsubstantial 16th Amendment, outlining income taxation. Through both this central bank and the income tax the vampiric, banker-introduced fiat monetary system now feeds on the energies of ignorant US citizens.

## **The Great Depression**

When the threat of economic default returned in 1929, something different happened: J.P. Morgan and Kuhn and Loeb illegally sent advanced warning of the economic collapse to their associates, who simultaneously pulled out of the stock market. Paul Warburg's Federal Reserve Bank initiated the crash by printing notes at a 62% inflation rate and then raising interest rates to 6%. "Black Tuesday" dramatically lowered the value of stocks, causing nationwide panic and a downward economic spiral. Most pulled out too late to salvage their family's investments. Some jumped to their deaths out of tall buildings amid the panic.

Like any other economic depression, the change created a canyon between the working class and the dominant ruling class. It was advantageous to the creditors that most of the money – cash, certificates, and other constitutionally-lawful receipt money backed by lawful coinage – was indirectly pulled out of peoples' hands and moved to their banks. Many citizens were swindled when they invested in purportedly safe high-yield Treasury Bonds, sucking the real, lawful money out of their hands in exchange for a future debt transfer.

Stuck in a corner, the United States once again resorted to receiving help and accepted new bankruptcy conditions – austerity measures. Fiscal agent over the monetary policies of THE UNITED STATES, President Herbert Hoover asked the privately-owned Federal Reserve Bank to devise a solution. It responded: “Whereas, in the opinion of the Board of Directors of the Federal Bank of New York, the continued and increasing withdrawal of currency and gold from the banks of the country has now created a national emergency....”<sup>20</sup> The emergency emerged because most of the gold withdrawn went not into the hands of Americans but outside the US economy: it left at the very *beginning* of the Depression. “... [T]hat those speculators and insiders were right was plain enough later on. This first contract of the ‘moneychangers’ with the New Deal netted those who removed their money from a country a profit of up to 60 percent when the dollar was debased.”<sup>21</sup>

Banks can’t be greedy in a freefalling economy: the value they lend is higher than their return, so they shut their doors. During the Depression they violated their preexistent contracts to hold their customers’ gold and provide it upon receipt without penalty. Allowed to lend far more value than they held, the foreign creditors controlling the banks had to discern which clients would see their money. The lending deficit and raging lines at the banks underlined for the common man his inferiority to the foreign bankers.

The Federal Reserve Board suggested to President Hoover that he use his emergency powers, unconstitutionally

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<sup>20</sup> Herbert Hoover private papers March 3, 1933

<sup>21</sup> Hoover Policy Paper, written by the Secretary of Interior and Secretary of Agriculture

adopted by Lincoln, to issue an Executive Order citing Section 5(b) of President Wilson's 1917 Trading with the Enemy Act: "the President may investigate, regulate, or prohibit, under such rules and regulations as he may prescribe by means of licensure or otherwise, any transaction in foreign exchange and the export, hoarding, melting, or ear markings of gold or silver coin or bullion currency, ...."<sup>22</sup> Due to the negative impact it would've had on the freedom and economy of his people, President Hoover rejected the suggestion. Regarding the crisis, Congressman Louis T. McFadden stated in his famous 1932 Congressional address:

*Mr. Chairman, we have in this country one of the most corrupt institutions the world has ever known. I refer to the Federal Reserve Board and the Federal Reserve Banks. The Federal Reserve Board, a Government board, has cheated the Government of the United States and the people of the United States out of enough money to pay the national debt. The depredations and iniquities of the Federal Reserve Board have cost this country enough money to pay the national debt several times over. This evil institution has impoverished and ruined the people of the United States, has bankrupted itself, and has practically bankrupted our Government. It has done this through the defects of the law by the Federal Reserve Board, and through the corrupt practices of the moneyed vultures who control it.*

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<sup>22</sup>

Herbert Hoover private papers of March 3, 1933

Following this address and a suspicious heart attack, McFadden died from food poisoning.

The following year, the creditors funded into office a President that *would* play puppet for their interests: Franklin Delano Roosevelt. The *same day* he was sworn in he asked Congress for emergency powers to deal with the economic crisis. The next day he issued Proclamation 2038, asking for a Special Session to address the crisis. It began with the words: “Be it enacted by the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress Assembled, that the Congress hereby declares that a serious emergency exists and that it is imperatively necessary to speedily put into effect remedies of uniform national application.” Later that day Congress passed this statute:

*During time of war or during any other period of national emergency declared by the President, the President may, through any agency that he may designate, or otherwise investigate, regulate, or prohibit under such rules and regulations as he may prescribe by means of licensure or otherwise, any transaction in foreign exchange, transactions of credit between or payments by banking institutions as defined by the President and export, hoarding, melting, or ear markings of gold or silver coin or bullion or currency, by any person within the United States or anyplace subject to the jurisdiction thereof.<sup>23</sup>*

*Whenever, in the judgement of the Secretary of the Treasury, such action is necessary to protect the*

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<sup>23</sup>

Title 1, Sec. 2, 48 Statute 1, Mar. 9, 1933

*currency system of the United States, the Secretary of the Treasury, in his discretion, may regulate any or all individuals, partnerships, associations and corporations to pay and deliver to the Treasurer of the United States any or all gold coin, gold bullion, and gold certificates owned by such individuals, partnerships, associations, and corporations. ...Whoever shall not comply with the provisions of this act shall be fined not more than \$10,000 or if a natural person, in addition to such fine may be imprisoned for a year, not exceeding ten years.*<sup>24</sup>

This led to the “Resolution” that stole every US citizen’s money.

“Stole every US citizen’s money?” he repeats. “Grandpa said the New Deal saved us....” It bothers him how expediently FDR put it forth. School taught him that the US expanded considerably after its implementation and it was this artificial expansion that pulled her out of the Depression. None of his teachers ever discussed anything negative about it. “How come I never learned this stuff in school? What’s the Deal?”

## **The New Deal**

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<sup>24</sup>

Title 1, Sec. 1, 48 Statute, Subsection N, Mar. 9, 1933

The gold seizure, House Joint Resolution 192, was the US' sacrifice for the string-attached benefits of the New Deal. Most believe that Roosevelt was one of America's best Presidents because he invested foreign creditors' monopoly money into creating jobs, national parks, infrastructure, etc. and that, in due time, these investments made the economy boom. All of this did happen but what changed for the common US citizen is avoided in schoolbooks and the media.

Dark deals were made with international creditors, who invested in the US after the introduction of new austerity measures. The first of which was the passing of HJR 192, which formalized the introduction of a new central bank: the twenty year old Federal Reserve Bank that caused the Depression. It commanded citizens to exchange their lawful gold and silver currencies for unlawful Federal Reserve Notes. The lawful currencies were then given to the foreign creditors. Henceforth everyone was strong-armed into participating in a debt-based economy driven by Federal Reserve Notes.<sup>25</sup>

*Under the new law the money is issued to the banks in return for Government obligations, bills of exchange, drafts, notes, trade acceptances, and bankers' acceptances. The money will be worth 100 cents on the dollar, because it is backed by the credit of the nation. It will represent a mortgage on all the homes and other property of all the people in the nation. The money so*

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<sup>25</sup> In legal terms, a "note" is a debt. Black's Law Dictionary 1088 (8th ed. 2004)

*issued will not have one penny of gold coverage behind it, because it is really not needed.*<sup>26</sup>

The biggest, most evil backroom deal hidden within the New Deal was the changing of who's responsible for the tab of the National Debt. *Instead of the United States government being the debtor to the Debt, the new system made all US citizens debtors to it, foisting the government's economic responsibility onto the people.* It's barely legal to foist debts onto people without them formally agreeing. No man in his right mind would voluntarily agree to pay a debt that someone else incurred, so, in the name of continuity, the US government tricked its citizens into becoming debt-slaves to foreigners, keeping afloat a boat full of criminals who were and still are actively taking advantage of the States.

The legal loophole was to invoke Lincoln's latent emergency war powers and define the new enemy of this war "any person within the United States or any place subject to the jurisdiction thereof."<sup>27</sup> It's an economic war against the persons of the US. To "ensure elevated national security" the government gave everyone a *nom de guerre*, a war name, for tracking and regulation. This war name is a *straw man account*: a personal account created by, in this instance, the government to continue an economic transaction when the other party doesn't necessarily agree to contracting.<sup>28</sup> Yours can be found

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<sup>26</sup> House 73<sup>rd</sup> Congress, Session I, Chapter I, p. 83; Also see Senate Report 93-549; Also see Executive Orders 6072, 6102, and 6246

<sup>27</sup> 73<sup>rd</sup> Congress, Sess. 1, Ch. 1, Title 1(b)

<sup>28</sup> Black's Law Dictionary 1461 (8<sup>th</sup> ed. 2004)

on your IRS forms, driver's license, Social Security card, and any other contract persons make with the US government. It mirrors one's legal name but is fully capitalized because it's a corporation<sup>29</sup>; and this corporation is also a person.<sup>30</sup> Agreeing that your straw man represents you, a sovereign, flesh and blood Citizen, binds you to being both a citizen and a subject of the private corporation called the UNITED STATES, giving it claim over your being.

In 1921, the government began the issuance of birth certificates, something Britain had been doing since the mid-Nineteenth Century. They confirm that children are officially US citizens. When they were first introduced people had no good reason to obtain them, so the government had to trick them into entering the contracts. Expecting mothers were encouraged to sign them on behalf of their newborns, earning them paid pregnancy leave. Not understanding the contractual implications of the certificates, new mothers accepted what seemed to be free money, which had no obvious strings attached.<sup>31</sup> US birth certificates are collateral for the Debt, valued by estimations of the monetary values of the work newborns will some day invest into the system.

After the New Deal, everyone was forced to deliver to the government their birth registries: the documentation used before the introduction of birth certificates. These were exchanged for modern birth certificates – Certificates of Live Birth – and filed by the US Department of Commerce in its subdivision the Bureau of Vital Statistics. The titles to all

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<sup>29</sup> Black's Law Dictionary 365 (8<sup>th</sup> ed. 2004)

<sup>30</sup> Black's Law Dictionary 1178 (8<sup>th</sup> ed. 2004)

<sup>31</sup> Sheppard-Towner Maternity Act of 1921

citizens' bodies were pledged to the foreign creditors as collateral for the Debt of the UNITED STATES.<sup>32</sup>

Forms of adhesion contracts soon pulled tighter the knot that ties who would otherwise be sovereign Americans to their straw men corporations. Typically unwittingly favoring one party far more than the other, they're found throughout the US government's interactions with its citizens. Registering to vote at the age of eighteen formally declares one a citizen: when one is no longer a minor and can legally choose to sign away one's life. Driver's licenses similarly bind citizens. After 1935, Social Security enticed them into contracting in order to receive a number and someday promised "benefits."

Today, almost all businesses blindly follow THE UNITED STATES' economic laws, making someone who doesn't have a government-issued number virtually unemployable. Private signatures are electronically copied onto driver's licenses and mandatorily provided just to buy alcohol. Yet, those who selflessly try to warn others about the decline of the system are systematically labeled nutty conspiracy theorists. Just one existent contract is enough to legally bind a sovereign American to the corporate UNITED STATES' laws.

Through financial force the Federal Reserve Bank established a new system of economic enslavement. Its emergence was coupled by the emergence of another Zionist-created institution, the Anti-Defamation League: a propaganda post that positions itself to best protect the politicians it buys out. It attacks anyone who's outspoken about the forces controlling the greatest scam ever: the treasonous banker takeover in lieu of the US government's 1933 bankruptcy.

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<sup>32</sup> Title 28 USC 3002(15)(A)

Simultaneously similar severe economic calamities speckled the globe. Miserable living conditions aided the propagation of repressive political parties, such as Hitler’s Nazi Party and America’s modernized Democratic and Republican Parties, which purposely diminish the rights of the people, following the orders of the parasitic creditors controlling them in return for indirectly-channeled kickbacks, riding the US face first into the dirt instead of allowing an economic correction to naturally occur.

“Since March 9, 1933, the United States has been in a state of declared national emergency.”<sup>33</sup> From it birthed the “alphabet agencies” – the FBI, the CIA, the DNR, the NSA, etc. – implemented to protect her government from “foreign terrorists.” These sectors of the shadow government can be influenced by but run independently from our elected officials. Since the primary entity controlling the Federal government’s laws is Britain, these “foreign terrorists” are generally US citizens and the States.

The Roman Civil law that in 1871 began bleeding outward from Washington, D.C. led to the Buck Act,<sup>34</sup> which removed the remainder of the States’ sovereignty. It functionally voided their Statehood, lowering them to 14<sup>th</sup> Amendment citizens, corporations under Federal jurisdiction, eliminating their abilities to economically usurp the authority of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. Americans watched this happen during the introduction of new State abbreviations, where Oreg. turned into OR., denoting a Federal corporation.

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<sup>33</sup> Senate Report 93-549

<sup>34</sup> Title 4 USC 104-116

Zip codes were also introduced, which also denote Federal ownership.

The Act was passed as an extension of the Public Salary Tax Act of 1939: a municipal law of D.C. allowing it to specially tax all Federal and State employees, meaning anyone living on Federal land who pays Federal taxes. Since the States were sovereign entities, the Tax Act couldn't legally be applied to them. The Buck Act changed this, lowering their statuses from sovereign States to 14<sup>th</sup> Amendment citizens. The Tax Act was later renamed the Internal Revenue Code of 1939 and has since been used to fraudulently tax all citizens and States.

In the 1960s, the States adopted the Uniform Commercial Code, reorganizing the economic transactions of every State and of the Federal government. It grants the UNITED STATES Corporation the right to use the copyrighted names of every State. Now a bankrupt nation, all US laws are now rooted in economic principles, making the UCC the supreme law of the land.

Shower shoes scuffling noisily on the hallway cement distract and then frustrate Dermot as he considers how obvious it is that the obnoxious inmate steering them just wants attention. Needing and gathering patience, he rehearses to himself that such inmates are only annoying because they didn't receive enough attention from their parents during childhood. Visualizing the cause and effect behavioral chain helps him dilute some of his angst. The stupidity he regularly hears and sees sometimes makes it difficult for him to distinguish the temporarily misguided

from the incorrigibles. Commonly he finds himself wishing he could erect a monolith that would force his peers to evolve faster.

Remembrance of how far he's already come calms his frustrations. A creature of habit, he unplugs from the ugliness of the prison and plugs into a nature program on his small, black and white TV. For him, it's the closest thing to a comfort zone achievable. His mind drifts and begins to consider how much his patience has grown over the past two years.

Only a year ago, he sat on his bunk in Marquette watching CNBC, as did his elderly bunkie "Crazy Legs" Bill. Crazy Legs earned his nickname from the occasions when he jumped from his bottom bunk to answer the door of his two-man room too fast for his old, sedentary body and his legs side-wound him to the right, into the lockers.

A lifetime of drug abuse and petty crime led him to his long stint in hell. Known as the "meat man" because of one section of his "rap sheet," he frequented grocery stores' meat fridges and stole as much as possible, stuffed in his long-sleeved, baggy clothing, vending it on the streets for chump change relatively.

Now in his sixties, the meat man changed his main habit to monitoring CNBC all day every weekday, a behavior he encouraged in Dermot. The medically-dependent Democrat pushed his views on him, teaching him what mainstream news programmed into him during his sentence: the purported glories of economic

globalization. Misleading propaganda filled the otherwise good man's beliefs but Dermot was too politically ignorant to notice. For face value he accepted his regurgitated viewpoints, his brainwashing.

Until recently he never noticed the hidden, dark side of globalization. It was Chuck's book that taught him how foreign creditors stole the real wealth of sovereign US Citizens and bullied them into a citizenship based on privileges. Like a video in his mind, he can now visualize the four-dimensional web of corruption that emanates from the Federal Reserve System, economically enslaving his family and friends.

Thinking about the tragedy turns his mind to his friends, who seldom write, most in college and busy. When he receives no letters from them for several consecutive months, the dreaded feeling that they've come to accept his disappearance always returns. It's hard for him to avoid considering abandoning those who haven't written for at least three and a half years when, if he ever comes home. Every week he talks with his parents on a pay phone but hates the dollar per minute rate they tolerate to hear his voice. His grandparents send the most letters, supporting him despite his poor decision, mostly blaming his brother for misguiding him. Missing them all turns to concern for their well being, leading his mind to revisit the historical nightmare he just read about. Horrified but persistently curious, his eyes return to the ink:

## The Federal Reserve

*We must take away from this the stigma of private enterprise. We must convince the people that it is a governmental agency. We must call it the Federal Reserve System. Then everybody will think that it is a government organization and that it is constitutional. But actually it will be in the control of the bankers for their own private benefits.* - Paul M. Warburg, first chairman of the Federal Reserve

Before the Federal Reserve, the US, following the tradition of the Bank of England, was in a transition from receipt money into fiat money. The more indebted the US government becomes, the more interest it pays in the name of continuity. Considering the value of using commodity-backed money, the Constitution states that only gold and silver can back US dollars.<sup>35</sup> The escalating National Debt was the excuse used to persuade a corruptible Congress to ignore this. The real value US currencies once retained was swindled by foreign creditors through interest payments. President Garfield highlighted the illegality of this transition in his 1881 Inaugural Address:

*The chief duty of the National Government in connection with the currency of the country is to coin money and*

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<sup>35</sup>

US Constitution, Art. 1, Sec. 10

*declare its value. Grave doubts have been entertained whether Congress is authorized by the Constitution to make any form of paper money legal tender. The present issue of United States notes has been sustained by the necessities of war; but such paper should depend for its value and currency upon its convenience in use and its prompt redemption in coin at the will of the holder, and not upon its compulsory circulation. These notes are not money, but promises to pay money. If the holders demand it, the promise should be kept.*

Four months after giving this Address, Garfield was shot by a “distraught attorney” and died two months later.

Responding to the Money Panic of 1907, when there wasn't enough money in circulation for the economy to support business as usual, seven men, together owning a quarter of the entire world's wealth, devised the implementation of the fiat Federal Reserve Banks. They were: Abraham Piatt Andrew, Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury; Henry P. Davidson, senior partner of the J.P. Morgan Company; Charles D. Norton, president of J. P. Morgan's First National Bank of New York; Nelson W. Aldrich, Chairman of the National Monetary Commission, business associate of J. P. Morgan and father-in-law of John D. Rockefeller Jr.; Frank A. Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank of New York, representing William Rockefeller and the international investment banking house Kuhn, Loeb & Company; Benjamin Strong, head of J.P. Morgan's Bankers Trust Company; and, considered the father of the Federal Reserve, Paul M. Warburg, a partner in Kuhn, Loeb & Company, a representative of the Rothschild banking industry and a brother of Max Warburg, who headed the Warburg

banking consortium in the Netherlands and Germany. Collectively they represented the two biggest banking industries in both America – the Morgan and Rockefeller conglomerate – and Europe – the Warburg and Rothschild conglomerate.

Also responding to the Panic, President Teddy Roosevelt created the National Monetary Commission and put Nelson W. Aldrich in charge of finding a solution. On November 22, 1910, the seven men met at a train station in Hoboken, NJ to head to Brunswick, GA. During the ride they planned the creation of the first US central bank since Andrew Jackson's time, composed of twelve regional banks. It was decided that the locations would be chosen by the government but most of their Directors would be privately chosen. The Federal Reserve System would mediate between the US government and its creditors. Private individuals would own and profit from it.<sup>36</sup> The President of the United States would appoint the Governors of the Federal Reserve Board and the administrators of the twelve banks, who would control the US' money and credit. The Federal Advisory Council, however, would do the true work.

Fresh from the pens of Congress, the American Bankers Association and President Woodrow Wilson, the bill laying out

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<sup>36</sup> Today's owners of the Federal Reserve are: Rothschilds of London and Berlin; Lazard Brothers of Paris; Israel Moses Seaf of Italy; Kuhn, Loeb & Co. of New York and Germany; Warburg and Company of Hamburg, Germany; Goldman Sachs of New York; Rockefeller Brothers of New York. Lehman Brothers of New York recently fell off this list.

their plan was ratified two days before the Christmas of 1913.<sup>37</sup> Distraught over what he'd done, just before his death, Wilson said: "I am a most unhappy man. Unwittingly I have ruined my country."<sup>38</sup>

Immediately after the Federal Reserve was erected, citizens didn't trust the System or its new Notes. Not until after the purposeful Great Depression, when Congress forced it down their throats through HJR 192, did it officially become the US' new central bank.

*If all bank loans were paid, no one would have a bank deposit and there would not be a dollar of currency or coin in circulation. This is a staggering thought. We are completely dependent on the commercial banks. Someone has to borrow every dollar we have in circulation – cash or credit. If the banks create ample synthetic money we are prosperous. If not, we starve. We are absolutely without a permanent monetary system. When one gets a complete grasp of the picture, the tragic absurdity of our hopeless position is almost incredible. But there it is. It is the most important subject intelligent persons can investigate and reflect upon. It is so important that our present civilization may collapse unless it is widely understood and the defects*

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<sup>37</sup> *Redemption Manual 4<sup>th</sup> Ed.: From Debtor Slave on the Plantation to Secured Party Creditor.* The American's Bulletin. pp. 176-83.

<sup>38</sup> Vennard, Wickliffe B. *The Federal Reserve Hoax (formerly The Federal Reserve Corporation): The Age of Deception*, 8<sup>th</sup> ed. Forum Publishing, 1960.

*remedied very soon.* - Robert H. Hemphil, former credit manager of the Federal Reserve Bank of Atlanta

*The few who can understand the system will either be so interested in its profits or so dependent on it for favors that there will be no opposition from that class. While on the other hand, the great body of people mentally incapable of comprehending the tremendous advantage that capital derives from the system, will bear its burdens without complaint and perhaps without even suspecting that the system is inimical to their interests.* – Nathan Rothschild

The evil of what he read profoundly sinks into his mind. Never before had he pieced together how “inimical,” as the Rothschild said, the system is, coercing him to cogitate about the cold-bloodedness of it all: “The Federal Reserve System is stealing Americans’ wealth and the government is totally cool with it!”

As he shuts the cover he reexamines it. The book has covered President Jackson and FDR but not George W. Bush. The three flags again catch his attention. Vibrations from Chuck’s bunk remind him of his presence.

“Hey Chuck!”

“Yeah?” he responds after removing a pair of headphones, used to tone out the constant ambient noise.

“I think I understand the American-Israeli connection, because it’s all over the news, but what about the Vatican?”

“US, Israeli and Vatican elite interests unite in the form of what President Eisenhower told us in 1961 is ‘the military-industrial complex.’ They’re also connected through banking interests. The banking capital of the complex is the Corporation of London.”

“The Corporation of London?”

“Know how Washington, D.C. isn’t part of the States? The Corporation of London isn’t part of London and Vatican City isn’t part of Rome – they’re privately-controlled city-states. The private controllers use their banks to manipulate the corporations that manipulate the world. The three city-states combine their powers to form what many call ‘The Empire of the City.’”

“Wow! I’ve never tied the three together. How did they merge?”

“Long story short, King John of England usurped the authority of the Catholic Church over a religious quarrel in 1208. It imposed interdict – religious sanctions – on England but the act didn’t sway the King. Pope Innocent III then chose to excommunicate him, entrusting King Philip of France to formally depose him in 1212. Soon the King’s feudal lords and clergy began to forsake

him.<sup>39</sup> In fear of losing power, on October 3, 1213 he ratified his surrender of England to the Church and became a fief, a mere tenure of the Pope's new land."<sup>40</sup>

"The King surrendered England to the Church just to keep his Crown? What a sell-out!"

"When the Queen sets foot on the Corporation of London, she needs permission from the Lord Mayor and is required to dress as a slave."

"Wow! So, Sir William Wallace truly fought against the rule of the Catholic Church?"

"Yes. You're almost done with that book, right?"

"I'll be done with it soon, just a couple pages left."

"Oh, no hurry. I just meant to insinuate that you can probably already figure out the US' tie to the triangle of the Western power structure."

"The connection is blowing my mind!"

"Take it easy, man, you're going to hurt yourself."

Chuck giggles after his smart ass comment. "I'm going to make some tea."

As he departs silence returns to the cube. Having lived his entire adult life drowning in an angry sea of testosterone, Dermot unnecessarily perceives the existence

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<sup>39</sup> Ott, Michael. "Pope Innocent III." *The Catholic Encyclopedia*. Vol. 8. Robert Appleton Company, 1910.

<sup>40</sup> *Selected Letters of Pope Innocent III, concerning England (1198-1216)*. Thomas Nelson and Sons Ltd., 1956. p. 178-183. Signed Oct. 3, 1213.

of challenges everywhere. Rebellling against the giggles, he opens the book and turns to the two remaining pages:

## **The IRS**

Despite what most believe, the Federal Reserve is not a branch of the US government. The private organization is the most immediate creditor of the US government, demanding interest on what it loans.

Through two entryways it controls how much interest it receives. One is the privately-controlled IRS: the collection agency for the Federal Reserve,<sup>41</sup> controlled through *its* Dept. of the Treasury, not the US Dept. of the Treasury. The second is artificial inflation, primarily caused by the “Fed” printing money out of nothing. Being fiat money, the amount of Federal Reserve Notes available is directly related to a Note’s true market value. Since these Notes are backed by a mortgage on all the property of all US citizens, when more are printed, it devalues the Notes already in people’s hands – a form of direct taxation.

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<sup>41</sup> More specifically, it’s the collection agency for the International Monetary Fund, a product of John Maynard Keynes and the 1944 Breton Woods Monetary Conference. The IMF is a counterpart of the Federal Reserve and has a seat within the US Dept. of Treasury. The Sec. of the Treasury is now a position filled by an IMF controller.

The 16<sup>th</sup> Amendment purportedly allows the unconstitutional<sup>42</sup> IRS to function: “The Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes on incomes, from whatever source derived, without apportionment among the several States, and without regard to any census or enumeration.” It was written to overthrow previous legislation<sup>43</sup> which inhibited the government’s ability to declare a direct income tax. Within a year of the 16<sup>th</sup> Amendment’s ratification, the Federal Reserve Bank was born.<sup>44</sup>

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<sup>42</sup> Due to Article 1, Sec. 2, Clause 3 and Article 1, Sec. 9, Clause 4

<sup>43</sup> The 1895 case of *Pollock v. Farmers' Loan & Trust Company*, 157 US 249; 158 US 601. The Supreme Court ruled the unapportioned income taxes on interest, dividends and rents imposed by the Income Tax Act of 1894 were, in effect, direct taxes and were unconstitutional because direct taxes must be apportioned, stopping the first attempt to pose a flat rate income tax since the one Lincoln instated in 1861 to help finance the Civil War. Interestingly, the Amendment was fundamentally unnecessary for income taxation: the power to grant such a tax was outlined in the Constitution: “The Congress shall have power... To exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever, over such district (not exceeding the ten mile square) as may, by cession of particular States, and the acceptance of Congress, become the seat of government of the United States, and to exercise like authority over all places purchased by consent of the legislature of the state in which the same shall be, for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dockyards, and other needful buildings....” Art. 1, Sec. 8, Clause 17

<sup>44</sup> Income taxes were once collected by the Bureau of Internal Revenue. In 1913 the Bureau was assimilated by the Federal Reserve and five years later began changing its name to

Like the 14<sup>th</sup>, it was never legally ratified.<sup>45</sup> It gave Congress no new powers, nor did it legally extend its jurisdiction to Citizens. The 13<sup>th</sup> through 18<sup>th</sup> Amendments, the only exception being the 16<sup>th</sup>, all have written on them an enabling clause, which declares Congress' authority to enforce them. One may be written: "The Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation." Congress' hidden reason for omitting one from the 16<sup>th</sup> Amendment is that it never intended to control the income tax – the IRS is privately owned. Being private, no amendment can give the IRS any rights, including the right to collect income tax from US Citizens or citizens.

The Amendment is empty law, a bluff illegally and immorally perpetuated by white collar criminals to swindle money out of unwitting Americans, who are already actively paying interest through inflation on the National Debt that the privately-controlled shadow government is incurring. In no one's eyes should this be seen as anything but organized crime.

The chapter's final accusation pushes him to envision an America run by criminals, feeding on the citizenry's energies like vampires on sheep. Despite knowing deep down that it's better to be informed, the

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the IRS. Fifty years after the assimilation, the change was formalized.

<sup>45</sup> Beckman, M.J. and Bill Benson. *The Law that Never Was: The Fraud of the 16<sup>th</sup> Amendment and Personal Income Tax* Vol. 1. Constitutional Research Association, 1985.

lazy, avoidant side of him is happy that the book's frightening perspective of history is no longer terrifying him. The fact that people are malevolent enough to instigate economic depressions and torment the lives of hundreds of millions even eats at him, a prisoner who witnesses and hears about new forms of wickedness daily.

"No wonder no one wants to think this stuff's real," he thinks aloud. "People have ceremonies when their hamsters die. Of course they can't handle all the emotions felt when realizing US citizens have proverbial puppet strings installed on them, selfishly plucked by bankers." Choosing to fight through the pain, he embraces the subsequent high he feels from seeing reality more clearly.

The smell of tea accompanies Chuck upon reentry, shifting Dermot's attention.

"So... you were for real?" The simplicity of his protégé's language conjures a chuckle out of him.

"I'm not trying to lie to you; but, to be honest, I wish I could do more research. Some of it I've just heard around the yard from people who claim to be knowledgeable. Reliable information about this stuff is really hard to find in here. I've had friends go to the 'hole' and stay there just for having it. It's officially censored by the MDOC."

"Would've been nice to tell me that before having me read this. Why do they censor it?"

"Oh, it's not right in here, dude. They get away with taking our rights because they dismiss our due

process, like it doesn't exist. See, Dermot, this prison system... it's nothing more than a conglomeration of institutions delegated power by a government controlled at the highest levels by foreign, white collar criminals. And this," he looks around the cube, "to them is all just a sick game." The implications of his statements paint his protege a vision: when rigged, the game for money and power inevitably assures poverty – a ruling class and a working, slave class. These slaves are economic slaves, forced into participating in a market that greatly benefits the elite but leaves large sections of the population unemployed, homeless and suffering. The paralyzing shock felt from his vision temporarily overrides his hostility. "They're waging a war on you, Dermot. They're waging a war on every citizen.<sup>46</sup> It may just be legendary but it's said that our country flies her flag of war instead of her flag of peace. Where's that book?"

"I'm done with it. Want it back?"

"I just wanted to explain an image on the cover. If you want to reread it, keep it as long as you'd like."

"Ok, good deal." Grabbing the book, he sees a flag boasting fifty blue stars in a white field in its upper left corner on top of vertical red and white stripes.

"That's the flag of peace and the one we're used to is the flag of war. In courts one typically finds war flags

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<sup>46</sup>

Trading with the Enemy Act. 12 USC 95. Oct. 6, 1917

edged with gold trim, which represents admiralty law or maritime law.”

“What? Why have I never heard this?”

“It’s esoteric information and we’ve remained in a perpetual state of war. Both flags’ designs were inspired by the flag of a 1700s merchant corporation called the British East India Company: the controller of British holdings in the colonies.” The overloaded convict cringes as a symbol he once cherished grows ominous.

“I just don’t understand why more people don’t know about this stuff” is all he can gather to reply, disguising his emotions inside baseless skepticism, attempting to preserve the option of denial. The Ticketmaster walks by their cube with prodding eyes that initiate a momentary awkward silence. As he passes Dermot resumes: “If all this is true, why haven’t people revolted?”

“Most don’t understand. They learn from their resources and the majority of their resources are controlled by the richest families in the world: the oligarchy at the very top – the globalists. From a distance they control the censorship of countries whose economies they ‘globalize,’ bankrupt and then buy up for dirt cheap. Major publishing houses, the news, major recording companies, all of the mainstream media come from globalist-owned corporations, such as General Electric and Westinghouse.”

“GE controls the media?”

“Yes, partially. The US’ media empire, including major sectors of Internet traffic, is primarily influenced by the Rockefeller-controlled Council on Foreign Relations, something J. P. Morgan financed into existence in 1917. It has many familiar members: NBC’s Tom Brokaw, CBS’s Dan Rather, ABC’s Barbara Walters, PBS’s Jim Lehrer, National Review’s William F. Buckley, FOX’s Rupert Murdoch.... Today only five corporations control the media: GE, Time Warner, Viacom, Disney and Newscorp. All of them are directly or indirectly owned by the Rothschild, Rockefeller, Morgan and Oppenheimer families.

“So, all the crap on TV is pushed by these families?”

“Yes, partially. Even Hollywood is owned by globalists, primarily the Rothschild affiliates Kuhn and Loeb and Goldman Sachs.”

“Even Hollywood?” he timidly chirps.

“Even Hollywood. They inject hidden messages into their movies all the time.”

“Then it’s about control, not capitalism.”

“You’re catching on. US mainstream media outlets are fed news from two central news agencies: Reuters and the Associated Press. The Rothschilds bought Reuters in the 1800s, which in the 1980s bought out the AP.”<sup>47</sup>

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<sup>47</sup> Mullins, Eustace. *The Secrets of the Federal Reserve: the London Connection*. Bankers Research Institute, 1985.

“Dude, you’re tripping me out!”

“It’s nuts, that’s for sure. Want me to stop?” he acknowledges and then challenges with a demeaning tone. Regrouping, he accepts the challenge.

“I’m fine.”

“Alright then. In July 1968, the House Banking Subcommittee reported that the Rockefellers alone controlled 5.9% of CBS’s stock through Chase Manhattan Bank, which gained interlocking directorates with ABC. Eight years later, Congress issued a report stating that Chase Manhattan Bank’s stock in CBS rose to 14.1% and that it also gained 4.5% of NBC. Following this report, 6.7% of ABC was captured.<sup>48</sup> Today, prominent stockholders are invisible to the public. Media executives say it only takes 5% ownership to have a significant say towards what goes on air. Modern influences over the mainstream media come from sell-out network directors and globalist-owned corporations, such as Kuhn and Loeb Co., First City Bancorp and the Institute of Strategic Studies in London. Using their news and network monopolies, globalists convince their slaves to allow them to remain the puppet masters controlling what they think is right, wrong, trendy and worth pursuing.”

Hearing such humbling information while rotting in prison crafts for him a feeling of helplessness like none

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<sup>48</sup> Johnson, Brent-Emory. *The American Sovereign*. Freedom Bound International, 1998.

he's ever felt; but he isn't the type to repress potentially vital information out of fear of it being true. Understanding that the material aspect of his entire life has been controlled from the shadows by a few families thoroughly horrifies him – he's always had nothing but the scraps left for him by criminal international financiers and their selfish whims. Like a child learning that Santa Claus isn't real, the giant scope of the situation begins to settle into his mind.

“Money is the delegation of power and whoever controls the money controls the power,” his mind rehearses. As it cycles he understands why most run from the ugly face of the obvious fact.

“It's a trip, isn't it?” he fishes for feedback amid his apprentice's daydream.

“It's hard to accept all the counterintuitive thought.”

“Is it truly counterintuitive or were you just not intuitive?” Analyzing the rude, brazen suggestion, he chooses not to reply. It bothers him how quickly his political views are changing because of Chuck and his book.

“Chooowww!” yells the CO from the bubble. Grabbing their coats, they head toward the cold for another delightful State dinner. Finally formulating a reply, he opens his mouth to speak but is interrupted as T. Martin rudely pushes through the two. Contempt for the scum of his species covers Chuck's face. Only patience restrains them from fulfilling their violent fantasies.

Some of the last out, they exit the main doors and push through four inches of snow that's so fresh, the shovel crew hasn't yet had a chance to remove it. The serene scenery, born out of low-wind lake effect snow bands from Lake Superior, is enhanced by the intense lighting of the prison grounds and is diluted by the sight of several slipping in their State shoes. The bite of winter feels different at the perfect temperature for snow: 32°F. Water freezing in the atmosphere releases latent heat, expelling unexpected warmth into the air.

The environment nurtures Dermot's deep, evolving thoughts. The experience of accepting his new gloomier but liberating perception of reality is glorified by the glowing snow, accentuating his epiphanies. The powerful feeling derived from the liberation moves him to conjure the bravery to continue his search for the truth, despite an overwhelming, grotesque feeling that he may lose himself along the way.

## Chapter Five

As they walk back from chow, gray light cast off the side of a housing unit illuminates the snowflakes falling steadily around them. The scene reminds Dermot of visions the TV has provided for him of what a nuclear winter would look like. As they approach their unit they notice a sight seldom seen in low security levels. A murder of Black inmates collects on one side of the yard in a count that inevitably triggers the attention of COs. On an adjacent side they spot the wet backs of a union of Latinos, mainly Mexican, Cuban and Puerto Rican. The two anticipate what's next and know they need to get into their unit immediately.

As they finish turning their last corner, their feet hurry. Ahead is a five hundred meter straight shot to safety. The Latinos share cocky sways and dirty mouths while positioning themselves near the Blacks. Now hauling ass, the honkeys know a race war is about to manifest in front of their unit.

Now a hundred meters from salvation, the two are squarely in the middle of the impending fracas. A memory flashes through Dermot's head of a CO who recently said a

bucket of scrap metal went missing from the prison's machine shop. He forebodes the untimely terror.

A Cuban draws the first weapon: a toothbrush with a chunk of metal resembling an arrowhead grafted to the end of its skinny side, ground down to maximize its ability to pierce flesh. A skinny Black is the first to be punctured, feeling the intensity of the object penetrating his large intestine. Fearing death, he falls backward, covers the hole in his abdomen with his hand and then hobbles out of the strife.

A more sophisticated weapon appears: a multi-blade knife crafted to stab a man five times in one strike, first piercing a tattoo-covered, Mexican old head and then a pudgy Puerto Rican. Like broken, trickling drinking fountains, blood spills from their chests. Only fifty meters from salvation, Dermot and Chuck start sprinting.

“Why did they have to do this in front of our unit?” Dermot whines under his breath.

Just as they think they're in the clear, a Black wielding a blade carefully crafted at the tip to lodge into its victim permanently intersects their path. Additional strife suddenly forces them to swerve to their right.

The sight of the SWAT team entering the conflict steals their attention. All prisoners know that, if caught in a situation like this, prisons prosecute everyone in sight and claim they have no way to separate the guilty from the innocent; and institutional insurrection is not dealt with lightly. The SWAT team powers its megaphone and shoots

out orders like bullets. Most of the unlawful assembly tries to run from the encroaching men in black. A couple dozen remain, standing around a dozen injured or dead men. Blood lingers on the fresh snow like the floor of an outdoor slaughterhouse. Meters before salvation, the team stops the two, manifesting the inevitability of arrest and interrogation.

“Lay on the ground, now!” the voice booms from the sound cannon. Kneeling onto the powdery inches, they begin to dread what they know lies ahead.

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Doing nothing but loathing the system, Dermot inhabits his holding tank, furnished with a cold, concrete floor and a toilet/sink. Off the wall he reads “Cuddy,” moving him to wonder why someone who surely masquerades as a “grown man” felt pride in carving his name onto this hellish realm.

The gloomy cave reminds him of the time he did with his brother in the county’s intake, the “drunk tank.” The first night, a wanna-be tough ass decided to try to pick a fight with his brother, who never backed down but thwarted the verbal attack before it grew physical. Terrified, “fish” commonly feel they have to prove something in order to survive even in the county jail. Others just don’t care. One decided to poop his pants and

silently sit in it for hours. Everyone was happier after that man left.

Before moved to population, they passed some of the monotonous time by molding toilet paper into chess pieces, carving a grid onto a raised area of the tank and using some imagination. At the time Dermot didn't know when or if he'd be released. The mystery ended on the eleventh day when his parents posted his bail, staging an interesting return to high school. Three months later, he graduated and his graduation present was prison.

Boredom sways him to stand and peer out of the small observation window: his only information channel to the outside world. No one's within sight, accentuating his loneliness. Returning to an elevated slab in the cell, he searches for patience. The ultimate time out, solitary keeps one safe from all enemies except the worst of all: oneself. Some can't cope. Time will inevitably test his limits. No one really knows what it's like to go insane without first losing oneself.

The thick, metal door spontaneously cracks. The motley crew now in his vision orders him to stand up and turn around to be cuffed. One of the goons decides to click his cuffs that extra, unnecessary notch and he jokes that he wants them tighter. After escorted to another room in the same hallway, he encounters the Lieutenant, who orders him to sit in the single available seat.

"Uh oh," he thinks as he notices the African American features of the Lieutenant. In his adapting brain

an alibi to claim exemption from the attacking Latino gang swiftly formulates. With demeaning eyes the Lieutenant judges Dermot's demeanor.

“So, why the hell were you in this scuffle?” he barks in a condescending tone.

“Just got caught up in it, Sir, wasn't part of it.”

“How did you just get caught up in it?”

“Walking back from chow....” The Lieutenant drools a little. Detecting the blood-thirsty hate in the man, Dermot enters an emotionless state to disguise the contents of his mind. An awkward pause ensues.

“Is that all you have to say?”

“I know you don't have anything on me 'cause I didn't do anything wrong....” With the demonic will of a dictator the Lieutenant signals his goons. Before Dermot knows it he's forced upward. “What's the deal?” It soon becomes obvious to him, a seasoned amateur with a keen understanding of how the system works, what is happening. Passing his prior cell, they push farther down the hellish hall. A frown becomes his most distinguishing feature as he realizes that the only remaining cells are long-term. The clapping of the goons' boots stops before they force him left into one. The door clicks. Taking a seat, he begins another indeterminately long period in isolation, a lonely vacation from his home away from home. Mechanical by nature, sometimes the system messes up; and sometimes such errors are unwillingly absorbed by those entrapped by it. When honest human discretion is

removed and difficult moral judgments become mechanized, such is the status quo.

### *One Month Later*

Having missed the relative comfort of their cubes, Chuck and he plop onto their bunks. COs carelessly threw all of their possessions in burlap sacks, putting a deep crease in his favorite drawing: a cross-armed, genie-like pose of a woman inspired by a mental composite of both a young Claudia Schiffer and his gorgeous ex-girlfriend. It was his whim while canned in a maximum security cell with an obnoxious bunkie named Decker. Having drawn her on the back of one of Decker's monthly account statements, he now wishes he'd started on quality paper because she turned out more gorgeous than initially imagined. Pinned on provided portions of tack boards, she's since endured every joint with him. The closest thing to a companion he's had in two years, she's now horribly horizontally scarred.

This privatized prison ran independently from the MDOC and obeyed only some of its regulations. Normally inmates in max don't have bunkies but the juveniles were abundant and too young to go directly to adult facilities. By twos it caged all of their violent delinquencies and hormones in small cells for twenty-two hours a day,

granting them no more than two hours to eat, shower and move around like cattle on the virtually empty yard. An additional attack on their spirits was the institution's rule mandating that they stayed there until they aged to twenty-one, when they'd be integrated into the government-controlled prisons of the MDOC.

Single file walking and a surplus of other petty rules defined the environment, which only served to breed more hostility. No smoking was allowed. Many COs smuggled in and sold to the kids cigarette packs, which were divvied into the smallest of "pinner" cigarettes and resold for five dollars worth of commissary goodies. Sheltered from lighters and matches, the inmates broke pencils, tied toilet paper to two tubes of graphite, stuck them in their wall outlets, sparked the paper and collected the fire. When the maneuver wasn't performed smoothly and swiftly, it blew the power for a sector of the rock until repaired.

The most disgusting facet of the prison was chow. Besides the lack of time provided to eat, juveniles working on the serving line tampered with the food. Routinely they added cleaning agents along with other random chemicals or bodily fluids into the Jell-O and other foods, just because they could get away with it. Inmates disciplined with segregation from the general population commonly received the same meals that other inmates received but mixed together and baked, a thoroughly disgusting method of torture called "nutraloaf."

Decker and he were a scheming duo who knew how to work the system. At first, the two physically fought in their cell for dominance. In time their feuds subsided, they decided to ally against their common enemies and found ways out of their sedentary lifestyles by landing jobs: Dermot became a librarian; Decker became a night shift porter.

Every morning that the two awoke in that hell their hatred for it grew, turning in their heads conspiring gears. One day, they decided that Decker would affectionately converse with the cute brunette night CO who made available for him his porter supplies to suggest to all who saw them that they were also physically affectionate. He sweet talked and squeezed his way into that woman's life so deeply that she "ratted" on herself to her bitchy co-worker about their closeness. The co-worker developed loose lips, which evolved into epizootic rumors throughout the rock about a physical relationship between the two that never really existed. Such affairs are red flagged so quickly, it took no time at all before investigators came knocking on their cell door.

The two channeled their rage into masterminding how to be cleverer than the inimical system entrapping them and discovered that their bootleg, black and white, 13-inch television, bought on the yard for thirty five soaps in a crooked deal that favored the two, could be fine-tuned to a channel that picked up the frequency used by the COs'

radios. By listening they had better ideas of what lied ahead for them.

Soon the system sent its first agent. The CO looked in their window and gave his colleague in the wing's Plexiglas command center a signal to open the door. Decker and he chatted leisurely while Dermot pretended to sleep. Through friendly manipulation the CO tried to conjure valuable information but Decker was far too aware to be derailed by the dishonest tactic. Even before the man with the agenda presented himself, they'd already contrived their next move.

The following day, after that battle of the war, they affirmed that a Federal investigation had been launched and the snooping CO was wired. Having orchestrated the entire situation, they knew the investigators were clueless. Decker's role was to never say anything substantive but leave false hints that something happened to bait the investigation.

Within days, Dermot was ripped from the library to be interrogated. His role: to say as little as possible and claim exemption from it as if the matter were substantive. The tactic swayed them to look even deeper into the contrivance.

Shortly after, Decker was interrogated by the Lieutenant in the Administrative wing. Therein he fabricated stories detailing how Dermot and he had been receiving threats from jealous COs for jeopardizing the cute brunette's career. Remarkably, during this

interrogation the first real threat was carelessly cast by a CO passing by who saw Decker but not the Lieutenant on the other side of the room.

A couple hours later, COs again summoned Dermot from the library, this time to pack his limited possessions and head to isolation for the night. The next day, the two enjoyed their minor victory against the system, moving from a level V prison to a level II, giving them far more freedom and peace of mind.

When he applies himself, he has a knack for getting what he wants. It's the will to apply that typically falls short in him. In the past, nothing drove him more than a pretty face. Even at his young age he knows how to win over the hearts and minds of young women. Some say it's his looks, some say it's his charm. He doesn't care at this point – he just acts.

To lighten the tension caused by his current deprivation he jokes that, upon release, his first erotic encounter will let loose like a broken fire hydrant and flood a city block. In here, he can only repress his desires and ignore the pain felt from his prolonged seclusion from loving touch. Occasionally attractive female COs give him flirty eyes, knowing that, if they get caught pants down in a porter closet with him, they can cry rape and receive six months of paid leave for enjoying the sex. Meanwhile, he'd get slapped with a rape case and likely do another twenty years. Looking at him with hungry, selfish eyes as a penis they can manipulate, such women evidently don't have the

empathy that the Parole Board claims separates prisoners from those who deserve to be on the streets. The temptations aren't enough to cause him to surrender his wits, keeping him out of the porter closet and out of the pretty, promiscuous prison guards. There's no defection in his erection; rather, he predicts the game before it presents itself and prevents its potential harm.

"Well that was fun," Chuck instills irony.

Dermot grabs a tea bag and moves to the community sink to immerse it in hot water.

"Had I any more faith in humanity, I'd surely be disappointed," he apathetically responds as he returns.

"Sometimes in here it seems like the whole world is out to get you. Sometimes it's hard to feel optimism and motivation. Old heads say prison takes from you part of your soul." Immediately his own words force him into deep thought. Dermot watches him while sipping his tea. A few moments later he also drifts, to memories of the self-proclaimed soul stealer in quarantine.

As he notices his focus escaping him, he organizes his thoughts. Since arrested, he's used his time to plan out his future. Combining this skill with his anomalously strong will power, he keeps his mind focused and calculating amidst all the stupidity and chaos that's foisted upon him, programed into him by the government during the most influential years of his adulthood.

Convicts call him "State-raised" because of his young age and projected attitude that suggests he's quite

experienced with the system. The imagery his senses have captured haunt him continually but the rewards for his experiences are better judgment for spotting danger and better preparedness for future tumult. Sometimes he wonders if his ability to deal with bullshit is unwittingly constantly exchanging with his sanity. An overwhelming lust for the forbidden fruit of knowledge overwhelms the small sector of his brain that tells him he should abstain. Dictating his path is the philosophy that knowledge itself will guide him through life, despite where it may lead him.

“Prison has a way of changing people. On occasion, some actually walk out better people; but that’s up to them, not the system. If anything, it only injures because, in the end, that’s its *modus operandi*. Even top MDOC officials admit their prisons are for punishment, not correction. It’s no wonder so many can’t stay out once they’ve been in!” Chuck adds.

He’s seen many convicts run through the system: he’s seen thousands come down, thousands leave, and he’s seen hundreds come down, leave and find themselves once again in a facility with him. When he’s reacquainted with one of the hundreds, he always resists the urge to walk up and flick him in the ear. Feeling like a permanent fixture behind bars, sometimes he pretends to distance himself from short-timers, joking that he “doesn’t fuck with them” and pretends to refuse to even talk to them.

“The Department of Corrections, huh?” The irony derives a smile on Dermot's face. As if chicken day, the

ambient noise momentarily rises but ends abruptly as the day room door down the hall shuts. In his drifting mind curiosity randomly peaks: “So, who are the globalists?” As always, Chuck remains ready to do his best to answer any honest inquiry.

“They’re the ruling families of the world via wealth accumulation and intermarriage. Countries may claim to own the soil underneath them but, in reality, the architects of and prominent figures within the economy hold the true power, which lies in both natural and human resources. Delegations of power, money trumps everything because humans are partially evil, partially selfish. Everyone knows this. Despite living in a world where selfishness is incentivized and encouraged, most don’t want to believe that others are malevolent enough to purposefully manifest humanity’s plights. Hell, I don’t want to either; but I guess I don’t turn my head like a coward.” The abrasiveness of his words rubs Dermot the wrong way but in just moments he gets over it and again lends his attention. “Humanity’s biggest problem is that, since the beginning of time, people have used dishonest means to raise their standings in our social hierarchy. First, many kings emerged. Tribalism aided a new world where kings conquered kings; and there were fewer. Sane people naturally want to help others. Insane people, who didn’t get enough love or something as a child, want to hurt others and they get off from the power of it. If a power-hungry leader wants to impart either perceived good or damnation, the power of a dictator is

always requested.” Besides Dermot’s moral objections, not having to worry about food, sex or other material things in life, being eternally spoiled by subservient slaves, sounds fantastic to him, so he lends an understanding nod. “After the natural selection caused by the Black Plague, evolution accelerated, spawning the Renaissance. Bankers profiting through economic alliances regularly deceived both landowners and kings. Money’s power became so great, entire countries grew overwhelmed by it. In the name of maintaining law and order they began bowing to the bankers: their new economic masters. Surely you’ve seen how political interests control Federal spending.” Confirming his attention, he nods, verifying his understanding. “The globalists are the monetary elite: they’re the bankers, the billionaires and sometimes the millionaires who unite their powers to selfishly influence the world, forcing its direction as they see fit. Through evil motives sold to the public in attractive wrappings their will is manifested. The packages they wrap appeal to our emotions instead of our reason and are almost never gifts we want to open. Yet, countries open most sent their way because of the power this world-influencing oligarchy has accumulated. When a group of families owns far more of the world than any other group, by default they own the world because they have an unrivaled ability to collect interest from the global, fractional reserve banking system that they’ve enslaved humanity within.”

“Can you name names?”

“Hold on one sec.” Chuck jumps off his bunk and heads to his locker. “Somewhere in here I actually have a document that lists the major families.” He briefly rummages before discovering and delivering it. “These are some famous globalist families. Just because people share their last names doesn’t mean they’re immediate family. Obviously sections of the family tree are poorer and neglected.”

Analyzing the sheet, Dermot reads the names aloud: “Agneli, Balliol, Beale, Bell, Bouvier, Bush, Cameron, Campbell, Carnegie, Carrington, Delano, Douglas, Ford, Gardner, Graham, Hamilton, Harriman, Heinz, Kuhn, Lindsay, Loeb, Mellon, Montgomery, Morgan, Norman, Oppenheimer, Rhodes, Roosevelt, Russel, Savoy, Schiff, Seton, Spencer, Stewart/Stuart, Taft, Wilson.”

“They are nothing compared to the biggest evils. Remember the Rockefellers?”

After an acknowledging nod he flips the page and reads the header: “The Patriarchs: Who are the Illuminati?” The document grips his attention. “Trillionaires?! The Rockefellers really have eleven trillion dollars?”<sup>49</sup> With a disconcerted grin Chuck confirms the fact. “The Rothschild family is worth a *hundred trillion dollars*?<sup>50</sup> Really?”

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<sup>49</sup> Ross, Robert Gaylon Sr. *Who’s Who of the Elite: Members of the Bilderbergs, Council on Foreign Relations, & Trilateral Commission*. RIE, 2000.

<sup>50</sup> Ibid

“Those were numbers from 1998.... With all the corruption they’ve been involved in, now they may be worth twice as much. See, a family with that kind of wealth has no obligation, no reason to reveal how rich it is. If people knew how rich just the Rothschilds and Rockefellers are, they would put two and two together and realize that, by selfishly hoarding all that wealth, they’re hurting and killing humanity and making our planet a giant prison.”

“They’re getting away with it because people haven’t figured it out?”

“Well, most know significant parts of the big picture but avoid it because it’s scary and their egos fool them into believing they have no need to observe reality. Mainstream media only discuss visible wealth, the admitted wealth of families, and mention nothing about invisible wealth: what isn’t normally accounted for, such as holding dominating shares of corporations that own corporations, which are forced to perform their owners’ whims. Without resources to back it, power is illusory. Whoever controls the resources controls the power. That’s why Amshel Mayer Rothschild said, ‘Let me control a nation’s money and I care not who writes the laws.’” Dermot remembers reading the quote a month ago.

“Let me get this right: globalists own the resources, thus countries have to do business with them in order to obtain the resources they need in order to control their people?”

“Yup,” Chuck succinctly verifies.

“Countries then have no choice but to bow to their economic masters,” he adds with a tinge of fear in his voice. Chuck nods vigorously, the way he always does when fully engaged in conversation.

“The battlefield since 1933 has been our relations with their artificially-manipulated, intrinsically worthless Federal Reserve Notes. When manipulated, their value generally declines. As such currencies gradually deflate in value, they tighten the translucent chains of economic slavery that the elite wrap around our planet. The globalists are the bankers, Big Brother, the Man and the boogey man all wrapped in one.”

“Have other countries accepted austerity measures?” The inquiry fills Chuck with enthusiasm as he appreciates his new apprentice’s remembrance of the meaning of the term.

“All the time. Instead of enforcing bankruptcies and repossessing countries’ resources, typically the globalists modify the conditions of the existing contracts for their benefit. Their primary weapons are the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank: appendages of the Federal Reserve Bank that use fractional reserve banking and corruption to bankrupt nations through debt collection. Too unreasonably large to honor, giant debts are incurred by corrupting leaders into accepting them, bankrupting their people and then strong-arming them by confiscating their wealth and power. Theoretical, fractional reserve

banking spins a giant web of economic slavery that runs the global power structure.”

“Isn’t creating money out of nothing illegal? If these bankers are allowed to do it, why can’t I?” he jokingly questions but with the eyes and imagination of an entrepreneur.

“There’s no moral reason I can give you. The immoral reality is that the globalists and only the globalists get to print and artificially adjust the world’s currencies, simply because they control the majority of the world’s resources. It’s kind of like cheating at monopoly by starting a new game but already owning almost all of the properties.” Staring into space, Dermot’s stupefied by the corruption within the nature of the structure of the system, apart from the frosting of corruption smeared on top by bureaucrats, which both taste every day.

As dinner approaches, the natives grow restless. Even the same disgusting, greasy potatoes he ate while in the hole, the most indigestible but most repetitious part of the menu, will seem far tastier when endured in the chow hall. Opening his locker, he grabs his obnoxiously thin State coat to once again brave the bitter cold. With a motivation to eat the potatoes that barely lifts him off his bunk, Chuck follows suit. Sliding into his black State shoes, he oddly appreciates the time he’s been off his feet, allowing the wounds on the backs of his heels, courtesy of the hard leather layer solely composing their backings, to heal.

T. Martin walks by their cube and pokes out his ugly face, attempting but failing to intimidate them. The two share disappointed and contemptuous expressions as they follow the delinquents walking to the distant chow hall. Flurries cast off the ground by the wind tinge their noses shades of purple. Reaching the line, protruding several meters outside the doorway, wedged open by a constant row of convicts, they bask in the heat falling out of the hall.

From a distance the Ticketmaster scowls at Dermot. Reading the evil in the miser's eyes, he tries to imagine what kind of life the dickhead must've lived to harbor such hatred for humanity. He then considers how inherently malicious the MDOC is for choosing to hire such men to babysit other men all day every day. When inmates' security levels are lowered, the level of abuse they tolerate is supposed to wane. COs like the Ticketmaster don't seem to understand positive reinforcement. Dermot imagines the miserable police academy dropout going home at night to an abusive wife and then coming back to work to take out his cumulative frustrations on those who remind him of bullies from his past. By avoiding eye contact he minimizes his own presence and the possibility of needless, warrantless trouble. Starting a conversation with Chuck minimizes them further.

“It's really hard to process everything you said earlier.”

“That’s one of the reasons why most choose to ignore the realities of the globalists. More than anything, people fear the imaginary fantasy worlds they imprison their minds within being shattered by reality. It’s easier for inmates like us to digest because our worlds are already fucked. We aren’t scared.” By not protesting he seems to agree. Chuck is frightening him but he doesn’t want to appear weak by asking him to stop. Soon, reason again supersedes his emotions. Chuck’s a veteran and he’s a newbie at accepting the harsh reality of humanity’s political and economic woes. “Thing is, the more accepting of reality one is, the more successful one can become when presented with opportunity. Just turn fear into pain and allow time to smooth things over. Living in reality means one’s mind is free – one accepts one’s environment for what it is instead of choosing to be blinded by ignorance and fear. It allows for adaptation and evolution.” Carefully dissecting the advice, he does his best to relate it to his own disposition; but he’s too young-minded to fully understand all of the dimensions encompassed by the wisdom therein.

“What about those who get lucky in life?”

“Sadly, those are the people whom the public idolizes most because they appeal to its laziness and self-centeredness. Few begin life wanting to work hard to earn their success, both monetarily and mentally. Kids want to be sports stars or rappers or the like. Yet, success is almost always a result of a decreasing ego, not a childish, selfish expansion of it.” Wonder if Chuck always practices what

he's preaching stirs in him but he doesn't vocalize it in fear of pissing off the man, who is to him a fountain of useful knowledge bottled in captivity at the expense of the public. Turning his head, he notices the Ticketmaster approaching.

"257680!" The gremlin shouts at Chuck with unnecessary force. "That is not appropriate chow hall apparel!"

According to this particular prison's rulebook, given to every inmate upon arrival, the sweater Chuck bought through an approved catalog with his slave wages can't be worn in the chow hall. The sadistic nuisance writes Chuck a ticket. Knowing an act of rebellion would be untimely, the eccentric historian keeps his mouth shut and grinds his teeth. A grotesque image detailing the condition of his back molars upon release flashes through his mind.

A three day loss of privileges, LOP, is his punishment, confiscating his yard time, day room time and electronics, such as his cassette player and TV. It's like being grounded while in prison, where going to the hole is like going to jail while in prison. With so many petty rules to follow, LOP is nearly unavoidable throughout the scope of a sentence, even for Dermot, who only wants to survive his and avoid all the nonsense that could hinder his parole.

"Go back and change," the Ticketmaster demands. Visibly frustrated, Chuck leaves. Dermot waits a short while longer, receives his scrumptious tray of greasy potatoes and finds a seat. Using a couple napkins, he

creates a dam and prods one of the two halves, ready to catch its heavy, greasy runoff.

Commotion at a neighboring table catches his attention: two Blacks yelling about something fractionally discernible. Suddenly and unexpectedly one of the noise-makers leaves his seat, advances a couple feet and blasts a fist onto the forehead of the other, immediately dropping him onto the food-stained floor. The attacker grabs his napkin, wipes his mouth and casually exits the chow hall. At this point, the Ticketmaster should catch and subdue him; but, being the coward he is, he waits for half a dozen of his fat cronies to assist the arrest. Desensitized by such incidents, Dermot continues to stomach his potatoes, grateful that it isn't he who's going once again to the hole.

The excitement calms and he revisits Chuck's wisdom. "Is fear truly responsible for humanity's negativity?" he thinks. "Violent criminals are considered the scum of the Earth; but what about those who have violent streaks but never execute, not because they are more moral but because they are too afraid? Aren't they then nothing but violent-minded cowards, immersed in fear? Men like the Ticketmaster simply don't have the balls to stick up gas stations, even if hard up and hungry. Torturing inmates is safer because the Man always has his back."

The worst decision of his life revisits his memory centers. It was fear of losing both his brother and his popularity that led him to his idiotic and costly brief crime

spree. Previously, he'd never given life his full potential. Now he knows he was apathetic because he feared the truth: of himself.

"It's so much easier to sit on the sidelines and be led than it is to lead," he thinks. Throughout his life his main crutch during times of failure has been the knowledge that he's only given life 70%, if not less. "No one can claim to know someone's limitations if that someone never fully tries. There's no example to judge." The harsh realization provides him with new direction for self-improvement, derived from knowing he's discovered his true enemies: fear and ignorance. Gathering his emotions, his tray and his Spork, he feeds the metal rack and leaves.

"Whom would one become if one removed all of one's fears?" he wonders. "Would everyone else seem crazy? If wielding better judgment, what responsibility would be felt toward protecting humanity?"

Unsettled by his growing understanding of how much his future has yet to be decided, he enters his housing unit exhausted. Knowing the world is full of ignorance and despair couples with his sense of responsibility to help. At a young age he's already extinguished many of his fears, finding his own way to achieve at least windows of peace during one of Earth's most uncomfortable predicaments.

"What do I have to lose?" Feeling ready to undertake an incredible journey that few throughout history have fathomed, he notices his entire perspective of reality adjusting. As he shatters more of his ego he creates more

opportunities to fill the void with self-respect. “If it’s fear and ignorance that hinder me, I’ll uproot them.”

The decision matures his judgment, rewrites his destiny and disregards whatever may lie ahead for him. Wielding only ideas and faith in his ability to adapt, he vows to try to live in reality and never forget the globalists’ crimes against humanity.