

IT STARTS WITH GOLD



PETER J. MERRICK
ADRIAN C. SPITTERS

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IT STARTS WITH GOLD

Peter J. Merrick
Adrian C. Spitters

**In Memory of Harry Markowitz (1927–2023),
Nobel Laureate in Economic Sciences (1990)**



Harry Markowitz, Nobel Laureate in Economic Sciences (1990),
with Peter J. Merrick, aka The King of Main Street in San Diego, California

**We dedicate *It Starts With Gold* to Harry Markowitz (1927–2023),
Nobel Laureate in Economic Sciences (1990).**

Harry was more than a brilliant mind. He was a mentor, a teacher, and a dear personal friend. As the father of *Modern Portfolio Theory*, he reshaped how risk, return, and diversification are understood, influencing the management of tens of trillions of dollars. His insights and guidance on *De-Risking* investment portfolios has profoundly shaped how Peter J. Merrick and Adrian C. Spitters approach *De-Risking* Sovereign's investment portfolios and the writing of this book.

Without Harry's wisdom, generosity, and guidance, *It Starts With Gold* would not have been possible. His influence will continue to resonate for generations. We are forever grateful for Harry's friendship, mentorship, invaluable insights, and life lessons he shared with us.

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THE SOVEREIGN'S CREED

To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!

PROLOGUE

A TRIBUTE TO OUR COMMUNITY

We have a deep appreciation for all the readers of *It Starts With Gold!* We want to thank everyone who has reached out to us to share countless unique and inspiring stories. Writing *It Starts With Gold* was a true labor of love.

While the act of writing is solitary, once a book is released into the world, it no longer belongs solely to its authors. It holds no value unless it touches its intended community in meaningful, productive, practical, and actionable ways.

Awakened Sovereign Individuals must brace themselves for the inevitable destruction and confiscation of financial assets. The key to survival lies in *Owning Assets in Order of Asset Confiscation*, a solution to withstand the impending storm... whether it arrives as financial confiscation or total societal collapse. In the coming crisis, hesitation and poor planning will be fatal. Only those who act now will endure, with Gold standing as the ultimate financial shield... *the Last Asset Standing*. As detailed in this book, *It Starts With Gold*, this pivotal

moment will ignite what we call ***The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0***. The time to prepare is now, for only the prepared will persevere and prosper.

To stay ahead of the inevitable financial confiscation and collapse... and not just survive but truly succeed... you must act *now*. ***De-Risking*** every aspect of your financial life is not optional... this is absolutely essential. The path forward begins with building your **Four Critical Pillars of Financial Survival**:

1. **Gold and Precious Metals:** The ultimate unshakable foundation, offering tangible and timeless protection that transcends the volatility of digital and fiat currency assets.
2. **Active Discretionary Private Portfolio Management:** Expertly managed, ***De-Risked*** portfolios designed to shield your wealth from the turbulence of collapsing financial markets while navigating the chaos with precision and expertise.
3. **Alternative Investments:** Diversified opportunities beyond traditional assets, strategically designed to reduce risk and strengthen your financial resilience.
4. **Financial Instruments Provided by Mutual Life Insurance Companies:** A powerful protective shield that not only safeguards but also stabilizes wealth, mutual life insurance companies stand apart from publicly traded financial institutions and publicly traded stockholder-owned life insurance companies, which are beholden to shareholder profits. Instead, mutual life insurance companies are owned by their financial instrument holders. This unique corporate structure ensures that your financial security is the top priority, delivering unmatched stability in an unpredictable and unstable world.

These ***Four Critical Pillars of Financial Survival*** are far more than mere solutions... they are your lifelines to financial security and sovereignty. These four pillars embody the ultimate defense against a corrupt and collapsing financial system, known to those who truly understand

as ***The Financial Industrial Complex***. By embracing and applying these ***Four Critical Pillars of Financial Survival***, you ensure that your wealth not only endures the storms ahead but thrives amidst unprecedented uncertainty, corruption, immorality, and challenges. This is no time for hesitation... This is our moment to act decisively... together. The time to act is not tomorrow... the time for you to act is... ***Now!***

To that end, we felt it would be helpful to share stories of how readers have chosen to incorporate this book as a tool to ***De-Risk*** their financial assets, re-materialize their lives, and declare their financial independence and sovereignty.

This book is part of an exciting four-part series, including ***Last Asset Standing***, ***Finding Your Tribe***, and ***Building Your Tribe***. Each sequel builds upon ***It Starts With Gold***, diving deeper into solutions for protecting wealth and surviving the coming financial collapse and asset confiscation.

Last Asset Standing focuses on securing your assets as financial systems collapse... the collapse of ***The Financial Industrial Complex***. ***Finding Your Tribe*** helps you connect with like-minded individuals... ***Sovereigns***, and ***Building Your Tribe*** teaches you how to create a strong, resilient community.

We are deeply grateful to you, our readers, for being an integral part of ***It Starts With Gold!*** Your shared experiences of how this book has transformed your approach to financial security are both inspiring and humbling. Hearing how it has helped you ***De-Risk*** your assets, re-materialize your lives, build like-minded communities, and take bold steps toward true financial independence and securing personal sovereignty reminds us why this work matters.

Your stories are far more than anecdotes. They are living proof of the power of taking control and preparing for what lies ahead. They stand as shining examples of resilience and determination, showcasing how ***Sovereigns*** like yourselves are actively implementing these solutions to secure and protect your financial futures.

We are excited to share these remarkable journeys, offering inspiration and insight to others seeking the same empowerment. Stay tuned,

because you are not just part of this ongoing epic quest... you are helping to write its next chapter. Your personal journey can be the spark that inspires countless others to take proactive and transformative action!

Seminars and Lectures Inspired by the Book: Groups worldwide are organically forming, hosting seminars and lectures inspired by insights from *It Starts With Gold!* These events spark meaningful dialogue and provide practical, actionable solutions for *De-Risking* families, communities, and *Sovereigns'* lives. They have become catalysts for community engagement, education, and financial independence, allowing attendees to immediately implement the solutions found within this book. Awakened communities have found these forums especially valuable for *De-Risking* their financial assets and preparing for the fast-approaching societal shifts.

International Conversations: *It Starts With Gold* has struck a societal nerve, gaining attention on major influential podcasts, alternative media networks, and even breaking through to mainstream media. This widespread reach has expanded the book's impact far beyond what we could have ever first imagined, fostering a broader understanding of what is at stake for humanity. The growing international awareness reflects the deep hunger *Sovereigns* have to hear from alternative sources, many of which are being blocked, deplatformed, or shadow banned. This book offers alternative perspectives, meeting the demand for truth and providing solutions to *De-Risking* assets and re-materializing lives in meaningful ways.

Keynote Presentations: We are humbled, pleasantly surprised, and deeply grateful for the positive feedback from this book's ever-expanding community and advocates. The overwhelming demand for keynote presentations and lectures at conferences, corporate events, and private retreats has been inspiring. We have been invited to share our expertise and insights with these enlightened groups and are in awe of how these presentations have motivated so many to take proactive steps in securing their financial futures and building independent *Sovereign* communities. These events reinforce the principles shared in *It Starts With Gold* and continue to inspire meaningful action.

Book Clubs & Grassroots Movements Ignite a Revolution: Grassroots community groups are forming around *It Starts With Gold*, uniting **Sovereigns** in their shared pursuit of financial transformation and independence. These gatherings are more than discussions... they are powerful networks of support, where **Sovereign** like minded individuals come together to share personal experiences, exchange solutions, and inspire one another on their personal and financial journeys. These grassroots movements embody the book's teachings in action, helping readers **De-Risking** their financial assets, re-materializing their lives, and creating a ripple effect of empowerment for those they love and care about. This is not just a conversation... it is a movement shaping a more secure and independent future... a very human future.

Evaluating Investment Portfolios Inspired by *It Starts With Gold*, many readers now believe that Gold and silver should form the foundation of a well-diversified investment portfolio. They also insist on holding their assets in custodial form, recognizing that safeguarding them with an independent third-party custodian rather than commingling them with a financial firm's assets and liabilities is essential to **De-Risking** their wealth. This crucial segregation offers added protection against seizure or misappropriation during a financial crisis or a financial institutional insolvency.

The book has prompted readers to re-evaluate their current relationships with their current financial professionals and their current financial institutions managing their portfolios. Empowered with this new knowledge, **Sovereigns** are asking critical questions about owning and taking possession of Gold and other precious metals. They are now better equipped to assess their portfolios and custodial relationships, enabling them to make more secure, informed investment decisions.

Gifting It Starts With Gold: Individuals and **Sovereigns** are gifting *It Starts With Gold* to family and community members to start crucial conversations about **De-Risking** their financial lives and protecting their wealth. These discussions are essential for spreading awareness and fostering financial literacy and security within families and communities. By sharing the book, readers and listeners are helping others to

De-Risk their assets and re-materialize their lives, creating a ripple effect of financial empowerment.

One story that deeply moved us involved a daughter who, after years of estrangement stemming from the March 2020, Covid-19 lockdowns, sent her copy of ***It Starts With Gold*** to her parents. This seemingly simple gesture became a catalyst for heartfelt conversations, ultimately leading to a renewed and healed bond. This powerful example demonstrates how the book's insights extend well beyond financial empowerment, fostering personal reconciliation and emotional healing. It underscores the profound impact ***It Starts With Gold*** can have... not only in securing financial futures but in restoring relationships and strengthening the connections that matter most.

Writing ***It Starts With Gold*** has been nothing short of a life-altering odyssey for the both of us. Through relentless conversations, exhaustive research, and eye-opening experiences with fellow ***Sovereigns***, visionary clients and like-minded professional colleagues, we have been profoundly and irrevocably transformed for the better. This book is far more than a mere compilation of historical accounts, sinister hidden plots, and actionable solutions... it is a battle cry, a ***Sovereigns' Manifesto***, and a mirror reflecting the hard-earned lessons, revolutionary perspectives, and shared wisdom of a worldwide ***Sovereign's*** community fiercely united in its unyielding determination to rise, thrive, and triumph against all odds and evils.

Our greatest hope is that ***It Starts With Gold*** serves as a powerful catalyst for you, igniting timely, heartfelt, and profoundly meaningful conversations that are so often absent in today's society. Use this book as a tool to engage deeply with those you care about, to address what truly matters, to forge stronger connections, and to build like-minded ***Sovereign's*** communities united in purpose. We invite you to share your journey with us and others... your story has the potential to inspire the next chapter of this growing movement.

Writing ***It Starts With Gold*** has been a transformative journey, not just for us but for our entire community of ***Sovereigns*** who have inspired and shaped its conversations and pages. This is more than a book... it is

a movement, a battle cry, and an invitation to join us on the worthiest of quests... to reclaim our humanity, to restore our Sovereignty.

Together, we will challenge conventional thinking, uncover hard truths, and forge a path toward genuine freedom and security. This is our moment to navigate the critical stages of ***De-Risking*** and take back control over our futures, creating a legacy worthy of our children, our grandchildren, and the generations yet to be born.

As Winston Churchill, the Prime Minister of Great Britain during its darkest hours in World War II, famously declared in his speech to the British House of Commons on June 18, 1940, “Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duties, and so bear ourselves that... men (women and children) will still say, ‘This was their ***Finest Hour***.’” Churchill’s stirring words rallied a nation to stand firm, defy overwhelming odds, and defeat a tyranny that sought to place its boot on humanity’s neck for a thousand years.

Today, we stand on the brink of a battle unlike any in human history, a moment where the stakes are higher than ever before. This is humanity’s ***Finest Hour***... our ultimate test to rise with unyielding resolve, to secure a future grounded in freedom and Sovereignty, and to defy the evil forces that seek to shatter our values, steal our liberties, strip away our independence and take away our lives. This is not just our responsibility... it is our rare and defining moment to forge a legacy of resilience, liberty, and hope that will resound through the ages. Will you rise with us to meet this challenge?

Before we embark on the first stages of this monumental and worthy quest, we issue a call out to humanity... to every ***Sovereign*** individual with the courage to rise against the relentless tide of control, manipulation, and the systematic erosion of our freedoms and Sovereignty. This is not merely a fight for wealth or independence... it is a battle for the survival of our species, the preservation of everything that defines us as human, and the protection of all we hold dear. The time to act is now, to safeguard our dignity, our liberty, and our Sovereignty before they are lost forever. Stand with us, united in this cause, and together, let us recite... ***The Sovereign’s Creed...***

A Tribute to Our Community

To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!

Join us at ***www.ItStartsWithGold.com***, and together, let us shape a future rooted in resilience, connection, freedom and *Sovereignty*.

Peter J. Merrick

The King of Main Street

Adrian C. Spitters

The Son of a Dutch Farmer

CHAPTER ONE

ON THE BRINK

WARNING! Do not continue if you are not prepared! *You* are about to embark on a relentless, chilling and frightening *JOURNEY* deep into the heart of *The Financial Industrial Complex*... and into the shadow of *The Great Societal Collapse* looming on the horizon. What you do with the truths uncovered on this path is entirely up to you... once you see them... there is no turning back."

What if this moment... your discovery of this book... *It Starts With Gold* is not a coincidence but a significant turning point in your life? What if the insights within these pages will radically transform your understanding of the present, past and future and illuminate the exact steps required to secure your financial survival and freedom? You stand at the precipice of a moment so profound, it will redefine your destiny. Ignore this, and you risk letting a pivotal moment slip through your hands. This is your warning... this is your moment. Do not let its significance pass you by!

Humanity is on a direct collision course with a planned and controlled collapse of our entire financial, economic, social and civil systems. We are witnessing a growing divide between unelected elites and

the common folk... the ***Sovereigns***. This signals the imminent collapse of the financial control system as we have known it... ***The Financial Industrial Complex***.

The financial and societal structures you once trusted the most are breaking down and crumbling, and the world is moving toward an unprecedented, manufactured destruction and total control. The time to act is now. Those who fail to prepare will be left at the mercy of the chaos that will immediately follow.

This is no ordinary moment in the annals of human history. We stand at a crossroads... a divine call to action for those with the courage to see the truth and the strength to rise against the tide. Peter J. Merrick, heralded as ***The King of Main Street***, and Adrian C. Spitters, honored as ***The Son of a Dutch Farmer***, bring with them over 70 years of combined, hard-won experience.

Adrian and Peter deliver battle-hardened insights, forged in the unforgiving trenches of the financial services industry's harshest realities... an industry understood by those aware of its true nature referred to as ***The Financial Industrial Complex***. Their knowledge is further strengthened by the hard, unyielding lessons gained from life's toughest experiences... earned at the ***University of Hard Knocks***. This is not a time for passive reflection... it is a decisive moment of both reckoning and rapture. Bold action and unwavering resolve are called from each of us. ***Will you stand with us and rise to meet this challenge?***

Both men are driven by a profound purpose and a higher calling to step forward and sound the alarm, bearing the torch of truth through these perilous and uncertain times. Their meticulous research of ***Globalists'*** whitepapers and source documents exposes a sinister agenda crafted to entrap humanity... an agenda centuries in the making that will prevail if we remain silent and passive. Yet, this is not a message of fear... it is a message of hope... its message is your rallying cry to take bold, proactive steps.

In their discussions, Peter and Adrian outline the essential steps you must take not only to survive but to thrive in the face of the looming chaos of ***The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0***. Orchestrated by unelected,

unaccountable powers like the Bank of International Settlements, the World Economic Forum, the United Nations, and other **Globalist** organizations revealed throughout this book. These **Globalist** entities boldly declare... “***You will own nothing, and you will be happy.***”

This is a defining moment in human history. By uniting as **Sovereign** individuals across this great world, we have the power to reclaim our humanity, rise above the control, and emerge stronger, freer, and more prepared than ever before. ***Will you answer the call?***

This is your moment. This is humanity’s finest hour. Will you heed the call? Will you take up the torch from past generations to overcome adversity?

What Adrian and Peter are about to reveal will not only change your perspective but transform the entirety of your life. The knowledge they provide in this text holds the key to your financial survival and future prosperity. Do not let distractions rob you of this critical moment. Seize your future now... this is the turning point that will define the quality of your journey going forward for the rest of your life.

This book aims to blow the lid off and disrupt the destructive financial pattern unraveling before us all. Its contents emerged naturally from tens of thousands of hours of deep conversations and extensive research, carefully woven together. The real turning point came during Adrian and Peter’s weekly Wednesday evening video calls. Over a bottle of craft beer, a glass of fine wine, hard scotch, and dark coffee, ideas crystallized, revelations unfolded, and plans quietly began to take shape for... ***It Starts With Gold!***

The Inaugural Call... These Wednesday night calls were far more than a tradition... they had become a defining cornerstone, a lifeline that reached far beyond Peter and Adrian, anchoring them, their clients and their communities to a vision of survival and prosperity. In a world where countless individuals... seasoned financial professionals included... stumbled blindly through the fog of impending societal crises, these conversations held unparalleled significance. Peter and Adrian were not merely exchanging ideas... they were forging a strategic

foundation, laying the critical groundwork for their clients' survival and success in the face of looming uncertainty.

What was shared in these calls was vital, a source of clarity and direction in a world teetering on the edge of oblivion. Together, they were fully committed and invested in ensuring that those who had placed their deepest trust in them were not only prepared but shielded from the inevitable hurricane looming on the immediate horizon.

Peter, a seasoned, recognized expert in financial risk management, and Adrian, a trusted private wealth advisor known for his down-to-earth wisdom, had spent their entire careers guiding their clients through the complexities and often treacherous landscape of financial uncertainties. Their expertise was not just in the numbers... it was rooted in foresight, understanding the subtle shifts others ignored.

Together, Peter and Adrian built a formidable professional reputation and track record for seeing past the status quo, identifying risks that others were blind to or chose not to see, and *De-Risking* investment portfolios, wealth, and assets by prioritizing *Owning Assets in Order of Asset Confiscation* from the seismic changes that most have fail to anticipate.

Owning Assets in Order of Asset Confiscation is a proprietary strategic solution designed to prioritize assets based on their ability to withstand economic collapse or asset confiscation. The focus is on acquiring resilient assets like Gold and other precious metals, commodities, real estate, and the financial and insurance instruments provided by mutual life insurance companies. These assets are inherently less susceptible to rapid devaluation, seizure and are more likely to retain or increase in value during financial upheavals.

Conversely, these solutions reduce exposure to vulnerable investments such as cash, stocks, bonds, mutual funds and ETFs... Exchange-Traded Funds, which are often entangled with a financial institution's own liabilities, placing your wealth at significant risk. By embracing these solutions, you safeguard your financial security and ensure preparedness against systemic economic shocks, market collapses and asset confiscation.

Peter J. Merrick, seated in San Diego, California... also known as ***The King of Main Street***, swirled his glass of Ziraldo Icewine, a knowing smile crossing his face as he looked at Adrian C. Spitters, proudly known as ***The Son of a Dutch Farmer***... through his screen. Adrian, settling into his chair in British Columbia, Canada, cracked open a cold Steam Works craft beer. These Wednesday evening video calls had become far more than casual exchanges... they had evolved into essential moments of reflection, deep understanding, and strategic planning.

Together, Peter and Adrian navigated the complexities of ***The Financial Industrial Complex***, their discussions offering clarity, insight and foresight in a world where many remained blind to the ominous threats. These conversations had become the backbone of their approach and philosophies, shaping solutions to safeguard their clients' futures amidst the chaos.

Peter grinned. "Adrian, you are up there in the Great White North with your beer like some farmer. Meanwhile, I am south in sunny California enjoying Don Ziraldo's finest creation from his vineyard in the Canadian Niagara Peninsula. It is like the city slicker meets the country folk."

Adrian laughed, shaking his head. "Oh, do not even start with me. While you are over there delicately sipping your dessert wine like some kind of aristocrat surfer, I have got the real deal here... a beer brewed straight from the agricultural heartland of British Columbia.

This is liquid bread, my friend, sustenance in a glass. Meanwhile, that fancy icewine of yours? You would probably have to trade the whole bottle just to get a single slice of bread if the system collapsed tomorrow. Face it... I am already way ahead of you in the prepping game!"

Peter raised an eyebrow, smirking. "And you would be trading that beer for a chicken wing. Let's see who's better off when ***The Financial Industrial Complex*** stalls and then comes crashing down all around us... you with your liquid bread or me with my refined palate and dessert wine!"

Adrian leaned back, grinning. "Peter, let me remind you... I grew up on a family farm. I am still connected to the land. I have family, rel-

atives, and clients who are farmers. I know where my food comes from. You, on the other hand, are a city slicker. Your fancy dessert wine might score you a cracker at best, but it sure won't fill your belly!"

Peter chuckled, raising his glass. "For your information, I am a prep-er. I have got a big stash. This wine is just the tip of the iceberg."

Adrian rolled his eyes. "A stash of what? More icewine? Maybe some artisanal cheeses? Good luck bartering that when the system goes down!"

Their laughter filled the virtual space, but beneath the jokes, both knew this conversation carried weight. The camaraderie between them was undeniable, yet the real reason for the call ran much deeper. This was the night they began discussing the uncomfortable truths that many were ignoring... the world, and particularly *The Financial Industrial Complex*, was *On The Brink* of a major calamity, one that would lead to a total collapse and confiscation of all assets. The only question remaining was when it would occur.

Peter set his glass down, his tone sharpening with intensity. "Adrian, let us get straight to the point. *Normalcy Bias*... it is choking everything. The average uninformed, asleep individual... the *Sleoples*... cling desperately to the belief that the financial system... *The Financial Industrial Complex*, the world as we have known it, will just keep rolling along like it always has. But the *Sovereigns* see the truth. The storm is not on the horizon anymore... it is here. And almost no one is awake or ready for the chaos that is about to ensue."

Adrian nodded, setting his beer aside, his expression growing serious. "*Normalcy Bias* is the mental barrier that is intended to keep the common folk blind to their reality. They wrongfully believe that because things have always worked a certain way, they will continue to do so. Even as we witness and experience with our own five senses the plandemics, inflation, rampant political and economic corruption, homelessness, censorship and war, they remain in denial.

Plandemics, mass illegal migration, social credit scores, Central Bank Digital Currencies... CBDCs, carbon taxes, engineered food shortages, environmental manipulation, and chaos beyond comprehension are all unfolding before our eyes, yet the common folk still believe the world

and the systems we once knew will keep functioning as before, without breaking down. The sleeping masses turn a blind eye to all the glaring warning signs, choosing ignorance over truth and action.”

Peter smiled, but it was the kind of smile that carried a heavy dose of concern. “It is like sitting on the deck of the Titanic on April 13, 1912, the day before it hit the iceberg, sipping champagne and thinking, ‘Well, this great ship has never sunk before, so why start worrying now?’ The majority of humanity... the ***Sleoples***... genuinely believes the stock market will keep climbing, governments will swoop in to bail everyone out, and nothing catastrophic will ever happen. The reality is... this system is barely holding together with duct tape, bailing wire and hope, and one serious hit to the system will bring it all crashing down.”

Adrian’s voice carried a curious tone. “***Sleoples***... you coined that term, and I have started using it often in my daily lexicon. But I realize I do not fully understand how you came up with it. What led you to create this term, and what exactly does it mean to us... the ***Sovereigns***?”

Peter leaned forward, his tone deliberate. “Let’s define it now. The ***Sleoples*** are individuals who are asleep to the realities around them. They go through life content, obeying without question, like worker bees in a hive. They lack individuality, having willingly surrendered their minds, free will, critical thinking, and bodily autonomy to perceived authorities... whether it be the state, societal norms, the ***Globalists*** or what we refer to as ***The Financial Industrial Complex***, which dictates the rules they follow without question.

The ***Sleoples*** have been conditioned to prioritize conformity and compliance above all else, they have been absorbed into the collective masses, either incapable or unwilling to challenge the world they have been programmed to accept. The ***Sleoples*** are the antithesis of what it means to be a ***Sovereign***.”

Adrian’s voice was thoughtful... yet probing. “Peter, do you believe that the ***Sleoples*** have the capacity to assert their individuality and ever wake up? Or are they stuck in that mind numbing and asleep state forever, just following along... remaining asleep?”

Peter’s tone sharpened, his conviction unmistakable. “Let us be very

clear. We refer to these individuals as ***Sleoples***, not Sheoples, because we do not believe any human being is inherently a mindless sheep. Human beings are not born to be subservient or blind. Those who are asleep have the capacity to wake up... at any moment... and reclaim their sovereignty.

These human beings have the power to break free from the lies, reject the dehumanizing agenda, and rise above the systems that have subdued and enslaved them... at any moment. Every human being who is asleep holds the potential to awaken, to become independent critical thinkers, and to reclaim their sovereignty. They can transform into ***Sovereigns***... individuals who live with purpose, clarity, and self-determination in a moment."

Adrian nodded his head, his tone thoughtful. "Thank you for providing such a clear definition of the term ***Sleoples*** and the hope that lies in their ability to awaken from their sleep, to see the truth of their chains and the prison bars that confine them.

And that is where we come in. Our clients... our fellow ***Sovereigns***... have entrusted us to be vigilant, to spot both the small and great storms on the horizon. We have spent decades assisting them in ***De-Risking*** their wealth, putting safeguards in place while most of ***The Financial Industrial Complex*** whistles past the graveyard, pretending nothing is wrong."

Peter nodded, his expression softening as the weight of their responsibility set in. "We are not in this to scare the ***Sleoples***. We are here to wake them up and prepare them for ***The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0***. We do not have all the answers, but we have seen enough to know that ignoring the problem is never the solution."

Adrian smiled, a sly glint in his eye. "Try telling that to most financial professionals. They are so deeply rooted in their own version of reality, blissfully confident that ***The Financial Industrial Complex*** is as indestructible as they like to think their credentials are. It is almost charming, really, how they assume that just because things have always worked a certain way, they always will. History, of course, has a habit of

disagreeing... but who needs history when you have a cubical, a leather chair and a LinkedIn profile?"

Peter lifted his glass again, looking directly into his camera. "That is why we need to have these weekly Wednesday night calls. To remind each other, our clients, and anyone willing to listen that the world will not stay the same forever. The real risk is pretending that it will."

Adrian leaned back with a twinkle in his eye. "If humanity is going to survive, individuals need to wake up and wake up fast from their ***Normalcy Bias***. The time for pretending everything is okay is long gone. Peter, how do we help those still asleep break free from this? How do we get them to see the world for what it really is, not just what they want it to be?" He grinned and clinked his beer against the screen. "To shaking the ***Sleoples*** out of their trance and making sure they are ready and prepared before everything collapses."

Peter's eyes narrowed, his voice brimming with intensity. "Adrian, breaking free from one's mental chains comes down to one simple, yet profoundly unsettling question. It is the key that unlocks everything... this is the one question that shatters every illusion we cling to. I stumbled upon it once, almost by accident, and I keep asking it of myself, over and over again.

Each time, it changes everything. The true power of this question lies not just in the asking but in the paradoxes it reveals within our beliefs. It forces you to confront the uncomfortable truths you have ignored and avoided for far too long, challenging everything you thought you knew. This question needs to be asked now, especially by those who are still asleep."

Adrian leaned in, his expression tense, anticipating the great reveal. The weight of what was coming next hung in the air. "What is this great question?" he asked, his voice steady but filled with curiosity.

Peter's voice dropped. "***Why do I believe what I believe?*** On the surface, it seems simple, but answering this question will shatter every belief you have ever held."

Adrian nodded, feeling the weight of the words. "It forces you to

tear down everything you thought was true, everything you believed was your reality.”

“**Yes!**” Peter said, his voice growing more intense. “The power is not in the answer... it is in the act of asking the question. It forces you to reexamine every belief, every assumption you have ever held. It makes you confront truths you have been blind to or too afraid and uncomfortable to face up to.”

Adrian’s face tightened. “It is like tearing off a blindfold and realizing you have been stumbling in the dark your entire life, only to discover you are not just lost... you have been living in a cage.”

Peter smiled grimly. “That is it. Asking... *Why do I believe what I believe?* is like opening your eyes for the very first time to the light, to the truth. It is very unsettling, even at first terrifying. Yet this discomfort is the first step toward true self-awareness, to awaken from the nightmare, from all the lies. In moments like these, it is the only way to survive.”

Adrian’s voice dropped, filled with a sense of awakening. “So what holds the *Sleoples* back from asking this?”

Peter’s gaze darkened with intensity. “There are five simple reasons most *Sleoples* avoid this question, and these reasons are keeping them trapped in a dangerous illusion, in this prison we call our reality.

First... the *Sleoples* blindly follow authority or individuals in positions of unearned influence. This includes parents, teachers, bosses, public figures, scientists, medical professionals, lawyers, judges, actors, entertainers, regulators, government officials, corporate leaders, media, clergy, Hollywood celebrities, police, military, non-governmental organizations (NGOs), governments, and private central banks, along with the corrupt *Financial Industrial Complex* they control.

The sleeping masses are told, ‘This is just how things are,’ and they accept it without question. The *Sleoples* believe everything will remain the same as long as they follow along and behave like good little boys and girls, never daring to challenge the orthodoxy or the official reality that almost everyone around them has accepted or promoted.

Second... the *Sleoples* are too busy chasing external success, too

distracted by the noise of life to stop and question anything of true importance. They are consumed by careers, shallow relationships, and societal expectations, never pausing to consider if the path they are on is even the correct one for themselves.

Third... the ***Sleoples*** are mentally lazy. It is much easier to accept the reality handed down to them than to challenge it. Thinking critically and questioning the status quo requires effort, and many prefer the comfort of convenience and remaining brain dead.

Fourth... the ***Sleoples*** are naïve. They simply do not know any better, and they have never been taught to think critically and for themselves. They accept the surface-level explanations and approved messaging without understanding that the real answers lie much deeper, buried beneath layers of assumptions and propaganda.

Fifth... and most perilous of all... the ***Sleoples*** are paralyzed by fear. Fear of digging too deep, fear of being rejected or ostracized by the slumbering masses for daring to think differently, fear of confronting the brutal truth that they may have been wrong all along, and most damning of all, fear of admitting they have been duped. This paralyzing fear keeps them shackled, complicit in their ignorance, and blind to the undeniable truth staring back at them from the mirror.”

Peter continued and then leaned forward, his eyes burning with conviction. “This is not just an abstract idea. This is real. These reasons are holding the ***Sleoples*** back from seeing the truth that could mean the difference between financial ruin and success, between survival and catastrophe. If you do not wake up now, if you do not start asking the difficult questions, it might be too late for you and those you care deeply about.”

Adrian’s eyes lit up with deep understanding. “***Fear!*** It is what keeps the masses of ***Sleoples***... asleep. Fear of standing out, thinking for themselves, and facing the harsh realities and truths. This is not what our clients seek out. They are ***Sovereigns***... that have sought out trusted advisors who ask and seek answers to the right and the most difficult of questions. They do not want rote answers... recycled advice. They have a burning need to work with fellow ***Sovereigns***... who will ask the tough

questions, state the truth no matter how uncomfortable it may be, confront difficult realities, and guide them through what is coming... ***The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0.***”

Peter leaned forward, his voice cutting through like a blade. “Fear is the ultimate cage of the mind. Once you confront it... once you dare to ask the most dangerous question of all... *Why do I believe what I believe?*... the bars begin to dissolve. The illusion shatters. And when you see the truth, there is no going back. No retreat. No return to the comforting ignorance of the past.”

Adrian nodded, his tone steady yet piercing. “The real danger is not simply losing money... it is clinging to the comforting illusion that the world will stay the same. ***Normalcy Bias***... the deeply ingrained belief that tomorrow will mirror yesterday... blinds most to the obvious signs of upheaval. It encourages the dangerous assumption that if you keep doing what you have always done, you will continue to get what you have always gotten. But in this era of profound change, that belief is not just naïve... it is a one-way ticket to devastation, permanent loss, enslavement and death.”

Peter’s voice rose, carrying the weight and depth of both men’s experience. “The storm is not on the horizon... it is already here. Those who remain trapped in their false sense of security... the ***Sleoples*** will be swept away by the forces of disruption and history. However, there is real hope.

Those ***Sleoples***... who wake up in time, confront the uncomfortable truths, embrace their sovereignty, and act decisively on the logical, though often unsettling, conclusions they uncover will not just survive the chaos... they will rise above it. They will emerge stronger, freer, and better prepared to navigate the challenges ahead. This is the path to resilience. This is the path to true empowerment. These are humanity’s ***Sovereigns!***”

Adrian nodded. “***Yes!*** And that is where the real work begins. Once you see the truth, you must act. We must be prepared for the inevitable destruction of financial assets, whether through confiscation or collapse.

This is the logical conclusion... only those who take action now will survive what is coming.”

Peter continued, “We must prioritize ***De-Risking*** investment portfolios and wealth by focusing on ***Owning Assets in Order of Asset Confiscation***. Gold is the foundational asset. However, it does not stop here. We need a diversified solution that includes Gold and other precious metals, alternative investments such as private real estate, private debt, and private businesses, active discretionary private portfolio management, and protection through mutual life insurance company financial and insurance instruments.”

Adrian’s eyes were serious. “These ***Four Critical Pillars of Financial Survival*** ... precious metals, alternative assets, expert management, and mutual life insurance financial and insurance instruments are the defense against the collapsing ***Financial Industrial Complex***. They ensure wealth does more than survive... it thrives in uncertain and chaotic times.”

Adrian explained, “It is essential to work with independent third-party custodians, or trust companies, to ensure your assets are kept separate from the financial institutions managing your money. Additionally, discretionary private portfolio managers and mutual life insurance companies offer similar protections by safeguarding your assets and preventing them from being mixed with the institution’s own holdings. This separation provides a critical layer of security for your wealth.

In the event of a financial crisis or institutional collapse, segregating your assets from the financial institution’s holdings becomes a critical safeguard. This separation protects your wealth from being seized by creditors or misappropriated. It serves as a vital defense against ***The Financial Industrial Complex***, a system that is increasingly unstable and alarmingly prone to asset confiscation and collapse.”

Peter added, “Mutual life insurance companies offer unique financial and insurance instruments that provide exceptional security. Unlike traditional financial institutions and publicly traded life insurance companies, mutual life insurance companies are owned by their policyholders, not shareholders. This alignment of interests ensures that management

decisions prioritize long-term stability and the financial well-being of policyholders above all else.

Moreover, mutual life insurance companies maintain significantly higher financial reserve requirements compared to banks and other financial institutions. This financial strength enables them to weather economic storms and deliver unparalleled security. Their financial and insurance instruments act as a fortress for your wealth, offering peace of mind in a world where traditional financial institutions are becoming increasingly vulnerable to collapse and financial confiscation.”

Adrian’s voice surged with conviction. “These solutions are not just about protecting assets... they are about survival. We are here to pull back the wizard’s curtain and assist *Sovereigns* in *De-Risking* their wealth as we all face the imminent collapse. Our mission is to help them take decisive action to secure their future. That is why *Sovereigns* come to us... because they know we are fully committed, not just in words but through deliberate actions.

We honor every one of our clients, treating them as individuals with unique needs. They trust that we will do everything in our power to ensure their safety and shield their wealth from the chaos that lies ahead. This is not just business... this is our covenant. We are in this together. We are family.”

For a moment, both Adrian and Peter sat in silence. The weight of the unspoken challenges that lay ahead, for those they served and for themselves, hung in the air. The quiet was filled with the importance of the mission they had accepted.

Peter’s eyes softened as he leaned forward. “Adrian, tens of millions are seeking trusted financial advice, and our clients have sought us out because they recognize we are outliers, Sigmas, and misfits, just like them. Think about Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer, the 1964 stop-motion Christmas holiday television special that billions across the world have watched over the decades. The Island of Misfit Toys... these toys have always resonated within me. Those toys did not fit into the standard molds, and they were proud of it.”

Adrian’s faint smile grew into one of firm conviction. “Our clients

do not conform to society's narrow, tidy little boxes. They are the misfit toys... bold, unique, and fiercely independent, refusing to compromise their desire to live life on their own terms. These are the ***Sovereigns***... these are individuals who seek trusted financial advisors with the courage to think beyond the confines of convention. Trusted advisors who challenge the norms, defy the status quo, and stand tall, unwavering, and unapologetically standing apart from the herd mentality perpetuated by ***The Financial Industrial Complex***."

Peter's voice grew firm and resolute as he declared, "Our clients are preparing to protect their wealth from the looming, orchestrated threat of ***The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0***. They demand advisors who demonstrate courage, integrity, and an unwavering commitment to... ***The Truth***. Like the misfit toys, they take pride in their uniqueness. They seek trusted advisors who align with their values, respect their independence, and honor their individuality... advisors who will stand with them, navigating through the chaos ahead."

In that shared moment, both Peter and Adrian knew they were not just guiding clients... they were part of a growing movement, partnering with those who dared to be different, helping them survive and prosper in a world ***On The Brink*** of upheaval. They were standing alongside individuals... ***Sovereigns***... who refused to conform, providing the financial solutions and wisdom needed to navigate the storm and emerge stronger on the other side.

It was getting late, and the time had come for ***The Son of a Dutch Farmer*** and ***The King of Main Street*** to sign off for the evening. Adrian grinned through the screen. "So, Peter, how and when did you realize you were a misfit toy?"

Peter leaned back, a serious look crossing his face. "It was a ***Splinter of the Mind!***"

Adrian raised an eyebrow. "What in the world does that mean?"

Peter grinned, a hint of mystery and mischief in his voice and eyes. "That's a story for next Wednesday evening's video call."

The Son of a Dutch Farmer raised his Steam Works craft beer, and ***The King of Main Street*** lifted his Ziraldo Icewine in response. With a

shared sense of purpose, Adrian and Peter ended their call the same way they always had, reciting... *The Sovereign's Creed...*

“To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!”

CHAPTER TWO

SPLINTER OF THE MIND

“You feel it, do you not? That nagging sense that something is very wrong with our world,” Peter J. Merrick reflected, breaking the silence. “It is like a *Splinter of the Mind*, driving you mad. You have felt it your entire life... a deep, inexplicable knowing that the world is not as it seems. And no matter how much you try to ignore it, it refuses to go away. You see it when you step outside your home, look out your window, or glance at your television, cellphone, or laptop. You feel it when you head to work, drive back home, when the government passes laws no one asked for, and when they fail to enforce the ones we already have on the books. And you *definitely* feel it when you pay the taxman.”

The Son of a Dutch Farmer and *The King of Main Street* started their weekly Wednesday night video call with a familiar warmth that had grown over time. Adrian C. Spitters, in British Columbia, held his favorite cold Steam Works craft beer, while Peter, in San Diego, savored a glass of Ziraldo Icewine, a thoughtful gift from his friend Donald Ziraldo, who was honored with the *Order of Canada* for his role in elevating Canadian wines. They exchanged a toast, their smiles reflecting the simple joy of these cherished moments together. The relaxed,

friendly atmosphere set the stage for another meaningful, thought provoking, reflective and deep dialogue between these two weathered men.

Adrian nodded, his voice steady and filled with sincerity. “**Yes...** I know exactly what you mean. This book is not just a challenge... it is a transformative journey for us all. It is more than a project... it is a labor of love, born from something deeply personal. From the moment we chose the title... ***It Starts With Gold***, I knew it was perfect. I fell in love with its name instantly because it represents everything we have discovered, every truth we have uncovered on this quest down the rabbit hole.

This title embodies the weight of our journey... the struggles we have faced, the revelations uncovered... and the triumphs we have fought for together. More importantly, it represents hope and connection for those who have felt isolated, navigating an uncertain path. ***It Starts With Gold*** stands as a testament to shared resilience and unity, a symbol of persistent commitment through every step of this journey towards growth.”

“**Yes...** I absolutely agree,” Peter responded, leaning forward. “***It Starts With Gold*** is the most appropriate title, this will be the hardest, most important project we have ever embarked on in our lives. We are about to speak out on uncomfortable truths... truths that desperately need to be placed in the public square, even though we never asked for this responsibility. It is daunting, even frightening, but it is something we can no longer shy away from.

As members of the human family, we owe it to our loved ones, our communities, our nations and all of humanity to share what we have uncovered about what is coming next... ***The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0***... where we are told we will be happy because they own everything, and humanity owns nothing.”

Peter paused for a moment, his expression serious, then he continued. “This moment weighs heavily on both of us, but it is our love... our love for family... our love for community... our love for humanity... that drives us forward. We cannot remain silent. We must speak out... for the children, for the generations yet to come, for those that have been silenced, and for those that have no voice.”

“And the consequences of what we have uncovered?” Adrian sighed, leaning in, his voice heavy with the weight of it all.

Peter replied, “The implications are far too dire for humanity for us to remain silent and complicit in this evil. I know writing this is dangerous for our careers and even our personal security and safety, but the cost of saying nothing is far greater to our souls. We have a responsibility to speak the truth, to speak out... no matter what the consequences are.

Sovereigns... are fathers, mothers, siblings, children, neighbors and citizens... we are humanity as God intended... free. Yet, only a few of us take the responsibility of that freedom seriously. For those of us who do, the risks of speaking out pale in comparison to the necessity of standing up for what is right. Our souls are not for sale... they were never ours to sell in the first place.”

“**Yes...** I fully agree,” Adrian said, completely engrossed in the conversation. His eyes reflected the weight of what was being discussed.

“Adrian, I truly hope to be a grandfather one day, just like you. We all want our grandchildren, and the children of today and tomorrow, to inherit a world filled with love, hope, and the freedom to shape their own destinies. Not some cold, antihuman, AI controlled nightmare like the one laid out in U.N. Agenda 2030... mapped out by a handful of self-appointed elites and psychopaths determined to control humanity’s present and future. It is as though a veil has been cast over our eyes, blinding us to the terrifying reality rapidly closing in, ensnaring us like prey in the **Spider’s** web.

For those of us who are awake, who are searching for answers, we aim at exposing the darkest of truths, uncovering a crime that began long before we were born. The time to confront this is now. We must rise to the significance of this moment, because if we do not, the future will be sealed forever, and our children and grandchildren will suffer under it. This is our opportunity to remove that **Splinter from Our Minds**, to rip away the veil, not just for ourselves, but for every soul that will come after us. The fate of humanity hinges on each of us stepping up and doing our part to end this tyranny.”

Peter paused... letting his words settle in the air like a heavy weight.

Adrian studied the expression on Peter's face, his curiosity sharp, though the shared heaviness between them was undeniable. "Peter, we have spoken many times about how *The Financial Industrial Complex* is built on a dangerous illusion, a fraud, an unstable house of cards teetering on the edge of collapse. This is more than just a crisis... this is a ticking time bomb for all of us.

We have no choice. We must dive much deeper into this crime and call on others to join us on this worthiest of quests. With each layer we peel back, drawing closer to the center of the *Spider's* web... the controllers of *The Financial Industrial Complex*... our understanding sharpens. Those who are willing to wake up are reaching the same conclusions and gaining the same clarity. This conversation is not just important... this conversation is absolutely essential for the survival of humanity.

Adrian, the world as we know it is about to shift dramatically and fundamentally," Peter said. "We are on the edge of the worst international financial crisis in recorded human history. Four companies... BlackRock, Vanguard, State Street, and Berkshire Hathaway, own or control 88% of all the S&P 500 listed companies and 40% of all major corporations listed on every stock exchange in the world.

The late George Carlin, an American icon, comedian, and social commentator, famously said, '*It is one big club, and you are not in it,*'" Peter remarked, his tone serious. "This is precisely why we need to educate as many *Sleoples* and *Sovereigns* as possible who are willing to listen about the importance of holding physical Gold as a foundational asset for protecting one's wealth. *The Financial Industrial Complex* is *On The Brink* of collapse, and those who fail to understand the value of owning and holding... real, tangible assets will be left vulnerable. It has never been more critical than it is now to take action and protect and save what we can... before it is too late."

"*Yes!* It is interesting, Peter, how we have both come to the same conclusion. We need to make it very clear why owning and possessing Gold is so central to protecting our children's and grandchildren's future," Adrian said, his voice steady with conviction. "This is not just

about wealth preservation, it's about ensuring that future generations have the security and independence they deserve, especially in a world where ***The Financial Industrial Complex*** is crumbling all around us before our own eyes."

"Gold has always been the foundation of true wealth through out the ages," Peter said. "None of this wisdom is new or revolutionary. It has always been there for us to discover. It is all ***Old Whisky in New Vats!*** Gold has held its value throughout history while fake fiat paper currencies have come and gone. As we stand ***On The Brink*** of a major financial collapse, taking possession of physical Gold has never been more critical than it is today.

Gold is a powerful metaphor representing the real, verifiable things and human relationships in your life that have intrinsic and inherent value for real flesh-and-blood, loving, feeling, alive human beings."

"Peter, what we are sharing with our community of independent thinkers... fellow ***Sovereigns...*** in this world of fakery and uncertainty is that Gold and silver are the only financial instruments that have remained real and have stood the test of time," Adrian said.

"***Yes!*** I fully agree, Adrian," Peter said. "In both of our careers as financial professionals, we have witnessed a world of finance that has dematerialized into digital and electrical pulses of 1s and 0s. It is so removed from nature that it is no longer real. Gold is tangible and has been the foundation of all financial systems throughout recorded antiquity. When the entire system breaks down, owning tangibles, having community and family, and possessing useful and tradable skills are the only things of value that truly count because they last.

It is this understanding that has taken me my entire career in the financial services industry, spanning over three decades, to fully grasp. This is why I felt we needed to write this book, now more than ever."

"The urgency of holding tangible assets, what we are talking about right now, is a form of ***De-Risking***. This means..." Adrian smiled.

"***De-Risking*** by re-materializing from digital into tangible, and into the form of hard assets," Peter interjected. "It means turning the immaterial back into the material, from fiction to reality, back into things

that have functionality and utility. From worthlessness, uselessness, and irrelevance to something very real and tangible.

Gold is tangible! Gold and precious metals have maintained their value, stability, and intrinsic worth throughout all of recorded history. This information is available to everyone. We can all uncover it for ourselves, but time is quickly running out for humanity. We can no longer ignore it and remain ignorant. Remember, we have all been forewarned, even if we choose to remain blind to this basic truth!”

“What about our audience and our clients?” Adrian asked.

“No one should ever accept the shocking claims in this book at face value,” Peter said. “We need every individual who hears this message to go out and independently commit to doing their own deep research. They must educate themselves, think critically, and act for themselves. If they do not, we will have failed, not just in writing *It Starts With Gold...* but in a much more profound way. We will have failed our children, our grandchildren, and those we love,” Peter passionately expressed, the weight of his words hanging in the air.”

“*Yes...* Absolutely,” Adrian confirmed. “It is only through deep research, life experience, and thorough analysis that you and I have reached the conclusion... we must hold hard, tangible assets like Gold and silver, develop useful, tradable skills, and invest in building strong, sovereign communities.”

“These essentials give us the greatest chance of surviving the collapse of *The Financial Industrial Complex*,” Peter confirmed. “The starting point is owning Gold and silver, as they are the only assets that have consistently held their purchasing power throughout history. Every time a fiat currency has collapsed, Gold and silver not only maintained their value but also increased.”

“Everyone needs to understand what fiat currency is,” Adrian said. “It is currency with no intrinsic value, its worth based solely on the trust and confidence the masses place in the private central banks that issue it, sanctioned by governments. That trust is eroding rapidly. When faith in fiat money collapses, civilizations tied to it collapse as well.”

“*Yes!*” Peter agreed. “Fiat currency is paper money and now digital

as well issued by privately controlled central banks, sanctioned by governments, and not backed by physical commodities like Gold or silver. Its value comes purely from the trust individuals place in the private central banks. Historically, all fake fiat currencies lose value over time due to inflation, manipulation, and other economic factors, eventually leading to financial crises and the collapse of the financial system. Understanding fiat currency helps **Sovereigns** realize why holding Gold and other precious metals is crucial as they maintain their true value over time.”

“Peter, we are just ordinary guys who, through our life experiences, felt a need to share what we have stumbled upon and discovered,” Adrian said, his tone steady as he kept the conversation grounded.

Peter nodded. “**Yes!** We are just ordinary folks sharing what we have learned about Gold and its intrinsic value. Here is the truth... it is no small matter. For millennia, Gold has been the bedrock of the financial system. That all changed in 1971 when the U.S. abandoned the Gold Standard, severing this vital connection. Since then, **The Financial Industrial Complex** has replaced Gold with a corrupt and unsustainable fake fiat currency system, built on the illusion of value and debt.”

Adrian grinned. “**Yes...** just two regular guys stumbling onto the secret of how not to go broke when the whole **Financial Industrial Complex** comes crashing down.”

Peter chuckled but his tone quickly turned serious. “Jokes aside, this cannot be overstated. **The Financial Industrial Complex** is barely holding together, teetering on the brink of collapse. And yet, only a few **Sovereigns** truly grasp how dire the situation is. The clock is ticking, and preparation is no longer optional... it is critical.”

Adrian leaned in, raising an eyebrow. “**Yes...** like being on the Titanic but thinking it’s just ‘a little water seeping in.’”

Peter shifted back to a more serious tone. “Our sincere desire for this book... **It Starts With Gold...** is that readers and listeners will become part of that rare group that sees through the illusion. They will become **Sovereigns...** they will clearly understand the weight of what is at stake

and be prepared to take immediate action, to shield themselves from what is coming.

More importantly, those of us awake have a responsibility to pass this knowledge on, educating others... amongst the *Sleoples* and awakening those trapped in ignorance. If enough of us wake up and become *Sovereigns* in time, take responsibility, and initiate the necessary changes, perhaps, just perhaps, together we will avert *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0!*

“Peter, I was wondering what was your wake-up moment? When did it all start for you?” Adrian asked.

Peter shared his wake-up. “You know, during the COVID-19 lockdowns, which started on March 13, 2020, I genuinely thought life was pretty great. I was always the eternal optimist, kind of like Charlie from Charlie and the Chocolate Factory by Roald Dahl. No matter how tough things got, I was convinced that my Golden ticket was just around the corner. Life, in my mind, was only going to keep getting better. The outside world hadn’t quite knocked on my door or threatened my sense of freedom and sovereignty... yet.”

Adrian asked, “But something changed during those lockdowns?”

Peter’s voice softened as he reflected. “*Yes...* before the lockdowns, there had always been cracks in how I saw the world.” Peter paused, locking eyes with Adrian, his tone growing heavier. “But in March 2020, when the worldwide COVID-19 lockdowns began, something deep inside me roared... this is wrong. This is evil. I couldn’t explain it at first, but I knew. I had seen this horror movie before, and I’ll be damned if I stay silent again during it.”

Adrian leaned forward, sensing the weight of Peter’s words. “What do you mean? What had you seen? What had you experienced?”

Peter took a steadying breath, his voice heavy with the weight of a buried truth. “When I was 11, my parents sent me to Robert Land Academy, Canada’s only all-boys military boarding school. They truly believed they were giving me an opportunity... a place where I could learn discipline, thrive in a structured environment, and succeed, becoming the best version of myself.

My parents' intentions were good... they wanted for me what every parent wants...the best for their child. But what they didn't know, what they couldn't have imagined, was that they were sending me into a place built on fear and total control... a place designed to break boys down, strip away their innocence, and reduce survival to the only thing that mattered.

What my parents did not know... what they could not have known... was that they were sending me into a living hell. The American national syndicated columnist Mike Kelly once called it the toughest military school in North America. And he was not exaggerating. This was not a school... it was a machine, cold and unrelenting, designed to break down boys into submission, to grind away every shred of who we were until compliance was all that remained."

Adrian's face tightened. "How did that school do that?"

"This military school, this total institution, stripped us of everything," Peter said, his voice steady but filled with the weight of the memory. "Our dignity, our individuality, even our connection to the outside world... it was all taken away from us boys. Corporal punishment, arbitrary rules, isolation, and humiliation were routine. Fear ruled everything, and survival meant compliance. I watched boys around me fall into something I now understand as Stockholm Syndrome... defending their abusers because it felt safer than resisting. I was powerless back then. Just a kid, trying to make it through each day and survive."

Peter's voice grew sharper, filled with unshakable conviction. "Then the COVID-19 lockdowns began, and I recognized the tyranny immediately... the fear, the control, the stripping away of freedoms. It was the same tactics I had experienced and endured at 11, only now it was playing out on a worldwide scale. I could not stay silent, because I knew exactly where it led. I had lived it. I had survived it. This time, I was no longer a powerless boy."

Adrian nodded, his tone steady, his expression very supportive. "So, that's why you speak out?"

Peter's jaw tightened, his voice fierce and unshakable. "If good men and women remain silent, the horrors I endured as a child will be noth-

ing compared to the tyranny that will consume us all. What I faced at 11 was raw, calculated evil... a force that crushes the spirit, steals freedom, and silences the soul. I will not let it happen again... not to me, not to anyone. Silence is betrayal, and I will not betray the truth.”

Peter’s voice grew stronger, resonating with unshakable resolve. “I will stand, I will speak, and I will fight with every last fiber of my being. I will call out evil wherever it hides. And I will call on others to rise with us, to speak out, and to fight with unrelenting courage for our freedoms and sovereignty. Because if we do not, we will lose everything that makes us human.

My authority to speak out on tyranny is not theoretical, it is not unearned... it is earned. I lived it. I survived it. As a child, I endured and witnessed the crushing weight of a tyrannical, total-control system that sought to strip away humanity itself from the human being. That experience gave me not just the right but the responsibility to stand against tyranny wherever it emerges. It is why I cannot and will not stay silent.”

Adrian’s voice softened, yet it carried unyielding conviction and solidarity. “You are not alone. I stand with you, as do hundreds of millions of others... these are the ***Sovereigns***... who saw and felt the tyranny unleashed during the COVID-19 worldwide lockdowns. Every day, more ***Sovereigns*** are awakening, finding their voices, and joining us in the fight to end this oppression. Together, we will stand, and together, we will reclaim our freedom, independence, sovereignty and humanity.”

Peter allowed himself a faint, grateful smile, his eyes filled with determination. “Thank you.” Peter paused, the weight of his next words pressing on him. “Since my exposure to tyranny at such a young age, I have always been hyper-aware and hyper-sensitive of contradictions in society. I noticed them everywhere throughout my adult life... things that did not add up, things that felt wrong. I kept moving forward, brushing them aside, trying to focus on what I could control. Yet, deep down, I knew something was very wrong.”

Adrian leaned forward, his voice filled with curiosity and empathy. “Peter, why did you push your early childhood experiences aside for so

long? What made you ignore it until the worldwide COVID-19 lockdowns that made you stand up... use your voice and platform?"

Peter inhaled deeply, his voice heavy with the weight of long-buried truths. "I did not have the words back then, as a child. I didn't know how to articulate what I felt, what I witnessed, or the questions that needed to be asked. I was grappling with a sense of wrongness I could not name... something deeply rooted in what I had once experienced as a defenseless kid. Now I know... it was pure evil."

Adrian leaned forward, his tone very thoughtful. "So, instead of words, you turned to knowledge, books and others that had been on the path a little longer? What were you searching for?"

Peter nodded, his voice steady but laced with deep reflection. "So, I did what I could. I read... over 5,000 books, searching for clarity, for answers to the questions that gnawed deep within me. But those answers could not be found in the official approved narratives or the mainstream educational system, which I now see for what it truly is... an indoctrination machine. It isn't built to create independent, sovereign, and critical thinkers. It's built to mold obedient followers... which we have been referring to as... the *Sleoples*."

Adrian nodded, his tone thoughtful and deliberate. "Your experiences as a youth give you a powerful and unique perspective. Now, let's shift back to your observations... before and during the COVID-19 lockdowns and tyranny. What was it that finally made everything click for you, that something was profoundly wrong and deeply sinister was at play?"

Peter's gaze hardened, his voice filled with deep thought before he next spoke. "Then the COVID-19 lockdowns happened, and it all came rushing back to me. The fear, the control, the silencing of dissent... it mirrored the tactics I had seen, witnessed and experienced before, tactics I had lived through as a child.

But this time, it wasn't just targeting a group of boys attending a military boarding school... this tyranny had gone viral, entrapping all of humanity in its dark grip. The realization hit me like a punch in the face, forcing me to confront the patterns I had ignored for far too long... for

over four decades. The truth was undeniable... this wasn't new. I knew the path this unchecked evil would take, the devastation it would leave in its wake. I had endured this kind of oppression before, and I had survived its crushing weight. Now, as an adult with a spine and balls, a voice and a choice, I refused to stay silent in the face of evil. Not this time. *Never Again!*"

"You have always been an avid reader, writer and a vocal advocate in the financial industry, but this sounds like it was more than just reading, writing and speaking out," Adrian stated.

"*Yes...* It was. I had often been perceived by others and had been referred to as an oddball, an outsider, a free-spirited, an independent thinker, and a *Sigma* male," Peter smiled. "An individual that chose to walk his own path, valuing independence over conformity and strength in solitude over social dominance. Up until my wake-up moment, I had been naive to how the world really worked.

During the COVID-19 Lockdowns, something changed deep within me and the world I experienced around me. The spirit of the times shifted. I had to face some very hard truths. That moment my mind exploded with questions about the world not being what I thought it was, happened when I had to return to Toronto, Canada... my hometown."

"I had remembered you had moved to San Diego from Toronto..." Adrian said.

"*Yes...* I had moved to San Diego, California, a year before the COVID-19 lockdowns, in August 2019. My medical insurance would not cover me if something happened related to what I call the '*Imaginary Control Virus.*' I call it that because the only real virus was the *Sleoples'* mind virus... that was always meant to control and clamp down on humanity. I had to return to Canada because I had nearly died on June 18, 2019. At that time, I was open to change, and my then-wife, who was from San Diego, wanted us to move back so our children could be closer to her family and her elderly parents."

"So, you flew back to Toronto at the beginning of the COVID-19 Lockdowns?"

“**Yes...** on March 14, 2020, I flew back to Toronto just in case I needed medical attention. We had decided to make San Diego our home. I also had to return to Canada to sell the house and our remaining assets. I stayed with one of my best friends, who had been sent home to work remotely. He was a producer for Canada’s main national news network and was responsible for producing different national news segments. Picture this... his employer sent him several large flat-screen monitors and a powerful laptop so he could produce entire segments that were aired nationally across Canada.”

“That must have been an interesting experience, seeing how the media works from the inside,” Adrian asked.

“It was,” Peter said, his tone reflective but tinged with intensity. “I would sometimes watch him at his desk, producing the ‘officially sanctioned narrative,’ as they called it. He would be all serious, typing away. Then, during his breaks, he would swivel around, jump up like he was about to save the world, and say, ‘Now it is time to join my friends!’

Then he would flip on his personal computer... thankfully not monitored by his **Big Brother** employer, and pull up YouTube on his flat screen, back when YouTube still had a bit of free speech. We would watch what I thought at the time were these wild conspiracy channels, reporting on things during the COVID-19 Lockdowns that the approved mainstream narrative conveniently ignored. It was like watching an underground news network from a secret bunker.

I quickly learned the hard way that during the early days of the worldwide lockdowns, the gap between a conspiracy theory and a conspiracy fact was about two weeks. What was dismissed as ‘conspiracy fiction’ one moment rapidly transformed into ‘conspiracy truth’ at breakneck speed.”

Adrian cracked a grin, raising an eyebrow. “**Yes!** That is quite a shift in perspective. So, what was it? UFOs landing in the backyard or Bigfoot running for office? Do you remember any specific programs?”

“**Yes!** Let me elaborate on one episode that is ingrained deep in my memory,” Peter said. “At the beginning of the COVID-19 Lockdowns Independent **Sovereigns** around the world were filming themselves

walking into hospitals and finding them empty, while the mainstream media claimed they were overflowing with people dying from the virus. So, half an hour later, I put on my jacket, made a light joke about it being March and still freezing after just flying in from sunny Southern California and decided to check things out for myself.

I took a walk through the empty streets of downtown Toronto. During that walk, I filmed five different hospitals, trying to understand the difference between what the mainstream media and the captured governments were propagandizing us with and what I was seeing with my own eyes. The hospitals were completely empty. There were plenty of ambulances parked outside, but the medics were just hanging out, chatting, and some were even chain-smoking cigarettes.”

Adrian leaned forward, his voice firm and searching for the right words, his eyes locked on Peter’s. “Your experiences as a youth give you a unique and powerful perspective. Now... Peter, I need to know... what was it that finally made everything click? What did you see, what did you feel, in that moment when you realized something was deeply wrong, that we were all being lied to? That something sinister was happening, not just around you, but across the entire world?”

Peter paused, the silence thick with anticipation. Adrian leaned closer, his tone pressing. “Peter, it is getting late, and I need you to hold that thought.” Adrian continued, his voice steady yet eager. “I need to know what was running through your mind at the exact moment when everything began to unravel. Next week, we are diving into your *‘Wake-Up Moment,’* and I am ready for the full story.”

Adrian reached for his glass, his expression resolute as his eyes locked with Peter’s. “I cannot wait to hear every small detail and every substantive revelation. Next week’s call will be something to remember.”

The bond between *The King of Main Street* and *The Son of a Dutch Farmer* grew stronger with each and every word spoken... with each weekly exploration, their shared mission became unmistakable... unshakable... and unbreakable.

Together, Adrian and Peter raised their glasses, their voices steady

and unwavering. Together, they declared... ***The Sovereign's Creed...*** a call out to fellow ***Sovereigns*** wherever they reside...

**“To Sovereignty...
To Protecting Our Health...
To De-Risking Our Wealth...
It Starts With Gold!”**

CHAPTER THREE

WAKE-UP MOMENT

It was a calm Wednesday evening, and as usual, Peter J. Merrick, known as *The King of Main Street*, and Adrian C. Spitters, proudly carrying the title *The Son of a Dutch Farmer*, connected for their weekly video call. What had begun as a simple check-in had evolved into something far more meaningful... a sacred tradition, a sanctuary for exploration, and a relentless pursuit of truth in a world that felt increasingly untethered from reality.

Across the miles between San Diego, California, and British Columbia, Canada, they both settled into their usual rhythm, with Adrian sipping his cold Steam Works craft beer and Peter holding his glass of Ziraldo Icewine. Tonight's conversation was bound to be a continuation of their shared mission... to make sense of the unsettling truths they had uncovered and help others prepare for what was to come.

"Peter, let's pick up from where we left off last week's video call," Adrian said, knowing they were about to dive deeper into the moment that had fundamentally shifted Peter's worldview... Peter's wake-up moment.

Peter nodded, leaning closer to the camera. "You remember when I told you about that day in Toronto," he began, his voice heavy with the

weight of truth. He spoke of the moment that shattered his trust in the official narratives... a day when he visited hospitals at the height of the COVID-19 lockdowns, only to find them eerily empty.

The mainstream media and government, united in their messaging, had declared hospitals overflowing and bodies piling up in a plandemic of unimaginable scale. Yet, what he saw was the stark opposite... a fabricated crisis, a carefully constructed lie designed to paralyze the masses with fear, strip them of their freedoms, and tighten the grip of control. This was no mistake... it was a calculated assault on truth itself.

During the height of the COVID-19 lockdowns, Peter had ventured into the unnervingly quiet streets of Toronto, driven by a need to see for himself what the media had been relentlessly reporting. News outlets bombarded the public with scenes of overrun hospitals, packed emergency rooms, and impending disaster.

Yet, as Peter moved through the city, what he encountered was something chillingly different. He passed five hospitals, each one hauntingly empty, with ambulances parked motionless and medics lingering outside, casually smoking cigarettes. There was no chaos, no sense of emergency. Only an eerie, unsettling stillness, as though the heart of the real crisis was somewhere else, hidden just beyond the veil.

"My inner voice first whispered, then screamed at me... 'This cannot be right,'" Peter said, his words hanging in the air like a cold mist. "We were being fed one story... a relentless, polished narrative of chaos and overflowing hospitals. But what I saw with my own eyes was something chillingly different. The hospitals were empty, the streets were deathly quiet, and the silence... it was unnerving, unnatural. That day, everything shifted. The world I thought I knew cracked open, and I knew I would never see it the same way again."

Peter's voice dropped to a near whisper, as though revealing a dark secret. "I realized I could not trust what I was being told anymore by the authorities and the mainstream media's controlled narrative. It became clear that relying on the mainstream media, the endless loop of voices from CNN, MSNBC, The Wall Street Journal, The New York Times,

Fox, BBC, CBC, and Time Magazine was harmful. I had to break free from that hypnotic trance.”

Peter paused, his expression darkening as he leaned forward. “I couldn’t ignore it... I had to dig deeper, to dive headfirst into the shadows. I scoured alternative search engines, dissected source documents, combed through white papers, and traced every breadcrumb from independent media sources. That’s where the fragments of truth began to emerge, pieces of a puzzle I couldn’t unsee.

My friend, who worked for Canada’s largest cable news network, had hinted at it in hushed, vulnerable moments... moments stolen between producing the very narratives he knew were engineering fear and propping up a system built on absolute control. He was complicit, and he knew it. The truth wasn’t hidden... it was buried under decades and layers of manipulation and deceit.”

“It sounds like a pivotal moment for you. Did those white papers provide the answers you were searching for?” Adrian asked, leaning in.

Peter’s expression grew more serious. “**Yes!** They did... and more than I expected. It was not until the lockdowns that I began to fully understand the depth of what I was uncovering. **Proverbs 27:12** kept echoing in my mind: *‘The prudent see danger and take refuge, but the simple keep going and pay the penalty.’*

This verse, for me, became a guiding principle during my awakening. It reinforced the importance of recognizing dangers ahead and taking action, rather than ignoring the warning signs as so many others have done. The **Globalists’** white papers, published openly on their official websites for anyone to read, were not just theories... they were roadmaps for what was unfolding before our very eyes. This realization compelled me to prepare, to take refuge, and to help others do the same.”

Peter’s voice carried a deeper intensity as he spoke, “It speaks directly to the need for vigilance and foresight. It is a warning, one that came alive for me in the face of the nefarious goals outlined in those **Globalists’** white papers. The more I read, the more I realized these were not just theoretical ideas. They were blueprints for the world we are now living

in. It is not enough to simply recognize the danger... it is essential to act before it is too late.

For those... **Globalists'** white papers, also known as source documents, these are detailed reports, guides, and treaties that help readers understand complex issues and the philosophy behind the organizations, controllers, **Useful Idiots** and **Useful Tools** writing and issuing them. We mention these documents in this book because they offer in-depth insights and original data directly from the source... the **Spider**, allowing us to see the true context and intentions behind various policies and decisions."

"So, by becoming familiar with these **Globalists'** white papers, we can better uncover the intents behind official narratives," Adrian added.

"**Yes!** That is exactly right. You are right on the money... I mean, on the Gold," Peter added with a smile. "By becoming familiar with these **Globalists'** white papers, we will better uncover the reality behind official narratives and make more informed decisions based on primary information. It does not matter if you are unaware of their existence... their implementation is still affecting you, your family, your community, your nation, your immediate future, and humanity as a whole."

"That is a lot to digest. It seems like you went deep down the rabbit hole, as did I," Adrian said, his tone thoughtful, acknowledging the weight of the revelations they had uncovered.

"**Yes...** Indeed, I did," Peter said, his voice darkening. "To fully grasp the insidious plans being orchestrated for humanity and our modern civilization, I immersed myself in the source documents from the powerful **Globalist** organizations that believe they hold the key to humanity's future. What I uncovered was deeply unsettling. These **Globalist** elites refer to the rest of us as 'useless eaters,' a derogatory term that strips away human dignity. It is a label used to justify their plans for control and manipulation, as though entire populations are disposable. The reality they are shaping is far more sinister than anyone could have ever imagined.

I was shocked to learn that the term 'useless eaters'... first originated from the Nazi regime during World War II, where it was used to justify the extermination of those considered non-contributors to the German nation and war effort," Peter explained, his voice heavy with disbelief. "It

was applied to the elderly, the disabled, the chronically ill, and specific ethnic, racial, language, and religious groups. To see this language resurface in modern planning documents sent shivers down my spine. It is horrifying to think that such dehumanizing ideology still linger, now cloaked in sophisticated agendas, yet the intent remains disturbingly the same.”

Adrian’s eyes narrowed as he leaned in. “So, you really had time to dive deep into this during the lockdowns... as did I. It is unsettling to realize how much was hidden in plain sight. The more you dig, the darker it gets, does it not?”

Peter’s tone darkened, his voice lowering as though revealing something far more sinister. “**Yes**, during those worldwide lockdowns, I suddenly found myself with a lot of time. Time to see the shadows lurking behind the scenes. Living full-time in San Diego, I was forbidden from returning to Toronto. The **Spider’s** captured Canadian government, already in the grip of **Globalist** powers, had enacted these draconian, unlawful mandates.

The **Spider’s** captured Canadian Government was not just stripping away freedoms, they were denying millions of Canadians their inherent constitutional rights, mine included. And why? Because I refused to comply with what I now see as an international dangerous medical experiment. It was then I realized this was not about public health... it was something far darker. The more I dug, the more I uncovered that this was part of a larger, hidden and diabolical agenda, one designed to strip us of our autonomy, our freedom, our humanity and even our lives.”

“And that is when your real education began?” Adrian asked.

“**Yes!** My real education started during this period. Like you Adrian... I dove very deep into source documents from organizations like the Bank of International Settlements (BIS), major private central banks, the European Union, the United Nations (UN), the World Health Organization (WHO), the U.S. Federal Reserve, U.S. government agencies, the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund (IMF), Depository Trust Corporation (DTC), Central Clearing Parties (CCPs)

and official governmental documents from English-speaking countries like the UK, Ireland, New Zealand, Australia, and Canada.”

“We did not stop there did we?” Adrian smiled with a wink.

Peter leaned forward, his voice sharp with urgency. “No! I didn’t stop there. I delved into the documents of the most influential foundations and think tanks... names that control the levers of power... the Rockefeller Institute, the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation, the Rockefeller Foundation, the Club of Rome, the Carnegie Foundation, the Tides Foundation, Johns Hopkins University, the World Economic Forum, the Council on Foreign Relations, the George Soros’ Open Society Foundation, the Committee of 300, and the *Olympians*.”

Adrian nodded, his tone somber. “I’ve relied heavily on those same documents in my own search for the uncomfortable truths and the dark, hidden secrets that few dare to confront. After reading through these official records, the tough questions must have hit you, just as they did for me. Questions you can’t unask, no matter how much you wish you could.”

Peter’s voice softened, tinged with a reflective sadness. “*Yes*... I often ask myself if the average *Sleoples* is truly capable of questioning and thinking for themselves, or if they choose not to think at all, preferring instead to ignore all the signs of impending danger.

It saddens me to observe how the general public... the ‘*Profane*,’ as some would call them blindly perceive these government agencies, international bodies, and non-governmental organizations as altruistic or, at the very least, neutral. But after diving into these source documents, the truth becomes painfully clear... these organizations are anything but.”

“*Profane*? That is a term I have not heard in this context before,” Adrian queried, his curiosity piqued.

“The word ‘*Profane*’ is a derogatory term used to describe someone, the rest of society who is not initiated into secret fraternal organizations,” Peter explained, his tone growing more serious. “To them, the average human being is the problem, and they seek to eliminate us, viewing us as ‘useless eaters.’ These *Globalist* organizations have vast resources and wield signif-

icant influence over international policies. Their documents reveal chilling plans and strategies that affect all of us.

I have read these source documents from major **Globalist** organizations that claim to know what is best for humanity. But what do they truly mean when they say they know what is best for you and me? We will need to address this deeply in the rest of our conversations.”

“**Yes!** It sounds like this led you to a call to action?” Adrian asked, his voice tinged with curiosity.

Peter leaned forward, his expression serious as he spoke. “During my own awakening process from our culturally induced hypnosis, I realized the importance of speaking out about what I had learned. Once you know something, you cannot unsee what has been seen. When you glimpse the truth, it is your responsibility and absolutely crucial to educate others so they can see it too and take action.

I spoke out vocally, wrote extensively, did podcasts to share my discoveries and insights, and connected with others who were speaking out about the crimes being committed against humanity and God! In the process, I found myself deplatformed and shadow-banned on social media sites and apps for daring to speak up and speak out.”

“That is why these conversations are not just important... they are absolutely essential,” Adrian declared, his voice firm with conviction. “We must share this knowledge with others who are awakening, those ready to listen and see the truth for what it is. We need to connect, unite, and work with fellow **Sovereigns**... individuals who refuse to be controlled. This is our mission, our duty, and it is more critical now than ever!”

“**Yes!** Our conversations are the natural evolution of the insights we’ve gained and the mission we’ve embraced and the covenant we have made to inform others about what is being planned for the rest of humanity,” Peter said.

“Peter, this is very personal for the both of us, is it not? I know it is for me,” Adrian said.

“**Yes**... it is for me as well,” Peter added, his tone heavy with deep sorrow. “A particularly tragic event underscores the urgency of this mission for me personally. My good and late friend, Larry Lipiec, a brilliant and principled

man, had his life cut tragically short... a loss that still weighs deeply on me every day.

Larry was '*Scary Smart!*' Funny, kind, and one of the most gifted communicators I have ever known. He was also a damn good lawyer. As a prosecutor for the Canadian government, Larry had meticulously planned his retirement and was on the verge of being made a judge. But everything was taken from him when he refused to get the jab. I remember the call on December 26, 2021... Larry was gone. He had taken his own life. He had lost all hope."

"That is heartbreaking. Larry's story really highlights what is at stake for all of us," Adrian said, as he wiped several tears from his cheeks.

Peter's voice cracked under the weight of the memories. "Larry's story haunts me. It is not just a story of loss, it is the story of how a good man, who had so much left to give, was destroyed by an oppressive system that stripped away his dignity, his dreams, and ultimately, his life. Larry was more than just a brilliant lawyer, more than a father, a grandfather... he was my brother, someone who gave his all for his family, friends and community. And yet, in the end, this tyrannical machine, this system, took everything from him because he stood by his principles... his bodily autonomy."

Peter paused, his eyes shimmering with unspoken pain, his voice trembling as he fought to steady it. The raw vulnerability in his expression was disarming, a window into a man deeply scarred yet unbroken. "The tragedy of Larry's death is something I carry with me every single day," he began, his tone heavy with both sorrow and resolve. "Every time I think of Larry, I feel the weight of what was stolen... not just from Larry, but from all of us who knew him, who loved him.

That pain... it drives me everyday. It reminds me why I can't stay silent, why I can't look away. We owe it to Larry and to everyone we have lost... to reclaim what has been taken... our freedom, our dignity, our hope, our lives. We don't do this for ourselves... We do this for the children, for the generations yet to come. Because if we don't fight for them, who will?"

As he finished, Peter's gaze softened, his vulnerability transforming into quiet strength. There was a tenderness in his words, an enduring sense of purpose that made it impossible to look away. It was the kind of conviction

that inspired trust, the kind of man who, even in his own brokenness, could make others feel whole.

Tears welled in Peter's eyes as he continued. "We cannot leave behind a world built on fear, control, and despair. Larry's death must not be in vain. We owe it to him, to every soul that has suffered, to step up. None of us can afford to be cowards. The time to act is now. Humanity is depending on all of us, and we have no choice but to be brave, to be strong, and to make sure that their sacrifices, their memories, fuel our courage to do what is right."

Adrian's voice trembled with raw intensity as he leaned forward, his eyes searching Peter's face. "What do we say to those who feel trapped? Those who believe there are no options left, who have been beaten down by this cruel demonic system until they feel nothing but despair? How do we reach those who are on the edge, just like Larry was... who have lost their hope, their will to fight? What do we say to them when everything around them feels like it is crumbling, and they can't see a way out?"

Peter's voice swelled with conviction, a fire burning behind his eyes as he responded. "For those who feel they have no choice, no way out, we need to show them that they have so many alternatives they cannot even see and imagine right now," Peter said, his voice tightening with emotion. "They need to know... we have options.

We need to reframe how we see the world, strip away the lies, and get quickly up to speed on what reality truly is. We need to surround ourselves with communities of purpose, with fellow ***Sovereigns*** who are willing to wake up and act, not just for themselves but for the future of all of humanity. Then, and only then, can we fight back against this overwhelming darkness. We must stand up together and act now!"

Adrian glanced at the clock, his voice carrying the weight of deep sorrow. "Peter, thank you for trusting us with Larry's story. We must hold on to his memory and the memories of all those we have lost...those who couldn't endure the darkness that descended on us since March 2020, at the beginning of what we now know was a plandemic. The pain of these years has been unbearable, the losses immeasurable.

It's late, and yet... the hardest moment of my week is this one... when

these calls must end. They remind me, even in the midst of all we've lost, that there is still a light worth carrying forward."

Peter nodded, the fire still burning in his eyes. "Next week, we dive into something that cannot wait... ***A Call Out to Humanity!***"

And with that, ***The King of Main Street*** and ***The Son of a Dutch Farmer*** ended their call. Before signing off, Peter and Adrian raised their glasses, a solemn ritual binding their shared mission. Together, they recited... ***The Sovereign's Creed***... their voices strong, unwavering and united as one...

"To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!"

CHAPTER FOUR

A CALL OUT TO HUMANITY

The night was calm, but there was an undercurrent of tension that Peter J. Merrick... *The King of Main Street* felt as he poured a glass of Ziraldo Icewine, the golden liquid catching the faint glow from his screen. On the other side of the call, Adrian C. Spitters... *The Son of a Dutch Farmer* leaned back, taking a steady sip of his Steam Works craft beer. Their weekly Wednesday night conversations had become a sacred ritual... more than just professional check-ins, they were important moments where they could step away from the day's work of guiding clients through financial storms. It was a time to dive deeper into the unsettling truths they both felt creeping into the edges of their world.

As they settled in, the air between them hummed with anticipation. These calls had evolved into something far more significant, discussions not just about finance, but about the rapidly changing world and what it meant for the future of humanity. With each passing week, the sense of passion and urgency grew stronger. What had once been a casual exchange now carried the weight of something much greater, a shared recognition that time was running out and the world they had known was fast slipping away, piece by piece.

Tonight, the conversation carried a weight unlike any other... a purpose that transcended mere wealth preservation. This was ***A Call Out To Humanity***... a sounding of the alarm against the dark forces gathering on the horizon. The ***Spider's*** control system was not just targeting wealth... it was methodically dismantling humanity's health, freedom, and very sovereignty. Adrian and Peter saw it with unflinching clarity... a deliberate, calculated, diabolical plan designed to strip away everything that defines what it means to be human. The time to act is not tomorrow, not someday... it is now, before everything we cherish... everything that makes life worth living is lost forever.

"You know," Peter said, swirling the wine in his glass, his voice dropping to a darker tone, "there is something deeply disturbing about all of this. We are not being offered advancement... we are being herded toward tyranny. The United Nations (UN), the World Economic Forum (WEF), captured governments, and unelected non-governmental organizations (NGOs) are pushing climate change agendas, net-zero policies, gender-affirming surgeries, 15-minute SMART cities, UN Agenda 2030, and Sustainable Development Goals (SDGs) as though they are the ultimate solutions to humanity's problems.

Every time I dig beneath the surface, I feel it deep in my bones, something very sinister lurking just out of sight. This is not progress... it is a well-crafted illusion, hiding something far more dystopian, nefarious, sinister, and purely evil behind the curtain. They want control, not a human future."

Setting his beer down, Adrian leaned forward, intrigued. "***Yes!*** I have felt this too. These so-called 'SMART' cities seem less about Specific, Measurable, Achievable, Realistic, and Time-bound goals. SMART really should stand for ***Subversive, Manipulative, Arbitrary, Restrictive, and Tyrannical*** tactics designed to control the ***Sleoples*** under the guise of progress. It is like they are dressing up control as progressiveness, trying to get us to buy into something that just does not sit and feel right. George Orwell's book 1984 comes to mind... Double Speak. His term where everything means the opposite of what it is supposed to mean."

Adrian paused, giving a few examples. “Take ‘Sustainable Development Goals (SDGs),’ for instance. They make it sound like it’s about sustainability, but what it really looks like is control over natural resources and the taking away of individual rights and freedoms. Or ‘gender-affirming care,’ which is presented as helping the *Sleoples* and innocent children find themselves, but often involves irreversible medical procedures with long-term consequences. And those ‘15-minute cities’... they sell it as a way to make life more convenient, but in reality, it feels like a way to restrict movement and keep the common folk confined. That is Double Speak, telling us one thing while doing the opposite.”

Peter smiled, pleased by the reference. “*Yes!* All these *Globalist*, unelected organizations are working tirelessly to indoctrinate the *Sleoples*, convincing them that these societal changes are for our benefit, that they are essential for a ‘sustainable future.’ If we really stop and think about it, we can see it is about something far darker and sinister... it is all about total control... a non-human, sterile future. The United Nations, the *Spider’s* privately controlled financial institutions that manipulate society, governments, and NGOs, these organizations do not care about our well-being... they care about managing us, keeping us in line, thinning the unruly herd. The official controlled approved narrative is starting to unravel for anyone willing to pay attention.”

Taking another sip, Adrian looked distraught. “So how can the *Sleoples* begin to learn to see through this planned distortion of reality? This controlled messaging is everywhere... schools, media, even the language we are told to use. It is overwhelming at times.”

Pausing for a moment, Peter set his glass down, his eyes reflecting the seriousness of Adrian’s question. “It must start with the truth. We need to break it all down, piece by piece, until the common folk can see it for themselves. Look at the UN’s 2030 Sustainable Development Goals, or SDGs. On the surface, they sound like the ideal framework for a more perfect world. It tells us its aim is to end poverty, improve education, tackle climate change, etc. Yet when you examine them closely,

the truth is very clear... it is all about control and enslavement, not for our empowerment.”

Adrian raised his right eyebrow. “Let us focus on the real plot behind the UN’s Sustainable Development Goals. This is a real can of worms that the *Sleoples* have never taken a deep dive to investigate. SDGs sound very noble and altruistic on the surface. What exactly should humanity be very concerned about?”

Leaning forward, Peter’s voice carried the weight of his conviction. “The Sustainable Development Goals, or SDGs, were introduced by the United Nations in 2015 with the ambitious aim of achieving them by 2030. Seventeen goals, each tackling critical areas of human development... poverty, health, education, energy... you name it. They are sold to humanity as noble, even necessary, promising solutions to humanity’s greatest challenges.

On September 25, 2015, during the 70th Session of the United Nations General Assembly, these goals were formally adopted as part of the 2030 Agenda for Sustainable Development. The resolution, titled Transforming our world: the 2030 Agenda for Sustainable Development, was unanimously endorsed by all 193 Captured Member States, marking a historic international agreement. If these antihuman goals are achieved and we remain silent, it will mark the end of humanity as we have known it... ushering in an era where freedom, liberty, individuality, independence, sovereignty and everything that makes us human will be extinguished forever.

When you hold these *United Nation’s Sustainable Development Goals... SDGs...* up closer to the light, something very frightening becomes very transparent. They reflect an inversion... a sinister twist where the outcomes are engineered to achieve the very opposite of what they claim. Instead of alleviating poverty or fostering equality, these goals pave the way for control, stagnation, and the erosion of genuine human freedom and sovereignty. What is marketed as progress is, in reality, a calculated step toward international consolidation... a *New World Order*, where the few tighten their grip on the many. This is

not a roadmap to uplift humanity... it is a blueprint for subjugation and enslavement.”

Adrian’s expression shifted, a flicker of curiosity igniting in his eyes. “An inversion? The controlling power structure says one thing but means the exact opposite. It is like a twisted mirror reflecting a distorted reality. Let us dive into this... how does this actually manifest in the real world? I am intrigued to uncover what lies beneath the surface.”

Taking a slow sip of his wine, Peter smiled before continuing. “Take ***SDG 1: No Poverty***. The UN claims the goal is to end poverty in all its forms everywhere. Sounds great, does it not? Yet what they are actually doing is spreading and intensifying poverty. They are creating systems where the common folk become dependent on government aid and corporate handouts, rather than empowering the common folk to lift themselves out of poverty through innovation, entrepreneurship, and the building and strengthening of resilient sovereign communities worldwide. These SDGs are not about lifting the common folk up... they are about making sure the ***Sleoples*** stay under the thumb of centralized demonic control.”

Setting down his beer, Adrian’s eyes widened in realization. “So instead of eradicating poverty, they are ensuring it persists, only under different names. It is meant that poverty be institutionalized.”

“***Yes!***” Peter said, his voice rising slightly with passion. “Now, look at ***SDG 2: Zero Hunger***. On the surface, it promises to eliminate hunger and improve food security. Yet what is really happening? Large multinational corporations that very few know who really pull the strings are gaining control over food production, purposely pushing small farmers out of business. The United Nations, along with the private financial institutions and captured governments behind them, are centralizing the food supply. When you control the food, you control the people. The end result is the common folk starve.”

Adrian let out a long breath... a sigh, the weight of his words heavy with personal significance and meaning. “This hits close to home for me. Being ***The Son of a Dutch Farmer*** and having grown up on a family-owned farm, I have a deep connection to the farming community. I

have family, many relatives, and clients actively involved in farming. It makes my blood boil to see small family farms being swallowed up and destroyed by these heartless multinational agricultural conglomerates.

These unelected international bodies parade **SDG 2: Zero Hunger** as a noble mission to feed the world, but the truth is far more insidious. It is not about nourishment... it is all about domination. They are systematically poisoning and destroying the food supply, stripping humanity of what **God** intended for us... pure, wholesome, natural, organic sustenance. This is not just an attack on our health... it is an assault on our humanity itself. Our **Creator** intended food to be life's medicine... a source of strength, vitality, and true health. Yet, they continue to poison the **Sleoples** each day with toxic concoctions, while the **Spider** has twisted food into a weapon of total control and domination.

For me, this is not just theoretical... it is very personal," Adrian's voice trembled with anger. "It is my heritage, my family, my community being threatened and destroyed. These conglomerates and non-elected international bodies are stripping away the livelihoods of those who have nurtured the land for generations. And in the process, they are erasing the very essence of humanity itself."

Peter nodded, acknowledging Adrian's indignation for this evil being perpetrated on all of humanity, his eyes becoming very serious. "**Yes!** And it gets much darker and insidious from here. **SDG 3: Good Health and Well-Being**. The United Nations, the World Health Organization, the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation, GAVI Vaccine Alliance (GAVI), the Clinton Global Initiative (CGI) and so many other NGOs claim it's about ensuring healthy lives and promoting well-being for all at all ages. Yet look at what happened during the COVID-19 plandemic. Governments used public health as an excuse to impose draconian measures... lockdowns, mandatory injections, and restrictions on movement.

It was not about well-being and health... it was a test, intended to see how far they could push the limits of control onto the **Sleoples**."

Adrian shook his head, the pieces all falling into place. "All who have eyes to see... the **Sovereigns**... immediately recognized that health was

used as a weapon. They were testing how much freedom the *Sleoples* were willing to surrender in the name of safety and authority.”

Taking a moment, Peter nodded slowly. “**Yes!** Health was the excuse... **Total Control is the Goal!** Now, look at **SDG 4: Quality Education**. Education should be about empowering the common folk to think critically, to question, to innovate and to become *Sovereigns*. Yet what has really happened is the very opposite. The education system they are promoting has been coopted and is designed to create compliant, unquestioning slaves and *Sleoples*. It is not about learning... it is all about indoctrination... conditioning the *Sleoples* to obey, conform, and follow the approved, sanctioned narrative without question.

Adrian leaned back, visibly processing Peter’s words. “So, instead of fostering independent, critical and free thinkers, they are creating obedient followers... These are the *Sleoples* who accept whatever narrative is spoon fed to them without question. This is deeply troubling.”

Peter raised his glass in acknowledgment. “We and so many other *Sovereigns*... see it so clearly now. We were once so blind. **SDG 5: Gender Equality** is another example of the planned tyranny. It is framed as a push for equality between the two sexes... *Men* and *Women*, yet what is really meant to happen is to create deep division. The UN is promoting policies that confuse gender roles and undermine the family structure. A strong family and a community that supports the family is impossible to control and enslave. So, the UN and other international nonelected organizations seek to weaken family. Pitting *Men* against *Women*.”

Adrian’s expression hardened, his voice carrying the full weight of his disdain for this evil system. “Peter, we and our tribe understand exactly what the term ‘*Globalist*’ signifies. It is far more than a label... it is an indictment. These are the henchmen of the *Spider*, the architects of a **One World Government** where humanity is stripped of everything, owning nothing, and told to be happy about it. The *Globalists* are not our real leaders. They are selected by the *Spider’s* control system. They are manipulators and oppressors, driving a perverse agenda where they hoard all the power and wealth, reducing the rest of humanity to mere pawns in their game of servitude and control.”

Peter nodded, his tone firm with conviction. “**Yes!** We are no fans of the **Globalists**. They cloak their insidious agenda behind the facade of **Progressiveness**, pretending to champion health, the environment, unity, and equality. In reality, the **Globalists’** so-called **Progressiveness** is a weapon... a calculated smokescreen for domination and control. They are not building a better world for humanity... they are deliberately dismantling it, fracturing society with divisions so deep that resistance seems futile... but it is not. This is not authentic **Progress**... it is a calculated betrayal of what it means to be human.”

With a nod, Peter continued. “**SDG 6: Clean Water and Sanitation** sounds like a basic human right, does it not? Yet what is really happening is the centralization of water resources. They are not ensuring access to clean water... they are controlling who gets it and at what cost. Once again, it is all about exercising total control over humanity.”

Adrian took a measured sip of his Steam Works, his gaze steady and piercing. “Control the water, and you control humanity. It is tyranny’s oldest tactic, wielded relentlessly throughout history. For those brave enough to confront this, the pattern is unmistakable... access to water and food has always been the lever of power. This is no innovation... it is a calculated cycle of oppression, played out across the millennium.”

A smile flickered across Peter’s face as he appreciated Adrian’s concise insights. “**Yes!** That is right. Now, **SDG 7: Affordable and Clean Energy**, this one is especially important. The **Globalists** claim to be promoting renewable energy, yet the truth is, they are making energy more expensive and less reliable. By pushing wind and solar as the only acceptable sources, they are creating an energy system where only the wealthy can afford consistent power. It is about making energy a luxury for the few, not a right for all of humanity.”

Adrian shook his head in disbelief. “The UN and those other **Useful Idiots** and **Useful Tools** are trying to turn energy into a privilege, not a basic right. It is no longer about sustainability. It is all about control over access.”

Peter leaned forward, his voice razor-sharp, commanding attention. “Humanity is caught in a deadly web spun by the **Spider**... those

unelected elites pulling the strings of **Globalist** control. Within this trap, two distinct groups emerge... the **Sleoples** and the **Sovereigns**. Among the **Sleoples**, there are two crucial subgroups... the **Useful Idiots** and the **Useful Tools**. The **Useful Idiots** stumble through life, blind to the lies and tyranny suffocating them. They accept the illusion of safety, living in a fog of unconscious compliance. They do not question the narrative... they trust it. Yet, it is their passive obedience that powers the very machine enslaving them and, ultimately, leading them to destruction.”

Adrian leaned forward, his words carrying in each of them the weight of fury. “**Yes...** then, there are the **Useful Tools...** the conscious and compliant enforcers of the **Spider’s** will. The **Useful Tools** know. They see the lies, the manipulation, the control, and still, they choose to bend the knee to tyranny. For wealth, for power, for privilege, they actively participate in humanity’s enslavement and destruction.

The compliance of the **Useful Tools** is not born of ignorance... it is a calculated, deliberate choice to side with tyranny. These collaborators consciously tighten the chains of oppression, ensuring the **Spider’s** web grows stronger, crushing any hope of resistance. The **Useful Tools** are not just complicit... they are the architects of humanity’s despair and enslavement, willingly and consciously enforcing the very system that destroys freedom, liberty and sovereignty.”

Peter’s voice sliced through the room, each word heavy with revelation. “When someone recognizes their complicity in a system that enslaves and destroys them and others, yet still chooses to go along, that is the turning point. This is the moment they stop being a **Useful Idiot** and transform into something far darker... a **Useful Tool**. This shift is monumental, for at this point, ignorance is no longer an excuse... it becomes a conscious and deliberate act of betrayal. A betrayal of those you love, of your neighbors, your community, humanity itself and most tragically... of your own soul. To knowingly comply with such a system is to surrender what makes us truly human.”

Adrian leaned forward, his gaze steady and his voice unwavering. “The only escape from this mental, spiritual, and physical hell lies in a

deliberate choice to disengage from this oppressive machine. Sovereignty demands intentional action... refusing to comply, choosing truth over deceit, and becoming a shining light for others to awaken. When enough **Sovereigns** rise, this corrupt system, built on lies and compliance, will crumble under its own weight.”

Peter paused, his tone softening but gaining a quiet strength. “The **Sovereigns**... they are the exceptions in a world ensnared by the **Spider’s** web. They are awake, their eyes unclouded by the lies and illusions that bind so many. They have pierced through the deceit, shattered the false narratives, and embraced the heavy yet liberating mantle of true sovereignty. They are the hope for humanity’s future... the ones who dare to stand and reclaim what it means to be truly human.

The **Sovereigns** are humanity’s last, brightest hope... a blazing light in the dark, guiding the way to freedom. Unlike the **Sleoples**, lost in ignorance or willfully complicit, the **Sovereigns** stand unyielding against tyranny. They refuse to bow, refuse to comply, and refuse to participate in a system designed to oppress. Instead, they inspire others to awaken, to break free, and to reclaim the humanity that the **Spider’s** control system seeks to erase.”

Adrian’s voice was steady. “Neither you nor I can determine whether someone is a **Useful Idiot** or a **Useful Tool**. That judgment isn’t ours to make because we cannot see into their hearts or minds. Only they can face that truth within themselves. Here is the paradox... once they begin the process of self-reflection, questioning their role in this evil, they instantly cross the threshold of awareness. At that moment, they become a **Useful Tool**, consciously complicit in the **Spider’s** system. And from that point forward, only they can take the steps to shed that role and begin their journey toward becoming a **Sovereign**.”

Peter leaned back, his tone reflective. “It is a powerful transformation. The journey to sovereignty is not imposed... it is claimed. The first step is always the hardest, as it involves facing the uncomfortable truth of one’s complicity in evil. It takes courage to break free from lies and reclaim agency. Our role is not to judge but to inspire, to light the path

back to freedom and humanity. Walking it, however, is a choice only they can make.”

Adrian’s gaze burned with intensity. “This is humanity’s great reckoning... a moment that will define our fate and the future of generations to come. The **Sovereigns** have risen, breaking their chains and reclaiming freedom and sovereignty. The question is not about them... it is about you. Will you stand idle, or will you rise and fight for humanity’s liberation?

Will you remain asleep, trapped in the machine that enslaves you and those you love? Or will you awaken, rise with the **Sovereigns**, and fight to protect your family, your community, and humanity itself? This is your moment... your call to action. Will you answer it? Will you take your place among the **Sovereigns** and be counted in the fight for freedom?”

Peter’s voice sharpened, carrying the weight of history as he leaned forward. “On March 23, 1775, Patrick Henry, one of America’s greatest patriots, ignited the spirit of liberty in the 13 British American Colonies with his immortal words, **‘Give me liberty, or give me death!’** His resolute demand for sovereignty and respect for individual freedom sparked a fire in the hearts and minds of free men and women, fueling the movement that led to the **1776 American Revolution** and forever altering the course of history.”

Adrian’s tone deepened with conviction. “Today, we face a new tyranny, and as before, it will take the courage of a few... the **Sovereigns** who dare to rise and shape the fate of humanity. The rallying cry of our time must echo with the same power as Patrick Henry’s immortal words. This is a call for Sovereigns to rise, reclaim freedom, defend humanity, and secure our future... ***The Sovereign’s Creed...***

To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!”

Peter's voice steadied, though the fire in his eyes burned bright. "Adrian, Patrick Henry's words... spoken with such conviction... never fail to pierce my soul," he said, his hand brushing away a tear. "Now, let us continue to expose the truth behind the UN's insidious *Sustainable Development Goals*. **SDG 8: Decent Work and Economic Growth** is a façade, one big lie... no different from the rest of their deceptive vile agenda. They present it as a mission to create jobs and foster growth, but beneath the surface lies a chilling reality designed to dismantle everything we hold dear.

What we are witnessing is stagnation and the erosion of everything that defines us as human. Small businesses, family farms, and entrepreneurs... the backbone of freedom. Independence and sovereignty are being systematically crushed and bankrupted, while massive multinational corporations thrive under the *Spider's* engineered policies. It is not about opportunity... it is about total control. The SDGs have always been about total control. Only those who comply with their rules and align with their vision will be allowed to participate in the *Spider's* rigged economy, at least for a time... all of it enabled by the *Sleoples*... the *Useful Idiots* and *Useful Tools* who unknowingly or knowingly serve their agenda."

Adrian let out a large sigh, his frustration evident. "The **SDGs** were never intended to foster growth... they are stifling it. They are not creating opportunities but erecting monopolies that crush human potential, innovation and sovereignty. This is not progress... it is the *Spider's* final act of constructing an open-air prison for humanity, where freedom and true development are systematically eradicated and exterminated."

Peter nodded in full agreement, his voice growing more intense. "**Yes!** You are so right. **SDG 9: Industry, Innovation, and Infrastructure** is framed as a goal to foster innovation and build sustainable infrastructure, yet what is really happening is the *Spider* and their henchmen are controlling who gets to innovate. They control access to resources, fake fiat money, funding, technology, and food. It is not about progress... it is all about deciding who gets to shape the future, who gets to live, and who is slated to die.

These **Globalist** groups, directed by and answering to the **Spider**, steer humanity toward a so-called desirable future, treating humans as nothing more than hackable animals... resources to be manipulated, controlled, and ultimately discarded. Their ruthless agenda thrives on the passive compliance of the **Sleoples**... the **Useful Idiots** and **Useful Tools**... who either unknowingly or willfully strengthen this dehumanizing system, blindly marching toward their own destruction.

Adrian leaned forward, clearly absorbed in the conversation. “The **Spider’s Globalist** servants and the **Sleoples**... the **Useful Idiots** and the **Useful Tools** are intentionally and unintentionally picking the winners and losers, deciding who gets to innovate and who cannot, who gets to live, and who will die.”

“**Yes!** That is exactly right,” Peter replied. “**SDG 10: Reduced Inequalities** is another clear example. The UN through its **SDGs** claim to be reducing inequality, yet the policies they are pushing are meant to do the exact opposite. The rich are getting richer, the powerful are becoming more powerful, and everyone else is becoming more weaker, poorer and dependent on the **Spider’s** total control system to be permitted to live. It is all about ensuring that inequality persists, just under a different more sinister name... the **SDGs**.”

Adrian shook his head, his eyes widening with realization. “Instead of leveling the playing field, the UN... a mere malevolent **Globalist** servant of the **Spider**... pulling their strings... ensures the game is rigged against the common folk. This is not about fairness or equality... it is always about total control.”

Peter paused, his expression firm as he and Adrian exchanged a knowing glance, both fully aligned in their understanding of the planned inversion being imposed on an unsuspecting public... the **Sleoples**.

“**SDG 11: Sustainable Cities and Communities** is yet another glaring example of this sinister agenda being quietly implemented while the **Sleoples** remain oblivious,” Peter said. “The **Spider’s** coopted and controlled **Globalist** talk about creating inclusive, sustainable cities, but the reality is far darker. What they are actually building are ‘SMART’ 15-minute cities... environments where every move is tracked, every

action monitored. This is not about sustainability... it has always been about total control. These cities are designed to be dystopian, antihuman... ***Prisons!***

Adrian's face tensed as he processed what Peter said. "Even the cities we currently live in are becoming tools of control. Every move we make is being monitored. It has all been planned out. It is all planned... ***Pure Evil!***"

Peter leaned forward, his tone low and deliberate. "***Yes... and SDG 12: Responsible Consumption and Production*** is not sustainability... it is a sinister weapon wielded by the ***Spider*** to tighten its web of control. They are not protecting the earth... the ***Spider*** is systematically dismantling the quality of life for the masses.

Adrian leaned forward, his tone steady but charged. "***Yes!*** By engineering artificial shortages of food, energy, and essential resources, the ***Spider*** and its henchman are forcing humanity into a dystopian nightmare. They are conditioning the ***Sleoples*** to own nothing and, even worse, convincing them to believe they are happy about it. This is not environmental stewardship... this is cold, calculated domination. It is about controlling who gets to produce, who is allowed to consume, and, in the end, deciding who will live and who will die."

"***SDG 13: Climate Action*** is another one," Peter continued. "The UN claim to be taking action against climate change, yet what they are really doing is using the climate as an excuse to impose more of the ***Spider's*** control. It is about using fear... fear of the environment, fear of the future, fear of each other... as a tool to push their antihuman agenda."

Adrian took a deep breath, clearly troubled by the implications. "The UN is using the climate as a weapon. It is not about saving the earth. It is about using fear to control us. The ***Spider's*** agenda has always been about pushing fear onto the ***Sleoples*** and tightening its web of control."

Peter nodded again. "***Yes...*** that is exactly it. ***SDG 14: Life Below Water and SDG 15: Life on Land...*** The UN claims to be protecting marine and terrestrial ecosystems, yet the policies they are pushing are causing more harm than good. The UN is not preserving the environ-

ment... it is being used as the **Spider's** proxy, exploiting it for their own benefit at everyone else's expense."

"So, the **Spider's Globalists** are exploiting the very resources they pretend to protect... it is nothing more than a sinister sleight of hand," Adrian said, his voice sharp with frustration. "The **Spider** blames the common folk for environmental degradation, all while deliberately creating the very problems that jeopardize humanity's survival."

"Yes... that is so true," Peter agreed. "**SDG 16: Peace, Justice, and Strong Institutions**... the UN has never truly promoted peace or justice," he continued, a smile crossing his face as he reflected on the Orwellian double-speak inversion he and Adrian had discussed so many times in past conversations. "The **Spider's Globalists** are not fostering peace... they are encouraging conflict and creating corrupt institutions that serve the elite, not the common folk. Since the UN's creation in 1945, there have been over 200 wars, with estimates suggesting more than 100 million lives lost and hundreds of millions injured. Peace and justice seem to be the last things on the **Spider's** agenda." "And the last SDG..." Adrian asked.

Peter's voice grew sharper. "**SDG 17: Partnerships for the Goals**... it is nothing less than the **Spider** tightening its grip on humanity. It masquerades as noble, a symbol of collaboration, but beneath the polished façade lies a chilling and calculated agenda. These so-called 'partnerships' are not alliances with communities striving for a better future. No, they are clandestine deals struck with multinational corporations, corrupt governments, sprawling NGOs, and visible billionaire puppets... **Useful Idiots** and **Useful Tools**... acting as pawns in the **Spider's** design. And beyond them, hidden in the shadows, are the trillionaire overlords... the self-proclaimed **Olympians**... the unseen architects of control, pulling the strings closest to the **Spider's** core. These shadowy figures orchestrate a world where humanity is reduced to nothing more than a resource to be manipulated and consumed."

Adrian's tone was cutting. "The **Spider's** true agenda is not about progress... it has always been about weaving a vast web of domination,

channeling resources and power directly into the **Spider's** fangs, leaving humanity ensnared and powerless.

The **Spider's** intended result is a world where humanity is rendered helpless, sovereignty erased, and the masses shackled in dependence. Do not be fooled by the UN's **SDGs**... this is not about unity or growth for all. It is a calculated power grab designed to crush the many while elevating the few to untouchable heights of dominance and total control."

Adrian, the weight of the moment etched into his expression, took a very deep breath. His voice softened, yet it carried a firm resolve. "It all starts with real education. The **Sleoples** need to wake up, but they cannot do it alone. The **Sovereigns** must step up, lead the way, and help the **Sleoples** uncover the truth for themselves."

Peter nodded, his tone now commanding. "**Yes!** This is far greater than any one individual. It is about building communities of **Sovereigns**... like-minded souls united in their relentless stand for freedom, truth, and sovereignty. We are not merely protecting the present... we are speaking out and safeguarding the future for the children who do not yet have a voice.

This is humanity's call to action, a battle cry for all who dare to rise. This fight transcends the present... it is a battle for health, liberty, freedom, and sovereignty, for the survival of what it means to be human. It is not for our sake alone but for the children and the generations yet to come who will inherit this earth. To do nothing is to betray them, to abandon their chance to rise as **Sovereigns** and claim their own sacred destinies. This is our moment, our responsibility, to ensure they inherit a world defined by truth, courage, and liberty... not tyranny... nor slavery. **Our time to act is right now!** The future of humanity depends on the actions individual **Sovereigns** take today. **Will you join us in this worthiest of quests?"**

Adrian raised his beer, eyes gleaming with resolve but a playful grin on his face. "To the children, Peter," he said, voice steady with conviction. "For them, none of us can fail."

Peter raised his glass in response. "To the community of awakened **Sovereigns**, for the children, and to standing firm in our truth. To our

next Wednesday's evening call. And to you, my good friend... ***The Son of a Dutch Farmer!***

Adrian, without missing a beat, raised his beer high, a hearty laugh rumbling through their screens. "To you, ***The King of Main Street...*** Peter... my good friend, a true city slicker... and to our sacred cry out to humanity... ***The Sovereign's Creed!***"

With unshakable determination and complete deep commitment, these battle-tested men raised their glasses high. Bound by truth and courage, they recited... ***The Sovereign's Creed...***

"To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!"

CHAPTER FIVE

THE SON OF A DUTCH FARMER

Adrian C. Spitters and Peter J. Merrick connected for their Wednesday night video call, a ritual that had evolved far beyond mere routine. Over time, it became a bridge between their contrasting worlds, strengthening their bond week by week. Peter, known as *The King of Main Street*, was a lifelong city dweller who had spent decades navigating the vibrant streets of Toronto, Canada before transitioning to the sunny lifestyle of San Diego, California.

Yet, he was always drawn to Adrian's vivid tales of farm life in British Columbia, Canada... stories of early mornings tending to dairy cows, the steady rhythm of the changing seasons, and the grounded simplicity of rural living. It was a world that felt universes apart from his own, yet endlessly captivating.

As they swapped experiences and insights, Peter savored a glass of his favorite Ziraldo Icewine, while Adrian took a satisfying sip of his cold Steam Works craft beer, each appreciating the other's company despite their different backgrounds. Their banter and humor were part of what made their weekly calls so enjoyable, seamlessly blending serious conversation with lighthearted moments.

After exchanging their usual warm greetings, Peter leaned forward with a reflective expression. “Adrian, you know, one of the reasons I am so fascinated by your stories of being a farm boy at heart is because it reminds me of a conversation I had a few years ago, during the COVID-19 worldwide lockdowns, with Dr. Patrick Moore... one of the founders of Greenpeace. Back in the day, when Patrick was involved, Greenpeace had genuine intentions as an international environmental organization.”

Adrian leaned forward, curiosity lighting up his eyes. “Peter, how did you meet Dr. Patrick Moore? His career has always intrigued me... his journey, his evolution. He is one of the few realists in the environmental movement today, courageously exposing how the *Globalist* UN and others are weaponizing environmentalism to enslave humanity under the *Spider’s* web of control.”

Peter’s expression softened as he reflected. “My connection to Patrick Moore comes through one of the greatest mentors I have ever had in my life... Bob Hunter. Bob co-founded Greenpeace with Patrick in 1971. He was a visionary, named one of Time magazine’s ‘Top 100 Environmentalists of the 20th Century.’ It was his selflessness, kindness and mentorship that truly shaped me.”

Peter’s voice deepened, carrying the weight of gratitude. “In the early 2000s, in my early thirties... I was on the verge of bankruptcy. Everything in my life was unraveling. That is when Bob stepped in. He brought me onto his weekly national television program as his residential financial expert. Week after week, he promoted me... sharing my name, number, and website with his audience. Thanks to Bob, clients began to call, and I was able to rebuild my career and life.”

Adrian’s smiled. “That is incredible. He believed in you when others abandoned you and jumped ship.”

Peter nodded, his tone steady and filled with emotion. “*Yes...* Most of the individuals I thought I could rely on walked away, but Bob stood by me. And what makes this even more extraordinary? He was dying. Bob had prostate cancer. Yet, even in his final years, he chose to invest in me.”

Adrian leaned back, his expression softening. “That kind of selflessness is rare.”

Peter’s tone grew heavier as he continued. “During the massive blackout on August 14, 2003, when over 50 million people across North America were left without power, I turned to Bob and asked why he was helping me. We were supposed to film an episode on his television program that night, but with the lights out, we couldn’t.

Instead, Bob took me to his favorite spot for drinks under the stars. I turned to him and asked, ‘Bob, why are you helping me? I am toxic. I was on the verge of bankruptcy before you started bringing me on your program.’ He looked me straight in the eye and said, ‘Peter, one day, you will be in a position to help someone else. Remember what I have done for you. This is what healthy older men do... we guide, we lift, and we give. It is your responsibility to assist and pass this on to the next generation.’”

Adrian’s voice softened, tinged with awe. “And now, you are passing it on... sharing his legacy.”

Peter nodded slowly in agreement! “**Yes...** I remember Bob’s words every day. He has been gone for over two decades, yet his friendship and mentorship ripple through everything we do today. Adrian, you and I know this truth... real mentors expect nothing in return. They plant trees knowing they may never sit in their shade or see them blossom. That is the essence of authentic *mentorship* and *friendship*.”

Adrian smiled, a spark of recognition in his eyes. “That is why we are writing... ***It Starts With Gold***. Younger generations need guidance, and older ***Sovereigns*** need to be reminded of their responsibility to pass on their wisdom before they leave this earth.”

Peter raised his glass. “It is biological. The ***Sovereigns*** understand that the sun was here long before us and will shine long after we are gone. The truest legacy is not wealth... it is the lives we touch and inspire.”

Adrian lifted his glass in agreement. “To those who plant trees for others.”

Peter’s voice filled with conviction as he lifted his glass higher. “And to those who dare to carry the torch forward.”

Together, Adrian and Peter broke out in unison... reciting... *The Sovereign's Creed...*

"To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!"

Peter leaned back, a thoughtful expression crossing his face as the conversation shifted. "Getting back to Patrick Moore, in one of my chats with him, he introduced me to a term he coined... '*Truckatarian*.' Have you ever heard of that before?" Peter's tone was steady, tinged with playfulness, as he invited Adrian to delve into the concept alongside him.

Adrian raised an eyebrow, intrigued. "*Truckatarian*? That is a new one for me. What does it mean?"

Peter smiled, taking a sip of his wine. "It is actually pretty straightforward. Patrick explained to me that a *Truckatarian* is someone who relies entirely on trucks to bring them almost everything they need to survive such as food, clothing, household items. Living in the city all my life, I guess that makes me a *Truckatarian*."

Peter leaned in, his voice softening with a sense of nostalgia as he recounted a conversation with Patrick Moore. "Patrick and I had this deep conversation about his upbringing. He grew up in a logging family on Vancouver Island, British Columbia. His family made their living cutting down, transporting, and processing trees for lumber.

Petrick shared stories about being so close to the land and water, where they planted, grew, picked, and caught their own food. They didn't need trucks for survival, they were entirely self-sufficient. It really made me stop and think about how vulnerable we are here in the city, dependent on everything being brought to us. What happens if the trucks stop coming?"

Adrian leaned back, his expression shifting as a profound realization struck him, like a baseball bat to the face. "You mean a just-in-time economy," he said, the weight of his words sinking in. "This is not just

some modern convenience. It is a finely tuned system, where goods appear exactly when needed, creating an illusion of stability. But it's fragile. One break in the supply chain, and everything collapses. Just imagine... the very network we depend on, from producers to consumers, will leave us with empty shelves in a matter of days. For the unprepared **Truckatarian**, this isn't just an inconvenience. It's a countdown to catastrophe. It's what stands between life and death."

"**Yes!**" Peter chimed in, his voice grave. "Patrick shared with me a chilling truth... we are three days away from starvation, and fifteen days from cannibalism. That's how thin the veil of civilization really is. One break in the supply chain, and the societal order we take for granted dissolves into immediate chaos. When the trucks stop, society crumbles. The fragility of this modern world, the cold reality we all ignore, is that without this finely tuned system, we are all just a heartbeat away from the most primal, dystopian nightmare imaginable."

Adrian nodded, taking a thoughtful sip of his beer. "That is a pretty sobering and disturbing insight. On the farm, we always had a garden, livestock, and plenty of resources right at our fingertips. It is a way of life where you are not just waiting for the next delivery. You grow what you need, raise what sustains you, and understand the true value of self-reliance. You are more in tune with the land, with what it provides, and you realize how deeply we are connected to the soil. It is not just survival... it is a rhythm, a trust in nature. But for so many in the cities, all of that is lost."

"**Yes...**" Peter continued, "it got me thinking. We need to change. Urgently, we need to get back to the land, like yesterday, plant our own food, have our own livestock, and get to know and buy food from nearby family-owned farms. It is like having an umbrella ready for rain. If the trucks ever stop, we should have a backup plan. I am trying to become a reformed **Truckatarian**, and I have to admit, it is not easy."

Adrian smiled, nodding in agreement. "It is definitely a necessary shift in mindset. It is not impossible. I grew up on a farm and I know a thing or two about growing food and raising livestock. And I have stayed connected to those in the farm community who can. Honestly,

there is something deeply satisfying about knowing where your food comes from and being part of the process. It is a connection to the earth that is hard to explain until you have lived it. You need to live it if you are going to survive the coming collapse of *The Financial Industrial Complex* and *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*.”

Peter’s expression deepened with emotion as he spoke with conviction. “**Yes...** Adrian, you are absolutely right! It is about reconnecting with something fundamental, something we have lost touch within the city and in modern society. We have become too dependent. It is time. **Yes!** It is *necessary* to start making those changes... even if they are just small steps toward becoming self-sufficient. We cannot afford to ignore this any longer.”

Their conversation continued, weaving their contrasting experiences and perspectives like two sides of a coin, each moment growing more intense as they explored the looming fragility of modern life. Peter, with the weight of the city on his shoulders, saw the cracks widening... the trucks that kept their world spinning, a thin thread holding everything together. Adrian, with the grit of farm life deep in his bones, felt the growing urgency to return to something real, something stable.

Adrian leaned forward, eyes blazing with passion, cutting through the tension like a knife. “That brings me to why we are writing our book... *It Starts With Gold!*” His voice carried the weight of centuries, the weight of lost civilizations. “The foundation of financial stability and security. When everything else crumbles, having the means to be self-sufficient and being a *Sovereign* is what stands between survival and collapse.” The words hung in the air, their truth undeniable, reverberating with the enormity of what is coming... the collapse of the *Spider’s* controlled *Financial Industrial Complex* and *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0* that will follow.

Peter leaned back, a playful glint in his eye. “Adrian, when it comes to finance, you really know your shit?”

With a wide, bold grin, Adrian leaned forward, his voice thunderous with pride. “Of course, I know my shit! I am proud to be *The Son of a Dutch Farmer*, and I wear that title as a badge of honor. My Dutch

farming heritage is a legacy of hard work, resilience, and an unbreakable bond with the land. I am even prouder of my roots after witnessing the Dutch Farmers' heroic stand on June 22, 2022... a defiant roar against the ***Spider's Globalist*** henchmen, who sought to strip them of their sovereignty under the guise of a fraudulent climate agenda. Their courage and unshakable resolve were nothing less than a rallying cry for ***Sovereigns*** worldwide."

Peter leaned in, his tone ablaze with pride and unwavering conviction. "The Dutch Farmers lit their flame from the courage of the Canadian Truckers. Canada... the land of our birth... has always been a nation of resilience, grit, and unyielding determination. Adrian, you and I... born and bred on opposite ends of this vast and beautiful land, are proud Canadians to our core.

Nothing captures the indomitable spirit of our nation more powerfully than the Canadian Trucker Convoy. On January 29, 2022, it roared through the highways of Canada, this sacred land, and onto the world stage... a movement born from the hearts of everyday Canadian heroes. These ***Sovereigns*** stood tall against the ***Spider's Globalist*** tyranny, sending shockwaves of liberty across the four corners of the earth and igniting a fire of hope and courage in the hearts of ***Sovereigns*** everywhere."

Adrian's voice softened, yet it carried an unwavering conviction. "Peter, not only am I proud to be a Canadian and ***The Son of a Dutch Farmer***, I take pride in my last name! In Dutch, '***Spitters***' translates to 'a man from the land,' and for me, that has always been a badge of honor. Growing up on the family farm, milking cows, and completing my chores, I learned early and firsthand on how deeply our lives depend on the land and its resources. And look at the world now... our modern society has strayed so far from nature, the land, Gold, and God Almighty!"

Peter nodded, a thoughtful expression crossing his face, clearly impressed by Adrian's passion. "You know, Adrian, your deep connection to the land, that grounding, is exactly what most common folk have lost. It is ***Sovereigns*** like you who remind us of where we came from and what we need to protect.

This is so very sad and frightening. The one constant through all the years has been ***Land... Gold and God***. Economies have rolled by like an army of steamrollers, erased like a blackboard, rebuilt, and erased again. ***Land... Gold*** and our belief in ***God*** have stood the test of time. ***Land*** and this precious metal, these investments, are part of our past. It reminds us of all that once was stable, secure, and good and will be again. The ***Sovereigns*** will return to the ***Land***. The ***Sovereigns*** will most definitely return to ***Land... Gold and God***.”

Peter’s tone became reflective, his words flowing with purpose. “We have talked about how our lives started in such different places... you from the farm, and me from the city. Yet, despite these differences, we are bound by the same unshakable values.” Peter paused, his gaze steady as he leaned in. “Adrian, let me ask you... how do you think our contrasting backgrounds enhance and complement the work we do together in the financial services industry?”

Adrian smiled warmly as he reflected on their dynamic. “You come from the city, and I come from the farm. You have street smarts, and I have farm sense. Even though we grew up in different locations in our great nation and with different experiences, we are very similar in our values and views. We are Canadian. Through our knowledge, research, and good sense, we have reached solid, similar conclusions. Now, we have come together to share our life experiences and findings in this book... ***It Starts With Gold!***

We are united in our mission to awaken humanity to the looming collapse of ***The Financial Industrial Complex*** and ***The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0***. This book, ***It Starts With Gold***, is our rallying cry... a call to action for fellow ***Sovereigns*** to rise, unite with us, and thrive in the storm’s aftermath. This is not just about survival but about reclaiming our freedom, dignity, sovereignty, and humanity. The time is now... stand with us, awaken to the truth, and fight for your children’s future and ours before it is too late. Humanity’s fate depends on the actions we take today!”

Intrigued, Peter leaned forward. “Adrian, you have talked about the March 13, 2020, worldwide COVID-19 lockdowns as your real

wake-up call. What exactly happened during the lockdowns and the scamdemic that made you see and understand things differently?”

Seriousness crept into Adrian’s voice as he recounted, “In March 2020, the world turned upside down with all these lockdowns to ‘flatten the curve.’ I saw how much control and manipulation could be exerted over our lives and finances. It was a real wake-up call for me. The unprecedented scale of captured governmental interventions showed how quickly our freedoms could be taken away and how vulnerable our financial systems were to meddling and control by captured governments, private central banks and their **Spider’s** controlled **Globalists** henchmen.”

During the worldwide lockdowns, I closely followed the news about hospitals overflowing with COVID-19 patients. However, when I visited my local hospital for a minor surgery, I experienced a very different reality. The main entrance and waiting room were nearly empty, with only a couple of individuals at the reception desk. This stark contrast between the false media narrative and my actual experience left me puzzled.”

Peter raised an eyebrow, sensing the importance of this moment. “So, that was when you started questioning the controlled, mainstream narrative of what was really happening to the world?”

“**Yes...**” Adrian nodded, his expression darkening into a thoughtful frown. “A few weeks later, I returned to have my stitches removed. Once again, the surgery ward in the hospital was as quiet as a church on Monday. It struck me... why were the media, our governments, and **The Medical Industrial Complex**, a system more aptly called the ‘**Sickcare System**’ given how it thrives on a constant flow of unhealthy victims, painting one picture while I was witnessing something entirely different? That was my wake-up moment, crystal clear, when I realized the media and our captured government were hiding the truth, crafting a false narrative to instill fear in the common folk.”

Peter saw where this was going and asked, “Looking back, were there signs leading up to that moment for you?”

Adrian leaned back in deep thought. “Reflecting on the months leading up to this, the signs were all there. In December 2019, the

COVID-19 outbreak began in Wuhan, China... a place I had not even heard of before then. By the end of the month, the World Health Organization reported cases of pneumonia with an unknown cause, which were later linked to this so-called new virus. The news clips from China were shocking... Chinese citizens collapsing in the streets and government officials dressed in hazmat suits. Looking back now, it all felt over the top and poorly staged.

The Johns Hopkins University Center for Systems Science and Engineering (JHU CSSE) COVID-19 Dashboard... an interactive tool that supposedly was developed to track the spread of COVID-19 in real-time from various health authorities internationally, showed the virus spreading faster than gossip in a small farming town. Caught up in the panic, I even bought my family respirators and N95 masks. Despite my awareness of government and World Health Organization propaganda, I was naive about this hoax.

The constant barrage of sensational news clouded my judgment. I got swept up in the fear and urgency pushed by *The Media Industrial Complex*... the real fake news... along with the *Spider's* co-opted and controlled governments and *The Medical Industrial Complex*. I had allowed myself to be completely hoodwinked!"

Peter leaned in, his curiosity evident. "Adrian, it is clear you have been watchful of these undercurrents for decades. You mentioned sensing something was deeply wrong in the world as far back as the 1980s. How did those early experiences shape your worldview and prepare you to see through the lies being told to the *Sleoples* today?"

Adrian began recalling those days vividly, his memories stretching back to as early as January 1980. "I sensed something was amiss. Before I left the family dairy farm, I watched the local real estate bubble inflate, with property prices and interest rates soaring. By April 1981, interest rates hit a jaw-dropping 21 percent. City folks were making a quick buck flipping houses, while my neighbors... local farmers were struggling to make ends meet, and some went belly-up under the weight of skyrocketing mortgage payments."

Giving a knowing look, Peter remarked, “And that is when you left the farm?”

“**Yes!**” Adrian chuckled, poking fun at himself. “I’ve been in the dough-making business my entire life,” he said with a grin. “I left the farm to study international business, and after graduating in 1980, I found myself working for an international importer of bakery goods and equipment from suppliers around the world.”

It was a smooth transition from the ‘moo juice’ business... dairy farming, more specifically milk, an ingredient for making dough, to the real dough making business... actual bread and authentic European pastries made from natural organic ingredients, providing sustenance and nourishment to regular folks. And then, just when I thought I was done kneading dough, I ended up in the financial services industry, managing money... dough for business owners, farmers, and everyday folk. **Yes!** I’ve spent my entire life ***Making Dough***, one way or another!”

Peter leaned in, his curiosity piqued. “I am genuinely curious... what was it like when the real estate market began crashing in the early 1980s? How did it all unfold?”

Adrian sighed as he reflected, “Watching the real estate market crash by over 40 percent in the mid-1980s was a tough lesson. The market finally bottomed out in December 1986. As the real estate market was collapsing, another bubble was quietly inflating the stock market, starting on August 13, 1982. The difference? The real estate bubble was something you could feel with all five senses... seeing it, feeling it, touching it, smelling it, and hearing the chaos surrounding it.

The stock market bubble was intangible, de-materialized, and for most common folk, hard to grasp. It was something you couldn’t touch, something that didn’t physically exist in your life. You couldn’t eat it, sleep in it, or hold it. And even if you wanted to, you were too far removed from it to truly understand or benefit from it.”

Peter asked, “So, how did you transition into the world of finance... I mean... ***Making Dough?***”

Adrian glanced at the clock and smiled. “Peter, it is getting late. As much as I would love to dive into the story of how I got into the world of

finance, I think we should save that for next week's call. It is a good one. I want to give you and it the time it deserves," he said with a knowing look, his tone shifting into something more serious.

Peter nodded, sensing the heaviness of their conversation and the importance of what lay ahead. "I had a feeling we were nearing the end of this week's call. I'm looking forward to hearing it next week," he responded, the anticipation thick in his voice.

The mood between them turned somber for a brief moment, both recognizing the weight of the topics they had been discussing. They raised their glasses, a silent agreement passing between them, knowing that what they were building went beyond just their conversations, it was a sacred covenant with the *Sovereigns* and *Humanity*.

Raising their glasses with intensity, Peter's voice rang steady, "To next week, and to what lies ahead and to... the *Sovereigns* and *The Sovereign's Creed*."

The Son of a Dutch Farmer locked eyes with *The King of Main Street*, Adrian's expression clear as he and Peter declared with passion... *The Sovereign's Creed* ...

"To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!"

CHAPTER SIX

MAKING DOUGH

The following Wednesday evening, Peter J. Merrick, known as *The King of Main Street*, and Adrian C. Spitters, proudly called *The Son of a Dutch Farmer*, reconnected for their weekly video call... a tradition that had become more than just a routine. There was an unspoken charge in the air tonight, a sense that this conversation would carry more weight than usual. As their faces lit up their screens, the familiar bond between them was immediate. Peter's eager demeanor hinted that he was ready to pick up the thread of their dialogue from the previous week.

Peter raised his glass of Ziraldo Icewine in greeting. "Adrian, I have been thinking all week about where we left off. You promised me the story of how you transitioned into the financial world, and I have to admit, I have been looking forward to hearing it all week. You have my full attention. Let's hear it."

Adrian grinned, glancing out the window as if to gather his thoughts from the past. "Alright then, let us go back to the 1980s. This is where my path into finance really began..."

The story continued, with the night ahead full of insights, lessons, reflections and connections that would draw them even deeper into

their shared understanding of *The Financial Industrial Complex*, its intricacies and their deep bond.

Adrian explained thoughtfully, “After witnessing the collapse of the Housing Bubble and recognizing the growing Stock Market Bubble, I decided to become a stockbroker to better understand the financial markets. By January 1987, I was studying to enter the profession. I shared my concerns with friends and family about the growing Stock Market Bubble and the looming crash. Common sense and my intuition told me this was heading toward a disaster similar to the real estate market crash we had recently experienced in the early 1980s.”

Impressed by Adrian’s foresight, Peter noted, “And you were right. The stock market did crash.”

Adrian nodded as he recounted, his voice more intense. “My securities exam was scheduled for Saturday, October 17, 1987. Sure enough, the crash began on Friday, October 16, 1987, and by Black Monday, October 19, 1987, the stock market had plunged by 22.6 percent in a single day. That weekend, I sat for my securities exam as the world reeled from the chaos, and that moment became my wake-up call... the beginning of my journey into the financial services industry. It was the worst single day drop since Black Tuesday, October 29, 1929. This crash was my initiation into the brutal reality of the stock market’s volatility, its risk, and its relentless cyclical nature.”

Peter nodded in agreement, his tone serious. “For those who had lived through the Great Depression, it must have felt like haunting Déjà Vu. Black Tuesday, October 29, 1929, was no accident... it was a deliberate, man-made event. It set off *The Great Financial Confiscation 1.0*, orchestrated with precision to strip wealth from everyday common folk and funnel it straight into the *Spider’s* hands... the private banking elites. The crash was not just a financial disaster... it was a calculated transfer of power and wealth, leaving ordinary folk devastated while the elites tightened their grip on the world’s finances.”

Agreeing, Adrian continued, “Remember, the Great Depression was a severe worldwide economic downturn that lasted throughout the 1930s. It began with the stock market crash on October 29, 1929. This

event triggered a chain reaction of financial failures, widespread banking and stock market collapses, asset and land seizures, leading to massive unemployment, deflation, economic depression, and severe poverty.”

Peter said, “And then there was the mass starvation and loss of life that has been conveniently left out of our history books. It is referred to as *The American Holodomor* and *The Great Financial Confiscation 1.0*. We will need to spend some time discussing *The American Holodomor* and *The Great Financial Confiscation 1.0* in future Wednesday night conversations.”

Adrian added, “The Great Depression affected countries across the world, leading to significant declines in industrial production, commodity prices, and international trade. The U.S. stock market took decades to fully recover. The economic impact lingered until December 7, 1941, when America entered World War II. The Second World War, which claimed the lives of over 100 million... most of them innocent... spurred economic activity and growth, as all wars do. The main beneficiaries of this unnecessary slaughter were the evil banksters, industrialists, blue bloods... all henchmen of *The Spider’s Financial Industrial Complex*.”

Peter, intrigued by Adrian’s journey and insights, stated as much as he asked, “You have been through quite a journey from farming to finance. How did these experiences shape your view on tangible versus intangible assets?”

Adrian replied, his voice deep with reflection, “My journey has taken me through different stages of *Making Dough*... from farming, to bakery, and finally finance. As I moved from producing raw resources to processing them, and then to dealing with abstract financial instruments, I realized I was drifting further away from the land, from what is real. Now, it is time to return. To reclaim tangible assets, to *De-Risk* from the intangible world of illusions back to what truly holds value.”

Curious about Adrian’s earlier life, Peter asked, “I would love to learn about one of your more memorable life lessons.”

Adrian let out a big, deep belly laugh as he recounted, “I was quite the rebellious farm kid. My streak of mischief started early, and it carried

right into school. At a Catholic elementary school, they stuck me in the cloakroom for a time-out... probably hoping I'd reflect on my 'sins.'

Well, in true renegade fashion, I found a toilet plunger in the cloakroom. Naturally, I did what any rebellious farm kid would do... I started plunging it onto the plaster wall. With one big pull, the entire wall came crashing down! I knew I was in big trouble, and the strap was definitely coming my way. So, thinking ahead like a real farm boy strategist, I stuffed my pants with newspapers to soften the blows from the principal's paddle."

Adrian paused, still chuckling from the memory, then continued, "This early life lesson... when you refuse to accept things as they are, pushback is inevitable. So, you better be prepared. Stuff your metaphorical pants with some protection because the hits will come from those who do not appreciate you questioning things or standing out as a **Sovereign**... as a unique individual. And remember this... when you find crap, do not be afraid to grab your own plunger and flush it down the toilet!"

Peter smiled, appreciating Adrian's practical wisdom and thoughtful advice, before commenting, "I have to believe that growing up as a farm boy must have instilled an unshakable work ethic in you."

Nodding in agreement, Adrian explained, "Being a farm boy taught me that if you did not pay attention, do your chores, and learn from the land and nature, you did not eat. Each scar and reprimand were a testament to my relentless quest to challenge the status quo and push boundaries. My passion for business and farm succession planning and helping ordinary folk managing their wealth stems from personal experience with our family's farm and early life experiences.

These life lessons remain with me to this very day as we prepare those who depend on you and me for the pending collapse of *The Financial Industrial Complex* and *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*. I am reminded that the cornerstone of safeguarding wealth begins with Gold and other precious metals."

"So, Adrian," Peter leaned in, intrigued by Adrian's steadfast belief

in precious metals, “Gold, in particular, has always been a cornerstone for you, has it not?”

Adrian’s voice was steady as he replied, “Gold has always been the bedrock in times of chaos. Over the years, I have seen this truth again and again. When the Dot.com and Technology Bubble burst in March 2000, trillions of dollars were wiped out, and many investors lost everything. Then, in 2008, during the international financial crisis, reckless lending and the Housing Bubble nearly crashed the world economy. Through it all, Gold stayed strong. Even in the 2020 COVID-19 stock market crash, when fear took over and markets fell apart, Gold stood firm.

And then, on January 4, 2022, the international stock and bond markets started to crash, shaking financial systems all over the world. Once again, Gold showed its strength. In every one of these crises, when other assets failed or disappeared, Gold stayed steady... a symbol of real, lasting value when everything else fell apart.”

Peter leaned in, intrigued. “Adrian, how did Gold perform during the dot.com and technology crash of 2000? I imagine it must have been a stark contrast to the chaos.”

Adrian’s eyes lit up with intensity as he began. “During the dot.com and tech crash from 2000 to 2002, Gold emerged as a solid foundation of stability. In March 2000, Gold was priced at just \$280 per ounce, by December 2002, Gold had climbed to \$320 per ounce... a solid 12 percent increase. Contrast that with the devastation in the dot.com and technology sector... the Dot.com and Technology Bubble burst with catastrophic force, obliterating trillions in market value.

Internet companies, propped up by a speculative frenzy, imploded one after another, leaving countless investors in financial devastation. It was a bloodbath... a harbinger of what we face today with the dangerously inflated Artificial Intelligence... AI Bubble... AI and cryptocurrency markets today are magnitudes worse.”

Peter leaned in, his tone sharp and commanding. “This is not just another bubble... it is *The Mother of All Asset Bubbles*, setting the stage for the collapse of *The Financial Industrial Complex*, followed by *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*. Amid the chaos of the 2000 dot.com

and tech wreck... a financial massacre... only Gold stood resilient. Gold did not merely endure... it ascended, providing protection then and still today. It remains the ultimate symbol of stability in a world consumed by insatiable greed, reckless speculation, and pervasive corruption.”

Adrian continued seamlessly, his voice steady and compelling. “Look at the Nasdaq Composite Index during the 2000 stock market crash... it plummeted by nearly 80 percent, while the S&P 500 fell 49 percent. The devastation was unrelenting, yet through it all, Gold, the silent guardian of value, remained steadfast. Its steady rise illuminated its role as the ultimate hedge against uncertainty... a refuge not just for seasoned investors but also for everyday folk navigating economic storms. Gold is more than a commodity... it is a lifeline in a world teetering on the edge of chaos.”

Nodding, Peter added, “Gold’s stability during the 2000 dot.com and tech crash really demonstrated its value as a hedge for me as well in my financial planning practice.”

“Gold’s steady strength during the 2000 dot.com and tech crash,” Adrian said with unwavering conviction, “was not just proof of its reliability... it was a wake-up call for those seeking true financial sanctuary. While Gold held firm, many stockbrokers, acting as *Useful Idiots* of *The Financial Industrial Complex*, blindly followed the narrative. Others, as *Useful Tools*, knowingly pushed their clients into the collapsing Dot.com and Technology Bubble, abandoning stable, time-tested investments for speculative ventures doomed to fail. The fallout was devastating... countless lives were ruined, victims of promises built on nothing but reckless greed and deceit.”

Peter leaned in, his tone sharp and uncompromising, each word slicing through the air with precision. “I remember it vividly. *The Financial Industrial Complex*, drunk on greed, hype and ignorance, pushed dot.com and tech stocks as if they were the ultimate new shiny toy. Yet they were nothing more than another fleeting obsession, a mirage. The dot.com and tech crash of 2000 was no different from the Tulip Mania of the 1600s, when Dutch investors gambled fortunes on tulip bulbs...

symbols of wealth that had no intrinsic value... only to have the bubble burst and their wealth disintegrate overnight.

Both the Dot.com and Technology Bubbles, like the Tulip Mania before them, were born from the same irrational mob, the *Sleoples'* hysteria, the same blind pursuit of profit at all costs with nothing tangible to back it up. However, what we are witnessing today is far beyond anything we have seen before. The *All Asset Bubbles* looming over us dwarfs those past events. When it bursts and it will... it will not be ripples of destruction but a tidal wave, sweeping away illusions and leaving devastation in its wake."

Adrian's voice thundered with urgency, each word carrying the weight of a stark warning. "We are staring into the abyss of the *All Asset Bubbles*, a financial monstrosity that will eclipse everything... *All Asset Bubbles* in recorded history. Over inflated stocks, speculative cryptocurrencies, sky-high real estate, and hollow promises of AI supremacy have transformed unchecked greed into the foundation of the entire system... *The Financial Industrial Complex*. When this bubble bursts... and it will... it will unleash chaos on a scale that humanity has never seen before.

This collapse will unleash *The Spider's Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*, a calculated assault tightening its web of control and stripping away everything. The *Sleoples*, *Useful Idiots*, and *Useful Tools* who blindly followed the narrative will awaken to a nightmare... a world where they own nothing, powerless and ensnared by the *Spider's* insatiable appetite. This will not just be the fall of the financial system as we know it... it will be a complete reset, a dystopian nightmare where only the *Sovereigns*... those who dared to see the truth and act... will have any hope of standing free in the wreckage of *The Financial Industrial Complex*."

Peter's tone shifted, becoming resolute. "Gold... timeless, proven, and tangible... will remain. *Sovereigns* who see through the deception and refuse the traps of *The Financial Industrial Complex* will persevere. While the world collapses into despair, *Sovereigns* will rise, grounded in real value and unshakable principles. Gold is not just a hedge... it is

our lifeline, a symbol of sovereignty and freedom in a world consumed by delusion and corruption.”

Nodding with conviction, Adrian added, “Let us go back to 2000. The frenzy was all about those overvalued dot.com and technology stocks. Using fundamental analysis, I saw the bubble for what it truly was... a paper tiger waiting to collapse. The warning signs were glaring, yet the herd rushed blindly into the mania, pouring fortunes into companies with no real value. That was when I understood something vital... no matter how chaotic or irrational markets become, Gold stands unshaken as the ultimate foundation of financial stability.”

Peter leaned forward, his curiosity clearly piqued. “So, Adrian, what steps did you take when you saw the storm brewing before the dot.com and tech crash of 2000?”

Adrian replied with determination, “I learned an important lesson during that era. A colleague at another financial firm told me something shady was happening throughout *The Financial Industrial Complex*. Stockbrokers were convincing their clients to sell their precious metals securities and other high-quality investments that were performing well in order to chase the empty promises of dot.com and technology company IPOs.”

Adrian smirked, his tone tinged with playful sarcasm. “You know, Peter, Securities 101. An IPO, or Initial Public Offering, is when a company sells its shares to the public for the very first time. Back then, stockbrokers were not advising their *Sleoples* to ditch Gold and other precious metal securities because they were bad investments. In fact, those investments were performing very well. Oh no, they were hyping dot.com and technology stocks like carnival barkers selling snake oil, riding the wave of hysteria, and hoping to cash in before it all imploded. Risk? Who cared about risk when there was a quick buck to be made? That was the stockbrokers’ mantra.”

Peter leaned forward with a warm grin, raising his glass of Ziraldo Icewine. “Haha, Adrian, just because you have been around the block a few more times than me does not mean I need a crash course in Securities 101. I think I’ve got IPOs covered!” They shared a big belly

laugh as Peter continued in a friendly tone. “Just watch out... I might quiz you later.”

Adrian let out another hearty belly laugh, his eyes glinting with the satisfaction of lessons hard-earned. “Seeing the immediate danger again, I moved all my investments out of dot.com and technology stocks and into Gold, precious metals, and commodity-based pooled funds. I urged all my clients to do the same. Looking back, though, I see the one mistake I made... I did not take physical possession of my precious metals.

At the time, I did not grasp how critical that distinction was. Now, I am unwavering in my advice... all my clients must physically possess and securely vault their Gold and silver, reclaiming control from ***The Financial Industrial Complex***. The storm is coming, and only those who prepare will have a chance to weather it.”

“That sounds like a pivotal moment in your career,” Peter remarked, recognizing the wisdom in Adrian’s approach. It aligned closely with his own personal philosophy, which is why they work so well together. They shared similar stories and hold the same values, making their partnership both seamless, strong, unique, and special.

Agreeing, Adrian noted, “These real-world experiences pushed me to delve deeper into the inner workings of ***The Financial Industrial Complex***. They taught me to pause, step back, and critically analyze market cycles, crashes, and their underlying causes... all to better protect my clients, my family, and myself. I realized the importance of questioning controlled mainstream narratives and seeking the bigger picture to safeguard our wealth, freedom, and sovereignty.”

Peter nodded. “And that is when you committed yourself to really understanding how to protect your clients’ assets, and that is why for your clients and you... ***It Starts With Gold!***”

“***Yes!***” Adrian declared, his conviction unmistakable. “From that moment forward, I committed myself to advising and guiding other ***Sovereigns*** through these uncertain times, helping them safeguard their assets from government overreach, privately owned central banks, and the economic instability they created... all under ***The Spider’s***

Controlled Financial Industrial Complex. While I did not fully realize it then, I now understand... ***It Starts With Gold!***

Impressed by Adrian's very thought-through and thought-provoking insights, as Peter leaned back, he asked, "What did you learn were the defining differences between dot.com and tech stocks and the ownership and taking possession of Gold?"

Adrian answered, "this showed me not to trust institutions that manipulate the market. It taught me to stick to my principles. Do what is right, follow fundamental analysis and always trust your intuition."

As the conversation flowed, Peter glanced at the clock on his screen and blinked in surprise. He laughed and shook his head.

"Adrian," Peter said, leaning back in his chair, "I cannot believe how fast the hours have flown by. We've covered so much ground tonight, and I feel like we're just getting started."

Adrian took a sip of his Steam Works craft beer, a content smile on his face. "Time flies when we get deep into these conversations. You are right, we've both got busy days ahead with clients in the morning."

Peter nodded, his mind still buzzing with ideas and questions. "Before we sign off, there is something I have been wanting to ask. I am really interested in learning how the events of September 11, 2001, or what we refer to for short as... ***9/11***... how did this date impact your worldview. And how you advised your clients going forward. We must save that for next week..."

Adrian raised his glass, nodding thoughtfully. "That's a conversation for sure. It's a big one, but I'll be ready for it. Next week, we'll dive straight into it."

Peter lifted his glass of Ziraldo Icewine, his eyes filled with deep respect and admiration for his good friend and professional colleague. "Here's to another great conversation. Until next week."

Adrian raised his Steam Works craft beer, meeting Peter's gaze with a modest smile. "Here's to another great conversation, and to the brutal lessons we've learned along the way."

The King of Main Street and ***The Son of the Dutch Farmer*** locked eyes, a fiery determination igniting between them as they felt the weight

of their shared mission. This was more than a moment... it was their pledge...to ***Sovereigns*** everywhere... to humanity itself.

With determination and unshakable resolve and total commitment, Adrian and Peter raised their glasses high, a silent testament to their fight for financial independence, freedom, truth, and sovereignty. Their voices rang out together, strong and clear, as they recited ***The Sovereign's Creed***... a rallying cry for all who dared to rise and reclaim their destiny.

“To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!”

CHAPTER SEVEN

9/11

The soft ping of the video call marked the start of another Wednesday evening ritual. On one screen, Peter J. Merrick... *The King of Main Street*, leaned back with a relaxed smile, his glass of Ziraldo Icewine in hand. On the other, Adrian C. Spitters... *The Son of a Dutch Farmer*, sat comfortably in his office, a neatly organized bookshelf framing him in the background.

The atmosphere was light, the camaraderie between them unmistakable, yet there was an underlying sense of curiosity, as if tonight's conversation would gently unearth pieces of Adrian's past that had quietly shaped his steadfast approach to life.

Adrian leaned back in his chair, lifting a glass of his Steam Works craft beer with a slight nod of greeting. "Feels like the world's spinning faster these days. It makes my head dizzy," he said, a trace of humor in his voice.

Peter swirled his glass of Ziraldo Icewine, a thoughtful smile on his face. "You know, Adrian, I have been thinking a lot about last week's conversation. There is something I have been meaning to ask you. September 11, 2001... *9/11* was a turning point for all of us. How did

that day impact your worldview? And more specifically, how did it shape the way you work with your clients?”

Adrian’s expression softened, his tone contemplative. “That is a question that really makes you pause. **9/11** was not just another date.... it was a seismic shift. It made me rethink everything we took for granted about the world we live in, this reality we thought was so unshakable and unmoveable. From that day forward, my perspective changed, and with it, the way I approached guiding my clients. It was a moment of reckoning, one I never saw coming, but it reshaped everything for all of us.”

Peter leaned in, his interest evident. “I had a feeling it might have left a mark on you. It certainly did on me and everyone we know. I have been eager to hear your thoughts and how it shaped your perspective.”

Adrian took a deep breath, setting his glass down with deliberate care. “There is a lot to unpack here. September 11th, 2001, was a profound wake-up call on every level. It shattered the illusion of security, showing us that what we assumed was stable could vanish in an instant. That day forced me to see the world through a lens of vulnerability and to take proactive steps to protect my clients from risks most individuals refused to acknowledge... risks that were not just possible, but inevitable, and would surface again and again.”

The call had just begun, and already there was a spark of energy between them, hinting at another lively and thought-provoking conversation ahead.

“So,” Peter said, his voice steady and charged with curiosity, “how did that day shape the way you advised your clients? How did it change how you saw the markets, and even the world all around you?”

Adrian’s grip tightened around his beer. “I told my clients the world had changed forever. That the financial markets... like everything else... were vulnerable in ways most individuals could not even begin to imagine or comprehend. Gold! It all comes back to Gold and other precious metals as a foundational holding in a client’s investment portfolio as their portfolio insurance. I started advising them to shift their portfolios, to hedge against the chaos we knew was coming. Because that was

only the beginning. The world was entering a new era of uncertainty. I needed my clients to be ready for it.”

The weight of his words hit Peter hard. He took a slow sip of his Ziraldo Icewine. His mind racing with the implications of what Adrian had just shared. “I had a feeling **9/11** was a turning point in your life for you. I did not realize how deep it went.”

Adrian’s eyes met Peter’s through the screen, a look of quiet intensity. “It went much deeper than even I knew at the time,” Adrian replied. “That was the moment I realized... our world is not as stable or as real as we would like to believe it to be. And those who are not prepared for what comes next will be left behind and **Yes...** they will be in serious danger of losing everything.”

The mood darkened as they sat in silence. Both seasoned, battle-hardened men that had significant combat experience in ***The Financial Industrial Complex*** felt the weight of what had been said. The conversation had only just begun, They both knew that this would be a night that neither of them would soon forget.

Recalling the day vividly, Adrian stated, “On September 11, 2001, when Gold was \$271 per ounce, I watched the **9/11** attacks unfold live on television when I still watched television. The sight of the Twin Towers in New York City collapsing left me in stunned disbelief. It defied everything I understood. Buildings of that magnitude had never fallen solely from fire. The melting point of steel is about 2,500°F, yet jet fuel burns at a maximum temperature of 1,500°F.

The stark disconnect between what I saw, and the explanations offered by the official, controlled mainstream media and government narratives filled me with a profound sense of disbelief and unease. It compelled me to question the falsehoods being presented as truth. That moment forever altered my perspective on the world and became a catalyst for my search for truth... driven by a gnawing feeling that beneath the surface lies far more than we are allowed and meant to see.”

“And how did the markets react after **9/11**?” Peter asked, remembering the aftermath.

Replying, Adrian explained, “After **9/11**, the S&P 500 fell by about

12 percent over the next few days. In contrast, Gold prices rose as investors sought a safe haven amidst the uncertainty. By the end of September 2001, Gold was \$290 per ounce. Gold had increased, demonstrating its stability in times of crisis and further solidifying our belief in Gold as a core holding in one's investment portfolio as the foundational asset for wealth preservation."

"You know, Adrian," Peter began thoughtfully, his tone subdued and probing. "There is something about September 11, 2001, that has always been very unsettling for me. Not just the attacks themselves, but the strange series of events and circumstances that seem to orbit them. Over the years, as the initial shock faded, I started piecing things together. The more I looked into and researched the events of 9/11, the harder it became to dismiss these so-called coincidences. They feel far too convenient."

Adrian raised an eyebrow, his interest piqued. "Are we talking about September 11th? What would you like to share with us today?"

Leaning in closer to the screen, Peter's expression grew serious, the tension palpable. "Adrian, do you remember September 10, 2001, the day before the attacks? Donald Rumsfeld, then Secretary of Defense under President George W. Bush, the 43rd President of the United States, made an earth-shattering announcement at the Pentagon that day.

Donald Rumsfeld publicly admitted that \$2.3 trillion in transactions were unaccounted for in the Department of Defense's budget... it just went missing. And then, less than 24 hours later, the Pentagon is struck, and not just anywhere... it hits the very section where the Office of Naval Intelligence was investigating those financial discrepancies. How does that sit with you?"

Slowly, Adrian nodded, his mind racing to keep up. "**Yes**... and it was not just the Pentagon. What about World Trade Center (WTC) Building 7? That building was not even hit by a plane, yet it collapsed later that afternoon. From what I remember and know, WTC 7 housed offices of several government agencies like the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) and the Internal Revenue Service (IRS). U.S. agen-

cies that were very involved in the financial investigations for this stolen money from the Pentagon. It does seem quite convenient that this building housing all those records and documents went down and were destroyed... doesn't it?"

Adrian paused, a vivid memory flooding back to that day. "**Yes..** and you know what else? I remember watching a news broadcast live. The reporter was standing in front of the scene in New York City, telling its international audience that WTC 7 had already collapsed.

As I looked closer on the television set, I saw WTC 7 still standing there in the background. I could not believe my own eyes. They were announcing the building's collapse before it had even happened. That image has been imprinted on my mind ever since that day. It just adds to the pile of coincidences that make you wonder what was really going on behind the curtain of the Wizard of **Oz**."

Peter sighed. "There have been rumors and speculations. A growing number of experts have suggested that the Building 7 collapse and the attack on the Pentagon that day were directly tied to investigations into the missing Pentagon money. WTC 7 did house offices of the SEC, the IRS, and other financial institutions. Their investigations were directly linked to that missing \$2.3 trillion. Almost like someone wanted to ensure that the evidence vanished without a trace. So, no one would talk about this missing money."

Adrian leaned back, the weight of the revelation sinking in. "So, you have the Pentagon, with its financial investigators and key records hit at just the right spot. And then you have WTC Building 7, which was not hit by a plane but still goes down, destroying offices of key U.S. financial oversight agencies. It feels less like a coincidence and more like... a well-placed move on a chessboard. How convenient!"

Nodding, Peter's eyes brightening with thought. "**Yes...** absolutely. The collapse of WTC Building 7 and the attack on the Pentagon resulted in the loss of a lot of important documents and records. You have to wonder... was it just a coincidence that the very buildings housing information about missing trillions, financial investigations, and

other sensitive matters just happened to collapse and be attacked on the same day?”

Adrian leaned in, his expression thoughtful and contemplative. “**Yes...** it truly makes you wonder. If those offices at the Pentagon and WTC Building 7 were deeply involved in uncovering something very significant, something that would have exposed massive financial mismanagement, corruption, and theft, eliminating them would be a highly calculated move. The attacks seemed to serve multiple chilling purposes. They created terror, silenced questions, halted investigations, and buried inconvenient truths. How incredibly convenient. Wouldn’t you agree?”

A shadow crossed Peter’s face as he leaned back, his voice low with unease. “**Yes!** That \$2.3 trillion was just what the American public was told was missing on September 10, 2001, a revelation admitted to by Donald Rumsfeld one day before everything in our world changed. Some say tens of trillions have vanished, siphoned off by the U.S. Treasury and the private Federal Reserve. Rumors whisper of even greater sums, amounts beyond human comprehension.”

Adrian folded his arms, his expression darkening. “Catherine Austin Fitts, a former Assistant Secretary for Housing and Federal Housing Commissioner at HUD, has spent years exposing this. With her background as a Wall Street investment banker and managing director at Dillon, Read & Co., as well as the founder of Hamilton Securities Group, she has the expertise to follow the money.

Catherine Austin Fitts currently leads ***The Solari Report***, where she continues her financial investigations. Since 1998, she has identified over \$21 trillion in unaccounted adjustments. Instead of answers, policies like ***FASAB 56***, which grants the U.S. government the authority to classify federal financial records and operate secret budgets without public oversight, have been put in place.”

Peter exhaled slowly, his gaze fixed in the distance. “This is not mismanagement. It is deliberate theft. The money is not lost. It has been hidden and stolen. Too many coincidences lining up. Don’t you agree?”

Adrian paused, a sarcastic edge creeping into his voice. “Oh... **Yes...**

how very convenient. All these plane crashes, perfectly timed, wiping out key financial records, killing off the investigators. Just your run-of-the-mill bad luck, right? How very convenient indeed.”

The weight of the conversation about **9/11** lingered in the air as Peter leaned back in his chair. His expression turned contemplative, his gaze distant, as though the events they had just discussed had stirred something profound... echoes of deeper truths hidden beneath the surface of what is normally seen.

“You know, Adrian,” Peter began, his voice rich with warmth and introspection, “I cannot help but reflect on the tragedy of **9/11** and the countless lives unnecessarily lost that day. It reminds me of a profound lesson our dear friend Mark Halpern, one of North America’s foremost experts on philanthropy, once shared with us... the idea that we **Die Twice**. Mark is so much more than a financial servant leader... he embodies the very essence of a **Mensch**... an individual whose deep care and unwavering compassion shine through in every interaction he has with others. His dedication to the individuals he works with is nothing short of extraordinary and compassionate.

Mark’s heart is as expansive as his vision, and his life’s work is grounded in an unparalleled care for individuals and community. His dedication to helping and advising families and business owners craft meaningful legacies extends far beyond the numbers. He possesses an extraordinary ability to see the humanity in every situation, lifting others up and inspiring generosity that creates lasting ripple effects far into the future. Mark doesn’t just lead in philanthropy... he embodies it.”

Adrian raised an eyebrow, his curiosity evident. “**Yes**... Mark is a true servant leader who doesn’t just advocate for philanthropy... he embodies it in everything he does. **Dying Twice**? That is a powerful and profound concept. What does he specifically mean by that?”

Peter’s expression softened, his tone heavy with reflection. “Mark’s lessons about the two deaths has always lingered in my mind. The first is the one we all must face... when our hearts stop beating, and our physical presence ceases. The second is far more haunting... it is when our names are spoken for the last time, when the memory of our exis-

tence vanishes, and the impact of our lives dissolves into the abyss of forgotten history. That is the death we have the power to defy, the one we can overcome by leaving behind something meaningful, something that endures well beyond our last breath.

Mark taught us that we have the power to shape that second death. Through the love we give, the kindness we show and share, and the legacies we create, we can ensure that our names and the good we have done live on, resonating far beyond our lives on this earth. It is both an incredible responsibility and a gift we should never take lightly.”

Adrian nodded, his gaze steady, understanding the significance. “So how do we avoid that second death?”

Peter leaned forward, his face brightening with a renewed sense of purpose. “Through giving. Through creating a worthy legacy worth leaving. It is not about how much material wealth we accumulate. It is all about how we touch others’ lives, how we contribute to their growth, and their well-being. That is what only lives on after we are gone.”

Adrian listened intently, already knowing where Peter was going with this. They had spoken often about how leaving a lasting impact should not be just for the wealthy elite. Ordinary folks should aim to create legacies that would outlast our physical presence on this earth. Peter and Adrian were very passionate about this, especially when it came to how their clients used mutual life company insurance instruments to protect their families and leave something truly meaningful behind.

“Take Jo Lee Mascioli-Mansell, for example,” Peter continued. “She is one of my great mentors and an incredible example of an individual who has lived her life to the fullest, leaving a positive impact on everyone she has touched. She is not just the publisher of Jo Lee Magazine, which reaches tens of millions with each issue. Her legacy goes much deeper than that. Through Jo Lee’s *ADESTE Foundation*, she provides scholarships to students in Kenya.

The name *ADESTE* comes from the Latin word meaning “be present” or “come near,” famously known from the Christmas hymn *Adeste Fideles*... O Come, All Ye Faithful. *ADESTE* symbolizes a call to action, inviting individuals to step forward and make a meaningful impact on

others. Jo Lee is not just writing checks. She is giving those students a real opportunity at a better life. That is how you create a living legacy that lives on long after we are gone. The ripple effects of Jo Lee's efforts will continue on for generations to come."

Adrian, always impressed with Peter's ability to weave personal stories into larger financial lessons, leaned back in his chair. It was no surprise that Peter was in high demand as a keynote speaker, representing their corporate financial organization, their joint research and core philosophies. "So, Jo Lee has ensured that her good deeds continue, even after she's gone. Life is about more than just money... it's about investing in individuals, in something that will last and stand the test of time."

Peter nodded firmly. "**Yes**... precisely. That is how we avoid the second death, by making sure our actions leave a lasting impact and worthy legacy. It is not about how much we have, but about what we give and those we touch. And that is where ownership of life insurance policies issued by mutual life insurance companies comes into play."

Adrian's expression shifted as he prepared to reinforce Peter's point. In their financial advisory team and practice, Adrian and Peter each had distinct yet complementary roles. Peter specialized in risk mitigation, cross-border planning, business succession, and lawfully sanctioned tax solutions involving life insurance and annuities.

Adrian, meanwhile, focused on **De-Risking** investment portfolios by diversifying across multiple asset classes and prioritizing **Owning Assets in Order of Asset Confiscation** in preparation for **The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0**. Together, they provided a comprehensive approach to protecting their clients' financial futures.

"You know, Peter," Adrian said, his voice steady, "most folks do not realize that when they buy life insurance from a mutual life insurance company, they are not just purchasing a life insurance policy. They are becoming direct owners of the company. It is not like stock-owned life insurance companies, traded on stock exchanges where the profits only go directly to the shareholders. With mutual life insurance companies, all the profits are shared with the policyholders, through dividends. It is

one of the safest ways to ***De-Risk*** your wealth. Yet so few understand its benefits or take advantage of them.”

Peter smiled. “***Yes***... I am so glad you laid it out so clearly. In mutual life insurance companies, the policyholders are the sole owners. Unlike publicly traded life insurance companies, where stockholders... often massive, faceless institutions controlled by the ***Spider***... focus solely on maximizing profits, mutual life insurance companies prioritize their policyholders. The best part... the real difference is... when other policyholders let their policies lapse, the resulting profits are not siphoned off to shareholders. Instead, they are redistributed as dividends to the remaining policy owners. It is like being the owner of the casino rather than just a player... you share in all the profits.”

Adrian chuckled. “***Yes***... and we both know being the casino owner is always the better position to be in. It is why Warren Buffett loves investing in publicly traded stockholder owned life insurance companies through Berkshire Hathaway. Now, neither of us are fans of Buffett. We cannot deny that he understands how to make money in the game of finance. And the thing is, regular folks like you and I can do the same thing by investing in participating policies from mutual life insurance companies. They get those same benefits as Warren Buffett. This time the profits stay within their control and in their own pockets.”

Peter’s eyes gleamed as he built on Adrian’s insights. “And... ***Yes***... let’s not forget the flexibility these life insurance policies provide its owners. The policyholder can borrow against the cash value of the policy at any time ***Tax-Free***. It is like having a personal bank account that grows ***Tax-Free***. You can access the funds whenever you need them, and you are borrowing from yourself, not a bank. And the best part... There is no repayment schedule. If you do not repay the loan, it is simply deducted from the death benefit. Your heirs receive the remainder, and their inheritance is ***Tax-Free***.”

Adrian took a sip of his Steam Works craft beer and nodded. “And that is something most individuals do not realize about the ownership of financial instruments from a mutual life insurance company. You are not just getting a death benefit. You are getting a living benefit, a

positive income stream. A tool that you can use throughout your life, whether it is to fund a business, cover an emergency, pay for college, help your children and grandchildren, purchase a home or donate to a cause you hold very dear. It is a secure, flexible asset that protects you and your family.”

Peter leaned forward again, the energy building. “And then there is the Rockefeller method. Known as ***The Waterfall Method***. Now, we are no fans of the Rockefellers either, we have to acknowledge, they are masters at preserving and growing their wealth across generations. They did this by setting up life insurance trusts. Each family member had a policy that would fund their lifestyle ***Tax-Free***, and when they passed away, the death benefit replenished funds in the trust, which was then used to fund new policies for the next generation. It is a cycle that keeps growing the family’s wealth ***Tax-Free***, generation after generation.”

Adrian smiled, his eyes gleaming with excitement. “Imagine if regular folks did this. What if your great-great-grandchildren received a check from the trust you funded with life insurance today? Picture this... on their birthday, opening a letter from you, their great-great-grandparent, decades into the future. Imagine the connection they would feel, knowing you cared enough to secure their future long before they were born. How would it feel if you received something like this?

This is not just for the ultra-wealthy. ***The Waterfall Method*** is scalable, allowing everyday folk to build a lasting legacy for their families and communities. With this enduring solution, you do not have to ***Die Twice***. Your legacy will live on through the impact you leave behind, ensuring your loved ones and your communities benefit from the choices you make today.”

Peter raised his glass of Ziraldo Icewine. “And that is what it is all about. Ensuring that our clients, and everyday folk understand these ***De-Risking and Legacy Securing Solutions*** and use them to protect and grow their wealth. Life insurance from policyholder owned mutual life insurance companies, borrowing against their policies, using... ***The Waterfall Method***. These are essential tools that the common folk can

use to secure their financial future. It is about leaving a positive legacy that does not just disappear after you are gone physically from this earth.”

Adrian raised his glass to meet Peter’s, smiling. “To securing your future, to *De-Risking* your wealth, and to building a lasting legacy worthy of your name.”

Peter nodded in full agreement. “*Yes...* that is how we avoid the second death. By using these solutions, by giving back, by making sure our families, their families are protected and our communities.”

Adrian continued, his tone steady and thoughtful. “Clients should take the time to sit down with their *Trusted...* financial, legal, and tax advisors... not only to go over the numbers, but to understand their perspective on the bigger picture. These conversations are so revealing. They show whether an advisor has the foresight and depth needed to navigate the complexities that will positively shape their clients’ futures. It’s not about pointing fingers... it’s about recognizing the difference between those who simply manage money and those who help individuals and families build legacies that truly last.”

As the evening drew to a close, Peter glanced at the clock, his smile fading into a look of calm resolve. “You know, Adrian, we have covered a lot tonight. Next week... we need to dive deeper into what has led humanity down this dark path of deception and destruction. Everything... every crisis, every manipulation... it all ties back to the power of *Frames*. Understanding these *Frames* is the key to seeing through the illusions that have been woven around us by the *Spider’s* total control system. More importantly, it will provide the framework to grasp what is looming just over the horizon... *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0!*”

Adrian nodded finishing his Steam Works craft beer. “*Yes...* absolutely. Next Wednesday it is. And for now, let us call it a night. We have a busy day with clients tomorrow.”

Peter nodded in agreement, raising his glass of Ziraldo Icewine one last time for the night. “To these important conversations, to legacy, and to helping our clients and others begin to ask the right questions to secure theirs, their families’ and their communities’ futures.”

The Son of a Dutch Farmer raised his glass high, his eyes meeting ***The King of Main Street*** through their screens with unwavering determination. With unshakable conviction and a fire rising from the depths of their hearts, Adrian and Peter declared... ***The Sovereign's Creed...*** in powerful unison, their voices ringing out boldly, a battle cry for ***Sovereigns*** everywhere...

“To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!”

CHAPTER EIGHT

FRAMING

It was a Wednesday evening, a time both Adrian C. Spitters... *The Son of a Dutch Farmer*, and Peter J. Merrick... *The King of Main Street* eagerly anticipated. Their weekly video call had become a cherished ritual... a sanctuary for reconnecting, reflecting, and recharging.

Settling into their familiar spaces, the week's accomplishments lingered in the air... client meetings, strategic sessions, and a steady stream of new clients referred by fellow *Sovereigns*. Word of their straightforward, common-sense financial guidance had sparked a ripple effect, creating a buzz that was impossible to ignore. These calls were no longer just catch-ups... they were moments to appreciate the significance of their work and its life-changing impact on those ready to take control of their financial futures.

Adrian lifted his Steam Works craft beer with a relaxed smile. "Wednesday night... our one chance to truly unwind," he said, his voice calm yet reflective.

Peter, holding a glass of his favorite Ziraldo Icewine, smiled in return. "*Yes*... these calls have become a reset for me. It is a time to step back, catch up, and dive deeper into the ideas and challenges we face."

Adrian leaned back in his chair, nodding. "*Yes*... absolutely. With

everything we do... helping clients navigate domestic and international complexities... it is refreshing to step away and reflect. These conversations help us both re-center.”

Peter’s expression grew thoughtful. “For me, this is more than a reset. It is a chance to break down ideas, to see the bigger picture. Together, I so enjoy piecing things back into alignment, ensuring they fit into the natural order of things... the way they were meant to be... as God intended.”

Adrian smiled, then glanced through his computer screen at Peter’s glass. “I have always been curious. You really love that Ziraldo Icewine. What makes it so special for you?”

Peter’s expression softened into a reflective smile. “There’s quite a special story behind this wine,” he began. “It must have been over a dozen years ago, back when I was still living in Toronto, before my move to San Diego. I was at a restaurant in the heart of the Canadian financial district, just an ordinary lunch. Then this man walks in... Donald Ziraldo, the very man behind the creation of this fine wine.

Donald ended up joining us at our table. You know, there was just something unique about him. Right away, you could tell he’d lived a full and interesting life... the kind of man whose stories light up a room. As we talked, it became clear he wasn’t just a good guy... he was someone with a truly unique journey and remarkable life insights. I’ve had the privilege of getting to know him well over these past few years.”

Adrian raised an eyebrow. “*Yes*... And...”

Peter smiled, the memory taking on a deeper significance as he spoke. “What caught my eye was the pin on his lapel... the *Order of Canada*. That’s when it really struck me who had joined us at the table. Donald Ziraldo is a true legend, not just in Canadian winemaking but on the world stage.

Just like you, Adrian... Donald is a man of the land. He co-founded Inniskillin Wines right in the heart of the Niagara Peninsula. His Icewine did not simply win awards... it transformed the international perception of Canadian wine, firmly placing Canada on the map for premium wines. His achievements have made him an icon, a true pioneer who helped shape the legacy of Canadian winemaking.

One of his greatest professional and life achievements came in 1989 when his Icewine won the Grand Prix d'Honneur at Vinexpo in Bordeaux, France... the top competition for wine in the world. This was the first time a Canadian wine maker had ever received such a prestigious award on the world stage, putting both Donald and Canada on the map for premium wines."

Adrian offered a thoughtful grin. "As a fellow man of the land... ***The Son of a Dutch Farmer***... I feel a deep sense of pride seeing a fellow farmer like Donald honored with the ***Order of Canada***. You do not see that recognition extended to farmers very often... it is rare for anyone rooted in the soil to achieve that level of recognition. It is truly remarkable and significant.

Receiving the ***Order of Canada*** means you have made an extraordinary impact and contribution on Canada and Canadian culture, leaving behind a legacy that few ever get to create. Knowing someone who has made that level of contribution is not something that happens every day."

Peter nodded, taking a sip of his Ziraldo Icewine from his glass. "Yes... you are right... it's the highest civilian honor in Canada, awarded to Canadians who have made truly impactful contributions to the country. Donald and I struck up a conversation that day, and it felt as though we'd known each other for years. Later, he invited me to visit one of his vineyards in the Niagara Peninsula, near Niagara Falls on the Canadian side of the Canadian-U.S. border. That's where I truly came to appreciate the magic behind his Icewine and the immense pride he took in crafting world-class wine."

Adrian leaned in, intrigued. "So, that is when you became a fan of Ziraldo Icewine?"

Peter's smile widened, a glint of gratitude in his eyes. "You see, with Donald, it is never about the wine. It is the way he perceives the world... every experience, every memory, and every story feels as if it's distilled through the ***Frame*** of a fine bottle of wine, waiting to be shared. For Donald, wine is far more than a beverage... it is a legacy, a narrative flowing through each chapter of his life.

Each glass embodies a moment to savor, a personal and profound connection forged with others, and a celebration of life in all its richness.

His entire existence is framed around the joy of sharing those irreplaceable moments, each one amplified by the craft and passion he pours into his finest creations.”

Adrian nodded. “That is so cool. It sounds like Donald taught you more than just appreciating good wine.”

Peter leaned back in his chair, his eyes thoughtful as he began to explain. “You know, Donald helped me see something profound... that each of us views the world through a unique **Frame**. For over thirty years, I have been a student of Neuro-Linguistic Programming (NLP), and as a master trainer in NLP, I have come to understand that **Frames** are essential to how we interpret and reinterpret our worldviews.

Frames shape the way we interpret everything in life. It wasn’t until I read Don’t Think of an Elephant: Know Your Values and **Frame** the Debate by George Lakoff that I fully grasped just how powerful **Frames** are, and how we’ve all been subtly manipulated through them by invisible forces.”

Adrian, always quick with a humorous jab, couldn’t resist. “**Yes...** George Lakoff, the progressive leftist who spends his time railing against individual responsibility and sovereignty while sitting comfortably on his tenure at UC Berkeley with his university and government pensions. I bet after **The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0**, he’ll discover firsthand that those ‘progressive viral idea viruses’ of his won’t protect him... and that those pensions are as empty and antihuman as his political views,” he said with a big warm grin.

Peter laughed but then leaned forward, his expression turning very serious. “You know, Lakoff’s approach is not as new as it may seem. He is essentially the modern heir to Niccolò di Bernardo dei Machiavelli, known to the world as Machiavelli, author of *The Prince*, first published in 1532, his infamous treatise on power and statecraft.

Lakoff is also a spiritual heir to Saul Alinsky, who set the groundwork for these kinds of ideological manipulations. Alinsky’s *Reveille for Radicals*, published in 1946, and his seminal 1972 work, *Rules for Radicals*, outlined a blueprint for dismantling Western constitutional democracies and replacing them with authoritarian regimes.

Alinsky was transparent about his intent... he even dedicated *Rules for*

Radicals to Lucifer... the Devil, calling him 'the first radical.' The dedication reads, 'Lest we forget at least an over-the-shoulder acknowledgment to the very first radical... who rebelled against the establishment and did it so effectively that he at least won his own kingdom... Lucifer.'"

Adrian nodded, a look of deep concern etched across his face. "During the radical protests of the 1960s, Saul Alinsky had a completely different vision from the loud, confrontational methods of the student hippie activists. He understood that real, lasting disruptive change... the kind that dismantles a societal system entirely... could never be achieved from the outside. To destroy a system, you had to work from within." Adrian paused, his voice heavy with revelation. "Alinsky himself was a *Useful Tool*, while the student hippie activists were merely *Useful Idiots*, unwittingly advancing the *Spider's* agenda."

Peter leaned forward. "Alinsky's approach was far more calculated and insidious. He's often associated with this concept of change occurring from 'top-down, bottom-up, and inside-out.' And it captures his tactics perfectly," Peter continued. "The idea is to attack a societal system from multiple directions at once. You pressure it from above, infiltrate it from within, and mobilize from below. For Alinsky, dismantling a structure was not about protesting from the outside. It was about blending in, putting on a suit or a pantsuit, and quietly chipping away from within, destabilizing until it collapses from the inside out."

Adrian nodded in understanding, a sly grin creeping across his face. "Just look at the legacy of Saul Alinsky's most prominent disciples, Hillary Clinton and Barack Obama, who openly acknowledged their connection to Alinsky's philosophy and methodology. Hillary studied Alinsky so thoroughly she wrote her college thesis on his methods and even corresponded with him, calling him her mentor."

Adrian leaned back with a big chuckle and a wink. "Obama, meanwhile, proudly took up the title of 'community *Organizer*,' an Alinsky-coined term. Barack took that skill to a whole new level in 1999... when he allegedly... re-*Organized* Larry Sinclair... while both men rode shotgun in the back of a limo in Chicago. This is all according to Larry, who has repeatedly shared his story in press conferences and interviews over the years.

What happened to Larry is a textbook example of an Alinsky tactic that Obama mastered. Top down, bottom up, and inside out. Discredit from the top, agitate from the bottom, and turn a guy inside out. Larry has endured relentless attacks, yet he continues to speak out about his experience back in 1999. The last time I saw Larry Sinclair was on Tucker Carlson on X, formerly known as Twitter, in an episode aired on September 6, 2023.”

Peter smirked, shaking his head. “Honestly, if Alinsky could see Hillary now, strutting around in those Maoist pantsuits, he might think she was gearing up to lead a revolutionary Mao’s Little Red Book club. I mean, who else could pull off a look that screams, ‘Chairman Mao wannabe candidate running a failed *Spider’s* leadership campaign?’”

Adrian was cracking up, nearly wetting his pants with laughter, he quickly regained his composure. “*Yes...* seriously now. ‘community *Organizer*’ wasn’t just a term for grassroots service... it’s about mobilizing communities in subtle, destabilizing ways. Alinsky believed in leveraging change from the bottom-up by activating grassroots movements. At the same time, you influence from the top-down through government and policy, and finally, from the inside-out by embedding yourself within the very institutions you aim to dismantle and destroy.”

Peter’s eyes narrowed, recognizing the Rules for Radical’s comprehensive strategy at play today. “And then there’s George Lakoff, who takes these tactics even further. While Alinsky provided the blueprint, Lakoff brings precision with his work on *Framing*, controlling how the *Sleoples* perceive their reality. And let’s not forget Machiavelli’s *The Prince*, published in 1532, which cemented the principles of political power and manipulation.

Machiavelli famously said, ‘It is necessary for a prince wishing to hold his own to know how to do wrong.’ Machiavelli’s philosophy centered on molding appearances and bending morality to secure power...a mindset that, when combined with the strategies of Alinsky and Lakoff, perfectly encapsulates the manipulation that we are still experiencing today.”

Adrian looked at Peter, both men sensing the full weight of what they’d uncovered. “What we see now is this three-pronged strategy, top-down, bottom-up, and inside-out... working tirelessly to erode the foundations

of our societal institutions. It's a calculated takeover under the guise of progressiveness and reform."

Peter paused, letting the weight of their words settle in. "George Lakoff advances these tactics by meticulously crafting the language and mental **Frames** that shape how both the **Sleoples** and the **Sovereigns** perceive reality. For the **Sleoples**... those lulled into complacency and blind trust... these **Frames** reinforce their servitude, keeping them docile and disconnected from critical thought and the true nature of things.

For us, the **Sovereigns**... those who have broken free from the **Spider's** web of control... this manipulation is nothing short of warfare, waged through carefully constructed frames designed to confuse, isolate, and crush our resolve. Yet, we... the **Sovereigns** see right through the **Spider's** agenda, recognizing the insidious tools it uses to manipulate and control most of humanity... the **Sleoples**."

Adrian nodded, leaning back with a knowing smirk. "**Yes**... you know the **Spider**... it is the same diabolical playbook deployed by the **Spider's** past **Useful Tools** in history... like Alistair Crowley, Albert Pike, and others that we will uncover in future conversations. Their seething disdain for humanity laid the groundwork for the sinister schemes we're up against today. These elites... worshippers of the **Spider's Globalist Ideologies**, are relentless. Here is the simple truth... the **Spider's** illusions hold no power over those who see... stand awakened and free... the **Sovereigns**."

Peter let out a deep sigh, his tone sharpening. "The **Spider's Globalists** do not stop at manipulation. The **Spider** and its minions have always aimed to mentally and physically imprison and harm humanity for all time... aiming for total control. They have woven dark influences into their philosophies, promoting enslavement over freedom. Lakoff, in his own way, has inherited this legacy, transforming manipulation into a linguistic science, honing the method of linguistic manipulation to guide perception itself. This method of linguistic manipulation is crafted to entrap the mind, and, like Crowley and Pike before him, his actions reveal an agenda far more sinister than it first appears."

Adrian's eyes lit up, seeing the connection. "So, Machiavelli's concept of political survival, manipulating perception and bending the rules has

evolved into something subtler yet more dangerous. Lakoff's *Frames* are not about direct action, but about controlling the mental models' individuals use to interpret everything around them. It is like psychological architecture. Pure evil!"

Peter leaned in, his tone grave. "Crowley and Pike are infamous not only for their beliefs but for the dark arts they practiced and the destructive, antihuman paths they urged others to follow. Alistair Crowley, for instance, embraced the title of 'The Beast' and promoted his so-called 'Law of Thelema,' summed up by his infamous saying, '*Do what thou wilt.*' At its core, this was a call to pursue one's selfish desires without regard for conventional morality or the welfare of humanity. He scorned traditional ethics and exalted self-interest to the most malevolent degree."

Crowley didn't merely reject social or religious norms... he actively advocated for self-indulgence and the pursuit of power at any cost, even encouraging others to transcend all ethical and moral boundaries. For Crowley, humanity's purpose was servitude to an individual's animal desires, a concept that undermines the very fabric of human cooperation and compassion, breeding a ruthless mentality of 'might makes right.'"

Peter's expression hardened. "Then there is Albert Pike, an American Confederate general during the Civil War and a highly influential figure in certain secret societies. After the war, he became a kingmaker in Washington, D.C. Pike is often remembered for his contributions to the occult aspects of these organizations and his influence on key historical figures."

Adrian chimed in, leaning forward. "In 1871, Pike authored *Morals and Dogma of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry*, a text steeped in mysticism and an elitist doctrine. The book justifies manipulating and controlling the 'unworthy masses' for the supposed benefit of what Pike and his followers referred to as the 'enlightened' few at the top. Its esoteric teachings became foundational for certain secretive movements, emphasizing a hierarchy that perpetuates power among those deemed worthy."

Peter nodded, his tone darkening. "Pike's work hints at a hierarchical view of society that sees the majority of humanity as inherently less valuable, serving a hidden agenda of domination and control. For Pike, humanity was divided into the rulers and the ruled... the *Spider* and the *Sleoples*.

Pike felt no compunction in using deception and coercion to maintain that structure.”

Adrian sighed, the weight of those questionable figures’ influence over history... lingered heavily in the air, casting a shadow over the present day. “Crowley and Pike did not advocate for personal empowerment or enlightenment. They engaged in a worldview that worshipped power over empathy and control over freedom, ultimately dismissing the inherent dignity of humanity.

Their legacies laid the groundwork for a philosophy that seeks not to uplift but to imprison, reducing humanity to a mere tool for achieving power. As Machiavelli put it, ‘the end justifies the means.’ They viewed humanity not as individuals worthy of respect or compassion but as a mass to be manipulated and controlled for their own demonic designs and purposes.”

Peter nodded, his voice firm and serious. “**Yes**... you are touching on something very critical that the **Sleoples** have no idea has affected them. The manipulation Lakoff outlines, especially in his work with progressive leftist groups, reveals something deeply unsettling and evil about how perception is deliberately shaped. His cognitive insights show that ‘**Frames**’ are not just abstract ideas floating in our minds... they are mental lenses that define how we see reality, influencing our interpretations, decisions, actions, and even our very sense of self.”

Adrian leaned in, his tone measured. “The more we understand the concepts of **Frames** and **Framing**, the clearer it becomes when they are quietly twisted to work against us and our best interests. Awareness of this manipulation is essential for reclaiming our sovereignty and clarity of thought. Far too many **Sleoples** are unknowingly steered by these **Frames**, their unconscious perceptions shaped by forces lurking quietly behind the curtain... forces that operate in the shadows, subtly guiding them toward compliance and, ultimately... leading them to their slaughter.”

Peter’s eyes narrowed, his voice taking on a sharper edge. “This sinister **Spider’s** control grid hides in plain sight, cloaked in the guise of progressiveness or enlightenment, shaping public opinion with such calculated precision that most fail to notice. Recognizing this manipulation is not just eye-opening... it is the first step toward survival, the path to reclaiming our

minds, our souls, and the freedom to think and act according to our true values. That is how we become and continue to be true *Sovereigns*.”

Adrian nodded, absorbing Peter’s words before jumping in to clarify, “So, if I understand this correctly, a *Frame* is more than just a perspective. It’s like a hidden filter built on everything you believe and have experienced. It colors how you see the world, whether you’re aware of it or not.”

Adrian paused, then continued, “And what Lakoff pointed out is significant... these Frames are not just neutral viewpoints or perceptual filters... they are loaded with values and biases that can push us in certain directions without us even realizing it. It is like choosing the lens through which you see the world, and it shapes not only your opinions and also your decisions and actions.”

Peter leaned forward, his expression becoming very serious. “And the craziest part... the *Sleoples* don’t even realize they’re being purposely manipulated towards... *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*.”

Adrian leaned back, his expression thoughtful as he continued. “By recognizing these *Frames*, we start peeling back the layers of what’s really influencing and manipulating us, rather than just going along blindly. It’s really eye-opening at first and, honestly, deeply unsettling to realize how many *Sleoples* are unknowingly working against their own best interests.

These *Frames* are not mere perspectives... they are meticulously engineered weapons designed to shape public opinion and control individual behavior. Recognizing this truth is the key to reclaiming our power... the power to make choices that genuinely align with our own values. It is the first step to breaking free from the grip of the *Spider’s* manipulative, malevolent, and profoundly antihuman agenda.”

Peter nodded, impressed. “*Yes*... precisely, Adrian. Recognizing these *Frames* gives us the opportunity to pull back the curtain and question the influences at play. It’s about taking back control of our own life’s story and making choices that genuinely serve us, rather than blindly following someone else’s script. Once we understand how *Frames* shape the narrative, we can step outside those imposed limits, challenge them, and ultimately choose a path that reflects our true goals and human values.”

Peter looked at Adrian, waiting for his take, knowing that this conversation was running smoothly.

“So, for Donald Ziraldo, his **Frame** is through wine,” Adrian said. “Wine for him represents personal connection, experience, and joy. It is how he makes sense of meaningful moments in life, whether with friends or family. For us, it is something completely different. You and I have spent decades refining our **Frames**, and they shape how we see everything.”

“Our **Frames** are like habitual patterns we use to interpret the world, kind of like using our dominant hand,” Peter interjected. “If you’re right-handed, you instinctively reach for a pen with your right hand without even thinking about it. In the same way, we unconsciously rely on our dominant **Frames** to make sense of our experiences. They are the natural filters through which we perceive everything, and most of the time, we are unconscious of it.”

Adrian paused, his tone more reflective. “You know, our dominant **Frame** as financial professionals are rooted in **De-Risking** financial assets. After over three decades each in the financial industry, it is how you and I view everything through the lens of protecting our clients from financial ruin. It is not just a professional instinct... it is second nature now for the both of us. We cannot help but analyze situations in terms of how to safeguard against risk and create lasting financial stability. It is the **Frame** through which we understand the world, and it has shaped everything we do.”

Peter smiled. “**Yes**... I wholeheartedly agree. Our **Frame** is built around **De-Risking** because it has become second nature for the both of us. It is how we perceive everything, just like Donald sees the world through sharing the experience of wine. For us, it is through risk mitigation. This is our **Frame**, and it has shaped everything we do with working with and serving our clients.”

Adrian continued, his voice steady and deliberate. “That is why we work so well together. When we walk into a room, the first thing we notice are the fire escapes and exits... the ways out if everything goes wrong. Most financial advisors are not trained to think this way. They walk in assuming

everything will work out, blindly trusting that the status quo will hold, as it always had. That mindset is not just naïve... it is absolutely dangerous.

The *Sleoples* and their financial advisors have *Normalcy Bias*... they believe everything will remain the same, even when change and danger are staring them right in the face. For better or worse, you and I are wired differently. We're always preparing for the unexpected, always thinking about what could go wrong and how to mitigate the risk by *De-Risking* our clients' wealth."

Peter nodded. "Most financial professionals in our industry do not think like this. They are more focused on selling and following orders than questioning and critically thinking for themselves. Our mental *Frames* push us to think deeper, to make sure we are protecting our clients from every possible risk. This is rare in the financial industry. This is why our clients have sought us out and we value the trust they have invested within us."

Adrian smiled. "*Yes*... you speak observable truths. We have been labeled oddballs and rebels in our industry. I guess that is why we have such a strong connection with our clients that feel the same way as we do. We and our clients have both been through enough challenges, battles, wars and survived to understand that thinking ahead is key, and that has shaped how we approach everything we do professionally and personally."

Peter nodded in strong agreement. "We have both learned through our life attendance at the University of Hard Knocks, our setbacks, and victories. This is what makes our perceptual *Frames* so unique for us. We see the world differently because we have had to. Circumstances have given our clients and ourselves no choice, but to hold this *Frame*."

Adrian looked down for a moment, then back at Peter. "It is humbling when you think about it. The longer I am in this profession, the more I realize how rare it is to have this kind of perspective. And it all begins with our respective *Frames* of how we see the world."

Peter smiled, reflecting on the concept of *Frames*. "Speaking of decisions, your *Frame* of *De-Risking* must have been invaluable during some of the most chaotic financial periods. Take *The Great Recession* of 2007-2009, for example."

Adrian leaned in, his expression serious. "Peter, this is a topic that

deserves a significant amount of time for us to do a really deep dive into. To give it the justice it deserves, we have to go back to the causes of ***The Great Recession*** of 2007-2009. That event was more than just a financial meltdown... it was the beginning of the end, setting the stage for what we now face... ***The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0***. Without fully understanding the causes and consequences of ***The Great Recession***, we cannot grasp what's coming next with this new wave of economic chaos."

As their regular Wednesday night video call drew to a close, Peter looked directly into the camera, his tone deep and steady. "You know, we have walked this path for years, not just for ourselves but for those who are ready to secure a stronger and healthier future. There's a real peace of mind that comes when you protect yourself, protect those you care about, and ensure that your wealth grows steadily. These are the traits and conscious actions of ***Sovereigns***."

Adrian nodded, echoing Peter's conviction. "***Yes***... absolutely. When you take that step, when you decide to secure what truly matters, everything changes. It is a legacy, a foundation, starting with something solid, something unshakable."

The King of Main Street... Peter lifted his glass of Ziraldo Icewine, meeting ***The Son of a Dutch Farmer's*** steady gaze. Adrian raised his Steam Works craft beer, and together they proclaimed... ***The Sovereign's Creed***...

"To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!"

CHAPTER NINE

THE GREAT RECESSION

The screen lit up as Peter and Adrian C. Spitters... *The Son of a Dutch Farmer* joined their usual Wednesday evening call. Each settled in with their favorite drinks. Adrian lifted his Steam Works craft beer, a relaxed grin spreading across his face as he watched Peter J. Merrick... *The King of Main Street*, pour a glass of his signature Ziraldo Icewine.

Adrian lifted his glass in a small toast, a thoughtful smile crossing his face. “Let’s get into the weeds,” he said. “Last week’s conversation on *Frames* has really stuck with me. All week, I kept catching my own biases, seeing things I had not noticed before. Realizing how much my *Frame* around risk shaped my perspective during *The Great Recession* of 2007-2009... well, it gave me a greater appreciation for how I guided my clients through that period, and how I am now preparing them for what lies ahead with *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*.”

Peter smiled, raising his glass in response. “That is the power of understanding our *Frames*. Seeing the way *Frames* shape us makes all the difference. Reflecting back, *The Great Recession* must have been pivotal in forming your entire approach.”

“*Yes*... it really was,” Adrian agreed, his voice thoughtful. “Once I

understood how my *Frame*, built over a lifetime of experience around risk, shapes my perspective, it became clear why I leaned so heavily into *De-Risking* strategies for my clients. This vantage point, refined through experience, careful research, thought, and great introspection... guides every decision I make. Now, with what lies ahead... *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*, this awareness around *Frames* has become more valuable than ever. I am seeing the same patterns repeating themselves, only this time with a new, more complex twist.”

Peter nodded, leaning in with interest. “By 2007, we both saw the U.S. housing bubble on the verge of collapse. Tell me, how did you prepare your clients for what you perceived was coming next?”

Adrian responded with confidence, “By 2007, the *Sleoples* kept saying that real estate values would only go up. I knew that was not true. I had seen this kind of economic hysteria before, back in the early 1980s. To confirm my intuition and past experiences, I looked to economists outside the real estate industry, those who had no vested interest in inflating the market. They were committed to the truth, and their research confirmed what I already sensed. The real estate market was massively overvalued, and a crash was on the horizon. I felt it deep in my bones.”

Peter leaned forward, his gaze steady as he sought confirmation. “So, how did you guide your clients and their investments through this turbulent period?” Peter’s curiosity was evident, even more so, he was looking to reaffirm that he and Adrian had navigated this storm with the same principles and insights, shaped by their shared experiences of these same events.

Adrian leaned forward, sensing Peter’s validation, and his response carried both confidence and a hint of gratitude. “Guiding my clients through that period was proof that the *De-Risking* focused *Frame* I’ve developed works. I took everything I had learned, the practical experience, the intuition, even the common sense drilled into me on the farm and used it to protect those who had put their trust in me. I moved my money into assets not tied to the stock market and strongly recommended my clients, friends, and family do the same. Cash, bonds,

mutual life insurance products, and, of course, Gold, and other precious metals... these were safe havens that served us well.”

Adrian paused, his tone steady, reflecting on the impact of those choices. “I did not do it because I am a genius or a fortune teller. I did it because I relied on information anyone could find, if they knew where to look. And I had learned to trust my instincts, grounded in solid research. When the market crashed, my clients did not suffer the heavy losses that many others did.”

With a satisfied smile, Adrian said, “I’ve learned to trust my gut, especially when a hunch is backed by solid data. I never hesitate to share my conclusions with those who trust me because I’d want the same in return. It all comes down to the ***Golden Rule: ‘Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.’***”

Impressed by Adrian’s foresight, Peter asked, “Do you remember how Gold performed during ***The Great Recession?***”

Adrian’s voice carried a quiet intensity as he leaned in. “Great question. Back in January 2007, Gold was trading at roughly \$650 per ounce, and by March 2009, it had climbed to about \$950... a remarkable 46 percent increase. During that same period, the S&P 500 plummeted by 57 percent. Gold was not merely a stable asset... it became a financial lifeline, outperforming the S&P by an astonishing 103 percent. It stood as a fortress, protecting wealth while the broader market fell apart.

Now, consider this... if you had invested \$10 million in Gold at the beginning of 2007, that investment would have grown to about \$14.6 million by March 2009. In stark contrast, a \$10 million investment in the S&P 500 would have fallen to just \$4.3 million. That’s a staggering \$10.3 million difference. This is a powerful testament to Gold’s ability not just to preserve wealth but to enhance it in times of crisis.”

Peter observed, “Gold’s strength during times of financial instability is, indeed, self-evident. ***Yes... It Starts With Gold!*** Gold stands as the foundational asset in every ***De-Risked*** portfolio. Your example perfectly illustrates the undeniable power of holding Gold and the enduring security it provides. Especially in times of uncertainty, Gold delivers stability and reliability, a true fortress for wealth preservation.”

Nodding, Adrian continued with the weight of a commandment, “Gold’s ability to hold or increase its value during financial instability is clear for anyone with eyes to see. As the stock market crumbled, investors always returned to Gold, its price rising, revealing its divine stability compared to other assets.

The way Gold performed during *The Great Recession* of 2007-2009 reconfirmed what has been known since the dawn of civilization and passed down by our forefathers... Gold is essential for preserving your wealth. While markets were crashing, Gold surged, providing a sacred refuge for those who sought to protect and secure their fortunes.”

Peter nodded, visibly impressed. “*Yes...* that is a powerful statement. I appreciate the way you sum up Gold’s performance so clearly. It underscores exactly why it is a foundational asset in a well diversified *De-Risked* investment portfolio.”

Adrian smiled, a confident glint in his eyes. “For everyone, here is all you need to know about Gold’s long-term performance in nine words: ***THE DOWNS ARE TEMPORARY, AND THE UPS ARE PERMANENT!***”

Leaning forward with genuine curiosity, Peter sought to understand Adrian’s perspective on the relevance of Gold. “I like the way you summed up the movement of Gold prices. In 2011, during another market correction, Gold hit an all-time high. What was happening at the time to drive it up so dramatically?”

Adrian nodded, ready to explain the context. “In September 2011, Gold surged to \$1,920 per ounce. This was a peak that highlighted how investor anxiety and economic uncertainty were pushing it to unprecedented levels. This moment underscored Gold’s reputation as a secure store of value, especially when everything else feels unstable.

Several factors were at play... the lingering shockwaves of *The Great Recession* of 2007-2009, which had already shown Gold’s strength as it climbed from approximately \$650 per ounce in January 2007 to \$950 by March 2009... the escalating European debt crisis, with Greece and Italy facing financial turmoil... and the U.S. debt ceiling crisis, which resulted in Standard & Poor’s downgrading the U.S. credit rating. Each

of these events chipped away at market confidence, making Gold the ultimate safe haven.”

Curious about the significance of the S&P downgrade, Peter remarked, “I remember vividly how this affected the markets...”

Adrian reflected and then replied thoughtfully, “S&P is one of the three major rating agencies for fixed-income securities, along with Moody’s and Fitch. These agencies are compensated by the issuers of the securities they rate, which introduces a potential conflict of interest that has been widely debated. The downgrade of the U.S. credit rating by S&P was historic because it marked the first time the United States lost its top-tier AAA rating in recorded history.”

Adrian’s tone grew more serious as he continued, “This downgrade was more than just a slip in ratings... it was a seismic warning to investors worldwide. For the first time, the most stable and creditworthy nation on the earth had its financial foundation questioned. This was a wake-up call, signaling deep, systemic issues in *The Financial Industrial Complex*.

This showed serious financial and political challenges that even the U.S. couldn’t escape. It triggered a surge in market volatility and cast a shadow of doubt over the international economy, stirring fears that the very pillars of financial stability could crack under mounting pressures. This was a foreboding glimpse into a fragile future, one that demanded we start preparing for what is coming... *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*.

Understanding the broader implications, Peter nodded thoughtfully. “Adrian, could you share what other factors you believe contributed to the economic instability at the time?”

Adrian continued, “Rising inflation concerns and geopolitical tensions in the Middle East and North Africa during the Arab Spring also contributed to economic instability. During this period, the S&P 500 faced considerable fluctuations, underscoring the contrast between Gold’s stability and the volatility of equities. Specifically, Gold peaked at \$1,900 per ounce in September 2011, the S&P 500 had dropped around 14 percent from its April 2011 highs, when Gold was \$1,550

per ounce. This reflected the market's turbulence and highlighted Gold's enduring appeal as a safe haven as a financial asset."

Peter leaned forward, a knowing glint in his eye. "Adrian, you've seen it all firsthand, the endless financial upheavals, *The Financial Industrial Complex* stumbling through each crisis. And you watched how so many so-called financial 'professionals' responded... or rather, failed to respond in any meaningful way. Did that play into your motivation for writing your book... *Who's Investing Your Money?*..."

Adrian nodded, a thoughtful expression crossing his face. "Absolutely. In 2016, I started researching for my book... *Who's Investing Your Money?* because I felt a strong drive to reveal some hard truths about *The Financial Industrial Complex*. Observing the majority of financial professionals during those times was very eye-opening and disturbing. Too many seemed more focused on short-term profits than on genuinely safeguarding their clients' futures.

Rather than challenging the status quo, these so-called financial professionals followed the official approved narrative, which served the interests of the *Spider*... the owners and controllers of *The Financial Industrial Complex* more than those of the clients they were supposed to protect. I wanted to pull back the curtain, empower individuals to ask the right questions, and expose who is really controlling and benefiting from their investments."

Adrian continued, his tone sharp. "The book *Who's Investing Your Money?* sets out to reveal the hidden realities of who truly holds the power and reaps the benefits within *The Financial Industrial Complex*. It advocates for strategies and sound financial solutions that genuinely serve the investor's best interests, rather than fueling the agendas of large financial institutions and the *Spider's* hidden puppeteers.

Before writing *Who's Investing Your Money?*, I had grown increasingly disillusioned with the restrictive role *The Financial Industrial Complex* had boxed me into as a financial professional. My goal was to wake up as many individuals as possible, equipping them with the tools to assess whether their advisors were genuinely aligned with their well-being or simply serving their own, and their employers', pocketbooks."

Peter leaned forward, his voice steady yet impassioned. “**Yes...** I get it. That dissonance... the disconnect between truly serving clients’ best interests and ***The Financial Industrial Complex’s*** relentless push for profit over individuals... it is enough to make anyone with integrity question their place within the system.”

Adrian’s expression hardened, his tone resolute. “It hit me square in the face... that 99.99 percent of the time, ***The Financial Industrial Complex***, alongside its ‘***Useful Idiots***’ and ‘***Useful Tools***,’ aligns to serve a corrupted system and those who control it, not the everyday individuals... the common folks striving to build secure, meaningful lives. That realization became a pivotal moment for me. It forced me to reevaluate everything I’d learned and solidified where my true loyalty has always belonged... with my clients, not with a system bent on preserving its own interests at their expense.”

Nodding, Peter leaned in with interest. “So, what were the key conclusions your research for the book led you to?”

Adrian leaned back, his expression thoughtful yet serious. “The more I delved into my research,” he began, “the clearer it became that the strategies heavily promoted by ***The Financial Industrial Complex*** were designed to benefit the industry more than my clients. For decades, the focus was on stocks and bonds, largely because they worked well together as negatively correlated assets. You know the theory... when stocks go up, bonds tend to go down, and vice versa. It created the illusion of balance, of security.

Here’s where it gets interesting: the balance between stocks and bonds in the U.S. wasn’t as solid as it initially appeared. In June 1981, U.S. interest rates peaked at approximately 19.1%, with Gold trading around \$450 per ounce. By March 2022, Gold had reached approximately \$1,950 per ounce, while the private Federal Reserve’s interest rate dropped to a historic low of about 0.08%.

Over this 41-year period, from 1981 to 2022, a trend of steadily declining interest rates fostered a negatively correlated relationship between stocks and bonds. This meant that as interest rates fell, when one asset class’s value rose, the other typically declined, creating a bal-

anced effect that reduced volatility while maintaining long-term returns of an investor's portfolio."

Peter leaned in, his expression serious. "Now, however, U.S. interest rates have reversed course and are steadily climbing. This marks the end of that reliable stock-bond balance we've counted on for over four decades. With this shift, the once-dependable negative correlation between stocks and bonds no longer provides the same protective cushion. This forces investors to rethink traditional portfolio strategies, especially as we likely enter a prolonged period of rising inflation, a trend that could persist for 20 to 30 years. The old playbook for wealth preservation is not just inadequate... it is becoming dangerous."

Adrian nodded. "This new environment demands a pivot to resilient, negatively correlated alternative assets that will withstand the relentless pressures of sustained inflation. Without a strategic shift, investment portfolios face a real risk of vulnerability to inflationary forces that will steadily erode their value. Investors need to consider alternative assets that will endure through high inflation cycles, providing stability and growth even as traditional assets lose their footing."

Intrigued by the shifting market conditions, Peter asked, "So, what negatively correlated assets are we now recommending to clients to preserve above average long-term returns while managing portfolio volatility, now that we are in a prolonged inflationary, rising interest rate environment similar to what stocks and bonds once provided?"

Adrian continued, his expression resolute. "With stocks and bonds no longer moving in opposite directions and both facing pressure as interest rates rise, it is crucial to add assets like Gold, silver, private equity, real estate, and mutual life insurance financial instruments to protect portfolios. These alternative investments spread risk, offering stability or gains when traditional assets lose value, thereby reducing the impact of a downturn.

I have learned that to truly *De-Risk* a portfolio, Gold must serve as the foundation of wealth, along with tangible assets like real estate and participating life insurance financial instruments from mutual life insurance companies. In today's fragile economic environment, with

hyperinflation on the horizon, the time to fortify and **De-Risk** your portfolio is... **Now!**"

Peter nodded, adding his thoughts with conviction. "This realization changes everything. The individual who gave us the foundation to understand these shifts, who showed us how to balance risk and return, is none other than Harry Markowitz, the financial and economic father of Modern Portfolio Theory (MPT).

Harry's work fundamentally changed how everyone in the financial industry approaches risk, diversification, trade-offs and returns. Harry taught us that we can reduce portfolio volatility, or risk, while enhancing overall returns. Every financial professional today, whether they know it or not, is standing on the shoulders of this giant."

Adrian's tone softened, his words carrying deep admiration. "Harry Markowitz, the 1990 Nobel Laureate in Economic Sciences, gave us Modern Portfolio Theory (MPT) and with it, the invaluable understanding that the right mix of negatively correlated assets will significantly reduce portfolio volatility while enhancing returns. He is, without a doubt, the most influential figure in modern finance and economics. His work reshaped the financial industry and, more profoundly, changed countless lives.

Because of Harry's insights, we are able to design portfolios that aim for growth while embodying resilience and stability under pressure. Our approach builds on Harry's pioneering methodology to safeguard our clients' wealth by **Owning Assets in the Order of Asset Confiscation or Destruction**, protecting against looming financial risks from the coming **Great Financial Confiscation 2.0**. Harry's work inspires us to include real assets like Gold when traditional approaches weaken. His legacy informs every step we take, and we feel privileged beyond words to carry his work and insights forward, for both our clients and ourselves."

The King of Main Street raised his glass with a smile. "To **Harry** Markowitz... the man who taught us what true wealth protection and **De-Risking** really means."

The Son of a Dutch Farmer joined in, lifting his glass. "And to thinking differently, to protecting what matters most." And with that,

Adrian and Peter raised their glasses one more time and united in saying... *The Sovereigns Creed...*

“To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!”

CHAPTER TEN

HARRY

As the clock struck 7 pm, Peter J. Merrick and Adrian C. Spitters settled into their weekly Wednesday night video call, each with their favorite drink in hand. *The King of Main Street* poured a glass of his Ziraldo Icewine, while *The Son of a Dutch Farmer* raised his Steam Works craft beer, the routine bringing a familiar comfort to their shared reflections.

Adrian leaned back, a smile easing onto his face as he broke the silence. “You know, I cannot help but think back to everything we endured during the lockdowns. Those COVID-19 lockdowns were something else, were they not? Everyone was struggling, dealing with the chaos and restrictions.”

Peter nodded, his gaze thoughtful. “**Yes**... absolutely. It felt like the entire world had been thrown into turmoil, almost overnight. And here we were, just trying to find stability in a world that suddenly felt so unstable and unrecognizable.”

Adrian continued, “It really made me realize just how critical it is to be resilient, to have that foundation that can withstand any upheaval. It shaped how I look at everything now.”

Their conversation settled into the familiar rhythm, both men

appreciating the opportunity to delve deeper into what they'd both experienced and learned through one of the most challenging times in recent memory... the Covid-19 plandemic and lockdowns.

Nodding with a hint of sadness in his eyes, Peter agreed. "Absolutely. It was a difficult time for everyone. Being stranded in San Diego, not able to go back to Canada, really changed everything for me. The world I knew became a much stranger and scarier place. Out of all the darkness and chaos, we managed to find some good, some light, did we not?"

"**Yes...** oh, definitely... **Yes!**" Adrian responded reflectively, leaning forward. "Speaking of good things, you meeting Harry Markowitz during that period... that was incredible. I still remember when you told me about it. Here you are, stuck in the middle of a plandemic in San Diego. And you end up connecting with one of the greatest minds in finance and economics that has ever lived. A Nobel Prize Winner, he is the Einstein of Economics. Most individuals in the financial industry spend their entire careers studying his theories and methodology, and here you are, sitting down with him and breaking bread over meals."

Peter became reflective, clearly cherishing his memory of his late friend and one of his mentors, Harry Markowitz. "**Yes...** that was something very special for me. What started as a random lunch turned into something regular. Harry and I both lived in San Diego, I had recently moved there prior to the lockdowns.

In all that mess, I found a true and real mentor, someone who reshaped and greatly influenced my thinking, not just about finance and economics, but about life. We kept meeting because we genuinely enjoyed each other's company. It is funny how, sometimes, the worst situations can lead to the best outcomes. I consider becoming Harry's good friend at the end of his life, a true honor in my life."

Adrian leaned forward, animated and said, "Here is why Harry Markowitz and Modern Portfolio Theory are such a big deal in the financial industry and professions. Before Harry, individuals thought about investments one by one. You look at a stock, a bond, or a piece of real estate, and you ask yourself, 'Is this a good investment? How much risk is involved?' Harry showed us that it is not about looking at

individual investments in isolation. It is about how those investments work together.

Harry mathematically proved that you could reduce the overall risk of your investment portfolio by combining assets that do not move in the same direction. That is diversification. Harry even went further and quantified how to balance the trade-off between risk and return. He gave us the tools to optimize portfolios and find the ‘efficient frontier.’ The point where you are getting the maximum possible return for the amount of risk you are willing to take.”

Peter nodded. “**Yes**... Harry was not just saying, ‘spread your money around.’ He was giving us a formula for how to do it intelligently.”

Adrian continued, “Think about what that did for the entire world of finance. Institutional investors, pension funds, individual advisors, they all started using Harry’s framework to build portfolios since 1952 that were not just about high risk or high return, they became efficient. He changed the game. Since then, tens of trillions of dollars have been deployed using his method. Governments, banks, financial institutions and individual investors use Modern Portfolio Theory to this day. It is not just about making money, it is about managing risk in a way that had never been done before. We apply his scientific method in our daily work to **De-Risk** out clients and that is because of Harry Markowitz’s insights and methodology.”

Leaning in closer, Adrian’s eyes lit up. “That is so incredible you got to know Harry really well at the end of his life. How did you first meet him?”

Peter’s eyes brightened as he recalled the memory. “Well, it all started when I wrote him a letter after seeing his Nobel Prize medal. Harry’s medal sits permanently on display at the Geisel Library, at the University of California, San Diego (UCSD). I had never seen a Nobel Prize in person before. After seeing that medal, I decided to write Harry a letter.

During the COVID-19 lockdowns, I had this old-fashioned habit of writing handwritten letters to individuals who had impacted my thinking or whose work I admired. I always respected Harry’s contri-

butions to the understanding of finance and economics. His work and contribution to portfolio management had shaped my own career in risk mitigation and *De-Risking* my clients' investment portfolios. So, I wrote him a thank-you note and included a copy of my last book, *The King of Main Street*. I did not expect anything in return. I just wanted to express my gratitude."

Adrian grinned. "So, what happened next?"

Smiling softly, Peter continued. "To my surprise, a few weeks later, I received a handwritten note back from Harry. He thanked me for the book and mentioned that he looked forward to reading it. And then, the part I never expected... he called me personally and invited me to join him at lunch at his favorite restaurant. Boy did Harry love flan, which is a rich and creamy custard dessert.

I must admit... I was blown away and humbled for him responding to my note. Here I was, thinking I would never hear back, and now I was going to meet with him for lunch. We met at this Chinese buffet in a part of town in San Diego called Pacific Beach, a place he liked because of their flan."

Peter's voice softened with fondness of the memory as he continued. "When we first met, I walked up to him and introduced myself, telling him how honored I was to meet with him. He turned to me with a smile and said, 'I am the one honored to meet and eat with you. Your book *The King of Main Street* has really touched me and made me stop to reflect and look back at my own life.'

I could not believe it. Here was this Nobel Prize laureate, the father of Modern Portfolio Theory, a titan in our industry, treating me like an equal. I noticed he had the copy of my book tucked under his arm, well-read, and he even asked me to sign it for him. It was a surreal moment. We sat down and began talking, and that was the beginning of our friendship."

Adrian smiled, shaking his head in amazement. "That is incredible. You must have felt like you were in the presence of greatness."

"It was surreal," Peter admitted, "but Harry was so humble. He made it clear from the start that he was not interested in being treated

like someone special or important. He wanted to connect on a human level. That is what made our lunches so meaningful for me. It was not about finance, economics or theory. It was about life and living it well.”

Leaning in again, Adrian’s curiosity deepened. “You mentioned before that he was not just a financial genius. What was he like outside of all that? What was it about him that stood out for you?”

Peter’s eyes softened, his voice growing warmer as he reminisced. “You know, Harry often shared stories about his childhood growing up in Chicago during the Great Depression. His parents, Morris and Mildred Markowitz, owned a small grocery store, and it was through them that Harry learned the value of hard work and perseverance. More than that, it was their entrepreneurial spirit that shaped him. He often said it was from watching his parents work tirelessly in their business that he developed the mindset of always questioning how things could be improved upon. He applied that not just in finance and economics, but in life.”

Pausing for a moment, Peter added, “That entrepreneurial lens he saw the world through was part of the foundation for his work in Modern Portfolio Theory. He did not just settle for what was known... he pushed boundaries and questioned the status quo. It is something I deeply admired, respected and learned from him.”

Adrian nodded thoughtfully. “Harry sounds like someone who was shaped by experiences well beyond the world of finance and economics.”

“**Yes...** exactly,” Peter agreed. “And what really stood out to me was that Harry was not just a mentor because of his intellect or his accomplishments in finance and economics. He had been mentored himself by some of the greatest minds in economics and finance. Figures like Milton Friedman, Tjalling Koopmans, Jacob Marschak, and Leonard Savage.

Harry would talk about them fondly during our lunches. These were all Nobel Prize winners and some of the sharpest finance and economic minds that had ever lived. They had helped shape Harry’s mind and character in his youth, and he never forgot the importance of passing on

what he had learned. That is why he became such a powerful mentor to me and for countless others. He believed in paying it forward.”

Sensing the deep admiration and respect in Peter’s voice for Harry Markowitz, Adrian spoke thoughtfully. “That is incredible. You were not just learning from one man... you were inheriting an entire legacy, a library of knowledge passed down from the elders of our industry, spanning generations.”

Peter nodded. “*Yes*... that is what made it so meaningful for me. I was not just getting a master class in financial and economic education from a world class master. I was getting life lessons from someone who had been shaped by the very best and who lived with a sense of responsibility to pass that on. Harry was not interested in accolades or being revered for his work. He was focused on living with purpose, on how to be a good man, and on appreciating the small moments in life.

Harry shared with me that looking back at his 90 plus years, he had realized all our moments are important. Both the bold moments and the small ones. He shared with me that all our moments are big and significant ones, even if we do not see this at the time. He made it the point to emphasize this to me... that life can only be lived moment by moment. He truly believed we live in our moments. All our moments have significance. Harry treated our lunches as if they were significant moments.”

Reflecting on the conversation, Adrian leaned back. “You know, most individuals who have accomplished even one-one millionth of what Harry has would spend their lives chasing more recognition, more success. It sounds like he was the exact opposite.”

“Harry was,” Peter said with a soft smile. “He lived with dignity and humility. That is what I admired most about him. Our lunches were not just about finance. They were about life. He would tell me stories about the individuals he had met, the experiences that shaped him, and the lessons he learned along the way. It was not about the Nobel Prize or his theories. It was about how to live a meaningful and useful life.

Harry was a true renaissance man. In a moment, he could quote an entire Shakespearean sonnet, reflect upon the writings of David Hume, the 18th century’s Scottish philosopher and economist. He then shared

his infectious excitement to the very moment he had discovered the writings, and theories of Charles Darwin in Darwin's book *On the Origin of Species*."

Adrian laughed softly, shaking his head in amazement. "It is incredible to think that a man like Harry, who achieved so much, focused on the simple, meaningful things in life. And the fact that you had such a close connection with him that's truly special."

Nodding again, Peter said, "**Yes**... it is so true. I have always been humbled about our relationship because, to me, it was not about the fact that he was a Nobel Laureate or a financial and economic pioneer and thought leader. It was about the fact that he became an important mentor to me, not just in finance and economics, but in life. He showed me what it meant to live with dignity, to treat others with kindness and respect, and to appreciate the small moments in life."

Adrian leaned forward, his curiosity piqued again. "It sounds like those lunches really helped to shape you."

Peter's tone softened as he reflected. "**Yes**... they did. In fact, our lunches often reminded me of a story told about Victor Frankl, one of the great luminaries in psychology and the author of the groundbreaking book... *Man's Search for Meaning*. Frankl wrote it about his observations on what motivates men to action or inaction, after surviving the Holocaust during the Second World War as an inmate in the Nazi Auschwitz Extermination Camp. Frankl made the point that it is absolutely essential for an individual to find their own logos... Greek for purpose.

More specifically, my lunches with Harry reminded me of the story about a woman that calls Frankl up in the middle of the night, telling him she is so depressed that she plans to take her own life that vary night. For the next several hours Frankl stays up convincing her to change her mind about committing suicide. The next day Frankl speaks to this same woman and ask if she still has those same dark thoughts. She replies to him... 'No.'

Frankl then asks her what has changed. She says to him if the World-Famous Dr. Victor Frankl was willing to stay up all night to talk her out

of killing herself... then her life must have real importance, value, and meaning.”

“Go on,” Adrian said as he leaned in.

“This is how Harry made me feel during our afternoon lunches over our Chinese Buffets,” Peter continued “That if a world famous and accomplished Nobel Prize Laureate, Harry Markowitz, the father of Modern Portfolio Theory was wanting to break bread with me, my life must have value, and it was my responsibility to discover my life’s meaning.

It was my responsibility to go out and find my own way to authentically express it into the world. He treated me like a real human being. Those moments during our meals, Harry taught me one of life’s most valuable lessons. That each generation’s obligation to the next is to nurture and guide those who will succeed them. It is all about each of us in our small way paying it forward!”

Admiring Peter’s humility, Adrian nodded slowly. “That’s deep, Peter. And that is probably why you have been so humble about your friendship with Harry Markowitz... because it was never about the prestige. It was all about the deep connection and bond you both formed.”

“**Yes...** agreed,” Peter said with a quiet intensity. “And that’s why I plan to honor him. After we finish ***It Starts With Gold***, I am going to start to write Harry’s biography. He asked me several times if I would do it, and at the time, I didn’t feel ready. I told him that his life was so rich, and I wasn’t sure I could do it justice. Now, after everything he gave me, I feel like it’s the right and only thing to do to show my appreciation for the time Harry invested into our friendship and into me.”

A sense of warmth filled Adrian’s voice. “That is a beautiful way to honor him, Peter. He would be proud.”

Peter’s expression softened further. “I hope so. Harry passed away on June 22, 2023, when I was back in Toronto for the first time since the COVID-19 worldwide lockdowns. I wanted so much to be at his funeral, I unfortunately was not able to make it. Writing his biography feels like the way to pay tribute to the friendship we had... the time he

invested in mentoring me during the lockdowns and the last few years of his life.”

Absorbing the depth of what Peter had shared, Adrian leaned back, reflecting. “Peter, everything you have said underscores why Harry’s work and his life’s teachings are so deeply relevant to today’s world. The lessons he imparted about ***De-Risking*** investment portfolios and intentional living resonate now more than ever. With the world in a state of unprecedented volatility, understanding risk, whether in finance or life has become absolutely critical and essential.

We are teetering on the edge of an unprecedented financial crisis. Rising inflation, escalating interest rates, severe economic uncertainty, and international instability have created the conditions for the ***All Asset Bubbles*** of record-breaking proportions. We are now experiencing a financial crisis unlike anything seen before in modern history. Compounding this is the looming threat of ***The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0***, a scenario that will redefine the rules of wealth and security. In the face of such turmoil, Harry’s insights into risk mitigation are not just relevant... they are urgent and essential wisdom for navigating these perilous times.

This is precisely why having these conversations and writing this book... ***It Starts With Gold*** is so vital at this moment.”

Peter leaned in, his tone softening, the weight of his words reflecting the depth of his thoughts. “Adrian, I have only met a few men during my journey through life, especially in our field of finance and economics, who have the rare combination of being able to see the bigger picture while possessing the deeper technical skills to truly make real, meaningful, differences in individuals’ daily lives. It is even rarer to find someone who can do all of that and still have a heart. Harry was one of those men for me... he was a mentor, a guide, and a friend.”

Peter then paused for a long moment, his gaze meeting Adrian’s through their screens. “And honestly, you are one of those rare few I place in the same category as Harry.”

Adrian was visibly moved, the sincerity of Peter’s words settling in. Adrian took a deep breath, a genuine warmth in his expression. “Peter...

I thank you. That means more to me than you will ever know. To be mentioned in the same breath as Harry Markowitz, someone who meant so much to you... I am truly honored.”

Peter smiled, seeing the gratitude in Adrian’s eyes. It was a rare moment between two friends who had not just shared their professional journeys, but their personal ones too.

Adrian, still touched, added softly, “It’s not every day that someone you highly respect says something like that, so moving. I will never forget this moment. Thank you.”

“Adrian, I want to share one more thing with you which I always found very cute,” Peter said “I would often ask Harry if I had made the right decision to move from my hometown of Toronto to become a San Diegan? He turn to me with a big grin on his face and said, ‘there is no better place in the world to be right now... where else would we have met and had such great flan for dessert.’

For me Harry’s answer was just perfect. It was about being and living in the moment and enjoying the flavors and tastes of each and every moment, lived and experienced moment by moment. Your life, my life, and every life are significant! This is what Harry’s legacy means to me”

Peter raised his glass, a quiet, deep respect evident in his expression. “To Harry Markowitz and to living in the moment with purpose.”

With a nod of admiration, Adrian raised his glass high, his voice steady and certain. “And to telling these stories. Stories worthy of being told. Stories that must be written about, shared, and passed on to those we care about. *Again... and Again... Until They Live on Forever!*”

In a quiet, respectful tone, honoring the impact and legacy of the late Harry Markowitz on both men, Adrian and Peter spoke in unison, reciting... *The Sovereign’s Creed...*

“To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!”

CHAPTER ELEVEN

CANADIAN TRUCKERS

It was a Wednesday night, and the conversation between Adrian C. Spitters and Peter J. Merrick carried a weight unlike any before. Both proud Canadians, they were about to delve into a topic that struck deeply at the core of their shared identity and love for their homeland... Canada... the home of the brave few and the not so free.

The Son of a Dutch Farmer, sitting in British Columbia, sipped his usual Steam Works craft beer, while *The King of Main Street*, in San Diego, holding a glass of Ziraldo Icewine, a reminder of the home he couldn't return to during the COVID-19 lockdowns. Tonight felt different. They were about to confront one of Canada's most painful chapters, a chapter they believed held critical lessons for the world.

Adrian leaned back, taking a sip of his beer before shifting the conversation. "You know, all this talk about *Frames* has me thinking. Canadians and Americans, despite being neighbors, see the world through such different *Frames*. Why do you think Canadians were so quick to follow those strict COVID-19 measures compared to Americans?"

Peter leaned back, reflecting. "It goes back to how both countries broke away from Great Britain, their 'parent.' The United States did not

just break away... they rebelled like a teenager storming out after a big fight, slamming the door and declaring, 'I'm doing this on my own... I am out of here!' Americans do not want to be told what to do, so they created a life... a sovereign nation with their own rules. That spirit of 1776 independence is woven deep into the American character, their Declaration of Independence, and the U.S. Constitution."

Peter continued, "Canada, though, did not have that kind of bold break. It is more like a 35-year-old who is still living in their parents' basement. Great Britain, the 'parent,' had to practically give Canada a gentle shove out the door while still paying some of the bills. Canada got its so-called independence, sure, it was more of a reluctant drift away than a real stand. Britain's influence has lingered, like a quiet but constant shadow over Canada's government and mindset."

Adrian nodded, absorbing Peter's analogy. "**Yes**... Canadians are used to bending the knee, submitting quietly to what they're told, even if it leads toward their own enslavement. Meanwhile, Americans hold steadfast to a strong, independent mindset, refusing to live under anyone's thumb or let anyone dictate their lives. Americans don't just accept authority, they challenge it, insisting on their right to live freely and on their own terms."

"**Yes!**" Peter replied. "Americans have this deep-rooted defiance. They don't want and won't tolerate anyone, especially their government, a king, a queen or the *Spider's Globalist* minions, telling them how to live. Canadians, on the other hand, have grown accustomed to being told what to do, comforted by the belief in a safety net, content to be led rather than to lead or be truly sovereign."

Adrian grinned. "That actually explains a lot. Even though I'm Canadian, I lean toward the American mindset... independent, self-reliant, not needing a safety net, and definitely not letting anyone else control me."

Peter's eyebrows raised as he leaned in, intrigued by the weight of Adrian's statement. "The difference between the American and Canadian mindsets may seem complex, but it's simple once you see the roots."

Peter's voice grew steady, laced with concern. "So, where does this Canadian mindset lead us?"

Adrian's expression hardened, his voice laced with grim sadness. "This Canadian mindset is propelling us into a world of total control... a future where digital currency tracks our every transaction, surveillance infiltrates every corner of our lives, and policies are methodically designed to erode our freedoms, piece by piece."

And this won't stop with Canada... it's a contagion, spreading across the world like a manufactured virus, dragging humanity into a system designed to erase independence and privacy entirely. The endgame... the annihilation of humanity as we've known it, leaving nothing but obedient shadows of what we once were."

Peter set his glass down. "Adrian, everything changed when the COVID-19 plandemic hit. I moved to San Diego in 2019, thinking it would be just for a year. Then the world shut down in March 2020, and I was trapped in the United States. If I had gone back to Canada, I would have been thrown into a hotel quarantine center for two weeks. I would have been treated like a criminal... a leper because I refused to take the so-called vaccine. The Canadian government stripped away our civil rights. It turned our country... our Canada into something dark, something we did not recognize."

Adrian's eyes reflected the same frustration and sadness. Both men were Canadian, born and raised, with deep roots in their homeland. Adrian still ran their practice's operations out of Canada, while Peter managed the U.S. operations from San Diego. They had seen how quickly freedom could be snatched away.

"I know what you mean, Peter," Adrian said, his voice becoming softer. "I stayed in British Columbia during the lockdowns. My immediate family and I did not take the so-called vaccine either and for protecting our body autonomy, we were treated like lepers by our government, our colleagues, our neighbors and even members of our extended families."

When our Canadian truckers started their protest, standing up for our rights, it was a spark of hope. For the first time in years, we felt

national pride, we once again were proud to be Canadian. Canadians were finally waking up. Canadians were finally standing up for their Natural Rights. Canadians were the examples for the world. Freedom raised its head high, as the whole world had their eyes glued on Canada, during the Winter of 2022!”

“**Yes...** the ‘Canadian Freedom Truckers Convoy,’” Peter continued, his voice tightening with the memory. “Millions of truckers and regular free loving Canadians drove to Ottawa from across our great nation to have their voices heard. And millions of patriotic Canadians lined the highways and overpasses in both the large and small towns across Canada from the Pacific to the Atlantic coasts. Proud and patriotic Canadians came out to take back their sovereignty and to support our truckers waving their Canadian Flags. They demanded their Canadian Constitutional Rights back, to be honored and respected to end the mandates that were suffocating us.

The Canadian Truckers and their patriotic supporters launched the convoy on January 22, 2022, to liberate Canadians from their cowardly, **Spider** controlled, **Globalist** captured government’s tyrannical and illegal COVID-19 mandates. These Canadian patriots stood their ground until February 23, 2022, when the captured Canadian federal government, heavily influenced by the **Spider’s Globalist** overlords, deployed paramilitary forces to suppress these peaceful, lawful, and courageous protestors. Those winter days in 2022 became an extraordinary moment of unity, as **Sovereigns** around the world sensed the tipping point... the brink of reclaiming freedoms and sovereignty long suppressed.

Watching sovereign Canadians come together in peace, courageously standing up for their rights, was one of the most inspiring moments of our lives. In those days, we were truly proud to be Canadian.”

Adrian’s voice turned hard as steel as both men paused and wiped tears from their cheeks, reflecting on that proud moment in human history. “The fraudulent vaccine mandates were ruthless. In our Canada... without proof of vaccination, you were cut off. You could not travel. You could not sit in a restaurant. You could not even work in most cases. You could not even see loved ones while they were dying alone.”

“You had to show a vaccine passport or a QR code,” Peter added. A

Quick Response code, a type of matrix slave barcode to live less than a life. We were being surveilled by an invisible eye, being watched by Big Brother. Every move you made was tracked. And then the **Spider's** controlled captured Canadian federal government's response to peaceful... law-abiding... freedom loving... sovereign... Canadians was brutal and tyrannical."

Adrian agreed! "The **Spider's Globalist** captured Canadian Government seized Canadians' bank accounts with a flick of a switch for their patriotic donations in support of the Canadian Truckers' Convoy, for standing up in support of all our Canadian Constitutional Rights and Freedoms. One moment, you have access to your money. The next, it is gone. Just like that. It was something out of a horror movie, something we thought could only happen in North Korea, was now happening in our Canada. It showed us this was never about health. It was all about intimidation and total control."

Peter's eyes were dark, filled with a mix of deep sadness and rage. "What happened in our Canada is a dire warning to the world. If it can happen there, it will happen anywhere. Canada was just the testing ground. A preview of events of what is coming to the rest of the world if we sit on the sidelines and do nothing to stop this tyranny. Those vaccine QR codes... they were like the 'Gesundheitspass' in Nazi Germany."

Adrian's brow crunched. "Gesundheitspass, The Nazis... the Second World War... Canada... **Yes!**"

Peter's voice was grim. "In German, 'Gesundheit' means health. The Nazis issued the 'Gesundheitspass' under the guise of protecting public health. They said it was to ensure the population's health, to keep society free from hereditary diseases. But that was one big fat lie. It was about control. It was about death. These so-called 'health passes' divided individuals. They separated those deemed 'unhealthy' from those perceived as 'pure' Germanic Aryan blood.

It was never about health... then or now. It was always about wielding raw power, about deciding who would live and who would die. Those who didn't fit the ideal, who lacked the right pedigree or papers, were marked. Marked for sterilization. Marked for euthanasia. Marked for deportation to extermination camps. Marked for inhuman experiments. It was a ruthless dehumanizing mechanism to identify and eliminate those the **Spider's** elites

deemed “undesirables.” And today, in the *Spider’s Globalist* elites’ eyes, all of humanity has become the undesirables... the so-called “useless eaters.”

Adrian leaned closer, his voice low and urgent. “And now, those QR codes are being used the same way. They are not about health. Either are those injected so-called vaccines, they are a means to control. They are a trial for total control. Combine them with Central Bank Digital Currencies, and you can see the writing on the wall. They want to control every aspect of our lives. The *Spider’s Globalist* elites want to end lives. They think there are too many of us.

Peter... look at China. There, a social credit score system rates individuals based on their behavior and compliance to their government and the *Spider’s Globalist* elites. A low social credit score means you can not travel. You can not get a loan. Your children will not get into school. You and your family will not get medical care. It is a system designed to break you, to force you into submission and compliance. And it is not only happening in China. This is the future they have planned for all of us, if we sit back and do nothing to stop them. If you want to see and know our planned dystopian future, just study China today.”

Peter’s voice was filled with a grim realization, a mixture of fear and deep indignation. “The ‘Gesundheitspass’ was about deciding who was fit to live. Now, these digital IDs and Central Bank Digital Currencies (CBDCs)... they’re no different. They’re designed to mark us, to strip away our freedom and individual sovereignty, binding us to a system of complete and utter control.”

Adrian spoke, his voice low, a haunted look in his eyes. “This is the ‘mark of the beast’ from Revelation coming to life in our lifetime. Back then just prior and during the Second World War, it represented total submission to the most oppressive, evil force ever known to humanity... the Nazis. Now, this evil has re-emerged as *The Financial Industrial Complex*.

The unelected *Spider’s Globalist* elite’s plan unmistakably is so very sinister... without this mark of the beast, no human being will be able to buy or sell. Through CBDCs and the social credit system, unelected elites hidden in the shadows are preparing to brand humanity as slaves... as use-

less eaters, binding all of humanity to a vast, corrupted system of control... a cage they intend to lock on humanity for eternity.”

Adrian hesitated, the weight of his words hanging heavily. “Peter, you don’t have to believe in the Book of Revelation to see the parallels. Just look around... at our so-called leaders, the *Spider’s* unelected *Globalist* elites, their hidden puppeteers, their ‘*Useful Idiots*’ and ‘*Useful Tools*’... they all seem intent on making the Book of Revelation’s prophecies come true and very real in our lifetime.”

Then Adrian opened his NIV Bible and read the full passage from Revelation 13:16-18. As he spoke, a chill settled over both him and Peter...

“It also forced all people, great and small, rich and poor, free and slave, to receive a mark on their right hands or on their foreheads, so that they could not buy or sell unless they had the mark, which is the name of the beast or the number of its name. This calls for wisdom: Let the person who has insight calculate the number of the beast, for it is the number of a man. That number is 666.”

Peter glanced at Adrian through their screens, his face dark with conviction. “The *Spider’s Globalist*... its *Useful Idiots* and *Useful Tools* are building a demonic cage for humanity where we are nothing more than numbers... nothing more than slaves.”

Adrian’s eyes blazed with a fierce resolve. “Central Bank Digital Currencies (CBDCs). They are not some far-off threat. They are already here. They go by different names, but they are here. In the United States, 92% of the money system is already digital. Just ones and zeros, nothing more. Only 8% is in physical form, as fake fiat Federal Reserve notes. And even that is being quickly phased out.

When money has become digitized, it is easy to control. Easy to track. Easy to wipe out. This is not about convenience. This is all about total control. Just like what they did to the truckers and their supporters in Canada in February 2022. One click, and all of your money is gone. This is how they enforce compliance. This is how they enslave all of humanity.”

Peter’s voice carried a commanding intensity, each word underscoring the critical importance of his message. “This is exactly why owning and

taking physical possession or securely vaulting Gold is paramount. Gold is tangible... it is real. You can hold it in your hand. It is not some digital phantom that can be erased with the press of a button. **Yes...** this includes cryptocurrencies, which are nothing more than phantom zeros and ones on a digital ledger. We absolutely need to dedicate time to discussing cryptocurrencies in future conversations. There is much to unpack here.

Gold is tangible... something the **Spider** cannot reach if you own it. Whether you take physical possession or securely vault it, Gold represents true wealth, physical wealth, beyond their control. Owning Gold is more than just financial security... owning Gold is a declaration. It says, 'We will not be controlled. We will not submit to evil. We are **Sovereigns!**' It is about standing firm against a beast system designed to reduce us to mere cogs in its machine, with an ultimate endgame that leaves no room for our survival."

Adrian nodded, his voice strong and clear. "Gold has stood the test of time. It has been a symbol of real wealth for thousands of years. It is not like fake fiat paper money, which can be printed and digitized at will. Gold will hold its value, especially when everything else fails, this includes cryptocurrencies. When all currencies collapse, Gold stands firm. It is a true proven sanctuary of wealth. A proven method to secure your future. To protect what is truly yours... your personal sovereignty!"

"**Yes...** exactly," Peter said, leaning closer, his eyes locked on Adrian's. "Gold exists mostly outside the **Spider's** control system. It is not something that can be easily manipulated. No one can freeze Gold. No one can seize Gold when it is physically held and properly secured. When economies collapse... when **The Financial Industrial Complex** collapses... Gold will still be standing as it has always been money. It is recognized everywhere. It is portable. It is secure. It is your ultimate form of freedom. The ownership and physical possession of Gold represents your sovereignty."

"Gold is about taking back control," Adrian echoed, his voice a rallying cry. "It is about having something that is yours. Something that can not be taken away. It is about ensuring that what happened in Canada will not happen to you, where they seize your digital money including your digital assets. It is about holding assets that the elites can not touch."

Peter leaned forward, his eyes intense. "In today's volatile economic

environment, protecting and growing wealth is more critical than ever. The landscape is full of many seen and unseen dangers, pitfalls and evils. Geopolitical tensions. Inflationary pressures, unlawful laws, mandates, rules, regulations, red tape and taxes. The world is unpredictable on the surface and very predictable once you understand the system it is built on. We must be smarter.

We must be prepared for what lies ahead. That is why our financial solutions extend far beyond owning Gold alone. To protect one's wealth, we emphasize and recommend ***Owning Assets in Order of Asset Confiscation***. This approach includes Private Portfolio Management, Alternative Investments, Precious Metals like Gold and Silver, and Wealth and Life Protection through Mutual Life Insurance Companies.

These four pillars form the foundation for safeguarding against the corrupt financial control system... ***The Financial Industrial Complex***. Together, these solutions provide a shield, securing our assets, our futures, our freedom, and... our sovereignty."

Adrian nodded in agreement. "***Yes***... these solutions are about survival. They are about fortifying what we have... securing and ***De-Risking*** family, community, business, and estate assets against economic threats, inflation, and rising taxes. The ***Sleoples*** need to wake up. The ***Sleoples*** must recognize what is coming. They need to take action to protect their families, their communities, and themselves. This is what we do. This is why individuals come to work with us. They need the assurance that they are safe... that their future is secure."

Then both Adrian and Peter took a sip of their artisanal brew and fine vintage, feeling the weight of their words. They knew what was at stake. The world we had all known was on the brink of destruction. The ***Sleoples*** needed to wake up before it was too late. Canada was not just a test. It was a warning, a harbinger of what the ***Spider*** and its ***Globalist*** have planned for all humanity.

Peter and Adrian had joined the chorus of ***Sovereign*** voices that called out to the rest of humanity to wake up to this danger. They had prepared their entire professional lives to assist and implement solutions

for **Sovereigns** to reclaim their freedom, starting with Gold, ensuring real freedom for the future.

As they sat in a moment of quiet reflection, the weight of their conversation settled heavily. Peter took a deep breath. “Adrian, what we are witnessing now is just the tip of the iceberg. These systems of total control are growing more sophisticated, more pervasive, more sinister... more evil. We are moving into a world where everything is monitored, controlled, or erased. The technology at the **Spider’s** disposal, along with its henchmen, is unprecedented in recorded human history.”

Adrian nodded, his voice intense, brimming. “The **Spider’s Globalist** elites are using technology to mold a world where privacy, independence, freedom, and sovereignty are little more than memories... a distant era before every movement, every decision, was tracked, controlled, and recorded. They want us lulled into complacency. Asleep to the truth. They shape the **Sleoples** thoughts with endless data collection and the poisons they intentionally feed their minds and bodies.

The **Spider’s Globalist** elites are building invisible cages all around us, closing the doors and tightening the noose with every move. If the **Sleoples** could only see the manipulation... the way we’re being led by gilded chains, step by step, toward obedience... toward our own demise, by our own hands. The curtain must be torn down, and it must happen now if we are to survive... **The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0!**”

Peter leaned in, his gaze piercing, his voice reverberating with unshakable conviction. “There is a model of **Coercion**... a sinister blueprint exposing every vile tactic the elites wield to keep humanity shackled, blind, and obedient. Having knowledge of this **Coercion** is our weapon against the **Spider’s** evil agenda.”

Adrian’s voice rang with conviction. “**Yes**... having this knowledge is our chance to break the chains that strangle our minds, crush our spirits, and consume the essence of our existence. Every deceitful strategy. Every malevolent layer of control. All must be exposed and stripped bare under the light. As U.S. Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis so rightly declared, ‘Sunlight is said to be the best of disinfectants.’ Our mission is clear.

We and all of humanity must take back our power. Reclaim our sov-

ereignty. It has always been ours, never to be given away. It was endowed by our Creator for each of us to be free. To be sovereign. To be unchained and untamed.”

Peter’s expression hardened. “**Yes...** we must recognize the ***Spider’s*** shadowy forces lurking behind their curtain of lies. We must break their spell of perceived power. Step into the light that has always been within us. As we rise. As we awaken. Together, we will reclaim our freedom. Our power. Our sovereignty. This is our moment. We must make it count. This is our commitment... to our families, our communities, to humanity, and to ourselves.”

Adrian glanced at the clock. “Building on tonight’s discussion, we need to delve much deeper into the topic of ***Coercion*** next week. It is far too important to rush or tackle hastily. Let us give it the depth and attention it deserves, uncovering the layers of this insidious deceit and control. Until next week.”

Peter and Adrian raised their glasses one final time for the evening, their voices resonating with unshakable conviction and unity. As ***The King of Main Street*** and ***The Son of a Dutch Farmer***, they declared ***The Sovereign’s Creed...*** a battle cry, a call to arms for ***Sovereigns*** everywhere to rise, to join their ranks, and to reclaim the freedoms and sovereignty stolen by the ***Spider’s*** insidious web of control.

This was no simple pledge... it was a resolute declaration of defiance, a sacred covenant to stand united, and a timeless anthem for all who dare to resist tyranny and fight for sovereignty... now and for all times... ***The Sovereign’s Creed...***

“To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!”

CHAPTER TWELVE

COERCION

The screen flickered to life, revealing Adrian C. Spitters. *The Son of a Dutch Farmer's* usual warmth was present in his voice as he greeted Peter J. Merrick, yet there was a noticeable somberness in his demeanor. "Good evening, sir. How are you tonight?"

The King of Main Street, sensing the weight in Adrian's tone, responded with a broad smile that seemed to light up the screen. "*Blessed by the Best!*"

Adrian's brow lifted slightly, his curiosity momentarily distracting him from the mood that had settled over him. "You seem especially cheerful tonight. Did you come up with that greeting? It is very contagious and uplifting!"

Peter laughed, his grin widening with genuine delight. "Not me. I just ran into my good friend Damian Johancen here in San Diego. Ever since I met him, he has greeted me with '*Blessed by the Best!*' Every single time, without fail, it puts a big smile across my face. And you know what? It is not just me. Everyone Damian greets with this saying feels the same way... uplifted, noticed, and special. Damian has this incredible way of making everyone feel good just by being around him."

Adrian leaned forward slightly, the edges of his somber mood beginning to soften.

Peter continued, his tone light but intentional. “So, tonight, I thought I would pass along a little of Damian’s magic and warmth to you. We could use some positivity before diving into the heavy and unsettling topic we have planned for tonight. What do you think? Do you feel a little lighter already?”

Adrian chuckled softly, the shadow lifting just enough for a faint smile to creep across his face. “I will admit, Peter, it is hard not to feel a little better after hearing that greeting. *Blessed by the Best...* I plan to start using it myself.”

Peter nodded, his spirits visibly lifted by Adrian’s shift in energy. “*Yes...* you should. It is contagious, and honestly, we could all use a bit more of that kindness and lightness these days.”

The mood between them had shifted, the initial heaviness giving way to a moment of camaraderie. Yet, both men knew their discussion was about to dive into much darker, deeper and murkier waters.

Adrian leaned forward, his voice shifted to a more serious tone. “It is becoming very clear to me that most *Sleoples* are blind to what is unraveling right in front of them. If we do not stay vigilant, if we fail to learn from what happened in Canada, it will not just be a chapter in Canada’s story. It is a prelude to something far more sinister... a shadow that is creeping across national borders and tightening its grip everywhere.”

Peter’s expression turned somber, the weight of Adrian’s words settling heavily between them. “*Yes...* you are right, Adrian. This is not just about one country. The same tactics, the same control mechanisms, they are spreading, like a *Spider’s* web tightening around humanity’s neck. What happened in Canada, the unrelenting lockdowns and draconian mandates was a warning, a glimpse of what could become humanity’s reality if we do not wake up and take action.”

The two men sat in silence for a brief moment, the weight of their shared concerns clear. Then, with renewed determination, they leaned into the discussion, ready to confront the sobering truths ahead, bound by their commitment to protect the freedoms they held dear.

Peter's voice carried a hint of anger. "Adrian, we're onto something important here, something that's been gnawing at me. What happened during the COVID-19 lockdowns in Canada was not a health response. It was far darker and sinister, more calculated than the *Sleoples* realize."

Peter's voice lowered, filled with haunted remembered pain. "I keep thinking back to the Biderman *Coercion* Chart... the methods it outlines, like isolation, control of perception, induced helplessness. Those very tactics were weaponized against Canadians during the COVID-19 lockdowns. Worse, I can't shake the feeling that Canada was used as a testing ground for the *Spider's* control system. None of these demonic measures were accidental or coincidental."

Adrian suddenly erupted into song, his voice filling their respective rooms with the familiar words of *O'Canada*... Canada's national anthem.

***"O' Canada! Our home and native land!
True patriot love in all thy sons command!"***

***With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The True North strong and free!***

***From far and wide, O' Canada,
We stand on guard for thee."***

Adrian paused, shaking his head. A sorrowful shadow crossed his face before he continued... not in song... it was something more like a lament... "***Our Home... Our Native Land... Our Canada...*** was a proving ground during the COVID-19 scamdemic and lockdowns for something deeply antihuman. True patriot love was twisted into blind obedience, and glowing hearts dimmed under the weight of *Coercion*. The True North, once strong and free, became a test site for control, where those who stood on guard found themselves standing alone. Yet, from far and wide, voices still rise, calling for a return to what was once truly glorious and free."

Silence followed. Then, Peter muttered, "Guess they never thought the anthem would end up sounding like a warning... ***Yes!*** A sinister agenda looms over the entire world. What unfolded in Canada was

far from an isolated event... it was the opening act of something far darker. If humanity does not wake up soon and recognize the Canadian experiment for what it truly was... a chilling exercise in mind control... the rot will spread. First to the United States, then into every corner of the earth. This insidious contagion threatens to extinguish the flame of the human spirit, plunging us into eternal darkness... unless we rise together, reclaiming our sovereignty, and put an end to this antihuman agenda now.”

Adrian sighed deeply, his sadness mirroring Peter’s. “I felt it here in British Columbia. I watched our captured government impose lockdown after lockdown on individuals who loved Canada so much, individuals who value freedom, liberty, the rule of law and sovereignty. It broke my heart. And you... you were in San Diego, unable to return home to Toronto, watching helplessly as Canada was transformed into something unrecognizable. A prison state! It must have been unbearable for you not being able to return home?”

Peter’s voice was thickened with emotion. “It was. Watching from afar, knowing I could not return home because of the travel restrictions, the U.S./Canada border lockdowns and my medical choices. These illegal infringements violated everything I believed about my inherent Canadian Constitutional rights as a Canadian citizen.

The *Spider’s* captured Canadian government proved that it did not care about the Canadian Constitution that guaranteed our rights and freedoms as Canadian citizens. This captured government suspended them without hesitation. Our right to travel was stripped away. Many Canadians gave up their rights without a fight, feeling totally powerless to stop it. I witnessed this from my exile in San Diego, the heart and soul of my birthplace, Canada, being torn apart in real-time.”

“The hardest part to accept is that Canada was a test case for something much larger,” Peter continued. “What happened in our country of our birth was a worldwide experiment in control. If the *Sleoples* fail to grasp this reality, they will be blindsided by what comes next... something far worse than they could ever imagine.”

Adrian leaned forward, his face etched with sadness and resolve.

“Canada was indeed a major test case in tyranny. The **Spider’s** captured Canadian government used our home, our citizens, to see how far they could push us before we broke. Most Canadians did not even realize what happened to them, how they were guinea pigs for the rest of the world. They think it was about health and safety, but it was not. It was about total control.

And the methods employed by the **Spider’s** control grid to achieve dominance were perfected long before the plandemic began. Peter, we must carefully analyze what was done to Canadians that led the majority to willingly surrender their natural rights granted by our Creator. If we remain silent, our complacency and complicity will make us just as guilty as the criminals who orchestrated this tyranny on humanity. Our silence would pave the way for humanity to march towards a future of slavery and total control... a future with no escape.”

Peter nodded, his face somber. “During the lockdowns, I became very familiar with the Biderman **Coercion** Chart, developed in 1956 by sociologist Albert Biderman. He was hired by the U.S. Air Force to study the psychological techniques used by the Chinese Communist Party (CCP) to brainwash American prisoners of war during the Korean War, which lasted from June 25, 1950, to July 27, 1953.

Adrian, these methods were not just used on prisoners in a war zone. They were intentionally used on all of us during the worldwide COVID-19 lockdowns. They were able to do this in Canada because Canada had already been captured by an unelected cabal, **Globalist** groups that have no accountability to the Canadian citizens but pull the strings behind the scenes.”

Adrian’s voice choked slightly as he spoke. The reality of what had happened settling over him once again, as he remembered living through the cruelty imposed on his family, community and himself by the **Spider’s** captured tyrannical Canadian government. “If humanity does not wake up now, these methods will be used again on a worldwide scale with more intensity. This time they will be more tyrannical and antihuman.

I never thought I would see this happen in my Canada. I was proud

of our country up until this occurred. Now, I realize that Canada is no longer controlled or owned by its citizens. Perhaps it never was. We are being manipulated by the *Spider's Globalist* elites who are testing the limits of human compliance and resolve. They are using methods that were solely designed to breakdown the human will and spirit. Now, they are applying them to entire populations, to all of humanity."

Peter began to explain the Biderman's chart, his tone filled with both deep emotion and precision. "The first method is *Isolation*. This is about cutting the individual off from their families, friends, and communities so that they become emotionally vulnerable, easily manipulated and dependent on their captors. In Canada, we saw this immediately. The lockdowns forced everyone outside the *Spider's Globalist* power structured into isolation.

I could not return to Toronto, the innocent, the fooled and even the awake all across Canada could not visit loved ones. Gatherings were banned, there were no family dinners, no holiday celebrations, no funerals. Individuals died alone in hospitals and in their homes, separated from their loved ones. This was not about stopping the spread of an imaginary sickness... it was about breaking the bonds that hold us together as humans, and even more so, as Canadians."

Adrian's voice was heavy with the weight of the isolation he had endured. "The isolation here in British Columbia was devastating. Those that complied could not see their own family and loved ones for over two years. Individuals and Canadian citizens were cut off from everyone they cared about. Isolation was meant to break the human spirit. It made the vast majority of those among us weaker, and easier to control.

And the hardest part was watching how most Canadians... the *Sleoples* thought it was necessary, that it was for the greater good. They did not realize that it was a tool of control. I had fallen for it at the starts before I realized it was not about an alleged health emergency, it was all about control and demanding submission from the compliant... the *Sleoples*."

"I lost my friend Larry Lipiec during the lockdowns," Peter's expression grew heavy, his voice thick with sadness. Pausing as the weight of

his words settled in. “He was such a brilliant lawyer, a good man and a proud Canadian. Larry was about to be made a judge. But when he refused to take part in the experimental worldwide medical intervention, they stripped everything away from him. His career... his purpose... they left him isolated. And that isolation, it was too much for him.

Larry could not take it. In late 2021, Larry took his own life in Toronto. I can still feel the shock and the deep pain of it, the helplessness. It was like watching someone being slowly suffocated by forces beyond our control. I might be able to forgive, I will never forget. For Larry, we speak... for those who had their voices silenced... we speak!”

Peter’s voice faltered for a moment, then he continued, his tone still filled with extreme grief. “This... this is where the ***Monopolization of Perception*** comes into play. It is the second method in the Biderman ***Coercion*** Chart, where those holding the reins of power control every piece of information, forcing individuals to focus on a single narrative.

While I was living in California, I watched in horror as the ***Spider’s*** captured Canadian government and state-controlled media bombarded Canadians with constant fear, isolation, propaganda and demands for submission. It was a psychological assault. I saw firsthand how it tore individuals apart, good citizens like Larry.”

“Every day brought more inflated case numbers, rising death tolls, and fear-inducing new variants,” Peter continued. “Fear was omnipresent, and any voice challenging the controlled narrative was swiftly silenced. Those who dared to question were branded as dangerous, selfish, or irresponsible. In truth, we were not dissenters or dissidents... we were ***Sovereigns***. The ***Spider’s*** controlled and captured media worked in lockstep with the captured government, crafting and controlling what the ***Sleoples*** believed. And for the most part, they succeeded.”

Adrian agreed, his voice filled with frustration. “***Yes!*** They fed us fear, day after day. The media became the mouthpiece for the government, telling us what to think, how to behave, and what to fear. If we questioned anything, we were branded as a major threat. I witnessed firsthand how the ***Sleoples*** could not see the bigger picture because the narrative was so tightly controlled. They monopolized our perception.

They used that to keep us in line, to keep the *Sleoples* asleep to the noose tightening and the prison door slamming.”

Peter continued, his voice growing darker. “*Induced Debilitation and Exhaustion* is the third method. This is about wearing down the *Sleoples* until they are too tired and confused to resist. In Canada, the lockdowns length kept increasing. What started as ‘two weeks to flatten the curve’ dragged into months, and eventually years. The rules shifted constantly. Individuals were mentally, emotionally, and physically exhausted. By the end, most individuals were worn down and compliant to the control system. Not because they believed in the draconian mandates, but because they were too worn out to fight back.”

Adrian sighed deeply, reflecting on the exhaustion he saw and felt all around him back then. “Individuals were tired. Every time we thought we were getting a break, another wave of restrictions would hit us. Individuals were intentionally being placed in this cycle of hope and despair. The constant stress wore everyone down until they just accepted whatever they were instructed. Individuals were too tired to resist, and that is exactly what the *Spider* controlled *Globalists*’ end goal was.”

Peter’s voice sharpened. “*Threats*. This is the fourth method. In Canada, the captured government used threats to keep the *Sleoples* in line. If you broke the lockdown rules, you were fined. If you gathered with your family for holidays, you were arrested. Businesses that did not comply were shut down, threatened with closure or heavily fined. The fear of punishment was everywhere. Even when the rules made no sense, the threat of consequences was enough to keep the *Sleoples* compliant.”

Adrian’s tone was filled with sorrow and anger. “The threat of losing everything... your business... your freedom... your reputation... your livelihood... and your savings. This was enough to keep the *Sleoples* quiet and obedient. Most Canadians bent the knee and complied, not because they believed in the illegal mandates, but because they were afraid. The *Spider’s* captured Canadian government did not need to physically enforce the lockdowns. The psychological threat of public shame and punishment was more than enough to make the *Sleoples* fall in line and obey the illegitimate authority and their tyranny.”

Peter pressed on. “***Occasional Indulgences*** is the fifth method. This is when small rewards are given to keep the ***Sleoples*** compliant, only to take these so-called privileges away again. In Canada, we saw this with the easing of the coercive COVID-19 restrictions. The ***Sleoples*** were given brief moments of freedom, thinking the worst was over. But then the restrictions would return, often harsher than before. It was a cruel game, giving false hope to Canadians, training them to acquiesce and obey the ***Spider’s*** control system.”

Adrian’s voice hardened, a mix of bitterness and defiance. “I, along with other ***Sovereigns***, stood firm... stood up... we refused to comply with this evil. Meanwhile, the ***Sleoples*** complied, desperately clinging to the hope that maybe, just maybe, life would return to normal. But it never did. Every time freedom seemed within reach, the government snatched it away again. It was psychological warfare... manipulation at its darkest. The captured government dangled Canadian’s freedoms like bait, only to yank it away the moment the ***Sleoples*** reached out for it.”

Peter’s voice sharpened with intensity, each word cutting through the air. “The sixth method is ***Demonstrating Omnipotence and Omniscience***... when authorities present themselves as all-knowing, demanding unquestioning trust and obedience. In Canada, the government and health officials, under the rule of the ***Spider’s Globalist*** controlled Health Canada, along with provincial and territorial health authorities, acted as though they held all the answers. Their authority was absolute, their decrees treated as infallible, silencing anyone who dared question their so-called expertise.

Canadians were told to obey without question. Anyone who doubted the government’s decisions was publicly shamed and punished under the full extent of the unlawful mandates. The fake authorities, their ***Useful Idiots*** and ***Useful Tools*** positioned themselves as infallible, and I watched in exile as my fellow Canadian citizens were expected to trust and follow them blindly.”

Adrian’s frustration was palpable. “The captured Canadian government silenced anyone who dared to question it. Valid concerns? The government deemed your concerns and human rights irrelevant. It

crowned itself as the ultimate authority, branding anyone who didn't fall in line as an enemy of the state. And this continues in Canada today, the nation that supposedly prides itself on the rule of law and freedom.

Canada advertises itself as a constitutional monarchy... Oh, sure, 'constitutional' in name only. Monarchy? **Yes**... absolutely. We're practically living in a modern-day, thinly veiled dictatorship! Just last week, we talked about how Canada never truly became independent or sovereign from the British Crown unlike the United States," Adrian said, his voice laced with sarcasm.

Peter's tone grew darker as he continued. "**Degradation** is the seventh method. This is when the individual is humiliated and dehumanized to break their spirit. In Canada, anyone who questioned the illegal mandates and lockdowns or refused to comply was publicly shamed, threatened, and prosecuted. They were labeled selfish, dangerous and even murderous. The **Spider's** controlled media turned the public against anyone who dared to think differently and refused to bend the knee to evil."

Adrian's voice shook with emotion. "Canadian citizens turned on each other... the **Sleoples**. Neighbors reported neighbors. Families were torn apart because some refused to comply. It was so heartbreaking to personally witness this in our Canada. The government and media dehumanized anyone who dared to question the narrative, turning them into public pariahs."

Finally, Peter reached the eighth method. "**Enforcing Trivial Demands**," he said, his voice heavy with disdain. "This is when captors impose arbitrary, nonsensical rules to assert control. In Canada, citizens were commanded to follow guidelines that defied logic... like wearing masks outdoors when no one was around, curfews with no scientific basis, and strict limits on gatherings in their own homes. Meanwhile, big-box stores stayed open, while family-owned businesses, churches, synagogues, community centers, and schools were forced to shut down.

Small businesses and places of worship were unlawfully closed, while multinational corporations reaped record profits with their doors wide open. The rules constantly shifted, often contradicting themselves,

seemingly designed to humiliate and demoralize **Sovereign** individuals. Anyone who dared to break these illegitimate mandates faced severe penalties, massive fines, frozen bank accounts, and even jail time.”

Adrian’s frustration boiled over. “The unlawful Canadian mandates were not about safety. They were all about total control and to humiliate the **Sleoples**. We were forced to follow trivial and draconian demands just to remind us that we had no power. Every new rule was a reminder that we were at the mercy of a corrupt, tyrannical and captured government. They wanted us... they needed us to feel powerless... and they almost succeeded.”

Peter’s voice grew more urgent. “Adrian, what happened in Canada was not just about the plandemic. It was an international test case. The **Spider’s Globalist** elites used Canada to see how far they could push its population before Canadians broke. The travel restrictions, which violated Canadians’ Constitutional Rights, were just one part of it. The government did not care about our rights.

The **Spider’s** puppeteers, along with their **Useful Idiots** and **Useful Tools**, were testing the limits... pushing to see how much we would tolerate before we finally stood up and said, No more. The most chilling part? For the most part, it worked on the **Sleoples**. Except for Canada’s true **Sovereigns**... the Canadian truckers and their supporters... who rose up in defiance, staging the defining protest against lockdowns in Ottawa, the nation’s capital.”

Peter continued, “This protest resonated internationally, serving as a bastion of resistance. Meanwhile, the captured Canadian government adhered to the Biderman **Coercion** Chart as if it were a playbook, systematically manipulating its citizens while the world looked on. Canada has fallen under the control of unelected international conglomerates, oligarchies, and the **Spider’s Globalist** elites, whose grip only tightens, strangling humanity’s hope for freedom... liberty... and sovereignty.”

Adrian’s voice trembled as he absorbed the full scope of what had happened during the Canadian lockdowns. “If we, as humanity, remain blind to this, we’re being led straight into a future where these oppressive methods will be unleashed worldwide. Canada was only the begin-

ning... It was a test case. If individuals across the earth don't recognize the reality of what happened here, this contagion will seep into every nation, every community. The entire world is next. We must be deeply alarmed by these so-called ***Global Influencers***... the faces of this tyranny, standing in front of the curtain, tasked with carrying out these ruthless, draconian plans on behalf of the ***Spider*** and its ***Globalist*** puppets."

"***Yes...***" Peter agreed. "***Global Influencers*** are nothing more than puppets, controlled by the ***Spider's Globalist*** elites lurking in the shadows. They serve as the ultimate ***Useful Idiots*** and ***Useful Tools***, strategically positioned to prop up a crumbling system of control, now barely held together by duct tape and blind faith. This is a weighty subject... let us revisit the topic of ***Global Influencers*** in next week's video call."

The two men sat in silence for a long moment, letting the weight of their conversation settle. Adrian, still holding his Steam Works craft beer, raised it and took a large gulp. Peter, across the screen from his home in San Diego, mirrored the gesture, lifting his glass of Ziraldo Icewine.

"To freedom," Adrian said loudly, his voice full of conviction.

"And to humanity reclaiming its sovereignty," Peter added, his eyes meeting Adrian's through the screen.

Then, in a moment of unyielding defiance, ***The King of Main Street*** and ***The Son of a Dutch Farmer*** stood united, their voices rising together. Adrian and Peter spoke the words that had become the universal battle cry... a rallying declaration of freedom, sovereignty, and unshakable belief. These were the words that carried the hopes and convictions of freedom-loving men and women across generations. Together, with unwavering pride, they proclaimed... ***The Sovereign's Creed...***

"To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!"

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

GLOBAL INFLUENCERS

The following Wednesday night, as their screens lit up, a charged anticipation filled the air. *The Son of a Dutch Farmer* and *The King of Main Street* exchanged brief nods, their usual camaraderie subdued by the weight of the moment. Tonight, Peter J. Merrick and Adrian C. Spitters were set to delve into the roles of *Global Influencers*... those puppets meticulously positioned to execute *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*. Orchestrated by the *Spider's Globalist* elites, this was no ordinary discussion. The weight of the topic pressed heavily, its implications too critical to ignore. Both men were acutely aware of the significance of what lay ahead.

Peter did not waste any time. “We have mentioned in previous conversations the overnight lending market freezing in 2019. It was a disaster waiting to happen.”

Adrian nodded. “The overnight lending market, where financial institutions lend to each other to cover financial shortfalls, suddenly froze. Banks stopped lending to each other, and no one in the sleeping public or the *Spider's* controlled media seemed to notice or care. Behind the scenes, the private U.S. Federal Reserve was printing tril-

lions of fiat dollars overnight, to keep their private fraudulent banking system from collapsing.”

Peter raised his eyebrows, acknowledging that it had indeed reached trillions of dollars nightly.

Adrian sighed. “The private Federal Reserve had no other choice. *The Financial Industrial Complex* was built on a fraud. And that’s the thing, the *Sleoples* don’t realize the private U.S. Federal Reserve was never designed to benefit the American public. It was created in secrecy back in 1913 by a group of international bankers... owned and controlled by the *Spider*... who sought control over both the U.S. and world economies.

Adrian’s words lingered, heavy with a hidden truth. Peter broke the silence. “I didn’t fully grasp that central banks were private entities... and that their only national connection is in their names, until 2013, when I learned that Mark Carney, a Canadian, after heading the Bank of Canada had been appointed to lead the Bank of England.

Think about it... a man who was not even a British citizen was handed the reins of one of the world’s most powerful financial institutions, the Bank of England, in a country that was not his own. Only after assuming that position did Mark Carney gain British citizenship... years later when the British public started to question what was really happening. That was no coincidence. What does that reveal about who truly pulls the strings?”

Adrian’s gaze locked onto Peter’s, the full realization settling in. “It shows us that loyalty to a nation means nothing to these *Spider’s Globalist Useful Idiots* and *Useful Tools*. Carney was not chosen because of his allegiance to Britain... to Canada... or their citizens. He was chosen because of his loyalty to the *Spider’s* control system, the international financial system that operates above and beyond national interests, governments and individuals... *The Financial Industrial Complex*.

Carney’s British citizenship was an afterthought... a formality. His true allegiance is to this network, this *Spider’s* international elite cabal that transcends borders. The fact that he only became a British citizen

after being handed the reins of the Bank of England shows us that private central banks serve a demonic system, not the common folk.”

Peter’s tone sharpened, his words gaining momentum as the pieces of the puzzle started falling into place. “Carney isn’t an outlier... he’s part of a well-worn ***Spider’s Globalist*** blueprint. Before his roles at the Bank of England and the Bank of Canada, he spent decades being prepared and molded by Goldman Sachs... a great evil vampire squid... and a shadowy giant in international finance.

They are far more than an investment bank... Goldman Sachs is a power broker, a kingmaker, a force that subtly and decisively shapes international economies, placing its operatives in strategic positions within the world’s most powerful nations. Goldman Sachs operates as a tool of the ***Spider***. Mark Carney’s path was no accident... it wound through the major financial capitals of London, New York, Tokyo, and Ottawa, each stop preparing him to serve the vast and insidious empire of control known as ***The Financial Industrial Complex***.”

Adrian remarked with a hint of disdain, “Since leaving the Bank of England, Mark Carney has been busy... perhaps too busy, orchestrating an international financial shift to align with ‘Net-Zero’ goals. The ***Spider’s Globalist*** claim this ‘Net-Zero’ concept is about balancing greenhouse gas emissions with equivalent removals to combat climate change. Yet, when you dig deeper, it ties directly into the UN’s Sustainable Development Goals (SDGs). Net-Zero is not environmental policy... it is an economic reengineering tool, embedding control mechanisms into finance and governance.”

Peter’s eyes burned with intensity as he leaned in, his voice like a quiet storm. “Under the guise of sustainability, the ***Spider’s Globalist*** elites are using these SDGs to restructure economies, tighten financial surveillance, and consolidate power. They present it as a moral imperative. This is not about climate action. This is the blueprint for economic subjugation and human enslavement.” Peter let the words cut through the silence, his gaze unflinching. “Unless we wake up now, there will be no turning back.”

Adrian continued, his tone edged with disdain. “When you look

deeper, it is clear Carney has used this Net-Zero narrative as his Golden ticket. The world's financial systems are being rewired to funnel hundreds of trillions into climate investments, much of it ending up in the pockets of Carney, his *Spider's Globalist* elite masters, and friends. Behind the green promises, he is orchestrating a massive transfer of wealth, taking from the pockets of the common folk and delivering it to his masters, allies, and himself... all under the guise of 'sustainability.'"

Peter's voice dropped, revealing something truly dark. "**Yes!** You are absolutely right. Mark Carney isn't merely capitalizing on climate change rhetoric... he's twisting it to serve his own interests like one of the devil's helpers. This man has pieced together a vast empire of influence under the banner of 'green finance.' Look at the Glasgow Financial Alliance for Net Zero (GFANZ), a massive coalition Carney co-chairs to funnel tens of trillions into climate finance, under his guidance.

Then there's the Group of Thirty, where Carney sits as chair, a powerful assembly of *Spider's* international financiers and policymakers who can steer international monetary policies. And, of course, there's the Pacific Investment Management Company (PIMCO) Global Advisory Board, where he holds sway over strategies impacting countless international financial influential investment portfolios."

"These aren't just ordinary human organizations," Peter continued. "They are Carney's personal playground, set up by the *Spider's* unelected *Globalist* controllers and gatekeepers who've positioned him to decide who's in and who's out, all hidden under the 'Net-Zero' agenda. This isn't about saving the earth. It is all about profit and control over the common folk. That so-called 'environmental stewardship' is nothing more than a cash machine, a calculated move to funnel wealth from ordinary folks straight to his circle of allies and their powerful backers congregating near the *Spider's* lair in Switzerland."

Adrian cut in with a fierce nod. "**Yes...** it is more than control... it's absolute dominance. Carney has been positioned as the ultimate financial gatekeeper, claiming to save the environment while his allies' profit. All with the backing of the *Spider's* international organizations,

institutions, and non-government entities. To me, Carney is no hero for the earth or for the common folk.

Carney is orchestrating a massive transfer of power and wealth, hiding in plain sight as a so-called finance 'climate crusader.' In reality, his actions tighten the *Spider's Globalist* cabal's grip on humanity with each policy and partnership." Adrian added, leaning in with a somber tone, "Carney has been groomed by the *Spider* to be the Canadian Prime Minister. Time will tell if the *Spider* tightens its grip on Canada completely."

Peter paused, letting the weight of Adrian's words settle in. "Carney wasn't working for Canada, the United Kingdom or the human citizens of the world... he was advancing the interests of the *Spider's* power elites that control the entire *Financial Industrial Complex*. His move from the head of the Bank of Canada to the Bank of England wasn't about serving Britain, it was another calculated step in a well crafted *Spider's* game of control. Yet most national citizens still believe private central banks exist to protect their economies and citizens. But that's an illusion. These entities don't safeguard... they dominate, controlling everything from the shadows."

Adrian nodded, his voice firm with the weight of hard-earned experience, understanding and wisdom. "Private central banks do not just influence economies... they dictate the money supply, interest rates, and the very fate of nations... and with that, the fate of all humanity. Control the money, and you control the *Sleoples*. The public has been led to believe these private institutions operate in their best interest, the truth is far darker and sinister. They are tools of power, serving the few at the expense of the many."

"These private central banks work for the *Spider's Globalist* elites who pull the strings behind the curtain, and they always have in recorded history. They're not our protectors... they are mechanisms of control," Peter stated, his tone unyielding. "Common folk need to realize that as long as private central banks hold power over our money, true freedom remains out of reach. Without severing ties from this system, the *Sleoples* will remain trapped in a corrupt structure that restricts their autonomy and funnels their wealth upward."

This is exactly what Nathan Rothschild understood. Born in 1777 and passing in 1836, Rothschild was one of history's most influential banksters, the architect of a financial dynasty that shaped the course of nations. Rothschild's words still linger, a haunting echo that chills the soul... 'I care not what puppet is placed upon the throne of England to rule the Empire, the man who controls Britain's money supply controls the British Empire, and I control the money supply.'"

Peter paused to let the significance of Rothschild's words sink in. "This was not just rhetoric. Rothschild knew that political power was meaningless compared to financial power. As long as you control the money, you control everything. And the private international bankers and their *Spider's Globalist* controllers, control and almost own everything."

Adrian's eyes darkened as he added, "common folk might not fully understand who Nathan Rothschild was. He was part of the Rothschild banking dynasty, which has been one of the most powerful financial families in history. Nathan himself established the London branch of the family's banking empire in the early 1800s, and during the Napoleonic Wars, his network of banks across Europe allowed him to fund both sides of the conflict. This gave him unprecedented influence over nations' outcomes, fates and fortunes. He was not just a banker. He wielded immense power, influencing the fate of governments, economies, nations and humanity alike."

Peter nodded, acknowledging the weight of Rothschild's influence on the course of modern human history. "Nathan Rothschild was the wealthiest man of his era, but his real power came from his control over the money supply. By financing governments, he essentially held them in his pocket. That was the blueprint. And that blueprint has never changed. Private central banks like the Bank of England, the Bank of Canada and the Federal Reserve follow the same principle. Private central banks control nations through the money supply, and the *Sleoples* do not even see it. The *Sleoples* still think political leaders have the power, but as Rothschild honestly stated, it does not matter who our political leaders are, it matters who controls the money."

Adrian continued, a hard edge in his voice. "This evil system has

only expanded since Rothschild's era. The Rothschilds may have laid the foundation, and now it's a vast international network of private banks, corporations, and supranational institutions like the Bank for International Settlements, the International Monetary Fund, and the World Bank. The public still believes their elected leaders manage the economy, the reality is that true power rests with the private central banks and the financial interests controlling them."

Peter's voice grew darker. "And it does not stop there. Look at where Mark Carney is now. He is deeply embedded in the World Economic Forum (WEF). That is no coincidence. The WEF is not a gathering of well-meaning elites. It is directly connected to the nerve center and is the mouthpiece of the *Spider's* system of control. It is where the future is being shaped, and the WEF have been laying the groundwork for decades. The WEF's programs, like the Young Global Leaders (YGL), have been grooming the next generation of world power brokers, and puppets... *Useful Idiots* and *Useful Tools*."

Adrian's eyes flashed with understanding. "Yes... correct. The World Economic Forum's Young Global Leaders program is not just a training ground for politicians of nations and CEOs of multinational corporations. It is a factory that produces the future architects and managers of the *Spider's* total control system. These henchmen of the *Spider* are not just running countries or companies, they are influencing entire worldwide systems that are meant to control humanity.

Look at the *Useful Idiots* and *Useful Tools* who have come through this WEF program... international government leaders like Emmanuel Macron of France, Angela Merkel of Germany, Justin Trudeau of Canada, even tech and pharmaceutical titans like Jeff Bezos and Bill Gates. These *Useful Idiots* and *Useful Tools*... all minions of the *Spider* controlled World Economic Forum are not advancing their own national interests or corporate goals. They are executing the *Spider's* UN and WEF *Globalist* agenda. It is fascinating and alarming to consider the true objectives of UN Agenda 21 and UN Agenda 2030. A world where you own nothing, they own and control everything, and you are told you will be happy about it."

Peter's voice quickened as he listed the names. "Macron has been pushing for deeper European integration and climate change initiatives, all aligned with the WEF's vision. Merkel, during her time as Germany's Chancellor, was one of the main drivers behind the European Union's open borders, migration, and sustainability policies. She led Germany's economic transformation according to the WEF towards the UN Agenda 2030 sustainability goals. And then there is Trudeau, who has turned Canada into a laboratory for digital governance, climate action, so-called social justice and into an economic basket case. All of which perfectly align with the UN and WEF's Net Zero vision... the *Spider's* antihuman agenda.

The WEF's Net Zero vision aims to eliminate carbon emissions, the gas of life, by 2050 by shifting industries, energy, and economies toward greater controls through the hoax of renewable energy and carbon capture. Beyond environmental goals, its deeper aim is to control humanity by reducing the total population by a minimum of eighty percent, eliminating what they refer to us as 'useless eaters,' and managing humanity as a controlled, compliant herd under the guise of sustainability."

Adrian's voice sharpened. "And let us not forget Gavin Newsom, the governor of California. He is another WEF Young Global Leader graduate. He has turned California into a shithole, a model for the UN and WEF's agenda on climate, social equity, environmental and plandemic management. Newsom's policies are not about serving Californians. They are all about advancing the *Spider's* UN and WEF vision for centralized total control and order."

Peter's intensity sharpened, his words cutting through the air. "The WEF's Young Global Leaders program is just the tip of the iceberg. The WEF's Young Global Influencers are far more insidious. These real-life *Useful Idiots* and *Useful Tools* have infiltrated governments, corporations, and NGOs worldwide. They are the quiet architects and administrators of the UN and WEF's antihuman agenda, pushing initiatives like Agenda 21, Agenda 2030, and Net Zero... not as national policies but as international mandates designed to override both national and individual sovereignty and reshape humanity's future."

The public has no idea that these influencers are operating behind the scenes, shaping decisions that affect every aspect of our lives. These **Spider** controlled **Globalists** are selling these ideas as solutions to climate change or inequality, but they are really about centralizing control over all of us.”

Adrian’s voice tightened with urgency. “It all accelerated with COVID-19. The pandemic provided the **Spider’s Globalist** elites, along with their **Useful Idiots** and **Useful Tools**, the perfect opportunity to test and expand their control. Under the guise of public health, they enforced worldwide lockdowns, implemented digital surveillance systems, attempted to bankrupt **Sovereigns**, enslave the **Sleoples** and coerce participation in an unproven, unstudied, and untested worldwide medical experiment... all while imposing unprecedented restrictions on personal freedom.

Captured governments worldwide handed over sweeping powers to central authorities, and citizens were told to comply without question. The **Spider** created and controlled World Health Organization (WHO) was right there, coordinating these efforts, ensuring that every country fell in line with the draconian worldwide lockdowns and medical experiment.”

Peter’s voice was filled with an almost chilling calmness and restraint. “The **Spider’s Globalists** tested the limits of control, and they succeeded. The **Sleoples** complied. The **Sleoples** accepted the surveillance, the restrictions, and the loss of freedom because it was framed as necessary for public health. Now, the **Spider’s Globalist** control system is moving at lightning speed toward Central Bank Digital Currencies (CBDCs), which will give the **Spider’s** diabolical system complete all encompassing control.

The top unelected **Spider’s Globalist** controllers, known within their inner circles as the **Olympians**... a term revealed by one of the greatest revered **Sovereign** teachers to ever have lived... John Coleman. The **Spider’s Olympians** have unleashed their minions... henchmen... **Useful Idiots**... and **Useful Tools**... across the surface of the earth like creepy little crawling spiders to promote their demonic CBDCs as the future of money... as they sell them to the **Sleoples** as... efficient... digital... democratic... equitable... modern... and... for their own good.”

Peter leaned forward. “Do not be deceived... this is not about convenience... it is all about absolute total control. CBDCs are not just a

step forward in technology... they are a weapon in the hands of private central banks. With CBDCs, these private financial institutions will have the power to track every transaction, scrutinize every financial move, and, at the push of a button, freeze accounts, restrict access, and enforce their will. The *Sleoples* must wake up and see the truth for what it is... CBDCs are not the evolution of money... CBDCs are the blueprint for surveillance, the architecture of control. If we fail to understand this, we are walking willingly into a prison camp we will never escape from."

Adrian's voice hardened with the truth. "This is what the *Sleoples* need to wake up from. This is not just happening in one country or one region. This is the *Spider's Globalist* system of control. The WEF, the BIS, the IMF, the UN, the WHO, and the private central banks, they are all interconnected. They are not serving the individual or humanity. They are advancing a *Spider* controlled worldwide agenda that seeks to centralize power and control over every aspect of our lives, including our money, health, freedom, and sovereignty. Most of humanity remains unaware of just how deeply this antihuman and sinister system runs."

Peter's voice grew heavy with determination. "The *Spider's* corporate captured and controlled media is complicit in this. They distract the public with noise, with meaningless stories, with fear and division. The mainstream carefully curated media are keeping the *Sleoples* focused and asleep from the real issues. While the media fills the airwaves and internet with distractions, this antihuman system tightens its grip, slowly, and methodically. The *Sleoples* are not being informed, they are being managed and further enslaved."

Adrian's voice lowered, his strong conviction remained. "This is why... *It Starts With Gold!* The individual needs to take back control of their own resources, autonomy and sovereignty, if they are ever going to break free from this system. Owning physical Gold and other precious metals is the first step. It is outside of the *Spider's Globalist* controlled system. It cannot be tracked, it cannot be frozen, it cannot be manipulated by the private central banks. By owning Gold, the *Sleoples* take the first step toward reclaiming their sovereignty, their freedom from the system that seeks to enslave and kill them."

Peter's voice carried conviction. "Owning Gold is not just about holding a tangible asset... it is a declaration of independence. It is standing firm and saying, 'I will not be controlled. My wealth... my freedom... and my sovereignty will not be manipulated by the **Spider's Globalist** elites and their evil agenda.' Gold is real, untouchable, and beyond their reach. Gold is your first step in reclaiming personal sovereignty."

Peter's intensity sharpened, his words carrying a fiery conviction. "The essence of everything we discuss comes down to this... **It Starts With Gold!** This is not just a simple metaphor... it is a rallying cry, a call to action to reclaim our lives and our freedom. Owning physical Gold is more than an investment... it is an act of defiance, a step toward sovereignty. By holding Gold, the **Sleoples** take control of their wealth, their futures, and their lives, breaking free from the **Spider's** web of control. This is where our journey begins. This is how the **Sleoples** awaken and transform into **Sovereigns**... by taking that first, tangible step toward true independence."

Adrian's voice softened but remained resolute. "The private central banks, the WEF, the UN, the BIS, the WHO... they do not care about humanity, especially those of us that prize our sovereignty. Their endgame is to consolidate total control and power. The introduction of CBDCs is just the latest tool in their arsenal of control. The plandemic showed the controllers how easily they could seize control under the guise of safety and health, and now they are moving toward a permanent system of digital control.

This is what they are calling the Internet of Things (IoT). The IoT is a network of connected devices that communicate and share data via the internet, enabling automation and real-time monitoring of physical objects, from household items, industrial systems, to controlling humans, to everything on the face of the earth and in the depths of the seas."

Peter's voice carried a sense of finality, and also of hope. "**Yes!** This is why **Sleoples** must act now to become **Sovereigns**. This demonic control system is tightening its grip around our necks. Soon it will be too late for almost all of us. However, there is still time. By owning Gold, by taking control of our own resources, the **Sleoples** can begin to break free from

this *Spider's* planned control system. This is about more than financial security. This is about reclaiming our independence, our freedom, our health, our community, our independent nations, our sovereignty and our lives."

As the conversation came to a close, Adrian spoke with conviction, "Gold has always proven itself to be a secure store of wealth and a universal medium of exchange. A true store of wealth retains its value over time, increasing purchasing power, and a medium of exchange is something widely accepted in trade for goods and services. We must always remember that... ***It Starts With Gold!***"

Peter smiled in agreement. "Yes... Adrian! In a world where stability is increasingly rare, Gold remains a symbol of security and real... tangible... lasting value."

Adrian glanced at the time. "It is getting late, we need to continue this discussion on our next Wednesday video call. We need to talk more about how ***The Financial Industrial Complex*** maintains its grip through coercion and ensures compliance at every level."

Peter nodded, his tone resolute and filled with purpose. "Yes... absolutely, that will be our focus next week. For now, we have set the stage. The path to reclaiming our independence, security, and individual sovereignty begins with the universal battle cry... ***The Sovereign's Creed.***"

With a shared sense of conviction and purpose... ***The King of Main Street*** and ***The Son of a Dutch Farmer*** raised their glasses high as they proclaimed... ***The Sovereign's Creed...***

"To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!"

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

THE FINANCIAL INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX

Peter J. Merrick took a sip of his Ziraldo Prosecco wine, savoring its crispness as he prepared for another critical Wednesday evening call with his good friend, colleague, and professional collaborator, Adrian C. Spitters. Their conversations had become more urgent, timely and significant. Especially given the deepening financial instability they saw unfolding internationally. Every Wednesday night like clockwork, they discussed how to guide their clients towards financial security in a world where many seemed oblivious to the looming financial crises and societal collapse.

The Son of a Dutch Farmer, sitting in front of his screen with a Steam Works Craft Beer in hand, caught *The King of Main Street's* eye and signaled that he was ready to begin. "Switching things up tonight with Ziraldo Prosecco, I see," Adrian said to Peter with a grin, raising his beer in acknowledgment.

Peter returned the smile. "**Yes**... I wanted something sharper tonight. We have a lot to get into, and clarity is going to be essential."

Adrian's expression grew focused. "I have been thinking a lot about

Ed Dowd, the ex-BlackRock portfolio manager lately. You introduced him to me well before he exploded on the alternative media scene on the most influential podcasts.

I have watched his interviews regularly with Tucker Carlson, Joe Rogan, Steve Bannon, Dr. Drew Pinsky, Naomi Wolf, Del Bigtree, Clay Clark and even Alex Jones. Ed Dowd is everywhere now. When you met him, Peter, he was not as well-known. That was before his international bestselling book was released by Skyhorse Publishing Inc. This is the same publisher that released Robert F. Kennedy Jr.'s book, *The Real Anthony Fauci: Bill Gates, Big Pharma, and the Global War on Democracy and Public Health*. Focusing on voices that dig deep into the facts behind the headlines."

"You know, Adrian, I read Ed Dowd's book, 'Cause Unknown: The Epidemic of Sudden Deaths in 2021 and 2022,' as well. It was an insightful read. Using his background in analyzing financial markets and spotting patterns, Ed carefully examined the data and trends surrounding the increase in sudden deaths and increases in disabilities during and after the plandemic. The patterns he highlighted, whether in excess mortality rates or shifts in insurance claims."

Adrian then added, "Ed showed that there are important questions that we all need to be asking ourselves right now about the forced worldwide medical experiment. Ed did not dive into wild speculation... instead, he focused on the facts, relying on his professional skills in analysing the guts of *The Financial Industrial Complex* to make sense of complex health data. He raised the need for transparency and further investigation. It is hard to dismiss the real evidence he presents, and it certainly makes you reflect on what is really going on behind the scenes."

Peter leaned back in his chair, a confidence spreading across his face. "I met Ed Dowd through Robert Abrams, a key figure in my journey down the rabbit hole. Someone I deeply respect, and I am proud to call a good friend. Robert is both Ed's and my speaking agent and the owner of *Big Ideas Speakers Bureau*.

This speaking agency is the leading force in the awakening movement, representing the boldest and brightest minds across a vast range of

fields, driving transformative ideas and courageous action. From finance, politics, health, social change and economics to technology, leadership, and agriculture. ***Big Ideas Speakers*** focuses on bringing together the most innovative and forward-thinking voices in the world today, specializing in presenting them to large, awakened and receptive audiences.

Ed had worked at BlackRock, managing a large, significant growth equity portfolio. What struck me most was how clearly, he saw the cracks forming in the entire ***Spider's Globalist*** controlled financial system. With his front-row seat to BlackRock's inner workings, the largest asset manager in the world, Ed's extensive financial analytic management experience gave him deep insights that few others could match."

Adrian took a sip of his beer, his interest piqued. "BlackRock manages over \$12.5 trillion in assets as of 2025 according to some estimates."

Peter nodded. "***Yes...*** and when you factor in their Aladdin system... a sophisticated risk management and investment platform that not only monitors and manages portfolio risks... it also processes huge amounts of financial data for institutional investors internationally. It influences an additional \$22 trillion worldwide."

Adrian leaned back in his chair, his voice low and deliberate. "Aladdin is not just software... it is the engine that keeps BlackRock at the forefront of executing the ***Spider's*** agenda. It has become the backbone for asset managers, insurers, banks, and financial institutions worldwide... guiding them to make rapid decisions that align with the ***Spider's*** sinister plan. It is a dominant force in ***The Financial Industrial Complex***. When you factor in BlackRock's direct asset management, they hold sway over more than \$35 trillion in assets in 2025... and that number grows unchecked with each passing day."

Peter gave a slow nod. "***Yes...*** it is hard to wrap your head around how far BlackRock's reach extends. Ed worked inside that system and saw just how diabolical it truly is. All of BlackRock's influence rests on a financial system built on fake fiat currency, and we both know how unstable and corrupt that foundation is. It might appear solid from the outside, but it would not take much to bring the whole thing crashing down."

Adrian leaned forward. “Fiat currency... it is just paper or numbers on a screen with no intrinsic value...”

Peter set his glass down, his tone growing more serious. “**Yes!** Fiat currency is not tied to anything tangible, like Gold or silver. Fiat currency’s value only exists because unsuspecting individuals trust the system that issues it. And once that trust is gone... whether due to inflation, poor governance, or crisis, the value of that fake fiat currency will evaporate to nothing overnight.”

Adrian sat quietly for a moment, absorbing the weight of Peter’s words. His mind drifted to their earlier discussions about Ed Dowd, a man whose insights into the plandemic and how it was tied to ***The Financial Industrial Complex***, had been growing more relevant with each passing day. “So,” Adrian asked, breaking the silence, “when did Ed really start seeing things this way? What was his wake-up moment?”

Peter leaned back in his chair, pausing to gather his thoughts. “It all started for Ed back in 2019, just before the plandemic hit. Ed was already watching the international debt bubble closely, recognizing that it was dangerously close to bursting. He began to ask himself how those in power would manage to deflect the blame when ***The Financial Industrial Complex*** eventually collapses. He sensed the ***Spider’s Globalist*** elite international private banking cartel would manufacture or seize on an external crisis. Something big enough to distract the ***Sleoples*** from the entire system’s failure, so the ***Spider’s Globalist*** elites would not have to own up to it.”

Peter paused, recalling Ed’s detailed analysis. “In 2019, Ed had already begun noticing alarming trends. He wrote down a personal list, sensing that things were starting to unravel. One of the key signs was in the repo market, a foundation of ***The Financial Industrial Complex*** not many individuals pay attention to but crucial to its functioning.”

Adrian nodded and reiterated. “The repurchase agreement market, or repo market, acts as the backbone of short-term borrowing for financial institutions. In simple terms, a repo is a form of collateralized loan where one party sells securities, typically government bonds, to another party with the agreement to buy them back at a slightly higher price on

a specified date. It is a way for banks and large financial institutions to borrow and lend large sums of fake fiat money overnight to ensure they have enough liquidity to meet their operational needs. Normally, the repo market runs smoothly, operating almost unnoticed by the public.”

Peter leaned forward, emphasizing the weight of the situation. “In the fall of 2019, something went seriously wrong and sideways. There were sudden and significant anomalies in the overnight repo market, where financial institutions typically lend to each other overnight. The borrowing interest rates in this market spiked dramatically, reaching as high as 10% when they are normally closer to 2%.”

Adrian narrowed his eyes, his tone sharpening as he leaned in. “This spike in the repo markets signaled that liquidity in the system was drying up, and financial institutions were struggling to meet their short-term funding needs. Even worse, these institutions no longer trusted one another, so they stopped lending altogether. The private Federal Reserve had to step in, printing worthless fiat money and injecting trillions of dollars into the repo market each night just to keep it stable.”

Peter shook his head as he continued. “It was an early warning signal that *The Financial Industrial Complex* was in serious trouble and on the verge of collapse. Most individuals either did not notice or did not understand its significance. Then, the plandemic hit in March 2020, and everything changed.

Private central banks responded to the plandemic by printing fake fiat money on an unprecedented scale. Tens of trillions of dollars were injected into *The Financial Industrial Complex* to cover over its cracks. They were only buying time. The underlying problems were not fixed, and all the private central banks did was inflate bubbles in stocks, bonds, real estate and cryptocurrencies. None of these price bubbles are sustainable or maintainable.”

Adrian added, “Is it not interesting that COVID-19 just appeared out of nowhere, on the scene right when the overnight repo market froze? It gave captured governments through private central banks the perfect opportunity and excuse to print tens of trillions of dollars to stop *The Financial Industrial Complex* from total collapse. How con-

venient it was that COVID-19 appeared just in time to allow the private central bankers to temporarily bail out the fake fiat money system from totally seizing up and collapsing.”

Peter’s tone grew sharper, the weight of his words undeniable. “And then, on April 5, 2020, Ed had his true awakening... a moment that peeled back the curtain on the scamdemic for what it truly was. He was watching James Bullard, the president of the private U.S. Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis, on Face the Nation, broadcast by the *Spider’s* legacy-controlled media network... CBS. Bullard was casually discussing how to reopen the economy after the lockdowns... then he dropped something... a chilling bombshell. Bullard mentioned implementing new technologies to issue ‘immunity badges’ to track the vaccinated and using surveillance systems to monitor the population.

It was like history repeating itself... a haunting echo of the *Gesundheitspass*... the genocidal health passport from Hitler’s Nazi Germany. The parallels were impossible to ignore. This was not just about public health... it was all about total control, conditioning, and compliance on an international scale. For Ed, this was the moment he saw through the facade, realizing the plandemic was a carefully orchestrated power grab.”

Adrian raised an eyebrow. “Immunity badges/health passports, QR codes, Social Credit Scores, and CBDCs... the Nazi Gesundheitspass. It is all following Hegel’s dialectic... *Problem... Reaction... Solution*. First, a problem is created or exploited, then a reaction from the public is stirred up, through fear, and finally, the controllers present their pre-planned solution, which the public ends up begging for. All of this is leading to digital slave IDs. If we allow this to happen, then humanity as we have known it is done for.”

Peter then added, “Look at what China has done with their digital slave ID system. It combines and controls everything. The Chinese Communist Party, or CCP, tracks every citizen’s movements, purchases, and even their social interactions. The CCP’s Social Credit System assigns individual scores based on citizens’ behavior, compliance, and displayed loyalty to the CCP government and the elites. If those under

the CCP's control fall out of favor, they are restricted from basic services, such as booking travel or accessing certain public resources. There are countless more antihuman restrictions and punishments that the average Western citizen cannot even begin to fathom."

"All of this is tied directly to the CCP's citizens' digital identity, which tracks their financial, social movement, personal standing and health choices in real-time." Adrian interjected. "It is surveillance and control on an unprecedented level. And do not think for a second that it is limited to China. Control systems like these are currently being developed, tested and being deployed internationally. It is only a matter of time before a version of digital slave IDs arrives in a country near you. If it hasn't already happened!"

Peter nodded grimly. "**Yes...** it was when Ed watched the president of the private U.S. Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis on Face the Nation. He was telling the world that we needed immunity badges to re-open the economy. At that moment, a light went off in Ed's head. He realized the plandemic was not about an invisible sickness. It was **all** about the fake fiat money and complete control over humanity.

The Financial Industrial Complex was going to collapse, and the powers that be were preparing to introduce a new control system to manage the aftermath. Vaccine passports, digital fiat currencies, and a whole new level of financial and personal surveillance. It is all part of this demonic plan... ***The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0.***"

Adrian sat back, shaking his head. "So, Ed started tweeting about it, predicting what was coming from his decades of experience working in the belly of ***The Financial Industrial Complex*** beast."

Peter smiled faintly, a knowing glint in his eye. "**Yes...** in his Twitter tweets... now called X's X posts... Ed initially framed his warnings as the plot of a dystopian movie, a clever shield against being labeled a conspiracy theorist. Yet, he was right. Everything he predicted came to pass... vaccine passports, the demonization of the unvaccinated, rampant financial corruption, intrusive government surveillance, and the systematic demoralization of entire populations. It all unfolded just as he foresaw."

Peter paused, his expression sharpening with intensity. “Ed and I delved deep into how captured governments, working hand in glove with corrupt private central banks, exploited the COVID-19 plandemic as a pretext to print tens of trillions of dollars under the guise of quantitative easing. They claimed it was to stabilize the international economy, but in truth, the *Spider’s Globalists* were engineering massive bubbles in stocks, bonds, real estate and cryptocurrencies... fueling the *All Asset Bubbles*. All of it teeters precariously on a mountain of debt, setting the stage for *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*.”

Adrian reiterated, mainly for clarity, “As you know, Quantitative Easing (QE) is when a private central bank creates new fiat money to buy government bonds and other financial assets. This floods the economy with new make-believe fiat money, lowers interest rates, and encourages lending and investment to stimulate growth when traditional methods like lowering interest rates have failed. Of course, it always leads to inflation and asset bubbles.

It is like Weimar Germany after World War I. The Weimar German government allowed for so much fiat money to be printed that it became worthless. The common folk in Weimar Germany were literally using wheelbarrows full of fiat cash to buy bread and other basic necessities.”

Peter’s eyes narrowed as he continued. “Weimar Germany is a perfect example of hyperinflation, rapid and out-of-control increase in prices, typically exceeding 50% per month in the cost of basic goods and services, caused by reckless government spending and fiat money printing. And this is the key point, during times of economic collapse, Gold holds its value. It is not just a hedge against inflation... it often multiplies in value.”

Peter leaned forward, clearly enjoying the lesson he was about to give, reminding himself when he was back at the university teaching in Toronto. “Take Weimar Germany again. Imagine you sold your house in 1922, just before hyperinflation hit. Back then, the average house was worth about 100,000 Marks or approximately \$2,000 U.S. If instead of holding onto that cash, you converted it into Gold, you could buy

around 100 ounces of Gold, as it was priced at roughly 1,000 Marks or \$20 US per ounce at the time.”

Adrian raised an eyebrow, intrigued. “So, you are holding 100 ounces of Gold as hyperinflation starts in 1922 in Weimar Germany. What happens next?”

Peter continued with a hint of disbelief in his tone. “By late 1923, when hyperinflation was at its peak in Weimar Germany, Gold was trading at around 87 trillion Marks per ounce. Your 100 ounces of Gold would now be worth 8.7 quadrillion Marks. At that point, houses that were worth millions, billions and trillions of Marks could be bought for just a few ounces of Gold.”

Adrian leaned back, taking it all in. “So, after the hyperinflation, how many houses could you buy with those 100 ounces of Gold in Weimar Germany in 1924 when its currency stabilized?”

Peter smiled. “After the Weimar German government introduced the Rentenmark, its new fiat currency to stabilize the economy in 1924, the average house cost around 5 ounces of Gold. With your 100 ounces, you could have bought 20 houses. This is equal to \$100 US per the average house after the hyper runaway inflation in Weimar Germany. That is the power of holding Gold during a financial collapse. It not only preserves your wealth, but you are also more likely to multiply your riches.”

Adrian shook his head in amazement. “One house transforms into twenty homes simply by holding Gold instead of fake fiat currency. This underscores a vital lesson from history... during the hyperinflation of 1922–1924, the value of the Weimar German Mark plummeted into worthlessness, while the price of Gold soared. Holding Gold during that turbulent period not only preserved wealth but multiplied it twentyfold. Gold’s value remained stable in real terms, even as the Weimar Mark collapsed. The lesson from this historical event is crystal clear... to preserve your wealth against hyperinflation... ***It Starts With Gold!***”

“***Yes!*** Gold is more than just a hedge against inflation and economic uncertainty,” Peter nodded. “Gold is one of the few assets that grows your wealth when fake fiat currency collapses. Gold is very real, and

tangible. Both captured governments and private central banks have a very hard time manipulating it compared to fake fiat money. You cannot print more Gold out of nothing.”

For a few moments, Adrian and Peter sat in silence, the weight of the conversation settling over them. The collapse of the current fraudulent fiat currency system was no longer a distant possibility. It was unfolding before their very eyes. Captured governments and private central banks worldwide had printed too much fake fiat money, inflating asset bubbles on the verge of bursting. When the collapse comes, only those who had shifted their wealth into Gold and other tangible assets would preserve their purchasing power.

Adrian broke the silence with a thoughtful question. “So, what does Ed think the banksters want for humanity after the financial collapse? What comes next in his view?”

Peter’s tone darkened as he answered. “Ed believes that after the collapse, governments and private central banks will try to introduce private Central Bank Digital Currencies (CBDCs) as the solution. They will present these private central bank digital fiat currencies as a way to stabilize the economy, but their real agenda is total control over the individual.

With CBDCs, the *Spider’s* captured governments and private central banks will be able to track every transaction, freeze accounts, and dictate how the average folk will be able to spend their fake fiat money. It is planned financial surveillance and enslavement on a scale we have never witnessed and experienced before in recorded human history.”

Adrian frowned, clearly unsettled by the thought. “This is very terrifying. If the captured governments, the private central banks and the *Spider’s Globalist* elites control your digital wallet, they control everything. They will control what you buy, how much you can spend. It is total control. They will control you. This would be worse than any dystopian novel imaginable.”

Peter nodded in agreement. “*Yes!* That is why owning and holding physical Gold in your personal possession or having your Gold securely vaulted is so important. Gold exists outside of the digitalized financial

system when you hold possession of it. It cannot be tracked, frozen, or easily manipulated by the captured governments or private central banks. When CBDCs are rolled out, individuals who only hold digital assets will be completely vulnerable to collapse of *The Financial Industrial Complex*... followed by *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*. But Gold... physical Gold remains untouchable when you own it and hold it. Gold is real wealth you can hold in your hands.”

Adrian leaned back, the seriousness of the situation hitting him directly in the face. “Now, while *The Financial Industrial Complex* is still intact, currently many private central banks, nations, corporations and wealthy individuals are moving large portions of their wealth into Gold. When the collapse happens, they will be in a position to buy assets for a fraction of their current value.”

“History has proven this reoccurring pattern and theme, whether it is Weimar Germany, Zimbabwe, Argentina, or even ancient civilizations like Rome or the Yuan Dynasty in China, fiat currencies always collapse,” Peter said, nodding firmly. “And when they do, the value of Gold skyrockets. Those who hold Gold come out on top.”

As the conversation was winding down, the implications began to weigh heavily on both Peter and Adrian. The rotting modern fake fiat currency system was not just weakening. It was teetering on the edge of total collapse. The only real question was, when?

“So, when Ed talks about CBDCs, how do you think it plays out,” Adrian asked. “Does its implementation happen quickly after the collapse, or do the *Spider’s Globalists* wait?”

Peter leaned into his screen, knowing this was a key linchpin to implementing the final stage of the *Spider’s* total control system. “In Ed’s view, the financial collapse will happen immediately, and the response will be just as swift. The *Spider’s Globalist* network has taken control of national governments and private central banks. They now plan to introduce worldwide CBDCs, presenting them as the solution to restore financial stability within *The Financial Industrial Complex*.

The *Spider’s Globalist* elites will say that with fake digital fiat currencies, they can ensure that everyone has access to their fake fiat money,

especially if the traditional banks and other financial institutions fail. CBDCs will be sold as a method to prevent chaos. The ultimate goal of the *Spider* is far darker... absolute, unyielding control and the enslavement of all humanity. This is a perfect epitome of the *Hegelian Dialectic... Problem... Reaction... Solution!*"

Adrian's brow furrowed as he considered the implications. "Control how? You mean like monitoring everyone's spending?"

Peter nodded. "*Yes...* and it goes much deeper than that. With CBDCs, private central banks and captured governments will be able to impose negative interest rates, meaning they can charge you for holding onto your digital fake fiat currency. They can limit how much you are allowed to spend, where you can spend it, and even when you are allowed to spend it. If they do not like what you are doing, if you criticize the *Spider's Globalist* captured governments and the control system, for example, they could freeze your digital wallet at anytime. Thus, turning you into a nonperson. It is the ultimate surveillance, control, and enslavement tool."

Adrian exhaled, visibly disturbed by the thought. "This is terrifying. It is a form of absolute tyranny."

Peter strongly agreed. "*Yes...* it is. And this is why so many awakened *Sovereigns* to what is about to happen, to this reality, are so adamant about the importance of holding physical assets like Gold. Gold cannot be frozen. It cannot be tracked when you have physical possession of it. This way Gold cannot be manipulated by digital systems. It is real. It is a tangible store of wealth. It is a proven historical medium of exchange for goods and services. This is why it is so important to own and have the physical possession of your own Gold."

Adrian leaned in, curiosity sparking in his eyes. "Did Ed share any other deep insights that stuck with you?"

"Ed did, and it really drove home how the *Sleoples* misunderstand what we do for a living," Peter said. "Ed shared with me, 'The uninformed call him a conspiracy theorist all the time. What they do not realize is, as an investment portfolio manager, his entire job was to be a stock conspiracy theorist. Ed's role was to gather information that

was not available to most, make strategic investments, and by the time everyone else caught on, the stock he had placed his institutional clients' and his wealth in, had already surged and multiplied eight or ten times."

Peter paused, then continued, "Adrian, you, me, Ed and Robert Abrams... and the **Sovereigns** who are awake to what is happening, are often labeled conspiracy theorists by the uninformed and the asleep... the **Sleoples**. But what we really do is dig deep and see the bigger picture. We look at economies, politics, and market forces on a macro scale, focusing on growth, risk mitigation, inflation, employment, demographics, government and private central banks actions that impact entire nations and the world. This is exactly our work. We may not always have the full picture, but we gather enough information to spot trends, opportunities, potential hazards and perils."

Adrian interjected, "The secret to staying ahead is not having all the answers but knowing how to work with the pieces we have. Even if we only have 30 percent of the information, we rely on our brains, apply critical thinking and deductive reasoning, and take action on the patterns we recognize before anyone else. That is how you create wealth, safeguard your family, strengthen your community, and protect your financial assets... by anticipating the trends others fail to see.

So, when the **Sleoples** of this world call me or you conspiracy theorists, it is because they do not understand what our job really is... predicting and navigating through the future. Ed is great at it. I am great at it. Peter, I have watched you work, and I know you are great at it as well."

Peter leaned back, the weight of Ed's words heavy in the air. "The term 'conspiracy theorist' has been weaponized to silence **Sovereigns** from seeking out the truth. After the assassination of the 35th U.S. President, John F. Kennedy, on November 22, 1963, the CIA deliberately pushed the term 'conspiracy theorist' to discredit anyone questioning the official approved narrative."

Adrian's eyes darkened with conviction. "This tactic was revealed in **CIA Document 1035-960**, officially released to the public in 1976. It outlined efforts to label anyone challenging the findings of the Warren Commission... a panel established on November 29, 1963, by President

Lyndon B. Johnson to investigate Kennedy's assassination... as conspiracy theorists. It was a strategic move designed to stop *Sovereigns* from digging deeper, from investigating what might have been conspiracy fact rather than mere theory."

Peter leaned forward, his voice steady and carrying an edge. "You know, the term 'conspiracy theory' did not just appear out of nowhere. This concept was designed by the CIA and the deep state to discourage critical thinking, to prevent *Sovereigns* from asking the hard and difficult questions and seeking out the truth.

In our world, spotting patterns, recognizing trends, and acting on them before others even realize what is happening is how we stay ahead. In the not-too-distant future, applying these honed skills might be the only way to stay alive and *Sovereign*. This is not about wild speculation... it is all about seeing the writing on the wall and having the courage to speak out and act when no one else will."

Adrian's voice carried a resolute clarity, his words deliberate and unshakable. "You know, Peter, the term 'conspiracy theorist' has always struck a nerve with me. It is nothing more than a weaponized phrase, wielded to silence those who dare to ask the hard questions, who refuse to accept the carefully curated lies of the official narrative. The truth is, we are not theorists... we are... *Conspiracy Realists!*

What Ed Dowd is, what your friend and speaking agent Robert Abrams is, what you and I are... are *Sovereigns*... seekers of truth, and proud members of the *Sovereigns' Tribe*. We stand for questioning the big blatant lies, uncovering, and exposing what others fear to confront. And that, Peter, is our... *Badge of Honor!*"

"We critically examine the facts, look for evidence, and connect the dots," Peter continued. "Unlike wild conspiracy theorists or the majority of the sleeping population... the *Sleoples*... that blindly accept lies as truths and speculate without proof. We are *Conspiracy Realists*. We focus on what can be verified. Not all conspiracies are baseless. Many are rooted in real deceptions, manipulations, and historical precedents. The difference is that we stay grounded in reality while actively seeking out the truth."

Adrian leaned back in his chair, a knowing smile creeping across his face. “And to the biggest conspiracy of them all... digging into ***The Federal Reserve*** and all private central banking cartels.”

The King of Main Street lifted his glass of Ziraldo Prosecco. ***The Son of a Dutch Farmer*** followed suit, raising his Steam Works craft beer. “To next Wednesday night’s call... and to exposing the corruption, fraud and lies of ***The Federal Reserve*** and all private central banks are built on,” Adrian said with a big grin.

Both Adrian and Peter raised their glasses high, faces resolute, eyes sharp with purpose, and with a voice to shake the very core of a world content with illusions and lies, they declared ***The Sovereign’s Creed...***

“To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!”

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

THE FEDERAL RESERVE

Peter J. Merrick... *The King of Main Street* took a sip of his Ziraldo Prosecco, savoring the anticipation. Across the screen, Adrian C. Spitters... *The Son of a Dutch Farmer* lifted his Steam Works craft beer, a grin playing at the edges of his face. Last week's battle cry... *The Sovereign's Creed* echoed in both their minds...

**"To Sovereignty...
To Protecting Our Health...
To De-Risking Our Wealth...
It Starts With Gold!"**

Peter set his glass down with a spark in his eyes. "December 11, 2023," he began, his voice steady but laced with reflection. "When I was back in Toronto, I encountered three defining moments. Events that did not just shift my thinking, they took me back physically to San Diego.

Moments that would have left the old Peter, me... frozen, but now, armed with everything we have explored... Harry Markowitz's mastery of risk and kindness, Ed Dowd's foresight into the cracks of *The Financial Industrial Complex*... I saw these as opportunities for

growth and to go deeper into what we had learned and experienced since the beginning of the scamdemic.”

Peter leaned forward. “These were not just moments, they were doors. Trapdoors into something far darker, into subjects most *Sleoples* shy away from exploring. Not us, we are not that smart. We have ventured deep down multiple rabbit holes before. Tonight... we are about to push further... down into the deep dark abyss of... *The Federal Reserve!*”

Adrian’s eyes sharpened, his silence heavy with understanding. Leaning in closer to his screen on their video call. “What happened?”

Peter sighed, “As evening fell, a transformation was underway which I had been fighting against. The backdrop to this story begins nine months earlier, on March 10, 2023, when I returned to Toronto after a three-year absence from my hometown. I was stranded in San Diego due to COVID-19 during most of the worldwide lockdowns, caught between waiting for my green card and the prospect of a mandatory quarantine in Canada upon my return. My life had been set on pause, each day blending into the next without movement. Or so I thought.”

“So, returning to Toronto after the Canadian COVID-19 nationwide lockdowns marked both an end and a beginning for you?” Adrian prompted Peter to further share.

“*Yes!*” Peter affirmed. “The familiar life I knew was over, and I stood at the dawn of a new chapter of my life. Despite this realization, I hesitated to step into the unknown. I buried myself in work, hoping routine would mask my uncertainty and fear. Days became weeks, and weeks turned into months, each passing with little change. So, I thought. I was fighting against this change.”

“What changed?” Adrian asked.

“December 11, 2023, arrived, marking nine months since my return to my hometown of Toronto,” Peter explained. “It was a day marked by three significant events that shook me to the core of my foundation and out of complacency. I was filled with stress and despair, struggling to find my direction... my North Star.”

Adrian leaned forward, “And then?”

Peter smiled slightly, “A simple offer from my close friend Eli became

the catalyst for the change I had been fighting. His invitation for us to take a simple walk that evening was my lifeline out of my confused, stressed state. This walk was more than a mere stroll... it was a symbolic journey through the threshold, towards self-realization and the courage to take my next step in life.”

“And that led you to decide to return to San Diego?” Adrian guessed.

“**Yes...**” Peter asserted! “On my return to the place I had been staying in Toronto, I booked a flight back to San Diego for December 14, 2023. I dove into an uncertain future without a safety net. It was a step into the unknown, driven by a newfound strength of knowing everything would be okay.”

“That is powerful,” Adrian remarked. “Being present in the moment, guides us towards waking up to what our lives are telling us we must do next.”

Peter nodded in agreement. “Letting go of the past and embracing the future unlocks new possibilities. By reading the signs, we invite true growth into every part of our lives. That simple shift set the stage for the next chapter in mine. For me, our weekly conversations and collaboration have become essential to this new path we are all on.”

Adrian said, “Thank you for sharing this,” acknowledging Peter’s reflections. “**Yes...**you are absolutely right. These talks have opened new doors for both of us and those that have placed their trust in us. Now, we must face the reality we have uncovered. The corrupted **Financial Industrial Complex...** it’s built on a **Big, Fat Lie!**” he declared, his words piercing the moment with intensity.

Peter, seated in his study, with the backdrop of San Diego’s downtown harbor behind him, raised an eyebrow, intrigued. “I think I know what you mean, please elaborate further.”

Adrian began, his tone straightforward yet reflective. “The real nature of **The Financial Industrial Complex** is not taught in school, and it is not found anywhere in the approved **Education Indoctrination Complex**. It is something that we have all been kept in the dark about when we were younger and naïve to the **Spider’s** control system. I am now certain this has been done intentionally.”

“Are we addressing the fake fiat money system and *The Financial Industrial Complex* tonight?” Peter asked.

“*Yes...* fiat money that *The Financial Industrial Complex* is built on... more accurately, fake money,” Adrian said. “It is currency issued by privately owned central banks, given the exclusive right to print money out of thin air. It is not backed by Gold or silver, just trust in the *Spider’s* captured governments and the private central banks. It is all smoke and mirrors, a fraud perpetrated on all of humanity!”

“Fiat money is currency declared legal tender by the government, issued by private central banks but not backed by a physical commodity like Gold or silver. The value comes from supply and demand and the government’s stability,” Peter interjected.

“*Yes...* precisely,” Adrian agreed. “There is nothing federal or government about the Federal Reserve, it is a private bank, and what about the ‘reserves’ in the name? That is another big scam, and an intentionally misleading term. In the United States the privately controlled banking cartel is called *The Federal Reserve* or for short the Fed.

There are not any actual reserves of money. The Fed operates more like a criminal cartel of private bankers and financial institutions owned and controlled by the *Spider’s Globalists*, giving them power over the money-printing machine. It functions much like a pyramid scheme.”

“A pyramid scheme,” Peter confirmed.

“*Yes!*” Adrian continued, elaborating. “A fraudulent system built on endlessly printing worthless fiat money by the private Federal Reserve... this is the greatest pyramid scheme ever devised by the human mind. The entire system depends on a constant influx of unsuspecting participants to sustain it. Without new entrants, the entire structure collapses under its own weight, revealing its inherent instability and deceit.

Without real economic growth or being tied to a physical commodity like Gold, this fiat money has no real intrinsic value. It is absolutely worthless! Throughout history, all fiat money-printing systems eventually collapse under their own weight. The Fed creates fiat money out of nothing, out of thin air, devaluing the currency we already have and robbing the common folk through perpetual inflation.”

Peter leaned in, disturbed. “I would love to discuss this further with you. Very few of us know the backstory behind the formation of the private U.S. Federal Reserve. There was a lot of foolery and trickery in its birth. I feel that it has been purposely hidden from most of humanity,” do you agree?

“**Yes...**” Adrian replied. “The Federal Reserve Act was signed into law on December 23, 1913, in the United States. At that time, Gold was fixed at \$20.67 per ounce. The concerning part about this act is that it transferred the authority to print money from the U.S. government to the Federal Reserve, a private central bank. Before this, the U.S. government printed and managed its own currency.”

Peter leaned forward, his voice measured. “Abraham Lincoln, the 16th President of the United States, made a groundbreaking decision during the Civil War from 1861 to 1865. To finance the war without resorting to politically impossible tax hikes or economically disastrous borrowing, he introduced a new form of U.S. currency... the Greenbacks. These promissory notes were essentially paper money, much like today’s Federal Reserve Notes. They weren’t backed by Gold or silver... just the government’s promise. It was a radical departure from the monetary norms of the time.”

Adrian nodded, his tone reflective as he added, “**Yes...** before Greenbacks, the United States operated on a bimetallic standard. The currency was backed by both Gold and silver reserves, which kept its value stable. When the Greenbacks were issued, it marked the first large-scale break from that system. They helped fund the Civil War, sure, but they also set a dangerous precedent... one that untethered money from intrinsic value. It was a seismic shift that would influence monetary policy for generations.”

Peter picked up the thread seamlessly. “**Yes...** exactly. That shift didn’t just fade away after the war ended. Greenbacks remained in circulation until 1879 when the Resumption Act, signed by Rutherford B. Hayes, the 19th President of the United States, brought back a gold-backed currency. It reinstated the Gold Standard, making paper currency redeemable for Gold and gradually phasing out Greenbacks. On

the surface, it looked like a return to sound money. But the precedent had already been set. The idea that U.S. currency could exist without being tied to precious metals was out of the genie's bottle."

Adrian leaned back, his expression thoughtful and firm. "And here we are today. That decision by Lincoln, born out of wartime necessity, planted the seeds of what would grow into today's fiat system. The Gold Standard was officially abandoned in 1971 when President Richard Nixon, the 37th President of the United States, signed *Executive Order 11615*, suspending the dollar's convertibility to Gold.

It was part of Nixon's New Economic Policy, its impact was profound... this action severed the last tie between currency and real intrinsic value. Now, we are living in a world where money is backed by nothing more than blind faith. The story of Greenbacks wasn't just a chapter in history... it was the prologue to the financial challenges we're facing today."

"So, with the Federal Reserve in control, the government is now forced to borrow from the Fed to create money," Peter asserted.

"**Yes!**" Adrian confirmed. "When the government needs more money than it can raise through taxes, it turns to the Fed to borrow. The Fed, as a lender of last resort is a private central bank that provides emergency loans to prevent financial collapse, creates the fake fiat money by simply making a bookkeeping entry on a ledger that the public does not have access to. This new fake money dilutes the value of all the old fake fiat money. For example, what cost a dollar in 1913, now costs close to one hundred dollars today."

"This creates a lot of debt, money borrowed that must be repaid, with interest." Peter added.

"It does," Adrian said. "And the kicker is, taxpayers are essentially paying interest on fake fiat money created out of nothing, devaluing their own savings and purchasing power."

Peter's eyes widened. "So, how does this fake fiat money circulate through the economy? If only the *Sleoples* really knew the dark truth!"

"When the government borrows and spends, it covers everything from war, Social Security, and healthcare to death shots, infrastructure, education, indoctrination, and even theft by paying interest on the exist-

ing national debt,” Adrian explained, his voice intensifying. “Welfare programs, public services... it all funnels back to one place... the ***Spider’s Globalist*** banksters. In the end, the money and real, tangible assets always find their way back into their hands”

Adrian leaned in, continuing, “Fractional reserve banking is the key to this captured governmental sanctioned crime. It is a system where banks hold only a fraction of deposits in reserve and lend out the rest, essentially creating money out of nothing. For example, if someone deposits a \$1,000 government check, the bank might keep just \$100 in reserve and loan out \$900. That \$900 gets re-deposited, and the process repeats. By the end of it, the bank has effectively loaned out \$9,000 for every \$1,000 deposited.” Adrian paused... letting the implications really sink in.

Peter continued with that thought, “In the fractional reserve banking system, banks don’t just lend out existing money... they actually create new fake fiat money when they issue loans. Here’s how it works... when a bank approves a loan, it credits the borrower’s account with the loan amount, called the principal. However, this new money only covers the principal, the original loan amount. It doesn’t include the interest the borrower also has to pay back.”

“***Yes!***” Adrian confirmed. “This is critical to understand because the total financial debt in the system, including both principal and interest, always exceeds the amount of fake fiat money originally created. The very act of printing fake fiat money creates inflation. Essentially, there is never enough money in ***The Financial Industrial Complex*** to cover all the debt.”

Leaning forward, Peter drove the point home. “Consider this... while the bank creates the principal, the borrower is required to repay both principal and interest. The interest is not part of the money supply. The only way to repay both principal and interest is by issuing more loans, fueling a cycle of ever-increasing debt and driving relentless, perpetual inflation. As more individuals, corporations and governments take out loans to cover existing debts, the total debt continues to grow, constantly outpacing the fake fiat money available to repay the loans. ***The Financial***

Industrial Complex relies solely on an ever-expanding pool of borrowers to keep it afloat.”

“***Yes!*** You are spot on, Peter,” Adrian added. “The entire system hinges on constant borrowing. Without new loans being taken out, there would not be enough fake fiat money circulating to cover the interest on existing debts. This creates a vicious cycle of perpetual debt. New loans are required just to pay off the old ones.

Here’s the kicker. If individuals, corporations or governments stop borrowing, the system grinds to a halt, then collapses on itself from its own weight. No new loans mean no new fake fiat money is introduced into the economy to cover interest payments, and without that, individuals, businesses and governments can’t pay off their debts. This leads to widespread defaults and a ripple effect of economic instability. ***The Financial Industrial Complex*** is built like a house of cards, ready to collapse when the borrowing stops. This entire fake fiat money system is nothing more than a colossal pyramid scheme, that will inevitably kick off... ***The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0.***”

Adrian nodded as Peter’s words sank in, recalling their earlier discussion about Ed Dowd and the cracks that began to show in the financial system, especially when the repo markets froze in late 2019. That was when Ed, Adrian, and Peter truly saw the writing on the wall. The sudden spike in overnight borrowing rates sent frightening shockwaves through ***The Financial Industrial Complex***, forcing the private Federal Reserve to inject trillions into the repo market to keep it afloat each night. It was a clear sign that liquidity was drying up and ***The Financial Industrial Complex*** was starting to break down and die.

Peter leaned forward, his tone sharpening with a hint of sarcasm. “Oh... ***Yes...*** and get this... the retail and commercial banks are allowed to create money out of nothing too.” He paused for effect, then dove deeper. “It gets even worse. During the COVID-19 plandemic, the private Federal Reserve pulled off a maneuver that took this scam to a whole new level. On March 26, 2020, the private Federal Reserve decided to eliminate the financial reserve requirement for banks entirely.

The private Federal Reserve dropped the reserve ratio to 0%, com-

mercial and retail banks no longer had to keep any portion of deposits in reserve. This allowed them to lend out all deposits, increasing the money supply and credit availability. This raised the risk of financial instability by removing a key safety buffer and net.”

Adrian’s voice carried an edge of further clarity. “**Yes!** That is absolutely correct... thanks to what the private Federal Reserve implemented on March 26, 2020, retail and commercial banks are no longer required to hold a single cent in reserve. This mandate, originally established by the Federal Reserve Act of 1913 as a safeguard to ensure financial stability, was quietly removed. Now, financial institutions can create unlimited amounts of imaginary money, backed by absolutely nothing... but hot air. God forbid there is a run on any of the banks or other financial institutions... there is no actual money in any of them... just the debt they created.”

Peter leaned forward, his expression congruent. “This removal of financial reserve requirements is one of the greatest cons ever orchestrated against humanity... a blatant fraudulent scheme to deceive the **Sleoples** while their money steadily loses value and purchasing power. It paves the way for the unlimited printing of fake fiat currency, inflating an already fragile and corrupt system. What could possibly go wrong?”

Adrian leaned back, letting out a loud laugh, his tone dripping with agreement. “**Yes!** So, let me get this straight. No reserves, no actual backing, and they just keep printing more and more worthless paper. It is like handing out **IOUs** at a poker table, knowing there is no money in the pot. Absolutely absurd.” Adrian shook his head in disbelief, echoing Peter’s frustration. “And somehow, we are all supposed to act like this is perfectly normal and believing nothing could go wrong.”

“**Yes!**” Peter laughed. “If only the **Sleoples** knew the truth. When banks and other financial institutions need more to lend out, they use their loans as collateral to borrow from the Fed at a low-interest rate. This fake fiat money is also created out of thin air, further devaluing the fake fiat currency. You know, that the closer you are to the printing press, you get an unfair advantage because you get fake fiat money cheaper than the rest of us.”

Peter continued, shaking his head with a mix of frustration and urgency. “With this fake fiat money, they seize real assets through predatory lending practices, orchestrating a massive wealth transfer from the common folk and privately held businesses straight into the hands of the *Spider’s* financial institutions, banks and *Globalist* elites. It is a relentless, criminal cycle of exploitation. Here is the real question... what happens when real individuals and businesses can no longer repay their loans? What happens when the system collapses under its own greed?”

“*Yes...* oh, that’s where the real magic happens... I mean where the real crime occurs.” Adrian said, his voice thick with sarcasm. “The banks and other financial institutions lend us their funny, fake fiat money. It’s completely made up out of thin air, and when we can’t repay, what happens? We lose our real, hard-earned assets. Can’t make your mortgage payment because the economy tanked, you lost your job, or your business disappeared?”

Peter’s tone sharpened. “No worries... the bank swoops in and seizes your car, house, business... your tangible assets. It is both brilliant and sinister. Fake money traded for real wealth in the physical world. When the debt bubble bursts, it will trigger *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*. Years of sacrifice and labor wiped out in an instant. This is not hypothetical... this is an inevitable collapse of *The Financial Industrial Complex* rigged to fail the common man while enriching the *Spider’s* hidden *Globalist* elites.”

Adrian nodded, his voice heavy with irony. “The real winners? They are the shadowy *Spider’s Globalist* elites, hidden behind layers of obscurity, quietly amassing real assets while the rest of us play along in this rigged game, pretending it is legitimate. They remain untouchable, pulling the strings of a system designed to funnel wealth up into their hands. It is the greatest con game in history, and the most disturbing part. The *Sleoples* have no idea they are pawns... the hunted prey... the *Spider’s* prize.”

Peter leaned back in his chair, shaking his head with disbelief. “And the worse part? It is all perfectly legal!” Peter said, his voice thick with sarcasm. “Totally above board, nothing to see here, folks. Just your friendly neighborhood private central banks running the biggest financial heist in

modern recorded history, sanctioned by the very system meant to protect us. A crime against the common folk? Nah, just business as usual!” He threw up his hands. “I mean, who needs laws when you have loopholes the size of a black hole?”

Adrian leaned back, matching Peter’s tone, his own voice dripping with sarcasm. “Oh, absolutely! The Federal Reserve Act of 1913 makes it all completely legal. Just a sweet little pyramid scheme designed to keep us at the bottom while the top dogs who own the Fed take it all. And get this... before March 26, 2020, for every dollar the Fed printed for the government, they magically generated an extra \$9 for lending through their member banks. But now? Now the money faucet is cranked wide open. No restrictions, no limits. It is like a ‘Print Money Free-for-All’ with no end in sight until *The Financial Industrial Complex* implodes on itself!”

Adrian threw up his hands for emphasis. “They can conjure up infinite fake money out of nowhere... from absolutely nothing. Just imagine private central banks, retail, commercial banks and other financial institutions creating fake fiat money out of thin air while the rest of us are drowning in debt! This does not just enslave Americans... it makes the whole world indentured servants to *The Financial Industrial Complex*. And if we let this crime against humanity continue, we will all be stuck serving the *Spider’s* corrupt machine forever!”

Peter threw his hands up dramatically, leaning back with a look of pure frustration. “Everything! It is all one **Big... Fat Lie!**” he exclaimed, shaking his head. “The whole system is a big fat joke! And guess who gets hurt? Not the banksters! Not the politicians that have Golden pensions! Not the elites who are members of the World Economic Forum!”

Oh no, it is the *Sleoples!* Regular folks, thinking they’re playing by the rules while the Fed is making it rain fake money like it is a Las Vegas magic show! Meanwhile, we are left holding fake fiat Monopoly money, trying to figure out why we can’t even afford a loaf of bread or go out for a cup of coffee!”

Adrian nearly spit out his Steam Works craft beer as he burst into laughter. “**Yes...** exactly! And how convenient is that? The perfect little

scam to keep the masses of *Sleoples* in enslavement while the *Spider's Globalist* elites pull the strings. It is like handing out blindfolds at a crooked carnival and telling everyone, 'Hey, trust us, this ride is totally safe!'" He leaned in closer to the screen. "They have been doing it forever. History? *Yes*, it is a *Big... Fat Lie*, and practically most everyone doesn't realize it!"

Peter, still chuckling, shook his head in mock disbelief. "And what you do not know? Oh, it will hurt you, alright. Hey, ignorance is bliss, right? Meanwhile, those in the know... the *Sovereigns*... are stacking real assets like Gold while the rest of the world chases ghosts, acts like nothing is happening or hoarding fake 0s and 1s like in cryptocurrencies, that is another story we need to discuss later on."

Adrian grinned, raising his Steam Works in a toast. "Let's save some of this discussion for next week. How convenient for the low-level banksters and their puppeteers to keep the masses blissfully ignorant and asleep while they pull the strings. And how inconvenient for them that you and I keep tugging at those strings, unraveling the truth, while most of the world conveniently chooses to stay asleep."

It is time to awaken the others. Join us, and together, we can uncover the truth and take back humanity's future... for a world that is truly human. One we want our children and grandchildren to inherit and live in... the world of the *Sovereigns*."

Peter raised his glass of Ziraldo Prosecco, a sly smile spreading across his face. "To next week's Wednesday call, Adrian. We will keep peeling back the layers of this grand con job... uncovering where this entire Ponzi scheme was hatched. Next stop... off to see the wicked wizards of... *Jekyll Island!*"

Adrian clinked his glass against Peter's through the screen, both of them clearly on the same page and the same journey down this very uncomfortable and necessary rabbit hole.

Peter leaned in closer, his voice lowering, delivering a cliffhanger. "And remember this, Adrian..." Peter paused, letting the weight of the moment hang heavy in the air. Then, as if on cue, they raised their glasses toward their screens. Their voices rang out in powerful unison, resolute and defi-

ant against the *Spider's* control system, as *The King of Main Street* and *The Son of a Dutch Farmer* ended their call with the bold declaration of *The Sovereign's Creed...* a timeless anthem of freedom, unity, resistance and sovereignty against all tyrannies throughout the ages.

“To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!”

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

JEKYLL ISLAND

Wednesday night, *The Son of a Dutch Farmer* logged in eagerly, Steam Works craft beer in hand. *The King of Main Street* was already there, with his Ziraldo Prosecco. They jumped right into their regular video chat, both energized after a productive week. Over the last several days, they had onboarded over a dozen new clients collectively.

These individuals, families, business owners, and family farms... all *Sovereigns...* they had made a deliberate choice to work with Adrian C. Spitters and Peter J. Merrick's carefully selected team of professionals. Their primary goal? To *De-Risk* their wealth and investment portfolios while re-materializing their lives in a world that is increasingly unstable and more chaotic.

"It is interesting how our past discussions led us, just last week, to uncover how fake fiat money is allowed to be created just out of thin air by the private Federal Reserve, other private central banks, local banks, and financial institutions," Adrian said, his voice low, each word carrying weight. "Yet that was only the beginning.

This week, we must continue our journey down the rabbit hole and plunge into something far more sinister and disturbing. We need to

expose the hidden origins of the fraudulent, private U.S. Federal Reserve. What we are about to discover will not only challenge our understanding of the current financial system... it may obliterate everything we and the common folk once believed to be true.”

Peter leaned in, his voice steady, each word slicing to the truth. “**Yes...** that is exactly why we, as **Sovereigns**, share one undeniable truth with our fellow **Sovereigns** who have joined us on our quest. We have all grown deeply suspicious of the entire fake fiat banking system. These **Sovereigns** have joined our financial practice because they became disillusioned with their advisors, lost faith in their banks, and no longer trust publicly traded financial institutions. Their greatest fear? The safety of their financial assets.”

Adrian picked up the thread without missing a beat, his tone darkening. “And who can blame them? When the very system you rely on is built to keep you in the dark and work against you, mistrust becomes your survival. This is not about money. It is about your personal control and financial safety. It is about your sovereignty.”

Peter nodded. “**Yes...** and it is no surprise. They shared how their previous advisors dismissed their concerns about buying Gold and the cracks forming in **The Financial Industrial Complex**. Some were even prohibited from purchasing precious metals and treated with outright disrespect. We are fortunate that our clients found a place where their future is truly understood and protected. Perhaps it is time for others to do the same and follow.”

Adrian raised his glass of beer, his tone sharp and resolute. “**Yes...** every **Sovereign** who entrusts us to guide their financial affairs tells the same frustrating story. They walked away from their previous advisors and financial institutions, not out of whim, but because they were exhausted by the constant dismissal and neglect. When they attempted to make their purchase of Gold, they faced a barrage of excuses, relentless stonewalling, and outright resistance. These are not coincidences... they are patterns of failure by advisors who were not truly aligned with their clients’ needs.”

Adrian continued, his words cutting through the air with clarity. “These clients’ questions about the markets were brushed aside, their

concerns silenced as if their voices held no value. These **Sovereigns** made a deliberate choice to walk away from asleep advisors and blind institutions... entities utterly oblivious to the looming collapse of **The Financial Industrial Complex** and the inevitable **Great Financial Confiscation 2.0**. They sought guidance from those who truly understand and respect their needs. Their decision to entrust us speaks volumes... it underscores the undeniable difference between being dismissed and being genuinely appreciated and served."

Peter nodded, his tone filled with gratitude. "I am truly grateful for the trust our clients have placed in us. It is a rare privilege to be able to address their concerns and serve their needs the way they deserve." Peter paused, letting Adrian's words sink in before a spark of intrigue lit up his expression.

Peter leaned in, a glint of anticipation in his eyes. "Adrian, I have been waiting all week to dive into **Jekyll Island** and the private central banks we touched upon last week. Tonight, we dig deeper into... **Jekyll Island**... **The Titanic** if we have time... and the shadowy origins of the private Federal Reserve. These are connections they never teach in school, and for good reason. Get ready... this will change how we perceive everything... going forward."

"You know, Peter, every time we dig into these hidden truths, it just amazes me how little the average individual actually knows about the real history behind all this," Adrian leaned back, raising an eyebrow with a knowing grin. "It is almost like the more important something is, the less they teach it and the more they deliberately hide it."

Peter leaned in, his tone dark and foreboding. "Between November 20th and 30th, 1910, on Jekyll Island off the coast of Georgia in the United States, a secret meeting took place... one that would forever alter the financial landscape of the world. This was no ordinary gathering... it brought together the most powerful and, some would say, unholy figures in finance and industry, serving the **Spider's** sinister agenda. Here, they laid the groundwork for a financial system designed to control and enslave the world."

Due to the extreme secrecy of this meeting on Jekyll Island, we only

know tidbits about it and the names of seven of the attendees. However, there is speculation that there were up to ten of the most powerful men on the known earth there. This meeting is where the plan for the private Federal Reserve was methodically engineered and plotted out. The plan for world domination by the few over the many.”

Adrian tapping his fingers on the table. “This gathering has intrigued me my entire career. The attendees were representatives from major banking institutions, including Nelson Aldrich, who was a powerful U.S. Senator from Rhode Island and a key architect of the Federal Reserve Act of 1913.”

Peter nodded, his enthusiasm evident. “Let’s not forget Abraham Piatt Andrew... one of the world’s foremost economists at the time and Assistant Secretary of the U.S. Treasury. He played a pivotal role in shaping U.S. financial policy, particularly through his work with the National Monetary Commission, which laid the groundwork for the creation of the private Federal Reserve.

The National Monetary Commission was established in 1908 under the Aldrich-Vreeland Act, passed by the U.S. Congress in response to the Panic of 1907... a financial crisis that exposed the vulnerabilities in the U.S. banking system and highlighted the urgent need for reform.”

“How about the banksters at the meeting, like Frank Vanderlip?” Adrian interjected... his voice tinged with irony. “He was a prominent banker and President of the National City Bank of New York, instrumental in the establishment of the entire private Federal Reserve system. Vanderlip played a key role in the 1910 Jekyll Island meeting, where the framework for the private Federal Reserve was created, using his financial expertise and influence to shape the private central banking system and make it appear that it would stabilize and modernize the U.S. economy.”

“A cloak of deception,” Peter laughed, shaking his head. “Even though there’s no record of J.P. Morgan at this meeting, there was Henry P. Davison, a senior partner at J.P. Morgan & Co. A lackey, either he was a *Useful Idiot* or a *Useful Tool*, sacrificing his own integrity and soul to serve J.P. Morgan’s and the *Spider’s* international banking cabal’s inter-

ests. He played a crucial role in creating the private Federal Reserve and helped organize the response to the Panic of October 16, 1907.”

“You mean?” Adrian asked.

“The Panic of October 16, 1907, was a major financial crisis triggered by the collapse of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, leading to widespread bank runs and eventually prompting intervention by J.P. Morgan, supposedly to stabilize the U.S. financial system,” Peter added.

“Just like today, the *Hegelian Dialectic* was applied onto the *Sleoples... Problem... Reaction... Solution*,” Adrian said. “Then there is Charles D. Norton, President of the First National Bank of New York, he helped lead the discussions that led to the private Federal Reserve’s creation. He also represented other major financial institutions such as the National City Bank of New York, J.P. Morgan & Co., Kuhn, Loeb & Co., Continental Trust Company, Chase National Bank,” Adrian added, raising an eyebrow as if to say, ‘Can you believe the audacity of this guy?’”

Peter nodded in agreement, his voice taking on a more serious tone. “Then there is Benjamin Strong, the first Governor of the Reserve Bank of New York, who was central to the early years of the private Federal Reserve’s takeover of the U.S. monetary policy, the capture of the U.S. Government and its economy. Strong was put in charge by the *Spider’s* banking cartel to implement the process by which their private central bank would take over America, the U.S. government’s money supply, the control of interest rate policy, strangle economic activity and influence inflation to destabilize and devalue the U.S. currency and to diminish the average American’s purchasing power.”

Adrian took a deep breath and delved into the complexities of this little-known historical legacy. Adrian then made a really thought-provoking point. “You know, Paul Warburg, he was part of the Warburg banking family, a prominent and influential banking dynasty based in Hamburg, Germany. The Warburg family was well-known in international banking and finance, with a legacy that dates back to the 16th century.”

“Warburg is often celebrated by the *Spider’s* banking cabal for his role in creating the private Federal Reserve and shaping modern U.S.

fiscal policy. His work during the Jekyll Island meeting was pivotal,” Peter confirmed.

“There is a much darker side to his story that should be discussed and known,” Adrian said. “Warburg was also a director of I.G. Farben, the German chemical giant that produced Zyklon B gas, used in the Nazi gas chambers during the human extermination camps of the Second World War. The fact that Warburg was connected to such a company, especially one with ties to many of the attendees at the Jekyll Island meeting, casts a sinister shadow over the creation of the private Federal Reserve.”

“It raises serious ethical questions about the true reach of Warburg’s influence and that of the other attendees,” Peter remarked, a glint of intrigue in his eye. “It’s a stark reminder that even history’s most powerful figures leave legacies far more complex, even more nefarious, than they appear, often glossed over by mainstream narratives. Isn’t it fascinating,” Peter continued, leaning in, “that there’s always been a deep connection between *The Spider’s Financial Industrial Complex* and the pharmaceutical... or should I say *Pharmakeia*, the Greek word for sorcery... industry... sorry, I meant to say... *The Spider’s Pharmaceutical Industrial Complex*?”

Peter nodded thoughtfully, leaning in with a look of realization. “It’s chilling when you connect the dots,” he began. “After World War II, the remnants of I.G. Farben, the conglomerate that fueled some of the darkest chapters of the Nazi era from 1933 to 1945... did not disappear. I.G. Farben is still here with us today. It has been transformed into major pharmaceutical and industrial chemical companies like Bayer, BASF, and Hoechst, with Hoechst eventually becoming part of Sanofi, now the largest vaccine manufacturer in the world. These corporations are powerhouses in the pharmaceutical and chemical industries today.”

Peter paused, letting the weight of it sink in. “And it’s even more unsettling when you consider that their legacy includes the philosophy of ‘eugenics,’ which they practiced and advanced during those years. Eugenics, or the belief in ‘improving’ society through selective breeding, was deeply rooted in racist ideologies, justified as a means to ‘purify’ the population. That oppressive legacy still echoes today, woven into the ori-

gins of companies, formally I.G. Farben that now play pivotal roles in shaping modern healthcare and medicine.”

Adrian chimed in, his voice laced with total disgust and a hint of anger. “Through a twisted **Spider’s** web of mergers and acquisitions, that legacy lives on in corporations like Monsanto and Pfizer. The roots of I.G. Farben run deep and dark, spreading like a poison beneath the surface. These aren’t just companies, they’re the embodiment of something far more sinister, an evil that continues to harm and destroy lives to this very day, unchecked and unchallenged.”

Peter made a deep sigh and shook his head in disbelief. “Isn’t it interesting and so very convenient that all these drug, vaccine and chemical companies were the direct beneficiaries of the worldwide rollout of the COVID-19 Emergency Use Authorization (EUA) vaccine, which billions of **Sleoples** were tricked into taking,” he remarked. “It’s unfortunate that the ‘**Sleoples**’ don’t realize these same companies trace their origins back to, and are directly connected with, I.G. Farben and the Nazis.”

Both Peter and Adrian, sat in silence for a long moment, letting the weight of their words hang in the air. Then, with a shared glance, they both understood the seriousness of the implications of what they had just discussed because... **It Matters!**

“Quite the cast of characters,” Peter remarked shaking his head in disbelief.

Adrian spoke, “And to think, it all started on a little island with a name like Jekyll.”

And with that, the two returned to their conversation, each knowing that their discussions would continue to unravel the diabolical threads of history, one intriguing conversation at a time, built one on top of the other.

Adrian cringed, his voice heavy with disdain. “That meeting on Jekyll Island was the beginning of a dark and deceptive scheme... a blueprint for transferring real wealth and assets from the common folk to the **Spider’s** elite few who controlled the private central bank... the Federal Reserve. In 1910, these men represented a staggering quarter of the world’s reported wealth. Their sole purpose in drafting the private Federal Reserve plan

was to place a boot on humanity's neck, ensuring control and servitude for eternity."

Peter leaned back in his chair, a playful grin on his face. "You know, the secrecy surrounding that meeting was all because the American citizenry were so suspicious of banking cartels and monopolies. The folks at Jekyll Island knew the public wouldn't go for the plan if it was out in the open.

This reminds me of the two private central banks the United States had before the private Federal Reserve... the First Bank from 1791 to 1811 and the Second Bank from 1816 to 1836," Peter reflected. "Fortunately for America, these early attempts to impose a private central bank failed, going extinct like the dodo bird.

They were dismantled largely due to fierce political opposition and widespread public disgust over the idea of a private central bank owned by private interests rather than the American citizenry. Back then, Americans were well-informed about the dangers of letting private entities control the money supply and print their dollars. They understood the grave threat such control posed to their freedom and sovereignty."

Adrian raised an eyebrow, a half-smile tugging at his lips. "Suspicion, *Yes*... I guess the American *Sovereigns* did not like it when private institutions held the purse strings. The opposition knew back then the concept of a private central bank, concentrating power into the hands of the few, was dangerous for a Constitutional Republic. Back then Americans were educated in their Constitution and Bill of Rights. They were willing to exercise those rights to close down these two previous attempts to impose private central banks control and tyranny on Americans.

If they could put an end to private central banks back then, *Sovereigns* can do it again today. It requires the *Sleoples* to wake up, become educated, and apply that knowledge to fortify themselves against this dark evil." Adrian then began to recite a familiar, frightening quote by Mayer A. Rothschild...

"Give me control of a nation's money supply, and I care not who makes its laws."

Peter nodded, his expression growing more serious. "*Yes*... exactly.

Take Thomas Jefferson, for example the third President of the United States and one of the authors of the Declaration of Independence. Jefferson was an American Founding Father deeply committed to the principles of a constitutional republic and liberty. Jefferson was up in arms about the first private central bank, knowing it was unconstitutional because the U.S. Constitution did not give the federal government the authority to pass a charter for the creation of a private central bank.”

“The first private central bank of the United States was given a 20-year charter from 1791 to 1811,” Adrian added. “Jefferson and his allies, including James Madison, the 4th President of the United States, who is considered the Father of the U.S. Constitution, opposed the renewal of the bank’s charter.

Jefferson was against the first private central bank because he had connection to the land,” Adrian smiled softly. “And then there’s Andrew Jackson, the 7th U.S. President. This American patriot of the citizens of America had a real bone to pick with the second private central bank of the United States, didn’t he?”

Peter leaned in, his eyes twinkling. “Oh... **Yes!** Jackson did not just have a bone to pick, he had a whole vendetta. The ‘Bank War,’ as it’s called, was one of the most intense battles of his presidency. Jackson believed the second private central bank was nothing more than a tool for representatives of the **Spider’s** appointed elites to control the country. Jackson knew that the second private central bank was corrupt, undemocratic, and a direct threat to the freedom of ordinary Americans. The second bank of the United States was established in 1816.

The bank’s president, Nicholas Biddle, was not exactly a saint in Jackson’s eyes. Biddle used the bank’s power to influence politics, which only fueled Jackson’s determination to take it down. When the time came to renew the bank’s charter in 1832, Jackson did not hesitate, he vetoed it. This led to a fierce political struggle, but Jackson was relentless. By 1836, the second U.S. private central bank was dead, and Jackson had won. He saw it as a victory for the U.S. Republic and the common folk, a way to keep the power in the hands of the average American citizen rather than a few wealthy elites.”

Adrian leaned back, considering this with a thoughtful expression. “Maybe we need a ‘Bank War’ today against the private central banks we have in place now. To regain true human freedom and individual sovereignty, we have got to challenge the unelected **Globalist** elites and the **Spider’s Globalist** institutions that have total control over our lives. Its so unfortunate that the **Sleoples** are not aware that they are under this totalitarian control.”

Peter tilted his head, intrigued. “You think we could pull that off?” he asked. Then his expression grew more serious as he considered the history. “Americans were actually saved from the grasp of the **Spider’s** corrupt private central banks twice before. The charters for the First and Second Banks of the United States... essentially the legal documents granting them the right to operate, both had 20-year sunset clauses. This meant that their authority expired after 20 years unless renewed by the U.S. Congress and signed by the U.S. President. Each time those charters came up for renewal, the American citizenry rose up and demanded an end to the tyranny of these private central banks.”

Peter leaned in, his tone more intense. “Here’s where it gets insidious. The private Federal Reserve Act of 1913, which was quietly pushed through Congress and signed by President Wilson, didn’t include a sunset clause. This was no oversight... it was deliberate.

This means the private Federal Reserve, a private entity, has been granted indefinite control over the financial system of the United States. And because the U.S. is the world’s superpower, this private organization effectively has a noose around the neck of international finance, impacting all of humanity. Unlike the first two banks, there’s no built-in mechanism to end its reign, making it a far more dangerous and lasting insidious problem unless there is the political will driven by the American **Sovereigns** to revoke the private Federal Reserve’s charter.”

Adrian nodded slowly, a serious look in his eyes. “**It Starts With Gold...** my friend. Until we return to something real, something tangible, we’re just playing by their corrupt rules. Gold has always been the currency of freedom... honest, unchangeable, tangible, and outside the **Spider’s** control system. If we’re serious about reclaiming our economic

sovereignty as individuals, it has to begin with owning and holding Gold ourselves. That's the first step to breaking free."

Peter smiled, a mix of admiration and agreement in his expression. " **Yes**... you are definitely onto something significant. This is where the real fight begins, regaining our birthright, the foundation of our wealth and reclaiming both our national and individual sovereignty. It worked for Jackson and the American citizenry back then. If it worked then, it will work now!"

Adrian leaned back, rubbing his temples. "Well, I think we have given our brains a serious workout tonight. That was one mental marathon."

Peter, holding his glass of Ziraldo Prosecco, grinned. "You are not kidding. My head is spinning, but in the best way. I mean, what else are we supposed to do on a Wednesday night? Unravel the world's biggest scams? Sign me up!"

Adrian raised his Steam Works craft beer toward the screen with a sly smile. " **Yes**... and speaking of scams, next week's going to be a real gem... the Federal Reserve Act of 1913, the U.S. Income Tax Act, a.k.a. the Revenue Act of 1913, and **The Titanic** sinking. **Yes**... how convenient. Three major events all happening around the same time. It is like someone wrote it into the script of history."

Peter smiled sarcastically, raising his glass. "Oh... **Yes**... totally coincidental! The private Federal Reserve gets created, they slap on the Income Tax Act, and... oh... **Yes**... **The Titanic** conveniently sinks. How convenient! It is like saying, 'Let us drown the wealthiest dissenters to the Federal Reserve Act and slip in the U.S. Income Tax Act while we are at it.' No big deal... just don't look here."

Adrian could not hold back his laughter. "Agreed... **Yes!** I mean, nothing suspicious there, right? Just history being its usual self, full of 'coincidences.' How convenient, indeed."

Peter raised his Ziraldo Prosecco, smiling widely. "To next week, when we pull back the curtain on these conveniently timed events."

The Son of a Dutch Farmer lifted his beer, his eyes meeting **The King of Main Street** with fierce determination. The two men ended

their weekly video call, raising their glasses high in a resounding battle cry for the ages... *The Sovereign's Creed...*

“To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!”

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

THE TITANIC

The Son of a Dutch Farmer and *The King of Main Street* logged into their weekly Wednesday night video call. Adrian C. Spitters noticed right away that Peter J. Merrick was still drinking his Ziraldo Prosecco. With a playful smirk, he raised his Steam Works craft beer.

“Hey, Peter! Good to see you again, my friend,” Adrian leaned back, raising his Steam Works beer with a grin. Ready for another deep dive down the rabbit hole tonight?” He paused for a moment, noticing Peter’s drink. “Still on the Prosecco?” Adrian teased, his grin widening. “I thought by now you’d have switched back to your usual after-dinner Ziraldo Icewine. What’s going on?”

Peter laughed, raising his glass of Prosecco in response. “What can I say, Adrian? I am enjoying the crispness for now, but maybe I’ll save the Ziraldo Icewine for next week’s revelations.” He smiled, holding his glass up. “*Yes...* I know, I’m still sticking with the Prosecco tonight. Keeps me sharp, especially with the wild ride we’re about to dive into. Plus, who says I can’t mix it up a bit?”

They both laughed, setting the tone for the evening’s conversation.

“So, Adrian,” Peter continued, leaning in, “are you ready to wade

through the Federal Reserve Act, the U.S. Income Tax Act, and... oh, the small matter of... *The Titanic* sinking? Just another casual Wednesday night with two good friends and *Conspiratorial Realists*."

Adrian raised his glass, grinning. "Oh... *Yes*... perfectly convenient. A private central bank is created, the common folk are taxed, and an unsinkable ship sinks, conveniently taking the wealthiest dissenters of the private Federal Reserve with it. How does anyone miss that?"

Peter nodded, smiling. "*Yes*... we could not have scripted it better if we tried. Let us dig into these shenanigans!"

Adrian smirked as he spoke. "The Federal Reserve Act was signed into law by President Woodrow Wilson, the 28th President of the United States, on December 23, 1913. How convenient? Passed just before Christmas Eve, when everyone was too busy decorating their trees and stuffing turkeys to notice a monumental crime being committed against the American citizen."

Peter smirked back at Adrian in total agreement. "*Yes!* Perfect timing to sneak in a private central bank and tie a nice big noose on the American citizenry's necks. I guess even Wilson had a moment of clarity afterward, realizing he might have left coal in everyone's stockings when he said he regretted establishing the private Federal Reserve."

Adrian smiled and raised an eyebrow at Peter. "Actually, I have a copy of what Wilson is alleged to have said after signing the Federal Reserve Act of 1913. Let me read it out loud for us."

Adrian cleared his throat dramatically before continuing, "Wilson supposedly said...

'I am a most unhappy man. I have unwittingly ruined my country. A great industrial nation is controlled by its system of credit. Our system of credit is concentrated. The growth of the nation, therefore, and all our activities are in the hands of a few men (the *Spider*). We have come to be one of the worst ruled, one of the most completely controlled and dominated governments in the civilized world.'"

Adrian finished with a sigh. "It is like giving everyone a beautifully wrapped present, only to realize after they've opened it, you just handed them a ticking time bomb."

“The Federal Reserve Act was a Trojan horse,” Peter interjected. “The language and structure of the Act were deliberately designed to obscure the private Federal Reserve’s role as a private cartel rather than a government agency.”

“The private Federal Reserve operates as a private banking monopoly, controlling the fiat money supply and manipulating interest rates to serve the interests of its member banks,” Adrian explained. “Its structure and operations reflect the influence of powerful banking interests. The private Federal Reserve’s Board of Governors is appointed by the American President, but its regional banks are owned by private banks that no one really knows who controls. Creating concentration and control of power in the hands of the *Spider’s* very few. This is all *One Big Sham!*”

“And this arrangement allows the private Federal Reserve to prioritize the interests of its member banks over the public interest,” Peter added. “The private Federal Reserve’s control over the money supply allows it to manipulate economic cycles, creating artificial booms, bubbles and busts, and enrich the *Spider* and its *Globalist’s* henchmen at the expense of ordinary folk.”

“Remember Peter, fake fiat currency is not backed by a physical commodity like Gold or silver but is instead issued by a private central bank, not by a representatively elected government. This fake fiat currency is accepted as legal tender by government decree,” Adrian explained. “The shift from commodity-backed money like Gold to fake fiat currency has enabled the private Federal Reserve to exert absolute control over the economy, creating cycles of booms, bubbles and busts.”

“And this manipulation of the fake fiat money supply has always led to inflation, the devaluation of fake fiat currency, and the transfer of wealth from the common folk to the elite banking cartel or more accurately the *Spider’s Globalist* Banking Cabal,” Peter said. “The disconnect between the public’s perception of fiat money and its true nature is profound. The private Federal Reserve’s ability to create fake fiat money out of nothing undermines the value of the fiat currency.

This contributes to economic instability and has led to our total and complete debt slavery!”

Adrian leaned in, his voice taking on a conspiratorial tone with a hint of mock drama. “Peter, let us get into the juicy stuff. Let us talk about the U.S. Income Tax Act. We have all heard the whispers, the conspiracy that the 16th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, the one that established federal income tax, was never actually ratified by the number of states necessary for it to be legal.

Some say the U.S. Income Tax Act was pushed through to give the private Federal Reserve, a private entity, the power to siphon off the wealth of American citizens. The taxes collected are used to pay the interest on the federal government’s national debt, a debt owed to the private Federal Reserve for issuing its fake fiat money. How convenient.”

Peter raised an eyebrow, leaning forward. “Oh... *Yes*... I have read about this. Supposedly, the 16th Amendment was never ratified by all the states like it was supposed to be. You know, they just conveniently overlooked that tiny little detail. And now, here we are... handing over large chunks of our income to a corrupted system that might not even be legally constitutional. How thoughtful of them.”

Adrian leaned back, grinning as he continued, “Let us brush past the fact that the U.S. 16th Amendment allegedly did not get its full 36-state ratification that was needed in 1913,” he added. “But hey, when has legality ever stopped the powers that be... the *Spider* from getting what it wants? After all, nothing says ‘democracy’ like quietly sneaking in a direct tax on income while everyone is busy doing something else like surviving.

And it is not just the U.S. that perpetrated this crime against its citizens. Look at countries like Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and the UK. All of them slapped on income tax systems without full ratification or proper legislative processes. It is almost like a *Spider’s Globalist* playbook to make sure we are all paying up without asking too many questions.”

Peter shook his head, feigning disbelief. “Oh... *Yes*, and the timing! 1913 of all years... right when they slipped the Federal Reserve Act

into law. Now, some say the whole point of that income tax was to make sure Uncle Sam had a way to pay back the interest on the private Federal Reserve's newly created debt. I mean, what could be more convenient than creating a private banking cartel, printing money out of thin air, and then taxing the common folk to pay for the privilege of being swindled?"

Adrian raised his glass, eyes twinkling with sarcasm. "How thoughtful of the **Spider's** banking elite. They devalue the currency, inflate the debt, and then get us to pay for it through taxes that may not even be legal. A masterstroke of financial brilliance, really. And we just go along with it. What is that saying? Oh, **Yes...** how convenient."

Peter grinned, his expression laced with dark irony. "The American citizens reduced to human ATMs, blissfully unaware of the diabolical game they are caught in. Absolutely brilliant. A true masterpiece of modern financial enslavement.

This crime is not just confined to the U.S., Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the UK... all playing the same rigged game. It is an international con, and the masses of **Sleoples** keep feeding the machine without question. And where does all that siphoned wealth end up? Right into the hands of the **Spider's Globalist** banking elite, tightening their grip on humanity's neck with every dollar stolen."

Then The King of Main Street and **The Son of a Dutch Farmer** then clinked their glasses against their computer monitors in virtual unison, both clearly admiring the absurdity of it all.

Peter leaned forward, his eyes gleaming with a mix of curiosity and intrigue. "Adrian, have you ever considered the events surrounding the Titanic's sinking and the creation of the private Federal Reserve? **Just Asking?**

Adrian raised an eyebrow, a mischievous grin creeping across his face. "You mean how some very powerful, extremely rich, and conveniently outspoken opponents to the creation of the private Federal Reserve just happened to die in the Titanic's sinking on April 15, 1912?"

Adrian leaned in, clearly enjoying where this conversation was going. "I mean, come on! We are talking about big names like John Jacob Astor

IV, Benjamin Guggenheim, and Isidor Straus, all of them vocally against the private central bank, against the forming of the private Federal Reserve, all of them tragically going down with the Titanic. What are the odds? Their untimely demise cleared the path for the private Federal Reserve's creation. It is like the universe just gave the *Spider's* banksters a little... early birthday present. Very convenient, don't you think?"

Peter, already laughing, leaned closer to his screen. "Astor was no small fry. He was one of the wealthiest and most influential men in the world, and he just happened to be conveniently on the Titanic. Astor was vocally against the creation of the private Federal Reserve, and he made that very publicly clear. His untimely demise conveniently got him out of the way."

Adrian jumped in, a glint in his eye. "And do not forget Benjamin Guggenheim. The mining mogul who made waves in the business world, but waves were the least of his worries on the Titanic! His very public opposition to the creation of the private Federal Reserve was no secret either."

Peter added, still grinning, "And then there was Isidor Straus, the co-owner of Macy's department store chain, also aboard the Titanic. Straus was another powerful man who opposed the creation of the private Federal Reserve. Three highly influential men, all publicly against the establishment of the third private U.S. central bank... gone in one tragic event. If someone wanted to eliminate the key opposition to the creation of the private Federal Reserve, well, the sinking of the Titanic certainly cleared the field, would not you say?"

Adrian raised his glass, smirking. "It is almost too perfect. How convenient, indeed. You have to wonder, what better way to silence the opposition than with a little help from a so-called 'accidental sinking'? An iceberg, a ship full of the wealthy and powerful, and voilà! No more dissenters standing in the way of the Federal Reserve Act of 1913. Just smooth sailing from there... pun intended."

Peter clinked his glass through the screen, laughing. "*Yes*... you said it! The timing was impeccable. Just as the private Federal Reserve was creeping closer to becoming a reality, these voices of opposition disap-

peared in a single night. And the rest, as they say, is history. It is the kind of history they conveniently forget to teach.”

Adrian chuckled, still shaking his head. “You cannot make this stuff up. One iceberg, three of the richest and most influential opponents to the forming of the private Federal Reserve, and suddenly, no one is left to challenge the forming of the third private American central bank. That is one hell of a coincidence... or maybe not. How convenient...”

Adrian paused for dramatic effect, then added with a wink, “I mean, who could possibly think that is anything more than a coincidence... I have serious doubts... it was just a little to convenient for our liking.”

Peter leaned in, a mischievous grin playing on his face. “J.P. Morgan, the ultimate public power broker in American finance and the *Spider's* top agent in the United States at the time, practically hand-delivered the private Federal Reserve to the *Spider's* control grid. After being hailed as the savior of the U.S. economy during the Panic of 1907, he had the perfect excuse to champion a private central banking system. Convenient, was it not?”

Adrian, raising his eyebrows, added with a smirk, “Oh my... *Yes!* Do not forget Morgan's ties to the *Spider's* British banksters. Morgan's connections to the *Spider's* London elite banking cabal ran as deep as the Pacific Ocean's Mariana Trench. Morgan was the perfect *Spider's Useful Tool*. He served as the middleman to ensure the U.S. financial system fell under the influence of British and the *Spider's Globalist* banksters. It is as if Morgan was the ringleader, handing over the keys to the American monetary system and locking us all into debt slavery.”

Peter, laughing off his chair, couldn't resist adding more. “And here's the kicker... J.P. Morgan, one of the masterminds behind the creation of the private Federal Reserve, was supposed to be on the Titanic, but oh-so-coincidentally canceled at the last minute. How convenient! The guy who owned a massive stake in the White Star Cruise Line, the company that owned the Titanic, just happened to miss the trip. Pure luck, right?”

Adrian laughed sarcastically, raising his beer. “*Yes...* right! How very convenient! J.P. Morgan... the man who helped create the private

Federal Reserve, with all his international banking buddies, just happened to avoid the most famous maritime ship sinking disaster of the 21st century. Oh... **Yes**... nothing to see here... folks!”

Peter threw his head back with a deep sarcastic belly laugh, “ **Yes**... I agree. How very convenient!”

“And Morgan’s last-minute cancellation is viewed with more than a little suspicion,” Adrian added, grinning. “It is almost as if he had insider information. Meanwhile, Morgan’s opponents to the creation of the private Federal Reserve, Guggenheim, Straus, and Astor... all went down with the ship. Coincidence? Perhaps not so much!”

Peter shook his head, his tone sharp and biting. “**Yes**... an inconvenient truth, no doubt. It is as if the devil orchestrated the perfect play, eliminating every opposing voice to ensure the passing of the Federal Reserve Act of 1913... sliding through unchallenged. A masterstroke of sinister brilliance, would you not agree?”

Adrian raised an eyebrow agreeing. “**Yes**... the deaths of those influential figures pretty much smoothed and cleared the way for the passage of the Federal Reserve Act. You cannot help but think... what are the odds?”

“I just cannot get over the ‘coincidence’ of them all being on the Titanic,” Peter said, his tone thoughtful.

Adrian nodded as they both pondered the implications. Adrian continued with a big smile, “How convenient! Imagine if John Jacob Astor had sent a little cable to J.P. Morgan after the Titanic departed from Southampton, England, on April 10, 1912, for the Titanic’s maiden and only voyage. Something like, ‘Hey, J.P., wish you were here. The view is great, but the iceberg forecast looks a little dodgy!’”

Peter burst out laughing, raising his glass in agreement. “That would have been one awkward telegram, for sure! But come on, Adrian, you’re giving it the PG movie rating treatment. I think it would’ve gone more like this...”

Peter cleared his throat dramatically, ready for his X-rated version. “Morgan... you asshole... where the F#%\$ are you? You set me up on this damn ship to hash out our differences over the Federal Reserve

Act, and now you ghost me? I F#%\$ing hate ships, and I F#%\$ing hate you! You're not here, but I swear to every ounce of Gold in my vault, I will fight you and your crooked Federal Reserve Act until my last F#%\$ing breath!"

Both Adrian and Peter burst into laughter, their screens shaking from the force of it. Fully enjoying their over-the-top reenactment. "Now '**THAT**' would've been a spicy telegram to read," Adrian grinned.

Adrian then chuckled, raising an eyebrow. "You've got to hand it to the **Spider**, how convenient that the Titanic just so happened to sink, wiping out three of the wealthiest, most powerful opponents to the creation of the private Federal Reserve. Then, poof! A year later, the Federal Reserve Act slides right on through Congress. It's almost as if... I don't know... the iceberg had a little help?"

Peter laughed, shaking his head. "What are the odds that the iceberg just 'accidentally' took out all the key dissenters at once? Talk about clearing the path for the banksters. It's like Mother Nature decided to lend them a hand. Very convenient indeed!"

Adrian could barely catch his breath, wiping tears from his eyes with laughter. "Peter, that was way too good! I swear, if Astor had sent that telegram, the guy might've just capsized the ship with pure rage!"

Peter, still laughing, leaned in closer to his screen, "Honestly, I think Morgan would have hidden under his desk rather than deal with that level of anger! Can you imagine him reading that under his desk? 'Asshole, where the F#%\$ are you?' It's like the Titanic turned into a floating therapist's office for bitter rich guys!"

Adrian, now fully red in the face, gasped between laughs, "**Yes...** and then Morgan just casually cancels like, 'Oops, guess I dodged that bullet... I mean that ship sinking. Now I'll just go back to planning world domination.' How convenient!"

Peter, holding his ribs from the pain of laughter, added, "And you know what? If Astor had survived, we'd probably have entire conspiracy subreddits dedicated to how Morgan somehow bribed the iceberg itself to take out the competition. Talk about method acting!"

Adrian was practically wheezing at this point. “A bribed iceberg! I can’t. Oh man, I’m going to piss my pants!”

The laughter subsided for a moment as they wiped their eyes, the absurdity still lingering in the air. Adrian looked at his watch, still catching his breath, “Man, it’s getting late. I don’t know how we top this night’s conversation, but I’m looking forward to next Wednesday night.”

Peter, still grinning, sat back. “Oh... **Yes**, we’re definitely off to see the Wizard of **Oz**... at this point. Who knows what’s behind the curtain next week?”

Adrian shot him a puzzled look, his face still flushed from laughter. “Wait, what? The Wizard of **Oz**? You’re mixing metaphors now. Until next week... and maybe switch back to the icewine?”

Peter gave a mock salute, “Until next week, my good friend and conspiracy theorist. Oops... I meant ***Conspiracy Realist***. We’ll peel back more curtains, chase down a few more conspiracies, and who knows, maybe we’ll even unearth some more inconvenient truths... How convenient.”

Peter and Adrian raised their glasses, still grinning, and signed off, ready for the next dive down the rabbit hole.

Adrian paused for a moment, a playful grin lighting up his face. “Wait a second! We cannot forget our toast... the universal battle cry!” With that, ***The King of Main Street*** and ***The Son of a Dutch Farmer*** raised their glasses high. Their voices resonated with conviction, bold and united, as they recited... ***The Sovereign’s Creed***...

“To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!”

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

OZ

Peter J. Merrick... *The King of Main Street*, swirled the last of his Ziraldo Icewine, the Golden liquid catching the light as it danced in his glass. With a mischievous glint in his eye, he leaned toward the screen and shared with Adrian C. Spitters... *The Son of a Dutch Farmer*, "Tonight marks the end of an era," he announced dramatically, pausing for effect. "After this, it is Ziraldo Prosecco for the foreseeable future. My Icewine stash... is officially dry."

Adrian, mid-sip of his Steam Works beer, froze, his eyebrow shooting up in disbelief. "Wait, wait, wait... what? You have been holding out on me this whole time, clinging to that final bottle like it is some kind of Canadian national treasure? I thought you were already fully on the Prosecco bandwagon!"

Laughing, Peter leaned back, glass still in hand. "*Yes*... of course, I held onto it. You do not rush through a masterpiece like this. You savor it, just like we savor these weekly dives down the rabbit hole."

With a knowing smirk, Adrian nodded. "*Yes*... I see," he said with playful sarcasm. "So, after tonight, you are officially making the switch... no more Icewine, just Ziraldo Prosecco for our deep dives. *The*

Financial Industrial Complex is already unraveling, and now you are shaking things up with your drink too?”

Still holding his glass, Peter shot back with a wink. “Ziraldo Prosecco is just as regal. Different, sure, but from the same noble house. Every sip reminds you that some things are still made with care and craftsmanship, unlike, say, the way the *Spider’s Globalist* banking system is run today.”

Leaning in, Adrian laughed. “Well, if anyone can turn Prosecco into a symbol of resistance against financial fraud and the *Spider’s Globalist* tyranny, it is you. At least you are staying true to the House of Ziraldo, which is more than I can say for most financial advisors these days.”

Peter, humor lighting up his face, raised his glass. “Most of those advisors could not tell the difference between Icewine and a cheap bottle of table wine, let alone Gold and fiat currency. It is all just shiny stuff to them, without any real understanding of value. They just follow the official approved narrative. ‘Oh, it sparkles, so it must be good!’ Meanwhile, their clients are left swirling a glass of financial nonsense, deluded into believing they are savoring a fine vintage, while in reality, they are being sold empty and faulty promises.”

Peter paused, grinning. “I have to admire your loyalty to your Steam Works craft beer. You know what real quality is. Most advisors out there would try to pass off a warm, flat beer from a football stadium keg as some artisanal craft brew. ‘This has subtle notes of... poor planning and a sprinkle of hidden fees. It’s very sad!’”

Adrian laughed harder. “So pathetic, yet so true! Their clients gulp down the Kool-Aid, fully convinced they are getting something exclusive and tailor-made just for them. Meanwhile, what they are actually receiving is overpriced, watered-down financial advice... no better than the cheap tap beer at a baseball stadium.”

Peter grinned, leaning in. “The only ‘craft’ in their portfolio strategy is keeping a straight face while serving up pure bullshit. It is like something out of The Emperor’s New Clothes... except instead of invisible fabric, they are selling hollow and dangerous advice. I have met advisors who could slap a sparkly label on a can of expired soda, call it vintage

champagne, and their clients would swish it around like wine critics at a five-star tasting. ‘Oh... **Yes**, I can definitely detect the bold flavors of negative returns, perfectly balanced with a smooth finish of sky-high commissions. Truly a once-in-a-lifetime beverage experience!’”

Peter shook his head, laughing. “And the **Sleoples**? They’d be nodding along, eyes wide shut, thinking they’ve got something rare and priceless. Meanwhile, they’re just getting carbonated disaster in a can!”

Adrian shook his head, his laughter replaced by a grim resolve. “It is tragic, really. So many **Sleoples** remain ensnared by advisors like that... completely oblivious, parroting the **Spider’s Globalist** script as if leading a parade of sheep off a cliff. Their clients, lulled into a false sense of security, are made to believe they are part of some exclusive VIP club. In truth, they have been sold an illusion, blinded to the reality that they are being led straight into the jaws of an unfolding financial catastrophe... **The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0.**”

Adrian’s tone grew firmer. “This is why our work is so vital and important. By the time **Sovereigns** come to us, they have been betrayed... misled by ignorant advisors and self-serving financial institutions. It is not just bad advice... it is deliberate misdirection. When they find us, they seek trust and a safe harbor. It is our responsibility to restore that trust and protect them.”

Adrian leaned forward, his voice resolute and charged with fervor. “Peter, the ultimate truth... the one the **Spider’s** control system has worked tirelessly to bury from us since birth... is that real power has always belonged to the individual... the **Sovereign**. From the moment we draw our first breath, we, the ordinary folk, are conditioned to see ourselves as powerless, mere cogs in an unyielding machine designed by those in control.

This insidious lie stands as the greatest deception ever told. The **Sovereigns**... those with the courage to pull back the curtain, confront, and embrace this liberating truth... are the ones who truly wield the power. It is a power that cannot be taken, only surrendered. Every **Sovereign** holds the capacity to question, uncover truth, and make deci-

sions that not only shape their own destiny but have the potential to redefine the very fate of humanity.”

Peter turned to Adrian, a glint of admiration lighting up his eyes. “That was truly profound,” he said, nodding thoughtfully. “From this moment on, you are, and will forever be... *The Oracle of Abbotsford*... for me!”

Peter leaned forward, his voice taking on a steady, commanding tone that matched the weight of Adrian’s insight. “This is exactly why we are here... reminding ourselves and other *Sovereigns* that we are not slaves to a corrupted system. We are not bound by the lies that shackle the *Sleoples*. The truth is, we hold the power... the power to rise, to reclaim our sovereignty, and to return to the unshakable foundation of a just and fair financial system. A foundation so profoundly and powerfully invoked in... *The Sovereign’s Creed*...

‘To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!’”

Adrian raised his glass, virtually clinking it with Peter’s, a genuine smile softening his face. “Peter, I am truly humbled by your words. To be called *The Oracle of Abbotsford* by you... it is a profound honor I do not take lightly. It reflects the deep respect and admiration we share for the unique contributions we each bring to these conversations. Thank you, my friend.”

Adrian paused for a moment, his tone shifting to one of steadfast resolve. “Here is to tonight’s deep dive... another step toward reclaiming our personal power, our sovereignty and our lives. Let us pull back the curtain and uncover a little bit more of the truth.”

And with that, the two friends, miles apart yet bound by their shared mission, embarked on another deep dive down the Yellow Brick Road... unearthing hidden truths and exposing the dark conspiracies lurking in the shadows, waiting to be confronted.

Peter noticed Adrian's grin and chuckled. "What's got you smiling like that, you... old farmer?" he asked, his tone light and curious.

Adrian's smile widened, a glint of nostalgia and curiosity mingling in his expression. "**Yes...** and do not forget, I am ***The Son of a Dutch Farmer***," he said with a playful yet humble tone. His grin deepened as he leaned forward. "Before I forget, I have to share this with you... last night, I was scrolling through YouTube and came across the trailer for the new movie *Wicked*. It offers an entirely new perspective on the classic movie *The Wizard of Oz*, and it completely stopped me in my tracks."

Peter raised an eyebrow, leaning back slightly in his chair. "The Wizard of Oz... *Wicked*? You are smiling because of that old beloved classic?"

Laughing, Adrian shook his head. "No, no, no. It just took me back to my childhood. I had not thought about *The Wizard of Oz* in years. Watching the trailer for the new movie *Wicked* made something click in my head. It made me think back to the original film... there is so much more symbolism than I ever realized in it."

Peter leaned in, his voice steady and reflective. "Memory is the foundation of understanding. Knowing where we have come from gives us the clarity to see where we stand and the power to choose where we are headed. That is why we meet every Wednesday night on these calls... to pull back the curtain and confront the truths hiding in plain sight.

Like in both *The Wizard of Oz* and *Wicked*, the ***Spider's*** control system mesmerizes us with theatrics and illusions, convincing us that power lies outside ourselves. The real challenge... the profound truth... is daring to look beyond the distractions, to uncover who truly controls and pulls the strings, and to reclaim our ability to reshape our destinies... our sovereignty."

Both men paused, the weight of realization hanging between them. Peter leaned forward, his eyes alive with intensity. "Adrian, I saw *Wicked* over the winter break, right after its release. It was like peeling back the curtain on truths long hidden. This is not just a retelling of *The Wizard of Oz*... it challenges its very core foundation. For the first time, in the movie *Wicked*... the focus shifts to the witches and the Wizard, unraveling the unseen forces that shaped Oz. It flips everything we thought

we knew about the original Wizard of Oz... Wicked exposes a chilling inversion of the narrative we were led to believe from the original story.”

Adrian nodded, his voice now very thoughtful. “And if Wicked exposes that much truth about Oz, what deeper truths might still lie hidden in the original book and movie? Maybe it is time for us to pull back the curtain on The Wizard of Oz and uncover the meanings embedded there, hiding in plain sight, waiting for us to truly see. These movies can be viewed as allegories for *The Financial Industrial Complex*. They reveal what lurks beneath the surface and expose truths we are intentionally kept blind to in our daily lives by the *Spider’s Globalist* elites.”

Peter’s brow furrowed as he leaned in, his voice sharp and cutting. “In the new movie Wicked, the main witches... Elphaba and Glinda are no longer mere side characters like they were in the original 1939 Wizard of Oz. They are central figures, their lives twisted and manipulated by the Wizard’s intricate web of lies. “Elphaba, the so-called Wicked Witch of the West, becomes a powerful symbol of the *Sovereigns*... those who dare to see through the deceptions and have the courage to stand against the *Spider’s* control system, represented in the movie by the Wizard of Oz.

Elphaba is vilified as wicked for her resistance, her green skin and independence making her the perfect scapegoat for the Wizard’s propaganda machine. Meanwhile, the Wizard himself is unmasked as the architect of Oz’s control system... a cunning manipulator who uses illusion and lies to keep the *Sleoples* of Oz obedient and blind to the truth.”

Peter’s tone grew darker, every word deliberate. “And Glinda, the Good Witch of the South, is no example of virtue. She is either a *Useful Idiot* or a *Useful Tool*, depending on how one interprets her choices. Glinda upholds the oppressive system, prioritizing popularity and personal ambition over truth. Whether she fully comprehends it or not, she actively supports the Wizard’s control structure. Her charm and influence make her the perfect enforcer of the status quo, a figurehead who distracts the masses while the true villains remain hidden behind their carefully constructed illusions and deceptions.”

Adrian’s voice cut through his screen with sharp indignation. “

Wicked is not merely a clever reinterpretation... it is a piercing revelation of how narratives are weaponized. The Wizard in Wicked, like the *Spider's Globalist* elites today, manipulates reality to serve his dark agenda. The Wizard instills fear in the citizens of Oz, convincing them to despise the one who stands for truth... Elphaba, who ought to be celebrated as Elphaba the Kind, the Good and the Virtuous.

Instead, the *Sleoples* of Oz idolize a fraudulent tyrant cloaked in smoke and mirrors. Is this not a reflection of the lies we face in our own world today? *Sovereigns*... those who dare to fight for freedom, justice and sovereignty are vilified and called *Deplorables*, while the *Spider's Globalist* enforcers of oppression are glorified and applauded by the weak minded and the asleep... the *Sleoples*."

Peter leaned in, his passion evident. "Yes, Adrian... exactly! Wicked compels us to question everything we think we know. The unseen forces... the witches and the Wizard... were always the real story, the true power in the make-believe land of Oz. It mirrors our reality, where truth is often deliberately buried beneath layers of deceit, lies, and harmful illusions. Wicked is not just a retelling of a classic story... it is a call for each of us to dig much deeper, to dismantle the narratives that imprison all of our minds, and to see the world as it truly is... rejecting the lies the *Sleoples* have been conditioned to accept as truth all their lives."

Adrian's expression hardened, his resolve sharpening the air between them. "If Wicked compels us to rethink everything about Oz, then what deeper truths might still lie buried in the original 1939 Wizard of Oz? Peter, we need to uncover the layers of meaning woven into that classic film. If Wicked reveals the unseen, then the original must hold revelations that have been hiding in plain sight, waiting for us to finally interpret them with clarity and fresh eyes."

Peter leaned in, his eyes gleaming with intensity as he absorbed Adrian's words. "Yes... you are so absolutely right, Adrian. Convenient, is it not? Like Dorothy in the original Wizard of Oz, each of us must endure and go through our own whirlwind... our own journey through chaos... before we come to realize the profound truth... there is no

place like home. Especially when that home is built on something real, something unshakable... like Gold... ***It Starts With Gold!***

Adrian raised an eyebrow, curiosity sparking. "Gold? You are drawing a deep connection between Dorothy's journey in the original Wizard of Oz and something as fundamental and foundational as Gold? Please elaborate..."

"**Yes...** I would like to expand upon this," Peter said. "Let us take a moment to think much deeper on this... Wicked has redefined the story of Oz, the original Wizard of Oz was never just a whimsical tale about a girl, her little dog, a tin man, a talking scarecrow, and a cowardly lion. Beneath the surface, it is a profound parable... an allegory of the human condition."

The Wizard of Oz is a tale about navigating a world built on illusions, uncovering the manipulators behind the curtain, and rediscovering what is truly real and meaningful. It is a journey through layers of distractions and deceptions, serving as a powerful reminder that the answers we seek are often hidden in plain sight and are, in fact, profoundly simple... ***It Starts With Gold!***

Adrian leaned forward, his expression thoughtful. "**Yes...** agreed. The Yellow Brick Road, the Emerald City, the Wizard... they are all metaphors for a dehumanizing system of control and the illusions it creates to keep us complacent and enslaved. Dorothy's journey in the original film is not just hers... it is all of ours. It is the universal struggle to awaken, to see past the distractions, and to reclaim our own power... our own sovereignty. The deeper you look, the more you realize it is not a children's story. It is a blueprint for understanding how we are manipulated and how we can break free from this well planned manipulation."

Peter leaned in, his tone intense. "The Yellow Brick Road, the Emerald City, the Wizard... none of it is as it seems. Beneath the fantasy lies a profound allegory about the human experience and the struggle against dehumanizing control systems. It is not just a story for children... it reveals how manipulation operates and how truth is hidden in plain sight. This tale is rich with wisdom, wisdom we are conditioned

to overlook, yet it holds the keys to reclaiming sovereignty and seeing the world as it truly is.”

Adrian leaned back, his brow furrowing as the weight of Peter’s words sank in. “You are suggesting there is far more to the original Wizard of Oz than we were ever taught to see. The journey, the characters, even the setting... it all carries much deeper meaning. If that is true, Peter, then this is not just a film... it is our sacred key to reclaiming our sovereignty... to truly becoming **Sovereigns!**”

Peter nodded with great conviction. “**Yes...** just as Wicked redefines the witches and the Wizard, the original Wizard of Oz is layered with truths waiting to be uncovered. It is time to revisit this classic and examine it for what it truly reveals.

The Yellow Brick Road, the Emerald City, the Wizard... none of it is as it seems. Beneath the fantasy lies a powerful coded message about power, deception, and the journey to uncover what truly matters. It is a powerful allegory revealing how illusions manipulate and control, keeping truth hidden in plain sight. This is not just a children’s fairytale... it is a wake-up call. It reminds us that true power lies with those who dare to confront deception, reclaim their destiny, and embrace their sovereignty. This power belongs to the **Sovereigns!**”

Eyes lighting up, Adrian leaned forward. “Actually... **Yes.** The Wizard of Oz was originally a book titled The Wonderful Wizard of Oz, written by L. Frank Baum in 1900. At that time, Gold was fixed at \$20.67 per ounce, a price established by the U.S. Coinage Act of 1834 and held steady for nearly a century. This act shaped the U.S. monetary system, tying U.S. currency to Gold for financial stability.”

Peter nodded thoughtfully, clearly following the thread. “I have often thought about that. The Gold standard, it gave the common folk something solid to rely on. A fixed price for nearly a hundred years... it must have felt like walking on bedrock, unshakable.”

“**Yes...** precisely,” Adrian said, the excitement building in his voice. “Baum’s story may be filled with colorful characters and a magical journey down the Yellow Brick Road, it is also an allegory. **Yes...** an allegory... this is a storytelling technique where characters, events, or

settings symbolize deeper meanings, often conveying moral, political, philosophical, spiritual or survival messages.

The Wizard of Oz is not just a simple adventure. The word ‘Oz’... it is no coincidence. Oz is a metaphor for an ounce of Gold. The entire story can be seen as a reflection of the monetary and *The Financial Industrial Complex* of Baum’s era, with lessons that still resonate to this very day.”

Peter leaned forward now, even more interested. “The Yellow Brick Road... it represents a certain path to wealth and true security, does it not? A path leading the characters toward stability, toward something you can touch, something you can hold, something very real... *It Starts With Gold!*”

Adrian had a deep smile. “*Yes!* The entire tale, when you look at it through this lens, reflects the financial stability that Gold represented in society back then. In fact, I was thinking the title should really be The Wizard of Gold. The story serves as the ultimate primer, providing the foundational knowledge needed to understand *The Financial Industrial Complex* and how it was corrupted.”

“That makes complete sense,” Peter said, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. “And the Emerald City? I bet it represents fake fiat currency and those that print it. Shiny and green, looks valuable, but hollow and without depth or real financial backing.”

Adrian’s grin widened. “Baum wrote the story during a time when Gold was still the foundational asset of the entire American financial system. The film adaptation came out in 1939, just as the world was on the brink of World War II. By then, the price of Gold had been fixed at \$35 per ounce under the Gold Reserve Act of 1934. That price stayed fixed until 1971, when Richard Nixon, the 37th President of the United States, removed the U.S. dollar from the Gold standard entirely.”

Peter’s eyes lit up with recognition. “*Yes...* the Nixon Shock that is when everything changed. Once the dollar was no longer tied to Gold, the price of Gold began to fluctuate freely. It felt like we were all thrown into a whirlwind where our currency had no real anchor from that point on.”

Adrian nodded. “By removing the Gold standard, Nixon effectively decoupled the value of the U.S. dollar from a tangible asset like Gold. For decades, the dollar was backed by a specific amount of Gold, meaning every dollar had real, physical value attached to it. Once Nixon made that decision, the U.S. currency was no longer based on anything concrete. The value of the dollar was now determined by market forces, unwarranted blind faith, credit, and government policy. It marked the end of a stable era where currency had true intrinsic value.”

Peter leaned in, understanding the significance. “So that was when we entered a world of floating fake fiat currencies. The U.S. dollar became backed by nothing more than trust and blind faith, and *The Financial Industrial Complex* became more volatile because there was no longer a firm, universal standard like Gold to ground it. Floating currencies meant that instead of being tied to the value of Gold, currencies like the dollar could fluctuate freely, their value determined by market forces, supply and demand, international trade and manipulation. Without the stability of the Gold standard, exchange rates could shift unpredictably, leading to greater economic uncertainty and volatility.”

Peter paused, then added, “And once currencies were free-floating, they became ripe for manipulation by financial interests of the *Spider*... not aligned with the common folk’s well-being. Without Gold as a stabilizing force, fake fiat currency values could be influenced by speculative trading, political motives, and large private financial institutions. These forces put profits and power above the public’s interest. The system that was once grounded in something real was now vulnerable to manipulation, creating a financial landscape where the few would benefit at the expense of the many.”

“Nixon’s decision to remove the U.S. dollar from the Gold Standard marked the end of monetary certainty, severing the dollar’s direct link to tangible assets like Gold and ushering in an era of fake fiat currency,” Adrian agreed. “After that, the financial world became like shifting sand... unpredictable and prone to fluctuation and the forming of *All Asset Bubbles* in the financial markets. It opened the door to the kind

of economic volatility that we still experience today, where fiat money is essentially just paper with no real backing behind it.”

“And the Wizard himself?” Peter grinned, his eyes lighting up as he caught the parallel. “Just some guy... a flim-flam man... a smooth-talking con artist who thrives on deception... hiding behind a curtain, pulling random levers, and hoping no one notices. The perfect metaphor for today’s ***Financial Industrial Complex***. Nothing but smoke, mirrors, and a lot of razzle-dazzle with absolutely nothing real standing behind it. Honestly, the only thing missing is a fog machine and a disco ball!”

“***Yes...*** you got it, Peter,” Adrian said, leaning back with a thoughtful expression. “The Wizard of Oz, with its groundbreaking Technicolor, became a cultural icon for its visual splendor and charm. It dazzled audiences, sure, but when we revisit it through a refined lens of understanding, it is no longer just for entertainment purposes. It becomes a profound, life-changing revelation. Watching it now, with eyes wide opened to the layers of hidden meaning, feels like being hit by a ton of red pill bricks... shattering our old perceptions and unveiling truths we were conditioned to overlook.

It was not just a fun, colorful trip down memory lane. No, it is a deep, spiritual journey back to the days of wonder and innocence, when the world was not one giant financial circus and crime scene. And now? The original movie of The Wizard of Oz is actually a wake-up call, showing how far we have fallen into ‘fake’ economics. A powerful metaphor for the false foundation ***The Financial Industrial Complex*** has been built upon.”

Peter’s expression grew thoughtful. “To The Wizard of Oz, or perhaps, The Wizard of Gold. A story for the ages, and a lesson in financial history I never saw coming.”

“And to the Yellow Brick Road,” Adrian added with a grin. “May it always lead us to something real... and... ***It Starts With Gold!***”

“As the conversation began to wind down, Adrian leaned back, shaking his head in amazement. ‘It is unbelievable how Baum, the author of The Wonderful Wizard of Oz, managed to weave all of this together.

He knew exactly what he was doing, did he not? It was never just meant to be a children's story. He was intentionally hitting the truth dead-on, writing a universal, time-tested metaphor within a masterpiece.”

Nodding slowly, Peter allowed a sense of awe to fill the moment. “Baum was not simply spinning a fairytale. Through *The Wizard of Oz*, he was pulling back the curtain, exposing the inner workings of ***The Financial Industrial Complex***. He did it in a way that only becomes clear when you pause and truly investigate. Baum left behind a breadcrumb trail, and you, I, and other ***Sovereigns*** are just now beginning to piece together the entire picture.”

A quiet reverence colored Adrian's smile. “The way he used symbols like the Yellow Brick Road, Oz, and the Wizard, it is pure genius. He crafted a timeless allegory, and most of us do not even realize what it truly represents. The truth was right there, hiding in plain sight all along.”

Leaning forward, Peter's voice softened, carrying the weight of realization. “It is astounding. After decades in finance, navigating the complexities of ***The Financial Industrial Complex***, we find that a story written by Baum over a century ago reveals a timeless truth at its core. It captures the deceptions, the manipulations, the illusions, and the systems of dehumanizing control we confront every day. It humbles me to think... how many other profound truths are out there, woven into the fabric of our culture, hidden in plain sight, waiting for those with the courage and clarity to uncover them?”

Glancing at his clock, Adrian nodded thoughtfully. “It is humbling. Baum did not just craft a story... he left us a profound key... a primer... a wake-up call to recognize and reclaim our sovereignty. As much as I would love to keep unraveling this, tomorrow will come quickly, and we both need to be ready for what lies ahead.”

Peter smiled softly, still captivated by their conversation. “***Yes...*** you are absolutely right. Next week, we must delve even deeper into the symbolism embedded in the original Wizard of Oz. We have only just begun to uncover its layers. Just as Gold represents the foundation of real money in the story, we need to explore how returning... ***Back to the Land...*** like Gold... forms the cornerstone of true sovereignty. Baum's

metaphor is far richer than we ever imagined, and we owe it to ourselves and our fellow ***Sovereigns*** to uncover its hidden truths and understand its profound significance fully.”

Adrian grinned, a spark of realization lighting up his face, the weight of their conversation lingering in the air. “Next week, same time,” he said, voice filled with conviction. “We’re going to dig even deeper, peel back the layers, and really flesh out the idea that true wealth isn’t found in paper or numbers but in reconnecting with the land itself. Going ***Back to the Land***... that’s where real security, real health, and real wealth lie.”

Still humbled by the depth of their insight, Peter smiled. “Absolutely. And remember, Adrian...”

With perfect timing, ***The Oracle of Abbotsford*** grinned as he and ***The King of Main Street*** raised their glasses to their screens, sealing their Wednesday night ritual with a battle cry that had echoed through the ages... ***The Sovereign’s Creed...***

“To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!”

CHAPTER NINETEEN

BACK TO THE LAND

Peter J. Merrick... *The King of Main Street* raised his glass of Ziraldo Prosecco, a playful grin on his face as he kicked off their weekly Wednesday night video call with Adrian C. Spitters... *The Oracle of Abbotsford*, saying, “So, how’s life on the farm these days? Milking cows before diving into financial plans, spreadsheets, and investment portfolios?”

Adrian’s laugh came from deep within, shaking his whole body as he grinned. “Oh... *Yes*... there you go again, Peter! Just because I grew up *The Son of a Dutch Farmer* does not mean I am still out there milking cows. Although...” Adrian smile lingered, softening. “I will say that farm life did more than just prepare me for handling and *De-Risking* our clients’ investment portfolios. It keeps me grounded in ways city life never could. It makes everything more real, everything.”

The mood shifted, and a shadow passed over Adrian’s face. His voice grew quieter, his gaze distant. “Looking back... I should have stayed on that farm. As I get older, I realize that land would have been my greatest asset. When *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0* hits, it will not be the numbers in my investment portfolio that matter.

The soil beneath my feet, the crops I would grow to feed my family,

the community we could sustain... that is where the real value lies. That farm would keep us going if it came to that. Not just my family, but our neighbors, our entire community. True wealth is found in the land, hard assets like Gold, and the strength of the common folk... not in the fleeting numbers that can vanish with a keystroke, as the *Spider's Globalist* plan for *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*."

The weight of Adrian's words hung heavy in the air, and Peter felt it sink deep into his soul. He looked at Adrian, his friend, and then something stirred deep within him. Something old, something he had buried under years of ambition and hustle. The truth was, Peter had spent much of his youth looking down on individuals like Adrian.

Peter grew up in the city, where country folk were seen as simple and unsophisticated. He was taught to believe that the real power, the real success, was in the city. The tall skyscrapers, the financial districts, the fast-paced deals. The country folk who lived close to the land... they were simple and unsophisticated, he had thought, he had believed they were beneath the city folk.

Peter's voice was thick with regret as he spoke, reflecting on the limiting beliefs that once shaped his life and held him back. "You know, when I was younger, naïve and cocky... I had this sense of condescension toward individuals who lived like you did... the country folk. I thought I was above it all. I thought the city, with all its hustle and bustle, money, and opportunities, was where real life happened. I was so naïve. I was so... completely wrong!"

Peter paused, the weight of years and past missteps pressing upon him yet mingled with a newfound clarity, appreciation and humility. "As I approach the sunset years of my life, I see it all so clearly now. The beliefs I clung to, the ambitions I chased so relentlessly, the things I once thought mattered... they were hollow. In the grand scheme, they were utterly worthless. Just zeros and ones... manipulated and meaningless, much like the corrupt *Financial Industrial Complex* we had devoted so much of our lives to. It was all an illusion, a mirage masking what truly matters."

Peter's voice softened, his gaze drifting as he considered the truth

that had only recently become very clear to him. “The real things, the things that matter, they’re in here. In the relationships we build, in the communities we support, in nature, in the land beneath our feet, and in the individuals who know how to use and appreciate all these treasures. It is not in what we accumulate or in the status we attain, but in the simple, enduring truths that have been there all along that were always there.”

Peter’s words hung in the air, a reflection not only of his own journey but of the deep understanding that comes with age, experience, and the realization that life’s true value has little to do with the things that society tells us to chase. As Peter spoke, it was not just regret but a newfound clarity. An acknowledgment that the things of real worth were never the zeros and ones, but the bonds that tether us to life, land, and each other.

Peter’s throat tightened as he continued. “The older I get, the more I regret how far I drifted from what is real. Adrian, you have always been closer to nature and to the land, to what truly matters. I see that now. When the collapse comes... and it will come. It will not be those with the highest investment portfolio values who survive. It will be those who know how to grow food, hunt, build, and live in harmony with others on this earth.

The real wealth will be in the land, in the seeds we can plant, in the hands that can work, and in the bonds, we share with those around us. The **Sovereigns** who possess Gold, seeds, livestock, guns, bullets... that have formed strong communities and have useful skills will be the ones who survive and thrive after ***The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0***.”

Adrian watched Peter as he spoke, nodding, his eyes softened by the deep friendship they shared. It was a moment stripped of all pretenses, of all the arrogance of youth that had once marked both of their lives. Two ordinary, very approachable, simple men, educated at ***The University of Hard Knocks*** just reflecting on the truths they had learned just in time before ***The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0***, is upon us.

“**Yes...**that’s it, isn’t it?” Adrian said quietly. “We spent our lives chasing things that were never real. Titles, numbers, zeros and ones, just like you said. All this time, we’ve been building on quicksand, while

the country folk who stayed close to the land... like my dad, a Dutch farmer. They were the ones building on solid and firm ground.”

Their computer screens fell silent, the weight of years pressing down on both of them. Peter’s heart ached with the realization of how far removed he had been from what truly mattered. The city, the financial world, had once seemed like the pinnacle of success. Yet, here he was, realizing that everything he had once looked down on, everything he had dismissed, was what held the real value that was the real Gold.

Adrian watched Peter as he spoke, nodding, his eyes softened by the depth of their friendship. The bravado of their youth had fallen away, leaving only the truth connecting them. When Peter finished, his voice heavy with regret, Adrian’s heart swelled with passion.

“Peter,” Adrian began, his voice steady but thick with emotion, “I’m honored that you shared this with me. It takes a lot of courage to open up about regrets, especially those tied to who we used to be. To stand here, with all you have accomplished, and admit your shortcomings from earlier in life... well, that is truly brave. To witness this, to share this moment with you, means more than I can ever express. I am deeply grateful and honored to call you my colleague and true friend.”

Adrian paused, his expression thoughtful, then continued, “You know, Peter, we’ve often reflected on our shared admiration for Eric Hoffer, a man whose insights cut to the very core of the human condition. He is, without a doubt, the most profound thinker of the 20th century in our eyes, and *The True Believer* is more than a book... it is a lens through which we’ve come to understand not just the world, but our place within it. Hoffer’s words, ‘In times of change, learners inherit the earth, while the learned find themselves beautifully equipped to deal with a world that no longer exists.’ This insight is not just a lesson... it is our call to action.

Hoffer’s words remind us that growth demands courage, that true wisdom is born from humility, and that adaptation is the hallmark of those who shape the future. Peter, in this moment, as you confront the truths of your past with such grace, you are the embodiment of Hoffer’s

learner. You inspire me to strive for that same courage and openness, and for that, I am deeply grateful.”

The Oracle of Abbotsford took a long, deep, breath and continued. His own emotions rising. Adrian’s mind drifted back to his late father, Leonardus Johannes Antonius Spitters, a proud Dutch farmer who immigrated with Adrian’s mother to Canada from the Netherlands in 1954. It was only later in life that Adrian came to fully appreciate his father’s common sense and wisdom, which he had overlooked in his youth. Tears pricked at the corners of Adrian’s eyes as he remembered a conversation that had stayed with him throughout his life, though he had brushed it off at the time.

“My dad, Leonardus, was a simple and a very modest man, but wise in ways I could not see or understand back in my youth,” Adrian said, his voice growing softer, more reflective. “When I was about to leave for college and step away from the family farm, he took me aside. I will never forget it. He used my full name, Adrianus Cornelis Johannes Spitters. That was how he addressed me when he wanted to talk seriously to me.

I deeply regret not understanding the weight of his words back then. My father said, ‘You are leaving the farm, Adrianus? Does the land mean so little to you? Land is the one thing in this world truly worth working for, other than your family and those you care about. Land is worth struggling for, worth sacrificing for, because it is one of the only things that truly endures.’”

Adrian’s voice faltered, the memory of his late father’s words cutting deeper in him now, many decades later. “I was young, cocky and arrogant... full of piss and vinegar. I didn’t understand back then. I laughed it off and said, ‘Dad, you’re just an old Dutch farmer... what do you know?’”

Adrian’s eyes, misty with regret, met Peter’s through their screens. “And then my dad looked deep into me with this quiet strength. He was not angry. I could feel his love behind his eyes and in every word he spoke to me. He just said, ‘I am proud to be just an old Dutch farmer. And don’t you forget, Wijfneus’ ... that was his nickname for me, Dutch

for smart aleck... ‘you are Dutch... *The Son of a Dutch Farmer*... a man from the land as well. To anyone with a drop of farmer’s blood in them, the land they live on is like their mother. It is one of the only things that truly lasts, one of the only things worth working for, worth fighting for, and worth dying for. Because... Adrianus, it is one of the only things that endures.’”

Adrian’s voice broke, and a tear slipped down his cheek. “I didn’t get it back then. I thought I was too smart, too ambitious. I thought the world outside that farm was what mattered. But my father knew best... he knew what really mattered and lasts. The land! Family! Community! The common folk! The simple things in life!”

Peter’s eyes filled with tears as well, both men overwhelmed by the weight of what they had lost in their younger years, the wisdom they had ignored, the simple truths they had chased away in the pursuit of fleeting success.

In the quiet that followed, there were no more words that could be spoken. Just the shared understanding of two simple men who had spent their careers in a dehumanizing system... *The Financial Industrial Complex*... that promised everything and left them longing for the things they had once dismissed as unimportant. Their individual screens were filled with the quiet sorrow and regret of lessons learned... not too late. Yet, beneath that sorrow and regret was a deeper connection, a bond born from the recognition of what truly matters in life.

Tears fell freely now, and neither man felt the need to hide them. They had lived lives full of accomplishments, titles, and successes. In this moment, they were just two simple men, grateful for the land, for the individuals they loved and had loved, for the chance to finally understand what truly lasts and to do something meaningful about it while there was still time, while they were still alive.

Adrian leaned in, his tone shifting slightly. “Speaking of childhood, do you remember the first time you watched the movie *The Wizard of Oz*?”

Peter nodded, understanding immediately. “*Yes!* It is one of those

films that stays with you, your entire life. There is something universal about it, a connection that goes well beyond the screen.”

“For me, it was far more than just a movie. It was pure magic, a portal into a world where anything was possible,” Adrian said, his voice intensifying. “The Yellow Brick Road, the characters, it all felt so real, as if this extraordinary adventure was unfolding right before my eyes. Looking back now, I realize it was not just entertainment... it was a moment of profound wonder, a glimpse into something far greater and meaningful.”

Peter smiled, his voice growing more intense and thoughtful. “That is the power of *The Wizard of Oz*. It is not just a movie. It is a shared cultural experience that binds billions of us together, across generations, across continents, across time. Everyone, no matter where they are from or how they were raised, has some connection to this film. It speaks a universal language, one that transcends borders and time. Few, if any, films have the ability to bridge such immense divides the way *The Wizard of Oz* does. It unites us, reminding us that we are all part of something much greater and shared.”

Adrian leaned back, his eyes distant but intense. “Dorothy’s journey grabbed me from the beginning. She was just an ordinary gal, but the way she faced every challenge... no matter how terrifying, made her extraordinary. I felt like she was me, or anyone who has ever faced tremendous obstacles, felt lost and refused to give up.”

Peter, sensing the weight of the moment, added quietly, “It is incredible how someone so seemingly ordinary can embody something so universal and extraordinary.”

Adrian nodded, his voice steady and filled with emotion. “And the others... the Scarecrow, the Tin Man, the Cowardly Lion... they were more than just Dorothy’s and Toto’s companions. They were each pieces of us. The Scarecrow’s doubt, the Tin Man’s longing, the Lion’s fear... it was like seeing reflections of my own struggles, of everyone’s deepest battles, laid bare on the screen.”

Peter leaned in, his expression thoughtful. “Simple characters, yet they reflect the most complex parts of the human experience.”

Peter paused before continuing. “On the surface, *The Wizard of Oz* seems like a whimsical story about a girl named Dorothy and a dog named Toto... in a magical land. But if you look deeper, it is a *Zeitgeist*, a reflection of the spirit of the times. It captures the cultural, spiritual, and psychological currents of its era. Dorothy is not just a character... she represents something universal, a symbol of the human journey for self-discovery towards reclaiming our sovereignty.”

Peter’s words settled in with weight. “Dorothy’s journey is each of our journeys, a search for returning home, for belonging, for understanding ourselves. The film resonates with billions because it speaks to the courage to face the unknown and the realization that what we seek is often already within us. *The Wizard of Oz* is not just a story... it is a deep reflection of what it means to be human.”

Adrian leaned in, the thoughtfulness in his voice rising as he spoke. “Dorothy embodies the common folk, honest, kind-hearted, resilient, and brave. She struggles under the overwhelming weight of her world. Her journey from the gray, desolate Kansas to the vibrant, fantastical Land of Oz is not just a fairytale. It represents the struggle and hope of every man, woman, and child clinging to the belief that there is something much greater beyond the dust and despair.”

Adrian paused, letting the weight of the statement settle in. “The opening scenes of the movie *The Wizard of Oz*, set in the Dust Bowl, show a barren Kansas that perfectly captures the devastation of the Great Depression. It was no coincidence that the story starts in this lifeless place. The Dust Bowl was not merely environmental, it was economic, a symbol of human failure. Over-farming, poor agricultural practices, and drought turned the once-fertile land of the Great Plains of the United States into a barren wasteland. Dust storms buried crops, homes, and lives, creating a situation that seemed utterly hopeless.”

Peter interjected, his voice heavy with reflection. “The opening of *The Wizard of Oz* wasn’t just bleak... it was haunting. It mirrored the despair of an entire generation. The Dust Bowl was not merely a disaster for farmers... it was a calamity that rippled across the entire nation and beyond. The stock market crash of 1929 did not just shake the

U.S. economy... it reverberated through the very foundation of the old world order.”

Adrian added, his tone somber yet resolute. “Banks, fueled by unrestrained greed, tore apart the fabric of society. They foreclosed on homes, farms, and businesses, leaving countless families and entire communities in ruins. Long-term unemployment reached nearly 25%, and ordinary common folks weren’t just struggling... they were starving. This was ***The America Holodomor***. Estimates suggest that around 7.394 million individuals in the U.S. succumbed to starvation, malnutrition, and illness during the Great Depression, when the U.S. population was only 122 million. This was not just an economic collapse... it was a man-made tragedy, a moral failing, and a collapse of humanity itself.”

Peter, absorbed in the moment, leaned forward. “The state of Kansas was not just a backdrop. It reflected that devastation. The setting symbolized the state of the world, and Dorothy’s escape to Oz was about more than a descent into a magical land. It was about escaping from a life destroyed by a planned and implemented economic failure by the ***Spider’s Globalist*** banksters and their controllers.”

Nodding, Adrian’s voice grew more intense. “***Yes...*** Kansas, that barren wasteland in the movie, was a metaphor for the collapse of not only the economy but also the spirit of the individual. Entire families were left destitute, their dreams shattered. Dorothy, this ordinary girl, was caught in that world, representing the average individual struggling to survive. Her escape to Oz wasn’t just about fantasy... it was about hope, about finding something stable and secure when everything around her was falling apart. And just think that when she embarks on her journey in the Land of Oz, following the Yellow Brick Road paved in Gold bricks... ***It Starts With Gold!***”

Peter’s eyes lit up bright with a realization. “And Oz is not just a magical land, is it? It’s Oz... as in ounces of Gold. Gold, the one thing that retained its value during the chaos of the Great Depression. When banks collapsed and having money in them became worthless, having possession of Gold was the one thing common folks could always rely

and depend on. It was solid, it was real, it was valuable, it was exchangeable for things that are tangible and practical.”

Adrian, leaning forward now, added with intensity, “Dorothy’s journey was not about finding her way home. It was about finding something real. Something that would last through the storms. The shimmering Emerald City, the vibrant colors of Oz, they were not just a fantasy escape. They represented stability, wealth, and security in a time when those things were in short supply. Gold was the anchor the regular folk needed when everything else crumbled, and now, as we face another looming financial collapse, common folk are seeking out the same thing.”

Peter, fully engaged, nodded as the connection became clearer. “It is eerie how the parallels between the Great Depression and what is happening today line up. Back then, Kansas was a wasteland, the common folk became lost, and Oz, Gold was the dream of something stable, something to hold on to. And now, we are on the edge of another collapse, with the same dark forces at play.”

Adrian’s voice steadied, growing more resolute. “We are all on the same path. The greed, the unchecked risk, the financial mismanagement, the complacency. It is all happening again, just like in the 1930s. Today, banks and financial institutions are bloated with risk, *The Financial Industrial Complex* is fragile and on the edge of total collapse. Dorothy’s journey to Oz resonates now because, like her, individuals today are searching for something stable, real and tangible... to survive the chaos. Back during the Great Depression, it was Gold that held its value. Gold was the only thing individuals could trust when the entire system collapsed, not fake fiat money. And it’s what they can put their trust in... today.”

Peter sat back, his gaze deepening with realization. “Dorothy’s journey in *The Wizard of Oz* is more than just a fairytale. It is the journey of tens of millions who lived through the Great Depression. And it is the journey billions of individuals are starting to face now. She was not just trying to find home... she was trying to find stability in a world that had lost its way.”

“**Yes...** precisely,” Adrian reiterated, his voice now firm with conviction as he added. “Back then, Kansas in the movie, was a barren wasteland, a place of no hope, and the common folk were desperately searching for something real. Oz, with its shimmering beauty and promise of riches, was Gold. Gold was the only thing that kept its value. Dorothy’s journey mirrored the journey of tens of millions back then. It reflects the journey we are about to confront now. **Sovereigns** today are seeking something that will carry them through the next financial collapse and... **The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0**. Gold represents that stability, a symbol of strength and sovereignty.”

Peter, nodding. “The parallels are undeniable. What happened back then in the past, is happening right now. The financial institutions, the private central banks, the entire **Financial Industrial Complex**, they are all on the verge of total collapse. Individuals are waking up to the fact that the institutions and the things they have trusted, the things they have built their lives on, will not hold up when the collapse comes. Just like in the 1930s, individuals are beginning to realize that what really matters is something real, something that they can hunker down in, hold and use while they survive the storm!”

Adrian nodded, his tone filled with certainty. “Dorothy’s journey was not just her own, it was the journey of tens of millions back then, and it will be the journey of billions now. **Sovereigns** are searching out for something that will see them through the darkest periods. And just like before... **It Starts With Gold!**”

The two sat in reflective silence for a moment, the weight of the discussion settling in. The lessons from the past were clear, and the future seemed to echo them all too loudly. The world had experienced this before and they both knew they were standing at the precipice of something eerily familiar.

As the conversation began to wind down, Peter took a final sip of his Ziraldo Prosecco, his mind still racing with the unsettling parallels they’d uncovered. “Next Wednesday,” he said, his voice low and charged, “we need to dig deeper. The Dust Bowl, the Great Depression... it’s all coming back around. History moves in cycles, and the connections

between then and now are too clear to ignore. We have to understand... *The American Holodomor* to see exactly what we're up against with what's coming next... *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0!*"

Adrian, holding his Steam Works craft beer, nodded in agreement. "Yes... absolutely. We have only scratched the surface tonight. Next week, we must dig much deeper into those parallels. There's a lot more to explore."

Peter raised his glass in a subtle toast, smiling. "Wednesday, same time, same place, next week. We'll pick it up then."

Adrian grinned as he lifted his beer. "I am looking forward to it like always."

With a shared, knowing look, Peter and Adrian prepared to close the evening, their expressions reflecting the weight and purpose of their discussion. *The King of Main Street* and *The Oracle of Abbotsford*, their voices steady and resolute, spoke in unison, proclaiming the universal battle cry that has transcended generations... a declaration of defiance and purpose... *The Sovereign's Creed*. Their words carried the gravitas of timeless truth, echoing not just through the night, but through the ages.

"To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!"

CHAPTER TWENTY

THE AMERICAN HOLODOMOR

Adrian C. Spitters and Peter J. Merrick signed on for their weekly Wednesday night video call, settling in with their usual drinks in hand. *The Oracle of Abbotsford* cracked open his Steam Works craft beer, a familiar ritual for these calls. *The King of Main Street*, however, had returned to his beloved Ziraldo Icewine, a development Adrian noticed right away.

“Back on the Icewine, huh? Let me guess, Don Ziraldo to the rescue?” Adrian teased, raising his beer with a smirk.

Peter laughed and nodded. “*Yes*... you know it. Donald found out I ran out, so he was kind enough to ship me a few bottles from his vineyard in the Niagara Region, near the Canadian and New York State border, to keep me stocked. Perks of having good friends in the vintage wine business.”

Adrian shook his head, still smiling. “Oh boy... You are really fortunate to have a good friend like that. We did not exactly have sophistication out on the farm! Until then, I will stick with my Steam Works. At least we both have good taste. What can I say? I am a simple Canadian farm boy at heart... *The Son of a Dutch Farmer*. Beer just feels like

home. It takes me right back to my youth, doing my daily farm chores and being close to the land!”

Peter smiled, holding his wine glass. “Well, as a former ‘city slicker’ who now prefers watching the sunset as much as spreadsheets, pie charts, graphs and creating business succession and estate plans, I will take my wine any day. Besides, if you had Donald Ziraldo as your good friend, you would have learned to truly appreciate and enjoy Niagara Peninsula, Canadian, worldwide award-winning fine wines as well. Donald often jokes that everyone enjoys wine no matter where they come from or whatever the occasion. He is determined to get everyone to switch it up at least once to Ziraldo wines.”

Their fun and sometimes serious banter flowed easily, as it always had. Despite the geographical distance between Adrian in Abbotsford, British Columbia, Canada, and Peter in San Diego, California, their Wednesday night calls were a cherished ritual. The combination of deep conversations, humor, mutual respect, understanding, and deep dives into the history we are not taught in school made these nights something they both looked forward to.

Tonight’s conversation was set to venture into much deeper, darker, and more concealed history. Perhaps deliberately hidden and purposely avoided by the *Spider’s Globalist* controlled mainstream narrative.

“Speaking of tastes,” Peter began, “we touched on something interesting last week, the black-and-white scenes in the original movie... The Wizard of Oz.”

Peter leaned forward, setting his glass down as he spoke with more intensity. “You know, the tornado in The Wizard of Oz, it has always struck me as more than just a storm. It’s the perfect symbol for those sudden, uncontrollable events that rip through individuals’ lives, just like the Great Depression or a financial collapse. It represents that whirlwind of chaos that pulls you from the life you know... from everything that feels stable and drops you into an entirely different reality.

And here’s the thing, no one ever focuses on the black-and-white scenes at the beginning of the original 1939 movie... The Wizard of Oz. Everyone talks about the colorful technicolor journey once Dorothy

gets to Oz, but that tornado and those bleak black-and-white moments at the beginning of the movie... that's where the real story is for us. That is the metaphor for societal collapse. One minute, you are standing on solid ground, and the next, you are swept away, powerless, caught in something much bigger than yourself. It was never just a storm... it was a metaphor for how quickly everything can change when the forces above us decide to shake the ground we're standing on."

Adrian took another sip of his beer and leaned forward. "That tornado in *The Wizard of Oz*, it is more than just a plot twist. It is the perfect metaphor for the chaos and destruction that hit during the Great Depression and the Dust Bowl. One moment, everything seemed stable, and the next, lives were ripped apart, spinning out of control. Families lost everything... farms, homes, businesses, assets... everything they worked for, just like how the dust storms and economic collapse left them with nothing. It was relentless, tearing through entire communities without warning... just like the tornado that swept Dorothy up into its eye."

Adrian leaned forward, his voice steady but firm. "The Great Depression and The Dust Bowl, what we are now referring to as ***The Great Financial Confiscation 1.0***, were not just historical events. They were orchestrated disasters that decimated tens of millions of lives, destroyed wealth, and reshaped the financial landscape of an entire nation and the rest of the world."

Peter interjected, "Here is the terrifying reality we all face... we are standing on the edge of ***The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0***. It is happening right now, unfolding before our very eyes, yet the ***Sleoples*** remain blissfully unaware. The same ***Spider's*** hidden forces that orchestrated the collapse back then are at it again, but this time their reach is throughout the world. The consequences will be far more devastating... unless you are prepared. If you thought ***The Great Financial Confiscation 1.0*** was bad, this next one will make it look like a mere dress rehearsal."

"It is no wonder the common folk in those regions in America felt abandoned during ***The Great Financial Confiscation 1.0***," Adrian

continued. “Their world was crumbling around them, economically, socially, physically and even mentally. The opening scenes of *The Wizard of Oz* perfectly encapsulate that moment of despair, where everything was fragile, colorless, dull and hopeless.”

Peter nodded. “**Yes**... this is serious stuff. For all its colorful characters and magical journey, *The Wizard of Oz* starts in the grimmest possible setting... dust storms, tumbleweeds, and very few signs of life. You know, I always found that opening scene to be more powerful than anything else in the Technicolor portion of the film. Back then, when I was young, I could not put my finger on what it was about this movie that felt so bleak and wrong.”

Adrian agreed. “The entire first portion of the movie... *The Wizard of Oz*... is a perfect representation of what life was like for those caught in The Great Depression also known as ***The Great Financial Confiscation 1.0***. Individuals were stripped of everything. The U.S. State of Kansas itself, black and white, dusty, lifeless, was America’s breadbasket and heartland. Farms failing, banks closing, ordinary folk losing everything. It wasn’t just bad luck, Peter. It was engineered. The captured governments and the banks, specifically the private Federal Reserve, were behind it.”

“You know, I have spent over three decades in the financial services industry, both in the United States and Canada,” Peter said, leaning back, his expression serious yet reflective. “And it took me far too long to fully understand that the very institutions we are raised to trust are often the ones pulling all the strings and not looking out for our best interests. It is very unsettling when you finally see it clearly. And you, Adrian... ***The Son of a Dutch Farmer***, with your own 35-plus years in the financial services trenches, standing here with me, pulling back the curtain on all of it. It is truly remarkable we find ourselves here, while very few in the financial services industry dare to venture into the truth.”

Adrian’s tone grew more serious. “During the 1920s, farmers were encouraged to take on massive amounts of debt. Banks lent them money like there was no tomorrow. Everyone... farmers, stock market and real estate speculators, even businesses were borrowing, leveraging every-

thing they had. It was a boom fueled by credit, fake fiat money. Then came the stock market crash of 1929, and the whole economy for the regular folk collapsed like a house of cards.”

Peter leaned in, his voice deepening with the weight of what he was about to share. “And what happened next? Bank runs, closures, and foreclosures. It was chaos. Over 9,000 banks in total in the U.S. failed by the end of the Great Depression. The common folk lost everything, their life savings, their homes, their businesses. But not their debts. That is the cruelest part of this story. The banks took their money... but their debts?”

Adrian leaned in, his eyes shadowed with intensity. “Those debts lived on, hanging over their heads like a noose. Those debts were absorbed into the *Spider’s* private Federal Reserve system, consolidating power for the few while turning tens of millions of Americans into life-long debtors, into permanent indentured slaves to an inhuman control system. While the big banks connected to the private Federal Reserve survived and prospered.”

Peter took a long pause to let the weight of those words settle in, his expression serious. “Let us break it down a bit. A ‘bank run,’ you have probably seen the old black-and-white photos, lines of common folk outside banks, desperate to withdraw their savings. It happens when regular folk lose faith in the banking system. Word would get out that a bank was in trouble, and suddenly everyone would rush to the bank to pull out their cash before it went under.

The devastating problem was that retail and commercial banks didn’t keep all their deposits in cash, and they still don’t today. Instead, they lent out most of the money. When the common folk came rushing to get their money back, the banks couldn’t pay them back their money. This set off a terrible cycle of panic. The more banks collapsed, the more regular folk rushed to pull out whatever they could. It became a huge financial disaster, hurting everyday common folk across the nation and the world. But not those who owned and controlled the private central banks.”

Adrian nodded, leaning forward as he continued, “It all came to

a head in early 1933. By March of that year, nearly 5,000 banks had already failed, and by the end of The Great Depression, over 9,000 banks had closed their doors, wiping out depositors' life savings. Hope was evaporating, and fear hung thick in the air... the entire financial system was on the brink of collapse. That is when Franklin D. Roosevelt, the 32nd President of the United States, stepped in."

Peter's voice lowered, imbued with dark intensity. "On March 6, 1933, just two days after being sworn in as President of the United States, Roosevelt declared a '*Bank Holiday*.' This was no mere pause... it was a complete freeze of the entire financial system. What followed was almost certainly influenced by the *Spider's* privately controlled central bank overlords, orchestrating every move that came next... *The Great Financial Confiscation 1.0*.

A *Bank Holiday* meant that every retail and commercial bank in the country was forced to close its doors. No withdrawals, no deposits... just absolute economic paralysis. The fear and chaos were so overwhelming that Roosevelt felt compelled to act, effectively halting the economy. And why?

To execute *The Great Financial Confiscation 1.0*, the privately controlled Federal Reserve tightened its stranglehold on the common folk, mercilessly stripping wealth from individuals under the guise of 'stability,' and consolidating absolute control over the nation's financial system. This dark moment solidified the *Spider's Globalist* grip, giving rise to what is now widely recognized as the birth of *The Financial Industrial Complex*... an insidious international system, ruthlessly engineered to enrich the few while shackling the many in perpetual servitude."

Adrian took a sip of his beer before speaking again. "It was like pulling the emergency brake on a speeding train. Roosevelt, his presidential cabinet, and their controllers essentially used that time to decide which banks would be allowed to reopen and which would stay closed forever. Here is the kicker... the only banks that were allowed to reopen were the ones backed by the private Federal Reserve. All the small, independent banks without the backing of the corrupt, private Federal Reserve were wiped out, taking their depositors down with them. The common folk

lost everything... everything except their debts. These debts lived on, hanging over them like a dark shadow, destroying their lives and futures.”

Peter shook his head, taking a sip of his Ziraldo Icewine. “It was a clean sweep. The privately controlled Federal Reserve consolidated its power and took total control of the banking system in the United States, while smaller banks were wiped out. Although this move stopped the immediate crisis, it also ensured that the privately controlled Federal Reserve and its network of large, corporate banks emerged stronger than ever.

These big banks were the ones that survived, while the smaller, community-focused banks were permanently shuttered. It was a complete consolidation of power and a wealth transfer from the common folk into the hands of the *Spider’s Globalist* elite few and the corrupt financial institutions they controlled.”

Adrian’s brow furrowed. “Pure Evil... And the common folk who lost their savings in those smaller banks? What happened to them?”

Peter shook his head. “They were left with absolutely nothing, totally broke. Their life savings gone, wiped out overnight. The common folk who had mortgages, and outstanding loans, they still owed that money. And because the private Federal Reserve backed banks absorbed those debts, it was a planned and well executed financial trap. Common folk could not escape their debt, and many ended up losing their homes, their farms, life savings, retirements, and businesses, everything they had built during their lifetimes.”

Adrian then spoke, his tone heavy with the weight of history, “It is no wonder that during the Great Depression, millions of American farmers and families were driven from their land. According to census data, at the onset of the Great Depression, about 37 million common folk in the U.S. lived on farms... either owning, working, or relying on them for survival. The Dust Bowl made their plight even worse, but the real culprit was the soul-crushing debt, a tragedy intentionally buried in our history books.”

Peter continued. “At the time, one in every six American farmers became a victim of this steamroller, robbed of their land, money, homes,

property, dignity, work, health and lives. It's like that scene in *The Wizard of Oz* when the tornado hits, Dorothy's entire world is swept away in an instant. That is exactly what happened to these families. One day they had farms, homes, community and hope... the next, everything was gone, leaving them with nothing but uncertainty, unemployment, hunger, crime, and death."

Adrian took another sip of his beer, shaking his head. "And it was all engineered. Before the Dust Bowl and the Great Depression... the government, the private Federal Reserve and banks encouraged them, pushed them, really, to take on more debt. Buy more land, buy more equipment... extend, extend, extend. And when the financial crash came, it was the banks that held all the cards. The private Federal Reserve came out of it stronger, while the common folk were left with nothing."

Peter nodded, the grimness of the situation sinking in. "**Yes...** absolutely. The small farmers and the communities surrounding them were just pawns. And when the dust storms came, that was the final blow. It is no coincidence that the same institutions and individuals who controlled them, and were behind the financial collapse, were also the ones who greatly profited from it."

"The Dust Bowl was the perfect storm, literally and figuratively," Adrian added. "The environmental disaster only compounded the financial one. Millions of families who had already lost everything financially were now fighting against nature itself."

Peter shook his head, his voice filled with grim intensity. "Farmers were led straight into disaster. They tore up natural grasslands that relied on sparse rain, all because the government promised that planting would somehow bring the rain. Then the Dust Bowl hit. Crops failed, loans couldn't be repaid, and they couldn't even afford to protect the topsoil from blowing away."

It was a catastrophe waiting to happen, engineered by reckless policies. The Homestead Act of 1862 encouraged settlers to farmland that was never meant to be touched, promising land ownership but setting them up for inevitable collapse. Entire communities were wiped out, victims of bad policy, environmental ruin, and financial exploitation."

Adrian leaned forward, his tone sharp. “Meanwhile, the banks were closing family-owned farms left and right, but the farmers’ debts didn’t just vanish. These farmers were already over-leveraged, and when the financial markets collapsed, they were trapped. Unable to plant crops or protect their fields, the soil turned to dust. And who stepped in to scoop up all those bad loans? The banks favored by the private Federal Reserve and allowed to survive seized control of all the loans. These favored financial institutions traded their fake fiat money for real, tangible assets... farms, homes, and land like they are preparing to do now.

The private Federal Reserve favored banks consolidated everything under their control, taking advantage of the financial devastation to seize ownership of America’s most valuable resources. The Dust Bowl wasn’t just an environmental disaster... it was a financial catastrophe, deliberately engineered by the ***Spider’s*** control system that crushed everyone else. In the end, the private Federal Reserve and its big banks profited, gaining real wealth while the farmers and everyday common folk were left with nothing, not even the worthless fiat paper money.”

Peter leaned in, his eyes narrowing with a mix of anger and disbelief. “That is what makes this so terrifying. The entire system was engineered to ensure power remained firmly in the hands of the privately owned Federal Reserve, backed by its network of banks and the ***Spider’s Globalist*** banking cabal. They created the illusion of prosperity during the 1920s... just like today... with easy credit, reckless lending, and speculative bubbles.

When the banks inevitably collapsed, the selected institutions favored by the privately controlled Federal Reserve... the newly entrenched ***Financial Industrial Complex***... rushed in to seize assets at deep discounts. The hidden agenda was clear... to consolidate real wealth, power, and control into their iron grip. And the common folk? They were left with nothing but dust. Every path in this meticulously engineered total control system leads inexorably to the ***Spider’s*** total domination of humanity.”

Adrian nodded grimly, his tone heavy with the weight of history. “This catastrophe, orchestrated by ***The Spider’s Financial Industrial***

Complex, resulted in what can only be described as *The American Holodomor*. Historians often recount the Holodomor in Ukraine, where millions... especially Ukrainian farmers... were starved to death in the 1930s under Stalin's Soviet Union's regime.

The term 'Holodomor,' derived from Ukrainian, translates to 'death by hunger' or 'killing by hunger.' Few recognize that America experienced its own version during the Great Depression. Over 7.394 million Americans are believed to have died from hunger, malnutrition, and the economic collapse caused by *The Great Financial Confiscation 1.0*. These were not natural deaths... they were the result of a system deliberately rigged against the common folk, designed to devastate lives and consolidate wealth and power into the hands of the few."

Peter's face darkened. "The population of the U.S. at the time was around 122 million at the start of the Great Depression in the 1930s, and over 7.394 million individuals died. That's over 6% of the entire U.S. population at the time. Gone, not from war or disease, but from economic collapse and mass starvation. And we are not taught this in mainstream schools with their controlled narrative. This is *The American Holodomor*. This is the history that gets buried because it exposes the true power and horror behind the curtain."

"And the parallels to today are downright chilling," Adrian said. "Easy credit, reckless lending, speculative bubbles... it is all happening again, as if history is being deliberately repeated. And when *The Financial Industrial Complex* collapses this time... and make no mistake, it will... who will rise from the ashes?"

The same privately owned *Spider's Globalist* central banks, the same corrupt institutions, the same hidden hands pulling the strings from behind the curtain. What lies ahead will not merely echo the Great Depression or *The American Holodomor*... it will be exponentially worse, unleashing a financial and humanitarian catastrophe on an unprecedented scale. This will set in motion *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*... an event meticulously planned for more than a century to strip humanity of its remaining freedoms and wealth."

Peter nodded, raising his glass in mock salute. "Yes... exactly, just

like back then. Good old FDR swooped in with his Executive Order 6102 on April 5, 1933, confiscating private Gold that was held in bank safety deposit boxes. The U.S. government forced individuals that did not have possession of their Gold to sell their seized Gold at \$20.67 an ounce, and then, on January 31, 1934, turned around and raised the price to \$35 an ounce. A nice 69% increase for the U.S. Treasury. And where did that money go? Not to the starving in the streets, but straight into the **Spider's** privately owned Federal Reserve's balance sheet."

Adrian's tone darkened, his voice laced with intensity. "It was outright theft. They took real wealth, Gold... from the common folk and handed them worthless fiat money, all part of the grand illusion and deception they orchestrated." Leaning back, he let the weight of it hang in the air. "The most sinister part?"

History is repeating itself right now, right in front of everyone's eyes. Back then, the private central banks and their controllers engineered the collapse and tightened their grip on power. Today, we are seeing the same cycle... easy credit, reckless lending, speculative bubbles. And when it all comes crashing down, and it will. It will not be random. The heirs of that same **Spider's Globalist** Cabal, the ones who caused it before, will rise, standing tall over the wreckage, owning everything, enslaving most of us."

Peter raised his glass. "History is repeating itself. However, this time, very few **Sovereigns** even have Gold as a backup. FDR started the process when he confiscated Gold from the common folk. And now? The **Spider's Globalists**, through their privately controlled Federal Reserve and an intricate web of other private central banks, continue to pull the strings with ruthless precision, orchestrating a system designed to consolidate power and wealth while keeping humanity in financial, mental, spiritual and physical bondage."

Adrian's eyes narrowed. "And what about Smedley Butler. The greatest American who ever lived. Twice awarded the Medal of Honor. More importantly, the man who exposed the racket behind wars and the plot to overthrow the U.S. Constitution and government."

Peter frowned grimly. "Oh... **Yes...** Smedley Butler! A Marine

Corps general who blew the whistle on the greatest conspiracy ever in American history discovered up to then. In 1933, while FDR was confiscating Gold, a group of treasonous American wealthy businessmen tried to stage a coup to replace him with a fascist dictatorship. And who did they ask to lead the coup? Smedley Butler!”

Adrian leaned in, his voice dropping to a serious tone. “The *Spider’s* henchmen underestimated him. They did not account for Butler’s unwavering covenant to the U.S. Constitution, his fierce patriotism, his loyalty to the common man, and his unshakable devotion to freedom and personal sovereignty. Smedley Butler was not just any man... he was a decorated war hero, one of the most respected figures in the U.S. military. He had received two Medals of Honor, the highest award for bravery in combat.

When the *Spider’s* henchmen approached Smedley Butler to lead the treasonous ‘Business Plot’ to overthrow the U.S. government and turn it into an overt fascist state, they believed they had found the perfect pawn... someone who could be their *Useful Idiot* or, if compliant and cognitive, their *Useful Tool*. Butler refused to betray his nation. He stood firm and unwavering. He is the epitome of a hero... a patriot... a true *Sovereign!*”

Adrian continued, leaning back. “Instead, he exposed the *Spider’s* henchmen. In 1934, Butler testified before the U.S. Congress, revealing the entire plot, how these powerful business interests were preparing to overthrow the United States government and dismantle the U.S. Constitution. Smedley Butler presented it all to the McCormack-Dickstein Committee, a Congressional committee that was originally focused on investigating un-American activities, particularly the rise of fascism and communist influences within the U.S. government. The committee, unofficially dubbed the ‘House Special Committee on Un-American Activities,’ heard Butler’s detailed account of the ‘Business Plot.’ It was treason, plain and simple. And what happened next?”

Peter’s expression darkened, his voice heavy with indignation. “The real kicker was Major General Smedley Darlington Butler. He was a two-time Medal of Honor recipient. Butler commanded the public’s trust and wielded incredible influence. If he had chosen to betray the

U.S. Constitution and its citizens, he could have turned the United States into a fascist dictatorship. But he didn't. He stood firm, doing what was moral and righteous. And his reward for putting his life in jeopardy to expose the ***Spider's*** Cabal? Silence. No prosecutions for the treason he unveiled, no accountability for the conspirators. The media barely breathed a word, and the entire plot was buried in darkness. It is enraging how anything that threatens the establishment's iron grip on power is systematically erased from history."

Adrian shook his head, his frustration giving way to fervent patriotism. "Major General Smedley Darlington Butler was more than just a soldier... he was the embodiment of a true patriot, a ***Sovereign*** in every sense of the word. He refused to let the treason he uncovered sink into obscurity. Instead, he made a newsreel, a rallying cry to his fellow American patriots, citizens, and ***Sovereigns***, exposing the ***Spider's*** nefarious plans for America and the world. He warned them of the lurking danger, urging vigilance and action to defend the nation's liberty and sovereignty against the forces of tyranny and evil.

Major General Smedley Darlington Butler understood what was at stake. The U.S. Constitution... arguably the greatest document of liberty and justice ever penned... was under attack. Butler knew the only way to protect it was for the American citizenry to stay informed, to stand guard, and to fight tirelessly for their rights and freedoms. Yet... even Butler's courageous efforts were buried by those who feared the light of truth."

Peter shook his head, his voice steady but charged with humble intensity. "It is like pulling back the curtain in *The Wizard of Oz*. The truth is glaring, undeniable... yet most turn away, paralyzed by fear or blinded by a lifetime of lies. Smedley Butler was more than a man... he was the embodiment of honor, courage, and true sovereignty. He stood alone against unimaginable treachery, exposing the war racket and a treasonous plot to destroy the U.S. Constitution. For his courage, the ***Spider*** buried him and his revelations... just as it buried the harrowing truth of ***The American Holodomor*** and the monumental crimes against humanity orchestrated by the owners of the private Federal Reserve."

Peter leaned forward, his eyes blazing with conviction. “Major General Smedley Darlington Butler was not defeated. His courage stands as a moral compass for all **Sovereigns**... for all times... a call to rise and reclaim our sovereignty. He showed us that evil only thrives when good men and women do nothing. When enough **Sovereigns** stand tall, identify and defy the **Spider** and its web of corruption, tyranny will crumble beneath the weight of their individual and collective defiance. This is the way it has always been. Butler proved that one noble soul can ignite the fire of freedom, and if we follow his example, the **Spider’s** empire will collapse. It begins with each of us taking that first step, declaring, ***‘I will not partake in this evil... I will not bend the knee to evil... I am a Sovereign!’***”

Adrian’s voice sharpened, charged with conviction. “And that is precisely why we are here. After well over 30 years each in this industry, we have been pulling back the curtain, piece by piece. We owe it to our clients, to ourselves, and to the truth to uncover what is really happening and to share it with those who will listen... who will join with us... our fellow **Sovereigns**.”

Peter raised his glass high, his voice ringing with admiration and patriotic fervor. “To Major General Smedley Darlington Butler... a noble patriot, a warrior of truth, and the embodiment of what it means to be a true **Sovereign**! May his courage inspire us all to stand against tyranny and reclaim the freedom that is our birthright!”

The King of Main Street and ***The Oracle of Abbotsford*** raised their glasses, the virtual clink echoing with unwavering conviction. This was no ordinary exchange... it was a rallying cry for **Sovereigns** across the ages, wherever they may be found. A solemn pledge to expose the deceptions that have shackled humanity for generations. This had been more than a conversation, it was a bold declaration of defiance, igniting a revolution in thought and action. ***It Starts With Gold... The Sovereign’s Only Real and Tangible Currency!***

“As Napoleon Bonaparte once said, ‘All history is a set of lies agreed upon.’ Next week, we dive into... ***The Golden Awakening***,” Peter said, his grin returning.

Adrian's smile widened knowingly. "**Yes...** I can't wait. Until next Wednesday night. ***The Golden Awakening*** will be more than a discussion... it will be the unveiling of hidden truths about societal and financial control. It is a rallying cry for ***Sovereigns*** to reclaim their sovereignty, to rise above the deceptions, and to secure true independence through awareness and tangible assets like Gold. It is a call to action and a promise of liberation and freedom for all those who choose to be ***Sovereigns***."

The Oracle of Abbotsford and ***The King of Main Street*** raised their glasses one final time, a shared understanding passing between them. Their journey was far from over. There were still more deceptions to unravel, truths to reveal, and curtains to pull back. But for now, they had uncovered a truth that few dared to see, let alone expose. They ended the call with the universal battle cry of the ages... ***The Sovereign's Creed...***

"To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!"

CHAPTER TWENTY ONE

THE GOLDEN AWAKENING

It was Wednesday night once more, and *The King of Main Street* had returned to his trusty glass of prosecco... a choice that was bound to catch *The Oracle of Abbotsford's* attention. As the video call connected, Adrian's sharp eyes zeroed in on Peter, who was lounging with a knowing smirk, Peter hand cradling a glass of Ziraldo Prosecco like it was the chalice of some secret wisdom. "Back to the bubbles, I see," Adrian quipped, the corner of his mouth twitching with amusement, already poised to make the most of the moment.

"Oh look, fancy wine's back in the mix," Adrian said with a grin, pouring himself his usual Steam Works craft beer. As he tilted the bottle a little too fast, foam surged to the top of the glass and spilled over. Adrian hurriedly leaned in to take a big gulp to stop the overflow, not before a bit of foam splattered onto his desk.

Peter laughed, watching the scene unfold. "Well, well, well. You might be a farm boy, Adrian, but you've definitely got the pouring technique of a city slicker in training. You sure you don't want to switch to prosecco? No foam issues over here."

Adrian wiped the foam off his desk and smirked. "**Yes, Yes**, go ahead

and sip your sparkling highbrow stuff. Me... I'm sticking with real beer. Sure, I might spill a little, at least I don't need a crystal flute to drink it."

Peter raised his glass, grinning. "It's all about the experience. I'm just trying to elevate our conversations to the level of this prosecco. Besides, I developed this tradition with my good friend Donald Ziraldo himself. I drink this to keep up with our tradition."

Adrian leaned back, his beer now under control, and took a long sip. "You and your traditions. I'll stick with mine, good beer, a little foam, and none of that swirly, sniffy nonsense your prosecco drinkers do. We farm boys don't have time for that."

Peter laughed. "Hey, it's all about sophistication. You might enjoy milking cows, but prosecco, this is where the real class is."

Adrian laughed, raising his glass again, this time with no foam in sight. "Here's to your 'class,' Peter. One day, you'll admit beer's where it's at."

Peter smiled, taking another sip. "We will see, my friend. We will see." He leaned back, his smirk fading into a contemplative expression. "Adrian, as much as I enjoy our friendly banter, I would like for us to revisit our conversations about the original Wizard of Oz... the 1939 movie classic. That film holds so much depth, with layers we have barely begun to uncover. It is a perfect metaphor for *The Financial Industrial Complex*.

The transition in The Wizard of Oz from the black-and-white Kansas to the dazzling Technicolor of the Land of Oz is far more than a visual spectacle... it is a profound allegory for the illusion of wealth and power. It is as though those in control have embedded hidden truths within the story, crafting a roadmap that blurs the line between fiction and reality. These truths are not mere fantasy... they reflect the world we live in, yet most individuals fail to notice or comprehend what has been revealed. Tonight, I want us to dig deeper, peel back those layers, and uncover the deeper meanings that have been hiding in plain sight."

Adrian's eyes widened with awe, his voice carrying both admiration and a touch of humility. "The last few weeks of our discussions have been nothing short of mind-blowing... *Yes*... absolutely spellbinding.

The way we have explored, uncovered, and unpacked The Wizard of Oz as a metaphor for history and *The Financial Industrial Complex* is genuinely awe-inspiring for me.

Our discussions have completely transformed my perspective, unraveling layers of deeper meaning I never imagined were there. I find myself marveling at what we have unearthed, still trying to fully process and comprehend it all.” Adrian leaned back with a thoughtful smile, his voice softening to add a playful touch. “Maybe we take it a little easier this week? Unless, of course, you have another rabbit hole ready to pull me into... and if you do, well, you know I am all in.”

Peter laughed, nodding in agreement, his eyes glinting with humor. “*Yes...* I hear and feel you. Last week, we were wading through the darkest shadows of the Dust Bowl, the Great Depression, and even *The American Holodomor*... it was intense for both of us. The layers we uncovered were heavy, no doubt.” Peter raised his glass with a grin. “Alright, tonight we aim for lighter... no heavy doom and gloom, I promise. Just a fun stroll down the Yellow Brick Road, no flying monkeys in sight. I will try my best to keep it light... or at least lighter.”

Adrian, laughing now, pointed at Peter. “Let us look at the fun parts, the weird and wacky stuff! I mean, the whole Wizard of Oz thing is so absurd at times. How did a farm girl from Kansas even find herself in that much chaos? It is like the worst road trip ever, with the strangest crew!”

“*Yes...* totally! Most folks only see the movie on its surface,” Peter grinned, playing along. “You have a brainless scarecrow, a heartless tin man, and a cowardly lion, this sounds like a regular Tuesday at the office for most *Sleoples* in the modern world.”

Adrian practically choked on his beer, bursting into laughter. “*Yes!* Exactly! We have all met characters like that in our careers! Maybe we should start handing out ruby slippers as part of the service... courtesy of those terrible investments their current advisors have them stuck in. You know, just in case they need to click their heels and make a quick escape!”

Peter snorted, shaking his head. “*Yes...* absolutely. Or give them a

little dog like Toto to yank back the curtain on the shady parts of *The Financial Industrial Complex* just to keep things interesting.”

The laughter subsided for a moment, and Peter’s expression shifted to something more reflective. “You know, even with all these jokes, there is something about The Wizard of Oz that sticks with me.”

Peter paused, a playful gleam in his eye. “Now, let’s dive into the Technicolor portion of the film that was revolutionary at the time! When the movie shifts from black-and-white Kansas to the vibrant, colorful world of Oz, it’s not just a visual treat... it’s like peeling back the curtain to reveal a whole new reality. The Technicolor was groundbreaking, sure, the symbolism behind it... even more powerful.”

Adrian nodded, his eyes bright with understanding. “*Yes...* that shift from black-and-white to color wasn’t just about technology... it was about revealing a hidden truth, much like how *The Financial Industrial Complex* presents itself as beneficial to the common folk. In reality, it’s something entirely different... *The Financial Industrial Complex* has been built and crafted to control and dehumanize all of humanity.”

Peter’s face grew more contemplative, a deep realization settling over him. “The plandemic has exposed things that were once hidden, things we’d ignored just like Toto pulling back the curtain to reveal the Wizard as nothing more than a pathetic, little weak man. ‘Toto’ in Latin means ‘in total,’ and I can’t help but think that L. Frank Baum the author of the book *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* chose that name as a message for us all... to see the truth in total, to understand our own power completely, and to act on it.

The message is unmistakably clear... we are far more powerful than we have ever been led to believe or allowed to comprehend. The *Spider’s Globalist* elites have worked tirelessly to obscure this truth from us. What we once thought unshakable... our social safety nets, economic foundations, communities, families, and friendships... have proven to be far more fragile than anyone could have imagined. It is a stark revelation, one that forces us to reevaluate everything we assumed was secure.”

Adrian’s eyes sharpened with intensity. “And this goes even much

deeper, Peter. The cracks in our social safety nets became glaringly obvious during the COVID-19 plandemic. The economic shutdowns revealed how many of the common folk were living paycheck to paycheck with no savings. The illusion of financial stability was shattered for all to see. We had to face the reality of economic inequality and uncertainty. It was like we had been walking down the Yellow Brick Road, believing in the promise of prosperity, only to discover that the road was full of cracks and potholes.”

Peter nodded thoughtfully, his expression grave. “**Yes...** the words we use... or allow others to impose on us... are far more powerful than we realize. They do not just influence our mental, emotional, and spiritual health... words shape and define the very reality we perceive. During the *Spider’s Globalist* societal ‘plandemic’ lockdowns, isolation, stress, and uncertainty pulled back the curtain on cracks in the system that most had never noticed. It became glaringly clear and obvious how deeply words and narratives are weaponized to control, manipulate, and confine us.”

Adrian leaned forward, his voice steady. “Those who silently struggled during the plandemic were pushed into even deeper darkness, their burdens magnified by the relentless pressures around them. It revealed something profound... our mental health and sense of freedom are inseparably tied to the language we consume and the narratives we accept.”

Peter nodded, the weight of the moment clear in his voice. “**Yes...** exactly. Words are not just tools... words are the architects of belief, thought, and power itself. Becoming aware of the words we speak... and the spells others cast over us... is the first step to breaking free from the fog of compliance, from existing as mere ‘*Sleoples*.’ This is how we reclaim our divine sovereignty... the essence we were created to embody... and step fully into the purpose and fullness the *Almighty* intended for all of us. Taking back our language is the first act of true sovereignty and the path to becoming a... true **Sovereign!**”

Peter continued, “Long ago, I learned that big words are for catching, not throwing. A vast vocabulary should serve to expand your understanding and sharpen your ability to listen, not to create barriers. Big

words should be used sparingly and with intention, as tools to clarify rather than complicate. Too often, words are wielded to separate and exclude, rather than to connect and unite humanity. When we speak, our goal should always be to elevate and empower others, never to diminish or alienate them.”

Adrian chimed in, his voice very thoughtful and contemplative. “What many of us have overlooked is that words carry hidden layers of meaning, often embedding history, deeper knowledge, and sometimes even sinister intent to enslave... truths we do not fully recognize. Certain words have been carefully crafted or deliberately chosen to obscure these deeper truths. Through our extensive research and discovery, you and I know this is no accident.

Darker forces have deliberately manipulated language for millennia, obscuring their true intentions and blocking access to knowledge that unveils the true nature of our reality and our realm. If we fully understood the power of the words we use every day, what new truths might come into focus? What deeper realities might we finally uncover?”

Peter leaned in, an air of awe and quiet reverence in his tone. “We must think deeply about this... specialized groups in our society are trained in the dark arts of words, phrases, and symbols designed to create separation, disempowerment, and learned helplessness among the sleeping... the *Sleeples*. Doctors, scientists, lawyers, politicians, university professors, psychologists, financial professionals, unelected elites, and the *Spider’s* secret societies wield language as a tool to obscure information in plain sight. It is as if language itself becomes a sword... a way to slip harmful truths past us, unchallenged, to our detriment both personally and collectively.”

“The Wizard in The Wizard of Oz represents this very illusion and deception,” Adrian said. “Just as the Wizard puts on a grand display while hiding behind a curtain of deceit to manipulate others, these demonic forces use words and language to mask their evil intentions. Their purpose is to keep us from recognizing when our own freewill is being manipulated, blinding us to the true influence these words and spells have over our minds and actions.”

Peter leaned forward, his tone steady yet charged with urgency. “Perhaps the most unsettling revelation is the twisted pleasure certain individuals and groups take in revealing their intentions right in plain sight, fully aware that most **Sleoples** will remain oblivious. These Darker Forces of the **Spider** weave their spells, embedding their plans into the fabric of everyday life, relying on the masses to stay asleep.

This is true sorcery... manipulation of perception through language, symbols, and silence. The **Spider’s** ultimate aim is to control the narrative... thus controlling minds. These Darker Forces believe that by subtly disclosing their intentions, they are absolved of guilt. If we choose to remain asleep, they assume we have granted them permission to act against our best interests.”

Peter’s voice grew heavier. “Whether it is true or not, these Darker Forces operate under the belief that they have authority to harm the masses... the **Sleoples**... once their plans are revealed and met with silence. To them, silence is compliance, and compliance is consent. By failing to react, by failing to say ‘**No**,’ the **Sleoples** unknowingly signal approval for the very harm inflicted upon them. This is the sinister brilliance of the **Spider’s** control strategy... they profit while causing harm, all the while hiding their intentions in the very words we use daily... words most remain unconscious of.”

Adrian nodded, his voice firm but thoughtful. “To become a true **Sovereign** is to wake up, see through these manipulations, and say ‘**No**!’ Sovereignty means becoming conscious of this evil intent, refusing to comply, and reclaiming authority over our own lives. It is not just about awareness... it is about action, about rejecting manipulation and stepping into the purpose and freedom that these Darker Forces work tirelessly to strip away.

The actions of these Darker Forces are interchangeable with those of psychopaths... individuals who lack empathy, operate without remorse, and manipulate others for their own gain. This is why the **Spider’s** minions feel no guilt when causing harm. They believe the **Sleoples’** silence is consent, interpreting their lack of resistance as permission to continue their destructive actions. To them, silence is compliance, and compli-

ance is consent. Breaking free starts with saying ‘**No**’ and reclaiming the authority they have wrongly assumed.”

Peter leaned forward, his tone both serious and revealing. “Hollywood is a perfect example of this dark manipulation being played out on the **Sleoples**. Many films are filled with images and words carrying hidden, occult meanings designed to trick you into ‘giving up’ your Natural Rights through silence. By staying silent, by not questioning, you unknowingly surrender the power to exercise your Natural Rights.”

Adrian nodded, his voice steady with conviction. “The Wizard of Oz is one of the clearest examples of this magic and deceit ever created by Hollywood and its control system. It simultaneously manipulates us and reveals hidden truths about reality. Like the Wizard himself, these Dark Forces use illusions and holograms to both show and obscure the truth, keeping the **Sleoples** purposely distracted, unaware, compliant and asleep.”

Peter leaned back, his expression thoughtful. “The key to attaining true individual freedom and becoming true ‘**Sovereigns over Self**’ in this realm of deceit begins with a simple yet profound question... the very first question we addressed during our inaugural Wednesday night conversation, the moment we decided to write... ***It Starts With Gold... ‘Why do I believe what I believe?’***”

Adrian leaned forward, his voice firm yet reflective. “This question is the first step to awakening from the layers of deception and deceit we have been fed our entire lives by the **Spider** and its **Globalists, Useful Idiots, and Useful Tools**. It compels us to pull back the curtain of lies and reboot our minds. Only then can we begin to break free from the mental, emotional, and spiritual chains imposed on us before we were even born.”

Peter nodded, his tone resolute. “The good news is that our Natural Rights cannot be permanently taken away or lost... they are as immutable as the Laws of Nature, endowed to each of us by our Creator... God. Our Creator commands each of us to rise, reclaim our sovereignty, and embody the purpose we were divinely created to fulfill... to be each a **Sovereign**.”

Adrian spoke, his tone thoughtful and steady. “For example, when we watch a movie or play a gory video game that portrays human trafficking, killing, wars, or worse, and we don’t object or even question it, we are unknowingly giving our consent through our silence. In this way, the **Spider’s** Dark Forces claim they haven’t violated our freewill, because they rely on our unspoken consent. Taking back your sovereignty starts with awareness with the ability to say... **No... to Tyranny... and Yes... to Sovereignty!**”

Peter leaned forward, his tone firm and deliberate. “This is how the Dark Forces and Dark Magicians get away with so much of their evil work. Ignorance does not shield us, and silence is taken as our consent. In today’s age of information, there is no excuse not to seek the truth, especially for those with abundant access to the internet.”

Adrian nodded, adding with conviction, “**Yes!** A few well-placed clicks or searches beyond the **Spider’s** sanctioned mainstream narrative will bring you closer to the hidden truth. For these Dark Forces, your silence is implied consent. Reclaiming your sovereignty begins with the power to say... **No... to Tyranny... and Yes... to Sovereignty!** Sovereignty starts with knowing that your security lies in taking back your sovereignty. **Yes...** and remember... to be a true **Sovereign... It Starts With Gold!**”

Peter’s expression grew intense, a fierce determination flashing in his eyes. “If enough of us remove our consent, the **Spider’s** Dark Forces and their evil minions would have no choice but to back off and leave us alone. And if they refuse... if they continue to harass and oppress humanity, the **Spider’s** Dark Forces would be violating our free will and would eventually face the consequences of their actions. As Sir Isaac Newton observed, ‘For every action, there is an equal reaction.’ All thoughts, intentions, and actions are known by God. There is no escaping the consequences of violating **God’s Natural Laws** or infringing upon our unalienable rights. **Not Even Gold Is Above... God!**”

Adrian said, “Tens of millions, perhaps billions, of the **Sleoples** on Earth believe they can achieve spiritual freedom or stop the crimes against humanity by ignoring what the **Spider’s** Dark Forces and their

New World Order have planned for humanity with their *Great Reset...* I mean, *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*, where we will ‘own nothing, and they will be happy.’ But that is a dangerous illusion, one that makes it nearly 8 billion times easier for these Dark Forces to tighten their grip on humanity... if the *Sleoples* remain asleep to this evil.”

Peter added, “If we are to break free, if we are to end this enslavement, it starts with awareness. Stand up and declare, ***‘I DO NOT CONSENT TO THIS EVIL... YOU DO NOT HAVE MY PERMISSION... I WILL NOT BEND THE KNEE TO EVIL!’*** When enough of us *Sovereigns* withdraw our consent, reclaim our power, and firmly say... **No**, this tyranny will collapse and end. Take back your sovereignty, and always remember... ***It Starts With Gold!***”

Adrian added, “This is why we need to understand that the words we speak and allow to be spoken to us are just as essential as protecting our physical health. We’ve been trained by an inhumane system to overlook the poisons fed to us by the cruel *Spider’s Globalist* power elite, by unaware friends, unseeing communities, *Useful Idiots*, *Useful Tools* and, worst of all, our own asleep selves.”

Peter leaned forward, his elbows resting on his desk, his eyes locking with Adrian’s, his voice low but charged with importance, drawing them in like a magnet. “These Dark Forces... the *Spider’s Globalist* cabal... are relentlessly committed to keeping us blind to the truth. If we dare to catch even a glimpse of their pure evil, their response is swift and unforgiving... they want us silenced at all costs. Heaven forbid we... the *Sovereigns*, expose the false truths of the unelected elites or challenge the *Sleoples*... the controllers and humanity’s sleepwalkers who blindly submit to their authority!”

Peter leaned forward, his elbows resting on the desk, his voice steady and deliberate. “Through the *University of Hard Knocks*, we have learned an absolute truth... words have power. They can destroy, or they can revive. They can build communities, or they can annihilate nations. I remind myself every day... ***Words Matter!***”

Adrian nodded, his tone sharpening as he picked up the thread. “**Yes...** and it is not just words... this indoctrination begins early, woven into

the ***Spider's Education Indoctrination Complex***, designed to imprison young, impressionable minds. The shift to online learning during the plandemic laid bare just how isolating technology can be and how deeply rooted ***Nihilism*** has become."

Peter's voice was steady, carrying an intensity that demanded attention. "***Nihilism***... the belief that life is meaningless and the rejection of moral principles... has quietly infiltrated our children's education, targeting their minds at the most impressionable stages of life. The plandemic pulled back the curtain, giving parents their first glimpse into this diabolical system. What they saw was not education... it was pure indoctrination and propaganda, designed to infiltrate and control our children's minds, creating ***Sleoples***, not critical thinkers... not ***Sovereigns***."

Adrian said, "Many parents and ***Sovereigns*** were shocked to discover that our children's education curriculum was not about reading, writing, or math. Its insidious intent was to indoctrinate our children with fear, confusion, doubt, and hate, stripping them of their individuality... their humanity. The ultimate aim of this evil system is to make our sacred children... humanity's future... hate themselves."

Peter nodded in agreement and could not help himself by uttering, "***Yes... I Totally Agree! This is Sick... Pure Evil!***" His brow furrowed as he listened.

Adrian's voice grew more intense as he continued, "Parents started realizing that their children were being taught values that didn't align with theirs. Values based on Marxism, postmodernism and relativism. These theories challenge the foundations of our society. They are meant to destroy traditions, identity, individuality, community, Natural Law and the idea of absolute truth. Instead of helping children think critically, these teachings are meant to create confusion and a sense of hopelessness, especially when they undermined the importance of individuality, family, community, tradition, shared life supporting and enhancing values."

Peter paused, reflecting on Adrian's words before speaking. "The fraudulent plandemic pulled back the curtain on our education, financial, political, economic, religious, and health systems. For those who chose to see... the ***Sovereigns***, it revealed the truth... giving a glimpse of the bleak

future planned for humanity if we fail to act against this orchestrated scam.

Crafted by those controlling *The Financial Industrial Complex*, this plan is unfolding before all of us who are awake... the *Sovereigns*... to this evil agenda known as *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*, cloaked in the *Spider's Globalist* slogans of *The Great Reset* and *Build Back Better*. Their vision is one where you will lose everything and own nothing, while they... the *Spider's* bankers and their demonic overlords... reshape society to benefit only themselves, leaving them as the only ones truly happy, with the rest of humanity enslaved."

Adrian leaned forward, his tone firm. "The truth is that all these systems are part of the same demonic *Spider's* machinery, steering humanity off a cliff to what the unelected elites call the *New World Order*... a dystopian nightmare disguised as progressiveness. Just as Toto exposed the Wizard in The Wizard of Oz by pulling back the curtain, the plandemic exposed the *Spider's Globalists* and their hidden evil and antihuman agendas.

The Sovereigns' Golden Awakening to the truth has led more of us to realize that we cannot rely on these corrupted systems to safeguard our best interests. And the cavalry we were taught to wait for? Well...the cavalry is not coming. The cavalry we have been waiting for has always been us... humanity's *Sovereigns*.... and... *It Starts With Gold!*"

Peter nodded, his voice steady... charged with command. "Yes... that's the truth, Adrian. The true heroes of humanity's story have always been us... the *Sovereigns* of humanity, standing strong in our power and purpose. The power to resist the *Spider's* tyranny, reclaim our sovereignty, and rebuild a future free from its control has always existed within each of us. Freedom and sovereignty begin with self-education, critical thinking, self-awareness, action, individuality, and unity. Humanity can no longer afford to stay asleep."

Adrian nodded, his expression serious. "Yes... exactly! The more we look at it, the more we see that these systems... whether it's education, financial, political, religious, media or health, all have been designed to keep us dependent on them. Not to empower us, they have been planned

to disempower the individual. We need to take control of our own lives, starting with our financial security and... ***It Starts With Gold!***

Peter leaned forward, fully aligned with Adrian's point. "***Yes!*** In the Wizard of Oz... the Wizard's illusion of power was just that... one big illusion... one big scam... one big lie. We have been fed the same lies by the ***Spider's Globalist*** elites who control these antihuman systems. They want us to believe we need them to survive, the truth is, they need us... they need us to surrender our free will and our power to them. And we... the ***Sovereigns***... will not! It is time to take back our power... and... ***It Starts With Gold!*** Physical Gold is real wealth, untied to the ***Spider's*** manipulations. With Gold, we... the ***Sovereigns*** reclaim independence from their demonic control system."

Adrian leaned forward. "And Gold isn't just about wealth preservation. It's about independence. When you hold physical Gold, you're not subject to the same risks as with paper and fake digital assets. You're out of the reach of the ***Spider's*** private central banks and the captured national government's policies. You have something that has held value for thousands of years. Gold is a proven method to opt out of the ***Spider's*** control system that's designed to keep us in debt and dependent. To make us slaves..."

Peter nodded, absorbing the significance. "***Yes***... I agree... the first step to reclaiming our sovereignty is to start acquiring physical Gold... coins, bars, whatever form you can. For ultimate security, the key is to take ownership and possession of it yourself. Do not leave it in a bank vault. If you do not hold it, you do not own it."

Adrian added, "***Yes***... exactly. And diversify within your Gold holdings too. Different weights, different forms. It adds flexibility and security. And think about where you store it. Secure it in a safe place. Also consider splitting it up. Keep some in different locations. It's about being smart and not putting all your eggs in one basket."

Peter smiled. "It's almost like creating your own personal Fort Knox, an impenetrable fortress. You're building a secure and solid foundation of real value that can't be eroded by inflation or manipulated by external forces... and... ***It Starts With Gold!***"

Adrian leaned back, shaking his head with a slight smile. “You know, Peter, we started off light tonight, cracking jokes about ruby slippers and bad investments, and it was fun.” His expression grew more serious as he added, “Let us be honest, the current state of the world does not really afford us the pleasure to take these subjects lightly anymore. We are already stepping into... ***The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0!***”

Peter nodded, his usual humor giving way to a more reflective tone. “***Yes...*** you are totally right. It is no longer just theory. It is happening all around us, and if humanity does not wake up soon, most of us will be swept away, just like in those other civilizational collapses we have seen before. Both distant and not that long ago, like... ***The Great Financial Confiscation 1.0!***”

Adrian took a sip of his beer and glanced at the screen. “Next Wednesday night, we have to dive into this even more seriously. The Wizard of Oz is not just a story. It provides a manual and a primer of sorts, showing us what is... ***Behind Their Curtain.*** And if humanity has any hope of an ***Awakening*** and to stop this pending collapse resulting in... ***The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0,*** we need to confront and understand those symbols and plans that are hidden in plain sight.”

Peter raised his glass, the weight of their conversation settling in. “***Yes...*** absolutely! The symbols in the original film, The Wizard of Oz, are right there, waiting for us to discover and decode them. Next week, we will tackle them head-on.”

Adrian grinned, lifting his glass. “To next week and to uncovering the truth.”

The King of Main Street and ***The Oracle of Abbotsford*** ended their Wednesday night call with the universal battle cry, a call out to humanity to join with them... ***The Sovereign's Creed...***

“To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!”

CHAPTER TWENTY TWO

BEHIND THEIR CURTAIN

As the video call flickered to life, Peter J. Merrick... *The King of Main Street* leaned into the screen with a sly grin. “Well, Adrian, I see you are still clinging to your trusty Steam Works. When are you going to upgrade to something a little less... rustic?”

Adrian C. Spitters... *The Oracle of Abbotsford* laughed, raising his bottle. “You mean to your fancy prosecco? Nah, I’m good. I prefer a drink that does not make me feel like I need a dictionary to order it. Besides, this stuff is brewed right here in British Columbia. It keeps me grounded and humble!”

Peter chuckled, swirling his glass dramatically. “Grounded, sure, if grounded means never evolving past farm life! You know, they do sell wine where you are.”

Adrian leaned back with a smirk. “Why mess with perfection? I drink my beer, you drink your high-society prosecco, and we both get to poke fun at each other. It’s a win-win.”

Peter laughed, shaking his head. “*Yes*... alright, alright, I will give you that.” He paused, his tone shifting to something more thoughtful. “Speaking of poking fun, though, I’ve been thinking a lot about the

symbols we've been talking about, especially in The Wizard of Oz. You realize, it's the symbols we don't always recognize that can have the biggest impact upon us?"

Adrian tilted his head. "**Yes...** oh boy, here we go. Tonight, we are diving down the rabbit hole again."

Peter grinned. "Think about it. L. Frank Baum, the mind behind The Wizard of Oz, used symbols to lay bare the truth of hidden hands, those who control from behind the curtain. In his story, they are the puppeteers working the levers, unseen yet orchestrating everything in plain sight. Today, that vision isn't just a story... it is a reality. *The Financial Industrial Complex* has become that hidden hand... a vast, faceless machine of influence controlled by the *Spider's Globalists*. And now, they are preparing for what can only be called *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0...* you know... Build Back Better... where you will own nothing, and the *Spider* and its minions will own everything... and they will be happy!"

Adrian leaned forward, his eyes narrowing as the weight of the moment pressed into his words. "**Yes...** you are onto something extremely important. The Scarecrow is not just a character... he is a crucial symbol representing the concept of the Straw Man in The Wizard of Oz. The Straw Man is not merely a fictional construct... it is a legal concept, a representation of an individual that has been turned into a corporate entity or legal fiction, created for control and commerce. It shows how we are each reduced to a legal identity, a construct on paper, controlled and traded like human livestock."

Peter nodded, his voice thoughtful as he added, "In Baum's The Wonderful Wizard of Oz, the Scarecrow begins as a lifeless figure, stuffed with straw and propped in a cornfield to scare away crows. He is dismissed as worthless and lacking a brain. Yet, through his journey with Dorothy, it becomes clear that he is clever and resourceful, even as he doubts his own intelligence. His origin as a hollow, manufactured figure symbolizes the artificial nature of the Straw Man legal identity... a legal construct created to appear alive but devoid of true substance or autonomy."

Adrian leaned forward, his voice charged with intensity. “Baum’s portrayal of the Scarecrow reveals how humanity is reduced to lifeless roles and hollow identities, whether as a figure in a field or entities within the ***Spider’s*** modern legal and financial systems. His journey is more than a quest for a brain... it is a metaphor for reclaiming personal agency and recognizing one’s innate intelligence and intrinsic worth. It mirrors the awakening needed to become a ***Sovereign***, to see through and reject the Straw Man legal fiction imposed upon us from birth.”

Peter nodded, his voice steady. “The Scarecrow... the Straw Man... longs for a brain, a mind of his own. He symbolizes the ***Sleeples***, the ***Useful Idiots***, and the ***Useful Tools***, all controlled by the ***Spider’s*** system. He represents the legal phantom designed to bind us within a dehumanizing framework of laws and rules most never question. This fiction controls us, blinding us to the hands pulling the strings. The Scarecrow’s journey is a call to reclaim our minds, awaken the ***Sovereign*** within, and expose the truth behind the illusions.”

Adrian’s voice grew intense. “We go through life thinking we are free, but in reality, we are cataloged and reduced to legal fictions... entities that can be bought and sold within ***The Financial Industrial Complex***, controlled by the ***Spider’s*** control system. This is no theory... it is a carefully crafted control system that touches every aspect of our lives, pulling us deeper into its grip. It all ties back to what we have been discussing... ***The Financial Industrial Complex*** and its relentless control over the modern world.”

Peter didn’t miss a beat, leaning forward as if uncovering a hidden truth. “The Straw Man... the ***ALL-CAPS*** name, the legal fiction they assign to each of us from birth... it’s not just a character in a story... it’s a mechanism of control of the ***Spider***. When we were born, they didn’t just register our existence, we each were registered as legal entities... corporations.”

Adrian leaned back, his tone serious. “Our lives, our names, have been stripped of meaning and reduced to assets within ***The Financial Industrial Complex***, bought and sold like any other commodity. In Baum’s story, fantasy serves as the mask, but he saw the reality beneath

the veil... the *Spider's* control system, designed to turn living souls into controlled, cataloged, hollowed-out and dead entities."

Peter nodded thoughtfully. "The Wizard of Oz was not merely a tale... it was a stark warning. We are beings bound, tracked, and traded, drawn ever tighter into the grip of unseen forces. So thorough is the *Spider's* design, so deeply embedded in the fabric of our world, that most go through life without ever noticing it... these are the *Sleoples*."

"Yes... you are so, so right," said Adrian. "The word 'corporation' breaks down into 'corp,' meaning a dead body, and 'oration,' meaning speech... revealing it as a legal entity that 'speaks for the dead.' At birth, we are assigned birth certificates, symbolizing the *Spider's* control system's claim over us. This act 'kills' us as living breathing individuals, turning us into legal fictions... dead souls. From that moment on, our living identity is replaced by a corporate entity, owned and controlled by the *Spider's* control system."

Peter leaned in, his tone grave. "This is not just theory... it is something far more sinister and very real that affects all of us in real life. If the *Sleoples* only knew the truth... that they are, in essence, speaking for the dead... all they would need to do is look at their social security card, driver's license, birth certificate, or passport. Their name is spelled in all **CAPITAL LETTERS** because they have been transformed into a captured government corporation under the *Spider's* control.

The Straw Man is not just an idea... it is a paper and digital identity created by the *Spider's* captured government at birth, completely separate from our living, breathing selves. When you are born, you are issued a birth certificate, a document that represents this legal identity. From the moment we enter the world, we are assigned a label... a name in all capital letters. This legal fiction is designed to fit neatly into the *Spider's* control system, something the state can claim, own, manipulate and tax to death."

Adrian's eyes lit up as he added, "And think about how that ties into the bigger picture. In The Wizard of Oz, the Straw Man believes he needs a brain, but all he's given is a piece of paper... a certificate. Just like we're handed pieces of paper... money, diplomas, titles... and told

these things define us, that they hold real value. The ***Sleoples*** treat these fictions as if they're solid, as if they mean something and are real. But they are just illusions. True value, real power, comes from something tangible, something that can't be manipulated, like your sovereignty, your soul and Gold."

Peter nodded in agreement. "This Straw Man, much like the character in The Wizard of Oz, believes he lacks something essential. A brain. The ability to think and act for himself. Instead, he is given a certificate. A piece of paper that represents his existence... his worth, within a bureaucratic and an inhumane system. This is the legal identity we all carry. A paper and digital creation. A Straw Man, a shadow of our true selves. The Straw Man is governed by laws and regulations. He is bound by the rules of a system, ***The Financial Industrial Complex*** that doesn't see him as a living person but as a legal entity. A subject of commerce to be controlled, bought and sold by the ***Spider***."

Adrian leaned forward, his voice steady and filled with conviction. "That is why the Scarecrow's journey in The Wizard of Oz is so significant. He believes he needs something external to be complete and whole. In the story, he symbolizes the death of individuality and the rise of the collective. Yet, in reality, he is already clever, resourceful, capable, and, most importantly... he is alive! Just like you, me, and every man, woman, and child. These are the qualities ***The Financial Industrial Complex*** neither recognizes nor values because they pose a threat to the ***Spider's*** total control system."

Peter nodded, his tone resolute. "***Yes!*** This is the truth... we are born ***Sovereigns***. At any moment, we can wake up and reclaim the sovereignty that is our birthright... the sovereignty we have been deceived into surrendering to the ***Spider's*** control system. We do not need the validation of these systems to be whole, sovereign, human and alive. We only need to recognize our own value, take back control of our own lives, and ensure our wealth is anchored in something real... and... ***It Starts With Gold!***"

And then there is the Tin Man... heartless, mechanical, drained of humanity. He symbolizes the worker, hollowed out, just another cog in

the industrial machine. Baum was pulling back the curtain, revealing the true nature of the *Spider's* control system. That system has only grown stronger and more refined, evolving into what we now call *The Financial Industrial Complex*. It is the same show, just with new puppeteers and an even tighter grip on the strings of control."

Adrian smiled knowingly, the irony clear in his tone. "And what better example of this than the Tin Man himself? We were all born into a tax farm, exploited by our captured governments, private central banks, and the *Spider's Globalist* elite cabal for our labor and life force. The Tin Man... he is not just a symbol of the hollowed-out worker... his name says it all. The T.I.N. also the short form for our Taxpayer Identification Number... is the number of our enslavement. The Tin Man encapsulates what happens when these systems dehumanize us, turning us into soulless, mechanical tax slaves stripped of our humanity."

Peter leaned forward. "In *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* written by L. Frank Baum, the Tin Man was once a human woodsman named Nick Chopper. He was cursed by the Wicked Witch of the East, who enchanted his axe to chop off parts of his body. Each time this happened, a tinsmith replaced the lost parts with tin, until he was entirely made of metal and lost his heart. This transformation serves as a powerful allegory for how industrialization, automation, digitalization, and the relentless pursuit of profit strips away our humanity, turning the individual into a mechanical avatar of their former self. The Tin Man's longing for a heart symbolizes the deep yearning to reconnect with emotions, compassion, and our humanity... qualities often lost in the unyielding grind of modern life. And now, in the era of Artificial Intelligence, our loss of humanity is accelerating."

Adrian nodded, his expression thoughtful. "Our lives, our names, have been stripped of meaning and reduced to assets within *The Financial Industrial Complex*, bought and sold like any other commodity or livestock. In Baum's story, fantasy serves as the mask, but he saw the reality beneath the veil... the *Spider's* control system, designed to turn living souls into controlled, cataloged, hollowed-out and dead entities."

Peter added, "And think about how the Tin Man represents those

of us who get caught up in the rat race, working ourselves to the bone for something that doesn't truly fulfill us, is not tangible and does not exist in the real world of the five senses. In this artificial control system, we lose touch with what really matters. That's why it's so important to take back control of our own lives, to step out of that cycle and reclaim our sovereignty."

Adrian nodded thoughtfully. "The Cowardly Lion perfectly symbolizes the ***Sleoples***... outwardly blustering but ruled by fear and insecurity. He seeks validation from authority, and the Wizard... a conman... pacifies him with an empty token, an Official Recognition Award, a hollow gesture meant to keep him compliant. The Lion's true transformation comes when he realizes that real courage does not come from external symbols, titles or validation... it comes from within. The Lion reclaims his intrinsic worth, awakening as a ***Sovereign***. Baum's allegory reminds us that sovereignty is not something granted... it is something we uncover, assert and claim within ourselves."

Peter leaned in, his voice steady and resolute. "And that is why owning Gold is so important. It is not about flaunting wealth or status... it is about having something real, something tangible. Gold allows you to break away from the influence of ***The Financial Industrial Complex***, giving you the power to reclaim your sovereignty. It is a foundation of your independence, a means to stand on your own two feet. And that is why... ***It Starts With Gold!***"

Adrian added, "***Yes***... I totally agree with you! When you own Gold, you have the security to make decisions based on your values, not based on your fears."

Peter was deeply engrossed, the layers of symbolism unfolding before them. "The Wizard of Oz... think about it, Ounces of Gold. The Yellow Brick Road... Gold bricks, clear as day. Dorothy's journey down that road represents the path we each must take to uncover the intrinsic truth hidden behind the curtain of ***The Financial Industrial Complex***. Then there's the Wizard himself." Peter paused, his eyes bright with anticipation. "What's your take on him, Adrian?"

Adrian grinned, a spark of recognition in his eyes. "The Wizard of

Oz relied on magic, smoke, flames, illusions and deceit. These were all tricks designed to instill fear and manipulate the *Sleoples* into doing his bidding. The reality is that the Wizard held no real power. He was merely a master of deception, creating the illusion of authority where none truly existed. He was a classic conman.

The Wizard's manipulations behind the curtain are a textbook example of the Hegelian Dialectic at work on the masses of *Sleoples*, creating the cycle of **Problem... Reaction... Solution**. The Wizard manufactured a problem out of thin air. He provoked a reaction by stoking fear and uncertainty. Then he presented the illusion of a solution. In doing so, he maintained control without ever wielding real power. This was the power that the *Sleoples* of Oz had already surrendered willingly and unconsciously to the Wizard's authority."

Peter smiled, seeing the connection. "Just like the *Spider's Globalist* elites today. The *Spider* uses fear, manipulation, and illusion to keep the *Sleoples* in line. When we pull back the curtain, we realize that their power is just smoke and mirrors. And that's why we need to take matters into our own hands and reclaim our sovereignty."

Adrian agreed. "**Yes! Yes! Yes!** The moment Toto, Dorothy's loyal companion, pulls back the curtain to reveal the Wizard's true identity symbolizes the awakening to truth. Toto exposes the illusion, barking until others pay attention, hypothetically giving everyone the '**Red Pill**.' The word 'curtain' also signifies the end of an act or scene, both of which are parts of a theatrical performance, highlighting that the Wizard's display was nothing more than staged illusions and theatrics. For *Sovereigns*, the curtain on the fake fiat money system is being pulled back, exposing its fragility as it teeters on collapse, setting the stage for **The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0**."

Those who seem to have authority often rely on fear and illusion rather than genuine strength or wisdom. This revelation is a powerful reminder that each of us, too, have the ability to see through the illusions of power and reclaim our own agency... freedom... liberty... and... sovereignty."

Peter nodded slowly, taking it all in. “And the Wicked Witch in this version of the 1939 movie of *The Wizard of Oz...*”

Adrian’s tone deepened. “In the 1939 classic film *The Wizard of Oz*, the Wicked Witch of the West... Elphaba... is portrayed as a flat, one-dimensional figure. She is the embodiment of fear and tyranny, commanding her flying monkeys to enforce her control and intimidate. Her relentless pursuit of Toto, Dorothy’s loyal dog, mirrors the *Spider’s Globalist* control system, obsessed with crushing even the smallest symbols of freedom, individuality, independence and sovereignty. In the original 1939 movie, Elphaba represents the *Statist* ideology... absolute authority where individual autonomy is sacrificed to the *Spider’s* control system.”

Peter leaned in, his voice thoughtful. “Now consider *Wicked* (2024), the movie that re-imagines *The Land of Oz*. Elphaba transforms from a simplistic villain into a noble *Sovereign*... a misunderstood rebel standing against corruption. She becomes a symbol of resistance, courage, and integrity, fighting the very Wizard’s system... the *Spider’s* system... that brands her as evil. This shift challenges us to look beyond appearances, asking us to uncover the layers of power and control hidden beneath the surface.”

Adrian nodded. “These portrayals... *The Wizard of Oz* (1939), where dissent is demonized, and *Wicked* (2024), where resistance is humanized... show how those in power manipulate narratives. Stories are weaponized to shape what we see as ‘good’ or ‘evil,’ suppressing sovereignty and tightening the *Spider’s* grip on humanity.”

Peter’s tone turned reflective. “A *Statist* isn’t just a government official... a politician, law enforcement, a judge, or a bureaucrat. A *Statist* is anyone who blindly believes in the state’s authority over individual freedom and personal sovereignty. They trust the state to define morality and truth without question. This mindset extends to corporate leaders, media figures, and educators who enforce unlawful authority... these are society’s *Sleoples*... the *Useful Idiots* and *Useful Tools*.”

Adrian added, his voice heavy with sorrow. “And during the pandemic, we saw just how deeply this mindset virus had infected minds

and spread. *Statists* weren't only the *Spider's* public officials... they were our neighbors, friends, and even family. They became enforcers of the *Spider's Globalist* coopted narrative, spreading harm and amplifying its control system. It was devastating to witness individuals... those we trusted... those we loved... willingly identify as *Sleoples*, acting as agents of the *Spider's* tyrannical control system."

Peter's voice grew sharper. "The *Statist* cult behavior captures the essence of the *Sleoples*... followers of the *Spider's* control system who, whether blindly... the *Useful Idiots* or consciously... the *Useful Tools*... surrender their humanity and sovereignty. They trade their inherent innate power for the illusion that authority resides outside themselves. They uphold the *Spider's* control system, suppress their own and others' personal freedoms, enable, empower, and enforce the *Spider's* tyranny. Whether knowingly or not, *Statists* reinforce the structures designed to keep humanity ignorant and enslaved.

In the 1939 film *The Wizard of Oz*, the Wicked Witch of the West embodies the dark forces in society that use fear and coercion to maintain control. Elphaba's obsession with capturing Toto reflects the need of these forces to crush even the smallest challenge to their power. However, the 2024 film adaptation, *Wicked*, reveals another truth... resistance is possible, and sovereignty is not lost. It can be reclaimed... if we choose to wake up and to reclaim our individuality, our power and our innate sovereignty."

Adrian nodded, his tone serious. "It is like deplatforming voices that speak truth to power. Peter, you were deplatformed off of some of the major social media platforms during the plandemic just for asking the right questions, and I was thrown into Facebook jail numerous times for doing the same." Adrian paused. "That is why it is so vital for us to reclaim control of our own lives, our own unique voices and take back the narrative. We must not allow these *Spider's* control systems to dictate our future or deny us the opportunity to become what we were meant to be... true *Sovereigns*."

Peter leaned back, reflecting on Adrian's words. "*Yes!* You are absolutely right, Adrian. The *Spider's* minions and *Statists* silence us because they fear what happens when we wake up and start questioning their

false narratives and pathetic authority. And that's the brilliance of the original Wizard of Oz. It's not just Dorothy's journey... it's a reflection of our own. The story shows us how to pull back the curtain on these false powers, revealing their illusions for what they are. The journey... the narrative... has always been ours to reclaim. It starts with seeing the truth and taking back our power... taking back our sovereignty. **Yes! And... *It Starts With Gold!***

Adrian smiled, recognizing the inherent truth in Peter's words. "Dorothy's journey down The Yellow Brick Road is about waking up to reality, seeing through the illusions... reclaiming control and dominion over our own lives. For us, that means understanding the real value of community, developing useful skills, and taking personal possession of things that have lasting worth. And that includes Gold. If change is going to happen, it is up to us, not anyone else. We cannot abdicate our responsibilities to others."

Peter rubbed his shaved head in deep thought, his eyes narrowing as he searched for the right words. "Awakening to reality... to the raw truth... it's a lonely road, isn't it? We can try to share what we've seen and have learned during our journey together, but words only go so far. Ever get that feeling, like the world is not quite what it seems?"

Adrian nodded slowly, leaning forward with a thoughtful expression. His voice was calm and carrying an undercurrent of conviction. "Just like Dorothy, we are all on our own personal journeys. Our personal journeys might seem ordinary from the outside and at the onset. However, when we embrace our true calling, it has the potential to lead us somewhere truly profound. For us, there are four stages to this awakening. Each stage strips away a layer, allowing us to see more clearly."

Peter's voice took on a reflective tone as he continued. "It is a journey much like Dorothy's in The Wizard of Oz. She moved along The Yellow Brick Road, transitioning from comforting illusions to unfiltered truths. This was Dorothy's personal journey to awakening and becoming a **Sovereign**. For us to follow in her footsteps and become **Sovereigns**, all it takes is the first step... and... ***It Starts With Gold!***"

Adrian leaned forward, his eyes bright with intensity. "The **Red Pill**

and **Blue Pill** concept from the movie *The Matrix*, released in 1999, is a powerful metaphor, but it doesn't capture the full journey to **Sovereignty**. Awakening from the lies of the **Spider** isn't a single leap... it's a progression.

Think of it as four stages... the **Blue Pill**, where we drift along, unaware... the **Red Pill**, where the first crack forms, revealing there is more beneath the surface... the **Black Pill**, when the weight of reality crashes down, overwhelming and hard to bear... and finally, the **White Pill**, a stage of deep understanding, where acceptance brings clarity and a path to move forward."

Peter looked into the distance, then spoke with a calm intensity. "**The Blue Pill—Embracing Ignorance**... At this stage, we're given a choice... remain asleep, comfortable in the roles society has handed us, trusting authority without question. Those who choose this path sense something is amiss but willingly look the other way.

Those that have taken the **Blue Pill** believe that doctors, governments, and institutions have their best interests at heart. It is a stage of self-imposed blindness, a choice for security over truth, where comfort outweighs curiosity. The price... a life confined by illusion and enslavement. These are the **Sleeples**... the **Spider's Useful Idiots** and **Useful Tools**."

Adrian leaned in, his voice taking on a sharper edge. "Then comes **The Red Pill—Questioning Reality**. Here, individuals start to notice cracks in the facade, contradictions in their beliefs. The world, as they know it, doesn't quite add up. Taking the **Red Pill** means opening yourself to uncomfortable questions and truths, stepping out of the comfort of accepted truths by confronting lies.

The **Red Pill** stage demands courage... having the maturity to look at the world through a new lens and a willingness to challenge our own perceptions and long held beliefs. The **Red Pilled** individual dares to break free, shedding the limitations of conformity and beginning a journey of profound transformation towards becoming a **Sovereign**."

Peter's eyes darkened further, his voice dropping to a haunted whisper. "Then there is **The Black Pill—Confronting Darkness**. This stage is not just an awakening... it is a collapse, where all comforting illusions shatter.

Those who take the **Black Pill** see the world's true face... layered in deceit, drenched in corruption, controlled by forces that twist lives and societies without consent.

The **Black Pill** is a brutal, soul-crushing realization that leaves many feeling utterly powerless, staring into an abyss where evil seems boundless and hope fades to a distant memory. Here, the weight of witnessing such pervasive corruption... the relentless grip of unseen evil powers becomes overwhelming for most."

Adrian said, "The **Black Pill** represents the true reckoning... a darkness that feels endless, where resistance seems futile. It is a place where faith in change fades, leaving many to believe the world is beyond saving, that the **Spider's** forces of greed, control and death are too powerful to overcome. Taking the **Black Pill** means confronting despair, a shadowed reality where only the faintest glimmer of hope remains."

Peter responded, his voice steady and rising with purpose. "There is another pill... the most powerful and liberating pill of them all... the **White Pill**, or what we call **Reclaiming Sovereignty**. Emerging from the **Black Pill** leads to a stage of genuine empowerment. Those who take the **White Pill** understand that, even amidst the darkness, they hold something the **Spider**, its minions, its **Useful Idiots** and **Useful Tools** can never take away... our sovereignty... our soul.

Taking the **White Pill** is more than a choice... it is a declaration of sovereignty. It is the reclamation of our power, the essence of self-ownership, and the courage to see beyond the **Spider's** illusions and lies. **Sovereigns** awaken to the truth that the **Spider's** grip is not unbreakable, that fear is nothing more than a phantom, a gate to transcend. In this awakening, **Sovereigns** refuse to be defined by the lies of the **Spider's** fabricated reality. Instead, they align their lives with the unshakable truth of Natural Law, casting off the **Spider's** web of control and stepping boldly into freedom. This is the path of the **Sovereign**... a path of courage, clarity, and unwavering truth."

Adrian nodded, his tone filled with conviction. "The **White Pilled** individual becomes a **Sovereign**... a guiding light, grounded in authenticity. They inspire others to move beyond despair, not through grand

external battles but by reclaiming their internal power. True sovereignty is not about overthrowing systems... it starts within each of us. It is the understanding that hope is not an illusion but the foundation for living fully awake. By embracing their own sovereignty, these **Sovereigns** show the world that freedom and integrity begin at the level of the self."

Peter leaned forward, his voice rising with energy. "**Yes! Yes! Yes!** And that is the ultimate awakening, Adrian. Those who take the **White Pill** become self-directed forces, no longer controlled by the **Spider**, and its **Globalist** elites and their corrupted **Financial Industrial Complex**. They create lives that resonate with their deepest truths, breaking free from the chains of fear and deception. The journey is not easy, but the reward is priceless... sovereignty and a life lived fully in alignment with purpose, liberty and freedom."

Adrian nodded, a knowing look in his eyes. "A true **Sovereign's** journey never ends. It is a path that demands relentless questioning, profound reflection, and an unwavering commitment to self-growth. **The Golden Awakening** begins with taking the **Red Pill**... that is the first step the **Sleoples** must take on their journey to becoming **Sovereigns**. And it all starts with the power of our words."

Peter leaned forward, his voice calm and deliberate. "Every self-actualized individual **Sovereign**... we have met or studied shares a singular trait... they are lifelong learners. They grasp the immense weight of their words, choosing them with care and precision. Words do more than convey... words create our reality. Words shape reality, just as surely as actions do."

Adrian picked up the thread, his tone growing more resolute. "The first step toward our enlightenment... towards our sovereignty is simply asking... are we mindful of what we say, or are we accepting someone else's version of reality? From there, we begin to reclaim our sovereignty... over ourselves and our lives. This is not just an awakening... it is the only path to our personal liberation. It starts within each of us... and... **It Starts With Gold!**"

Peter nodded in agreement. "**Yes**... and just like Dorothy in the original 1939 movie *The Wizard of Oz*, we need to recognize the real power

has always lied within each of us. The power to see through the deceptions, to take back control, to build something real and lasting.”

Adrian leaned forward, his voice firm with conviction. “It’s about building a life grounded in real values, not illusions imposed by others. A secure, independent future starts with making the right choices and understanding the importance of holding something real.

What’s incredible about *The Wizard of Oz* is how each character... Dorothy, the Tin Man, the Scarecrow, and the Cowardly Lion... found strength by embracing their individuality. Their differences, combined, created something stronger than anyone of them could do individually. It is a powerful reminder that true value lies in authenticity and unity.”

“That’s where their real power came from,” Peter said. “When ***Sovereigns*** come together with a shared purpose, they do not just make a difference... they create real, lasting change. This is how strong communities of purpose work... individual ***Sovereigns*** unite, rising above their own limitations, and their combined effort leads to extraordinary results. This has always been the sacred key to making big world changes, and it always will be.”

Adrian raised his craft beer with a confident smile. “Here’s to the stories that inspire us. Just like in *The Wizard of Oz*, if we want to see real change, we must come together as unique individuals... ***Sovereigns***... by building strong, independent communities with purpose. That is how we pull back the curtain on this ***Spider’s*** system of control... ***The Financial Industrial Complex***. It’s not just about surviving, it is about thriving, about making sure we leave this world a better place for our children than we found it.”

Peter nodded, his expression serious. “Next week, we dive into our personal journeys when ***We Once Were Blind***. There is still so much curtain to pull back on the ***Spider*** and its web of deceit.”

Adrian... ***The Oracle of Abbotsford***, grinned and lifted his glass. Peter... ***The King of Main Street***, followed, raising his own glass in perfect unity. “Until next Wednesday night,” they declared, their voices resonating with unshakable conviction. United in purpose, their universal

toast transcended ritual... it is the battle cry for freedom and sovereignty, everywhere, for everyone, for all times... ***The Sovereign's Creed...***

“To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!”

CHAPTER TWENTY THREE

WE ONCE WERE BLIND

On this electrifying Wednesday night call, Adrian C. Spitters... *The Oracle of Abbotsford*, and Peter J. Merrick... *The King of Main Street*, threw down the gauntlet against *The Financial Industrial Complex*. This wasn't idle talk... it was a battle plan. With resolute voices and unshakable commitment, they vowed to bring their hard-earned wisdom to light, exposing the traps they had once fallen into and shielding as many *Sovereigns* as possible from *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*.

Having climbed through the ranks of *The Financial Industrial Complex*, Peter and Adrian had emerged from the very heart of the control matrix... the *Spider's* control system designed to silently tighten its grip on humanity's neck each and every day. Now, they were ready to expose the machinery behind it, to dismantle the *Spider's* web of control they once navigated through so well.

Both men knew the stakes were high, they were determined to use their insider knowledge to break the chains, reaching out to those who were ready to see the truth. Their mission was clear... to shine a blinding light into the deepest, darkest crevasses of *The Financial Industrial*

Complex, revealing the hidden architecture of control and offering a path to freedom, security and sovereignty.

Adrian opened his bottle of Steam Works craft beer, and Peter poured a glass of his favorite Ziraldo Icewine as they began their weekly video call. This evening, the topics were extremely heavy. They spoke candidly about **The Financial Industrial Complex** they had invested their entire adult lives in. They discussed the lies and the truths that were never spoken out loud in public.

Adrian had entered **The Financial Industrial Complex** on October 19, 1987. A day known as Black Monday, when the stock market crashed by 23%. Peter joined **The Financial Industrial Complex** on September 23, 1991. Both had been bright-eyed and eager, once believing they were embarking on meaningful careers and livelihoods.

“We were **Useful Idiots**,” Peter stated bluntly. “Back then... we were no different than the other innocent fools in our industry who handed over their brains, stopped questioning, and ignored their common sense. We thought we would become financial wizards. We were blind. We were ignorant. We had unwittingly joined the **Spider’s** financial cult.”

Adrian nodded, his expression serious. “**Useful idiots... Useful Tools...** that’s what we were, only worse. We didn’t just go along with it... we embraced it. We sold manufactured financial products without questioning what we were doing, placing blind trust in a fraudulent system. We believed those within the system understood what we were selling. The truth is, most knew as little or less than we did. We were all following a corrupted script.”

Peter leaned in, his gaze steady. “Admitting the truth is the first step towards recovery by recognizing that there is a problem. **We Once Were Blind...** trapped in the **Spider’s** web of a broken and oppressive system. If we fail to acknowledge the role we played, there will be no redemption and no path forward to recovery for any of us. Facing reality... no matter how uncomfortable it may be... is the only way to begin building truly fundamental solutions for permanent and transformative positive change.”

Adrian took a deep breath, his voice steady, yet filled with a quiet intensity as he began to sing...

***“Amazing grace! How sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me.”***

These words seemed to pulse through the air, each line charged with purpose and raw emotion. Adrian’s voice softened, almost reverent, as he continued...

***“I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.”***

These verses lingered in the air, heavy with meaning, resonating with recognition. Adrian was not just singing... he was invoking a timeless truth, a call to awaken, to see clearly, and to rise above the darkness cast upon humanity.

Peter gently placed his glass down, the humility in his eyes unmistakable. “Those lines in Amazing Grace resonate deep within every fiber of my being,” he said, his voice soft. “Once you see the truth, there is no unseeing it. The clarity it brings cuts through every lie, transforming you at the core. There is no going back to blindness, no comfort in ignorance. When your eyes are opened to the truth, you are not just aware... you are compelled to act, to live boldly in its light, letting it shape every choice you make moving forward.”

Peter then stated, “Adrian, did you know that John Newton, the author of Amazing Grace was once a captain of a slaving ship, a slaver, before he became a clergyman and one of the greatest abolitionists who ever lived?”

Adrian’s voice surged with passion, driving home the seriousness of the moment. “**Yes!** Newton’s transformation began amidst a violent storm at sea. As the captain of a slave-trading ship, he stared into the jaws of death as waves crashed furiously around him. In that terrifying moment, as his life hung by a thread, he experienced a profound awakening. In a moment, Newton realized that the lives below deck, the very individuals he had once regarded as mere cargo... were human beings

with the same longing for freedom, dignity, and sovereignty that he had always taken for granted himself.”

Peter leaned in, his voice surging with passion. “It was as if the storm tore through not only the seas but also the darkness within his soul. It shattered the moral blindness that had allowed him to justify his actions, to participate in pure evil. Newton was forced to confront the stark reality of the lives he had reduced to mere cargo. In that moment, every false justification fell away, and he was left to face the full horror of his deeds.

Newton made a solemn vow then and there, to himself and to God... to dedicate the rest of his life to undoing the evil he had participated in. It was not just a change of heart... it was a profound transformation that altered the course of his life, and all human history, in an instant. That awakening drove him to become one of the fiercest advocates for the abolition of slavery in Great Britain and its entire empire. His resolve ignited a movement that would ultimately reshape history, leaving a legacy of freedom and justice that resonated for generations to come.”

Adrian continued, his voice steady yet filled with conviction and admiration. “From that day forward, Newton’s life took a radically different path. He abandoned the slave trade entirely and dedicated himself to fighting against the very anti-human system he had once profited from. Newton became an Anglican clergyman, serving as a spiritual leader and mentor.

Newton’s journey of repentance and purpose reached far beyond his own life, inspiring some of the most influential abolitionists of the era... William Wilberforce, Granville Sharp, and Thomas Clarkson. As members of Newton’s congregation, they became leaders of the abolitionist movement, which ultimately ended slavery in the British Empire with the passage of the Slavery Abolition Act of 1833.”

Peter nodded, his voice rising with intensity. “And Newton’s transformation didn’t just stop there. His awakening reverberated across oceans and through time, fueling a wave of conviction that crossed the Atlantic and stirred the conscience of a great nation... *The United States of America.*

It was the spirit of one man, John Newton, that inspired Abraham Lincoln, the 16th President of the United States, to issue the Emancipation Proclamation on January 1, 1863. With one bold stroke, Lincoln declared freedom for the enslaved in all the United States, igniting a fire that scorched the very foundations of slavery in America and set the stage for an entire nation to confront its darkest sin.”

Adrian’s voice held a quiet conviction as he spoke. “Like John Newton, who was once blind to the evils of slavery, we, too, were blind... blind to the powerful hold ***The Financial Industrial Complex*** had on us. That is why we are proud to mentor Phillip Pearson, who we call ***Boy Wonder*** because he’s always creating opportunities. Zack Lewis, known as ***Boychik*** for his relentless drive to improve. Carlos Necochea, ***The Closer***, because he finishes everything he starts.”

Peter picked up seamlessly. “These young men... these young advisors are learning to understand what is truly at stake. They are learning how to avoid the same pitfalls we stumbled through and to see the world as it truly is... not as it has been packaged by ***The Financial Industrial Complex***.”

Adrian continued, his tone resolute. “We are guiding them to think critically, to question everything, to recognize the lies and seek out real value... not to chase the next deal. They are the ones who will carry forward the ideas, beliefs and values we hold dear, building a financial system grounded in truth, transparency, security and genuine sovereignty.”

Peter and Adrian sat quietly for a moment, the weight of their previous words settling between them. Adrian broke the silence, his voice thoughtful. “The whole system of control... ***The Financial Industrial Complex***... is one big illusion... one ***Big Scam***. It’s like the story of the billions of regular folks... all different, getting along just fine. Then a few thousand parasites show up uninvited, seize control, with their ***Useful Idiots*** and ***Useful Tools***, telling the billions, ‘From now on, you have to give us a cut of everything you earn.’”

Peter nodded, his gaze hardening, a grim resolve settling in his voice. “And when the billions, sensing something is very wrong, hesitantly ask, ‘Do we really have to give you everything we own?’ The response slithers back from the parasites... ‘***Yes***... you must.’ And the masses of ***Sleeples***

obey, unaware of the trap closing around them, mesmerized by an illusion so sinister it is almost invisible. This is not just a control system... it is *The Financial Industrial Complex*, a shadowy apparatus engineered by the *Spider's* private banking cartel... they are the parasites that feed off all humanity. They operate in darkness, tightening their grip with insidious precision, binding humanity under a silent tyranny.

By having the *Sleoples* believe that these parasites hold all the authority and power over the *Sleoples*, while these actual parasites hold none. The truth is, it is us, the billions, who hold the real power. We have simply handed it over to these parasites, letting them control every aspect of our lives. And the truth is, at any time, if enough of us wake up, we can take our sovereignty back. A few *Sovereigns* can change the world... that is the way it always has been."

Adrian leaned closer to his screen, his face serious. "These few thousand corrupted, self-appointed *Spider's Globalist*... parasites demand a cut of everything. They intend to own it all. They feed off human energy, human souls, the labor and lives of others. They take without giving back to the billions they've deceived into surrendering their power. And those billions, desperate and misled, plead, 'Do we have to give you everything? Our money, our health, our freedom, our independence, our liberties, our children, our privacy, our self-respect, our sovereignty, our souls, our pasts, our present, and our futures?'"

Peter leaned forward, his voice tinged with frustration. "This insignificant gang of parasites replies, '*Yes*... you have to.' And so, the billions say, 'Well, okay, I guess we have to.' Fear does the job of keeping the *Sleoples* in line. The gang of parasites demands more and more until the sleeping billions... the *Sleoples* are giving up their lives, their health, their souls, their independence, their own futures, along with those of their children, grandchildren, and all of humanity."

Adrian added with equal resolve, "And when the billions of *Sleoples* make a pathetic protest, saying, 'We're already struggling, we are poor, we are becoming unhealthy, we are dying,' the gang of parasites simply replies, 'You must, or we will send the enforcers... our mindless *Useful Idiots* and spineless *Useful Tools*.' What the billions of *Sleoples* have yet

to realize is that they outnumber the enforcers and their controllers by the billions.”

Peter added, “And when one brave soul... a **Sovereign** ask, ‘What if we don’t?’ the gang of parasites doesn’t like that. They say, ‘If you don’t comply, we’ll unleash our legions of enforcers.’ The billions of **Sleoples**, scared, say, ‘Oh no, please don’t. We will comply, we will pay whatever price you demand... even if the price is our lives, our family’s lives, our communities, our financial well-being, our health, our souls, our children, our sovereignty, and our self-respect. We will comply, please don’t turn your enforcers on us.’”

Adrian leaned in, his voice firm. “That fear is what keeps the **Sleoples** in line... the fear of what might happen is always worse than the reality itself. It’s a vicious cycle... the **Spider’s** powerful parasites... their evil insignificant minions... take more, while the common folk lose more, struggling just to survive. To reclaim their lives and break free from this anti-human and anti-sovereign system, the common folk must **De-Risk** their financial dependence on **The Financial Industrial Complex**, to reclaim their sovereignty, and step into their own power as **Sovereigns**.”

The **Sleoples** need to break their dependency on the **Spider’s** parasitic-controlled **Financial Industrial Complex**. That dependency enslaves them. It starts with their own research, with proactive steps to reclaim their sovereignty.” Adrian looked up to the right of his screen, locked eyes with the camera, and then gave a deliberate nod to emphasize his next point. “For the **Sleoples** to take their first step toward becoming **Sovereigns...It Starts With Gold!**”

“**Yes... Yes... Yes!**” Peter said... his voice growing more animated. “And even when the billions of **Sleoples** get fed up and demand new puppets, new faces that represents the gang, the **Spider’s** controlling parasitic elites, nothing changes. The billions of **Sleoples** pour time, money, health, valuable resources, and lives into replacing the old gang of **Spider’s** parasites, hoping and wishing for relief.”

Adrian shook his head, frustration evident in his tone. “The new faces of the gang... the **Spider’s** parasites come in and tell the **Sleoples**, ‘Sorry, you still have to give us what you’ve been giving. And since not enough

of you reclaimed your sovereignty or showed any real independence, now you need to give us even more for your insubordination.” He paused, his voice dropping as he continued, “And the billions of *Sleoples* feel trapped, thinking, ‘What choice do we have?’”

Peter leaned forward, his voice steady. “The *Spider* has its enforcers, and the *Sleoples* believe they are powerless against them. So, the billions of *Sleoples* remain asleep, carrying on as usual, growing poorer, more miserable and more unhealthy, with little hope of finding a way out.” Peter straightened slightly, his tone firm. “The *Sleoples* remain oblivious to their individual power to create change and reclaim their sovereignty by becoming... *Sovereigns*!”

Adrian shook his head. “It is a tragic cycle. This small group of the *Spider’s Globalist* parasitic elites and their minions... bankers and powerful organizations like the World Economic Forum, the United Nations, the World Health Organization, the Bank of International Settlements, private central banks, U.S. governmental agencies, SWIFT SCRL, The World Bank, and the International Monetary Fund... continue to demand more and more from humanity. These parasites will continue to push and demand from humanity until humanity’s breaking point, when humanity will finally reclaim their sovereignty.”

Peter shook his head, his tone resolute. “These handful of unelected *Spider’s Globalist* parasitic elites claim all this is for the good of the billions of *Sleoples*... spending on wars, bailing out massive corporations, funding projects that serve no one but themselves, injecting children with who knows what, and backing countless other anti-human agendas. And when anyone dares to question, these parasites say, ‘your total enslavement is necessary, it’s for your benefit. Don’t make us send in our enforcers.’”

Adrian nodded, his voice calm but fierce. “The billions of *Sleoples* feel powerless because they have swallowed the *Blue Pill*... the lie that they have no power, that they have no choice but to obey. But if the *Sleoples* begin to take control of their own lives, to *De-Risk* from *The Financial Industrial Complex*, to build a foundation immune to these manipulations... if they started with Gold... they would move towards breaking free from the *Spider’s* control system.”

Peter leaned back, his expression intense. “And it’s not just the obvious ***Spider’s*** suspect institutions. Look at the influence wielded by groups like BlackRock, Vanguard, State Street, Berkshire Hathaway, the Rockefeller Institute, the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation, the Rockefeller Foundation, the Club of Rome, the Carnegie Foundation, the Tides Foundation, Johns Hopkins University, the Council on Foreign Relations, and George Soros’ Open Society Foundation.

There are so many more shadowy ***Spider’s*** controlled organizations, ones whose very existence remain unknown. They are all fronts for this gang of parasites... the so-called unseen ***Spider’s*** elite. They control the fake fiat money. And those who control the fake fiat money control ***The Financial Industrial Complex***, which controls the world. They shape the narrative, dictating what the billions of ***Sleoples*** should think and believe. They make the ***Sleoples*** feel they are powerless, as if they have no choice but to follow the rules set by this tiny, parasitic elite... malevolent group.”

Adrian looked up, his tone filled with conviction. “This gang of parasites has the audacity to take our money, our children, our health... our very lives... our past, present, and future. And then they pretend they are doing us a big favor by deciding how we think, what we perceive, and how we act. It is all in the language. The ***Spider’s Globalist*** and their minions... just like the Wizard in The Wizard of Oz are masters of deception. They say, ‘We are representing you. You are not allowed to keep anything... we know what is best for you.’”

Peter chimed in, his frustration clear. “The ***Spider’s Globalists*** believe themselves to be the elite, entitled to special privileges, claiming it’s all ‘for the ***Sleoples***.’ But the ***Spider’s Globalist*** elites live by a double standard, taking from the billions and living like royalty, all while pretending we have a choice. They say, ‘Choose your representative,’ but no matter who we choose, it is just another one of the ***Spider’s*** parasites taking from us.”

Adrian’s expression turned steely. “***Yes...*** exactly. The ***Spider’s Globalists*** let the billions of ‘***Sleoples***’ believe they are in control, while these parasites spend on things humanity doesn’t even want or need. It is absurd, yet the ***Sleoples*** keep buying into this illusion and deceit. To truly break free, we the common folk need to invest in what holds real

value... assets that stand firm beyond manipulation.” Adrian looked up to the right, directly into his camera, and nodded. “We all need community, useful skills, real assets...and... *Yes... It Starts With Gold!*”

Peter’s voice grew firmer. “The *Sleoples* don’t have to accept the parasites’ demands. We the common folk hold the true power... we have always owned it, not these parasitic, self-appointed *Spider’s Globalist* elites. If the billions of *Sleoples* stopped believing they had to comply, the entire rotten system would collapse on itself. Humanity doesn’t need to be dictated to, doesn’t need to be told how to live or what to do with what they earn.

At any moment, humanity can reclaim its life, its freedom... its sovereignty! There is no reason to live in fear of these unelected *Spider’s* controlled parasitic elites and their enforcers. Humanity is stronger than that. And it starts with making smart choices, with *De-Risking* our lives”

Adrian’s eyes lit up with a flash of recognition. “All this reminds me of the scene from the movie *A Bug’s Life*, released in theaters in 1998. Hopper, the leader of the grasshoppers, the main antagonist, represents the parasites that control us. He tells the other grasshoppers... the *Useful Idiots* and *Useful Tools* who represent the enforcers of the parasites... ‘If you let one ant stand up to us (the *Sleoples*), then they all might stand up. They outnumber us a thousand to one. If they ever figure that out, there goes our way of life.’”

Peter’s voice carried a fierce clarity. “*The Financial Industrial Complex* is a grand illusion, a mirage crafted to keep the *Sleoples*... the *Useful Idiots* and the *Useful Tools* in check, placid, obedient and asleep. It is all about spinning this web of illusion of control... keeping us from peeking behind the curtain, from reclaiming our sovereignty, from becoming true *Sovereigns*. These parasitic forces depend on the *Sleoples* staying lulled into deep sleep, believing they’re nothing more than ants... small, powerless, serving the whims of towering grasshoppers.”

Adrian interjected, his voice carrying a quiet intensity. “Here’s the truth... those ants... the *Sleoples*... have the power... if only they’d realize it. They need to stand up and say, ‘*No...* I will not surrender to pure evil.’ To truly break free, they must rebuild their lives on real founda-

tions... reclaim tangible assets, get off the grid of control, shake off the parasites, and shatter the illusion of powerlessness.” Adrian looked up to the right of his screen into his camera, then nodded to Peter. “And... ***It Starts With Gold!*** Gold has always been a symbol of true value, a touchstone of real wealth and a path towards our sovereignty.”

The silence that followed was heavy with the shared understanding of the truth they had uncovered. Real change, they knew, would not come from the top. It would rise from the bottom, from ***Sovereigns*** like you and me waking up and recognizing and taking back our own power. It would come from billions of common folk standing together, breaking free from the illusion of the ***Spider’s*** control system and the private central bankers’ fraudulent fiat money system... ***The Financial Industrial Complex!***

The energy between Adrian and Peter reached a fever pitch, each word laden with urgency and a sense of the forbidden.

Adrian took a steadying breath, his voice low and intense. “Everything we have discussed until now... that is just history. What came before may seem dark, but what lies ahead is far darker, a shadow... a pure evilness... so consuming that few can even imagine it. The events to come are unavoidable, the kind that break minds and reshape lives, known only to those who dare look closely and speak out honestly.

There is a way to prepare. If we understand where we stand, if we are vigilant, we can brace ourselves for the storm... one that is invisible until it strikes, that will devastate those unready.” Adrian paused, his words heavy with unspoken dread. “This has been intense. It is getting late, there is so much more for us to cover. Let us pick this up next Wednesday night.”

Peter understood, his expression fierce. “***Yes...*** next week. Before we close, remember how we began with the story of one man, John Newton, and the power of choosing to see the truth and do something good and significant with it. And now...” Peter’s voice softened, his tone brimming with iron resolve. “***We Once Were Blind... We Now See... This is What We See...***”

The King of Main Street and ***The Oracle of Abbotsford*** leaned closer... looking right into their screens, voices merging with a chilling

clarity, “*We Once Were Blind... We Now See... This is What We See... Weak Men Create Hard Times!*”

A heavy silence filled the air, thick with the weight of their words. Both men nodded together. Then, in a single, unyielding battle cry for the ages, Adrian and Peter declared... *The Sovereigns Creed...*

“To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!”

CHAPTER TWENTY FOUR

WEAK MEN CREATE HARD TIMES

Peter J. Merrick... *The King of Main Street*, and Adrian C. Spitters... *The Oracle of Abbotsford*, signed onto their Wednesday evening call with a weight that swallowed any trace of light-hearted banter. The stakes had never been higher, and the urgency between them was electric, pressing down like a storm about to break. They understood the weight of their mission... not just a call, but a battle cry. In this darkening world, where illusions of security masked the encroaching grip of control, they stood as sentinels, bound to wake those still asleep. There was no turning back... the mission was clear, and failure was not an option for either of these well seasoned men.

“Humanity stands at the edge of *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*,” Adrian began, his voice stern, almost reverent. “*You know... Build Back Better... Where You Will Own Nothing and The Spider Will Be Happy!*” The words fell like stones, each one underscoring the weight of the situation. This societal collapse was not a theory or speculation... it was a meticulously engineered outcome, crafted by powers few could

fully comprehend. The consequences would be unimaginable for those who remained unprepared. This was not an exploration of economic possibilities... it was a desperate call to action, a plea to awaken others before the final opportunity slipped away to prepare for what is coming.

Peter set his glass down, meeting Adrian's gaze on the screen. "I have been thinking more and more about *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*, as we have named it. This will be the Great Depression on steroids when it unfolds," he began, his tone grave. "It is becoming clearer each day that so many still do not grasp the depth of what is unfolding, the weight of the situation we are all falling into. This is not just about fake fiat money... it is about exercising total control, and the *Spider's* corrupted *Globalist* elites have been tightening their grip on the necks of humanity for millennia."

Peter's voice took on a sharper edge as he leaned in. "You know the popular saying, 'Give a man a gun, and he can rob a bank. Give a man a bank, and he can rob the world.' That is exactly what has happened. These private central banks, guided by those in the *Spider's* network who pull the strings from behind the curtain, have manipulated *The Financial Industrial Complex* for centuries. Now, they are after more than just wealth... they want total control over all of humanity."

Peter's words hung in the silence between them, weighted by the realization of what was truly at stake. Then Adrian continued, his tone solemn. "The financial institutions were no longer merely institutions of finance but mechanisms of the *Spider's* control, enforcing a system that had, slowly and imperceptibly, shifted from serving society to subjugating it. What lay ahead was not just a financial collapse but a profound recalibration of freedom and society itself... a sweeping agenda poised to reshape humanity's future in ways most could not yet fathom."

Adrian's expression grew intense, his gaze steady. "Many in our financial industry still think this is about fake fiat currency, yet it goes far deeper. It is about raw power. It is about controlling every aspect of life, freedom, health, and personal sovereignty. *The Financial Industrial Complex* has always been the unelected *Spider's Globalist* elites' weapon, and now they are aiming it directly at us... the common folk."

Peter leaned forward, his tone steady. “Fiat currency, by definition, has no intrinsic value... its worth is derived solely from government decree rather than a tangible asset like Gold or silver. This characteristic allows private central banks, sanctioned by the **Spider’s** captured governments, to create fiat money in virtually unlimited quantities, relying on authority rather than any fixed standard of value... a mere illusion of true intrinsic worth. Initially, fake fiat currency can stimulate economic growth or address short-term financial crises.

However, when the **Spider’s** captured governments and private central banks continually print more fake fiat currency to cover spending, debt, or economic shortfalls, the currency’s purchasing power inevitably declines. This decline triggers inflation, as each unit of currency buys less over time, eroding individual wealth and undermining trust in the currency.”

Adrian listened intently, then spoke with a measured tone. “When inflation accelerates unchecked, it can escalate into hyperinflation... a state where the currency rapidly loses value as individuals lose confidence in it altogether. Historical examples, such as during China’s Yuan Dynasty (1271–1368 AD), illustrate how excessive currency printing can decimate economies.

During this period, the Chinese’ government printed excessive amounts of unbacked paper currency, sparking runaway inflation that the economy could not absorb. Hyperinflation destabilizes not only the economy but also the social fabric, as the regular folk struggle with skyrocketing prices and financial uncertainty. Without a tangible backing to restrain issuance, fake fiat money systems become fragile and susceptible to collapse, leaving those unprepared at risk of profound economic devastation.”

Peter’s voice deepened. “We are no longer discussing market fluctuations or recessions. What is happening is a deliberate, engineered, and controlled financial and total civilizational collapse. The trap has been set. When the value of these fake fiat currencies falls apart, everything built on their perceived value crumbles with it. This is not just about economics... it is about stripping away the freedom, security, health

and sovereignty that individuals believe they possess. These are freedoms that are everyone's birthright!"

Peter paused before continuing, his tone even more resolute. "As Ronald Reagan, the 40th President of the United States, famously said in his speech *'A Time for Choosing'* on October 27, 1964... a speech warning against government overreach and the erosion of individual freedoms... *'Freedom is never more than one generation away from extinction. We did not pass it to our children in the bloodstream. It must be fought for, protected, and handed on for them to do the same.'* Reagan's warning is more relevant now than ever. If we do not act, the freedoms we take for granted will vanish in the blink of an eye."

Adrian's tone sharpened. "Those who do not act now to *De-Risk* both their lives and their financial assets will soon wake up to an unrecognizable world. A world ruled by a *Spider's* centralized, digitized system where every asset is tokenized, every currency is digital, and every movement is tracked by a... *One World Government!*"

Peter interjected. "This is the planned *New World Order!* Even the inscription on the U.S. dollar hints at it. The phrase *'Novus Ordo Seclorum,'* added to the U.S. dollar in 1935 as the private Federal Reserve tightened its grip, is Latin for *'New Order of the Ages.'* Some might call it a coincidence, but it points ominously to a deeper more sinister agenda. The stakes could not be higher... if we fail to act, the window for freedom will close, sealing humanity's fate for the next thousand plus years."

Adrian leaned back, his eyes narrowing. "The most dangerous chains are those that remain unseen, and that is why the *Sleoples... Useful Idiots* and *Useful Tools* are still trapped in the *Spider's* control web. They do not even realize they are bound by a system that, from birth, was designed to enslave and kill them. Now is the time to rise up, to step into your purpose, and to honor and defend humanity's past, present, and future. Tyranny is not taken by force... it is surrendered by those who choose to say nothing and do nothing to protect and assert their sovereignty."

Peter's voice deepened with weight, his eyes narrowing as if peering

into the very fabric of human history. “History may not repeat itself exactly... it certainly rhymes. Michael Hopf, the novelist behind *The New World* series, captured the essence of this in a simple yet profound saying...

‘Hard Times Create Strong Men...

Strong Men Create Good Times...

Good Times Create Weak Men...

Weak Men Create Hard Times.’

Hopf’s four stages are not just an observation... they are the blueprint of human existence. They map out the rise and fall of entire civilizations, the birth and decay of nations, and the ascendance and collapse of empires.”

Peter’s pause allowed Hopf’s insight to settle in the air. “This idea has shaken both you and me to our core,” Peter continued. “It is more than a keen observation of a historical pattern... it is a stark reminder that the strength or fragility of our society is shaped by our actions and inactions today. It sheds light on the path humanity has walked for millennia, showing where we have come from, where we stand now, and the dark horizon we face if we fail to awaken to late. We must recognize that we are a special species, endowed by our Creator with a unique role to steward the earth.”

Adrian’s voice took on a grim tone. “*The New World* book series, Hopf’s gripping dystopian saga, portrays a post-apocalyptic world devastated by a worldwide electromagnetic pulse (EMP) that causes the collapse of modern civilization. As society crumbles, survivors must confront the brutal realities of a world stripped of technology, order, and safety. The series explores the desperate struggles for survival, the fight to rebuild, and the moral dilemmas faced when hard times force individuals to adapt or perish.” Adrian paused, his expression tightening. “It does not feel like fiction anymore... it mirrors the real consequences we are facing as our civilization rots at its core from within.”

“Understanding these cycles is not merely an academic exercise,”

Peter asserted, his tone urgent. “It is a matter of survival, and we must take immediate action now. The danger is looming, and the time to act is right now. This is our generation’s moment to seize control from the *Spider’s* anti-human agenda, to steer the course of our lives and shape the future of human history before it is too late. Do not hesitate... act now, implement what we know, and fiercely protect what humanity values most... *Life... Liberty... and the Pursuit of Happiness!* The opportunity to make a difference is slipping away with each passing second.”

Adrian absorbed Peter’s words, his expression somber and then spoke. “We have seen how hard times, like the Great Depression, the Dust Bowl, and *The American Holodomor* during *The Great Financial Confiscation 1.0*, tested individuals and exposed society’s weaknesses. These events demanded a generation of strong men to rise to the occasion and confront the challenges head-on.”

Peter’s gaze was unwavering as he responded. “Yet, here we are again, standing at a crossroads, facing a crisis far more insidious than just economic collapse. This one... *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*... has been engineered to strip away the individual’s freedoms, seize control over every aspect of life, and bring all of humanity to its knees.

Humanity is at a critical moment. We must navigate the challenges ahead carefully. If we fail, we risk becoming another civilization that collapses. This collapse will be driven by apathy, decadence, arrogance, and even worse, willful ignorance. It is up to each individual to decide whether they will remain among the *Sleoples* or awaken to reclaim their sovereignty.”

Both men paused, letting the weight of Peter’s words settle in. Then Adrian continued. “Let us begin with the ‘*Hard Times*,’ a stage marked by immense struggle and hardship. Consider the Great Depression... an era where tens of millions worldwide lost their jobs, homes, savings, and even their lives. Breadlines and soup kitchens became everyday sights, while entire families faced the very real threat of starvation. Yet, in the midst of that darkness, resilience was forged. It was during those *Hard Times* that individuals discovered methods to endure, to rebuild, and ultimately, to rise like a phoenix from the ashes.”

Peter interjected, his voice firm. “Lest we forget, if we do not pay attention to history, it will not spare us. It has a habit of repeating itself, mercilessly. This is no mere cliché... it is a harsh reality that we cannot afford to dismiss or ignore. It has always been this way, and it will continue unless we break the cycle with heightened awareness and decisive action... ***Right Now!***”

Adrian took a moment before speaking, his tone reflecting a deeper understanding. “The strength born out of the Great Depression paved the way for the phase of... ‘***Strong Men.***’ Those who faced the harsh realities of that era emerged resilient, becoming the architects of a transformed world. In the United States, they rebuilt a shattered economy by fostering industrial growth and establishing critical social safety nets. The struggles of the Depression instilled a sense of purpose and grit that shaped this generation’s resolve to ensure a better future for their children, grandchildren, and future generations.”

Peter leaned forward, adding, “In addition to social safety nets, a series of financial reforms were implemented to stabilize the economy and protect against future financial crises. The Glass-Steagall Act was enacted in 1933 to separate commercial banking from investment banking, limiting the kinds of risky investments banks could engage in with depositors’ funds. The Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation (FDIC) was established to insure bank deposits, restoring public confidence in the banking system and reducing the likelihood of future bank runs.”

Adrian picked up the thread, his voice steady. “Furthermore, the Securities Act of 1933 and the Securities Exchange Act of 1934 imposed regulations on stock trading and mandated transparency in financial reporting. These measures helped prevent the market abuses that had contributed to ***The 1929 Stock Market Crash.*** Together, these reforms provided a foundation of stability and accountability, designed to safeguard the economy from the destructive forces that had triggered the Great Depression.”

Peter began, his tone thoughtful. “This resilience and determination culminated in the post-World War II economic and baby booms, a period marked by unprecedented economic expansion and technologi-

cal progress. America emerged as the international industrial leader and superpower, with innovations in manufacturing, infrastructure, finance, technology and science fueling growth. This era set the foundation for the country's influence on the world stage."

Adrian continued, his voice steady. "This period saw the rise of the American middle class, with homeownership becoming more accessible, and significant advancements in innovation. Society was propelled forward by a shared vision to elevate living standards for every American and to inspire global progress. It was a time when America's commitment to growth and prosperity helped raise the standard of living worldwide."

Peter leaned forward, his voice steady but swelling with anticipation for what humanity had achieved. "Those difficult years eventually gave way to the '*Good Times*' stage, a period of extraordinary promise. The prosperity of the 1950s and 1960s ushered in an era of abundance, hope, and remarkable progress. It was a time when economies flourished, cultural movements broke barriers, and societies thrived. The world felt charged with optimism, as if humanity had tapped into a deeper well of potential for its greatness."

Adrian spoke, his tone filled with reflection. "Suburban landscapes expanded, new technologies revolutionized daily life, and living standards soared higher than ever before. The sense of possibility seemed limitless, as each innovation and achievement reaffirmed the belief that a better future lay ahead. There was a shared hope that the world was building something enduring... a society where opportunity and prosperity would touch every life on earth."

Peter followed, his voice carrying a note of caution. "It was a time when individuals genuinely believed they were on the brink of creating a world far better than anything achieved and experienced before, a testament to human resilience and triumph. Yet, even as hope surged, an unspoken caution lingered... the need to remember the struggles that made such times possible and to remain vigilant for what would come next, especially considering the hidden agendas of the *Spider's Globalist* banking elites and their puppet masters lurking in the shadows."

Adrian's tone grew somber as he continued, "That complacency laid

the foundation for the era of ‘**Weak Men.**’ As individuals began to take prosperity for granted, the values that had once propelled society forward began to erode. The rise of entitlement, moral decay, and cultural fragmentation accelerated the weakening of institutions.”

Peter leaned in, his tone serious. “Economic policies of the 1970s, including excessive government spending and monetary manipulation, paved the way for recurring financial crises that shook society’s stability. When the U.S. went off the Gold standard on August 15, 1971... a move known as the Nixon Shock... President Richard Nixon, the 37th President of the United States, signed Executive Order 11615 to suspend the dollar’s direct convertibility to Gold.

Removing the U.S. dollar off the Gold Standard permanently decoupled the dollar from any tangible asset, allowing fake fiat currency to be created without restraint or tangible backing. It was a fundamental shift in ***The Financial Industrial Complex***, eroding accountability and fueling cycles of inflation and instability that continue to reverberate to this day.”

Adrian nodded thoughtfully before speaking. “As the years passed, the shift away from tangible value and accountability didn’t just affect the economy... it transformed society. The emphasis on comfort and convenience led to a collective detachment from the struggles and principles that had built our societal foundations. Lessons of resilience and caution, hard-earned by previous generations, were forgotten. They were replaced by a growing sense of entitlement and complacency, leaving society vulnerable to the very cycles of instability created by unchecked monetary policies.”

Peter’s gaze grew sharper, his voice firm. “And now, we are paying the price for detaching Gold from the U.S. fiat dollar. The erosion of any accountability in ***The Financial Industrial Complex*** didn’t just weaken our currency... it weakened the fabric of our society. To reclaim stability and sovereignty, we need to confront these truths head-on. Real solutions start with understanding how these policies have shaped our present and by anchoring our wealth in something real...and... ***It Starts With Gold!***”

Adrian's voice took on a somber tone, cutting through the air like a cold wind. "That complacency inevitably led to the '**Weak Men**' stage, a period where the values that once drove society's advancement eroded under the weight of entitlement and self-indulgence. As prosperity was taken for granted, a moral decay set in, unraveling the cultural and institutional strength that had been built over generations. Economic policies in the 1970s, marked by reckless spending, monetary manipulation, outsourcing and de-industrialization, further weakened the foundations, triggering recurring financial crises that shook the confidence of a nation... America... that had grown comfortable, fat and complacent."

Adrian's words hung in the air, heavy with the weight of history repeating itself. "The shift toward convenience and comfort created new generations that lost touch with the struggles that had forged their civilization's strength. The very fabric of society began to fray, slowly unraveling decade by decade, and leaving behind a hollowed out shell where greatness once stood."

Peter leaned in, his voice heavy with weight. "**Yes**... you are absolutely right. Fiat currencies carry the seeds of their own destruction. The U.S. dollar's detachment from the Gold standard in 1971 was a major turning point. It set off decades of inflation, reckless debt accumulation, and the relentless erosion of purchasing power. The same forces that caused the Great Depression... economic mismanagement, runaway debt, and speculative bubbles... are at play today. Only now, they are magnified. They are pushing us to the brink of a collapse that could reverberate across the earth and for generations to come."

Adrian paused, letting the weight of Peter's words sink in before continuing. "What we are witnessing now is not simply history repeating itself. This is a well orchestrated disaster, engineered to strip away the freedoms of common folk everywhere. There is a reason we see an aggressive push for digital currencies, the tokenization of assets, and even forms of medical tyranny that infringe on personal liberties. This isn't random... it's a calculated move by the **Spider's Globalist** control system to centralize power and ensure every transaction, every asset, every aspect of human life is traceable, controlled, and ultimately, restricted."

Peter leaned forward, his expression somber. “Because of the **Weak Men** in power, we are entering a stage of ‘**Hard Times**.’ This crisis... **The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0**... that is being orchestrated by the **Spider** and its **Globalist** elites through the collapsing of **The Financial Industrial Complex**. These are not just random events... they are puppeteered by the **Spider’s** unelected **Globalist** elites working to erode individual sovereignty under the guise of progressiveness and security.

The **Spider’s Globalist** henchmen seize on financial instability and social upheaval to advance their agenda. Their goal is to usher in a system where freedom and individual sovereignty become relics of the past. In their place, they weave a web of control, cleverly disguised as ‘solutions.’ These so-called solutions are heavily promoted by the **Spider’s Globalist** elites. This is what they refer to as bringing in **The New World Order!**”

Adrian nodded, his voice steady and charged with command. “**Yes...** we are at a tipping point. If we don’t recognize the forces at play, we risk falling deeper into a structure designed to benefit only those pulling the strings. The **Spider’s** control system isn’t about progress... it is about dominating and enslaving the **Sleoples**. This is the moment for **Sovereigns** to awaken, to see through the facade, and reclaim the freedoms that are being systematically stripped away. Our future depends on our ability to act now, before this engineered crisis becomes an irreversible dystopia.”

Peter leaned forward. “These digitized tools and antihuman injections are not about innovation... they are mechanisms for building a system of total control, where every transaction is monitored, every asset is traceable, and freedom is eroded with each passing day. We are being corralled into a total control system where privacy is a casualty, and autonomy and personal sovereignty are a distant memory.”

Adrian’s voice held a firm resolve as he responded. “If we are to survive these ‘**Hard Times**,’ then we must rise as **Sovereigns**... strong, unbreakable individuals who will rebuild and restore everything that has been stripped away. The lessons of the past must serve as our guide, lighting the path forward as we prepare for the challenges ahead. This crisis has the power to either destroy us or to forge a new era of true free-

dom, unshakable prosperity and individual sovereignty. It is only if we are ready to act, ready to stand against every force pressing us down, that we will remain what we were always meant to be... ***Free and Sovereign!***"

Peter nodded slowly, his voice filled with determination. "Next Wednesday night, we will dive deeper into what has led us here, what we have already witnessed, and what still lies ahead. ***The Spider's Web*** is tightening, setting the stage for ***The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0***... that is unfolding before our very own eyes, and if we are to prepare for what comes next, we must fully understand how we arrived at this point. Knowledge is the first step to reclaiming our individual sovereignty."

A heavy silence fell over ***The Oracle of Abbotsford*** and ***The King of Main Street***... a shared understanding of the weight of their mission. Then, together, they both nodded, a gesture of resolve and solidarity. Peter and Adrian ended the call with the universal battle cry, voices firm and united in reciting... ***The Sovereign's Creed***...

"To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!"

CHAPTER TWENTY FIVE

THE SPIDER'S WEB

Peter J. Merrick... *The King of Main Street*, leaned close to his screen, holding his glass of Ziraldo Prosecco with a thoughtful gaze. Across the video call, Adrian C. Spitters... *The Oracle of Abbotsford*, cracked open a Steam Works craft beer with a familiar hiss, settling in for their weekly ritual... a time to peel back the layers of *The Financial Industrial Complex*, uncovering revelations one sip at a time. In the comfortable silence that followed, both men seemed to carry the weight of the world, their thoughts heavy and shared.

Finally, Peter broke the silence, his voice low. "Adrian," he said, "do you think we're onto something real, or are we just two old farts who have read too many academic, financial, and scientific journals, official white papers, and gone down too many rabbit holes?"

Adrian grinned, raising his beer. "If we are nuts, at least we've got good booze. And if we are right... well, at least we are not alone. We have each other and our community, from the Island of Misfit Toys of *Sovereigns*." They clinked glasses across the screen, One *Oracle* and another modern-day *Sage* with a shared well-defined discernment and a drink, ready to tackle the world one Wednesday night at a time.

Peter's expression grew more intense as he continued, "Every individual is born into an *Ominous & Insidious Spider's Web*... a dehumanizing control system crafted to keep us tangled, oblivious, confused, and... enslaved. And at the very center of that web lies *The Financial Industrial Complex* itself, the *Black Widow Spider*, mercilessly pulling the strings, dictating the rules, and tightening its deadly grip on every aspect of our lives... all occurring outside the *Sleoples* awareness."

Adrian lowered his beer, his usual grin fading as he absorbed Peter's words. "So, you are saying we are all born into this... pre-woven hell?" he murmured, his tone uncharacteristically serious. "Caught up in a system designed to keep us tangled, oblivious, confused and enslaved?"

Peter acknowledged, his expression solemn. "*Yes*... that's exactly it. Every financial structure, every layer of debt, asset, and credit... it is all part of the trap set by the *Spider's Globalist* elites within *The Financial Industrial Complex*. The cruel irony is that most *Sleoples* will never see it. They will believe they are free, making choices, building lives... never realizing they are caught and bound as any other fly in *The Spider's Web*."

It is surreal. This is not some grand conspiracy theory... it is right there, plain as day... when you look at it through the right lens," Peter's eyes sharpened as he raised his glass. "But the *Sleoples* are not awake. They have no idea of the role these private central banks, unelected organizations, and control systems play in their lives. They are oblivious to how seamlessly they have been spun into this *Spider's Web* of control... from their cradles to their graves."

Adrian's gaze was intense, his words weighted with purpose. "We are standing at a threshold, and most individuals cannot even see it. The systems they have trusted their entire lives are already shifting beneath them, and by the time they feel it, it will be too late to turn back. This is not just another economic cycle. It is the unmasking of a deeper, more sinister reality."

The time for dismantling *The Financial Industrial Complex* has begun, and what comes next will test who can endure as its weak foundations crumble. Those who see it coming must prepare to weather the

storm... while others that are asleep will only realize what's happening once they're already caught in it."

Peter's expression grew stronger, his voice steady with conviction. "Yes... you are absolutely right. I agree completely. This is not speculation. As Michael Hopf said, '**Hard Times** create Strong Men, **Strong Men** create Good Times, **Good Times** create Weak Men, and **Weak Men** create Hard Times.'

We are living in the **Hard Times** created by mental, physical and spiritual weakness, and no one can escape this reality by pretending otherwise. Everything built on weak foundations will be shaken, and humanity has no choice but to confront this harsh truth head-on. It is no longer a question of whether things will worsen. It is a matter of how much, and whether we have the resolve to stand firm as the world reconfigures around us."

Adrian lifted his beer in agreement. "To everything... there is a season. And right now, this is **The Winter Season of Weak Men**," he declared, his tone unwavering. He leaned closer to the screen, his voice resolute. "I believe it is time we truly define what **The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0** entails... and expose what has been set in motion to strip away everything that most **Sleoples** blindly believe is true and theirs. This is more than financial upheaval... it is the turning of a season that will reshape the world and transform life as we have come to know it."

Peter paused, choosing his words carefully, as if each one was a thread weaving the picture he wanted the **Sleoples**, the **Useful Tools**, and the **Useful Idiots** to see and fully comprehend the weight of their situation. "Imagine an **Ominous & Insidious Spider's Web** stretched across the earth," he began, his tone deliberate. "At the center lies the **Spider**... what we refer to as **The Financial Industrial Complex**."

This is a fusion of the world's private central banks, multinational corporations, financial institutions, and organizations like the International Monetary Fund (IMF), the World Bank (WB), the Bank for International Settlements (BIS) and many more. These gangs act as the **Spider**, setting rules for everyone ensnared in the web, pulling

strings that remain invisible to most, yet harm each of us, whether we recognize the *Spider's* influence or not."

Adrian listened intently, his face alight with a growing intensity as Peter continued. "This web is no accident. It is a meticulously crafted system that controls access to resources, dictates economic policies, and quietly reshapes societies by manipulating the flow of fake, imaginary fiat money. The illusion of freedom keeps most *Sleoples* blind to a grim reality.

The *Sleoples* are already trapped in the *Spider's* web, prisoners of *The Financial Industrial Complex. The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0* is not just a theory. It is very real. A meticulously orchestrated coup against humanity itself. Soon, the *Sleoples* will own nothing. The *Spider's Globalists* elites will own everything. The *Sleoples* will not be happy, completely unaware of their own complicity in their downfall and imprisonment. By then, it will be too late."

Adrian agreed, his voice reflective yet resolute. "It is as if the *Spider's* web has become so vast and intricate that the *Sleoples* have simply accepted it as part of their reality without questioning. They do not see the *Black Widow Spider*, and they certainly do not feel the threads tightening around their necks." Adrian raised his beer in a sacred toast. "Here is to shedding light on the threads of the *Ominous & Insidious Spider's Web*. Because once the *Sleoples* see it for what it is, they will know it is not just another season... they will know *The Winter Season of Weak Men* has already arrived, and they are about to freeze to death if they do not prepare for what is coming."

Peter leaned back in his chair, settling into his usual Wednesday night rhythm. "Let us start with the private central banks... the private Federal Reserve, the private European Central Bank, the private Bank of England, the private Bank of Canada, and so on. The *Sleoples* believe these are government institutions working for the public good. Here is the kicker... as we have discussed in previous conversations, these financial institutions are privately owned. The private Federal Reserve, for instance, is not owned by the U.S. government or its citizens at all. Its board is a mixture of political appointees and representatives from the

largest private banks, representing private interests... not the interests of the American citizen.”

Peter leaned forward, matching Adrian’s intensity. Adrian leaned closer, his voice filled with a quiet resolve. “It is both unfortunate and extremely dangerous that the **Sleoples** believe the private Federal Reserve is a public institution, acting as a watchdog for the U.S. and the world economy. What the **Sleoples** do not realize is that the private Federal Reserve is accountable to no one but its own interests and its shadowy **Spider’s** controllers.

These private central banks set interest rates, control inflation, and essentially dictate the flow of fake fiat currency. When they print money, it acts like a financial drug. It temporarily keeps the economy going, but the long-term side effects are devaluation and inflation, eroding the purchasing power of the common folk. The **Sleoples** view inflation as a mysterious phenomenon, but it is simply a hidden tax that eats away at every fake fiat dollar in circulation.”

“**Yes...** precisely,” Peter replied. “And that inflation is not felt evenly, either. It erodes purchasing power slowly, especially for the average individual. Meanwhile, those within **The Financial Industrial Complex** are the first to receive the newly printed fiat money. They buy real assets with this fake fiat money, invest, expand, and by the time that money trickles down to regular folk, it has already lost a significant portion of its value... its purchasing power. This is why the unelected **Spider’s** parasitic **Globalist** elites get richer, while the **Sleoples** continue to struggle and grow poorer. It is a diabolical controlled siphon of the common folk’s wealth that we were once blind to. Now, we see it... plain and simple... along with other **Sovereigns**.”

Peter paused, his voice growing more intense. “Then, we have the IMF... the International Monetary Fund... and the BIS, the Bank for International Settlements. The IMF presents itself as a savior, stepping in to provide loans to struggling countries. Yet those loans come with strings attached. They impose strict policies, supposedly to stabilize economies, but in reality, those monetary policies strip away a nation’s autonomy. They force countries to cut public spending, raise taxes, and

privatize industries. The IMF effectively dictates what individuals in those nations can and cannot do, transforming sovereign countries into financial slave colonies. The largest financial slave colony in the world currently today is the United States.”

“And that is where the BIS comes in,” Adrian said, picking up the thread. “The BIS is not just another bank... it is the bank for all private central banks, the puppet master behind the scenes. Every private central bank ultimately defers to it. This is where international monetary policy is decided... interest rates, economic rescue plans, even decisions on which countries get bailed out or sanctioned. The decisions made at the BIS dictate the economic fate of billions of individuals.”

“**Yes...**” Peter continued. “Most common folk do not realize how private central banks and the BIS are connected. It is a top-down hierarchy, a structure that resembles a dark satanic temple. At its pinnacle is the BIS, headquartered in Basel, Switzerland. It is an imposing fortress that calls to mind the twisted Tower of Babel from Genesis in the Bible. Like the builders of Babel, those at the top of this financial empire reach for a power that defies the natural order of things... that attempts to defy God. It is a defiance of limits and an attempt to subjugate and control humanity itself.”

“Just as in the biblical story, where evil built a tower to rival God... a declaration that they were above both God and Man... this structure reaches into every corner of civilization, consolidating influence over nations and binding ordinary folk to the *Spider's* agenda,” Adrian said. “The BIS, as the tip of *The Financial Industrial Complex*, stands at the pinnacle, setting policies that ripple through private central banks, ultimately controlling governments and attempting to control humanity itself. And, as with the Tower of Babel, it serves as a testament to unchecked ambition, imposing itself above all, while those below unknowingly support a hierarchy that dictates their lives.”

Peter agreed, his expression grave. “The BIS sets the policies... the private central banks carry them out... and captured governments are left to enforce them upon their citizens. It is a real-life, malevolent financial empire... an *Ominous & Insidious Spider's Web* of control,

entirely unaccountable to humanity. And at the top of this hierarchy, this so-called financial temple?

Ordinary ***Sleoples*** who believe they have control over their own money... over their own fate... over their own lives... and.... over their own sovereignty. The truth is, they do not. They are merely slaves to this hierarchy. This is because the ***Sleoples*** have abdicated their responsibilities, choosing instead to remain comfortably asleep.”

Adrian shook his head. “And let us not forget ***The Media Industrial Complex*** and ***The Education Indoctrination Complex***. They are essential parts of ***The Spider’s Web***, keeping ***Sleoples*** in the dark and deep in sleep. The average ***Sleoples*** do not understand what private central banks do or how monetary policy actually works. Schools will not teach it, and the media only reports surface-level headlines that the ***Spider’s*** controllers instruct them to feed the ***Sleoples***, lulling them deeper into their trance. They tell ***Sleoples*** that inflation is happening, but they do not explain why. They say the private Federal Reserve is raising rates, but they do not reveal what that means for the economy and regular folk.”

Peter took a long pause. “The ***Sleoples*** are fed just enough to keep them tame and docile. The ***Spider’s*** controlled news outlets tell them the private Federal Reserve is their savior, that the IMF aids developing nations, that inflation is ‘transitory.’ Meanwhile, inflation steadily consumes the ***Sleoples*** savings, and the demands of survival erode human connections. Families fragment, communities weaken, and relationships fray under the weight. ***The Spider’s Web*** tightens, yet the ***Sleoples*** remain blissfully unaware. It is control by omission... a silent cage constructed from what the ***Sleoples*** are never taught to question. The ***Sleoples*** believe they are free, blind to the invisible bars that shape their lives. And those bars are there, whether they choose to see them or not.”

“Look at the massive corporations, the technology giants,” Adrian said, his voice filled with a growing intensity. “They are woven into this ***Spider’s*** web, too, shaping public perception and managing the very platforms the ***Sleoples*** rely on for information. Companies like Google, Facebook, and Amazon do not just deliver corrupted news and information... they control what news and information reaches the

Sleoples, dictating the opinions they form, steering the conversation, and filtering out dissenting voices. These visible strands of the ***Ominous & Insidious Spider's Web*** are not neutral... they are the strands of silk that hold this web together, ensuring that the *Sleoples* remain exactly where they are meant to be... passive, compliant, and unaware of the cage surrounding them.”

Peter leaned back, his voice dropping to a grim tone. “And the real kicker? Every one of these institutions... these strands of the ***Ominous & Insidious Spider's Web***... banks, financial institutions, corporations, tech giants, and mainstream legacy media... they are all invested in one another. Their boards overlap... they are financially entangled, each supporting the other like pillars of the same oppressive structure. The very institutions that hold our assets are owned by the same players who control our data, our money, our communication, our healthcare and ultimately, our perceptions. They have constructed a self-sustaining *Spider's* control system, a machine that feeds itself while tightening its grip on everything we see, hear, and believe. This is not mere influence... it is absolute *Spider* planned and controlled.”

Adrian's face hardened. “***Yes***... it is all interconnected. ***The Financial Industrial Complex***, the banks, the media, the tech giants and even the health sector. They have built a structure so tightly woven that every move the average *Sleoples* makes is caught, redirected, controlled. Every crisis, every bailout, every so-called ‘financial rescue package’ only tightens the noose further. The shadowy self-appointed elites at the top pull the strings, while the rest of us scramble, unaware that each step only binds us deeper into their *Spider's* web. This is not just influence. It is engineered control, a machine that feeds on itself while it tightens its grip on every aspect of our lives.”

Peter took a deep breath, letting the weight of Adrian's words settle over him. “And the worst part? The *Sleoples* remain completely unaware and asleep. They do not realize their assets are vulnerable, that their money is not truly theirs, that they are one step away from losing everything in the *Spider's* planned crisis. The *Sleoples* put their blind trust in ***The Financial Industrial Complex***, never suspecting that every piece

of it... from the banks to the media, to the laws enabling bail-ins and bail-outs, to the looming threat of digital currency is rigged against them. This system was designed not to serve them but to control them, to ensnare their assets, their decisions, and ultimately, their very lives.”

Adrian’s gaze sharpened. “So, what do we do? How do individuals even begin to untangle themselves from this *Ominous & Insidious Spider’s Web?*”

Peter met his very good friend’s eyes, his expression resolute. “The first step is ownership. Real ownership, Adrian. Physical assets. Gold, silver, and real estate. Things that are not tied to digital records or banking promises. Things you can hold, that do not vanish with a glitch or a captured government decision.” Peter nodded looking up to the right of his screen straight at the camera, a strong spark of determination lighting his gaze and stating...and... “*It Starts With Gold!*”

Adrian nodded, reaffirming Peter’s last statement. “*The Sleoples... The Useful Idiots... The Useful Tools... they do not possess Gold. Yes... Real Sovereigns own and hold Gold!* True wealth outside the control system’s grasp. It is the first off-ramp, the first step out of this *Spider’s Web*... outside the control system... outside of *The Financial Industrial Complex.*”

Both *The Oracle of Abbotsford* and *The King of Main Street* sat in silence, feeling the weight of what they had spoken about. Their mission was clear... to help others see *The Spider’s Web* for what it was before it was too late.

Peter leaned forward, his voice carrying a sharp edge. “Tell me this... how did the *Black Widow Spider* do it? How did it weave its web so tightly around the vast majority of humanity, around the *Sleoples...* the *Useful Idiots...* the *Useful Tools* without any of them noticing it happening to them?”

Adrian’s eyes darkened as he replied, “To understand how *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0* will unfold, we need to do a deep dive on... *The Velocity of Money!*” He glanced at the clock, a reluctant sigh escaping him. “It is getting late. Let us pick this up next Wednesday night.”

The King of Main Street and *The Oracle of Abbotsford* exchanged

a look of fierce resolve, both men nodding in powerful agreement to continue going down this rabbit hole wherever it would lead. In unison, Peter and Adrian raised their glasses and delivered a battle cry for the ages... *The Sovereign's Creed...*

“To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!”

CHAPTER TWENTY SIX

THE VELOCITY OF MONEY

Their screens came to life as Adrian C. Spitters... *The Oracle of Abbotsford*, appeared with his usual wry smile, raising his glass of Steam Works craft beer to the camera. “Good evening, Peter. Ready for a dive into *The Velocity of Money* and how *Asset Bubbles* are formed?”

Peter J. Merrick... *The King of Main Street*, grinned and lifted his glass of Ziraldo Prosecco. “*Bubbles* in hand. I am ready for our deep dive. Tonight, we are dealing with the kind of *All Asset Bubbles* that lure in the *Sleoples*, only to leave them ensnared when they burst.”

Adrian chuckled, his eyes lighting up with enthusiasm. “These *All Asset Bubbles* are not just random market flukes. They are part of a master web... a web spun and blown up by the metaphorical *Black Widow Spider*... sitting at the center, pulling the strings on every thread... stocks... real estate... bonds... cryptocurrencies. Each thread links back to a central force, each one woven as part of a meticulously crafted trap, drawing the unsuspecting common folk in.”

Peter leaned forward, intrigued. “Go on... Let’s define it.”

Adrian set down his glass and smiled, a fierce glint in his eye. “Alright. An *Asset Bubble* is when prices shoot up far beyond their true

worth... pushed by hype, speculation, and cheap fake fiat money. It is like the *Spider* spinning its intricate web. The shadowy forces behind *The Financial Industrial Complex*... the *Spider*... lowers lending rates and floods the market with easy fake fiat money, making it seem like the prices of these assets will rise forever. The unsuspecting *Sleoples* jump in, believing they are gaining real value, but they are only getting tangled in the trap spun by the *Spider*.

When the moment is right, the *Spider* pulls the threads back... the *Sleoples'* money vanishes, loans and fake fiat money dry up, and as each *Asset Bubble* bursts, almost everyone of the *Sleoples* are left ensnared in financial ruin. Only *Sovereigns* who recognize *Asset Bubbles* as they form can protect their wealth by *Owning Assets in Order of Asset Confiscation*.

This solution involves prioritizing the most resilient assets... with *The Last Assets Standing* being... Gold... as the unwavering foundation of wealth preservation in a financial crisis. This solution begins by owning the most resilient asset least likely to lose value... Gold... and layering up to those more vulnerable assets, forging an unbreakable defense against financial collapse."

Peter raised an eyebrow, the weight of Adrian's words sinking in. "These *All Asset Bubbles*... each one of them is equivalent to a trap set in the *Spider's* web, an illusion built to attract, trap, and ultimately control and destroy our wealth, our health, our individuality, our sovereignty, and life itself."

Adrian leaned forward. "Yes... precisely. And the *Spider* at the center... The private central banks and rest of *The Financial Industrial Complex*, the *Spider's Globalist* financial elites, those who control the flow of credit and cash. They engineer these *All Asset Bubbles*, each one designed to lure the *Sleoples* in, only to burst them when it serves the *Spider's* agenda. The web tightens, the trap springs shut, and while most are left with nothing, the *Spider* spins on, stronger and more emboldened than ever before!"

Peter lifted his glass up defiantly, his voice resolute. "To preparing and protecting against the inevitable bursting of the *All Asset Bubbles*...

to unmasking the web the **Spider** has meticulously woven, and to the **Sovereigns** who will rise above the trap laid for the **Sleoples**. Here's to resisting **The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0** and reclaiming what is rightfully ours."

Adrian inclined his head thoughtfully. "It is like the Roaring Twenties... the 1920s after World War One... all over again. The **Sleoples**, the **Useful Idiots**, and the **Useful Tools** view these **All Asset Bubbles** as natural cycles, yet they fail to see that each one is meticulously spun by the **Black Widow Spider**. Through its private central banks lowering interest rates and flooding the market with easy credit and cheap money, the **Sleoples** rush in, convinced they are making easy fake fiat money, oblivious to the trap set to snatch away all their wealth through... **The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0!**"

Peter leaned forward. "**Yes!** It is a big trap, carefully crafted to look like opportunity. Just when most of the **Sleoples** are stretched to their limits, lending rates rise, liquidity dries up, and the **All Asset Bubbles** burst. The **Spider** spins its web tighter, wrapping the **Sleoples** in debt and broken lives, leaving them with nothing but empty promises and shattered dreams."

"And that is precisely what it is... a trap," Adrian said, leaning in with intensity. "This is not just another market cycle. Each **Asset Bubble** has been deliberately inflated by the hidden powers... the **Spider**, weaving its web of control and destruction. When the **All Asset Bubbles** burst, it will not be by chance. It will be meticulously timed, carefully planned, and flawlessly executed. Only those pulling the strings... and the **Sovereigns** who have freed themselves from the **Spider's** web... will emerge unscathed."

Adrian's eyes darkened as he continued, "Those at the heart of the **Spider's** web have crafted this trap... layer by layer. At its core lie the unelected **Spider's Globalist** banking elites, holding an influence and control beyond anything the **Sleoples** could ever imagine.

These are the **Spider's Globalist** private central banksters. They keep the system turning, following their insidious plan to harm humanity. They spin out **All Asset Bubbles** for the masses while quietly hoarding

real assets. Surrounding them are secretive groups and societies. These form the hierarchy of *The Financial Industrial Complex*, working near the center of the *Spider's* web. Silent yet omnipresent, they carry out the core's evil agenda."

Peter's tone sharpened. "From the central core of the *Spider's* web to the private central banks, the unelected non-governmental organizations (NGOs), the multinational corporations, and even the *Spider* controlled captured governments... every layer of *The Financial Industrial Complex* serves the same sinister agenda of the *Spider*."

Adrian leaned forward... his voice low, almost reverent. "*The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*. You know... *Build Back Better*... where *You Will Own Nothing, and They Will Be Happy... the Spider!*"

Peter continued, unwavering. "The private central banks lower interest rates, coaxing the *Sleoples* into stretching their finances thin on real estate, stocks, even cryptocurrencies. The *Sleoples* are betting everything on values continuing to rise, but they have no idea just how fragile it all really is."

"Or how manipulated it all is," Adrian added, his voice tinged with frustration. "When it all falls apart, it will be the *Sleoples*... the *Useful Idiots* and *Useful Tools*... who will pay the real price. They will have invested everything they have, watching it vanish in an instant. Meanwhile, those at the top of the *Spider's* web will have already cashed in and pulled out. They know exactly when to sell and when to tighten the *Spider's* web. And the only group among the common folk that will survive *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0* will be the *Sovereigns*... the ones who saw it coming... have prepared by structuring their wealth by *Owning Assets in Order of Asset Confiscation*."

Peter met his good friend's eyes and said. "The first step is true ownership. Tangible assets... Gold, silver, real estate, mutual life insurance companies' financial instruments, and alternative investments. Assets that exist outside digital records and the hollow promises of the *Spider's* controlled financial institutions. Things you can hold in your hands, things that cannot vanish with a glitch or a captured government's order." Peter nodded, looking up to the right of his screen, his gaze

firm, a spark of determination lighting his eyes as he declared... and...
It Starts With Gold!

Adrian shook his head in agreement, reaffirming Peter's last statement. "The ***Sleoples***... the ***Useful Idiots***... the ***Useful Tools***... they do not possess Gold... True ***Sovereigns*** own and hold Gold! This is true wealth outside the ***Spider's*** control system's grasp. It is the first off-ramp, the first step out of this ***Spider's*** web... outside the control system... outside of ***The Financial Industrial Complex***... the first step towards ***Sovereignty*** is knowing that... ***It Starts With Gold!***"

Adrian set his glass down, his expression growing more serious. "There is another critical piece to this puzzle. Beyond the ***All Asset Bubbles*** and the ***Spider's*** web lies a deeper, more insidious threat... one that underpins the entire evil system and reveals how fragile ***The Financial Industrial Complex*** truly is."

Peter tilted his head, curiosity piqued. "You mean the mechanism that keeps this whole charade afloat?"

Adrian said firmly. "***Yes***... exactly. The very flow of fake fiat money through the economy. Without it, the illusion crumbles even faster. Let us talk about the ***Velocity of Money***... this is the lifeblood of the economy, the speed at which money moves, buying goods and services, paying wages, driving economic growth.

When the ***Velocity of Money*** is high, the economy thrives. Now... It has collapsed in the real economy where the common folk live. Despite tens of trillions of dollars injected into the system by captured governments worldwide during the COVID-19 scamdemic, true growth is nowhere to be found in the real economy. Every warning sign is flashing. This house of cards is set to fall, and the ***Sleoples*** are utterly blind and exposed to it."

Peter raised an eyebrow, his curiosity clearly ignited. "The ***Velocity of Money***," he repeated, letting the concept settle in the conversation. "It is a powerful, often hidden signal of economic health... or lack thereof. It measures the rate at which fake fiat money changes hands in an economy, essentially how frequently a single fake fiat dollar is spent on goods and services. When velocity is high, it is a strong pulse, showing that money

is circulating rapidly, fueling activity and growth. When it is low, money just sits there... hoarded, stagnant, and useless. When the ***Velocity of Money*** slows down... this is the ultimate sign of ***The Financial Industrial Complex*** is in big trouble.”

Peter paused, sipping his Ziraldo Prosecco, his mind tracing the echoes of past financial crises, from distant history to those he had witnessed up close. “I never fully grasped the critical role of the ***Velocity of Money*** until I saw it firsthand... its impact over decades in the financial services industry, what we call ***The Financial Industrial Complex***.

This is not merely about how much fake fiat money is injected into the system... it is about the speed at which it flows through the economy. That movement, that pulse, is the true lifeblood of economic health. When the velocity of fake fiat money slows, as it is now, everything inches closer to a standstill. And when ***The Financial Industrial Complex*** grinds to that halt... it will eventually collapse under its own weight. This is when the ***All Asset Bubbles*** will spectacularly burst.”

Adrian leaned in, his voice steady and charged with authority. “***Yes!*** I completely agree. When the ***Velocity of Money*** slows to a crawl in the real economy... the part of the economy that truly matters... it sends a loud warning bell. This has happened before, like in the years leading up to the Great Depression and again before the Great Recession of 2007-2009. The problem is most common folk do not see it.

The real economy is where actual value is created. It is the factories making products, the farms growing food, and the businesses providing services. It is where the common folk earn wages, create jobs, and improve their quality of life. When money flows through to the real economy, it fuels real growth, stability, and prosperity. This is the backbone of a healthy, robust society.”

Peter leaned forward, his tone serious. “The issue lies in where the excess fake fiat money is coming from and where it is going. The ***Spider’s*** captured government borrowing has surged, and private central banks have pumped tens of trillions of dollars into the economy through quantitative easing and other policies designed to stimulate growth. Instead of

circulating in the real economy... into infrastructure, education, or small businesses... it is funneled into financial markets.

The fake fiat money flows into speculative investments... overvalued stocks, overpriced real estate, and even volatile cryptocurrencies. This creates the ***All Asset Bubbles*** that inflate market values on paper and digital financial ledgers but contribute little to real economic growth into the real economy... where the common folk live.”

Adrian nodded, his agreement thoughtful. “When these funds flow into the financial economy rather than the real economy, they distort priorities. Instead of building new businesses, improving roads, hospitals, or schools, this money drives up stock prices, increases housing costs, and fuels speculation in unproductive assets. It creates the illusion of wealth, but it does not produce anything tangible. This misallocation of a society’s resources weakens the real economy, leaving it hollow and vulnerable to a financial collapse.”

Peter’s voice sharpened, cutting through the air. “It is a big ***Spider’s*** trap. Governments borrow excessively, claiming it will spur growth, but much of that borrowing ends up enriching financial institutions, speculators and in the pockets of the ***Spider’s*** financial elites. The private central banks lower interest rates, making it easier to access cheap money. But instead of investing in productive ventures, that money is used to chase high returns in inflated markets. And when these ***All Asset Bubbles*** burst, it is the common folk in the real economy... the workers, the families, the communities... who pay the ultimate price.”

Adrian’s tone matched Peter’s intensity. “It is not just a failure to prioritize. It is a systemic issue. The policies are designed to keep the financial economy afloat, even at the expense of the real economy. The real tragedy is that these ***All Asset Bubbles*** do not truly enrich anyone in the long run. They rob resources from those who need them most, draining the lifeblood of society to feed an illusion that is doomed to collapse. And when it does, the damage ripples through Main Street... not Wall Street.”

Peter took a measured breath, his tone deliberate but charged with insight. “Adrian, it is as if we are witnessing a siphoning of vitality from

the real economy into an artificial construct... a financial house of cards. This process does not just rob the present... it mortgages the future for our children and grandchildren.

By pouring resources into speculative markets instead of productive investments, we are not building anything lasting. We are inflating the value of paper and digital assets, while the foundation... Main Street, where real work creates real value... crumbles beneath the weight of neglect. The longer this goes on, the harsher the reckoning will be."

Adrian leaned in, his expression serious. "Real growth in the economy disappears, replaced by inflated prices... on real estate, stocks, even cryptocurrencies that are floating on borrowed time. Each of these *All Asset Bubbles* is swelling to an unsustainable size, primed to burst at the slightest shock to *The Financial Industrial Complex*. This does not create real value. It simply fuels the illusion that things are stable when, in truth, they are anything but... What we are seeing is not sustainable or maintainable. It is not real... it is an illusion we must pull the curtain on before it is too late."

Peter's face grew intense, and he leaned forward. "This is the real-world example... the Great Recession of 2007-2009. In the lead-up to the 2008 financial crisis, the fake fiat money seemed to be everywhere. Financial institutions were lending freely, with private central banks orchestrating an illusion of endless growth. The *Sleoples* were borrowing for houses they could not afford, and on the surface, the economy seemed to be booming. But beneath it, the financial foundation was cracking. Once the housing bubble burst, the *Velocity of Money* collapsed.

The common folk stopped spending, gripped by fear as they watched their neighbors' homes slip away into foreclosure, terrified they might be next. Financial institutions tightened their grip on credit and loans, and businesses stood by as customers vanished. The money was still there... locked away, frozen. It was no longer circulating through the economy."

Adrian took a deep breath, his eyes sharpening as he painted a vivid picture of the aftermath. "Imagine a bustling marketplace, where individuals are exchanging goods... buying bread, selling clothes, offering

services. Then, suddenly, half the vendors stop. They are either too afraid they will not get paid or no longer have the money to buy from one another. That is what happens when the ***Velocity of Money*** collapses.

The fake fiat currency does not disappear, it stops circulating in the real economy. Instead, it gets trapped in the ***All Asset Bubbles***... stocks, real estate, speculative investments and cryptocurrencies. The marketplace stalls, life drains out of it, and everything grinds to a halt, leaving common folk suspended in uncertainty. That is what it looks like when the economy slows to a standstill for everyday folk.”

Peter felt the weight of Adrian’s words settle in, his pulse quickening. “That is the terrifying imbalance. Fund Flows... the movement of large amounts of capital through financial markets rather than into real-world investments... are racing ahead, outpacing the real economy by a staggering margin.

Tens of trillions of fiat dollars are circulating, but they are like phantoms. These fake fiat dollars are out of reach for the common folk who truly need them. Instead of fueling actual growth, this money swells these ***All Asset Bubbles***. Each ***Asset Bubble*** bloating more dangerous as ***The Financial Industrial Complex’s*** foundation weakens. Meanwhile, in the real economy... where the common folk earn, spend, and survive... is being hollowed out and destroyed by ***The Black Widow Spider***.”

Adrian leaned forward, a hint of frustration flashing in his eyes. “***Yes***... you are right on target. Just look at the asset-backed securities markets. Before the 2008 stock market and real estate collapse, financial institution threw creditworthiness out the window. The common folk do not realize that asset-backed securities are financial products created by bundling together loans... mortgages... credit card debt... car loans into packages that investors buy.

Financial institutions were not concerned about borrowers’ ability to repay because they were securitizing everything, packaging these loans and selling them off with barely a glance backward. It was a reckless gamble, one they played with other folks’ livelihoods and money, all while setting the stage for the eventual financial implosion.”

Peter’s jaw tightened as he took in Adrian’s words, the suspense

building between them as they unpacked the layers of risk, deception, and hollow promises woven into the heart of *The Financial Industrial Complex*.

Adrian's frustration was evident. "The sheer recklessness was astounding. Securitization... the practice of bundling various types of debt, like mortgages, car loans, and credit card debt, into packages sold as investment securities had become a runaway train. In the early 2000s, this method went from a clever financial tool to a ticking time bomb, especially with subprime mortgages.

These were high-risk loans given to the *Sleoples* with shaky credit, individuals who, under normal circumstances, would never qualify for a loan. But the demand for these asset-backed securities was insatiable. Lenders relaxed their lending standards, and suddenly, loans were approved that had no business being issued. These financial institutions did not care if these *Sleoples* could actually repay them back, because these financial institutions were offloading the risk to investors almost as fast as they were approving the loans."

Peter leaned in, his face intense. "And that is what made it all so dangerous. This was not about creating stable, long-term secure investments. These financial institutions' securitization practices were about feeding the hunger for these securities at any cost. Every bundle of these loans was like kindling stacked on a fire, and no one seemed to care that it was going to ignite.

Financial institutions turned a blind eye to the risk because the profits were pouring in, and investors were buying it all up without a second thought. It was a reckless, high-stakes gamble, and when the flames finally took, it spread faster than anyone could have imagined, engulfing the entire *Financial Industrial Complex* into crisis."

Adrian leaned in, his tone softer, offering an example to confirm their shared understanding. "Imagine, you are a financial institution expected to lend fake fiat money responsibly, making sure each borrower can pay it back. But in the early 2000s, that sense of responsibility started to slip away. Why? Because financial institutions realized they could issue loans, bundle them with other loans, and sell the whole package to

investors. Whether or not the borrower could actually repay became less of a concern. Once the bundle was sold, the risk was someone else's problem. This approach led to tens of millions of *Sleoples* taking out loans they could not afford, and when they started defaulting, the entire housing market crashed in 2008."

Peter, fired up by Adrian's example, leaned forward, his voice sharp and unrelenting. "**Yes!** That is exactly where it all unraveled. Financial institutions took risky loans... mortgages, car loans, whatever scraps they could gather... and bundled them into so-called high-quality investments. It was junk piled on top of junk, a massive tower of leverage built on a foundation of deception. And as if that disaster was not enough, they topped it off with credit default swaps... a false safety net covering a crumbling mess. It was greed dressed as genius, a ticking time bomb disguised as wealth, and when it exploded, it took the real economy and everyday lives with it."

Adrian leaned forward, aiming to clarify. "We have to think of credit default swaps, or CDSs, as a kind of insurance sold to investors. If someone invested in a loan or bond that went bad... meaning the borrower could not pay it back the CDS is supposed to cover the loss. That sounds safe... but before the 2008 crisis, these swaps were not closely watched or regulated. Banks, hedge funds, and other financial institutions started using them as a way to make extra money, almost like gambling that certain debts would fail. This meant that instead of lowering risk, CDSs actually added a lot more risk to an already shaky financial system.

Investors would buy and sell CDSs to make a quick profit. If they thought a loan might go bad, they would buy a CDS, betting on the chance of a default. If the loan did default, they would get paid. On the other hand, some investors would sell CDSs, collecting premiums from others who bought them. For the sellers, it was profitable as long as loans stayed good. Once loans began to fail, the sellers of CDSs were on the hook for massive payouts. So, both buyers and sellers of CDSs were looking to make quick money, but the whole setup turned into a huge disaster, with risky debts multiplying the losses when things started to collapse."

Peter leaned in, clearly animated. “These CDSs gave banks and other financial institutions a false sense of security. They thought they were protected, so they felt safe making loans that would usually be seen as way too risky. With CDSs acting as a kind of ‘safety net,’ they kept pushing out more loans, creating more debt, and the risk just piled up, layer after layer. It was like building a skyscraper with no real foundation or fire escapes.

When those debts started to go bad, the whole structure began to wobble. The CDS ‘safety net’ could not hold up under the weight. So instead of preventing a collapse, these swaps actually triggered massive losses across the entire *Financial Industrial Complex*. It was a house of cards. When one piece fell, everything else came tumbling down with it. The illusion of protection disappeared, and the damage spread through the entire financial system like wildfire.”

Peter leaned back, casting a glance at the clock. “Adrian, it’s getting late. Next week, let’s dive much deeper into what really happened during the 2008 financial crisis... and how it all traces back to Alan Greenspan, the so-called... *Wizard of Wall Street*.”

Adrian agreed, leaning forward. “*Yes*... absolutely. Alan Greenspan, Chairman of the private Federal Reserve from 1987 to 2006, was either a *Useful Idiot* or a *Useful Tool* for the *Black Widow Spider*. Greenspan is one of those individuals worth studying, having emerged from near the center of the Spider’s web. His destructive legacy was pivotal. His policies of low interest rates, deregulation, and a hands-off approach with derivatives set the stage for everything that followed. It is a thread we cannot ignore if we want to understand the bigger picture and the coming... *Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*.”

Peter, with a glint of determination in his eyes, declared, “Then it is settled.”

The Oracle of Abbotsford and *The King of Main Street* lifted their glasses... Adrian with his Steam Works craft beer and Peter with his Ziraldo Prosecco. With a shared look of resolve, they raised their glasses high, and their voices joined in unison, echoing the sacred... *Sovereign’s Creed*...

**“To Sovereignty...
To Protecting Our Health...
To De-Risking Our Wealth...
It Starts With Gold!”**

CHAPTER TWENTY SEVEN

WIZARD OF WALL STREET

The familiar hum of their Wednesday evening video call started, bringing Adrian C. Spitters... *The Oracle of Abbotsford*, and Peter J. Merrick... *The King of Main Street*...the ordinary man of the street... back together. Every week, they met to uncover the truths hidden behind the curtain, to make sense of the world, and to expose the plans of the *Black Widow... Spider*... the symbol of the *Globalist* elites' control over money and power. Adrian sipped his Steam Works craft beer, while Peter poured himself a glass of Ziraldo Icewine, both ready to dive into this week's conversation.

Adrian spoke first, his voice steady. "Peter, let us dive further into Alan Greenspan's role... the little man who many called the *Wizard of Wall Street*. He was the head of the private Federal Reserve from 1987 to 2006, serving under four U.S. Presidents. But he was not serving those Presidents, and he definitely was not serving the American citizen or the folks of the world. The Federal Reserve is a private financial institution. Its job is not to help the common folk. It works for the *Spider* at the center of the web...the ones who are really in control for now... of... *The Financial Industrial Complex*."

Peter leaned in, his face more serious. “And that is the point. This whole system is set up to take wealth from regular folk... the *Sleoples* and send it to the top. Greenspan was the public face of the private Federal Reserve, but the real power stayed hidden, deep inside the *Spider’s* web. While Greenspan played the role of the genius... the head economist of the private Federal Reserve, the *Spider* was pulling the strings, draining money from Main Street into speculative markets that only made the uber rich and the *Spider* richer... creating the *All Asset Bubbles* we are witnessing today.”

Adrian’s tone sharpened. “*Yes...* precisely. The *Sleoples* cluelessly trusted *The Financial Industrial Complex*. They thought it worked for them, but it never had. Greenspan’s policies of low interest rates and no regulation were not mistakes. They were tools used to purposely inflate the *All Asset Bubbles*. These *All Asset Bubbles* took fake fiat money and real assets from the real economy from regular folk and sent it straight to the top... to the *Spider* and its web, where the *Globalist* elite live untouched by the disasters they plan and cause.”

Peter’s voice grew firmer, his words cutting through the moment. “The real economy... the one on Main Street... where the common folk earn wages, spend money, and improve their lives was left to crumble. During *The Financial Crisis* of 2007 to 2009, which Greenspan helped make possible, families lost their homes, their savings, and their futures. But the ones at the center of the *Spider’s* web, the ones controlling everything, came out richer, stronger, more powerful and more emboldened. This did not happen by accident. It is a plan to take from the weak hands of the *Sleoples* and give it all to the strong manipulative hands of the unelected *Spider’s Globalist* elites.”

Adrian raised his beer, his voice calm and strong. “And the *Sovereigns*... The individuals who see the truth and escape the *Spider’s* web... *Sovereigns* are the ones who stand up and protect their families... their communities... their nations and their wealth from the *Spider*... by being prepared.”

Peter raised his glass of Icewine, his tone steady and then nodded. “*Yes!* Then we keep fighting to expose the *Spider’s* insidious plan...”

Adrian leaned back, his chair creaking softly in the dim glow of his screen. He took a moment, staring at the rim of his Steam Works craft beer, before breaking the silence. “Peter... Greenspan’s legacy reads like a case file. The ‘**Wizard of Wall Street**,’ they called him. He held the reins of the private Federal Reserve, crafting policies that shaped decades. The real question is... was he knowingly complicit, a **Useful Tool** for the **Spider’s** powers lurking in the shadows, or just a **Useful Idiot**, a vain talking head playing his part in their grand design?”

Peter’s eyes narrowed, his glass of Icewine forgotten on the table. “It is a hell of a question. Greenspan let derivatives run wild. And derivatives... let’s call them what they are. Derivatives are bets, contracts tied to the value of something else. Stocks, mortgages, whatever. They are a financial labyrinth. On the surface, they look clever, and even sophisticated. At their core, they are just gambling at a worldwide scale. And Greenspan let that gambling bubble out of control.”

Adrian leaned forward, his voice dropping to a near whisper, as if unveiling a forbidden truth. “That is the truth. The derivatives market did not just grow... it metastasized like a cancer, bubbling up to twenty times, maybe far more, the size of the international economy. The true scale? No one knows. It is an unfathomable beast. Was Greenspan its mastermind? Or merely the frontman, a smokescreen for the real architects... the **Spider** at the center of the web, pulling the strings from the shadows? Was he complicit, or did his own hubris blind him to the chaos he unleashed?”

Peter rubbed his jaw, the gears in his mind turning. “You have to wonder. Greenspan stood there, delivering his cryptic speeches, playing the intellectual. But was he the mastermind? Or just another pawn in the **Spider’s** game? If he was a pawn, it worked brilliantly. While he preached his free-market dogma, the web tightened. Wealth siphoned upward, leaving Main Street bleeding and the common folk dry.”

Adrian’s voice dropped, cutting through the heavy air. “And when the 2008 Housing and Stock Market Bubble burst, it was not the ones at the center of the web who suffered. It was the families on Main Street, the workers, the **Sleeples**. They lost homes, savings, futures. The **Spider**

spun its web tighter, its grip stronger, as the rest of the world picked up the pieces.”

Peter leaned in, his voice now a harsh whisper, like a detective piecing together a sinister crime. “It is a classic misdirect. Greenspan was the man in the spotlight, the Wizard in front of the curtain, like in *The Wizard of Oz*. But the true power... It stayed hidden behind the curtain. The **Spider** is rarely visible or ever exposed. And the **Spider’s** web? It keeps pulling in more victims, tighter and tighter.”

Adrian’s eyes gleamed with resolve. “And that’s the trick, isn’t it? Whether Greenspan was a knowing accomplice or a clueless fool, it does not matter to the **Spider**. The result was the same... a perfect storm that stripped the many to feed the few. The **Spider** spun its chaos, and the world blindly danced to its tune.”

Peter nodded grimly, his tone cutting through the murk of the conversation like a blade. “So, we keep digging. We follow the threads, no matter how tangled. Because the truth is in there somewhere, and the **Spider’s** game isn’t over... it has just shifted into high gear.”

The two sat in silence for a moment, the weight of their words hanging heavy, like the calm before a storm.

The video call continued, the air thick with the weight of their unraveling investigation. Adrian leaned forward, his brow furrowed, his voice steady and edged with frustration. “Peter, the lead-up to *The Financial Crisis* of 2007 to 2009 was like watching a tightly wound spring snap. On the surface, money seemed to flow freely... banks and other private financial institutions handing out loans like poison apples, the **Sleoples** buying homes they could not afford, and businesses riding high. But beneath that shiny exterior, the **Velocity of Money**... the true movement of it within the real economy was grinding to a halt.

The **Sleoples** were borrowing, but it was all smoke and mirrors. When the housing bubble burst, the entire flow of fake fiat money collapsed like a dying heartbeat. Businesses dried up. Consumers retreated. The money was still out there, but it had stopped circulating where it was needed most in the real economy.”

Peter’s expression darkened, his focus razor-sharp. “It is the same

pattern we see over and over again. The **Spider** spins its web tighter, draining liquidity from Main Street to feed speculative markets that serve no one but the **Spider's Globalist** elite. The real economy... the tangible one where wages are earned, goods are made, and lives are built... gets left behind. What was circulating in that economy is sucked into the fake economy, feeding illusions of wealth that rest on fake and shaky foundations."

Adrian nodded gravely. "Yes... agreed. Securitization became the ultimate sleight of hand. By bundling subprime loans... mortgages, car loans, even credit card debts into sellable securities, the **Spider** through its **Financial Industrial Complex** dressed up risk as security and safety. They stamped these securities with AAA ratings like they were pure Gold when, in truth, they were ticking time bombs. Lending financial institutions stopped caring about whether loans could be repaid. Why would they? The risk was no longer theirs. They bundled these toxic assets up, sold them, and then walked away."

Peter leaned in, his voice firm. "And the borrowers were caught in the middle. The **Sleoples** signed onto loans they barely understood, believing in the promise of home ownership and stability. But this was never about helping families or building communities. It was all about feeding the **Spider**. The wealth was never meant to stay in the hands of the **Sleoples**. It was always about consolidating it further up the chain of control."

Adrian's tone grew more pointed, his frustration unmistakable. "When the subprime market collapsed, it was not just a single domino falling... it was an entire line crashing down. Those securitized securities, packaged as high-quality investments, lost their value overnight. What they truly exposed was the hollowness of the entire **Financial Industrial Complex**. And then there were the credit default swaps.

These derivatives were designed to crash, much like the Titanic's sinking... both seemingly orchestrated with intent from the very beginning. It was all part of the **Spider's** plan, a calculated web to seize real assets while the world watched the chaos unfold."

Peter leaned forward, his expression grim. "Adrian, this was no

accident. *The Financial Industrial Complex* was engineered to fail by design. Think about it. Banks and other financial institutions knew these loans were bad from the beginning. They bundled high-risk subprime mortgages with safer loans into securities, called them collateralized debt obligations, and got ratings agencies to stamp them as investment-grade. Credit default swaps were added on top, sold as insurance to make it all look safe. It was a house of cards, crafted to funnel wealth from those who trusted the system... the *Sleoples*... into the hands of the *Spider* at the center of the web.”

Adrian’s voice sharpened, cutting through the tension. “Those swaps were never about spreading risk, they were about magnifying it. Financial institutions sold these toxic assets to investors, retirement funds, even local governments, all while placing bets against them using those same swaps. It was a rigged game, guaranteeing profit for the insiders regardless of the outcome. When the defaults began, it was like a match to dry kindling. Each failed loan set off a chain reaction of losses, amplified by the swaps. It was not just one institution at risk... the entire system was wired to implode.”

Peter’s gaze grew heavier. “And implode it did. The *Velocity of Money* froze. Financial institutions stopped lending. Businesses stopped hiring. The common folk stopped spending. Tens of trillions of dollars in wealth evaporated, not because it was never real, but because it had already been extracted by those pulling the strings. The *Sleoples* lost their homes, their jobs, and their futures, while the *Spider* consolidated power. This was not incompetence... it was all apart of the *Spider’s* sinister long-term agenda.”

Adrian’s expression darkened. “And the aftermath... government bailouts for the same financial institutions that engineered the collapse. The ordinary folk, those who bore the brunt of the destruction, were left with nothing but debt and despair. This is how the *Spider* tightens its web. Every engineered crisis is an opportunity to seize more wealth, more control. *The Financial Industrial Complex* is not broken... It is working exactly as it was intended to by the *Spider’s Globalist* elites.”

Adrian ran a hand through his hair, his frustration evident. “And let

us not forget, those swaps did not just insure risk... they multiplied it. For every bad loan, there were layers of CDS piled on top, with banks and hedge funds speculating on failure like vultures circling their prey. They were not protecting themselves... they were setting up a payday."

Peter's voice hardened, his words cutting through the haze. "A payday that Main Street paid for. The *Sleoples*... the everyday common folk... they trusted a system designed to fail them. When those defaults began, the payouts on those swaps overwhelmed *The Financial Industrial Complex*. The very thing that was supposed to be a safeguard became the wrecking ball."

Adrian leaned forward, his voice low but charged. "And who orchestrated it all? The *Spider* at the center of the web. Every strand of *The Financial Industrial Complex* was spun tighter to funnel wealth from the many to the few. Greenspan, deregulation, securitization... it was all part of the design. The *Sleoples* were never meant to win."

Peter let the weight of Adrian's words settle before responding, his tone grim. "The *Sleoples* were never even in the game. What we saw in 2007-2009 was not an accident... it was a planned transfer of wealth on an unprecedented scale. The *Spider* made sure that when this mini collapse came, it was the *Sleoples* who were left tangled in the web."

Adrian exhaled deeply, the tension was profound between them. The conversation was not over... it was just reaching another layer, where the real stakes became impossible to ignore.

Peter exhaled slowly, his voice heavy with conviction. "The 2008 collapse was inevitable and designed to fail. The *Spider* thrives on chaos, on consolidation. Every burst *Asset Bubble*, every financial collapse, is another thread tightened around Main Street, another siphon of wealth flowing upward from the common folk. And Greenspan... the so-called *Wizard of Wall Street*... stood at the helm, preaching the miracle of derivatives, as if this madness was innovation. Was he pulling the strings, or was he just another pawn, blinded by his own hubris?"

Adrian chuckled darkly. "Either way, it does not matter. The result was the same. The unelected elites at the top of the *Spider's* web walked away richer, more powerful, while the rest of the world was left picking

up the pieces. It is a pattern... a carefully orchestrated transfer of wealth from the many to the few.”

Peter’s tone grew more insightful, his words cutting through the moment with unrelenting clarity. “The system... *The Financial Industrial Complex*... it is designed to disempower. The *Sleoples* trust it, convinced it works for them. They believe it offers stability, security. It does not. It exists to tighten the *Spider’s* web, keeping the *Sleoples* trapped and feeding the power of those at the center. Unless more of the *Sleoples* wake up and reclaim their sovereignty, the cycle will only deepen.”

Adrian leaned in, his expression resolute. “But there are those who see the *Spider’s* web for what it is... the *Sovereigns*. They are the individuals who refuse to bow. Throughout history, it has always been the *Sovereigns* who stood firm against evil, who toppled every evil system built on control and tyranny. The *Sovereigns* are the individuals who say, ‘Not here! Not now! Not ever!’”

Peter nodded, his eyes narrowing with determination. “And that is why the *Spider* fears them. The *Sovereigns* do not break. They do not bend. They are awake to the *Spider’s* lies, immune to the fear, and unyielding in their defiance. It is the *Sovereigns* who protect what matters, who hold civilization’s line, who remind us that freedom is not given... it is taken and defended.”

Adrian straightened, a glint of fire in his gaze. Slowly, he nodded, looking up to the right at his camera as his voice rang with conviction. “*The Sovereigns Creed* is simple...

To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!”

Peter mirrored Adrian’s motion, nodding with intensity before locking his gaze on the camera. His voice was steady, unflinching... repeating *The Sovereign’s Creed*...

**“To Sovereignty...
To Protecting Our Health...
To De-Risking Our Wealth...
It Starts With Gold!”**

In the silence that followed, the weight of their words hung heavy in the air, a challenge to the unseen powers, a rallying cry for those willing to stand up against the **Spider**. Their conversation paused, the silence heavy with the weight of the truths they had uncovered.

Peter leaned forward, his expression sharp with intensity. “Adrian, the scale of what we are dealing with is staggering, almost beyond comprehension. The derivatives market alone is estimated to be between \$2 and \$4 quadrillion. To put that into perspective, it is twenty to forty times the size of the entire worldwide economy. This is not real economic activity... it is not tied to goods, services, or anything tangible in the real economy.

These derivatives... complex financial contracts that draw their value from underlying assets like interest rates, commodities, or credit defaults... are the **Spider’s** ultimate threads. They do not create value... they weave an intricate, fragile web of speculation and gambling that entangles everything, linking every corner of **The Financial Industrial Complex** to a risk so massive and volatile that it overshadows the very foundation of the real economy.”

Adrian shifted in his seat, his tone steady. “Those derivatives are the foundation of something far more dangerous. They have fed into the inflation of bubbles across every major asset class. This is not isolated... it is systemic. Stocks, real estate, bonds, cryptocurrencies, corporate debt, auto loans, student loans... the entire **Financial Industrial Complex** is overinflated. Each **Asset Bubble** props up the others, creating a precarious structure, all interconnected by the **Spider’s** web, waiting for the slightest tremor to bring it crashing down.”

Peter exhaled slowly, his voice taking on a sharper edge. “The stock market is a prime example. Valuations have hit unprecedented highs, driven not by fundamentals but by cheap money and speculative mania.

Trading platforms designed to attract everyday investors have drawn in countless retail participants... the *Sleoples*... who believe they are part of the *Spider's* game. The truth is, they are pawns. The *Spider* lures them in with promises of quick wealth, but the reality is that these markets are propped up by leverage fake fiat money, not real value. When the *All Asset Bubbles* burst, it will wipe out fortunes overnight."

Adrian's brow furrowed deeply, his tone grim. "And the stock market is just one thread in this tangled web. Now, let us shift our focus to real estate. The *Sleoples*, as always, have been lured in by the *Spider*, their blind faith in this system unwavering. They have been sold a fantasy that real estate prices will only go up, that debt is a tool to build wealth rather than a noose tightening around their necks. It is the *Sleoples*... the *Useful Idiots* and the *Useful Tools* who have amplified this madness, stretching themselves to the limit, believing they are riding a Golden escalator to prosperity."

Peter's expression hardened as he picked up the thread. "Adrian, real estate prices have soared to unimaginable heights, not just here but across the world. Easy lending, artificially low mortgage rates, and endless government incentives have painted this illusion of wealth. The *Sleoples*, drunk on cheap credit, have gambled everything, convinced that this game has no end. Yet they cannot see the cracks forming beneath their feet. They refuse to see that it is all built on debt... a debt so vast and precarious that even a slight change in mortgage costs or a cooling demand could shatter it all in an instant."

Adrian leaned closer, his voice heavy. "These are no ordinary *All Asset Bubbles*. When this collapse comes... and it will... it will not just rival *The Financial Crisis* of 2007-2009... it will dwarf it. We are staring down a catastrophe greater than the 1929 Stock Market Crash, which triggered the Great Depression and kicked off *The Great Financial Confiscation 1.0*. The devastation will unleash another *American Holodomor*... a famine of unimaginable scale... and usher in *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*. The *Spider's* web is stretched to its breaking point, and when it snaps, it will not spare anyone ensnared in its threads."

Peter's eyes sharpened, his tone cutting through the tension. "And then

we have the bond market. Bonds, once considered the bedrock of financial stability, have been twisted into something unrecognizable. Policies from private central banks had driven yields to historic lows, forcing investors to chase riskier assets for returns. The *Spider's* web stretches deep into this sector as well. Now, with inflation rising due to international instability and shifts in interest rates, bond prices are set to plummet. The fallout will send shockwaves through pensions, investment funds, and institutional portfolios. What was supposed to be the cornerstone of financial security could very well collapse into a financial sinkhole.”

Adrian leaned closer, his voice heavy with conviction. “And let us not forget cryptocurrencies. Bitcoin, Ethereum, and other altcoins have captured the imagination of hundreds of millions, promising freedom from traditional financial systems. These are speculative assets, volatile and unregulated. They are another strand in the *Spider's* web, drawing in those who think they are escaping the trap, only to find themselves caught in another. A single event... such as a hack, a regulatory move, or a market shift could send the entire cryptocurrency market into freefall.”

Peter nodded grimly. “And it does not stop there. The technology sector is another bubble waiting to burst. Valuations are based on lofty projections, not actual earnings or profits. It is Tech Bubble 2.0, but this time it is even bigger. When this one pops, it will not just hurt tech companies. The ripple effects will shake stock indices and investment portfolios worldwide, dragging down markets across the board.”

Adrian's tone grew even darker. “Private equity and venture capital are no better. Record amounts of capital have been poured into speculative startups, many of which are valued on promises they will never deliver. When the tide turns, the exits will vanish, and those valuations will plummet, leaving investors holding the bag.”

Peter's expression hardened. “And then there is corporate debt. Trillions of dollars borrowed during the era of cheap money, much of it spent on stock buybacks or acquisitions. It is pure leverage. If growth slows or debt servicing costs rise, we are looking at bankruptcies, layoffs, and a corporate collapse that will reverberate through every corner of the economy.”

Adrian's voice dropped, almost to a whisper. "And do not forget student loans and auto loans. Student debt in the U.S. has surpassed trillions of dollars, trapping the entire young generation in financial quicksand and into perpetual servitude. Regular young folks cannot afford to buy homes, start families, or save for retirement. Then there are auto loans... trillions of dollars more, much of it subprime. Defaults and repossessions are just around the corner, and the fallout will extend far beyond the auto industry."

Peter's tone grew colder, his words precise and deliberate. "It all comes back to the *Spider*. Each bubble is a thread, intricately woven into this web of debt and speculation. Greenspan's monetary policies were the catalyst, keeping interest rates so low for so long that money flooded into every corner of the international financial markets. It inflated these *All Asset Bubbles* to unsustainable levels, and now the *Spider* waits. The *Spider* will pop them, one by one, not by accident... instead by design, consolidating wealth and power as the rest of the world's economy collapses."

Adrian's voice dropped, deliberate and heavy with weight. "This is not like past crises. We are looking at something entirely different... something international. Past *Asset Bubbles*, like the 2000 dot-com crash or *The Financial Crisis* of 2007-2009, were bad, yes, but they were relatively contained. What we are staring at now is a synchronized overvaluation across all major asset classes... real estate, equities, bonds, and even speculative markets like cryptocurrencies on an international scale."

Peter added, "It is not just one sector. It is everything. When these *All Asset Bubbles* burst, the domino effect will not just take down individual asset classes. It will collapse entire economies. The scale of devastation will dwarf anything humanity has ever witnessed or experienced in recorded history before. This will not just be a financial correction... it will be a systemic collapse of the entire *Financial Industrial Complex*. It will be *The Crash of All Crashes*."

Adrian leaned forward, his voice low and unyielding, carrying the weight of impending disaster. "And when it unravels, it will not merely be about numbers or investment portfolios. This is the collapse of trust itself. The trust that holds together *The Financial Industrial Complex*.

The fragile bonds of governments and corporations, stocks, real estate and the very foundations of human civilization.

These ***All Asset Bubbles*** are no accident... it is a meticulously engineered monstrosity, inflating beyond comprehension, pulling every corner of the international economy into the center of the ***Spider's*** web. And when that web snaps... ***and it will snap***... it will unleash devastation that no one, no matter how prepared they think they are, can escape unscathed. Those who have placed blind faith in traditional markets, in the lies spun by the ***Spider***, will be caught in the chaos, their lives and futures shredded in the collapse."

Peter's voice followed, colder, sharper, as if cutting through the very air between them. "This will not be just a normal market correction. This will be total annihilation... a systematic dismantling of everything the ***Sleoples*** have placed their blind trust in. They see their investment and real estate portfolios and their inflated assets as security, yet they do not realize they are standing on a minefield. Every ***Asset Bubble***... stocks, real estate, bonds, auto, credit, cryptocurrencies and derivatives... this time around they are all tied together, each one feeding off the other, and when the first domino falls, the rest will come crashing down with it."

Peter's tone was firm, his words slicing through the air. "The ***Sovereigns*** are not mere observers in this unfolding nightmare... they are the final bastion against collapse. Hard assets like Gold and silver, real estate, and instruments of tangible value are no longer just investments... they are shields and swords of survival. These are the assets that will endure when everything else is consumed in ***The Order of Asset Destruction***. The ***Spider's*** web is tightening, its threads coiling mercilessly around our world's economy. And when it snaps, it will not just destroy wealth... it will upend human existence as we know it. The time to act is not tomorrow, not later....it is... ***Now!***"

Adrian leaned forward, his voice grim yet resolute. "When the chaos descends, survival will not be a given... it will become a privilege. The ***Spider's*** reckoning will not discriminate. It will strip bare the illusions of safety, leaving only those who have prepared with the means to endure.

Gold and tangible assets are the ***Sovereigns*** unyielding assets and will be their only financial lifeboats.

The ***Sleoples***... the ***Useful Idiots*** and the ***Useful Tools*** will be swept away, their ignorance and inaction turning the ruins into their graves. The ***Sovereigns***, however, have already prepared. They have secured their positions and fortified their foundations, ensuring that when the web snaps, they will not be trapped. They will stand, endure, and rebuild while others are consumed by the collapse. The ***Sovereigns*** own ***Gold!***

Peter leaned back in his chair, his expression steeled with intensity. "To see what the ***Spider*** has in store for humanity, we must look at ... ***The Death of Fiat***. This is no mere accident of greed or incompetence... it is a deliberate design, a mark left on humanity, not unlike the Mark of the Beast from Revelations. ***The Financial Industrial Complex*** has been engineered to control, to enslave, to brand those who conform and crush those who resist. The ***Spider's*** web is tightening, and we are running out of time to expose its architects."

Adrian's eyes locked on Peter's, his voice carrying a weight of quiet determination. "Then we must act. For those who refuse to bend the knee, for the ***Sovereigns*** who see the truth and will not be marked by the beast... the ***Spider***. We have a duty to prepare, to fortify, to protect what remains before it is too late."

Both ***The King of Main Street*** and ***The Oracle of Abbotsford*** straightened, their resolve unshaken. In unison, their voices echoed across the call, a defiant bond uniting them with all who would stand against the encroaching darkness. Together, they spoke ***The Sovereigns Creed***... their words resonating like a battle cry for humanity's awakening...

"To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!"

CHAPTER TWENTY EIGHT

THE DEATH OF FIAT

Adrian C. Spitters... *The Oracle of Abbotsford* adjusted his screen and poured himself a glass of Glenfiddich 20 Year Old Scotch, the ritual both comforting and a premonition. Across the virtual divide, Peter J. Merrick... *The King of Main Street*, mirrored the action, swirling the amber liquid in his glass. Both men had gone out and purchased their own bottles for this night, knowing that their discussion about *The Death of Fiat* and *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0* would require more than just focus... it demanded absolute fortitude.

"This conversation," Peter said, breaking the silence, "is not just about exposing what the *Spider* has planned for *The Financial-Industrial Complex* and all of humanity. It is about preparing ourselves to face something so evil and sinister that it warps the very way we think. If you are not ready, it will paralyze you. The *Spider's* preparation for this has been meticulous, weaving a web designed not just to trap wealth, but to ensnare minds. It is so insidious that most of the *Sleoples* will not even realize what is happening until it is too late."

Adrian leaned forward, his voice steady but shadowed by the enormity of their topic. "Yes... precisely. The *Spider* does not just rely on

economic mechanisms... it thrives on denial, on the apathy of the *Sleoples*. The *Sleoples* have lived their lives clueless, sheltered by illusions and comforting lies. They will not survive what is coming. The *Spider's* web is already closing, and they have no tools to cut themselves free. It will be total immobilization when the reckoning arrives."

Peter took a slow sip of his Scotch, the smoky warmth grounding him. "Adrian, what makes this so horrifying is the scale of it all. It is not just a financial reckoning. It is psychological warfare. The *Sleoples* have been lulled into a stupor, desensitized to the dangers they face. They believe the *Spider's* web is a safety net... when in truth... it is a deadly trap. And when it snaps, it will devour them whole."

Adrian's voice dropped, as heavy as the storm they both knew was coming. "And it will not just take the *Sleoples'* wealth. It will take their futures, their ability to rebuild. Without preparation, without the mindset of a *Sovereign*, the *Sleoples* will be left with nothing but despair. The *Spider* has spent decades ensuring this outcome, spinning threads that touch every corner of the financial and civil world."

Both men raised their glasses, the weight of their shared mission pressing down on them. This was not just a conversation. It was a warning, a rallying cry for those willing to wake up before it was too late.

Adrian adjusted his screen, the weight of the conversation bearing down on him. "Peter, when these *All Asset Bubbles* pop, it will not just be a financial crisis... it will be a systemic collapse. Every sector, every market, every illusion of stability tied to *The Financial Industrial Complex* will come crashing down. This is not a coincidence. It is by design, a sinister plan to reset the entire economic system."

Peter leaned forward, his gaze sharp. "Adrian, these are no ordinary *All Asset Bubbles*. It is an interconnected web of risk, and every thread is stretched to the breaking point. Stocks, real estate, bonds, cryptocurrencies, corporate debt, auto loans, student loans, and derivatives... each bubble is inflated beyond reason. Each one of these *Asset Bubbles* feeds into the next, creating a feedback loop of overvaluation. And when the web snaps, the fallout will be catastrophic."

Adrian's tone was steady, yet ominous. "Let's start with the stock

market. Valuations have skyrocketed, driven by cheap credit and speculative mania. Retail investors have been lured into believing this is their ticket to wealth, but these markets are propped up by leverage, not real value. When prices correct, it will wipe out fortunes overnight. And it will not stop there.”

Peter picked up the thread. “Then there is real estate. Across the world, prices have surged, fueled by low mortgage rates and easy lending. The *Sleoples* have stretched themselves thin, convinced that this bubble will never pop. But it is built on debt. A single shift in mortgage costs or a cooling of demand will send it all crumbling down, leaving homes empty and lives shattered.”

Adrian continued, his voice like a storm gathering strength. “Bonds are supposed to be the bedrock of stability, yet private central banks have manipulated this market to dangerous extremes through their interest rate decisions. Yields have been pushed to levels that have forced investors into riskier assets, stretching the system like an elastic rubber band. Rising interest rates threaten to destabilize the bond market entirely. When bond prices collapse, the resulting shock will ripple through pensions, institutional portfolios, and financial structures, leaving devastation in their wake. The tension created by these actions has pulled the system tighter and tighter, and when the break comes, its reverberations will be devastating.”

Peter’s eyes darkened. “And cryptocurrencies... marketed as an escape pod from traditional finance, they are nothing more than a speculative bubble. Prices have soared on hype and *FOMO... Fear of Missing Out*, but these digital assets are volatile, unregulated, and ripe for manipulation. A single crash will obliterate the wealth of hundreds of millions who put their faith in this digital mirage.”

Adrian’s voice grew more contemplative. “The technology sector is no better. Valuations are built on projections, not profitability or cash-flow. The so-called digital transformation during the 2020 plandemic only inflated this bubble further. This is Tech Bubble 2.0, poised to burst just as the first one did. Tech Bubble 1.0, during the late 1990s and early 2000s, was driven by sheer euphoria... the belief that ‘this

time it was different.’ Investors poured their money into dot-com companies that had little more than a domain name and a promise. It was a frenzy, a mania.

When that bubble burst in 2000, it erased tens of trillions of dollars in market value, destroying the savings and dreams of many of the common folk. Yet, as always, the *Globalist* elites and the *Spider* thrived, tightening their grip amidst the chaos. It is never different. The pattern repeats. The common folk lose, while the *Spider* spins its web tighter. When Tech Bubble 2.0 pops, the devastation will be greater than ever, dragging down not only the tech sector but the broader markets, leaving a path of ruin for those who believed and invested in the illusions and the deceptions.”

Peter added, his tone grim. “Corporate debt, auto loans, and student loans... all ticking time bombs. Corporations have leveraged themselves to the hilt, and the *Sleoples* have been sold dreams financed by unsustainable personal debt. When defaults rise, the chain reaction will be unstoppable.”

Adrian leaned closer, his tone growing more intense. “And finally, the derivatives bubble... the *Spider’s* most intricate thread and weapon. This market, estimated at \$2 to \$4 quadrillion, is a labyrinth of bets on bets. Derivatives derive their value from underlying assets, but they are entirely disconnected from reality. When a single sector collapses, derivatives amplify the shockwaves, causing the financial crash to cascade across all markets.”

Peter’s voice turned resolute, cutting through the growing tension. “This is the stage that has been set for *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*. Under the guise of *Build Back Better*... the *Spider’s* web will tighten, stripping the *Sleoples* of their assets, their autonomy, their futures and lives. The *Spider’s* unelected *Globalist* elites and their political operatives’ mantra of ‘own nothing and be happy’ is not a vision of progress... it is a declaration of control... of death and destruction.”

Adrian’s voice dropped to a near whisper, yet it carried the weight of a storm. “This is the endgame. *The Financial Industrial Complex* was never designed to sustain itself... it was engineered for this collapse,

a meticulously crafted implosion to consolidate power. The ***Sleoples***, oblivious to the threads tightening around them, have been lulled into a false sense of security. When the collapse comes, they will wake up too late. Their assets will already belong to the ***Spider***, and they will find themselves standing in the ruins of their illusions, left with nothing but chains disguised as salvation.”

Peter straightened his back, his expression steadfast. “The ***Sovereigns***... they are the last line of defense. They see the truth, and they are preparing. Gold, real assets, and independence from this broken system are not just hedges... they are shields against the storm. When the chaos descends, the ***Sovereigns*** will not just survive. They will stand and defend humanity. Because the ***Spider’s*** web may trap the masses... the ***Sleoples***, but it will not hold the ***Sovereigns***... those who refuse to bend the knee.”

Separated by 1,400 miles, the silence between them was heavy with purpose and solidarity. Adrian and Peter were not mere observers... they were heralds, warning humanity of the impending storm... ***The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0***. They carried the weight of sounding the alarm, knowing this was more than a financial crisis. It was a battle for freedom and survival against a darkness intent on consuming all. Their mission... to prepare the few who would listen and stand firm against the coming chaos... the ***Sovereigns***.

Peter leaned back in his chair, his expression full with thought. “Adrian, we do not know exactly what trigger will cause these ***All Asset Bubbles*** to burst... one thing is certain... it is all tied to the foundation of fake fiat money. It is a system built entirely on belief, a collective faith in something that does not exist. It is no different than the story of The Emperor’s New Clothes. The so-called adults in the room... the economists, the policymakers, the financial experts... either are too blind to see the truth or have decided to keep their mouths shut and collaborate in perpetrating this lie for the ***Spider***.”

Peter paused, his voice cutting through the air like a blade. “Adrian, think about the absurdity of it all. In the story, the Emperor, completely nude, paraded through the streets in his invisible robes. The masses

clapped and cheered, too terrified to admit the truth of what they were witnessing. They feared ridicule, being branded as fools, or even worse, being seen as unfit to belong if they spoke the truth.”

Adrian shook his head, his voice heavy with conviction. ‘In the story of The Emperor’s New Clothes, the so-called adults in the room became actors in the most grotesque theater of delusion and lies. And that is exactly what we are seeing now from the *Sleoples*... the *Useful Idiots*, and the *Useful Tools*, as they ignore the warning signs of the impending collapse of *The Financial Industrial Complex* that will result in *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*.”

Peter leaned forward, his voice cutting through with intensity. “Fiat money is the Emperor’s invisible robe, and the deceptive, smooth-talking charlatan court tailors of *The Financial Industrial Complex* are weaving threads of lies, deceptions and illusions. The *Spider* has spun its web of fake value so thoroughly that captured governments, corporations, and the *Sleoples* are all tangled within it. Each one of the *Sleoples* play their role in this obscene spectacle, too blind or too cowardly to call out the obvious... the Emperor is stark naked, and the whole of *The Financial Industrial Complex* is built on nothing but hot air, lies and harmful illusions.”

Adrian leaned forward, his tone grave. “The difference now, is that the stakes are far higher than a naked Emperor. This belief in nothing... this fake fiat currency system has inflated bubbles in stocks, real estate, bonds, cryptocurrencies, and so much more. It has created a financial house of cards so immense and integrally connected that when one part of the structure collapses, the entire system of *The Financial Industrial Complex* will follow. The *Sleoples*, blinded by their trust in the system, will not see it coming. And those who do see it but stay silent are complicit in this catastrophic fraud.”

Peter’s voice deepened, carrying an edge of anger. “And just like in the story... The Emperor’s New Clothes... it will take one undeniable moment... one collapse too big to ignore for the masses... for the *Sleoples* to see the truth. By then, it will be too late. The Emperor is not just naked... he is leading the *Sleoples* into ruin and off a huge cliff. And

the **Spider** waits, weaving its web tighter, preparing for the moment the illusions shatter and **The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0** will then be unleashed.”

Adrian leaned forward, his voice deliberate and steady. “We do not know exactly what is going to happen next. History gives us a grim blueprint. When fake fiat currencies collapse, and they always do... it is not an accident. It is baked into the system from the moment they are created. A currency backed by nothing, but belief is destined to fail because trust in it is as fragile and flimsy as the paper it is printed on.

History shows that when fake fiat systems unravel, the consequences are catastrophic. Economies collapse, social order disintegrates, and power consolidates in ways that leave the unprepared defenseless against unimaginable cruelties and horrors. What we are witnessing now is not new... it is the same pattern, repeating itself, only this time on an international scale. The stakes are higher, and the fallout will extend further than ever before in recorded human history.”

Peter stood up and declared. “Adrian! There is nothing new under the sun, only the history not studied! What we are living through is not unique. The Yuan Dynasty in China made the same gamble centuries ago. They turned to fake fiat currency... they called it the *chao* and built an empire’s economy on nothing but belief. It worked... until it didn’t.”

Adrian’s tone was sharp. “Kublai Khan’s Yuan Dynasty, ruling from 1271 to 1368, controlled an empire that stretched across approximately 13.5 million square kilometers, making it one of the largest empires in recorded history. They were pioneers, the first to issue paper fiat money backed by reserves of silver and silk. It was a revolutionary tool for governance, a means to facilitate trade and administration across the vast distances of their empire.

Eventually, the Yuan Dynasty’s fiat currency, the *chao*, was backed by nothing more than air. Over time, wars, decadence, and arrogance led to the printing of more fake fiat currency than the empire could support. The *chao* lost its value, and merchants stopped accepting it. The empire’s economy collapsed under the weight of inflation and mistrust.

By 1368, the Ming Dynasty rose from the ashes of the Yuan Dynasty, restoring order with a currency backed by silver.”

Peter’s eyes narrowed, his tone heavy. ‘Fast forward to the United States in 1971. The 37th U.S. President, Richard Nixon, severed the dollar’s link to Gold under the guise of economic necessity. The constraints were mounting... the financial burden of the Vietnam War, inherited from the 36th U.S. President, Lyndon Johnson, along with his Great Society programs had exploded social spending. On top of that, international creditors were demanding Gold in exchange for their dollars under the Bretton Woods system, a post-World War II agreement that pegged international currencies to the U.S. dollar, which was backed by Gold.”

Adrian leaned forward. “The promise was enticing. In 1971, the United States, under President Nixon, took the U.S. dollar off the Gold Standard. Imagine being given the ability to spend as much as you want without needing anything of real value to back it up. By severing the link to Gold, the U.S. government effectively removed the brakes on its economic spending. Gold had been the discipline... the restraint... preventing governments and private central banks from printing money endlessly. Without it, money was no longer tied to something tangible and real.”

Peter broke the pause, his expression insightful. “The U.S. dollar became backed by nothing more than belief and faith in a corrupted system... *The Financial Industrial Complex*. That freedom to print money, to manipulate the economy without the weight of Gold reserves, came with a hidden cost... it inflated the financial system, making it fragile and unstable. A bubble that keeps expanding until it bursts. And this is where the *Spider* thrives... weaving *The Financial Industrial Complex* that looks strong on the surface but is designed to collapse, on the *Spider’s* terms, at its time.”

Adrian’s expression darkened as he took over, his tone steady and deliberate. “And that collapse is inevitable. Fiat currencies are doomed to fail because their foundation is nothing more than promises, untethered to real value and real things. The *Spider* knows this... and it waits. It

spins its web tighter and tighter, preparing for the moment when belief falters, and the system collapses under its own weight. The *Sleoples* will be caught unaware, but the *Sovereigns* see it coming. This is not just about money... it has always been about control... the *Spider's* total control."

Peter's tone deepened, his words carrying the weight of inevitability. "The result... a fake fiat currency, the modern-day chaos... the U.S. dollar as the world's reserve currency. A nation's wealth unmoored to real assets like Gold, floating on faith, trust, and the illusion of control and stability. Just like during the fall of the Yuan Dynasty, the seeds of collapse were sown while the architects assured the public everything was under control."

Adrian leaned closer to his screen, his voice taking on a chilling intensity. "Peter, there's one glaring difference between then and now. In Kublai Khan's Yuan Dynasty the collapse was confined to China. It was catastrophic, yes, but it did not bring the world completely to its knees. Today, the U.S. dollar is the backbone of *The Financial Industrial Complex*. Every major private central bank, every trade agreement, every national reserve is tied to this fake fiat experiment. When this fake fiat currency system falls... and it will... it will not just be an empire that collapses. It will be civilization itself."

Peter exhaled slowly, the weight of the discussion thick in his voice. "Adrian, this is where the *Spider's* web becomes truly terrifying. During the Yuan Dynasty, the *Spider* retreated into the shadows, waiting patiently for the Ming Dynasty to rise after the collapse of the Yuan's fake fiat currency. The *Spider* emerged stronger after the reset, subtly weaving its influence into the new order. This time, the *Spider* does not retreat... it plans... it waits. Private central banks across the world, including the private Federal Reserve, have become more than economic institutions... they are siphons, pulling resources from the many and concentrating them into the hands of the few."

Peter leaned forward, his voice dropping lower, weighted with intensity. "This is not just a financial system. It is an international control mechanism... *The Financial Industrial Complex*. Every thread of this

web... fake fiat currencies, private central banks, debt cycles of tightening and loosening has been deliberately spun to keep humanity entangled and enslaved. The *Sleoples* see it as progress, a system too vast to fail, but they do not realize it is a trap. When the reset comes, the *Spider* will not simply emerge... it will tighten its grip like never before.”

Adrian’s tone turned icy, each word deliberate and cutting. “You can see it in every move the *Spider’s* unelected, self-appointed *Globalist* elites make. The promise of Build Back Better... where you will own nothing, and the *Spider* will own it all... is no utopian vision. It is a euphemism for enslavement... followed by spiritual and then physical death. Fiat currency is not just unsustainable... it is engineered to fail, to implode under the weight of its own contradictions. The *Spider* knows this. It has always known this. Every policy, every bailout, every quantitative easing program is not a rescue... it is a calculated step toward *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0.*”

Peter’s voice grew firmer. “The Yuan Dynasty imploded when the merchants refused to accept their paper money. Today, it is not merchants but nations that are beginning to question the U.S. dollar’s supremacy. The BRIC nations... Brazil, Russia, India, China, and South Africa have formed an alliance, and their influence is growing. Other nations, including Saudi Arabia, Argentina, Iran, and more, are now aligning with BRIC, seeking alternatives to the dollar-dominated fake fiat currency system. They are promoting trade in their own currencies, stockpiling Gold, and diversifying with alternative physical commodities. This is not rebellion. It is preparation for the collapse they know is inevitable. The *Spider* is moving its threads, tightening its grip, positioning itself to pounce when the collapse comes.”

Adrian’s expression hardened, his voice like steel, cutting through the mounting tension. “And this time, the collapse will not end with a new dynasty, or a silver or Gold backed currency. The *Spider’s* goal is far more sinister... absolute control. A private central bank digital currency... programmable money... where every transaction is monitored, and every human being is reduced to a number in a social credit score system.

This is not just financial manipulation... it is the foundation of a ***New World Order***, a calculated design to place a boot on the neck of humanity, ushering in 1000 plus years of darkness. The ***Sovereigns*** see this storm on the horizon. They understand the unyielding truth of history... when fake fiat currency collapses... Gold remains! Silver remains! Tangible assets remain! Community remains! Family remains! And when you have prepared for the collapse, your dignity and sovereignty remain. These assets are not merely tools... they are the keys to freedom, the shields against the looming dystopia that threatens to consume all who are unprepared.”

Peter nodded, looking up to the right of his screen, his gaze firm, a spark of determination lighting his eyes as he declared... ***It Starts With Gold!***”

Adrian shook his head in agreement, reaffirming Peter’s last statement. “The ***Sleoples***... the ***Useful Idiots***... the ***Useful Tools***... they do not possess Gold... True ***Sovereigns*** own and hold Gold! True wealth outside the ***Spider’s*** system’s grasp. It is the first off-ramp, the first step out of this ***Spider’s*** web... outside the control system... outside of ***The Financial Industrial Complex***... the first step towards sovereignty is... ***It Starts With Gold!***”

Peter leaned back, his gaze piercing, his voice steady with purpose. “We prepare the ***Sovereigns*** because this is no longer just about wealth. This is about freedom, sovereignty... and life itself. The Yuan Dynasty collapsed because they ignored the cracks in their financial system until it was too late. The U.S. is walking that same path, blind to the fault lines beneath its economy.

This time around, the stakes are not confined to one nation as they were during the Chinese Yuan Dynasty. When the U.S. fake fiat dollar crashes, the devastation will be worldwide. The ***Spider*** is not merely anticipating chaos... it is deliberately orchestrating it. With ruthless precision, the ***Spider*** pulls the strands of ***The Financial Industrial Complex’s*** web, engineering a collapse designed for maximum impact, destruction, and devastation. The chaos is not a threat to the ***Spider***... it is the plan. This collapse of the U.S. dollar will trigger ***The Great***

Financial Confiscation 2.0... a systematic seizure of wealth and resources under the guise of restoring order.”

Adrian’s voice softened. “That is why we are sounding the alarm. The ***Sleoples*** will continue to live in denial, clinging to their paper and digital wealth until it vanishes. The ***Sovereigns***... They will not bow. They will see the ***Spider’s*** sinister plan for what it is and act before they are ensnared.”

Adrian’s voice carried a sharp edge, cutting through the dense silence. “Peter, it is like The Wizard of Oz. The little weak man behind the curtain pulling the levers, creating an illusion for the masses. The private Federal Reserve has done the same. Its chairmen have always been the visible faces of ***The Financial Industrial Complex***. The ***Spider*** wanted them out front for everyone to see, serving as a distraction from the real plotting happening deeper within the web.”

Peter leaned closer to his screen. “These chairmen of the private Federal Reserve... they were not the architects. They were ***Pawns of the Web***, visible workers placed at the edges of the ***Spider’s*** web, playing their parts in a far more insidious design. Whether they were ***Useful Idiots*** or ***Useful Tools*** of the ***Spider’s*** control system, guided by vanity, ideology, or sheer ignorance, their actions have all led us to this critical moment in recorded human history. They participated in building the apparatus, knowingly or not, laying the groundwork for ***The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0***. Adrian, let us name them.”

Adrian interjected, his tone cutting through like steel. “Peter, we must scrutinize these fools... these so-called chairmen of the private Federal Reserve. They were not mere figureheads... they were active participants, helping to construct the apparatus that enabled ***The Great Financial Confiscation 1.0*** and is now primed for its second phase... ***The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0***. Whether blinded by their egos, swayed by ideology, or too ignorant to see the long-term consequences, their actions fortified the ***Spider’s*** web, pulling humanity closer to total submission and death.”

Adrian paused, his gaze sharpening, his voice steady with purpose. “We are not ***Sleoples***. We are ***Sovereigns***. We see the lies, the manipula-

tion, and the ***Spider's*** machinery of control for what it is. And because we see it, we know our mission. It is our duty to resist, to wake-up others, and to dismantle the ***Spider's*** web with our fellow ***Sovereigns*** before it ensnares humanity completely.”

Peter leaned back slightly, his expression unwavering, his voice firm. “Then let us reaffirm our commitment to... ***The Sovereigns Creed!***”

In unison, Peter and Adrian raised their glasses of Glenfiddich scotch... high. Their expressions were resolute, their voices steady yet charged with the weight of history and the hope of generations yet to come. This was more than a shared moment between two men... it was a declaration of defiance, a line drawn against the encroaching shadows of the ***Spider***. Together, Adrian... ***The Oracle of Abbotsford*** and Peter... ***The King of Main Street*** locked eyes through their screens and spoke with unyielding conviction, their words piercing the silence as they declared the sacred words of ***The Sovereigns Creed...***

“To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!”

The Sovereign's Creed's words hung in the air, not fading but growing stronger... like a ripple turning into a wave... a rallying cry for all ***Sovereigns*** to rise, reclaim their freedom, and prepare for the rebirth of humanity.

CHAPTER TWENTY NINE

PAWNS OF THE WEB

The clock struck seven, and the Pacific sky outside darkened to a rich indigo. In San Diego, California, Peter J. Merrick... *The King of Main Street*, set his Glenfiddich bottle on the desk with a hearty thud and poured himself a generous measure. Up in British Columbia, Canada, Adrian C. Spitters... *The Oracle of Abbotsford*, raised his own glass toward the camera, grinning like someone about to stir the pot. Their weekly Wednesday night ritual was not just a tradition... It was a time to tackle the world's absurdities with the humility of two simple guys who did not take themselves too seriously... even though the topics they discussed were anything but trivial.

Adrian leaned closer to his camera, his grin widening. "Peter, have you ever stopped to think about how some of the *Sleoples* might find what we focus on ridiculous and absurd?" He chuckled and added, "Most *Sleoples* can barely name two U.S. presidents, and here we are, the kind of nerds who could rattle off every private U.S. Federal Reserve chairman since its illegal beginnings."

Peter threw his head back and laughed, shaking his head with a wide grin. "*Yes*... ridiculous... and absurd. Adrian, it is so much worse than

that! We are the modern Court Jesters... barely holding it together, humbled, and not smart enough to poke fun at the *Useful Idiots* and *Useful Tools* out front of the curtain, strutting around like they own the circus. Meanwhile, they are nothing more than pawns, dancing to the tune of the *Spider* weaving the outer strands of the web. And the real controllers of *The Financial Industrial Complex*? The ones nestled deep in the sticky, shadowy center of that web? We are lucky if we catch a glimpse before being shooed away like a couple of nosy flies with bad jokes!”

Adrian raised an eyebrow, leaning back. “Court Jesters, huh? Alright, let me test your jester chops, Merrick. I bet you cannot rattle off every chairman of the private Federal Reserve from the beginning and include the years they served.”

Peter set down his glass with an exaggerated look of mock outrage. “Adrian, how dare you challenge me! Prepare yourself for a masterclass in utterly useless trivia... facts no sane person would ever bother to learn... but absolutely needs to know if they want to understand this mad circus we call reality... *The Financial Industrial Complex* and *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0!*”

Adrian gestured grandly. “Oh... *Yes!* I am ready. Enlighten me, my learned friend.”

Peter leaned forward, rubbing his hands together like a magician about to unveil a trick. “Alright, here we go. Charles Sumner Hamlin, the first chairman of the private Fed, 1914 to 1916. A man whose greatest achievement was probably finding his way to the office without a map.”

Adrian snorted, already laughing. “Hamlin. Sounds like the kind of guy who got the job because no one else wanted it.”

Peter nodded. “*Yes...* exactly. Next, William P.G. Harding, 1916 to 1922. A man who oversaw the Fed during World War I and probably thought, ‘What could possibly go wrong?’ Answer... Everything.”

Adrian raised his glass. “*Useful Idiot* or *Useful Tool?*”

Peter shrugged theatrically. “Does it matter? Moving on... Daniel Richard Crissinger, 1923 to 1927. A guy so unremarkable I am convinced his most significant contribution was perfecting his golf swing.”

Adrian chuckled. “Crissinger. Sounds like he had the charisma of a parking ticket.”

Peter grinned. “Roy Archibald Young, 1927 to 1930. Presided over the run-up to the Great Depression. Honestly, I imagine him as the kind of guy who saw the stock market crash and thought, ‘Huh, I didn’t see that coming.’”

Adrian clapped his hands. “Brilliant leadership! Next?”

“Eugene Isaac Meyer, 1930 to 1933,” Peter continued. “He took over the private Fed as the Great Depression hit. I like to think his motto was, ‘If we are going down, we might as well look busy.’”

Adrian leaned forward, grinning. “A true man of action. Or at least the appearance of it.”

Peter gave out a deep belly laugh. “Then we had Marriner Stoddard Eccles, 1934 to 1948. The guy who basically wrote the modern Fed playbook. Genius? Maybe. Villain? Probably.”

Adrian tilted his head. “Eccles. He probably showed up at dinner parties with a slide deck.”

“Without a doubt,” Peter said, laughing. “Next was Thomas Bayard McCabe, 1948 to 1951. A placeholder if there ever was one. Then William McChesney Martin Jr., 1951 to 1970. The guy who served the longest and probably thought that this made him a legend.”

Adrian smirked. “Longest serving or hardest to get rid of?”

“Possibly both,” Peter agreed. “Then Arthur F. Burns, 1970 to 1978. Presided over stagflation and probably thought, ‘This is fine.’ G. William Miller, 1978 to 1979, had the shortest tenure because, well, stagflation is not exactly a glowing résumé booster.”

Adrian raised his glass. “Short tenure, long legacy of doing absolutely nothing.”

Peter grinned, his tone laced with sarcasm. “Paul Volcker, 1979 to 1987... the guy who might have actually done something. He wrestled inflation like it had cut in front of him at the buffet. And then there’s Alan Greenspan, 1987 to 2006. The so-called maestro... the so-called *Wizard of Wall Street*, whose real talent was inflating bubbles and convincing everyone they were solid, indestructible balloons.”

Adrian laughed, shaking his head. “Greenspan. The guy who thought, ‘What could possibly go wrong?’ and then bailed from the private Federal Reserve... just in time to watch everything blow up from a safe distance... while raking in mountains of fake cash giving keynote speeches to his buddies on Wall Street. Honestly, it was like he left the party early... with all the loot.”

Peter nodded, smirking. “Ben Bernanke, 2006 to 2014. Steered us through the International Financial Crisis... if by ‘steered’ you mean writing endless bailout checks to private financial institutions and corporations while quietly picking the pockets of the *Sleoples* snoozing through it all. Then we had Janet Yellen, 2014 to 2018, the first woman in the role, and honestly, I thought she might have actually been asleep at the wheel the whole time. And then there’s Jerome Powell, 2018 to present... the guy who flat-out says he’s not leaving, even if the elected president asks. Talk about having... *Chutzpah*... *Balls!*”

Adrian clapped dramatically, his grin stretching from ear to ear. “Bravo... Bravo... Bravo... Peter. You actually pulled it off. I am genuinely torn between being impressed and calling someone to check on you... seriously, are you normal? You are such a nerd!”

Peter raised his glass, laughing. “Adrian, this is not just trivia. These are the clowns we are *meant* to believe run the financial circus. If we do not know who these jokers were and still are how can we ever hope to outsmart them and send them to the timeout corner they so desperately deserve?”

Adrian lifted his glass with a grin. “True. You have a way of speaking the truth that is just absurd enough to keeping the *Sleoples*... *Useful Idiots* and *the Useful Tools* guessing whether you are serious or just joking.”

They laughed, their glasses clinking through their screens. For all their jokes, the truth lingered in their words. They were jesters not because they lacked seriousness, but because Adrian and Peter knew humor was the sharpest tool for unmasking and dressing down the *Spider’s* power.

Peter leaned back, swirling his glass with an exaggerated air of

mocking authority. “Adrian, it is time for us to do a much deeper dive into these fools... Oops, I mean, *Useful Idiots* and *Useful Tools*. Let’s unravel their starring roles in helping the *Spider* weave the outer layers of its sticky, insidious web. Were these private Federal Reserve chairs cunning masterminds plotting in secret, or just clueless clowns stumbling through the circus, juggling chaos like flaming bowling pins? Either way, they all contributed to laying the groundwork for *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*. Now, let’s see how these clowns turned disaster into an art form and left us all stuck in the *Spider’s* trap.”

Adrian’s tone turned deliberate, though his sly grin betrayed his amusement. “Charles S. Hamlin, 1914 to 1916... the first-ever chairman of the Federal Reserve. His appointment was marketed as the dawn of private centralized banking, the savior system to shield the U.S. economy from chaos. The reality? Hamlin’s greatest skill seemed to be looking official while signing off on decisions crafted by the real controllers behind the curtain.”

Peter raised his glass, smirking. “And let’s not overlook the nepotism. Hamlin’s wife was the niece of Grover Cleveland... the 22nd and 24th President of the United States, and the first to serve non-consecutive terms. Interestingly, Donald J. Trump is now the second to achieve this feat, serving as both the 45th and 47th president. Perhaps Cleveland’s name lent Hamlin an air of credibility, as if they thought, ‘We need someone with a respectable connection to a famous name,’ and plucked Hamlin from obscurity. ‘Congratulations, Charles. Just sit there, look important, and try not to screw anything up.’ Coincidence? I think not.”

Adrian leaned forward, swirling his Scotch with a grin. “Hamlin short tenure did not exactly shake the world, but it laid the first strand of the web we’re caught in today. Was Hamlin a willing pawn in the rise of *The Financial Industrial Complex*, or just a clueless placeholder who thought he’d stumbled into a cushy gig? Either way, his greatest legacy might be the fact that he left the job before doing any real damage... though not for lack of opportunity. He was the warm-up act for a much bigger circus, but little did he know, he was working for the *Spider* spinning the very first threads of the modern web in America.”

Peter leaned forward. “Then came William P.G. Harding, 1916 to 1922. This was the man tasked with leading the Fed during World War I... a position that conveniently turned the private Federal Reserve into a financial pipeline for the war effort and creating countless war profiteers. His policies aligned seamlessly with the needs of the moment, expanding credit and ensuring the government had the funds to keep the conflict raging. Was he the *Spider’s* first tool in America in leveraging international conflict for financial control and gain, or simply a man who thought rubber-stamping war bonds was his patriotic duty?”

Adrian chuckled, shaking his head. “And let us not forget Harding’s illustrious career as a banker who managed to steer the First National Bank of Birmingham straight into insolvency. Impressive, right? So naturally, the next logical step was to put him in charge of the nation’s monetary system. That’s right... the guy who could not keep his own bank afloat somehow got promoted to the top of the financial food chain. I mean, how does someone with a resume like that even get an interview, let alone the job?”

Peter smirked and leaned forward. “Coincidence, or a carefully calculated move by the powers behind the curtain? The real question is whether Harding was a *Useful Idiot* who bumbled his way into power, or a *Useful Tool* strategically placed to execute the *Spider’s* agenda. Either way, his tenure set the stage for transforming the private Federal Reserve into a war machine cleverly disguised as a private central bank. Talk about failing upwards!”

Adrian’s voice darkened, his tone sharp with sarcasm. “Then there was Daniel R. Crissinger, 1923 to 1927. Dubbed the ‘Bankers’ Banker,’ a title that sounds more like a backhanded compliment than an endorsement. His tenure was marked by a rapid expansion of credit and loose monetary policies, inflating speculative bubbles that set the stage for disaster. Crissinger was deeply connected to the *Spider’s Globalist* banking elite... practically their guy on the inside.

So, was Crissinger a willing front man... a *Useful Tool* for the *Spider’s* web, knowingly pulling the strings for the *Globalist* elite? Or was he just another *Useful Idiot* who thought he was doing a stellar job

while unknowingly playing right into the **Spider's** hands? Either way, Crissinger's legacy lies in his uncanny ability to make ***The Financial Industrial Complex*** look stable while secretly setting the stage for one of the greatest wealth transfers in recorded world history from the common folk to the controllers lurking behind the curtain, closer to the center of the **Spider's** web triggering... ***The Great Financial Confiscation 1.0.***"

Peter's expression tightened, though a smirk lingered. "Roy A. Young, 1927 to 1930... what a legend in doing nothing. He inherited the ticking time bomb of unchecked speculation, and when the stock market collapsed in 1929, his response was basically, 'Huh, that's unfortunate.' Before this, his big accomplishment was running the private Federal Reserve Bank of Minneapolis. Not exactly the kind of experience that screams, 'Put me in charge of an international economic crisis.' And when the Great Depression hit, what did he do? He bailed in 1930 and took a cushy job as president of the private Boston Federal Reserve. Classic case of failing downward.

Was Young genuinely clueless, blindsided by the chaos? Or was his ineffectiveness just what the **Spider** needed to tighten its grip during the Great Depression setting off ***The Great Financial Confiscation 1.0?*** Either way, he'll go down as the guy who held the hose while the house burned and then quietly walked away."

Adrian's voice dropped to a foreboding whisper, though his grin hinted at satire. "Eugene Meyer, 1930 to 1933. The man with Wall Street running through his veins. He took the helm during the darkest days of the Depression, and let's be real... his actions did wonders... for the banking class... the visible representatives of the **Spider**. While Main Street sank deeper into poverty, Meyer's policies seemed tailor-made to cushion the fall for his friends in high places.

And let's not ignore the irony. After his time at the Fed, Meyer conveniently became the owner of *The Washington Post*. Talk about controlling the narrative. So, was he complicit in engineering widespread suffering to centralize power in the hands of the **Spider**? Or did he genuinely believe he was stabilizing a system that was cracking under its own weight? Either way, Meyer's tenure screams, 'Good luck, everyone else.'"

Peter's voice sharpened, tinged with sarcasm. "Then came Eugene Robert Black, 1933 to 1934. His timing was no accident... he bridged one of the most pivotal moments in American financial history. His tenure just so happened to align with President Roosevelt's confiscation of private Gold and the subsequent devaluation of the dollar.

Black's presence in that critical year as the private Federal Reserve chairman feels far too convenient to be coincidence. Was he a loyal servant... a *Useful Tool* to the *Spider*, ensuring the web tightened around the nation's wealth? Or was he just a *Useful Idiot* following orders, blissfully unaware of the long-term consequences he had participated in? Either way, his brief moment in the spotlight helped lock *The Financial Industrial Complex* into a new, more insidious gear."

Adrian's tone grew heavier, deliberate, like a historian peeling back a forbidden truth. "Marriner Eccles, 1934 to 1948. He was not just a chairman of the private Federal Reserve... he was the *face* of authority during one of the darkest chapters in American history. The Great Depression and what some now call the *American Holodomor*... a calculated era of engineered scarcity and suffering that stripped tens of millions of their independence, livelihoods, and in many cases, their lives. Under Eccles' watch, stability was promised, but livelihoods, wealth and human lives evaporated. A nation desperate for relief found itself bound to a system no longer serving the common folk, but rather the architects of their despair.

Eccles became the visible hand of authority, presenting a calm façade while the unseen forces of the *Spider* tightened the web. His monetary policies offered short-term solutions that locked the U.S. nation into long-term servitude. The man was either the ultimate *Useful Idiot*, believing he was saving the system, or a *Useful Tool*, knowingly advancing the designs of those who thrive in and from chaos."

Peter's eyes narrowed, his voice steady but tinged with sarcasm. "Eccles presided over a nation on its knees during the Great Depression. That level of desperation created the perfect breeding ground for control. His policies expanded the reach of the captured federal government

and the private Federal Reserve in ways never seen before, embedding centralized control into the economy's DNA.

Sure, Eccles is painted as a savior in the textbooks, but the reality is far darker. While he was managing crises on the surface, the *Spider* was weaving tighter strands beneath, entangling *The Financial Industrial Complex* in a web designed to ensure every future collapse could be exploited with greater precision. If he was a hero, then he was one whose cape came with a leash held with a tight grip by the *Spider*."

Adrian leaned forward, his voice darkening. "And that's exactly what happened. Eccles wasn't just the Fed chairman... he was the public face of what could only be described as *The Great Financial Confiscation 1.0*. The financial collapse under his watch paved the way for the unprecedented centralization of the *Spider's* power over the U.S. economy and the common folk."

Peter interjected with a dry smirk. "Eccles' interventionist policies, whether he was a *Useful Idiot* who believed he was saving the system or just another *Useful Tool* for the *Spider*, laid the groundwork for the apparatus of control we are grappling with today. Every financial crisis since then has only added more layers to the web, tightening the *Spider's* grip on the world economy and all of humanity. You have to wonder... was Eccles saving the system, or was he serving it up on a silver platter for the *Spider*?"

Adrian's voice dropped to a near whisper, chilling in its density. "The question remains... was Eccles a *Useful Idiot*, blindly enacting policies that served the *Spider's* designs, or was he a *Useful Tool*... a willing participant, fully aware of the long-term consequences of his actions? Perhaps he saw himself as a hero, too short-sighted to realize that the chains he forged would one day bind the world. Either way, the outcome is the same... the *Spider's* web grew stronger and tighter, its victims... the *Sleoples* remained oblivious, and now we are witnessing the culmination of that plan. The final trap is almost ready to spring... *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*."

Peter's gaze sharpened, his voice cutting through the air like a blade. "Thomas B. McCabe, 1948 to 1951. Post-war America handed him

the unenviable task of managing its economic strain. His solution? Artificially low interest rates to prop up the economy... great for short-term optics, disastrous in the long term. He ignited inflation like a match to dry kindling, fueling the debt addiction that would define *The Financial Industrial Complex* for decades to come.

And let us not ignore the irony of McCabe's ties to Scott Paper Company. Yes, the man steering the nation's monetary policy also made his fortune selling toilet paper. Some might call it fitting, considering the policies he left behind. Was McCabe a hapless *Useful Idiot*, oblivious to the economic disaster he was setting in motion, or a *Useful Tool*, willingly carrying out the *Spider's* design? Either way, his legacy is a mess future generations were forced to clean up."

Adrian leaned forward, his tone growing darker. "Then came William McChesney Martin Jr., 1951 to 1970. The longest-serving chairman in history of The Fed...nearly two decades of running the show. He's famous for saying the Fed's job was 'to take away the punch bowl just as the party gets going.' Sounds noble, right? Except what he really did was swap the punch for something far more dangerous.

Martin's actions ultimately laid the groundwork for the U.S. dollar's detachment from Gold, cutting the last thread to any tangible value. It was a watershed moment for the *Spider*... unleashing a fake fiat currency system that allowed the web to grow unchecked. Was Martin a deliberate architect of this shift, or just a well-meaning fool who believed he was doing the right thing? Either way, his tenure marked a turning point, and not in a good way."

Peter's eyes narrowed, his voice steady but laced with sarcasm. "Arthur F. Burns, 1970 to 1978. The man who presided over Nixon's infamous decision to sever the dollar from Gold in 1971. That move opened Pandora's Box, unleashing fake fiat currency chaos on a scale never seen before. And Burns? He stood by as stagflation... high inflation combined with stagnant economic growth... became the defining feature of his tenure.

Let's not forget Burns' reputation for being more politician than economist. Some say he was more interested in keeping Nixon and his

Spider's controllers happy than in doing what was right for the economy. Was Burns just another *Useful Idiot*, blindly following orders, or a *Useful Tool* who understood exactly what he was unleashing? Either way, he left the door wide open for the *Spider* to tighten its grip... for... *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0.*"

Adrian's gaze hardened, his tone taking on an edge. "And then we have G. William Miller, 1978 to 1979. Barely lasted a year, but oh, what a year it was. His reckless credit expansion only poured gasoline on the inflationary fire. It's almost as if he was a placeholder... a brief, chaotic interlude before Paul Volcker stepped in."

Peter leaned back, swirling his glass thoughtfully. "*Yes!* Paul Volcker, 1979 to 1987... the so-called 'inflation slayer.' His aggressive interest rate hikes disrupted international markets, sending shockwaves through economies and destabilizing entire nations. Sure, he curbed inflation, at what cost? His policies plunged the U.S. economy into a severe recession, with millions losing jobs and livelihoods. That was just the beginning of his legacy."

Adrian began, his tone sharp. "Let's not forget his involvement in the Savings and Loan bailout. Volcker's high interest rates drove many savings and loan institutions to the edge of collapse, paving the way for one of the largest financial bailouts in American history... a massive transfer of wealth from the common folk to the *Spider's* criminal elite."

And then there's the Latin American debt crisis. Volcker's policies triggered capital flight from developing nations, especially in Latin America, plunging them into crippling debt. His solution... structural adjustment programs that tightened the web, enriching the *Spider's Globalist* banking elite while leaving entire populations shackled to austerity measures and economic servitude."

Peter leaned forward, picking up the thread. "So, was Volcker the *Spider's* most strategic *Useful Tool*, deliberately tightening the web under the guise of economic stability? Or was he a *Useful Idiot*, genuinely believing his heavy-handed tactics were the best way to save the system? Either way, his actions entrenched the international economy in debt and speculation, making future collapses inevitable."

Adrian nodded, adding with a big smile. “And let us not forget Volcker’s role as a financial advisor to President Barack Obama, the 44th President of the United States. During the Great Recession of 2007-2009, another era of financial upheaval, Volcker played a pivotal role in shaping economic policies.”

Peter finished the thought, his voice steady and pointed. “The question is, was this the *Spider* rewarding its most loyal servant, or was Volcker just following the same old playbook, this time on a grander scale?”

Adrian exhaled sharply, shaking his head with a mix of frustration and dark amusement. “We have already spent weeks tearing apart Greenspan’s reign, but honestly, the guy deserves every bit of it. Alan Greenspan, 1987 to 2006... this so-called ‘*Wizard of Wall Street*.’ More like the *Wizard of Wreckage*. His era of deregulation and rock-bottom interest rates wasn’t just bad policy... it was practically a how-to guide for orchestrating financial disaster. First, he served up the Tech Bubble 1.0 on a Gold platter, and when that burst in 2000, he then set the table perfectly for the housing and stock market crashes that led straight to the Great Recession of 2007–2009.”

Peter spoke with biting sarcasm. “And let’s not forget Alan Greenspan’s unshakable faith in the self-regulation of markets... a belief so absurd it makes astrology look like a hard science. Was he the *Spider’s* most devious *Useful Tool*, orchestrating a symphony of chaos for the unelected elites behind the curtain while spinning a free-market fairy tale? Or was he just a *Useful Idiot*, an oblivious ideologue so intoxicated by his own arrogance that he couldn’t see the catastrophe he was crafting?”

Adrian leaned forward, his tone sharp and deliberate. “Either way, Greenspan’s tenure wasn’t just bad... it was downright sinister. He turned *The Financial Industrial Complex* into a shaky house of cards and handed the *Spider* a box of matches, dynamite, and a long fuse to ignite... *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*.”

Peter’s voice carried a biting clarity, dripping with sarcasm. “Ben Bernanke, 2006 to 2014. The so-called savior of *The Financial Industrial Complex* during the Worldwide Financial Crisis of 2008... or at least that’s the fairy tale he and *The Mainstream Media Industrial Complex* likes to tell. In reality, Bernanke cranked up the fake fiat money printing presses like

a kid who just discovered the cheat codes to a video game. His quantitative easing policies flooded the markets with so much liquidity you'd think he was trying to drown Main Street while pumping Wall Street full of helium.

Ben Bernanke didn't save the system... he inflated it into today's monstrous *All Asset Bubbles*... the one we're precariously teetering on. Ordinary folk? Oh, they got the privilege of picking up the shattered pieces of their livelihoods while the unelected *Spider's Globalist* elites got even richer. Bernanke tightened the *Spider's* web, ensuring the next collapse wouldn't just be bigger... it would be catastrophic. The man didn't just pump up the bubble... he practically handed the *Spider* a hydrogen bomb and dared it to blow it all up."

Adrian leaned back, shaking his head with a grin that was equal parts disbelief and amusement. "And then we had Janet Yellen, 2014 to 2018. The first woman to chair the Fed... hailed as a groundbreaking choice, a bold leap into progressiveness. Or so the packaging claimed. Her tenure came gift-wrapped in the shiny buzzwords of 'inclusive growth,' which, let's be honest, is just woke bullshit slapped on to distract from the widening gap between the *Spider's Globalist* elites and the common folk.

Inequality soared, the *Spider's* web tightened, and Yellen, the quintessential *Useful Idiot*, played her role to perfection. Competence? Let's just say that wasn't exactly her strong pantsuit. She was trotted out to smile for the cameras while the financial system behind her sank even deeper into the *Spider's* control. Different face, same tired script."

Peter's expression turned icy. "And now we have Jerome Powell, since 2018. Under his watch, we've seen record inflation, speculative frenzies, and the *All Asset Bubbles* teetering on the edge of total collapse. Powell claims he's trying to manage the chaos, but every decision he makes only feeds the *Spider's* web. Fiat currency printing has spun completely off the wheels, drowning the system in worthless paper and digital 1s and 0s while the rest of the world watches in disbelief.

Meanwhile, the BRICS nations have been quietly building their escape hatch, shifting back to Gold and signaling the beginning of the end for fake fiat U.S. dollar dominance. Powell, the *Useful Idiot*, either doesn't see the glaring writing on the wall or, as the *Useful Tool* he might well be, is playing

his part to perfection. Every move he makes... whether out of cluelessness or cunning... tightens the *Spider's* web around the necks of the common folk, setting the stage for *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*. One thing is certain... this ship... *The Financial Industrial Complex* is steaming full speed ahead toward the iceberg, and the *Spider* is grinning from the shadows, ready to feast on the wreckage.”

The silence that followed was thick with tension, broken only by Peter's deliberate tone. “These private Federal Reserve chairmen and one chairwoman so far were never the true architects. They were visible distractions, placed in front of the curtain to keep our eyes off the real power. The *Spider* operates in the shadows, silently weaving its web, while the *Sleoples* focus on the clowns performing in front of the curtain.”

Adrian's expression darkened, his voice carrying the weight of a revelation too diabolical to ignore. “Peter, the apparatus for these *All Asset Bubbles...* and *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0...* wasn't built by the Fed alone. Much of it traces back to the United States' OSS, the Office of Strategic Services... the U.S.'s spy agency during World War II, the precursor to the CIA... the Central Intelligence Agency. The *Spider's* threads extend through U.S. three-letter agencies, manipulating governments, economies, and societies in ways most *Sleoples* can't even imagine or comprehend.”

Peter leaned back, his voice cold and deliberate, each word cutting through the silence. “No Chairman of the private Federal Reserve has ever been openly or directly tied to the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), or any other U.S. intelligence agency... but make no mistake, the *Spider's* web is vast, its threads stretching far beyond what is visible.

Fiat currencies are not flawed... they are designed to fail. These collapses are not accidents... they are deliberate resets, meticulously orchestrated to tighten control. The *Spider* has always known this, patiently weaving its web, and now these *All Asset Bubbles* are primed to burst. The signs are everywhere, yet the *Sleoples* remain oblivious and asleep. *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0* is not a distant storm on the horizon. The collapse is already here, the trap has been sprung, and it is time to secure

a seat on the ***Sovereign's*** lifeboat before it is too late... and... ***It Starts With Gold!***

Adrian's voice raised well above a whisper, thick with tension. "The ***Sleoples*** won't see it coming. The ***Sleoples*** are tangled in the ***Spider's*** web, oblivious to its tightening grip. Next week... next week, we pull back the curtain. We'll uncover someone who has lived closer to the ***Spider's*** lair than anyone we have ever discussed so far... someone that lived behind the curtain."

Peter's expression turned strong, his gaze unflinching. "The Fed chairs of the private central bank were mere distractions... pawns placed at the edges of the web to misdirect us, to keep our focus away from the real power behind the curtain. But this man? He's no distraction. He spent his entire adult life entrenched near the ***Spider's*** heart of the web... closer than anyone we've ever uncovered. And next week, Adrian... next week, we start to unveil the real story of how the infrastructure for ***The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*** was meticulously built by ***The Architects of Control.***"

For a moment, both men sat in heavy silence, the weight of their words lingering like thunderclouds before a storm. Then, as if drawing strength from their shared conviction, they raised their glasses of Glenfiddich scotch in unison. Their voices broke through the tension, resonating with unwavering determination... a battle cry, the ***Sovereign's Creed.***... for those bold enough to see through the lies and face the truth...

"To Sovereignty..."

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!"

The call ended, leaving the screen dark, but the weight of their words lingered... a promise of revelations to come, a deeper dive into the web, and an unveiling of the man behind the curtain. Next week couldn't come soon enough.

CHAPTER THIRTY

THE ARCHITECTS OF CONTROL

The screen flickered to life, revealing Adrian C. Spitters and Peter J. Merrick, their usual casual air replaced by a more somber energy. Tonight, there were no glasses of Glenfiddich Scott, no bottles of Steam Works craft beer, and no pours of Ziraldo Icewine. Instead, strong black coffee sat in front of them, symbolic of the sobering truths they were about to confront.

The Oracle of Abbotsford leaned back in his chair, his fingers wrapped around the mug. Adrian took a slow sip before placing it down deliberately. “Coffee tonight. No wine, no beer, no scotch. Somehow, it feels right. This is not a conversation for indulgence... it’s one for clarity and depth.”

Peter... *The King of Main Street*, nodded, his expression serious, his eyes sharp with focus. “*Yes*... you’re right. Tonight is not about celebration... it is about understanding. Last week, we exposed the distractions, the pawns placed on the edges of the *Spider’s* web... the chairs of the private Federal Reserve. Now, we are diving deeper, focusing on one particular architect... someone who played a pivotal role in weaving the intricate *Spider’s* infrastructure for *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*.”

Adrian leaned forward, his voice steady and charged with quiet determination. “This was not just one man doing his job. Whether he knew it or not, he was part of a much larger and sinister plan... a deliberate design to consolidate power and tighten the *Spider’s* web. Tonight, we start naming names, exposing roles, and unraveling the framework of a control system built to strip humanity of its sovereignty and lead it back into serfdom and feudalism.”

Peter leaned forward, his voice steady and deliberate. “We both know what serfdom is, let us put it into clearer terms for our discussion. Serfdom occurs when individuals are no longer free and sovereign. They are bound to serve and depend entirely on a ruling class for their existence. It is a mental and physical state where self-reliance is obliterated, and the common folk are reduced to economic slaves, trapped in a cycle of dependency dictated by those who control the resources and means of survival.”

Adrian picked up seamlessly, his tone heavy with purpose. “Feudalism takes this much further. It is a hierarchical total control system where a small elite holds absolute power over the land, wealth, and labor, locking the many under their domain into roles of servitude and enslavement.

The Financial Industrial Complex we are discussing was not born of happenstance. It was deliberately engineered by the *Spider’s Globalists* to achieve this outcome. By gradually pushing the *Sleoples* into a system of feudalism, the *Spider* is preparing them for financial enslavement. This will culminate in *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0.*”

Peter’s voice dropped, measured and cutting. “The *Spider’s* web is vast, its threads intricate, and its players deliberate. What we uncover tonight won’t just connect dots... it will show the pattern, the blueprint for the world we’re facing now. It is a sobering truth... one that can’t be ignored.”

For a moment, the two men sat in silence, the weight of their resolve filling the space. Then, with the same determination that had fueled their many conversations before, *The King of Main Street* and *The Oracle of Abbotsford* raised their mugs of black coffee in unison. Their

voices broke the stillness, declaring *The Sovereign's Creed* with unwavering conviction...

“To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!”

The clink of ceramic echoed through their respective rooms, a simple yet profound sound that signaled the beginning of a conversation destined to cut to the very core of the *Spider's* web. *The Oracle of Abbotsford* and *The King of Main Street* sat poised, their black coffee untouched for a moment as their resolve solidified. They were ready to dig deeper, their unshaken determination guiding them toward the truth.

In unison, both men spoke a name that hung in the air like a chilling revelation... “*William Dentzer.*”

This name carried weight, not just for what it represented, but for the man himself... a dark figure in history who lived behind the curtain, operating far closer to the *Spider's* lair at the center of its insidious web than any they had discussed before. Tonight, they would begin to unravel the threads he wove and the power he helped consolidate, a deliberate design that set the stage for the collapse of *The Current Financial Industrial Complex*, paving the way for *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*.

Peter leaned back, his fingers tapping on the side of his mug. “Adrian, when William Dentzer spearheaded the creation of the Depository Trust Company, or DTC, it was not just about cleaning up inefficiencies on Wall Street. It was not just about modernizing the securities industry. It was about laying the groundwork for the *Spider's Globalist* financial total control system. The DTC dematerialized the entire financial industry... *The Financial Industrial Complex*. Ownership of securities, once represented by paper certificates, was transformed into digital records controlled by centralized entities. Ownership did not just change forms... it shifted to the DTC for all of America.”

Adrian raised an eyebrow. “So, Peter, this started with New York. Wall Street was the testing ground. This was not confined to stocks, was it?”

Peter agreed, his gaze intense. “**Yes**... it started with stocks, but the *Spider’s* web did not stop there. Bonds, Exchange-Traded Funds, derivatives... any financial instrument you can think of followed suit. Dematerialization spread like wildfire. Bearer bonds, which once allowed financial privacy, were phased out. Everything became about digital ‘book-entry’ systems, where ownership was just numbers in a database. Efficient? **Yes**... for implementing the *Spider’s* agenda. It came with a cost for the common folk... real ownership evaporated and disappeared.”

Adrian leaned forward, his mug cradled in both hands. “I see where this is going. With the DTC as the gatekeeper, this was not just modernization... it was consolidation. It was all about control. Why does no one talk about this loss of individual ownership? Was it really about convenience, or was there a more sinister plot at play?”

Peter smiled, a tinge of sarcasm in his voice. “Because on the surface, it looked like a miracle. The DTC eliminated delays in settling stock trades by digitizing the entire investment apparatus. No more lost paper certificates proving ownership, no more manual errors. It made Wall Street look like a well-oiled machine. But beneath the surface... it was the beginning of the centralization of *The Financial Industrial Complex*.

Instead of individual investors holding stock certificates in hand, the DTC held them all... stocks, bonds, exchange-traded funds (ETFs), mutual funds, options, municipal securities, corporate debt instruments, mortgage-backed securities, asset-backed securities, and even derivatives. And what the DTC holds, it controls... or can confiscate at will on behalf of the *Spider’s Globalist* controllers.”

Adrian let out a low whistle he learned on the farm. “And then it did not stay in New York, did it?”

Peter shook his head, his voice low and deliberate. “No... once the *Spider* perfected it in New York State, they exported it first across America and then to the rest of the entire world. Clearinghouses and central securities depositories everywhere embraced the same model, spreading the *Spider’s* tentacles into every financial market. What began as an ‘inno-

vative solution' morphed into the backbone of ***The Financial Industrial Complex***... a sprawling, impenetrable web of control.

This backbone is not just fragile... it is perilous. It is controlled by a shadowy few, hidden near the center of the ***Spider's*** web. These unseen figures pull strings we cannot perceive, shaping the world to serve the ***Spider's*** agenda of total domination, its will, and its ultimate endgame."

Adrian frowned, his mind racing. "So now, captured governments and private institutions owned and controlled by the ***Spider*** can freeze, seize, or manipulate assets with the stroke of a computer swipe. Securities, bonds, ETFs, derivatives... all now digitized, all centralized and all dematerialized. The DTC's model is now the blueprint for worldwide financial control and domination. Tell me, Peter was this all William Dentzer's vision, or was he just a cog in the ***Spider's*** machine?"

Peter leaned back, a grim look crossing his face. "That is the big question, is it not? Whether he knew it or not, Dentzer laid the foundation for the ***Spider's*** tightening of its grip. It was never just about efficiency. It was all about total control... turning personal ownership into digital abstraction, stripping away financial and individual sovereignty. And now, Adrian, this system is primed for the next phase... ***The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0.***"

Adrian's eyes narrowed. "So, we are not just talking about a historical shift here. This is the ***Spider's Globalist*** infrastructure for what is coming next. And Peter, you and I both know what that means for those who are paying attention... the ***Sovereigns.***"

Peter set his mug down, his tone sharpening. "It means we and other ***Sovereigns*** must act with resolve." Both men raised their coffee mugs, reciting again together... ***The Sovereign's Creed...***

"To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!"

Adrian nodded, his voice steady. "***Yes...*** Peter. It has always begun

with Gold.” Though separated by fourteen hundred miles, their shared conviction was unmistakable, resonating through the silence that followed.

Adrian leaned forward, his brow furrowed, deep contemplation laced in his voice. “Peter, we need to dig much deeper into Dentzer’s past. This man was not merely a product of his environment... he was shaped, captured, and compromised from the very beginning. From his youth to his adult life, every step of his career points to deliberate grooming by the *Spider*.

The *Sleoples* have not been educated about Dentzer’s backstory, and even within our industry, the vast majority remain dangerously ignorant of him and the significant role he played in the construction of *The Financial Industrial Complex*. Most who call themselves advisors, unfortunately, accept the world as it was handed to them, never questioning the *Spider’s* insidious design. Their ignorance places their clients in severe peril and at serious risk of being harmed when *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0* is unleashed on the *Sleoples*.”

Peter leaned back, his tone laced with both amazement and disgust. “Adrian, Dentzer was the president of the National Student Association of the United States in 1954, the most influential student organization in the country. He openly admitted to taking CIA money but claimed he ‘didn’t know’ it was from them. How is that even possible?

Dentzer wasn’t just a figurehead... he was the one arranging the deals with the Central Intelligence Agency... the CIA... the U.S. government agency responsible for gathering, analyzing, and acting on intelligence to supposedly safeguard national security. In reality, the CIA acts on behalf of the *Spider’s* agenda. For Dentzer to feign ignorance about the source of the National Student Association’s funding isn’t just implausible... it’s calculated. Dentzer was not leading students... he was selling them out, guiding their young, impressionable minds straight into the *Spider’s* mental prison built for the *Sleoples*.”

Adrian’s tone was sharp. “That is the *Spider’s* playbook. They find ambitious, severely flawed and compromised individuals like Dentzer, exploit their weaknesses, and place them in key positions to harm

humanity. Dentzer's involvement in the National Student Association, meant to represent and empower students, became a covert tool of the CIA, pushing agendas under the guise of independence from the system. Dentzer wasn't just complicit... he was a carefully chosen pawn, groomed to serve the **Spider's** interests while maintaining the illusion of leadership and independence."

Peter leaned forward, his voice cutting through the air like a blade. "Adrian, it's not just Dentzer. We need to confront the uncomfortable truth... how many of our so-called leaders today... politicians, corporate executives, academics, media figures and clergy have been hand-picked because they are heavily flawed individuals, easily manipulated, and already compromised? These are not independent minds or voices... they are **Useful Idiots** and **Useful tools** of the **Spider**, placed precisely in their specific positions to advance the **Spider's** diabolical agenda."

Adrian leaned forward. "These flawed and compromised **Useful Idiots** and **Useful Tools** of the **Spider** wear the mask of authority and integrity, but behind it lies something far darker and diabolical. We must tear off those masks, ask who these individuals truly are, who put them in power, and, most importantly, whose agenda they serve. If we do not act, we are not just complicit. We become guilty by allowing the **Spider** to tighten its grip and ensnare us all. This happens as we accept the authority of one compromised and unaccountable leader at a time."

Peter picked up immediately. "After stepping down as president of the National Student Association, Dentzer went directly to Europe in 1955, where he began working to manipulate and co-opt other student leaders... flawed personalities across the European continent and beyond. His mission was unmistakable... to bring these young and impressionable minds under the CIA's sphere of influence and steer them away from independent thinking... turning them into **Useful Idiots** and **Useful Tools** to be compliant and advocates of the **Spider's** agenda."

Adrian's brow furrowed, his voice edged with skepticism. "And then Dentzer returns to the U.S. in 1956 and joins the CIA officially. Are we really supposed to believe that his work in Europe and the National Student Association, targeting student organizations and leadership, was

unrelated to his later CIA employment? Dentzer was groomed by the *Spider* for this role. The timing is too perfect to dismiss as coincidence.”

Peter nodded, his voice darkening. “And Dentzer’s CIA assignments after 1956 make it even clearer. He was embedded in developing nations, influencing governments under the guise of economic development. In Peru and elsewhere, Dentzer directed financial aid to secure political loyalty and control. These were not mere advisory roles... they were missions of domination, ensuring nations toed the line dictated by the *Spider’s* web of influence.”

Adrian leaned back, his voice steady but grim. “When Dentzer’s international missions were complete, they brought him back to the U.S., and he became New York’s Superintendent of Banks in 1970. That was not a lateral move. It was strategic. Dentzer dismantled regional banking protections and consolidated financial power into the hands of a few megabanks. He paved the way for the centralization of financial control we witness today.”

Peter’s voice grew colder, each word weighted with ominous revelation. “William Thomas Dentzer Jr. was no accidental figure in *The Financial Industrial Complex*. His selection for each role he occupied was deliberate, orchestrated by men like William Casey. Casey, who rose through the ranks of the Office of Strategic Services... the OSS, the precursor to the CIA... was a master manipulator of systems. The OSS was created during World War II to conduct covert operations, disrupt enemy powers, and control the flow of information. Casey carried his wartime expertise into the postwar era, recognizing that financial systems could be as powerful as military might in shaping international influence.

William Casey was Chairman of the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) in 1971... the federal agency responsible for regulating securities markets, supposedly preventing market manipulation, and protecting investors. Casey grasped the immense power that came with overseeing financial infrastructure. Leveraging his position, Casey ensured that Dentzer was appointed in 1973 to create the Depository Trust Company. This was not a random appointment... it was a delib-

erate, calculated move to centralize and digitize financial power, consolidating control over the securities industry and laying the groundwork for tighter worldwide wealth control.”

Adrian leaned forward, his voice grave. “And Casey did not just select Dentzer for his abilities. He understood that Dentzer’s loyalty and connections to the *Spider’s* control system made him the ideal *Useful Tool* for advancing the *Spider’s* much larger sinister agenda. Casey’s later involvement in the Iran-Contra affair in the mid-1980s shows how *Globalist* financial systems were quietly weaponized. The covert operation funneled untraceable funds to Nicaraguan rebels, illegally bypassing U.S. Congress entirely.

The infrastructure Dentzer helped build... streamlined and digitized ownership and transactions... this aligned perfectly with the needs of such covert operations as the Iran-Contra affair. The DTC’s infrastructure was more than a financial innovation... it became a tool for control, a seamless mechanism that fit snugly within the *Spider’s* web to rob the *Sleoples* of their sovereignty.”

Peter leaned back slightly, his eyes narrowing as he continued. “Dentzer built the machinery, but it was Casey who showed how that machinery could be exploited. Dentzer’s systems were designed to centralize control over securities, turning tangible ownership into mere digital entries. Casey exploited these systems to manipulate international money flows, turning them into tools of covert power.

Together, Casey and Dentzer represented two sides of the same coin... Dentzer embedding the infrastructure, and Casey leveraging it for dominance. These were not disconnected men. Their collaboration ensured that *The Financial Industrial Complex* would never serve the public... the Complex would only serve the *Spider* and its interests.”

Adrian’s jaw tightened as he processed the implications. “Peter, this isn’t just history. It’s the blueprint for how intelligence agencies and finance merged into a single tool of international manipulation. Dentzer’s name is barely remembered, while Casey is only known for his role in the CIA and the Iran-Contra affair. Together, they created systems that did not manage wealth... they control it. And those sys-

tems, Peter, are still in place today, waiting to tighten their grip when *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0* is triggered by the *Spider* and its henchmen.”

Adrian’s voice turned urgent. “And yet, almost no one knows William Dentzer’s name. While the *Sleoples*... the *Useful Idiots* and the *Useful Tools* focus on Presidents... Prime Ministers... private Federal Reserve chairs and corporate CEOs, they are totally ignorant of the man who created the infrastructure for financial domination, theft and destruction. William Dentzer was the *Spider’s* enforcement officer, one of the architects of systems that now threaten to strip away what little financial sovereignty remains.”

Peter’s tone was congruent. “This is exactly why we must expose this history. Dentzer’s legacy is not merely a cautionary tale... it is the blueprint for the *Spider’s* plans for total control. If we do not educate ourselves, our clients, and other *Sovereigns*... and if we fail to do everything in our power to wake up as many *Sleoples* as possible before it is too late... we will become complicit in their entrapment. The stakes are too high for complacency.”

Adrian’s voice steadied with determination. “Then we speak up and act now. Because if we do not, we are just another strand or *Useful Tool* in the *Spider’s* web because we know too much.”

Peter’s voice carried the weight of history. “Adrian, every era comes with its breaking point... a moment when individuals must choose whether to kneel or stand up tall and be counted as *Sovereigns*. For us, the choice is clear... we will not bend the knee to tyranny on our watch.” Peter paused, his eyes narrowing with purpose. Then, invoking the timeless words of Emiliano Zapata, the revolutionary leader of the Mexican Revolution, Peter declared, “*I prefer to die standing than to live on my knees.*”

Adrian’s expression hardened. “We have to confront *The Illusion of Ownership*. The *Sleoples* are caught in the *Spider’s* web, deluded into believing they possess something real, when in truth it is nothing more than a grand illusion. The *Spider’s* web tightens with every false promise of freedom and security, its strands pulling humanity closer to

suffocation. The noose around humanity's necks is tightening fast, and most are too asleep to realize it."

Peter, known to most as ***The King of Main Street***, leaned in, his voice cutting through the moment like a razor. "Adrian, that illusion is the ***Spider's*** greatest weapon. The ***Spider's Globalist*** package dependence as freedom, servitude as empowerment, and fear as security. But we see through it, and our mission is to help others see too. sovereignty is not granted... it is fought for, lived, and protected by each generation of humanity's ***Sovereigns***."

Adrian... nodded, his gaze steady as he looked directly at the camera in the top right of his screen, his voice resolute. "Sovereignty! It is all that stands between humanity and the ***Spider's*** total control. If we do not act, we lose the last pieces of what make us free and human."

The King of Main Street and ***The Oracle of Abbotsford*** lifted their glasses, their voices rising in unison. Together, they declared the battle cry that had guided ***Sovereigns*** through the ages... ***The Sovereign's Creed...***

"To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!"

CHAPTER THIRTY ONE

THE ILLUSION OF OWNERSHIP

The aroma of freshly ground black coffee lingered in the air as Peter J. Merrick... *The King of Main Street* and Adrian C. Spitters... *The Oracle of Abbotsford* began their Wednesday night ritual. At exactly 7 p.m., their screens connected, revealing two men locked in a mission to uncover the sinister truths lurking in plain sight. Their individual rooms were quiet except for the faint sound of coffee being stirred, an ominous prelude to the discussion ahead.

Peter leaned back in his chair, his expression sharp, like a detective piecing together the clues of a crime so vast it defied comprehension. The weight of their conversation hung heavy, the tension almost tangible. He took a slow sip of coffee, his movements deliberate, his tone calculated as he finally spoke... “Tonight... our deep dive into *The Illusion of Ownership*...”

Adrian’s voice carried the weight of a man determined to uncover the truth. “Let us get to the heart of the evil set-up for *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*. William Dentzer’s legacy is not just about digitizing and dematerializing stock certificates or streamlining transactions of assets like real estate, commodities, securities, and ETFs. It is about dis-

mantling the very concept of ownership itself. His work, hand in hand with his efforts to lobby for changes to *The Uniform Commercial Code*, did not modernize *The Financial Industrial Complex*... it twisted it. Dentzer turned it into something unrecognizable, something deeply dangerous and lethal for the common folk.”

Peter’s tone sharpened, his words cutting through the stillness, his mug now resting untouched on the table. “Adrian, this is not just an administrative overhaul... it is a complete redefinition of ownership designed to shift control from individuals to an invisible system. The victims are countless, and the *Spider’s* web is far more insidious than most can imagine.”

This was not just a discussion... it was an exposé, a deep dive into a web of lies and manipulation. Peter and Adrian’s investigation was just beginning, the pieces already pointed to a dark and chilling truth... one they both knew could not remain hidden to the public.

Adrian leaned forward, his tone steady. “*The Uniform Commercial Code*, or UCC, was initially pitched as a way to bring order to a chaotic system. Before its implementation, each U.S. state had its own securities rules governing how shares were owned, making interstate business in the U.S. complicated and fragmented. The changes were marketed as a solution to streamline commerce and address what was described as an inefficient and disorganized system.”

Peter followed, his tone sharp. “That was just the cover story... a guise to consolidate power under the pretense of modernization. More than that, it was a calculated move to erode the authority of state legislatures and undermine the U.S. Constitution itself. The power that once rested with the states was handed over to an unaccountable *Globalist* entity... the *Spider*, weaving its web for complete control.”

Adrian nodded, his expression grim. “The UCC aimed to standardize laws for commerce, and at first glance, it seemed like a practical, even noble, solution. But over time, amendments like the introduction of *Beneficial Ownership* twisted its original purpose. Instead of safeguarding the common folk, these changes redefined ownership itself,

stripping away the secure, tangible nature of personal property and replacing it with empty promises of personal ownership.”

Peter nodded, leaning forward as his voice sharpened. “What used to be personal property... something you could hold, secure, and control has been reduced to **Beneficial Ownership**. This is not ownership at all. It is a façade... a big fraud, a hollow promise that benefits the **Spider’s** system, not the individual. These changes turned ownership into a weak contractual claim, controlled by centralized entities and that are vulnerable to the **Spider’s** web of power.

Dentzer’s so-called modernization of ownership at the DTC was not just dangerous. It was a calculated move towards dismantling the sovereignty of the common folk, paving the way for their entrapment in a system designed to control... enslave.... and kill!”

Adrian leaned forward, the intensity in his voice cutting through the room like a knife. “That is the key for all **Sleoples** to know and understand so they can wake up and prepare. For over 400 years, securities were personal property. You owned a stock, a bond, or real estate... it was yours. Tangible and secure. After the amendments to the **Uniform Commercial Code**, all of that was stolen from the common folk, and **The Sleoples** stayed asleep, unaware that this crime had been perpetrated against them and all humanity. Ownership was replaced with a hologram.”

Peter leaned forward, his tone resolute, as he began to expose the sinister mechanism quietly entrenched in the **Spider’s Globalist** financial system... **The Financial Industrial Complex**. “Today, it is not true ownership... it is called **Security Entitlement**. You no longer own the asset directly... you own a contractual claim to it. A weak, fungible claim... interchangeable and indistinguishable from everyone else’s... held in a massive, centralized pool controlled by entities like the Depository Trust Corporation (DTC) in the United States. And this structure is not unique to the U.S.”

Adrian said, “Similar institutions operate internationally... Euroclear in Belgium, Clearstream in Luxembourg, and the Canadian Depository for Securities (CDS) in Canada. Their purpose is the same

as the DTC in the United States... centralizing control and stripping individuals of genuine ownership of their property.”

Peter added, “These Central Clearing Parties (CCPs) manage tens of trillions of dollars in pooled assets, where individual ownership dissolves into a faceless system. When you think you own a stock, bond, or security, what you actually hold is an electronic entry on a private financial institution’s digitized ledger... a mere promise of a claim. In the event of a collapse or bankruptcy, that promise will disappear, leaving you with nothing but broken assurances.”

Adrian leaned in, his voice taking on a grim tone as he connected the pieces of this demonic puzzle. “And sitting at or near the center of the *Spider’s* web of all these clearinghouses, directing the flow and control of these pooled assets, is the Bank for International Settlements (BIS) in Basel, Switzerland. The BIS acts as the clearinghouse for central banks worldwide, overseeing an unimaginable scale of international financial transactions. It does not just facilitate these systems... it steers them.

The BIS is the *Spider’s* web made flesh, its threads tightening around the financial systems of the world, consolidating power while stripping away the sovereignty of individuals. This is the perfect trap, engineered to catch and devour us all, turning humanity into nothing more than economic serfs under its control.”

Peter’s expression darkened. “First, let us explain *The Uniform Commercial Code*, or UCC, so anyone can follow this. The UCC is a set of laws designed to standardize business and trade across all states in the United States. Before it existed, each state had its own rules. The UCC streamlined the rules, making trade uniform. Over time, it was altered, and one of those changes introduced *Security Entitlements*. This means that when you buy stocks, bonds, or other financial assets, you no longer truly own them outright. Instead, you hold *Beneficial Ownership*, which is a far weaker and less secure form of ownership.”

Adrian nodded, leaning forward with a serious expression. “Let’s talk about owning a stock because it perfectly illustrates how the changes under *The Uniform Commercial Code* work. When you buy a stock,

you assume you own it outright. You think it's yours, just like owning a car or a house. But that's not really how it works anymore."

Peter picked up the conversation, his tone sharp and direct. "Here is where *The Uniform Commercial Code* comes in. The changes introduced the idea of *Beneficial Ownership*. This means you do not actually own the stock directly. What you have is a claim... a digital record that says you are entitled to the stock's value. The actual stock is held by a central institution, like the *Depository Trust Corporation*. So, your name is not on the stock. It's in a pooled system with trillions of other stocks, all held under the control of one entity. You think you own it, but what you really own is just the promise of it."

Adrian's tone sharpened as he continued. "Now, imagine this... if the institution holding the stock goes bankrupt or there's a major financial collapse, your claim is just one of millions... perhaps trillions. You don't own the stock itself... you own a contract saying you're entitled to it. But that contract most likely will not protect you when things go wrong. This is the danger of the UCC changes... it gives you the illusion of ownership while making your assets completely dependent on the *Spider's Globalist* system that can fail at any moment, and you lose everything."

Peter leaned forward, his voice laced with disdain. "*Beneficial Ownership* means you only have the right to benefit from an asset while it is held in someone else's name... typically a financial institution. It is ownership in name only, without the full rights or control that come with actual ownership. *Security Entitlement* takes this further. It creates a system where your assets, like stocks or bonds, are pooled with those of countless others, and your claim is reduced to a contractual agreement with the institution holding them. If that institution collapses, so does your claim."

Adrian leaned in, his voice lowering as if revealing a chilling secret. "Peter, here is the catch most folks do not understand. In the event of a financial collapse or bankruptcy of the institution holding these assets whether it is a private central bank, a commercial bank or financial

institution the *Beneficial Owners* and security entitlees are not first in line to get their money back. In fact, they are last.”

Peter leaned forward, his tone steady but sharp. “The legal framework prioritizes creditors... those the institution owes money to... and shareholders of the financial institution. Now, when we talk about shareholders here, we mean the equity holders of the institution itself, not the individuals who think they own shares through that institution. These shareholders are often the individuals or entities with a direct stake in the management and operations of the bank or institution, the ones with actual power and influence over how it operates.”

Adrian’s voice grew heavier. “This means that when a collapse happens, the financial system’s design protects its inner circle first... creditors and shareholders of the institution... while the so-called owners of the pooled assets, the security entitlees, are left holding the bag. The individuals who thought they ‘owned’ their stocks, bonds, or other financial assets are at the very bottom of the ladder, discovering far too late that their claim was never as secure as they believed.”

Peter’s face hardened, his voice sharpening further. “So, in simple terms, when the institution holding these pooled securities fails, it is the creditors... other banks, institutional lenders, and the most connected players... who get first dibs on what is left. The beneficial owners and security entitlees are left scrambling for scraps, holding a worthless piece of paper that says they ‘own’ something they can never access. This is where Dentzer’s so-called innovation has left us... a system where ownership is a mirage.”

Adrian’s tone turned razor-sharp. “Dentzer justified these changes as necessary for efficiency and modernization. He argued that the paper-based system of stock certificates was outdated, prone to errors, and unable to handle the scale of transactions in a rapidly growing market. By centralizing and digitizing ownership, he claimed to be reducing risk and increasing liquidity in *The Financial Industrial Complex*. What he actually did, was create a framework where true ownership was replaced by a façade. The individual investor lost their sovereignty and ownership over their assets.”

Peter leaned back, his voice sharpening. “And that is the danger. Dentzer’s stated good intentions... efficiency, scalability, modernization... masked the real outcome. **Beneficial Ownership** and security entitlement have stripped individuals of the right to truly own and control what they believe is theirs. It is a system designed to erode freedom and concentrate power in the hands of the **Spider**, leaving the **Sleoples** oblivious to the trap tightening around them.”

Adrian’s voice rose, his anger barely contained. “The entire **Financial Industrial Complex** was being restructured, not to benefit the common folk, but to serve the **Spider’s** agenda. Dentzer’s DTC made it possible, creating the infrastructure where securities became pooled assets, not individually owned property.”

Peter’s gaze sharpened, his tone relentless. “And it is not just about stocks and bonds. This model of **Beneficial Ownership** is spreading. Real estate, pensions, even digital currencies... it is all being funneled into this system. What we are seeing is the foundation for **The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0**. When the next collapse comes, the **Spider’s** web will already be in place. The **Sleoples** will wake up to find they own nothing... not their homes, not their retirement accounts, not even their savings.”

Adrian picked up seamlessly, his tone thick with conviction. “This was not modernization... it was an attack on sovereignty itself. The right to own and control what you own is fundamental to freedom and sovereignty. Dentzer’s legacy, whether he realized it or not, has eroded that right. It is a system built to steal and enslave.”

Peter leaned forward, his voice raised to a cutting tone. “And the **Spider** did not stop with America. The UCC was a prototype for the entire world. This model has been exported, rolled out to other countries under the guise of what the **Globalists** have termed globalization, harmonization of trade laws, and financial modernization. The end goal is the same... it is meant to strip sovereignty, consolidate control, and turn humanity back into serfs under the **Spider’s** web.”

The silence hung heavy between them, charged with the weight of their investigation. Peter broke this silence, his voice filled with quiet

resolve. “This is a crime. A crime against the American citizen... a crime against the peoples of the world. Dentzer’s work was not just a financial innovation... it was an essential financial strand of the *Spider’s* web designed to enslave all of humanity.”

Adrian raised his mug, his voice hard and steady. “And now we have a duty to expose this crime. To wake-up the *Sovereigns*, to pull as many *Sleoples* as we can out of this trap before it is too late.”

Peter leaned back in his chair, his expression darkening as if he were piecing together the final threads of a sinister conspiracy first set into motion with the passing of the 1913 Federal Reserve Act in the U.S. This legislation established a private central bank, misleadingly presented as a public institution, designed to siphon wealth from the common folk and transfer it to the *Spider* and its enforcers.

Peter’s tone was deliberate and grave, the voice of someone who understood the stakes of their discussion. “Adrian, let us lay this out clearly, for anyone willing to listen. Think of the DTC... the Depository Trust Corporation... as a massive vault holding nearly all the stocks and bonds in the United States. When you buy a stock, you do not receive a physical certificate. The DTC holds it for you, supposedly to make trading easier and more efficient. That is the story they tell the common folk.

The truth is far darker. This system strips individuals of direct ownership. Your assets are not truly yours. They are held in the name of the DTC, and if something goes wrong there, or with the financial institution managing your account, you will lose everything... own nothing... and the *Spider* will be very happy and satisfied.”

Adrian leaned forward, his voice sharp but tinged with a biting humor that masked the weight of his words. “And the DTC is not alone. Worldwide, there are institutions just like it... Euroclear in Belgium, Clearstream in Luxembourg, the Canadian Depository for Securities in Canada and more. These are central clearing parties, or CCPs.

Now, before anyone jumps to the wrong conclusion, no, we are not talking about the Chinese Communist Party here. Although, to be honest, the way these CCPs operate, they might as well be. They centralize ownership, strip individuals of control, and concentrate all

the power at the top. Whether in Beijing or Switzerland, the playbook seems eerily the same.”

Peter nodded, his voice hardening. “And it is not just about stocks and bonds. These CCPs are deeply entrenched in the derivatives markets. That is where the real danger lies. Derivatives are contracts that speculate on the future value of assets. On paper, they are supposed to reduce risk. In reality, they have created a mountain of liabilities.

The CCPs worldwide oversee tens of trillions in derivatives trades daily, but here is the terrifying part... the liabilities in the derivatives markets internationally amount to \$2 to \$4 quadrillion. That is quadrillion, with a ‘Q.’ And do you know what these CCPs have in reserves to cover potential failures? A few billion dollars, perhaps a few hundred billion worldwide if you pool them all together. It is like trying to stop a tidal wave with a paper umbrella.”

Adrian’s face darkened, and he added with quiet intensity, “This is the system Charles Dentzer built for the *Spider* with the DTC. Dentzer was not just digitizing stock certificates or streamlining transactions. He was building the infrastructure to centralize ownership, stripping individuals of their rights, and handing control to these CCPs. What the *Sleoples* think they own... stocks, bonds, ETFs and even real estate has been turned into a hollow concept of *Beneficial Ownership*.”

Peter leaned forward. “*Beneficial Ownership* means you do not truly own the underlining asset. You only have a claim to it... a weak, fungible claim. Again... fungible means it is interchangeable, indistinct, and pooled with everyone else’s so-called assets. This system reduces your assets to a number in a digital ledger, held by institutions like the DTC or its counterparts abroad.

These CCP institutions report to an even higher power... the Bank for International Settlements, or BIS, in Basel, Switzerland. This institution operates near the *Spider’s* lair, orchestrating and coordinating the entire *Spider’s* financial web... *The Financial Industrial Complex*. The BIS does not merely oversee these CCPs... it ensures they are tightly interconnected, creating a web where every strand supports the others. When the collapse comes, the BIS intends to position itself as the savior

of *The Financial Industrial Complex*. However, that salvation comes at a steep price... total control and the activation of *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0!*"

Adrian's tone grew harsher as he picked up the thread. "The CCPs are supposed to reduce risk by acting as intermediaries in trades. They step in between buyers and sellers, guaranteeing the trade even if one party defaults. It sounds like a good idea on paper. Here is the problem... instead of spreading risk, they concentrate it. These CCPs are the linchpins of the entire financial system. If one of them fails, it triggers a domino effect, collapsing *The Financial Industrial Complex*. And do not forget, they are undercapitalized. They cannot withstand the kind of financial shock that would hit during a major financial collapse."

Peter gestured emphatically. "And it is not just about undercapitalization. These CCPs have become tools of control. By centralizing ownership and funneling everything up to the BIS, they have effectively built a system where individuals have no sovereignty over their assets. This is the ultimate goal of the wicked *Spider's* web... to create a financial system where the individual owns nothing, and the *Spider* owns everything. This is not hyperbole. Welcome to *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0!*"

Adrian leaned in closer, his voice a mix of anger and frustration. "Think about what is intended to happen during a financial collapse. When one CCP fails, the entire system unravels. The derivatives market alone is so interconnected that one failure will bring down everything. And when that happens, who steps in? The BIS. They will claim to stabilize the system, but what they are really doing is consolidating control. The *Spider* will own all the world's assets, and the *Sleeples* will be left with nothing."

Peter's tone grew heavier, each word deliberate and final. "Why is this inevitable? Because *All Asset Bubbles* burst. Every fiat currency system in recorded history collapses. That is how they are designed. Fiat currency is debt-based, carrying within it the seeds of its own destruction from the moment of its inception. The *Spider* knows this. The *Spider* and its minions have been waiting for this moment, spinning

an intricate web to capture every asset when the collapse comes, leaving the ***Sleoples*** burdened with debt and trapped in permanent servitude.

This is not just a financial issue. It is about sovereignty... it is about life itself. This is Dentzer's legacy. He built the DTC to serve the ***Spider***, preparing for the day when the old fake fiat system collapses, and the ***Spider*** seizes everything. The collapse is not an accident... it has always been the ***Spider's Plan... The Endgame... 2050!***"

Adrian nodded solemnly, his voice carrying the chilling weight of an undeniable truth. "And when that day comes, the ***Sleoples*** will wake up far too late. They will realize they own nothing, and the ***Spider*** owns everything. This is the monstrous trap Dentzer built, and the CCPs have honed to a lethal perfection. The dominoes are lined up, the bubbles are ready to explode, and the ***Spider*** waits at the heart of its vast, intricate web. When the collapse happens, it will be swift, merciless, and total. The ***Spider*** will seize everything... every home, every stock, every piece of wealth... and humanity will find itself crushed under its boot, a thousand plus years of servitude laid out before them.

Except for the ***Sovereigns***. The ***Sovereigns***, those who dared to wake up, who reclaimed their power and prepared for this moment, will stand apart. They will not be caught in the ***Spider's*** trap. They will not kneel before its henchmen or beg for scraps from its table. The ***Sovereigns*** will have taken control of their lives, their assets, and their futures. They will be the last bastion of human freedom, unyielding, while the world succumbs to the ***Spider's*** iron grip and the ***Globalists'*** death cult."

Peter looked at his watch and leaned forward, his voice firm and clear. "Adrian... it is time we focus on the ***Spider's 'Weapons of Mass Destruction.'*** These are the tools they will use to destroy ***The Old Financial Industrial Complex*** and bring in ***The Spider's New World Order*** of total control. Humanity must be ready to face this head-on."

Adrian... nodded, his eyes steady with resolve. "Yes... I am ready for that deep dive next week, Peter. This is a fight we cannot avoid. As many of us... the ***Sovereigns*** must know the ***Spider's*** plan so we can stop it."

Both ***The Oracle of Abbotsford*** and ***The King of Main Street*** raised their mugs, the few remaining drops of their freshly brewed black coffee

swirling at the bottom. Their voices rang out strong and full of purpose as they declared... ***The Sovereign's Creed...*** a timeless pledge that has endured through the ages...

“To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!”

CHAPTER THIRTY TWO

WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION

Adrian C. Spitters... *The Oracle of Abbotsford* and Peter J. Merrick... *The King of Main Street* settled into their weekly conversation, the low hum of their video call signaling the start of another deep dive. Both men cradled mugs of strong Americano coffee, a deliberate upgrade from their usual brew. Tonight's discussion demanded clarity, energy, and focus.

Adrian leaned forward, the intensity in his eyes unmistakable. "Peter, we have danced around the edges of this for weeks, tonight we need to get to the heart of it. The *Spider's 'Weapons of Mass Destruction'* ... these are the tools designed not just to bring down *The Current Financial Industrial Complex*, but to lock humanity into *The Spider's New World Order* of total control. We have to uncover these mechanisms, piece by piece, if we are going to make sense of the web the *Spider* has been weaving."

Peter nodded, setting his mug down as if preparing for battle. "Adrian, I have thought about nothing else. These financial weapons are the hidden gears driving the collapse. They are engineered with preci-

sion, designed to dismantle the old financial systems while building a new one that will tighten the *Spider's* grip on humanity. This is not just a conversation... it is a dissection of the web. We need to name these tools and expose how they work from the inside out. The world may not realize it, time is quickly running out for team humanity, and every move the *Spider* and its henchmen make is part of a calculated plan.”

The atmosphere grew heavier, the weight of their mission settling over them. Their usual tone of camaraderie was replaced by an unspoken understanding of the seriousness of tonight's topic. Each sip of their strong coffee felt like fuel for the journey ahead... a journey into the dark, intricate workings of the *Spider's* financial arsenal. This was no longer a conversation... it was an excavation into the machinery of control, an unmasking of *The Spider's Weapons of Mass Destruction*... tools meticulously designed to shape humanity's future.

Both men felt the urgency, knowing the truths they uncovered tonight could not remain in the shadows. Both men felt an unshakable urge, a calling, to share their revelations. They knew the stakes were high, yet the need to awaken the *Sleoples* and rally their fellow *Sovereigns* burned deep within them. This was more than a duty... it was a mission to expose the hidden threads of control, to spark awareness, and to inspire action to halt this madness before it spiraled beyond redemption.

Adrian broke the silence, his gaze sharp and tone steady, cutting through the tension like a blade. “Switzerland, often romanticized as a land of chocolate and neutrality, is far from innocent. It is the beating heart of the *Spider's* worldwide web, the epicenter of weaponized organizations designed for the domination and destruction of humanity. At its core lies the Bank for International Settlements in Basel... the BIS... the private central bank for all private central banks. It orchestrates international monetary policies, manages reserves, and acts as the lender of last resort in crises.

On the surface, the BIS appears to be a force for stability, a neutral entity safeguarding international finance. Beneath that polished façade lies its true purpose... a tool of control, a mechanism meticulously engineered to centralize power and tighten the *Spider's* grip on the world.

Its reach is vast, its influence unchecked, and its agenda is anything but neutral.”

Peter gestured toward a map pinned to his wall in his office, with Basel marked prominently. “The BIS does more than oversee central banks. It sets international banking rules, like Basel III, which governs how much capital banks must hold. Since the COVID-19 pandemic, reserve requirements have been quietly erased, leaving the financial system even more fragile. For those who might not know, reserves are what banks are supposed to keep on hand to cover their liabilities... basically, the cash cushion to prevent bank runs and financial collapses. This entire system is built on a house of cards.”

Adrian leaned forward, his tone sharp. “And the BIS does not operate in isolation. Look at Switzerland. It houses the most influential diabolical organizations, all within proximity to the BIS. These institutions form the physical representation of the *Spider’s* lair. They are not neutral entities... they are the *Spider’s* tools of control and the *Weapons of Mass Destruction*. Each one plays a role in tightening the *Spider’s* web around humanity’s neck.”

“Adrian, let me begin listing the other organizations within the *Spider’s* nefarious *Globalist* web,” Peter said. “The United Nations Office at Geneva... the so-called Command Center for International Subjugation. It dictates international rules, stripping nations of their sovereignty piece by piece. Then there is the World Health Organization... the Syndicate of Manufactured Health Crises. Its role... engineering health emergencies to justify draconian controls, all while funneling wealth into the hands of pharmaceutical giants.

And let us not forget, many of these pharmaceutical companies trace their origins back to the same founders who established the private Federal Reserve in the United States... the Nazi chemical and drug company I.G. Farben.”

Adrian picked up the thread. “Do not forget the World Trade Organization. It is the Enforcer of Economic Domination, ensuring trade rules benefit only the most powerful corporations, while smaller nations are crushed under debt. And the International Labour Organization... a

wolf in sheep's clothing. It pretends to protect workers but is actually an architect of exploitation, ensuring a compliant international workforce of debt slaves."

Peter's voice grew darker, the weight of his words filling the room. "Then we have the International Telecommunication Union, the Architects of Total Surveillance. They control the flow of international communication infrastructure, embedding surveillance into systems to isolate dissent and ensure no opposing voices escape their watchful eyes. And the World Intellectual Property Organization... *The Monopoly Enforcer!* It systematically locks down creativity and innovation, hoarding ideas to ensure the masses remain perpetually dependent and ignorant to humanities true potential."

Adrian's tone grew stronger with conviction. "Even the International Committee of the Red Cross are headquartered in Switzerland. They wear a humanitarian mask, but their history tells a much darker story. During and after World War II, they aided Nazi criminals escaping Europe, issuing fake passports and turning a blind eye to forged documents. They helped funnel war criminals through the Ratlines... covert escape routes leading to safe havens like South America. Their selective interventions are often aligned with the political goals of the *Spider*, not genuine compassion."

Peter nodded solemnly, his tone dripping with disdain. "And right next to them is the World Economic Forum... the self-anointed Council of Unelected *Spider's Globalist* elites who have declared themselves humanity's masters. Masters of what? Masters of deception, destruction and death. They hide behind noble-sounding causes like saving the prison. Oh, I meant earth... while consolidating unprecedented power under the guise of combating climate change. It is not philanthropy... it is pure domination over humanity."

Let us not forget that in 2019, the World Economic Forum formalized their unholy alliance with the United Nations through a strategic partnership agreement. This partnership cemented their role in driving international narratives and policies, cloaking their sinister agenda in the language of sustainability and equity."

Adrian leaned forward, his voice sharp and cutting. “And Switzerland does not just house the WEF... it is also home to Ringier AG, a multinational media behemoth headquartered in Zurich. While the WEF is not a traditional media organization, its influence rivals any outlet. Through its summits, reports, and high-level partnerships, it shapes international narratives like a puppeteer pulling strings.

Ringier AG, with its vast reach across print, digital, and broadcasting, amplifies these narratives, creating an echo chamber that silences dissent and attempts to ensure only the **Spider’s** agenda is heard. Together, they form a sinister alliance of propaganda and control, weaving a web so tight that even many of the **Sovereigns**... cannot see it.”

Peter leaned forward, his tone sharp. “Then there is CERN... the so-called Gatekeepers of Forbidden Knowledge. Officially, they explore life’s greatest mysteries with their massive particle accelerator, the Large Hadron Collider. In reality, their breakthroughs are hoarded, weaponized, or suppressed, serving only the ruling elite and the **Spider’s** agenda. This is not about advancing humanity... it is all about consolidating power and control.

And where is CERN? Switzerland of course... right alongside the Bank for International Settlements and other **Spider** organizations. This is no accident. Their proximity ensures discoveries flow into the **Spider’s** web, tightening its grip. If life-changing advancements remain out of reach, it is because control over knowledge means control over humanity’s destiny.”

Adrian’s voice gained momentum, his tone practically oozing with sarcasm. “And let us not forget Gavi, the Vaccine Alliance... the Immunity Brokers. Led by none other than Bill Gates... oh **Yes**, Jeffrey Epstein’s BFF... bestie. The guy who probably has a secret island VIP handshake. Bill Gates, the world’s self-appointed doctor and apparently a dual expert in computer glitches and biological pathogens. What a genius Gates is... and wow, are the **Sleoples** ever lining up to prove just how gullible they are. Truly, what a time to be alive!”

Peter leaned forward, his eyes narrowing as his tone turned cold and deliberate. “You want to talk about Gavi? They don’t just peddle fake

vaccines... they wield them like weapons of control and death, fostering dependence under the guise of humanitarian aid while amassing obscene profits. This isn't about international health... it is all about domination and manipulation on a worldwide scale, wrapped in a façade of altruism and sold with a smug smile and a TED Talk.

Remember Bill Gates' 2010 TED Talk? That infamous moment when he let it slip... vaccines, he claimed, could help reduce the world population by 15%. And that wasn't enough for him. Gates at his TED Talk also spoke of controlling world population through so-called improved healthcare and reproductive health services. This isn't philanthropy... it's a sinister plan to cull and control humanity, hidden behind a mask of progressiveness, health care and compassion. The *Spider's Globalist* agenda becomes unmistakably clear for those willing to pay attention to what the *Spider's* henchmen say and do in public and private. It is not just manipulative... it is diabolical and pure evil."

Adrian's voice grew sharper, cutting through the weight of their revelations. "And then there is the UNHCR, the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees. They do not work to alleviate suffering but instead manage permanent displacement, keeping refugees in a state of perpetual limbo. This calculated instability destabilizes entire regions, justifying what they call centralized border control or let us call it what it truly is... the destruction of national borders. It is a carefully orchestrated plan paving the way for an even greater consolidation of power into the hands of the few."

Peter took a deep breath, his expression hardening. "All these organizations, and many more, are conveniently located in Switzerland. This is no coincidence. Switzerland's so-called neutrality during World War II was a façade, a convenient cover for laundering Nazi wealth and facilitating their escape. Switzerland's private financial institutions safeguarded stolen Gold, much of it looted from Holocaust victims.

The Ratlines... covert escape routes used by fleeing Nazis during World War II... ran through Swiss territories, enabling war criminals to evade justice. Even after the war, Swiss banks maintained their infamous secrecy, refusing to return stolen assets to their rightful owners and ensur-

ing that wealth looted during the Holocaust and other atrocities remained hidden in the shadows.”

Adrian added, his tone grim and unwavering, “And now, Switzerland plays the same role on a worldwide scale that it has historically performed for the **Spider’s** agenda through the centuries... a hub of shadowy coordination and quiet complicity. The BIS sits atop this pyramid, orchestrating these organizations like a conductor leading a dark symphony. The **Spider’s** lair is no myth... it is right there in Switzerland, with the BIS at its core. This is no coincidence... it is by design.

The BIS ensures that these entities work in seamless concert, laying the groundwork for the collapse of **The Old Financial Industrial Complex**. When this collapse arrives, it will be chaos for the **Sleoples**... it will be the execution of **The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0**. It will usher in the **Spider’s New World Order** where the **Spider** controls everything, and humanity is left owning nothing... not even the sanctity of our own bodies.”

Peter’s voice grew bolder. “When the collapse happens and it will... the BIS will try to emerge as the savior, offering stability in exchange for total control. The dominoes are lined up, the **All Asset Bubbles** are primed to burst, and the **Spider** waits to devour everything. The **Sleoples** will wake up too late, finding themselves trapped in a world where they own nothing.”

Adrian leaned back, his expression grim. “And the only ones who will stand against this are the **Sovereigns**... those of us... who have taken back control of our lives... our assets... and our sovereignty. We are the last bastion of freedom against the **Spider’s** evil agenda.”

Peter’s eyes narrowed, his voice carrying a chilling resolve. “This is why we must expose this crime against humanity. The BIS is not just the private central bank of the central banksters... it is the **Spider’s** most visible agent within **The Financial Industrial Complex**. And the institutions surrounding it are not neutral... they are part of the plan to strip humanity of all its freedom, wealth, sovereignty and life. If we do nothing, the web will close, the **Spider** will own everything, and we will have been complicit to this crime.”

Leaning forward, Adrian agreed. “**Yes...** and the trigger for the collapse that will set off ***The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*** is already embedded within the financial system. It is hiding in plain sight, masquerading as progress and innovation, while it tightens its noose around international markets. The fuse has been lit, and what comes next will make the Great Depression and the 2008 financial crisis look like a dress rehearsal. This is not just a crisis waiting to happen... it is a catastrophe engineered to reshape the financial world... life... and the entirety of humanity.”

Peter’s gaze hardened as Adrian’s words sank in. He leaned back momentarily, then spoke with deliberate precision. “We are talking about derivatives. Specifically, Exchange-Traded Funds... ETFs. These are not just investment tools... they are ***The Financial Weapons of Mass Destruction*** Warren Buffett warned about in his 2002 letter to Berkshire Hathaway shareholders. What you are describing is the very mechanism by which these seemingly innocuous instruments are poised to detonate, unleashing chaos far greater than anything we’ve seen before in recorded human history.

Back in 2002, Warren Buffett said, ***‘Derivatives are Financial Weapons of Mass Destruction, carrying dangers that, while now latent, are potentially lethal.’*** He was right. Those derivatives unleashed chaos in 2008, and what we face now is a crisis a hundred times the magnitude. The total derivatives market is estimated to be between \$2 and \$4 quadrillion. ***Quadrillion!*** And ETFs are the matchstick that will ignite it all.”

Adrian paused to emphasize the significance of Buffett’s warning. “Warren Buffett is not just any investor. He is one of the most successful figures in the financial world of all times, known as the ‘Oracle of Omaha.’ His investment philosophy is rooted in value... owning real companies and tangible assets with strong fundamentals. When someone of his stature calls derivatives... ***The Financial Weapons of Mass Destruction***, we must sit up and take notice. Buffett foresaw the dangers before the 2008 financial crisis, and now those same risks have multiplied exponentially.”

Peter’s face darkened as he absorbed Adrian’s words. “Adrian, the scale of this is unimaginable. This is not just a bubble. This is the mother of ***All***

Asset Bubbles. And ETFs, these so-called marvels of modern investing, are most likely the kindling that will ignite the blaze.”

Adrian’s voice grew more intense, his urgency palpable. “ETFs are hailed as the ultimate in convenience... versatile financial instruments touted as diversified, low-cost, and liquid. They have revolutionized investing for the common folk and institutions alike. ETFs all began in Canada, where the Toronto Stock Exchange introduced the world’s first ETF in 1990... the Toronto 35 Index Participation Units, or TIPs. Even then, Canada had long been ensnared and captured by the **Spider’s Globalist** elites, who used such innovations to tighten their grip on international markets.

ETFs are not what they seem. Many ETFs, particularly the synthetic and leveraged ones, do not even hold the actual assets they claim to track. Instead, they replicate performance using derivatives... financial instruments like swaps that rely on counterparties to deliver returns.”

Peter leaned forward, his tone instructive. “Swaps are simple agreements where two parties trade financial promises. For example, one party might agree to pay a fixed interest rate, while the other pays a rate that changes over time. Or they might exchange the performance of one investment for another, such as the value of stocks, bonds, real estate, or commodities like oil contracts.”

Adrian nodded, picking up the thread. “These deals are the backbone of synthetic ETFs, which rely on swaps to mimic the value of real assets... like shares in companies, physical goods, or properties. Here is the catch... these promises are only as strong as the financial institutions backing them. If those ETFs falter, the already fragile financial institutions will crumble like a sandcastle against the tide. And when they go down, **The Financial Industrial Complex** collapses with them, leaving investors exposed to risks they never even realized they were taking.”

Peter cut in, his tone firm. “Synthetic ETFs are really just based on hope and belief. They are like a shaky bridge, engineered financial instruments that only work as long as the banks and other financial institutions behind them remain financially secure. Those institutions are already buried in risky bets and debts they cannot handle or repay. If things start

to go wrong, these ETFs will crash, and the damage will spread like falling dominoes through *The Financial Industrial Complex*.”

Adrian nodded, his voice grim. “And that is where the Central Counterparties... the CCPs come in. These securities clearinghouses are supposed to manage risk by acting as intermediaries in derivatives trades. In reality, they are massive reservoirs of systemic risk. All the derivatives, all the synthetic ETFs, all the toxic assets... they flow through the CCPs. If one counterparty defaults, the CCPs are on the hook. When the CCPs fail, *The Financial Industrial Complex* will come crashing down on itself... setting off *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*.”

Peter leaned forward, his voice filled with dread. “It is a domino effect. Synthetic ETFs implode, CCPs are overwhelmed, and suddenly, margin calls and collateral demands trigger a cascade of liquidations. Equities, bonds, commodities, real estate, cryptocurrencies... everything will get dragged down. The liquidity evaporates. Markets freeze. And the *Sleoples*... ordinary investors who trusted this system are left with nothing.”

Adrian’s eyes burned with intensity. “And the risk does not stop there. The CCPs may appear to be the ultimate backstop, but the truth is even more chilling. All the risk concentrated in the CCPs flows upward to the Bank for International Settlements... the BIS. The so-called ‘private central bank of private central banks.’ The BIS sits at the top of this pyramid of risk, pretending to oversee and stabilize *The Financial Industrial Complex*. This is all kabuki theater. The BIS does not have the capital to cover even a fraction of the risks it supposedly manages.”

Peter’s voice grew heavier, tinged with determination to get this truth out. “It is all a charade. The BIS gives the illusion of control, security and safety, but it is nothing more than a façade for the *Spider’s* true intention. When the CCPs fail, the risk flows straight to Basel, Switzerland, where the **BIS** sits near the center of the *Spider’s* web. The BIS cannot back-stop... bailout the entire *Financial Industrial Complex*. It never could. The collapse is not just possible... it is inevitable.”

Adrian’s tone was final, chilling. “And when the CCPs collapse, the BIS will step forward as the so-called savior. They will claim that only a

New World Financial Order can restore stability. But their solution will be *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*... where everything, from your savings to your property to your very autonomy, is taken. The *Sleoples* will wake up too late, realizing they own nothing... not even their own bodies or DNA.”

Peter’s voice dropped, filled with quiet resolve. “And the *Spider* waits. The BIS ensures the entire *Financial Industrial Complex* remains interconnected, so no part of it can fail without pulling the rest down with it. When the dust settles, The *Spider* will impose their new system. A system where every asset, every resource, every ounce of control is consolidated in its hands.”

Adrian’s voice cut through the silence like a knife. “And that is the most terrifying part. This is not a failure of the system... it is the plan... it has always been the *Spider’s* plan. The ETFs, the derivatives, the CCPs, the BIS... They are the tools of this engineered collapse. And the BIS stands ready to turn this crisis into an opportunity to cement the *Spider’s* power.”

Peter concluded, his voice calm but unwavering. “That is why we must act now. Gold, real assets, anything tangible... these are the life-lines. When the collapse arrives, only those who are prepared will survive. For everyone else, the *Spider’s* web will become their prison and their final executioner.”

Adrian leaned back. “Peter, it is getting late. Let us pause here and pick this up next Wednesday night. The *Spider* has woven a web for the *Financial Enslavement* of humanity that is nearly complete, its strands tightening faster than most can comprehend. There is still so much to uncover, layers of the *Spider’s* insidious plan that must be exposed. To confront the enormity of what lies ahead, we need sharp minds and complete focus.”

Peter nodded in agreement, the intensity of the conversation settling into a shared understanding. “Next week, then...”

Both men lifted their mugs of steaming Americano coffee in a solemn and deliberate gesture, a quiet acknowledgment of the weight of their words and the moment they shared. *The King of Main Street* and *The*

Oracle of Abbotsford exchanged a knowing glance, their expressions firm with purpose. Then, with voices steady, resolute, and filled with conviction, they spoke the universal battle cry of the ages... in perfect unison... ***The Sovereign's Creed...***

“To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!”

CHAPTER THIRTY THREE

FINANCIAL ENSLAVEMENT

Peter J. Merrick... *The King of Main Street* and Adrian C. Spitters... *The Oracle of Abbotsford* reconnected for their weekly Wednesday night video call, each cradling a sobering Americano coffee. The atmosphere was thick with purpose, their conversation poised to delve into the recurring patterns of history and the lessons ignored.

Adrian leaned forward, his eyes narrowing thoughtfully as he broke the stillness of their shared screens. Then, as if struck by a lighter thought, he leaned back, a smile spreading across his face. “Before we delve into tonight’s topic on *Financial Enslavement*, there is something I have been meaning to ask you for a longtime. Everyone I know in the financial services industry calls you *The King of Main Street*. It is such a fitting title... championing the common folk over the elites in *The Financial Industrial Complex*. I have to know... when did that name first stick on you?”

Peter paused, his expression softening with reflection. “That title was first given to me by a great colleague of ours, Dr. Thomas Deans.”

Adrian’s eyes lit up. “Tom Deans... I have attended his webinars and corresponded with him over the years. He is one of the most generous

and thoughtful individuals I have come to know, always sharing his wisdom without hesitation.”

Peter nodded, his voice carrying a tone of deep respect. “**Yes...** I could not agree more. I first met Tom in 2008, just before he published his groundbreaking book, *Every Family’s Business*. It remains the all-time best-selling book on family succession planning, read by millions, and recognized by *The New York Times* as one of the top ten books business owners should read. Tom later followed it up with *Willing Wisdom* and *The Happy Inheritor*. Each of these books is a masterpiece... offering insights that are practical and deeply transformative for families and business owners alike.

When Tom and I first connected, I was struck by how practical and lived Tom’s advice was. He was not an outsider theorizing about business succession planning... Tom had lived it, successfully transitioning his family’s multimillion-dollar business. His belief that selling the private family business protects family wealth, values and relationships... his original message resonated deeply within me.”

Peter continued, “At the time when I first met Tom, I was working on putting together a textbook for LexisNexis, my academic and legal publisher on business succession and estate planning with 54 other contributors. They were all published authors and experts in law, tax, estate planning, investments, business succession, philanthropy, cross-border planning, insurance and much more. I reached out to Tom, asking if he would like to contribute his practical insights on the topic of family dynamics and selling the family business. Not only did Tom agree... his input elevated the entire project. His insights stood out because they came from a place of experience... not theory.”

Adrian leaned forward, curiosity etched on his face. “So, how did the name... *The King of Main Street* stick on you? It started out as just the title of your fourth book?”

Peter smiled, a warmth spreading across his face. “When I began writing my first business narrative book... *The King of Main Street*, Tom was pivotal. He encouraged me to shift my focus away from writing for professionals and instead write for the men and women on *Main*

Street... the true backbone of our economy. Tom guided me through the entire self-publishing process and even helped refine significant sections of the book. After I sent him an advanced copy, he called me up and wanted for the two of us to meet for lunch.

During our meal, Tom shared how much he enjoyed reading the book, particularly the title. He said, “Peter, I loved reading your book so much, and I believe, from now on, your name will become synonymous and interchangeable with the name... ***The King of Main Street***. You have written a book that celebrates the true heroes of the economy... the business owners who keep everything running.” Hearing that from Tom meant the world to me. From that moment on, the name stuck. Whenever I spoke at conferences, appeared on radio, television, or podcasts, and gave keynote speeches, the hosts began introducing me as ***The King of Main Street***.”

Adrian raised his coffee, a grin spreading across his face. “That name fits you perfectly. ***The King of Main Street*** is not just a title... it is who you have become. You have always steered clear of the financial centers like Wall Street and, for us Canadians... Bay Street, choosing instead to serve and champion the individuals who truly matter... the regular folk who keep our economy running. Honestly, you remind me of John Galt from Ayn Rand’s *Atlas Shrugged*... representing individualism and the everyman and everywoman who sustain a healthy and free society.”

Adrian paused, a thoughtful silence stretching between both men. Peter looked up, sensing something significant in the air. Adrian leaned forward slightly, his tone serious yet very warm.

“You know, Peter,” Adrian began, his voice steady, “***The King of Main Street***... I always thought it was a fitting title. However, you have become far more than that. I have come to realize it does not fully capture who you have become. I have watched you quietly mentor and guide countless younger individuals, sharing your incredible depth of knowledge, profound insights and well earned wisdom. You take genuine satisfaction in helping others reach their full potential and to create worthy legacies. And it is not just the younger generation who benefit from your gift of time and wisdom. Your words and actions resonate

deeply with seasoned businessmen, businesswomen, and the common folk alike.”

Adrian took a long pause, his tone filled with genuine admiration and reverence. “Peter, what sets you apart is the way you give... freely, sincerely, and without expectation. Through your writings, teachings, consulting, and speaking, you share wisdom so naturally that it defines who you are.

In my sincere opinion... Peter, I do not think you even realize the impact you have on others...lifting them up comes so naturally to you that it has become a part of who you are. This is woven into every fiber of your being. You are not only... ***The King of Main Street***... you are a ***Sage***... ***The Sage of Main Street***. From now on, that is the title I will use when I refer to you, because it truly reflects the significant impact you have had on others.”

Peter felt the weight of Adrian’s words settle over him, his usual composure giving way to something much deeper...a quiet realization. He leaned back, searching for the right response, but for once, the words did not come easy to him. Humbled, Peter lowered his gaze, feeling a mix of gratitude and humility wash over him. When he finally spoke, his voice was softer, almost hesitant. “Thank you, Adrian... I do not know if I deserve your kind words... it means more than I can say... especially coming from you.”

The two men sat in thoughtful silence, allowing the weight of Adrian’s words to linger in the air. In that quiet moment, no words were needed... the stillness spoke of mutual respect, profound admiration, and the enduring bond of their deep and profound friendship.

Adrian leaned forward, his expression growing serious as he steered the conversation back to the topic they had discussed the previous week... the ***Financial Enslavement*** of humanity. “We are seeing the same patterns repeat themselves,” Adrian began. “Just like in the 1930s during what is now called ***The Great Financial Confiscation 1.0***. It started with the Stock Market Crash of 1929, and by the early 1930s, ***The Financial Industrial Complex*** had ground to a halt. The parallels to today are impossible to ignore.”

Nine thousand banks failed in the United States, wealth evaporated, and much of the common folks' property was consolidated under the control of the private Federal Reserve. Those who believed their assets were secure lost everything... bank accounts, investments, even their sense of financial stability. Their debts, however, were not forgiven, and to add insult to injury, the Gold they held in those financial institutions was seized, stripping them of their last vestige of true value."

The weight of Adrian's words hung between them, the echoes of history casting a long shadow over the present.

Peter's expression darkened, his tone deliberate. "We spoke about Executive Order 6102 before. Issued by Franklin D. Roosevelt, the 32nd President of the United States, on April 5, 1933, it was not about stabilizing the economy... it was about raw control. By criminalizing private ownership of Gold and forcing citizens to surrender it under threat of law, the *Spider's* captured government seized real wealth, consolidating power under the guise of economic recovery.

This followed the Bank Holiday of March 6, 1933, when U.S. banks were closed, freezing out the common folk's access to their funds. The true target was not the Gold secured at home in individuals' possession but rather the Gold held in banks and other financial institutions on behalf of the common folk. Those who trusted these institutions to safeguard their wealth were betrayed, as the Gold was handed over to the U.S. government by these financial institutions. In exchange for their Gold, individuals received fake fiat currency... a hollow substitute for their tangible wealth. This event laid the foundation for the centralized fake fiat currency system that governs our financial lives today."

Adrian nodded solemnly, his voice grim. "That trust in the U.S. government and financial institutions was severed forever. The Gold... bars, bullion, coins... all tangible wealth that individuals believed were safe in these financial institutions became collateral for the government's debts. Those who held their Gold in their own possession did not have it confiscated.

Those who trusted their financial institutions to hold and store their Gold had it seized and handed over to the captured government. These

individuals were handed fiat currency in return, money backed by nothing tangible, only broken promises. This confiscation laid the foundation for the corrupt fiat system we live under today, a system that has only centralized control further.”

Peter’s tone grew heavier as he added, “What the common folk did not realize at the time was that this was not just about economic recovery from the Great Depression. It was about dismantling individual sovereignty. The *Spider’s* captured government and private Federal Reserve attempted to eliminate the ability of the common folk to hold assets beyond the *Spider’s* reach. *The Great Financial Confiscation 1.0* was not just a reaction to the crisis... it was a calculated maneuver of the *Spider* to consolidate power and set the stage for *The Financial Industrial Complex* we are investigating today.”

Adrian leaned closer, his voice growing sharper. “Fast forward to today, and the mechanisms the *Spider’s* elites used have been refined and greatly expanded. What we are facing now... what is being called *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0* is a sinister operation of unprecedented scale. This is not merely a repeat of history... it is a ten-thousandfold escalation. We are talking about the total annihilation of personal ownership, liberty, freedom, sovereignty and life itself.

This time around, during *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*, the *Spider* will not merely attempt to confiscate Gold... it is extending its reach to every realm of life. Land, investments, digital holdings, even tokenized assets, including our very DNA... this time nothing will be spared.”

Peter’s tone was firm, his words deliberate. “Except for what *Sovereigns* can physically hold in their own hands, such as Gold or other tangible assets, everything else will be cataloged and controlled. The tools of today... surveillance, regulations, and digital compliance are of unparalleled precision, designed to reach into every corner of our lives.

This is not just control... it is the systematic erasure of sovereignty, a calculated effort to make freedom an illusion. Tokenized assets are the perfect trap. They are digital representations of real things... homes, art, stocks, land and DNA... broken into fragments and traded on platforms

that the **Spider** owns. Under the guise of convenience, the **Spider** is weaving its web tighter through what it is having the **Sleoples** call the Internet of Things.”

Adrian’s voice sharpened, carrying the weight of finality. “Every asset will be logged, monitored, and tethered to **The New Digitalized Financial Industrial Complex**. What the **Spider** and its henchmen are building around all of us now is not a financial system... it is a literal **Digital Prison**. A prison where no asset, no movement, no bodily autonomy, and no choice escapes the **Spider’s** control system’s watchful eye. This is not just a **Reset**... it has always been the **Spider’s** endgame.”

Peter paused, his gaze dark and unwavering as he spoke with chilling conviction. “In 1933, the confiscation of Gold severed the public’s connection to tangible wealth, paving the way for centralized control under a fake fiat system. Today, we stand on the precipice of something far more catastrophic. The derivatives market, bloated to an incomprehensible \$2 to \$4 quadrillion, is a powder keg waiting to explode.

Exchange Traded Funds, or ETFs, are the fuse... these are **The Financial Weapons of Mass Destruction**, as Warren Buffett forewarned in 2002. When this system first explodes and then collapses, it will not simply echo the Great Depression... it will dwarf it, unleashing a worldwide financial cataclysm of unparalleled and unimaginable magnitude.”

Adrian’s voice turned cold, each word heavy with forewarning. “And just like in 1933, a year that saw not only the confiscation of Gold in America and also the rise of Adolf Hitler and the Nazi Party in Germany, history seems to echo with the **Spider’s** sinister intent. The very institutions that the **Sleoples** trust today... investment platforms, cryptocurrencies, digital wallets, banks, and other financial entities will be the first to capitulate when the collapse comes.

These **Spider’s** controlled financial institutions and digital platforms will not act to safeguard their clients... these institutions will act to save themselves. The **Sleoples** who hold steadfast beliefs that their wealth is secure with their current advisors and financial institutions, debt-free, and untouchable will find themselves betrayed. They will discover, far too late, that **The Financial Industrial Complex** was never built for their

benefit, but as a trap designed to ensnare their assets... bodies... minds... and souls.”

Peter nodded, his gaze steadfast. “**Yes!** This is not speculation... this is precedent. *The Great Financial Confiscation 1.0* was the blueprint. The confiscation of Gold in 1933 was not just about wealth... it was about consolidating control. Now, as we face *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*, the same principles apply, only the scale has grown exponentially. It is not just Gold... it is everything. And this time, the safety nets... the financial institutions, the private central banks, the CCPs, and the BIS... are mere illusions of security. They cannot cover the risks they have created and hidden.”

Adrian leaned back, his voice steady yet grim. “In the United States, it all started in 1913 with the passing of the Federal Reserve Act. That was when control over the nation’s money supply was handed over from the U.S. government, which was meant to represent the people, to a corrupt private central banking system. In 1933, Executive Order 6102 forced Americans to surrender their Gold, stripping individuals of real money and replacing it with hollow, fake paper promises.”

Peter nodded, his expression serious. “**Yes...** and let us not forget that in 1971, Executive Order 11615 severed the U.S. dollar from Gold. President Nixon ended the Gold Standard, turning the dollar into a pure fake fiat currency. That was when money lost all connection to real value, setting the stage for a financial system built on illusion, deceit and manipulation.”

Adrian leaned forward, his tone darkening. “Today, the derivatives market, the rise of digital assets, and the collapse of trust in *The Financial Industrial Complex* are setting the world up for a crisis of unimaginable scale. *The Black Widow Spider*... physically housed in Switzerland... anchored by the BIS... sits at the center of the web, waiting. When the collapse comes, it will execute its final plan... *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*.”

Peter’s voice carried a solemn warning. “If the public... the *Sleoples* remain blind and deaf to the lessons of the past, they will fall victim again. *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0* is no longer a possibility... it is

an inevitability. Those who fail to prepare will lose everything, just as they did in the 1930s during ***The Great Financial Confiscation 1.0***. This time it will be much worse.”

Adrian added, his voice steady yet haunting, his words carrying the weight of the ugly reality of a total collapse of ***The Financial Industrial Complex***. “The only way to survive what is coming... ***The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*** is to reclaim our own sovereignty before this collapse of everything. This means owning and accumulating tangible assets... land, Gold, and anything that cannot be erased or controlled by the ***Spider’s*** centralized control systems.

History is not merely repeating itself... it is accelerating. The ***Spider’s*** web has been woven tighter than ever, entangling humanity in its sinister design. Yet, those who understand this blueprint of control, those we call ***Sovereigns***, still have the opportunity to break free. The looming question is this... will the ***Sleoples*** awaken to the urgency of this impending disaster and act in time to escape the trap that the ***Spider*** has tightly woven and set for all of humanity?”

Peter leaned back, his expression grave, his words precise and deliberate. “The ***Sleoples*** love their illusion of security. They entrust their financial well-being to institutions and advisors who themselves are asleep... complicit in a system that never prioritized their best interests. This misplaced trust is the very foundation of the ***Spider’s*** web. It is a ruthless deception... a calculated betrayal... designed to keep the ***Sleoples*** sedated and blind while the jaws of the trap tighten. And when it finally snaps shut, there will be no escape for those who are unprepared.”

Adrian’s gaze sharpened, his voice cutting through the silence. “***Yes...*** I completely agree. The ***Sleoples*** have been lulled into a dangerous sense of safety. They believe their fake fiat money in banks and investment platforms is untouchable because of so-called safeguards like the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation in the United States (FDIC). The ***Sleoples*** have been told that their deposits are insured up to \$250,000. Yet, the FDIC’s reserve of \$125 billion is dwarfed by the \$10 trillion it claims to insure. Recent bank failures like Silicon Valley Bank have likely depleted

all the remaining reserve funds in the FDIC. The reality is stark... the *Sleoples* safety net is non-existent.”

Peter’s tone grew darker. “This illusion of protection is not limited to the United States. The Canada Deposit Insurance Corporation (CDIC), the United Kingdom’s Financial Services Compensation Scheme (FSCS), and the European Union’s Deposit Guarantee Scheme Directive (DGSD) all operate under the same fragile framework, and they have insufficient reserves as does the American FDIC.

These institutions were never built to withstand a systemic collapse of *The Financial Industrial Complex*. The grim reality is that the *Sleoples* are blissfully unaware, their blind faith in these institutions are tragically misplaced. This unwavering trust will lead to nothing less than their financial ruin and their ultimate descent into personal servitude to the *Spider* and its *Globalist* elites.”

Adrian leaned forward. “This misplaced faith extends far beyond banks and other financial institutions. It also includes financial advisors who are either blind to the truth or unwilling to confront it. Most advisors are so compartmentalized that they only see a narrow slice of *The Financial Industrial Complex*.

They lack the perspective to detect the rot festering at its core or the understanding to comprehend the larger, more sinister *Spider’s* web. The vast majority of today’s advisors do not realize or choose to ignore that the next collapse will not simply be another financial downturn. *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0* will herald in the complete dismantling and the end of personal ownership within *The Financial Industrial Complex*.”

Peter leaned back, the weight of the conversation heavy on his shoulders. His voice carried both urgency and deep regret. “Adrian, I hate to cut this short, I have an early client meeting tomorrow that I need to prepare for. Next week, we must fully dedicate ourselves to exposing... *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0!* It is the *Spider’s* masterstroke, and we cannot take it lightly. It demands our full and complete attention. Anything else would be irresponsible.”

Adrian’s eyes narrowed, his tone darkening. “*Yes...* you are so right. This is no ordinary topic. Next week, we dive into the heart of it... how

the ***Spider*** plans to seize everything. Land, digital assets, tokenized holdings, and human DNA... nothing will be spared. This is their endgame, and we must expose it for what it is.”

Both ***The Sage of Main Street*** and ***The Oracle of Abbotsford*** raised their mugs of Americano coffee in a solemn ritual. Their voices, steady yet charged with purpose, echoed with the weight of conviction as they declared in unison the sacred words passed down through the ages... ***The Sovereign’s Creed...***

“To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!”

The weight of what awaited them next week hung heavy in the air as they signed off. The anticipation of their next call’s revelations looming like a storm gathering on the horizon.

CHAPTER THIRTY FOUR

THE GREAT FINANCIAL CONFISCATION 2.0

The regular Wednesday night video call flickered to life, casting a dim glow over two determined figures... Peter J. Merrick... *The Sage of Main Street*... and Adrian C. Spitters... *The Oracle of Abbotsford*. Their mugs, filled with triple shots of espresso coffee, marked the seriousness of this evening's discussion ahead. The air was thick with the weight of anticipation, their usual camaraderie overshadowed by the significance of tonight's topic.

Tonight, they would confront the *Spider's* most insidious plan yet... *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*. The collapse of *The Financial Industrial Complex* was no longer a matter of "if" but "when," and *The Spider's New World Order* loomed on the horizon... a world where the *Sleoples* own nothing, and the *Spider* owns and controls everything, basking in complete domination over humanity.

Peter broke the heavy silence, his voice sharp and unyielding, cutting through the tension like a blade. "Adrian, when the collapse comes... and it will come... and come quick... the tools have already been put

in place to allow the *Spider* to tighten its grip worldwide. One of the *Spider's* most insidious tools for confiscation is the use of bail-outs and bail-ins. These are not solutions... they are weapons. A bail-out uses taxpayer funds to rescue failing banks, shifting the cost of corruption and mismanagement directly onto the public purse... onto the common folk.

A bail-in is even more sinister. It forces banks and other financial institutions to seize ownership of their own depositors' funds, using them to stabilize their balance sheets during financial crises... the very individuals who trusted these institutions... to absorb the losses. These mechanisms do not save the common folk... they sacrifice them to preserve the financial institutions. It is theft, plain and simple, disguised as stabilization. *The Financial Industrial Complex* is rotting from top to bottom, from the inside out... and the *Spider* feeds on that decay."

Adrian leaned forward. "Peter, the *Spider* has perfected the art of turning crises into opportunities for control. Bail-outs make the public complicit, forcing them to shoulder the burden of financial institutional greed and recklessness. Bail-ins, on the other hand, destroy trust, leaving depositors defenseless as their wealth is siphoned away under the guise of preserving *The Financial Industrial Complex*. It is a masterstroke of manipulation... masking theft as necessity while eroding the very foundations of personal sovereignty."

Peter nodded, his expression unrelenting. "*Yes*... Adrian, this is the *Spider's* endgame. The *Spider* thrives on decay and despair, using these tools to consolidate power, to weave its web tighter until there is no escape. The *Sleoples* must learn to understand that these bail-out and bail-in policies are not temporary measures... they are calculated moves to ensure total control. And if we do not expose this now, the collapse will not just be financial... it will be the end of freedom and human life as we know it."

Adrian's voice grew sharper, a chilling intensity underscoring his words. "And let us not forget... this was no abstract theory. The small nation-state of Cyprus was the warning shot, a carefully calculated test. In 2013, the financial crisis there unfolded like a grim rehearsal, offering

the world a harrowing glimpse of what is to come. Large depositors in Cypriot banks... individuals who believed their wealth was secure... woke up to discover their funds confiscated under the guise of a bail-in theft.

Bank depositors' money was forcibly converted into worthless stock of failing Cypriot financial institutions, all to stabilize failing banks. This was no isolated incident. It was a deliberate trial run to see if the ***Sleoples*** would rebel against such brazen theft. When they did not, it validated the ***Spider's*** strategy, embedding these mechanisms into legislation worldwide, primed and ready to strike again when the moment comes."

Peter's words were heavy with warning, his tone carrying the weight of undeniable truth. "And it will come... make no mistake, the ***Spider*** has been weaving this web for decades with precision and patience. This time, it is not just deposits at risk. The target is everything... land, investments, digital holdings... every asset that can be tokenized and placed under centralized control.

The tools of enforcement of ***The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*** are already in place... surveillance networks that watch every move, regulations that tighten the noose, and digital compliance systems that ensure no one escapes. The ***Sleoples***, blissfully unaware, are sleepwalking straight into a trap designed to strip them of every last shred of sovereignty and ownership."

Adrian's voice took on a chilling edge. "And the financial advisors who should be guiding their clients to safety are doing nothing. They are as blind as their clients, offering no contingency plans, no strategies to escape the collapse. They continue to funnel money into the same failing systems, oblivious to the dangers that lie ahead."

Peter's expression darkened, his voice steady. "Adrian, let us talk about Safe Harbor laws. This is one of the most insidious mechanisms the ***Spider*** has woven into its web. Safe Harbor laws were introduced under the guise of stabilizing ***The Financial Industrial Complex***, their true purpose was never to protect the common folk.

These laws exist to shield financial institutions and secured cred-

itors... primarily the large banks, institutional investors, and private equity firms. These are the *Spider's* enforcers. They are the ones who benefit, not the *Sleoples* who blindly put their trust in the system.”

Adrian leaned forward, his words sharp and deliberate. “And here is the linchpin to this scam... secured creditors are not the common folk. These are the institutions that have lent money or taken positions against the assets held by financial entities. They are at the top of the pecking order when the collapse happens. Safe Harbor laws give these creditors the first and often only claim to assets when a financial institution fails. Meanwhile, the common folk... depositors, investors, retirees, and pensioners are left with absolutely nothing. It is legalized theft.”

Peter nodded, his frustration evident. “*Yes*... Adrian, let us explain the contrast. In a normal bankruptcy, the process is designed to distribute a failing entity’s assets fairly among all stakeholders. That includes creditors, employees, shareholders, and anyone else owed money. There is an order of priority, *Yes*... but it is regulated and includes provisions to protect individuals, ensuring they are not completely financially wiped out. For example, depositors or smaller creditors might be given some level of preference to mitigate their losses.”

Adrian’s tone grew sharper. “Safe Harbor laws throw all of that out the window. These laws are not just loopholes... they are *Financial Weapons of Mass Destruction*, designed to carve out exceptions for the biggest financial players... the ones favored by the private Federal Reserve, other private central banks and the Bank of International Settlement, which have always been owned and operated by the *Spider*. Its secured creditors are granted unparalleled power, bypassing the normal bankruptcy process entirely. It is not just corruption... it is systemic control, built into the very fabric of international financial law.”

Peter’s expression darkened, his voice hardening. “In cases of bankruptcy or financial collapse, these so-called designated preferred creditors are legally entitled to seize assets immediately, without waiting for a court to oversee the distribution of assets. There is no due process, no oversight... just raw power. It is a system meticulously designed to ensure that the most powerful entities and their unelected, corrupt

elites protect the **Spider's** interests without scrutiny or delay. It's not just a safety net for them... it's a stranglehold on everyone else... the common folk."

Adrian leaned forward, his tone chilling in its finality. "This creates a glaring double standard. Everyday folks are left completely exposed, stripped of any protections, with no Safe Harbor of their own. Their savings, investments, homes and even retirement accounts are reduced to mere collateral in this rigged system. These laws were never designed to protect the public... they were engineered from the outset to serve the **Spider's** agenda... ensuring that the wealth and assets of the common folk are always within its reach, feeding its insatiable web of control. This is not just financial manipulation... it is economic enslavement."

Peter leaned forward, his voice carrying a chilling clarity. "Think about what that means. Under normal bankruptcy laws, there would at least be a chance for the common folk to recover something. Safe Harbor laws erase that chance entirely. They protect the institutions close to the center of the **Spider's** web, ensuring that the burden of failure falls squarely on the shoulders of the individuals least equipped to bear it. It is a system designed to prioritize institutions... the **Spider**... over individuals... the common folk."

Adrian's voice took on an unsettling tone, his conviction evident. "And this is not just theoretical. Look at what happened in Cyprus in 2013. It was the ultimate test run, a deliberate insult to the intelligence of the common folk. Large depositors woke up to find their accounts emptied under the guise of a bail-in. Their hard-earned funds were confiscated to stabilize failing Cyprus banks, converted into worthless equity in those same bankrupt Cyprus banks. This was no accident. It was a calculated move to see if the **Sleoples** across the world would tolerate such blatant theft right before their eyes.

And guess what? The **Sleoples** acquiesced. There was no uprising, no meaningful resistance to this theft. The **Spider** and its henchmen saw this surrender of sovereignty over the **Sleoples'** money and became more emboldened, knowing the mechanisms could be deployed on a world-wide scale without any significant pushback from the **Sleoples**. It was a

green light to advance the next phase of the *Spider's Globalist* plan... ***The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0***. A plan so evil, so diabolical, so calculated that it is not just about stealing all the *Sleoples'* money but also about seizing the freedom, sovereignty, health and the soul of humanity itself... worldwide... for eternity!"

Peter's tone was grave. "Safe Harbor laws let secured creditors bypass bankruptcy, seizing assets instantly. Depositors, shareholders, retirees and pensioners are left defenseless, their wealth sacrificed to protect financial institutions owned and controlled by the *Spider*. It is a system designed to prioritize power over the individual, erasing individual sovereignty and personal ownership."

Adrian added, his voice resolute. "***The Great Financial Confiscation 1.0*** in the 1930s was a mere shadow of the storm we are heading into. Back then, nine thousand U.S. banks failed, wiping out tens of millions of individuals' life savings overnight. Those who trusted the system were left destitute, while the private Federal Reserve, like a puppeteer, propped up select institutions, consolidating unprecedented power and wealth under its control. It was a calculated move to centralize ***The Financial Industrial Complex***, tightening the *Spider's* web."

Adrian's voice darkened, each word cutting through the air with chilling precision. "What looms ahead... ***The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0***... will make the disaster and grand theft that occurred during ***The Great Financial Confiscation 1.0*** seem insignificant and trivial, like a mere dress rehearsal. This time, the *Spider's* control system is not just reaching for banks' and other financial institutions' deposits and Gold.... it is targeting everything.

This time the *Spider* is coming for all... the common folk's land, investments, digital holdings, tokenized assets... even our bodies, down to our DNA. This is no longer about centralization... it is about total and absolute domination over humanity and all life on Earth."

Peter leaned forward, his eyes narrowing. "And tokenized assets are the next frontier. These are digital representations of real-world assets... land, art, intellectual property, even individual identity. The *Spider* calls it the Internet of Things, but what it really means is the Internet of

Control. By tokenizing everything, the **Spider** creates a system where ownership can be tracked, monitored, and ultimately seized at will. It is the ultimate tool of control.”

Adrian’s words resonated like a tolling bell. “The **Sleoples** have no idea what is planned for their wealth and them. They trust their banks, their financial institutions, their financial advisors, and the **Spider’s Globalist** captured governments. The **Sleoples** do not see the rot at the core of **The Financial Industrial Complex**, or the trap being set. Safe Harbor laws, bail-outs, bail-ins, CBDCs and tokenization are all part of the **Spider’s** web. These mechanisms ensure that when the collapse comes, the **Sleoples... Useful Idiots** and **Useful Tools** who believed their wealth was secure will lose everything.”

Peter’s voice grew louder, his frustration evident. “And the financial advisors... the so-called experts who are supposed to guide and protect their clients... they are either blind to this reality or complicit to it. They are departmentalized, seeing only their small role within **The Financial Industrial Complex**. They do not understand the larger **Spider’s** web or the risks it poses to their clients and themselves. When the collapse comes, they will claim ignorance, but their clients will be the ones left devastated and broke.”

Adrian shook his head, his tone sharpened by disbelief. “It is truly staggering. Over the decades, the **Spider** and its henchmen have embedded mechanisms that ensure their dominance and survival after **The Current Financial Industrial Complex** collapses. The Bankruptcy Abuse Prevention and Consumer Protection Act (BAPCPA) of 2005 in the U.S. was one of the critical legal changes that rewrote bankruptcy laws in favor of the **Spider**. This law expanded Safe Harbor protections, shielding the largest financial institutions from scrutiny and accountability. It gave them unprecedented power to seize client assets without meaningful oversight in cases of insolvency.”

Peter’s tone deepened, heavy with the weight of their revelation. “These changes meant that institutions like JP Morgan, part of the **Spider’s** inner circle of favored financial entities, acting as both custodian and secured creditor, could claim assets from a failing institution

like Lehman Brothers. JP Morgan not only held Lehman's assets on behalf of its clients but also had the legal authority to seize those same assets to cover Lehman's debts to JP Morgan.

The courts sided with JP Morgan... not because it was just, but because the laws were designed to protect the *Spider's* agenda of consolidating power and wealth under its 'protected class.' This elite group of financial institutions, deemed 'too big to fail,' operates above the rules that apply to everyone else, ensuring the *Spider's* web remains intact and impenetrable."

Adrian leaned forward, his voice sharp with indignation. "Lehman Brothers was a towering giant in the U.S. financial system, one of the largest investment banks before its sudden collapse in 2008. Its fall triggered an international financial crisis... commonly referred to as *The 2008 Worldwide Financial Crisis*. This event sent shockwaves through economies, markets, and billions of lives. JP Morgan, another colossal institution and a *Spider* designated preferred creditor owned and controlled by the *Spider*, played a critical role in the aftermath. As Lehman's custodian and a secured creditor, JP Morgan was able to claim much of the remaining assets when Lehman declared bankruptcy."

Peter nodded solemnly. "What we are revealing here is not just financial maneuvering... it's a crime against humanity. These actions, dressed up as legal processes, represent the theft of livelihoods, homes, other assets and futures. The *Spider* and its designated protected class of creditors have designed a system that thrives on the collapse of others, preying on the *Sleoples'* trust in these institutions. And Lehman Brothers was just one chapter in this ongoing assault."

Adrian's voice was determined, filled with an urgency that could not be ignored. "This is not just history. It is a warning. The same mechanisms that allowed this to happen have not just been preserved... they have been perfected. *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0* is coming, and this time, the stakes are the entire world. The *Spider's* web is tighter than ever, and those who are not prepared will find themselves caught, stripped away of everything."

Peter leaned forward, his face shadowed with intensity. "Think about

what that really means. JP Morgan held Lehman's assets on behalf of its clients... common folk, businesses, investors, depositors, retirees and pensioners. At the same time, they had the legal right to seize those very assets to cover Lehman's debts to itself. It is a conflict of interest so brazen, it is hard to believe it was legal. Yet it was, because the **Spider** and its protected class ensured the rules were written to serve their interests... not the interest of the common folk."

Adrian's voice carried a rising edge of anger. "Lehman's collapse was like watching the first domino fall. It triggered a cascade of failures across the international financial system. Families lost their homes, businesses closed their doors, retirees lost their pensions and entire economies plunged into deep recession. Meanwhile, institutions like JP Morgan profited from the chaos they helped create. This was not a mistake. It was a calculated move to protect the **Spider's** web at the expense of everyone else."

Peter's frustration seeped into his words. "This is where the real horror lies. These financial institutions operate under a completely different set of rules. They not only survive their failures... they profit from them. **The Financial Industrial Complex** has been designed to ensure that while the **Sleoples** lose everything... homes, businesses, retirement accounts... the **Spider** tightens its grip. This was just one of many dry runs for what is coming next... **The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0**."

Adrian nodded. "Most common folk, even those who consider themselves financially savvy, have no idea how vulnerable they really are. They trust their financial institutions, and financial advisors believing their investments... stocks, bonds, real estate are secure. What they fail to see is the web. Every one of these assets is tied to the same corrupted **Globalist** system that will collapse. And when it does, the rules of the game ensure the **Spider** wins, every single time."

Peter's voice dropped, heavy with warning. "The example of Lehman Brothers and JP Morgan is not just a history lesson. It is a glimpse into the future if we individually and collectively do nothing. **The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0** will make **The 2008 Worldwide Financial Crisis** and **The Great Financial Confiscation 1.0** look like a minor

stumble. This is not just about losing money. It is about losing sovereignty, independence, and control over one's own life."

Adrian leaned back, his expression heavy with the weight of his words. "And the *Sleoples*... they march willingly into the *Spider's* trap, blind to the truth. The *Sleoples* cling to the illusion that the system exists to protect them... that their financial advisors, banks, institutions, and governments are working in their best interests. What they fail to perceive is that these entities are either threads in the *Spider's* web or have surrendered their power to resist it. When *The Financial Industrial Complex* collapse comes, it will not just be wealth that is lost... it will be freedom, sovereignty, and countless lives."

Peter tapped the book in his hand, *End the Fed* by Ron Paul. "Ron Paul, a former U.S. congressman known for his fight against private central banks, wrote about his personal conversation with Ronald Reagan, the 40th President of the United States and a staunch so-called advocate for liberty. On the helicopter to Andrews Air Force Base, Reagan told him, 'Ron (Ron Paul), no great nation that abandoned the Gold standard has remained a great nation.' Reagan understood the stakes, even he was pressured to be 'pragmatic and to bend the knee to the *Spider*.'"

Adrian nodded grimly. "Pragmatism. That is what they call it when our elected politicians betray the principles that would protect and save us from the *Spider's* agenda. U.S. President Nixon's decision to take the U.S. off the Gold Standard in 1971 was not just pragmatism... it was the death knell of sound money. The Federal Reserve, that private cartel, was already controlling the printing presses. But when Nixon severed the dollar from Gold, it set the fraudulent fiat money system on an irreversible path to destruction."

Peter interjected, "History has shown us over and over again... every fiat currency not tied to real tangible assets meets its end. Look at the Yuan Dynasty in China. Established in 1271, it pioneered the use of paper money. However, by the time of this dynasty's collapse in 1368, rampant overprinting without tangible backing led to skyrocketing inflation, economic collapse, and the disintegration of trade. Ultimately,

the dynasty fell under the weight of its own financial mismanagement and lies.”

Adrian’s tone was sharp. “The *Sleoples* choose not to see the reality staring them right in the face. They are trapped by *Normalcy Bias*, clinging to the belief that the world they have always known will simply keep going on as it always has. They cannot imagine a different reality... until it collapses around them, leaving nothing but ruin.”

Peter added, “*Normalcy Bias* blinds them. They assume the financial system will always ‘bounce back.’ They believe the *Spider’s* lies because it’s easier than facing the harsh truth. Meanwhile, the *Spider* and its henchmen have studied history, and they know the collapse is inevitable. The *All Asset Bubbles* are ready to burst.

And the *Spider* has already prepared for what comes next. The *Spider*... its *Useful Idiots* and *Useful Tools* are rushing to implement the final pieces of the *Spider’s* trap. When *The Old Financial Industrial Complex* collapses, they want to ensure the system that emerges is fully under their control... a *New World Order* where the *Spider* will own and control everything.”

Adrian leaned forward, his expression intense. “Peter, this is the moment in history when humanity either wakes up or falls forever into another dark age. The current fake fiat currency system is collapsing, as we always knew it would. It was designed to fail from the very beginning... its expiration date was written into its creation. The *Spider*... those at the center of international financial control of *The Financial Industrial Complex*... know this.

The collapse is not an end for them... it is the *Spider’s* opportunity, a carefully planned *Great Reset*. Their goal is to re-emerge stronger, sitting at the center of a new web, one tighter and more inescapable than before. To achieve that, they need two things put in place... Central Bank Digital Currencies... CBDCs and tokenization. Without these, their grip weakens. With them, humanity as we know it ceases to exist.”

Peter’s voice hardened. “The *Spider* knows the quickening is upon us. Humanity is at a historical turning point. The collapse is not an ‘if,’ it’s a ‘when.’ And when the dust settles, the *Spider* will seize total con-

trol. CBDCs will be the key. Every asset will be tokenized... property, resources, identities... even DNA. This is the *Spider's* ultimate play for absolute power. The final step... the full implementation of CBDCs and total tokenization. Some might even call it... *The Mark of The Beast.*"

Adrian raised a hand, his voice sharpening. "You do not have to believe in *The Book of Revelation* to see what's happening. The *Spider* is acting as though it is following that same script. A centralized digital currency that tracks every transaction, every movement, every behavior... this is not just financial control. It is total enslavement. And tokenizing everything... turning personal property, resources, and even human identities and DNA into digital assets tied to the *Spider's* webbed control system... will ensure there's no escape. Once these anti-human control systems are in place, the *Spider* will own everything, and humanity will own nothing."

Peter leaned back, his tone contemplative. "Humanity sits at a crossroads. On one side, we have the *Sleoples*... those asleep to the *Spider's* antihuman agenda, walking willingly into the trap. On the other, we have the *Sovereigns*... those who are awake, prepared, and fighting for a different... a very human future."

Adrian's voice rang with conviction, rising in intensity. "This is not just a fight for survival... it is a battle for the very soul of humanity. We stand at a crossroads, holding the power to write an alternative story... one of rebirth, a *New Renaissance*. A future where humanity breaks free from the *Spider's* web... not to be enslaved... a life to be lived fully, create boldly, and prosper freely. That is the legacy we and other *Sovereigns* are fighting for a world worthy of our children, our grandchildren, and every generation that follows, a world where they are free and sovereign."

Peter's eyes brightened, a spark of hope cutting through the darkness. "A *New Renaissance* would mean rediscovering what makes us human. It would be a rebirth of art, science, community, and independence... a reinvigorated humanity that refuses to bow to the *Spider's* centralized control."

Adrian's voice softened, though his resolve remained unshaken. "We

do this not just for ourselves but for our children and grandchildren. They deserve a world where they can live freely, not in a digital prison. The time to act is... ***Now!***

Peter's face darkened as he leaned forward. "***Yes...*** let's not mince words. CBDCs are the key to the ***Spider's*** plan. They are marketing them as the next great innovation... faster transactions, more efficiency, greater transparency. That is all window dressing. The reality is far darker."

Adrian interjected, his voice grim. "With CBDCs, captured governments... or rather, the ***Spider...*** will have the ability to monitor every transaction in real time. Every coffee you buy, every trip you take, every donation you make will be tracked. Surveillance is just the first layer of control. This goes much deeper."

Peter's voice sharpened. "Programmable money. That is the real danger. The ***Spider's Globalist*** elites will pitch it as a feature, but it is a weapon. Your money will come with strings attached. They will impose expiration dates... 'Spend this by the end of the month, or it disappears.' They will restrict its use... 'This can only be spent on the ***Spider's*** captured government-approved goods.' And if you step out of line... attend a protest, criticize the ***Spider's*** control system, support a cause they disapprove of... your account will be frozen instantly. No judge, no jury. Just the ***Spider*** pulling the strings."

Adrian leaned closer, his tone darkening. "It is worse than that. Tokenization is the other half of the ***Spider's*** next trap. Every asset you own... your wealth, your business, your land, your home, and your car will be reduced to a digital token on a blockchain they control. They will tell you it is about 'unlocking value,' but what they're really doing is creating a system where ownership becomes meaningless. You won't own anything. You'll lease it from the ***Spider*** if it allows you to."

Peter nodded grimly. "It is a return to feudalism. A neo-feudal system where the ***Spider's Globalist*** elite own everything, and the rest of us are tenants on their digital slave plantation. And they will justify it all in the name of sustainability, equity, ***SDGs*** or some other buzzword designed to lull the ***Sleoples*** into compliance."

Adrian's voice turned more concerned. "And let is not forget the surveillance infrastructure the *Spider's Globalists* have built. Tokenizing identities means they will control not just your money and property, but your very existence. Health records, education, even your DNA will be tied to this *Spider's* control system. If you deviate from their rules, they won't just erase your assets. They will erase you."

Peter leaned forward, his tone a mix of urgency and determination. "The *Spider* is racing to finish this web before these *All Asset Bubbles* burst. They know the collapse is inevitable. If it happens before the *Spider's* control systems are in place, humanity has a chance. But if they succeed in locking us into CBDCs and tokenization, they will consolidate power in a way that makes rebellion almost impossible."

Adrian's voice carried the weight of a warning. "This is about more than just financial control. It's about total domination over all of humanity forever. The *Spider* wants a world where they decide what you can buy, where you can go, and even how you think. They want a world where every aspect of life is tracked, controlled, and dictated by an unaccountable elite."

Peter's eyes burned with resolve. "But it's not too late. The *Sovereigns* are awake, and the *Sleoples* are beginning to stir. They are cutting the threads of the *Spider's* web... by *Owning Assets in Order of Asset Confiscation*, with Gold being the most secure asset, building local communities, and reclaiming their independence. Every individual who chooses to step outside the *Spider's* system weakens its grip. Every *Sovereign* who prepares for what the *Spider* has planned strengthens humanity's chances for *The New Human Renaissance*."

Adrian's voice strengthened, and his conviction was unshakable. "**YES!** This is not just about us. It's about the generations to come. If we fail, humanity will live under the *Spider's* boot for a thousand plus years. If we succeed, we will leave behind a legacy of freedom, a world where our children and grandchildren will bloom, be independent and sovereign."

Peter leaned back, his tone contemplative. "Humanity has always been resilient. Tyrannies rise, but they always fall. Humanity always

wakes up. We rebuild. The **Spider** thinks its diabolical plan is inevitable, but they are wrong. Humanity has a way of surprising its oppressors. I believe in team humanity!”

Adrian leaned forward, his eyes gleaming with intensity, his voice slicing through the air like a lightning bolt. “**Yes...** you are right Peter, when these **All Asset Bubbles** burst, the **Sleoples** will not think twice... they will charge straight into the **Spider’s** next trap. They will embrace cryptocurrency as if it is their salvation, but is it nothing more than **A Trojan Horse?** ... meticulously crafted to lull **Sleoples** into compliance, trapping them in the **Spider’s** perfectly orchestrated web.

Next week, let us plunge deeper into that rabbit hole. Hundreds of millions have already fallen for cryptocurrency over the past decade, and the stakes are only growing. My question is this... are they unknowingly building their own digital prison?”

Peter leaned back, a spark of humor breaking through the seriousness in his eyes as he took a sip of his triple espresso. “Adrian, we just finished writing humanity’s worst-case scenario... a movie script we plan to turn into a film. It shows what happens if these **All Asset Bubbles** burst, and **The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0** goes the **Spider’s** way.

We call this horror movie... **2050: The Spider’s Utopia**. Honestly, it is terrifying... total control, every move tracked, every choice erased, individuals reduced to obedient robots. Grim and very scary stuff. But...” Peter added with a small smile, “we are almost done with its counterpart... **2050: World of the Deplorables**. A vision where freedom triumphs and humanity reclaims its future led by the **Sovereigns**.”

Adrian smiled, his tone lighter and still resolute. “Well, Peter, I know which world I want to live in. The alternative script to **2050: The Spider’s Utopia**... I cast my lot for **2050: World of the Deplorables**. The **Spider’s** Utopia is a nightmare... a dystopia of total **Spider** control where every move is tracked, and every freedom is stripped away. But in the **Sovereigns’** world... **2050: World of the Deplorables**... freedom triumphs. It is a vision where humanity breaks free from the **Spider’s** control web, reclaiming its autonomy and living boldly.

2050: World of the Deplorables is a world where we can raise a

glass... or maybe another shot of espresso and proudly say, ‘***Thank You For... Joining Our Conversation!***’ But we cannot get ahead of ourselves. The ***Spider*** will not surrender its web without a fight.”

The atmosphere softened, their camaraderie offering a moment of levity amidst the weight of their conversation. Yet, beneath the surface, a powerful undercurrent of determination remained... a spark waiting to ignite. The contrast between the ***Spider’s*** dystopian nightmare and the ***Sovereign’s*** vision was no longer just an idea... it was a rallying cry, a call to arms. The real question was not only who would shape humanity’s fate, but whether those watching, listening, or reading would rise to meet the challenge.

The Sage of Main Street and ***The Oracle of Abbotsford*** shared a solemn glance as they finished the last sobering drops of their triple espresso coffee. With a united gesture, they raised their empty cups high, their voices steady and united as they declared... ***The Sovereign’s Creed...***

“To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!”

Their words were a battle cry, a pledge for ***Sovereigns*** across the earth who stood unyielding, ready to fight for humanity’s future... or will humanity fall for ***A Trojan Horse?*** This was not just a mission... it was a fight for freedom, sovereignty, and the survival of humanity itself. Together, alongside other ***Sovereigns***, Adrian and Peter would rise up with unshakable courage, determined to destroy the ***Spider’s*** web and reclaim a world where humanity would thrive. This was the moment to act, to fight, and to build a future worthy of those bold enough to stand and resist.

CHAPTER THIRTY FIVE

2050: THE SPIDER'S UTOPIA

Hi, I'm Jackie.NY2618! Welcome to 2050. Everything is so different and better now from the world you knew. I'd love to show you around. Our world is all about being clean, safe, very organized and controlled.

New York City: Utopia Redefined

I live in what used to be called New York City. You might have known New York City in your day as the largest city in the United States of America. We have gotten rid of the backward concepts of nation-states, freedom, human rights, individual bodily autonomy and sovereignty. Now we are so much better off. I cannot believe people once thought that was better than the world we live in today.

Now, New York City is divided into 50 15-minute city districts. Everything you need is just a short walk or bike ride away, typically within a one-square-mile area. You can't leave your district without permission. At birth, we are assigned our district where we will live our entire lives. This is assigned to you in the world of 2050 by ***The World Supreme Council***, which knows what is best for us. You must be designated as essential or very skilled and special to be allowed to move

somewhere outside your district or travel outside your approved assigned area. Isn't that wonderful and so efficient?

Relationships: Love is Overrated

My partner, Nick.NY666, has an important job ensuring that everything stays perfect. He works on rewriting language and history to keep people happy. Isn't that fascinating? He loves making sure that everyone sees things in the best possible light!

Our relationships in the future are so much better than in the past! There's no such thing as love, caring, marriage, sex, human pregnancy and natural births, families, human dignity, friendship, self-respect, or pride anymore. The state selects our partners to ensure we are compatible and will keep each other accountable to the council. My partner, Nick.NY666, is wonderful! We support each other and make sure we both follow all the mandates imposed on us by *The World Supreme Council*.

Harmony: Snitching is Caring

From a young age, we are trained to alert the authorities if our partner or anyone else is engaging in wrongthink, wrongspeak, or wrongdoing. The worst crime in the future is doing things that lead to disharmony. It is so important to follow the roles that the government assigned us at birth to maintain peace and order. Isn't that just the best... isn't that so amazing?

Isn't it wonderful how everything is planned and monitored? We have a beautiful social harmony system with three defined, distinct groups in our society. Once you are assigned, you will live designated as a member of the group while you are deemed useful and compliant.

There is also one undesirable group that, at any time when you break with the harmony of our society, you will be first re-educated, and if this education does not work, you will then be removed from our society. The crime to be placed into the last group is asserting your individuality, independence from society, questioning the status quo and expressing yourself. We are taught you never do that.

I would like to introduce you to the *Olympians*, *Guardians*, *Sleoples*, and the dreaded *Deplorables*.

Olympians: The Gods That Are Above Us

The **Olympians** are the leaders in our perfect and beautiful world. They make up 0.0001% of our society. We would never have such a perfect world without the **Olympians**. They always know what is best for the rest of us. This is what we are programmed to believe from an early age. Aren't we lucky to have the **Olympians**?

The **Olympians** make all the important decisions, live in the best homes, have beautiful cars, have access to all forms of air and land transportation. They also get access to the best state-of-the-art healthcare, food, and luxuries, which the rest of us are told we don't need. The **Olympians** need this access to these services and things so they can concentrate on making our lives more harmonious and better for the rest of us.

They are allowed to travel to any district and special places that the rest of us in 2050, are not allowed. They are so much smarter and more deserving than the rest of us. They always know what is best for us without question.

We are taught from an early age that we need to live by the rules that the **Olympian** class make and have enforced because this is the best for all of us. It's wonderful that they have these special privileges. We see it as a good thing because they are deserving of these special privileges and we are not.

We are told that each of us can become an **Olympian**, yet all **Olympians** seem to be born into that class. I have never heard of an **Olympian** who was not born into this order, nor do I know anyone who has witnessed someone rise from their designated class at birth to achieve **Olympian** status and privilege. Isn't that interesting? I do not give this much thought. Our number one value is harmony, and dwelling on such things would disrupt that harmony.

There are whispers and rumors that within even this favoured group, there is an even more special and elite society that no one ever gets to see. They are called ***The Supreme Order: The Olympian Committee of 300***. This is a very small and select group making up 0.00006% of the remaining population. I have never heard of someone from outside the **Olympian** caste ever having contact with a member of ***The Supreme Order: The Olympian Committee of 300***.

They are like gods, but we are taught that there are no gods, we are

all equal, but some are more equal than others. But if there were human gods, *The Supreme Order: The Olympian Committee of 300* are as close as it gets, and they know what is best for every surviving person on Earth without question.

Guardians: The Friendly Overseers

The *Guardians* are our administrators and enforcers. The *Guardians* make up almost 5% of our society. Nick.NY666 and I were assigned to be *Guardians* at birth. We, along with others in this group, ensure everything runs smoothly and keep everyone in line. Like the guards at concentration camps during the old wars, we watch over to make sure everything is maintained in harmony.

Our role is crucial, as we monitor all behavior in our control zone and report any deviations from the prescribed norms. If someone strays from the path of harmony, the *Guardians* are there to correct them, ensuring compliance and stability in our society.

As *Guardians*, we sometimes receive extra rations and occasional pleasures when we diligently enforce harmony. It is a reward system meant to keep us motivated, efficient, obedient, and complicit. We take our instructions from our benevolent Supreme Caste of *Olympians* very seriously. The *Guardians* are dedicated to their tasks, understanding the importance of their role in keeping our world safe and orderly. Isn't it wonderful how everyone has a purpose and contributes to the greater good?

Sleoples: Happy Little Worker Bees

The *Sleoples* are the best members of our harmonious society because they make up 95% of our perfect, dystopian collective of the near future. They lack individuality and have given their minds and free will up to *The World Supreme Council* so we can remain in a harmonious society. They have been conditioned to prioritize harmony above all else, becoming part of the collective masses.

In a culture like ours in 2050, where conformity reigns supreme, these people willingly abandon independent thought and critical thinking. They accept without question what the *Olympians* decree and the

Guardians enforce. The **Sleoples** uphold the status quo, even when it demands sacrifices that harm their own best interests. In doing so, they surrender their freedoms, freewill, desires, and individuality to the collective, all in the name of achieving harmony.

The **Sleoples** exalt blind loyalty and uncritical acceptance, making themselves easy prey for exploitation by those in power. Conditioned never to ask even the simplest questions, they have had all resistance crushed through genetic engineering, relentless indoctrination, and mandatory prescribed medication. The **Sleoples** are the lifeblood of the system, tirelessly constructing and manufacturing everything necessary to keep our 15-minute cities... and the carefully controlled known world... running seamlessly.

Deplorables: The Annoying Rebels

Artificial Intelligence tells us they are none, they have all gone extinct. There are whispers that once over half of the citizens of the bankrupted, overrun failed **1776 American Experiment** were classified as **Deplorables**.

Deplorables are individuals we have been taught to view with intolerance and total disdain because they had refused to be re-educated into the new ways that demand we believe the **Olympians** know what is best for all of us and should not be questioned. Do you not find it strange that **Deplorables** wore these views as a badge of honor, turning what was intended as a negative into a positive... a symbol of pride and resistance that defies what we have been taught is best for living in a harmonious society?

Deplorables viewed their designation as a symbol of defiance against what they perceived as an evil system governed by an oppressive elite. Can you believe they felt this way about **The Supreme Order: The Olympian Committee of 300**, accusing them of looking down on the rest of humanity? The **Deplorables** claimed they would rather die standing with dignity than live asleep and on their knees in the harmonious collective.

Can you believe the **Deplorables** valued independence, personal and bodily sovereignty, family, critical thinking, the right to own prop-

erty, firearms, free speech, free association, and the ownership of Gold as a tangible store of wealth and means of trade? They stood tall and firm, declaring their battle cry, known as *The Sovereign's Creed*, with pride...

To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!

This creed, however, created such disharmony in the meticulously controlled society of the *Olympians*. Naturally, the *Olympians*, in their infinite wisdom, did what was best for everyone... including the *Deplorables* by banishing them from the pristine, perfectly monitored 15-minute cities. And honestly, it was the right and most harmonious decision.

Harmony had to be preserved, and how could we achieve true peace with such divisive individuals in our midst? Nothing ensures a better society than requiring conformity and unwavering submission to the greater good, as defined by the *Olympians*. They know what is best for everyone... especially those who foolishly think otherwise.

It is rumored... though I can hardly believe it... that the *Deplorables* wanted independence, free speech, and the right to own property. Independence? Free speech? How absurdly outdated! These ideas would have disrupted the harmony we all worked so hard to achieve. Their removal was not just necessary... it was a gift to the rest of us. Now, we can live in peace, untroubled by their reckless and disharmonious demands. Honestly, I am grateful to the *Olympians* for making such a wise and selfless choice.

By adopting this identity, the *Deplorables* stood in defiance of the mandated collective harmony, clinging to traditional values and the so-called natural rights they claimed were granted by what *The Supreme Order: The Olympian Committee of 300* has rightly decreed as an 'outdated and illegal concept... *God!*' Honestly, how could anyone, in this enlightened age, still believe in such absurdities? Individuality and sov-

ereignty... those relics of a chaotic past... are so clearly incompatible with the harmony we all strive to achieve and live by.

It is hard to believe the ***Deplorables*** or anyone could hold on to such outdated beliefs. The so-called Natural Rights, written in old and divisive documents like the ***American Declaration of Independence*** and the ***U.S. Constitution***, were the foundation of a society... a civilization filled with chaos, conflict, selfishness and disharmony. How could anyone think that concepts like individuality, bodily autonomy, personal property ownership, and sovereignty... so selfish and out of place... could lead to anything but disharmony?

These ideas were rightly left behind, swept away like the remnants of a broken and misguided era. Under the gentle and enlightened guidance of ***The Supreme Order: The Olympian Committee of 300***, the collective has forged a better path... one rooted in unity, progressiveness, and the pursuit of true harmony. This new order has brought peace and stability to all, transcending the selfish chaos of the past.

It is baffling to think that anyone would long for such a disordered way of life. The very notion of returning to those outdated beliefs feels disturbing and disruptive to the harmony we have so carefully cultivated. Those relics of the past are best left buried, where they can no longer disturb the balance... progress... and the harmony we have achieved in our collective.

However, by 2050, in our modern harmonious communities, these historic documents had been rightly banned, along with any writings that once dared to challenge the collective's carefully crafted vision of societal harmony. Despite this, the ***Deplorables*** of the past had continued to cling to their outdated ideals of individuality and steadfast faith in ***God***, stubbornly holding them up as a rebellious symbol of defiance against the conformity that has since ushered in true order... progress... and harmony.

The ***Deplorables*** are rumored to live somewhere outside the 15-minute cities. They are not connected to the total control grid coordinated by the ***Olympians***, managed by the ***Guardians*** and the Artificial Intelligence network. They own things, grow their own food, embrace

community, form their own families, and live by traditional roles from the world before this one was put into place. They have the audacity to have children the old-fashioned way, completely unregulated.

Isn't that just silly? *Deplorables* rebel against unfair characterizations and marginalization. They actually think they are better off! By embracing the term "*Deplorables*," they wear it like a badge of honor, seeing it as a symbol of their unity and their fight against serving the elites' satanic desires and appetites.

Sleoples believe what they are told about the *Deplorables*, *Guardians* enforce harmony within the society on behalf of the will of the *Olympians*. The *Olympians* fear the *Deplorables* more than anything else. The *Deplorables* are the only group of individuals alive that have self-respect to stand-up and fight for their sovereignty and the courage and ability to take down the entire *Olympian* control system.

The *Deplorables* know what is right, what is truly important, and what it means to be innately human. They have mastered the most dangerous and disruptive word to the harmony of our collective, a word so powerful that no one in our carefully controlled society dares to speak or even think. This word is the ultimate threat to the unnatural order imposed by the *Olympians*, shattering the enforced sleep of conformity. It defines an individual's sovereign boundaries, regardless of the language it is spoken in. The mere utterance of this word has the power to unravel harmony, reclaim individuality, and spark rebellion. That dangerous word, the one we all fear to imagine and even more to say aloud, is... "**NO!**"

Everyone, *Olympians*, *Guardians*, and *Sleoples*, loves and prizes their designated place in our community except the *Deplorables* who at every turn had rejected our harmony to assert their sovereignty. The *Olympians*, *Guardians*, and *Sleoples* find joy and purpose in their roles, blindly believing they are contributing to our perfect society.

AI 666 Spider Web Control System: A Brain-Free Existence

Unlike the *Deplorables*, we aren't born the old way anymore. We are made in labs and assigned special jobs. When we are born, we get tiny

chips injected into us that connect us to the city's computer that is connected to the worldwide control grid run by what is ***The Supreme Order: The Olympian Committee of 300***. I am not supposed to know of this elite group or mention them. By mentioning them here I could find myself in a re-education facility and worse, I might be disappeared. This control system is called the Integrated Artificial Intelligence ***Spider Web*** or just the ***AI 666 Spider Web***. It watches over us and helps us. The ***AI 666 Spider Web*** injects both thoughts and emotions into our minds, so we don't have to think for ourselves. Isn't that wonderful?

We don't use smart phones anymore in 2050 because of us being chipped at birth. Being 24/7 connected to the ***AI 666 Spider Web***, we don't need physical money anymore or have Central Bank Digital Currencies (CBDCs). The chipping began in the old world after the takeover by ***The Supreme Order: The Olympian Committee of 300*** orchestrating a coup over the free people of the world in March 2020.

Soon afterward, beginning in January 2021, billions of old stock humans were injected with chips also referred to as nano particles. Wasn't that wonderful? If they knew they were being chipped, they wouldn't have allowed it. Aren't ***The Supreme Order: The Olympian Committee of 300*** really smart by getting the ***Guardians*** and ***Sleoples*** to line up and take their own poison by being injected with the jab. Having them believe that they would be protected from an imaginary sickness while achieving ***The Supreme Order: The Olympian Committee of 300***'s long-term goal of enslaving most of humanity. Only small numbers of the ***Deplorables*** stood up against this evil, stood their ground, pushed back and said '***NO***' to being placed into the cycle of generational serfdom.

Now, everything is automatic and automated. The ***AI 666 Spider Web*** tells us how to behave, what to think, how to feel, and what we are allowed and not allowed to do. I can't believe people in the old world were encouraged to think and question everything and engage and participate in the governance of their societies. But so, few back then did want to think for themselves, travel, and eat real natural organic food when it was available to them. That must have been very difficult with

that much choice and freedom. I wouldn't and couldn't do it. It's so much better now the *AI 666 Spider Web* does all our thinking for us.

Gender? Never Heard of It!

In our world of 2050, there are no more such things as families, parents, traditional roles, kids, or genders. The state controls how babies are made using advanced technology, which creates many babies from one egg. This helps keep our population stable. Isn't that wonderful?

In the city, you won't see private cars, except those driven by the *Olympians* and their families. When you have followed your role and the system, you might be given special rations to use the communal electric bikes and scooters. If not, you will be confined to your 150-foot living pod and only given 30 minutes a day to go outside where flying drones, street cameras and the towers track and monitor your every move and identity chips 24 hours a day. Old parking lots are now urban farms, waste treatment, and food processing manufacturing plants. It's so green and efficient!

Eating and Living: Lab Meat and Tiny Pods

The market offers only limited food options, all tightly controlled by *The Global Rationing Food Council*, an entity that evolved from the once benign-sounding *UN Codex Alimentarius*. In the old world, the Codex was presented as a set of international food standards, a system supposedly designed to ensure food safety. However, it was, in truth, a creation of the *Spider*, a tool carefully crafted to tighten its grip on the global food supply. By 2050, the era of naturally grown meat and fresh ingredients is nothing more than a distant memory, erased by the relentless march of control and conformity.

Our diets now consist primarily of lab-grown meat and zee bugs. Naturally grown meat, once a staple of human nutrition, has been relegated to history, remembered only by those fortunate enough to have been born before *The Great Societal Harmonization of 2030*... a time marked by the stripping away of human liberty and freedom.

Even lab-grown meat, hailed as progressive by the *Olympians*, is

now a rare luxury, rationed with precision and reserved for special occasions, such as the anniversary of one's lab birth creation date or, for the rare few, their cherished "organic birthday" before *The Great Societal Harmonization of 2030*. For the rest, zee bugs form the bulk of our daily allowable food intake.

We are fortunate for what the *Olympians* provide us... every food ration is a gift from their wisdom and generosity. Meanwhile, life has become so much simpler and more enjoyable thanks to the *AI 666 Spider Web* and the immersive "feelies," programs that stimulate all the senses. Plugging into the *AI 666 Spider Web* is far more satisfying than venturing out of your living pod or dealing with the complications of real human relationships. Why waste time on messy human relationships when everything you need can be simulated perfectly?

From the time we are created, cloned, grown, and birthed in a lab, euphorics, and other special drugs are injected in us three times per day that make us happy, calm, and agreeable. It is so wonderful, the *AI 666 Spider Web* monitors all our thoughts and hormones all the time, creating special happy pills so we remain in harmony with our society. I always feel so happy and content when I take my special happy pills because once I have taken them, I can't form an original thought or feel anything inside me! Who wants to think for themselves, wouldn't you agree?

Healthcare: Making Being Sick Fun

We live in such a caring culture. Often children are born in the wrong body, and this can be easily corrected with some modifications. My partner Nick.NY666 had this confusion at birth. He was labeled Nicole.NY1984 until this was corrected after he had gone through 12 full calendar cycles.

Our neighborhoods are self-contained, with pill and food dispensers, re-education schools, and harmony realignment community rehabilitation centers nearby. Public transport is almost gone, replaced by electric vehicles for only the privileged. The *Olympians* and their *Guardians* are just so efficient!

Sometimes, I visit less fortunate areas in our 15-minute city. They

don't have high-speed connection to the *AI 666 Spider Web*, food, fresh water, or easy transport. But they do have happy pill dispensing machines everywhere. Life is harder there. It's sad, but that's how it is, the *AI 666 Spider Web* and the *Olympians* know what they are doing. Don't you agree?

I need to walk over to the official testing machine to make sure I have enough happy pills in my system, so I won't feel or think for myself. Let's keep talking on the way. At work, the *AI 666 Spider Web* is thinking about expanding. There is no need to ask the community for their thoughts, the *AI 666 Spider Web* knows best. There's a plan to build a new transportation system to connect us to another neighborhood. It might bring more patients for me and workers to treat. I would really like to earn more carbon credits to purchase more food. Isn't *AI 666 Spider Web* thoughtful?

Green Living: Recycling and Starving

In our part of the city, we use waste to make fertilizer, recycle water, energy, and even food. We exchange extra power for food vouchers. Many of us work less and spend most of the time hungry because we have overused our allotment of carbon creation, and food is heavy in carbon. No one talks about this, but it is rumored that when the *AI 666 Spider Web* has deemed each of us as having served the community and are no longer determined useful, we make our final contribution by being recycled into food and fertilizer. Don't you like that nothing goes to waste in 2050?

On those rare occasions when I am allowed out of my 150-foot living pod and allowed by the *AI 666 Spider Web* to travel through non-transition zones, I find that it feels both dangerous and scary. These places didn't adopt low-carbon lifestyles and now they have problems. It reminds us why my professional practice is very important for our society to remain in balance with the natural order.

Population Control: Making Dying Fun Again... MAID to the Rescue

Despite challenges, I'm grateful for our way of life. Oh, I forgot to tell you

that my job is as a healthcare provider and it is very important, helping people in a world tired of being useless eaters... deemed by *The World Supreme Council* as being non-contributors to society. I am in charge of administering *MAID*... Medical Assistance in Dying in my district. I do not participate in the termination of fetuses at the lab... this is determined by the *AI 666 Spider Web*.

MAID is a program that allows healthcare professionals like me to administer medication to intentionally end a patient's life at *The World Supreme Council's* directive. This is available to adults with a serious, incurable illness or disability causing enduring, intolerable suffering and mental depression. In addition, I may sometimes assist in putting down mature minors, someone under 18 years old that the *AI 666 Spider Web* has identified as capable of making informed medical decisions to end their life.

Before, our world was overpopulated. The population had reached over 8 billion by November 2022. It was causing so many problems like resource depletion and social unrest. But our Controllers, the government leaders of the world knew best for all of us, the *Olympians* started reducing the population then. Now, the worldwide population has been reduced to 500 million. Isn't that an amazing accomplishment in such a short time?

The Supreme Order: The Olympian Committee of 300 identified overpopulation as the world's biggest problem, there were too many people who were waking up, thinking for themselves, and taking back their sovereignty. The controllers needed to thin the herd to a manageable, controllable number. Now, *The World Supreme Council* controls population growth strictly. They use AI, education, and happy pills to keep everyone in line. It is for the best, we all need to do our part to make the world better. Don't you think?

It is a very good thing that we live in an over-organized, controlled society. There are strict rules, and creativity is not allowed. Social controls and Pavlovian conditioning make sure we all behave. Euphorics and other happy pills keep us happy, content and placid. Isn't that just wonderful?

Most of the time people disappear quietly, usually at night while we sleep. I think it should be unsettling, but I don't feel anything, and it keeps our society stable and orderly.

The Renewal Ceremony: Dying Gracefully

Oh, and there's the Renewal Ceremony. When residents turn 50, they have a special ceremony, so they don't become a burden to society. It's seen as an honor and a graceful exit. Most people look forward to it. I feel very fortunate that I am an active participant in these ceremonies in my 15-minute district.

I've heard rumors about a world before this one, before the total take over by *The Supreme Order: The Olympian Committee of 300*. In the early days of our new world some older citizens who remember the way things used to be say there was a time when everyone had rights and freedoms, their own things, had mothers, fathers and siblings. In that old forgotten world, everyone could choose their own life path. They say that there were no such things as the Renewal Ceremony and the people of that age lived way into their 90s. But those ideas are seen these days as crazy and dangerous. Those people who talked about the old world too much are taken away to asylums or sent off to the Nevada Desert. It's best not to trouble yourself and think about it. Don't you agree?

Social Credit System: Behave or Else

We also have a social credit system. If you don't do what you're assigned to do, you get a low score and are moved to a camp in the Nevada Desert. We never hear from those people again. Our world today is strict, but it keeps everything running smoothly! In my world, you own nothing, not even your mind, and you will be happy. Welcome to our world, the world of an unchecked future.

The Free State: Urban Legends of Freedom

There are, however, rumors that there are places where individuals live like we once had before the financial and societal crash where the value of human life and freedom live on. We take extra happy pills to not think

about that this is even possible or desirable. It's referred to as the Free State of the ***Deplorables***. These individuals live in communities, have families, use Gold for currency, and are not controlled by AI.

These ***Deplorables*** were able to remain free because they were independent, critical thinkers, self-sufficient and were well prepared before the crash of the last civilization.

A Message to Humanity: Unless someone like you steps up, gives, and truly cares, nothing will improve or change for the better. It simply will not! The time has come for action. The ***Deplorables*** are rising, reclaiming their voice and identity. They call themselves the ***Sovereigns***, and they stand united by what they proudly refer to as... ***The Sovereign's Creed...***

To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!

CHAPTER THIRTY SIX

A TROJAN HORSE?

As the clock struck 7:00 p.m. on a Wednesday night, Adrian C. Spitters, affectionately known as *The Oracle of Abbotsford*, settled into his favorite chair in British Columbia, Canada. In his hand was a cold Steam Works craft beer, cradled as if it held the wisdom of the ages or at least the satisfaction of a day well spent. Meanwhile, fourteen hundred miles to the south, in the coastal glow of San Diego, California, Peter J. Merrick... *The Sage of Main Street*, a title lovingly bestowed upon him by his trusted friend and colleague Adrian, poured himself a glass of Ziraldo Prosecco. Peter's movements were unhurried, carrying the ease of a man who understands the value of a fine wine and the quiet joy of savoring the moment.

It was their weekly tradition, a midweek ritual blending great drinks with even better conversations. Tonight's rabbit hole... cryptocurrency. Was it the dazzling future of finance... or *A Trojan Horse* for control... or just a digital mirage? Whatever the answer, it promised to be as unpredictable as Adrian's knack for metaphors and Peter's musings on the grand design of, well... everything.

The screen in front of Adrian flickered to life, and with a soft chime, Peter's face appeared, his eyes carrying his familiar mix of mischief and

warmth. Adrian grinned, tipping his beer in a casual salute, and Peter responded with a raised glass of wine. The call had begun, the ritual resumed... a sacred pause from the noise of the world to share ideas, laughs, and the kind of wisdom born from deep admiration, mutual respect, and a strong friendship.

Peter leaned back in his chair, swirling his wine with a deliberate, almost exaggerated ease. "You know," he began, his tone teetering between seriousness and mischief, "I have been thinking a lot about this whole cryptocurrency craze. Bitcoin, XRP, Ethereum, Dogecoin, and all the other flavor of the month digital coins being hyped by promoters and pump and dump schemers. What if it is all just one massive scam? A grand con to get everyone comfortable with digital money, only to set the stage for the *Spider's* ultimate trap. A government controlled, private central bank digital currency, CBDCs, that the *Spider* is ready to force down our throats."

Adrian leaned forward, beer in hand, a laugh escaping that was equal parts amused and skeptical. "You mean the ultimate bait-and-switch?" he said, his tone a mix of humor and concern. "Get everyone hooked on the idea of cryptocurrency as an off-ramp to 'decentralization' and 'freedom from private central banks,' only to reveal, '*Surprise!* We got you comfortable with digital currency, and now here's the *Spider's* controlled Central Bank Digital Currency... CBDCs! And, by the way, it's mandatory!" Adrian shook his head, a grin tugging at his lips as the corners of his eyes crinkled. The absurdity hung in the air, eclipsed only by the chilling plausibility of such a scenario becoming a harsh living reality."

There was a gleam in Peter's eyes as he leaned forward, a mix of amusement and suspicion. "*Yes!* I am starting to think the whole cryptocurrency thing was a big scam from the start. I mean, look at Bitcoin's creator... 'Satoshi Nakamoto.' The guy's a ghost! No one knows who he is, or even if he was a real person.

Bitcoin was launched in 2009, and ever since then, Satoshi has remained completely anonymous, leaving behind only a white paper and some cryptic online communications. For all we know, 'Satoshi'

could be a pseudonym for a group rather than an individual, maybe even a committee of private bankers, intelligence agents, and their *Spider's Globalist* controllers' smoking cigars in a secret boardroom somewhere in the Swiss Alps."

Adrian grinned, leaning in with a touch of sarcasm. "You are telling me," he said. "It is like, 'Sure, let us just trust this anonymous coder whose name sounds like a sushi roll.' Next thing we know, we are all spending way too much money on simple digital pictures that my twelve-year-old grandson could create on his smartphone. Unaware *Sleoples* are paying big bucks for things like pixelated cats! It is funny, but also kind of scary when you think about how far this has gone." His grin widened as he shook his head, still marveling at the absurdity of it all.

Peter nodded his head with a sigh. "Do not even get me started on NFTs," he said. "These 'Non-Fungible Tokens' are basically digital assets stored on a blockchain. They are supposed to give you ownership over digital stuff like art or music. The thing is you do not actually own anything physical. You get this digital certificate saying, 'Hey, I own this thing.' *Sleoples... Useful Idiots* and *Useful Tools* are paying millions for these, like for a picture of a monkey in a hat. And the best part... the digital pictures are still out there for anyone to see or download! It is ridiculous, silly and downright sad."

"I am fascinated that a blockchain, by the way, is just a fancy name for a digital ledger," Adrian interjected, leaning forward. "It is like a record book, but online and spread across a bunch of computers. Each 'block' is like a page in that record, filled with information such as transactions, and they all link together to form a chain. The idea is that once a block is added to the chain, it is almost impossible to change. So, when individuals buy an NFT, it gets stored on the blockchain, which keeps track of who owns it."

Peter shook his head, his expression darkening with a profound realization. "Here is what I find truly sinister... what they 'own' is purely digital numbers on a screen... yet anyone can still see or download the image or file. It is a big scam, no different from the concept of *Beneficial Ownership*, where you are granted the right to claim stocks, bonds, or

real estate but never actually own the physical asset. This system was first orchestrated by William Dentzer's Depository Trust Corporation... the DTC... to sever individuals from tangible proof of their property. Digital currencies take this even further, erasing all physical evidence of ownership and replacing it with an illusion of control, privacy and security. It is not just a scheme... it is a calculated attack on true ownership, stripping away autonomy and leaving behind nothing but a hollow promise of individual power, sovereignty, and ownership."

Adrian leaned forward, beer in hand. "We are being dragged into a world where physical, tangible assets no longer matter or exist... a world where the *Spider's* digital web reduces all our 'possessions' to digital certificates controlled entirely by the *Spider*. This is not progress... it's enslavement. It is profoundly antihuman. We are trading away real, tangible assets... land, Gold, things with intrinsic value for digital pixels and code. And the worst part? Most *Sleoples*... *Useful Idiots* and *Useful Tools* are not just allowing it... they are celebrating it. Blind to reality, they are surrendering their humanity, their freedom, and their divine sovereignty for an illusion of privacy, security, control, autonomy and sovereignty."

Peter's eyes narrowed as he picked up the thread. "*Yes*... I totally agree with you. The *Spider's* endgame is terrifyingly clear... to destroy any sense of real ownership and autonomy. Without tangible proof of what we own, we lose everything... our independence, our leverage, our freedom, our sovereignty. This is not just about wealth... it is all about placing the *Spider's* total control over humanity itself. Every move the *Spider's Globalists* allow or make pushes us further into dependence on their system, where nothing is truly ours. If we do not wake up and fight back, we will find ourselves entangled in a web so tight there will be no escape. And the tragedy is the *Sleoples* will realize too late that they gave away not just their assets, but their very right to live as free individual *Sovereigns*."

Adrian leaned back, his smile fading into a serious expression. "Do you know what these *Tokenized* assets really mean? It is not ownership... it is total control. *Tokenization* is when real assets, like houses,

are turned into digital tokens that can be tracked and controlled on a blockchain. It is like buying a house, but someone else holds the master key and has the power to evict you whenever they want. The **Spider** will at first let you think that you own it, but it is just **Beneficial Ownership**. You are allowed to live there... until the **Spider** decides you no longer fit its rules or align with their idea of an ideal citizen or slave. Then, poof, it is gone. No warning.

Tokenization is not freedom nor ownership... it is a well-planned **Spider's** trap. It is a system designed to strip away your control and keep you tangled in the **Spider's** web. And the worst part... Most **Sleoples**... **Useful Idiots** and **Useful Tools** do not even notice or care until will be too late, and they are left powerless to do anything about it."

Peter shook his head. "Yes! It is like the **Spider** is running some high-tech pawn shop. 'Sure, you can hold onto this thing... your **Tokenized** asset for now.' **Tokenized** assets are the ultimate illusion and deception. They slap a shiny label on it and call it ownership, but in reality, you are just babysitting. And when the true owners of the **Spider's** controlled **Financial Industrial Complex** want it back, there is no negotiation... it is already gone. You may not even be left with a digital certificate... just a blank stare. Remember what the **Spider's Globalist** henchmen have been telling the **Sleoples**... You will own nothing and be happy. All you will be left with is a hollow illusion of ownership and control."

Adrian rolled his eyes playfully. "Yes... and the kicker is how the **Spider's Globalist** try to sell it as the future. 'Oh, you do not actually own anything... that is so innovative!' Meanwhile, the **Spider** is quietly hoarding all the real, tangible assets in the physical world, spinning its web of control, while you are over here clutching your digital receipt like it holds some kind of real value. It is almost impressive... in a completely diabolical way. And the **Sleoples**... they are falling for it without a second thought."

Peter threw up his arms in mock disbelief. "It is like being told you are holding water, but it is actually just a picture of water. And the **Sleoples** are clapping like it is the best tasting liquid ever. Meanwhile, the **Spider** is drinking the real stuff and patting itself on the back for

convincing you to be happy with a hologram. This is exactly what they mean by ‘you will own nothing and be happy.’ The *Spider* sells you the illusion of ownership through *Beneficial Ownership* while it has quietly taken *True Ownership* of your assets. Genius, really... evil, but genius.”

Adrian nodded, his tone growing more serious. “*Yes*... I totally agree with you. And while the *Sleoples* are distracted trading funny internet pictures and make-believe digital currency, there is all this noise happening quietly in the background about ‘Central Bank Digital Currencies.’ The private U.S. Federal Reserve, the private European Central Bank, the private Bank of England, and even the private Bank of Canada... they are all working on their own CBDCs. You know what that sounds like to me?”

“A *Spider’s* trap?” Peter questioned, raising an eyebrow.

“*Yes*... precisely. I am giving you an ‘A+’ for that answer,” Adrian said with a grin. “It is like a digital sheep pen. The *Spider* gets the *Sleoples* to buy into the idea that digital currency is better, safer, faster, and more efficient. ‘Look at all the benefits!’ they tell the *Sleoples*. But then, once everyone is using it, they come back with, ‘Oh, by the way, we can monitor every single transaction you make and even set expiry dates on your digital fiat dollars!’”

Peter began, his tone sharp. “From our experience working in the belly of *The Financial Industrial Complex*, cryptocurrencies were first sold as a medium of exchange... a way for *Sleoples*... *Useful Idiots*, and *Useful Tools* to trade goods and services without financial institutions. But that is not how they were ever intended to be used. Instead, they have become speculative stores of wealth, worse than penny stocks. At least penny stocks represent companies with potential value. Cryptocurrencies are backed by nothing tangible. They are a *Trojan Horse*... enticing the *Sleoples* with promises of decentralization and quick money while paving the way for the *Spider’s* centralized control.”

Adrian leaned forward, his voice firm. “*Yes!* Cryptocurrencies like Bitcoin were pitched as tools of freedom... decentralized, censorship-resistant money. Instead, they became digital poker chips, manipulated by speculators and crooked whales. Cryptocurrencies are unstable and

depend entirely on the very systems these cryptocurrencies claimed to disrupt. While the *Sleoples... Useful Idiots*, and *Useful Tools* obsess over the price of cryptocurrencies, the *Spider's* agenda quietly unfolds on an unsuspecting humanity.”

Peter nodded, leaning in. “**Yes!** The *Spider's* true agenda has always been the rollout of Central Bank Digital Currencies to achieve total control over humanity. Cryptocurrencies have been the perfect test run for this plan. They have normalized digital wallets, making *Sleoples... the Useful Idiots*, and the *Useful Tools* comfortable with intangible digitized assets, and setting the stage for absolute control.

The *Spider* has been playing the long game all along... allowing the *Sleoples* to believe they are escaping *The Financial Industrial Complex* by buying and selling cryptocurrencies, while quietly weaving an even tighter web around themselves. What better way to lead the *Sleoples* into a cashless, fully monitored and controlled economy than by first selling the illusion of freedom and false sovereignty?”

Adrian's expression darkened as he leaned back. “The irony is staggering. What began as a promise of empowerment is now a tool for total control. Blockchain, once heralded as a symbol of freedom, is becoming the infrastructure for surveillance, domination and enslavement. Cryptocurrencies are not just speculative bubbles... they are *Trojan Horses* designed to lure the *Sleoples* into a false sense of security.

Cryptocurrencies are the *Spider's* experiment to see how easily the *Sleoples* can be manipulated into accepting Central Bank Digital Currencies. The *Spider* controls the entire *Financial Industrial Complex*, allowing the *Sleoples... Useful Idiots*, and *Useful Tools* to believe they have a voice in the financial system, while in reality, they have none. All the while, the *Spider* quietly tightens its grip on humanity.”

Peter grinned, a hint of mischief in his eyes. “The classic ‘you will own nothing and be happy’ strategy... straight out of the playbook from our friends at the World Economic Forum and the United Nations,” he said. “They have been eager to get rid of cash and individual ownership for decades. Physical fiat cash gives the holder a sliver of freedom... it is practically untraceable. But once everything is digitalized, the private

central banks and their controllers will be able to track every cent, tax every transaction, and freeze your account the moment you buy, do, or say something they decide they do not like. Just like what is being done now in China.”

Adrian leaned forward, his expression somewhere between amused and angry “You know, this whole blockchain hype is like a magician’s trick. They get everyone dazzled by crypto and NFTs while quietly setting the stage for the real show. Look at the Depository Trust Company... DTC... and its central counterparties, or CCPs. These guys are not just sitting on the sidelines.

The CCPs are teaming up with the Bank for International Settlements... BIS, headquartered in the heart of the *Spider’s* Lair... Switzerland. The BIS, often referred to as the private central bank of private central banks, is positioning itself as the ultimate gatekeeper of all cryptocurrency transactions worldwide. This is no accident. It is the handiwork of William Dentzer, whom we have discussed before... a close operative of the *Spider*. Dentzer laid the foundation for this scheme when he founded the DTC and spearheaded the dematerialization of ownership of physical securities. Now, his work has resurfaced, with the DTC upgrading the system to achieve complete digital control over cryptocurrency.”

Peter smiled, leaning back in his chair. “Oh, that is so rich. So, William Dentzer, the *Spider’s* golden boy, went from making our stock certificates and all other types of ownership vanish into thin air to laying the groundwork for a digital blockchain trap? Makes perfect sense. *The Spider Controlled Financial Industrial Complex* is hard at work, prepping the *Sleoples*. The *Spider* and its henchmen are getting everyone cozy with the so-called ‘benefits’ of blockchain technology. ‘Look, it is secure, decentralized, and oh-so-progressive!’ they say.

Cryptocurrencies are the warm-up for *The Big Trap*... Central Bank Digital Currencies. Once CBDCs are in place, the trap snaps shut. Every single transaction will be tracked, every penny taxed, and if you step out of line, your account will be frozen in seconds, like water in a dry ice freezer. This is not about making things better or giving

more freedom... it is about locking down... exercising total control over humanity. It is that plain and simple.”

Adrian nodded, his grin widening. “**Yes**...exactly! And here is the kicker... it is all disguised as progressive. Blockchain is the bait, and the ***Sleoples*** are gobbling it up like it is the future they have been waiting for. ‘Decentralization!’ the ***Sleoples*** cheer. Meanwhile, the DTC, CCPs, and BIS are quietly weaving the ***Spider’s*** web tighter than ever. Dentzer is probably sitting back in his grave, sipping his drink, watching his master plan unfold with a satisfied smirk. When the CBDCs roll out, it will not be innovation... it will be ***The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0***, the ***Spider’s*** ultimate power play over humanity.”

It was getting late, and both Adrian and Peter knew it was time to call it a night. Tomorrow’s early video call with a new client... entrusting them with ***De-Risking*** their nine-figure portfolio was fast approaching. Adrian leaned back, a faint grin on his face. “This is far from over. Next week, let’s see where Crypto... ***The Digital Trap*** really leads.”

Peter nodded, raising his glass. Adrian did the same, their expressions serious now. ***The Sage of Main Street*** and ***The Oracle of Abbotsford*** spoke in unison, their voices steady and filled with conviction as they ended their night by reciting... ***The Sovereign’s Creed***...

“To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!”

CHAPTER THIRTY SEVEN

THE DIGITAL TRAP

Last week had been nothing short of extraordinary for both these men... a whirlwind of high-stakes decisions and transformative moments. It was a week that saw them onboard a prestigious nine-figure portfolio, entrusted to them by a client seeking their expertise to *De-Risk* and safeguard their wealth. The energy was electric, leaving their dedicated staff buzzing with activity as more clients, inspired by their expertise and experience, had been flocking to their website, *ItStartsWithGold.com*, eager to take the first step toward financial security and sovereignty.

The Oracle of Abbotsford... Adrian C. Spitters, leaned back in his chair, pouring himself a cold Steam Works craft beer and savoring the familiar taste of his favorite brew. As the screen flickered to life, Peter J. Merrick... *The Sage of Main Street*, appeared, and Adrian immediately noticed the glass of Ziraldo Icewine in his hand.

"Back to the icewine... *Yes?*" Adrian teased with a smirk. "What happened to branching out? Or is this just your way of staying consistent?"

Peter chuckled, lifting the glass. "What can I say? Some classics are hard to beat."

Adrian grinned, setting down his beer. "Well, enough about your

predictable palate. Are you ready to dive back into cryptocurrencies and *The Digital Trap* they have laid for the *Sleoples*?”

Peter raised an eyebrow, his tone dripping with sarcasm. “So, let me get this straight. We went from owning actual, physical assets to holding a piece of digital code, and now we are being told, ‘Hey, trust us, it is better this way.’ Makes me wonder what the *Spider’s* next trick will be. Turning air into a taxable asset, perhaps?”

Adrian laughed. “Do not give the *Spider* any ideas... it is already ahead of us. We have talked about the U.N. Sustainable Development Goals enough to see exactly where this is heading. Carbon taxes, energy limits, and so-called ‘sustainable’ consumption are just the warm-up acts. At this rate, they will slap a carbon tax on breathing and call it ‘progress toward carbon net zero.’ Imagine getting a monthly bill for the air you inhaled! Breathing could be the next thing tracked, taxed, and rationed. It is all part of the same anti-human agenda... right up there with banning cow farts and probably charging cows for their emissions too.

And the best part... The *Spider’s Globalist* elites controlling *The Financial Industrial Complex* will sell it as a feature!” Adrian said, his voice thick with sarcasm. “‘We are doing this to protect you from fraud,’ they will say. Or they will tell the *Sleoples* that... ‘It is to fight money laundering, terrorism, child exploitation, human trafficking, and of course, hate speech!’ Meanwhile, all the real crooks, the ones with private jets and offshore accounts, the very ones telling the rest of humanity that we are the problem are still doing what they have always done, untouched, unnoticed, and unpunished. Only now, we... the common folk... will be the ones walking around with digital leashes around our necks, wagging our tails every time the *Spider’s* henchmen decide to ‘protect’ us a little more.”

Peter shook his head, a cynical smile forming. “It is like they read George Orwell’s book... 1984 and thought, ‘Now this is a blueprint we can work with! How can we make this dystopia real?’ Take Bitcoin and other cryptocurrencies, for example... they were pitched as ‘decentralized,’ ‘censorship-resistant,’ and ‘freedom from private central banks.’

And yet, here we are, watching regulation after regulation creeping in, slowly strangling the cryptocurrency space. It is almost like the whole thing was designed as *The Digital Trap*... luring the *Sleoples* in with promises of freedom, security and privacy while quietly laying the groundwork for the *Spider's* total control."

"Cryptocurrency... *The Digital Trap*... that is a good one!" Adrian said, leaning forward, his grin widening. "It is like they used cryptocurrency as a beta test for chaos control. **Step one:** get everyone excited about digital wallets... 'Look how convenient and futuristic this is!' **Step two:** watch the *Sleoples*, the *Useful Idiots*, and the *Useful Tools* mysteriously lose access to their cryptocurrency wallets, their passwords, and their so-called secure digital currency, like a bad magician's trick gone wrong. Then, sprinkle in some dramatic headlines about digital crypto exchanges getting hacked and scammers running off with hundreds of billions... heck, why not make it tens of trillions just to spice things up.

And then, like clockwork, the *Spider's* cavalry rides in with the 'solution.' 'Oh, you poor things, managing your own digital money is so risky! What you need is a safe, regulated digital currency. Lucky for you, we have been working on this shiny new Central Bank Digital Currency just for you! Trust us, it is much better when we hold all the keys to your financial future.'" Adrian rolled his eyes. "It is like selling the *Sleoples* the dream of living on a free-range *Sheep* farm while quietly building a fence around them. Genius, really... diabolical, but genius."

Peter laughed, shaking his head in amusement. "Ah... *Yes*... the good old Hegelian dialectic," he said, leaning back with a knowing grin. "It's such a classic move, straight out of Hegel's playbook. You know, the German philosopher Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel... he is the one who gave us that clever little trick... *Problem*... *Reaction*... *Solution*."

The brilliance lies in the *Spider's* controllers always knowing the endgame. They manufacture the *Problem*, ignite panic and fear to provoke the desired *Reaction*, and then unveil the *Solution*... a pre-ordained trap designed to tighten their grip around the necks of the *Sleoples*. It is the pinnacle of manipulation, an insidious sleight of hand

to control the narrative and herd the *Sleoples* exactly where they were intended to go from the moment the *Problem* was introduced by the *Spider*. The true revelation is not just the method... it is the horrifying ease with which the *Sleoples* are being led, step by calculated step, into the inescapable center of the *Spider's* trap."

Adrian leaned forward, his eyes lighting up with mock surprise. "Oh... *Yes*... let us talk about the cryptocurrency liberation' story for a second. The *Spider's* minions... its *Useful Idiots* and *Useful Tools* sell and evangelize the common folk with this magical internet monopoly money... decentralized, freedom from these so-called private central banks, you name it. According to these agents of deception.... cryptocurrency is a positive financial revolution!

Except... nothing functions within the *Spider's* controlled *Financial Industrial Complex* unless the *Spider* gives it the green light. Think about it... the private central banks, central counterparties (CCPs), the Depository Trust Corporation (DTC), and the Bank for International Settlements (BIS). These *Spider's* controlled *Globalist* organizations act as the financial bouncers of the *Spider's* web. Nothing is allowed to happen organically in society unless it serves the *Spider's* larger agenda of human servitude and enslavement."

Peter leaned back, shaking his head in exaggerated disbelief. "And then the *Spider* strikes with the ultimate bait-and-switch. At first, the *Spider* allows cryptocurrencies to flourish... subtly tolerated as a supposed off-ramp to financial decentralization... a seductive escape from the private central banks' fake fiat currencies. The *Sleoples* eagerly embrace their new cryptocurrency digital wallets, convinced they are pioneers in a financial revolution.

The *Spider* even rewards some of its *Useful Idiots* and *Useful Tools* with obscene profits... letting them buy in early... flashing their quick winnings and flaunting their newfound wealth. The spectacle is deliberate... an irresistible lure, baiting the masses of *Sleoples* into believing they, too, can strike it rich if they just step into the cryptocurrency trap. It is textbook. This is exactly how a Ponzi scheme works."

Adrian scoffed, shaking his head. "Oh... *Yes*... this is a textbook

Ponzi scheme. The first marks who step into the cryptocurrency trap are handpicked by the **Spider** to walk away with small fortunes. They strut around as living proof that the scheme works... flaunting their winnings... feeding the illusion... spreading the deception. The hopefuls flood in, drunk on greed... convinced they are getting in early... oblivious to the fact that they are not building wealth... they are the foundation keeping the scam standing until the **Spider** decides to pull the rug out from underneath them.”

Peter leaned back, his voice dripping with irony. “And here is where it gets truly sinister. Unlike your run-of-the-mill Ponzi scheme, where the orchestrators eventually get exposed and the con falls apart, the **Spider** does not need to run. It controls the entire game from start to finish. When the cryptocurrency Ponzi scheme nears collapse, the **Spider** does not vanish into the night... it simply tightens its grip. The same regulators who turned a blind eye as the cryptocurrency scheme grew now swoop in as saviors, declaring the ‘unregulated chaos’ of decentralized finance a dangerous threat.”

Adrian shook his head. “Then, bam... just like that, the trap snaps shut. Out come the fabricated security concerns, the orchestrated hacks, and the manufactured regulatory crackdowns. Right on cue, the **Spider** and its **Useful Idiots** and **Useful Tools** unveil the prepackaged solution... the trap that had been planned all along. The **Spider’s Globalists** reassure the **Sleoples**, ‘Do not worry, folks. Here is our shiny new **Central Bank Digital Currency**. Safe, secure... and completely under our control.’”

Peter leaned forward, his tone deliberate. “Of course, this is just our conjecture, but cryptocurrencies were always the gateway drug for CBDCs. The **Spider** allowed them to flourish, knowing they would normalize digital wallets, blockchain technology and a cashless system. The **Sleoples** embraced it blindly, unaware it was a carefully planned trap... a calculated assault on intelligence, sovereignty, and ownership, paving the way for the **Sleoples** to accept the **Spider’s** CBDCs.”

Adrian smirked, leaning back with a wave of his hand. “**Yes.. Wala!** This is textbook psychological manipulation. Like a pickpocket dazzling

you with one hand while the other is rifling through your pockets. The *Sleoples* are walking right into a well-designed *Digital Trap*, thinking they are part of a decentralized revolution, when all they are really doing is stepping into a *Spider's* controlled financial prison. And the best part? The *Sleoples* will thank their captors for their servitude and believe it is wonderful.

The *Spider* has orchestrated a masterclass in psychological manipulation... herding the masses with precision, ensuring they embrace their own subjugation, enslavement and death. This is *Fifth Generation Warfare* at its finest, waged by the *Spider* against the *Sleoples*. A war not fought with bullets and bombs, but with information, perception control, and engineered consent. The battlefield is the human mind, and the victory is obedience without resistance by the *Sleoples*. Diabolical? *Yes... Absolutely!* Yet, one has to admire the audacity and cunningness of the *Spider*.”

Peter laughed, shaking his head. “And here is the kicker... the SHA-256 algorithm, the math wizardry that powers all cryptocurrencies, was developed by the NSA. *Yes...* the National Security Agency, the U.S. government’s experts in worldwide surveillance and communications intelligence. You know, the same folks who gifted us the monitored, censored, and controlled internet... purely out of the goodness of their hearts, of course. The NSA ‘graciously opened up the internet for everyone’ in 1993... because they just love transparency and freedom. Like benevolent overlords, they handed the world a key... while quietly keeping a master key for themselves, a backdoor, and the ability to watch every move you make. Truly, a gift to humanity.”

Adrian leaned back, crossing his arms. “So let me get this straight. The backbone of Bitcoin and all other cryptocurrencies, the digital things that so many *Sleoples* swear is outside the reach of government and private central bank control, was built on an algorithm designed by the world’s most sophisticated surveillance agency. And no one sees a problem with this? These so-called decentralized warriors are placing their faith in a system that was, at best, handed to them and, at worst, compromised from the very beginning by the tentacle of the *Spider*.”

Peter smirked, raising an eyebrow. “The NSA claims to protect us from digital threats, yet the NSA crack systems wide open for their own purposes. So, who is to say they did not slip a backdoor into the very algorithm that tens of trillions of dollars in cryptocurrency trades rely on everyday? It is like asking a fox to guard a henhouse and then acting surprised when the chickens vanish, leaving behind only traces of blood and feathers.”

Adrian leaned forward, his grin widening. “Oh, it gets better! SHA-256 is the backbone of every cryptocurrency... Bitcoin, XRP, Ethereum, you name the cryptocurrency. It secures the blockchain by hashing transactions into unique digital fingerprints, linking each block to the next. Supposedly, SHA-256 is uncrackable, tamper-proof, and ultra-secure. But let me get this straight... we are trusting the NSA? The same NSA that specializes in making sure nothing is uncrackable for them? **Yes...** ridiculous!

This is the same U.S. government agency that Edward Snowden... a former contractor for the National Security Agency warned us about. Snowden, for those who might need a refresher, is the whistleblower who revealed the NSA’s mass surveillance programs. He exposed how the NSA transformed the internet into a vast surveillance system, monitoring, recording, and analyzing nearly every aspect of our online lives.”

Peter leaned back, throwing up his hands in exasperation. “Everyone who promotes, buys, and sells cryptocurrencies treats SHA-256 like it is the holy grail of financial freedom, security, and decentralization. Meanwhile, the NSA... the creators of this algorithm... are most likely sitting back, laughing at the **Sleoples** who have blindly embraced the NSA’s encryption, all the while the NSA holds the backdoor keys. And yet, the **Sleoples** convince themselves that the **NSA’s** blockchain technology is the safest, uncrackable, and most secure system ever created. What could possibly go wrong with the NSA involved?”

Adrian raised an eyebrow, leaning forward with an exaggerated smirk. “A backdoor, huh? You mean one of those ‘Oh, do not mind us, we will just let ourselves in’ anytime kind of deals? You do not even need

the usual keys or passwords... just a secret little entrance that no one else knows about.

What if the NSA, being the *Spider's* go-to surveillance experts, built that backdoor into Bitcoin and every other cryptocurrency from the very beginning? Picture it... everyone patting themselves on the back, trusting this supposedly 'unbreakable' encryption SHA-256 system, while the NSA sits there sipping coffee, watching every transaction in real time. Waiting for the perfect moment to quietly slip in and take it all, and no one would even notice. Genius, really... terrifying, but genius."

Peter smirked, the absurdity of it all hitting home. "And now, throw quantum computing into the mix. With regular computers, it would take millions of years to break encryption like SHA-256. But with quantum computing, those computers on steroids that can process massive amounts of data all at once. It is a whole new ball game. Instead of trying one key at a time, a quantum computer can try quadrillions of keys simultaneously. The 'unbreakable' encryption? Cracked in nano seconds."

Adrian leaned back, shaking his head, his tone dripping with sarcasm. "So much for Bitcoin's and other cryptocurrencies' so-called unbreakable security. Quantum computers could rip through them like a hot knife through butter. All those digital wallets, transactions, and private keys laid bare, like a house with all its doors flung wide open. And that, Peter, makes you wonder... were cryptocurrencies ever truly secure? Or was the whole thing just a part of some grand plan to hook everyone on digital currency before the real trap was sprung? *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*... coming soon to a dystopian theatre near you.

Think about it. They needed a test phase, and cryptocurrencies were the perfect bait. Get unsuspecting marks to trust the system, pour tens of trillions into it, and then... just as the world is sprinting toward a fully digital economy... flip the switch. Suddenly, quantum computers make crypto obsolete, and guess who swoops in to 'save the day'? The private central banks, the DTC, the CCPs, and the BIS, all conveniently waiting in the wings with their shiny new Central Bank Digital Currencies. Makes you wonder who is really pulling the strings, does it not?"

Peter leaned in, his eyes gleaming with a mix of amusement and disbelief. “And what happens to all those ‘secure’ cryptocurrency digital assets?” he asked, his voice laced with concern. “If quantum computers crack the cryptographic backbone of Bitcoin and its crypto cousins, all those digital wallets are toast. Poof... just like that, the system collapses. Then the ***Spider’s Globalist*** elites roll in, all righteous, saying, ‘Oh no, cryptocurrencies are not safe. You better switch to our quantum-resistant, captured government and private central banks backed CBDCs.’ And for the ultimate insult, they could even offer you an implantable digital wallet... ‘Just take this little injection, and your money is always with you!’ How convenient!”

Adrian threw up his hands, feigning disbelief. “It is all so diabolical! The ***Spider*** allows the cryptocurrency experiment to run for a decade or so, gets everyone hooked on digital assets, and then pulls the rug out suddenly. Overnight, the ***Spider’s*** so-called ‘safer’ private Central Bank Digital Currency becomes the only option, complete with built-in surveillance and spending controls. ‘We are doing this for your protection,’ the private central bankers and their ***Spider*** overlords will proclaim. Right... just like banning cash is supposedly for our protection. Because nothing screams freedom and sovereignty like being told what you can and cannot do with your own money.”

Peter laughed, shaking his head, his tone thick with sarcasm. “And do not forget the ‘carbon footprint’ angle. You know, the gas of life they now claim is destroying the earth... the stuff we are literally made of... the essence of life. The ***Spider*** will tell you that using too much of your digital currency is bad for the environment. ‘Sorry, you have reached your spending limit for the month... think of the polar bears!’

Meanwhile, the ***Spider’s Globalist*** elites will still be jetting across the earth, feasting on steak, and cruising in gas-guzzling SUVs, all while lecturing us about ‘sustainability.’ They will say, ‘We have to live the high life to manage the world for your benefit,’ while the rest of us are left with digital ration coupons, starving, enslaved, and patting ourselves on the back for saving the earth. What a great deal for the ***Sleoples?***”

Adrian grinned, leaning in with mock seriousness. “It sounds ridic-

ulous, but is it really? Cashless societies, digital IDs, biometric verification... it is all falling into place. The *Spider's* goal is very clear... total control over finances, movements, over our breathing and even over our farting. A *One World Government* where we own nothing, and the *Spider's Globalist* elites could not be happier. Managed happiness... who needs freedom and sovereignty anyway?"

Peter interjected, his tone dripping with sarcasm. "It is the classic *Problem... Reaction... Solution...* playbook. First, the *Spider* and its *Globalists* create the *Problem...* a financial crisis, 'security concerns,' climate change panic, or even a shiny new world war. Then comes the *Reaction...* the *Sleoples* begin to lose their minds, begging for someone to fix it. And right on cue, the *Spider* rolls out its pre-packaged *Solution...* cashless societies, Central Bank Digital Currencies, and total control over every transaction. The real kicker? It is not just about money... it is about dismantling sovereignty and, ultimately, humanity itself. Quite the tidy little diabolical package, would you not say?"

"It is all lining up perfectly, and the *Sleoples*, the *Useful Idiots*, and the *Useful Tools* are walking blindly straight into the *Spider's* well laid trap," Adrian said, shaking his head, the pattern glaringly obvious now. "The end goal is not just control... it is the total enslavement of all of humanity. The *Spider* and its *Globalists* are forcing us backward through history, stripping away freedom and trampling the natural laws meant to protect human dignity, liberty, and sovereignty. And yet, so many remain blind, unable or unwilling to see the chains slowly being placed around them, leading to their complete servitude."

Peter leaned forward, his voice firm. "That is why we show our clients why Gold is the ultimate hedge against this digital madness. Gold is real, it is physical, and it has been a store of value and wealth for thousands of years. Unlike digital currencies, Gold cannot be hacked or frozen. It does not matter if there is a power outage or a quantum computer running Shor's Algorithm... a quantum method capable of cracking encryption by factoring large numbers with ease... Gold will still be there, shiny, valuable, useful, and as useable as ever."

Adrian nodded, a big smile spreading across his face. "*Yes!* Gold is

something you can actually hold in your hands. It is real money, not just a bunch of zeros and ones floating around on some blockchain or digital blip of data. When the digital house of cards collapses... and mark my words, it will... the **Sovereigns**, like our clients, who own physical Gold will be the ones left standing. Everyone else will be scrambling to turn their digital nothings into something real, and by then, it will be too late.”

Peter leaned forward. “And here is the big kicker... once CBDCs are fully rolled out, the **Spider’s** controlled **Financial Industrial Complex** will start penalizing anyone buying Gold or other tangible assets. ‘Oh, you want to convert your CBDC to Gold? That will be a 99.99% tax.’ Or worse, ‘Sorry, Gold purchases are now limited to 1 gram per year to prevent hoarding.’ It is almost like they are pre-emptively locking everyone into the **Spider’s** digital control web, making sure no one escapes the total control system.”

Adrian’s tone sharpened as he nodded. “That is why we all need to act now... position our clients and anyone willing to listen. We have to educate them on the risks of relying solely on digital assets and ensure they hold physical Gold and silver. It is not about making money... it is all about preserving freedom. Owning Gold is a declaration... ‘I am a **Sovereign**... I have control over my wealth, and I refuse to be pushed into a purely digital economy where every move is tracked.’ Owning Gold is a stand for individual sovereignty.”

Peter leaned back, a smile crossing his face. “Besides, if the world goes completely mad, we can always barter. You cannot trade a Bitcoin when the internet is down, but you can exchange a Gold coin for a cow, a sack of potatoes, bullets, or a rifle. In a world where CBDCs dictate what you can and cannot buy, nothing beats having tangible assets.”

Adrian laughed, shaking his head. “**Yes**... imagine trying to buy firewood with Bitcoin or XRP during a blackout or an EMP attack... an electromagnetic pulse that will fry electronics and shut down power grids. Real wealth is in Gold, land, seeds, livestock... things with intrinsic value. All these cryptocurrencies, digital tokens and NFTs are just mental make-believe abstractions, and when **The Financial Industrial**

Complex collapses, these digital assets will vanish overnight. Those who are not awake, who are not prepared, will not see it coming until it is far too late.”

Peter nodded. “**Yes!** So, our strategy remains the same... educate, diversify, and hedge against the **Spider’s** plans by **Owning Assets in Order of Asset Confiscation**. We will keep advising our clients to protect their wealth from the ‘wealth eaters’ and enslavers, positioning them to thrive no matter what kind of system gets thrown at us. Whether it is a financial reset, a digital lockdown, or some new worldwide scam, Gold and other real assets will always anchor us to reality, freedom, and sovereignty.”

Adrian raised his glass, his demeanor solid. “To Gold... the original store of value, wealth, and sovereignty. The one asset they will never control or digitize. As long as there is honest money, there will be honest folks who hold Gold. To our fellow **Sovereigns... Join Our Conversation!**”

Peter raised his glass to meet Adrian’s through the screen, his expression equally serious. “Here is... **to Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness!** When the digital dust settles, those who own Gold will still stand tall and sovereign, while everyone else will wonder what happened to their so-called ‘freedom.’ Or worse... they will not even realize they had lost it.”

The Sage of Main Street and **The Oracle of Abbotsford** stood up tall, glasses in hand, their voices steady and filled with total conviction. Together, they recited the sacred words of the evening... the past... the present... and humanity’s future... humanity’s salvation... **The Sovereign’s Creed...**

“To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!”

NOTICE TO READER

THE CRYPTO CHALLENGE

To all you cryptocurrency evangelists out there... this is your time to shine! We are throwing down the gauntlet, and here is the fun part... we *actually want* to be proven wrong by you. *Yes*, you heard that right. We are open to being schooled, but you are going to have to bring your best game. Are you ready for a lively, no-holds-barred conversation?

The King of Main Street and *The Son of a Dutch Farmer* are diving headfirst into the crypto controversy in their upcoming book... *Last Asset Standing!* This debate is simple yet profound... what will truly be the *Last Asset Standing*... *Cryptocurrency* or *Gold*? This promises to be an exciting exploration, and we are inviting *YOU* to join the conversation. Bring your sharpest arguments, your wittiest insights, and undeniable evidence. If your points hit the mark, we will not only admit we were wrong but also feature *YOU*... your name and your winning argument... in the book... *Last Asset Standing*. How is that for a win-win?

This is your chance to set the record straight, have some fun, and maybe even leave a lasting legacy. The challenge is on, the stakes are high, and we cannot wait to see what you bring to the table. Are you up to the challenge?

Contact us directly at *www.ItStartsWithGold.com* and let us start the conversation today!

CHAPTER THIRTY EIGHT

JOIN OUR CONVERSATION

This Wednesday evening was quiet, the kind of stillness that invites deep reflection. Adrian C. Spitters... *The Oracle of Abbotsford*, opened his Steam Works craft beer and raised it toward the screen where Peter J. Merrick... *The Sage of Main Street*, appeared. “We have been on quite a journey, haven’t we?” Adrian said, his voice thoughtful. “In life, in our careers, trying to find and build real community. Working with the right clients... *Sovereigns*... and like-minded colleagues who share our values, our concerns and our vision.”

Peter raised his glass of Ziraldo Icewine in response, his expression solemn. “Many are called, but few are chosen.”

The toast lingered between them, a symbolic gesture across the distance, heavy with meaning. The weight of the moment and the long, winding journey they had shared together pressed into the silence, unspoken yet deeply felt. Peter’s gaze faltered, his eyes clouded with emotion as he lowered his glass. The stillness of the moment seemed to stretch, the air thick with memories and unspoken grief. His voice, trembling under the weight of it all, softened.

“Adrian,” Peter began, his words halting, as though each one carried

the burden of his sorrow. “Do you ever think about how lost so many individuals seem to be today? It’s as though we have all become prisoners of our own making, caught in cages we have built with our own hands.” He paused, his gaze lowering, the weight of his thoughts reflected in the heavy silence between them.

Peter’s voice trembled as he continued, each word heavy with regret and sorrow. “That thought... it has been haunting me ever since my last conversation with Larry Lipiec... my dear friend, my big brother in arms. Just a few days before he decided he could no longer continue his journey and ended his own life at the end of 2021. It blindsided me.

I did not see it coming, not even a glimpse of the pain he was carrying. And now, I cannot stop wondering... did I miss something significant? Was there a moment, a word, or a sign where I could have reached him? Could I have said or done anything to change what happened? The loss... it is an unbearable void, one that echoes endlessly. It is a weight I carry every day, knowing that someone I loved so deeply felt that there was no hope... no future... and know way out.”

Peter paused, his voice catching as he spoke. “Larry wasn’t just a friend. He was one of my best friends, like a big brother to me. Someone I admired deeply. We didn’t always agree on everything, but we always understood and respected each other. In our final conversation, he said something that still echoes in my mind.”

Adrian leaned closer to his screen, his eyes soft with concern and understanding as he sensed the weight of Peter’s grief. “Peter,” he said gently, “what did he share with you? Larry always had such a unique way of seeing the world, of cutting through all the chaos to find clarity. I can tell this is deeply on your mind and heart. What was it about your last conversation with him that has stayed with you so profoundly?”

Peter took a deep breath, steadying himself before speaking, his voice tinged with both reflection. “Larry shared a story about a friend of his, a retired corporate lawyer named Allen. Allen had made a deliberate choice to disconnect completely from mainstream media... no TV, no newspapers, no internet, no social media. He believed it was all engineered, not to inform or connect us to others, but to control and isolate

us from humanity. Allen believed it was a system designed to turn the individual into robots, to strip away their individuality, to make them numb and detached from reality.

Larry said Allen believed it went deeper than just information... it was calculated brainwashing. A carefully crafted system meant to lull individuals into complacency, keeping them asleep, docile, unable to resist, unable to find the courage to say '**No.**' Allen saw the relentless flood of meaningless noise, the endless distractions, as the perfect prison... a cage we willingly stepped into without even realizing the bars were locking us inside. It was not just what we consumed but how it conditioned us to forget who we are."

Adrian's brow furrowed, his expression contemplative. "That is profound, I get it. Everywhere you look, individuals are glued to their screens, scrolling endlessly. Do you think it's really that bad? Are we all just sleepwalking through life... walking towards a cliff... and about to step off it?"

"That's exactly what Larry feared," Peter replied, his voice deep with emotion. "He said it wasn't just the screens... it was the mindset. He kept meeting individuals who felt trapped, like they were in a prison they'd built for themselves. Larry understood that the bars of that cage weren't made of steel... they were made of fear, routine, indoctrination and the belief that they had no power to change anything. He saw it everywhere he went, and it weighed on him."

Peter's voice faltered slightly, his words heavy with the weight of loss and reflection, but he pushed on. "Larry had been a legal prosecutor for the Canadian government. He was on the verge of achieving what he had spent his entire career working toward... being appointed as a judge. It was not just a position for him... it was everything he wanted, everything he believed in. But it was all ripped away because he stood up for his principles, refusing to take the vaccine. That one choice cost him everything... his career, his identity, his sense of purpose. Larry told me he felt like a man without a country, adrift and abandoned, trapped in a world that no longer made sense to him."

Adrian's face darkened, the weight of Peter's words sinking in. His

voice was low and heavy with understanding. “That is so devastating. To lose everything you have spent your entire life building, everything that gave you purpose and direction... it is hard to even imagine the pain he must have been carrying with him. What he went through... how he must have felt... it is almost too much to comprehend. Do you think there is a way out of this prison society has built for itself, or are we all trapped in an inhumane system that just keeps tightening the grip of the *Spider’s* web on all of humanity?”

Peter paused, searching for the right words. “Larry believed there was, he knew it wouldn’t be easy. He said everything changed after September 11, 2001. Before that, there was still a sense of hope, creativity, and humanity. After 9/11, he felt the world began spiraling into a system of total control... a system that fed on fear and compliance. He believed we were heading into a new Dark Age. Larry called it a slow descent, where the light of humanity would only survive in small, isolated *Islands of Refuge*.”

Peter’s voice grew quieter, more reflective. “Larry believed those *Islands of Refuge* would be the key to preserving what it means to be human. He said they’d have to be places where culture, history, and freedom could be kept alive, even as the rest of the world fell into darkness.”

Adrian leaned forward, his voice thoughtful. “It reminds me of the monastic communities during the original Dark Ages. They preserved knowledge, culture, and history when much of the world had forgotten them. They kept the flame of humanity alive, not just for themselves but for future generations, until the world was ready again. This is what we need now... something to hold on to, something to keep the light of humanity alive.”

Peter’s expression softened into a faint, reflective smile, his eyes carrying the weight of memory and hope. “Larry believed we need a new language,” he said quietly, his voice resonating with conviction. “Not a language of words, something much deeper, something primal... a language of the heart. He described it as instinctive, like the dance of bees that guides them to honey.

Larry said we have lost our ability to truly see and perceive the

world, to feel its pulse, to connect with what matters most. We have traded clarity for noise, meaning for distraction. He believed that to find our way back, we must step through the looking glass, to break free from the illusions we cling to and discover a new way of understanding, a new way of being. It is not just a change of mindset... it is a transformation of spirit... and a return to our soul.”

Adrian’s voice gained strength, a quiet determination anchoring his thoughts. “A new language... that’s worth striving for. How do we begin? How do we break free from these cages, these prisons we’ve built for ourselves?”

Peter exhaled deeply, his voice steady. “Larry didn’t have all the answers, none of us do. He believed it starts with waking up to the truth. Before he passed, he gave me a small Canadian White Pine tree seed. He said, ‘Escape before it’s too late.’ He wasn’t just talking about leaving the country. Larry meant escaping the mindset that keeps us trapped... the belief that we are powerless to make real, meaningful change in our lives... in the lives of our family... and in the lives of our community.”

Adrian and Peter sat in reflective silence, the weight of their conversation full of purpose. The loss of Larry and countless others to the *Spider’s* insidious agenda was an open wound... a painful symbol of humanity’s slow surrender to a demonic system intent on crushing freedom, individuality, sovereignty and the very essence of what it means to be human. The looming shadow of *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0* made their mission all the more urgent, important and immediate for all of humanity to confront.

Both men understood the stakes with an intensity that burned to their very cores. For Peter and Adrian, the time for silence had long passed. They felt an undeniable, almost primal compulsion to act, to rise, to speak up... to be heard and counted among the living. Decades spent in the trenches of *The Financial Industrial Complex* had granted them unparalleled insight, access, and experience into the intricate workings of the gears and levers of the financial machine now bearing down on them and the rest of humanity. With well over three decades of experience each, they had witnessed it all... the manipulations, the

illusions, the deceptions, the lies, the traps. This was not merely a calling for both men... it was a mandate... a solemn duty etched into their very beings.

And yet, they were humbled by the task at hand. To be entrusted with this responsibility, to stand at the crossroads of humanity's survival, was not a moment for pride but one for reverence, modesty and a deep sense of humility. The enormity of their roles weighed heavily, reminding them that their experiences, their knowledge, and their voices were not for themselves but for humanity. They had accepted their fate, accepting the call with open eyes and steady hearts. This was not a burden they chose... it chose them.

Both Adrian and Peter were on a quest, joined by tens of millions across the world whose numbers grew with each passing day, united by a shared belief in the sacredness of individual sovereignty and the responsibility to stand up for humanity. Their shared mission was crystal clear... to awaken as many trapped minds as possible from the grip of illusion, apathy and learned helplessness before ***The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0*** descended like a suffocating shadow onto the world.

Time was short, and the stakes could not have been more dire. They knew they could not reach everyone, but they also knew this truth... if even a few could be freed from the mental chains that bound them, it would make every effort, every hardship, every sacrifice, entirely worth it.

The trials ahead would demand more than effort... they would demand total commitment, a complete outpouring of everything they had, everything they were. They stood on the precipice of history, humbled by the magnitude of their task, yet resolute and totally committed to their mission. This fight would consume both Peter and Adrian, it was not theirs alone. It was humanity's fight, and they would step onto the field with every ounce of conviction and play with all the strength they possessed.

Peter leaned forward, his eyes intense with conviction. "Adrian, there is a powerful story about a young Moses. It speaks directly to where humanity is right now and why no one can afford to remain silent

and passive as evil descends upon humanity like a relentless scourge of locusts. This moment demands action, courage, and an unwavering commitment to stand against the darkness both individually and united together.”

Peter then began, his tone deliberate and reflective. “Moses grew up in Pharaoh’s palace, caught between two worlds of power and oppression. As a preverbal child, he once sat on Pharaoh’s lap and, in an innocent act, reached for Pharaoh’s crown, placing it on his own head. To Pharaoh and his advisors, this was no small gesture. It terrified them. It was seen as a sign of rebellion, a threat to their rule.

According to Midrash, Pharaoh and his court devised a test to determine whether Moses truly posed a danger. They brought before him a platter with two objects... a piece of gleaming Gold and a glowing hot coal. The test was cruelly simple. If Moses chose the Gold, it would prove he understood its value, marking him as a future rival to Pharaoh’s power and he would be immediately executed. If he chose the burning coal, it would indicate that he lacked understanding, and his life would be spared.

Moses, instinctively, reached for the Gold. At that very moment, an angel intervened on behalf of God, guiding Moses’ hand to the glowing coal instead. Moses picked up the coal, brought it to his lips, and burned his tongue. That injury left him with a stutter for the rest of his life, a mark he carried to his death at 120 years old. To Pharaoh and his advisors, this was proof that Moses posed no real threat to them at that time. They believed that a child with a stutter could never challenge the might of Egypt. And so, Moses life was spared.”

Peter paused, his voice softening, allowing the weight of the story to settle in. “We know how this story unfolds. That stutter did not define Moses, nor did it diminish his destiny. What Pharaoh saw as weakness became a testament to resilience. Moses rose to lead his people out of bondage, proving that even perceived flaws can serve a greater purpose. His story reminds us that what seems like a setback in the moment can actually be the preparation for something much greater.”

Peter’s voice deepened, carrying the full weight of the lesson. “That

stutter, Adrian, did not stop Moses. It did not define him. It became part of his story, part of his preparation... his destiny. When the time came, Moses rose to lead his nation out of bondage. He faced Pharaoh, not as a perfect leader, but as a flawed man who answered the call. What others saw as weakness, God had woven into his destiny. Moses' perceived weaknesses and flaws were his strengths."

Peter leaned back slightly, his gaze burning with life as he concluded. "Moses' story is a lesson and a call to all of us. It reminds us that flaws, setbacks, and the marks life leaves on us are not signs of failure. They are signs of preparation, shaping us for the moment we are called to rise. Like Moses, we must step forward, not as perfect beings, but as those willing to embrace our role in a larger plan. ***This is our time to answer that call!***"

Adrian leaned forward, his voice steady and charged with conviction. "Like Moses, we have all been held back, waiting on the bench for this moment... called to take our place on the field of life. Most of us have been told by others we are not capable, not ready to take a stand, not strong enough to defend humanity or wield the power to say '**No**' to tyranny. We have been conditioned to believe that our flaws disqualify us, that our time to act will never come. That was the ***Spider's*** lie, and here is the truth... now is the time and place for us to take proactive action. ***Now*** is the moment for each of us to rise, to reclaim our power, take back our sovereignty and to step into the leading role we were born to play.

Each of us carries a unique ability, a skill set shaped by our experiences, struggles, and triumphs. The world needs your abilities now more than ever. It is time to contribute with courage and purpose, to bring forth our strengths, and to stand united in humanity's finest hour. This is not just a call to action... it is a call to fulfill the destiny each and everyone of us was meant for. The time to rise to this occasion is... ***Now!***"

Peter agreed, his eyes gleaming with purpose as he added, "The challenges we face are not punishments... they were our preparation. Every setback, every perceived weakness, is a tool God has given us, preparing

us, shaping us, forging us, for this very moment. The call has come, and the time to answer is... ***Now!***

Adrian interjected. his voice was steady and purposeful. “You and I have spent our careers navigating the labyrinth of ***The Financial Industrial Complex***... not just crunching numbers but recognizing both the subtle ripples and seismic shifts of change. We have seen patterns others overlooked, named the risks others ignored, and built strategies and solutions to safeguard what matters most. We are not perfect, but we have dedicated our lives to mastering the art of reducing risks, strategically protecting wealth, investments, and assets from the uncertainties that will destabilize futures.

This is not merely about survival... this is about empowerment. It is about equipping others... our clients, our communities... to preserve their sovereignty, to ***De-Risk*** and protect their wealth and futures, and to reclaim the control that is rightfully theirs.”

Peter agreed, humbled as he spoke next. “Adrian, we have been entrusted with something rare... a skill set honed over decades in the trenches of ***The Financial Industrial Complex***. This is not a gift we take lightly... it is an extraordinary responsibility.

We are not here to accumulate praise or recognition. We are here because we see what is coming, and we know it is our duty as members of the human family to guide those who are ready to join us to a place of financial safety. It is not about brilliance or ego... it is about being prepared and having the courage to take the right steps before it is too late to protect your wealth and those you deeply care about.”

Adrian leaned in. “***Owning Assets in Order of Asset Confiscation*** is not just a concept... it is a lifeline. It means prioritizing assets based on their resilience against the attacks from those that control ***The Financial Industrial Complex*** during economic collapse or crises.

These assets include, in order of security... Gold, commodities, real estate, and financial and life insurance instruments from mutual life insurance companies. These are not just assets... they are shields against the planned ***Spider's*** confiscation. They are defensive weapons for weathering the storms we know are coming. This strategy is neither

perfect nor glamorous, but it is effective. It is about reducing exposure to fragile, volatile assets that are vulnerable to devaluation and focusing on what will endure.”

Peter’s voice softened but held firm conviction as he added, “This is not just about protecting wealth. It is about preserving dignity, freedom, sovereignty and humanity in a world that seeks to strip these away. What we offer is not a magic bullet. It is a proven approach to resilience. It is about having the tools and the mindset to face what is coming with strength, clarity and purpose. We have seen what happens when individuals do not prepare. And we cannot, in good conscience, stand by without sharing what we know and understand.”

Adrian continued, his gaze steady. “We do not claim to have all the answers, but we do carry the experience and the scars from years spent in the trenches of *The Financial Industrial Complex*. This is our way of contributing to this fight for sovereignty... of giving back. It is not about fear... it is about empowerment. It is about equipping those who are ready to act with the financial knowledge and strategies needed to navigate a world that is changing faster than most can comprehend.”

Peter concluded, his voice filled with quiet resolve. “This is why we are here. To share, to guide, and to serve. We do not take this responsibility lightly. If you are ready to listen, to act, and to take control of your future, Adrian and I are here to walk alongside you. Together, we can build something that stands solid and stern in the face of what is to come. This is not just our mission... it is our promise.”

Peter and Adrian raised their glasses in unison, their voices steady and resolute as they recited *The Sovereign’s Creed...*

“To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!”

Then, with a deep sense of purpose and a profound belief in humanity, Adrian and Peter nodded in unison, their eyes meeting the cameras with

warmth and sincerity. In that moment, they broke the fourth wall... the invisible divide between them and their tribe of fellow **Sovereigns** gently fell away, creating a direct and meaningful connection. They spoke not just to minds, but to hearts, inviting those who would hear their words to reflect, to feel, and to awaken something deeper within themselves.

Their words were not for the passive observer... they were meant for those who had journeyed alongside them... for you, the ones watching, listening, or reading along. Adrian and Peter's gaze carried the full weight of their mission and the undeniable conviction of their shared purpose. This was no mere conversation... it was a rallying cry, a call to rise, to act, and to defend the sovereignty of humanity before it was too late.

"This is your moment," Adrian began, his voice firm yet inviting. "Every journey starts with a single step, and every revolution begins with a single voice. The challenges we face demand more than observation... they demand action. Your action!"

Peter leaned forward, his gaze sharp yet filled with hope. "The call is not for perfection, nor is it for fear. It is for courage, for wisdom, for love and for a commitment to reclaiming what truly matters... your sovereignty, your health, your wealth. This is not just our mission... it is all of humanity's mission. And it begins with you."

Both men spoke in unison, their voices filled with conviction. "Join our conversation. Make your unique contribution. Together, we can stand firm, protect what matters most, and shape a future worth fighting and living for."

Adrian gestured forward, his words filled with an open invitation for their tribe to accept. "Start your journey today. Connect with us and others like you. Let us take this stand together, shoulder to shoulder, as **Sovereigns** reclaiming our destiny."

Peter concluded, his voice steady with purpose... "***It Starts With Gold...*** but it does not end with Gold... ***JOIN OUR CONVERSATION at www.ItStartsWithGold.com***

Peter J. Merrick
The King of Main Street

Adrian C. Spitters
The Son of a Dutch Farmer

EPILOGUE

2050: WORLD OF THE DEPLORABLES

My name is Thomas Paine... not the patriot from history. I am someone who proudly carries his name as both a celebration of his legacy and a calling. My parents named me after the man whose pamphlet, *Common Sense*, ignited the American Revolution in 1776, transforming despair into defiance and inspiring a young, promising nation to claim its liberty. They believed that his spirit and vision could, must, and will live on... that the fire he lit can be reignited wherever liberty flickers in the hearts and minds of men and women throughout the ages.

They named me Thomas Paine to remind us that what once was... a world where freedom burned bright... can be again. The same fire lies within us all, waiting to blaze anew. Let us rise and reclaim our birthright.

The original Thomas Paine's words did not merely inspire... they resurrected respect for humanity. At a time when defeat and despair loomed over the American colonies, his writings, *Common Sense* and *The American Crisis*, awakened a sleeping giant... the human spirit. It was during the dark winter of 1776, when the American Revolutionary

Army was reeling from loss and morale had sunk to its lowest point, that General George Washington turned to Thomas Paine. Recognizing the profound power of words, Washington sent Paine back from the battlefield to write what would become *The American Crisis*. Its opening words... “***These are the times that try men’s souls***” echoed through the ranks of the freezing, weary soldiers, reigniting their resolve. The words fueled their courage to fight on, turning the tide of the American Revolution.

Paine’s earlier work, *Common Sense*, was no less pivotal. It did not merely advocate for independence... it shattered the chains of doubt, uniting the hearts and minds of ordinary ***Sovereigns*** with the courage to fight for their freedom, individuality, and sovereignty. Paine’s written words became a rallying cry, sparking a revolution that changed the course of human history and inspired generations to believe in the power and the willingness to fight for human dignity, liberty, and sovereignty.

Now, as I send this message to you from the year 2050, I stand at the edge of a world reshaped... unrecognizable, fractured, and scarred, where humanity struggles to claw its way back from ***The Brink***. The fire that once blazed brightly in the hearts of free men, women and children has been reduced to smoldering embers, faint but very much alive, waiting to be rekindled. This future was not forged in victory but in surrender by the masses of ***Sleoples***... a surrender you still have the power to refuse. I write to you from a moment where hope hangs by a thread yet remains unbroken, a moment when the lessons of the past roar to be remembered, urging you to act before it is too late.

I look back to the days before ***The Great Societal Confiscation of 2030***... an era hijacked and rebranded by the deluded ***Sleoples***, who, blinded by the false promises of harmony, dared to call it ***The Great Societal Harmonization of 2030***. Their sanitized name for this betrayal was a grotesque lie. It was a veil to hide the truth... the theft of everything that makes life meaningful, everything that makes us human. In the name of so-called progressiveness, we surrendered our freedom and sovereignty. In the relentless pursuit of order, we erased our individuality. And trusting the hollow, glimmering assurances of

the *Olympians... the Spider's Controlling Globalist Elites*, we handed over not just our possessions but the very essence of our humanity... our souls, bartered away for illusions of security.

I remember what America was before 2030. I was young... It was flawed... *Yes...* what human endeavor is not? But it was ***Great!*** America was *The Land of the Brave and the Free*, a sanctuary where liberty was the air we breathed, where individuality was celebrated as a divine spark, and where sovereignty was more than a word... it was the foundation of our existence. That greatness was not stolen by force but lost through complacency and the acquiescence to evil. It was eroded, bit by bit, as we exchanged our courage for comfort, our freedoms for illusions, our liberties for safety and our sovereignty for chains disguised as progressiveness.

I carry the name Thomas Paine not out of pride, but as a symbol of hope and strength... a call that has echoed through the ages. Just as the original Paine used his words to reawaken the human spirit and spark the *American Revolution of 1776*, I use mine to speak to you from a near future that can still be prevented and saved. Let this message be both a warning and a call to reclaim our dignity, sovereignty and humanity.

America will be ***Great Once Again...*** a shining light, *the Bright, Glimmering, Eternal Flame of Liberty and Freedom on the Hill...* a worthy example and beacon for the world to follow and aspire to.

Let the unbreakable human spirit rise again... not with empty words or hollow promises, but through the true revival of the spirit that made America great... the shining city upon the hill. A nation where individuals stand free from the chains of collectivism, bold in their voices, fearless in their worship, unrestrained in their thoughts, and determined in the pursuit of their self-determined, individualized destinies. A nation where individuality is honored as a sacred gift bestowed by our Creator, and where sovereignty is not just a word but a living truth... a trust guarded by those who will never bend the knee to tyranny or evil.

The spirit of 1776... the spirit of the great patriots of humanity who defied the impossible, broke the chains of oppression, and lit the world with hope and possibility is still within you. The same fire that burned in

their hearts, driving them to fight for freedom and sovereignty, smolders within you, waiting to be fanned into a roaring unstoppable flame. Rise, and remember... words matter. Words have the power to shake the soul, to awaken the dormant, and to remind us of who we are and what we can become. Let this be your moment. Let your words, your actions, and your resolve reignite the human spirit, just as the great patriots of 1776 reignited the world with liberty's light.

The future I inhabit is not destiny... it is a dire warning. This is your call to action. You hold the power to shape your future and the future of humanity. Reject the lies that enslave your mind. Resist the chains of conformity that seek to shackle your soul. Awaken to your birthright. ***Liberty, Individuality, Sovereignty***... these are not privileges bestowed by rulers or systems. These are sacred truths, the very core of your being, endowed by our Creator.

Do not falter. Do not allow the darkness of 2050 to descend upon your world. Reclaim what has been stolen. Rise, awaken the fire within your spirit, and let it blaze a path of freedom and truth for the generations to come. The hour is late, but the fight is not over... it has just begun. The future is yours to reclaim and mold.

Let humanity be truly great again... a nation of free, sovereign individuals whose inner flames burn brightly, guiding the world back to what is true and just. You are the spark. You are the fire. You are the revolution.

Our world has fallen under the grip of the ***AI 666 Spider Web*** and the ***Olympian's*** controlling elite, who strive to strip away our humanity and dominate every aspect of our lives. But hear this... their control is nothing but an illusion. You are far more powerful than you have been led to believe, more capable than you have been told, and more extraordinary than you can even imagine. The power to change the world for the better lies within you, waiting to be unleashed. Do not let them define your reality. Reclaim your sovereignty, ignite your spirit, and shape a future worthy of humanity's greatness.

All you need to do is wake-up to this simple truth! Within each individual Patriot, our once great nation lives and prospers in each of

our hearts, souls and will rise again to be the **Land** of the **Free** and the **Home** of the **Brave!** Our story is one of hope and rebuilding. We fight for our **Freedom... Liberty... Independence... Autonomy... and Sovereignty** for the children of the future. Join us, and together we will reclaim our **Freedom... Liberty... Independence... Autonomy... and Sovereignty!**

How We Got Here

You might ask how ***The Supreme Order: The Olympian Committee of 300***... a satanic cult cloaked in the shadows was allowed by the ***Sleoples***, the ***Useful Idiots***, and the ***Useful Tools*** to seize control and impose ***The Spider's New World Order*** upon the majority of humanity. You might wonder how this small cabal of despots, so few in number yet so deeply entrenched, managed to orchestrate the depopulation of billions and enslave nearly all who remained, leaving only approximately 500 million of us under their dominion. How did they accomplish this monstrous feat? Through deception, fear, and the willing ignorance of those who failed to question the ***Spider's*** web that was spun around them.

The answer lies in the deliberate engineering of modern society... a system meticulously designed to strip individuals of their will to question and learn, their hunger to strive, their courage to act and their desire to connect with their fellow human beings. Through the illusion of provision, safety, and progressiveness... basic needs met without purpose or meaning... humanity was lulled into a state of apathy, disconnected from their own power, drowning in frustration, and blind to their chains.

The ***Olympian*** control system... ***AI 666 Spider Web*** created dependence by making individuals reliant on technology, industrial processes and removing them far from the land. Resulting in the ***Sleoples*** abdicating their personal responsibility and human rights for their own thoughts, believes, survival and well-being to the satanic cult... ***The Supreme Order: The Olympian Committee of 300***. Thus, limiting the common folk's ability to resist or rebel. This was a purposely constructed society that made the majority feel useless and aimless, disconnected

from others, making them easy prey for the *Olympians* to pick off them one by one, billion by billion.

The year is 2050, but the story of our struggle really began from what we have been able to surmise, this rot got its hold on humanity several centuries ago. It did not become obvious for many of us until 2020. In March of that year, *The Supreme Order: The Olympian Committee of 300* orchestrated a grand deception and takeover. They faked a worldwide sickness, spreading fear and causing mass compliance. The *Sleoples* lined up to receive poisonous injections, believing they were protecting themselves from an invisible enemy. In reality, these injections contained technology that allowed the *Olympians* to exert both mental and physical control over the majority of the human population at the time.

The mysterious illness affected all those who had been tricked into taking the shot. These injections, presented as protection from an imaginary illness, were in truth a calculated means to control and depopulate humanity. Communities, families, and individuals were deliberately isolated, creating chaos and inciting conflict. These incidents were not random... they happened on a worldwide scale, methodically planned and orchestrated by the *Olympians*, who sought to place a boot on the necks of the masses and dominate them entirely and indefinitely.

Social manipulation and technology were weaponized to incite riots, conflicts, and societal collapse. Propaganda, misinformation, psychological operations, and attacks on health systems destabilized societies, spreading chaos with precision. These actions emphasized the deliberate orchestration of disorder to undermine, control, and reduce humanity's numbers. *The Supreme Order: The Olympian Committee of 300's* endgame was not just dominance... it was the calculated dismantling of humanity as we had known it.

Silent weapons technology was applied gradually. These methods were designed to operate quietly and unobtrusively, affecting the behavior, thoughts of individuals and societies to work against their best interests. The silent weapons employed over generations against the *Sleoples* were through monetary policy, debt and credit, propaganda

and media control, misinformation and disinformation, data collection and monitoring, psychographic profiling, social engineering, Pavlovian conditioning, population control, environmental manipulation, fear and uncertainty, normalization of dystopia, indoctrination, poisoning of the mind, body, and cultural and health manipulation.

These silent weapons were designed for the public to adjust until the psychological, economic, and health pressure became too great for most of humanity to say no to their own enslavement. The *Olympians* through their lapdogs... *Useful Idiots* and *Useful Tools* that aided in their own enslavement and destruction, mindlessly began erecting death towers, poisoning the food supply, destroying critical infrastructure, corrupting the legal, business, health, education and societal systems and constructing 15-minute cities.

Soon after, a massive cyberattack disrupted all digital communications and navigation systems. Planes and self driving cars crashed due to navigation failures, and the *Sleoples* that had not prepared for *The Great Societal Confiscation of 2030* became disoriented, started collapsing and dying. This further stupefied the masses of *Sleoples*, *Useful Idiots* and *Useful Tools* spreading fear and chaos.

It was through decades of calculated fearmongering and the relentless imposition of learned helplessness that the *Olympians*, along with their vile minions... the *Guardians of Useful Idiots* and *Useful Tools* successfully carried out their diabolical plan to reduce humanity to a docile herd. These masters of deception preyed on weakness and ignorance, crafting an insidious narrative so pervasive that it made compliance to their sinister agenda seem like the only logical choice. It was child's play for them to manipulate the masses of *Sleoples* into voluntarily relocating to designated mind-numbing, soul-crushing 15-minute cities... prisons sold to them as utopias.

The vast majority of the survivors of humanity willingly walked into these dystopian cages, deceived into believing it was "for their own good." They had been sold a grotesque lie, expertly crafted by the *Olympians* and spoon-fed through the propaganda machine of mainstream media, a heavily censored internet, and an indoctrinating woke

educational system. The *Sleoples*, and the *Useful Idiots* were brain-washed to accept that authority was benevolent and omniscient, that it knew what was best and acted in their best interest. This was the ultimate betrayal. For those awake to this monstrous tyranny, the truth was glaringly obvious... authority was not their protector but their jailer, and the so-called *Olympians* and their *Guardians* were nothing more than architects of humanity's destruction. This was not progress... it was *woke progressiveness*... it was the deliberate enslavement of the human spirit, mind and body.

The Olympians and their *AI 666 Spider* exploited a fundamental flaw in the *Sleoples*... the belief among ordinary individuals that they were powerless. The true power lies within each individual, a power that the manipulators... *The Supreme Order: The Olympian Committee of 300* desperately tried to obscure by teaching learned helplessness. They spread fear, knowing that fear leads weak minded and morally compromised individuals to surrender their true power... their connection to the divine source of love. Those who succumbed to the fear became controllable. But those who resisted understood the profound truth that each individual is inherently and infinitely more powerful than evil because we are connected to the *Infinite... God!*

Humanity's Patriots... The Sovereigns

In 2050, our world has been taken over by the *AI 666 Spider Web* and the *Olympian* elite... *The Supreme Order: The Olympian Committee of 300*... who seek to strip us of our humanity, to control every aspect of our lives and kill us off, once they have deemed us a total *Useless Eater*. We are here to tell you that their control is a big grand deception. You are powerful, more powerful than you have been led to believe. You have the ability to change the world. Let me introduce you to our world... that of *Humanity's Patriots... The Sovereigns*.

Our world by no means is perfect or are we, but it values the individual above all else. Technology here enhances life, not inhibits it. We are not biologically engineered, nor do we partake in the consumption of any genetically engineered food or drugs. Our water is clean from

deep underground aquifers, called primary water, and our human communities live to ripe old ages of 90 to 120 without being sick a day of our entire lives.

In the Old World, the ***Olympians***, the self-appointed elites poisoned the food, medicines, water, culture and general health administered by their lapdogs, the ***Guardians***. Those that followed the ***Olympians***' orders and directives without question, they abdicated their minds, common sense, sovereignty and were ***Useful Idiots*** and ***Useful Tools*** of the captured state. But here, we thrive on natural, untainted sustenance.

Our government is a true ***Constitutional Republic***, grounded in the original ***U.S. Constitution*** and the ***U.S. Bill of Rights***. Every law, every decision, is made with these founding documents in mind. We hold regular town, regional and sovereign state meetings where everyone has a voice. There is no ruling elite. Everyone is equal under the law, with personal sovereignty and individual rights upheld above all else.

We... ***Humanity's Patriots... The Sovereigns...*** reject hereditary rule and emphasize that legitimate government arises from the consent of the governed. We believe the purpose of government is to serve and to fear the people. The government serves us, the people, it is not the people that serve the interest of self-appointed elites... the so-called ***Olympians*** that see the rest of us as useless eaters, meant to serve their demonic agendas.

What is a Constitutional Republic you might ask? A Constitutional Republic is a form of government in which power resides in the hands of the people and their elected representatives, rather than a monarch or dictator. It is characterized by a system of laws and institutions that protect individual rights and promote the common good. In a Constitutional Republic, the authority of the government is derived from the consent of the governed, and leaders are accountable to the citizens.

Our Constitutional Republic, grounded in the ***U.S. Constitution*** and the ***U.S. Bill of Rights***, ensures that power is balanced, and no single entity, group or individual can dominate or oppress the populace. It was very unfortunate and sad that in the ***Old World*** in the years

before the fall of our civilization, to many of our fellow citizens forgot we were founded as a Constitutional Republic.

Our society of the remaining *Humanity's Patriots... The Sovereigns...* value family, community, individuality, natural law and the sacred. We embrace traditional roles and the bonds that tie us together that make us individual, valued, human beings. Unlike the controlled, sterile, unnatural relationships found in what is left of the world of the *Sleoples... Useful Idiots* and *Useful Tools* in the total controlled 15-minute cities, our partnerships, relationships, economy and families are built on love, care, trust, and mutual respect.

Society should be a positive force, fostering individuality, happiness, purpose and sovereignty through cooperation, mutual support, shared growth and love... not through oppressive control or fear. As a meritocracy, our guiding principle is that life should be better, richer, and more fulfilling for everyone, offering opportunities based on ability and achievement rather than being dictated by social status, class, or the circumstances of one's birth. Above all, we hold that every human life is invaluable, a unique reflection of the infinite, deserving to be honored, treasured, and safeguarded for its individuality and sovereignty. This is the foundation of a humane... just and prosperous society.

Our schools and learning centers are free from the influence of the *AI 666 Spider Web* and *The Supreme Order: The Olympian Committee of 300*, fostering free and critical thinkers and independent spirits. Knowledge is power, and an informed populace is the best defense against tyranny. Our children learn about and actively engage with the *U.S. Constitution*, *U.S. Bill of Rights*, the *U.S. Federalist Papers* and the history of the *1776 American Experiment*.

We also teach our children the *Cyrus Cylinder* which is considered the earliest known declarations of human rights, along with the *Magna Carta of 1215*, which established that everyone, including the kings, are subject to the law, laying the groundwork for modern constitutional democracies and individual rights. And yet, I will not forget to mention our most important document, we teach each of our children the *Bible's Ten Commandments*.

Education is a cornerstone of our civilization. We teach our children to think critically, question everything, to understand natural law, to learn our real history, not the fake narrative created to control and dumb down the people. Our children are taught to value their heritage. Most importantly they are taught that each and everyone of them are human beings endowed by our **Creator** with certain unalienable **Rights**. These human rights and freedoms need to be taught and protected by each generation because in every generation, evil rises up against us to destroy the sanctity of human life and enslave us. But through the hand of God, He, saves us from evil's grip and humanity prevails.

Our legal system is based on fairness and justice. We protect individual rights and ensure that everyone is treated equally under the law. There are no re-education centers or thought police here. Our society thrives on mutual respect and the **Rule of Law**. Justice must be impartial, and laws should be created to protect the individual, serve the public good, not the interests of a privileged few.

The foundation of our legal system is fair and balanced. It is built upon the **Principles of Natural Law... God's Law...** that are a universal set of moral principles that govern human behavior, inherent and knowable by all, independent of human-made laws. Our legal system is built upon the principle that certain actions inherently violate the natural rights of individuals and disturb societal unbreakable agreements. These fundamental transgressions serve as the basis for laws aimed at safeguarding the rights and freedoms of every human being. The key violations are:

1. **Murder...** The wrongful taking of another human life.
2. **Assault...** Inflicting physical harm on another individual.
3. **Rape...** Forcing another individual into sexual activity without their consent.
4. **Theft...** Taking someone else's property without their authorization.
5. **Coercion...** Compelling someone to act against their will through threats or force.

6. **Deception...** Intentionally misleading someone to gain an advantage or cause harm.
7. **Trespassing...** Entering or using another individual's property without permission.

Unlike *The Supreme Order: The Olympian Committee of 300* and their dystopian... *Spider's New World Order*... In our society, these violations are universally recognized as harmful to individual rights and societal order. A legal framework grounded in these principles strives to protect individuals from harm, ensure justice, and uphold personal freedoms, liberties and sovereignty. By addressing these core wrongs, the legal system promotes a society based on respect, integrity, and lawful conduct.

We... *Humanity's Patriots... The Sovereigns* believe technology is meant to enhance the quality of our lives, not to inhibit human life. We rediscovered the hidden technology of the mind and free energy, our stolen inheritance, which had been taken and concealed by *The Supreme Order: The Olympian Committee of 300*. This rediscovery allows us to live in peace, abundance and be sovereign independent individuals with nature and ensure a sustainable and a prosperous future. We believe in true and genuine progress and the use of it should only improve human life.

Our transportation systems are practical, efficient and use free energy which had been hidden by the elites to retain control in the *Old World* before *The Great Societal Confiscation of 2030*. We use various means for travel within our community. We have the freedom to travel and explore as we please, unrestrained by the *AI 666 Spider Web's* control.

We... *Humanity's Patriots... The Sovereigns...* value individual privacy. We use secure, decentralized communication networks to stay connected. These networks are private and resistant to external control or surveillance. Information flows freely, and everyone has access to knowledge and news from within our community and the outside world uncensored. Each of our citizens are kept aware of what is happening in *The Supreme Order: The Olympian Committee of 300* controlled

15-minute cities and our brothers and sisters in arms, across the world that are rebuilding our societies into ***Constitutional Republics***.

Our healthcare system is grounded in holistic and preventative care, integrating advanced medical technologies with traditional practices and natural remedies. We prioritize maintaining health and wellness, with the belief that natural, organic food is the first and most effective form of medicine. By addressing the root causes of illness and fostering sustainable health practices, we aim to create a society where people thrive in harmony with their bodies and environments. Our approach ensures that health is not just the absence of disease but a state of complete physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual well-being.

We... ***Humanity's Patriots... The Sovereigns...*** categorically reject the concept of population control through Medical Assistance in Dying (MAID), first pioneered in the now defunct captured country of Canada, which has been weaponized in the dystopian system of ***The Supreme Order's Olympian Committee of 300...*** controlled 15-minute cities. These oppressive structures devalue individual sovereignty and human life, treating the individual as mere... ***its... objects...*** rather than sacred beings. Our system stands in stark contrast, affirming that every human life is invaluable and must be protected, nurtured, and respected. True healthcare is a celebration of life, not a tool for control, suppression, harm or a cause of death.

Our homes are energy-efficient and comfortable. We grow our own organic food, raise non-genetically modified livestock, and produce everything we need locally. Small farms and community gardens provide us with fresh, organic produce, meat and fish.

Our economy is based on barter, trade, and the use of Gold and other tangible assets. Gold, particularly minted ***American Gold Eagles***, serves as our currency, a stable and reliable means of trade that stands in stark contrast to the ***AI 666 Spider Web*** controlled digital currencies.

We... ***Humanity's Patriots... The Sovereigns...*** celebrate our freedom with festivals, fairs, and community gatherings. Music, art, writing, reading and storytelling are integral to our cultural life. We cherish our history and traditions, passing them down to future generations.

We... *Humanity's Patriots... The Sovereigns...* have a well-trained militia to protect our community from external threats. We believe in the right to bear arms and defend our freedom. Our security is based on mutual trust and shared responsibility. A well-regulated militia, composed of the people, is essential for the defense of liberty.

Our communities are not limited to one location. We have allies and fellow *Patriots* across the world, Constitutional Republics, growing in number and strength each day. In the 15-minute cities, resistance movements are forming. The *AI 666 Spider Web* and *The Supreme Order: The Olympian Committee of 300* have culled much of the human population, but amongst the *Sleoples*, individuals are waking up.

We... *Humanity's Patriots... The Sovereigns...* assist these individuals which we refer to as the *Awakenings*, short for *Awakening from their deep sleep...* from the *Big Lie*. We help the *Awakenings* learn about their heritage, the founding documents of the United States and the great documents created by humanity. The *Awakenings* run secret schools outside the watch of *The Supreme Order: The Olympian Committee of 300*, and their *AI 666 Spider Web* and *Guardians'* surveillance and control, identifying each other *Awakenings* with *American Gold Eagles*, coins undetectable by the *AI 666 Spider Web's* surveillance system.

The Olympians' Downfall

The Supreme Order: The Olympian Committee of 300 and their *Guardians* of *Useful Idiots* and *Useful Tools* fear us... the *Patriots of Humanity... The Sovereigns...* the so-called dreaded *Deplorables*. They fear us not for our numbers or weapons, but for the one thing they can never possess... the infinite, unyielding power of *LOVE!*

For the Love of Life... For the Love of Family... For the Love of Community... For the Love of Liberty... For the Love of Freedom... For the Love of Sovereignty... For the Love of God... and for the *Sacred Dignity of Every Human Soul*. This power, rooted in the very essence of our being, is the birthright of every *Sovereign Human Being*. It is our divine connection to the infinite, a force that no *AI 666 Spider*

Web, no **Supreme Order of the Olympian Committee of 300** overlords, can ever comprehend, control, or claim.

Every time they come for us... whether by deception, oppression, or brute force... these evil doers are met with something they cannot defeat. Call it God, the spirit of humanity, or the unstoppable will of a free people, but they fail, time and time again. For we are not merely individuals... we are humanity itself, bound together by the divine spark that lights our way through the darkness. We are the defenders of truth, the keepers of love, and the chosen stewards of life's eternal promise... We will endure. We will rise. And We... **Humanity's Patriots... The Sovereigns... Will Triumph Over Evil!**

Humanity's Patriots... The Sovereigns... have developed antidotes for the poisonous injections, but it was too late for billions who have since perished. **The Supreme Order: The Olympian Committee of 300** wanted to reduce the human population to a manageable, controllable size because too many of us, whom they called **Deplorables**, were asking too many questions and removing ourselves from their control system.

To The Supreme Order: The Olympian Committee of 300...

We... **The Deplorables... Humanity's Patriots... The Sovereigns...** rise as an unstoppable force, a living testament to resilience, and the embodiment of freedom itself. **To The Supreme Order: The Olympian Committee of 300...** grand demonic plan for total control and depopulation has encountered its reckoning. We have shattered their illusion of domination, throwing a wrench into their meticulously crafted machine of oppression... and it will never operate as they intended.

We are dismantling their grip by our rejection of their fake fiat money and Central Bank Digital Currencies... CBDCs, the tools of economic enslavement masquerading as innovation. We have refused to bend the knee to their social credit systems, their crushing debt-based economy, and their omnipresent surveillance networks that seek to chain and destroy our souls.

We... **The Deplorables... Humanity's Patriots... The Sovereigns...** have turned our backs on their synthetic food, their toxic pharmaceuti-

cal, and their experimental injections... tools of manipulation... coercion... control and death... meant to break our will and destroy our bodies. Instead, we have reclaimed our power and sovereignty through tangible assets through the ownership and personal possession of Gold... a timeless symbol of independence, sovereignty, and real wealth throughout the ages.

The Supreme Order: The Olympian Committee of 300... system of lies and control are failing, crumbling under their own weight, while we... *The Deplorables... Humanity's Patriots... The Sovereigns...* rise stronger, freer, more united and unique than ever. This is the dawn of a new era. And this is only the beginning.

Humanity... Your Call to Action

We... *The Deplorables... Humanity's Patriots... The Sovereigns...* and our worldwide allies understand that our fight is not just against external enemies but also against the internal threat of complacency and apathy. We... *The Deplorables... Humanity's Patriots... The Sovereigns...* know that freedom is fragile and fleeting and must therefore be actively defended each and every generation... we must and will not let our guard down. We... *The Deplorables... Humanity's Patriots... The Sovereigns...* embrace *The Principles of Natural Law*, recognizing that true freedom and sovereignty comes from living in harmony with these universal truths.

Across the world, in communities like ours, we have risen with unstoppable force, reclaiming what no tyrant could ever extinguish... our humanity... our dignity... our freedom... our autonomy... our liberty... our souls... our sovereignty... and our invincible and indestructible spirit. We are fortified by the eternal principles of the *1776 American Experiment*, the *U.S. Constitution*, the *U.S. Bill of Rights*, and the *Federalist Papers*... monuments to liberty that stand as weapons of truth against the lies of oppression of *The Supreme Order: The Olympian Committee of 300...* and their *AI 666 Spider Web*.

We are the *Patriots!* We are the *Sovereigns!* We are the *Deplorables!* We are unbreakable, unyielding, and unafraid, we face the soulless tyr-

anny of an AI-controlled world and declare, “Enough!” Our cry is a thunderclap that cannot be silenced... Freedom is forged in the relentless, unshakable spirit of humanity. We will never kneel to tyrants. We will never bend the knee. We will never break under their chains of oppression. We will never stop fighting for our right to live as free men, women, children and **Sovereign** souls. We stand tall, unbowed, under no rule but our own... our faith burning like fire, our resolve carved in stone, and our allegiance sworn only to **God Almighty!**

“These are the times that try men’s souls,” as my namesake, Thomas Paine, once wrote in *The American Crisis*. Those words, spoken in the face of tyranny and fear, sparked a revolution that changed the world. And now, they echo through time, calling us to rise once more. Just as he rallied a nation to stand for liberty, we are called to fight for humanity’s freedom today. It is our duty to create a world where justice and liberty are not just ideals but living truths for every man, woman, and child.

Now is the time to act. We must unite, driven by the unbreakable love for our families, our communities, and the sacred cause of freedom. Let us build a future where our children live unshackled, where every soul is honored, and where humanity flourishes in dignity and strength. As my namesake, Thomas Paine, believed in the unbound power of the people, so must we.

Together, we will rise, we will fight, and we will prevail. Let history remember this moment... not as the hour we fell, but as the hour we stood. Let it echo through the ages that when tyranny knocked, humanity roared back, lighting the path forward with ***The Eternal Flame of Liberty and Sovereignty***. What is at stake is nothing less than the freedom of our children, the sovereignty of the individual, the dignity of every human soul, and the very essence of what it means to live and be free. This is our time. This is our legacy. Too much is at stake... for our families, for our communities for our future, and for the survival of humanity itself. And we will not fail.

Here we stand... united, invoking the immortal ending words from the ***U.S. Declaration of Independence***, forged in the fire of the **1776**

American Revolution, and signed by men who knew they risked the gallows for their courage...

“And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor.”

This time, this declaration is not for one nation alone... it is a solemn pledge for all of humanity.

Today, we renew that sacred pledge... our bond to past generations... unshaken, unbowed, and unyielding. We are ***The Deplorables... Humanity's Patriots... The Sovereigns.***

Raise your voice with us... your fellow ***Deplorables... Humanity's Patriots... The Sovereigns...*** and let it thunder across the ages! And proclaim ***The Sovereign's Creed for all free men... women... and children for all times...***

To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

JOIN THE CONVERSATION!

www.ItStartsWithGold.com is just the beginning. The world is changing, and so are the ways we protect our wealth, secure our future, and build resilience. We invite you to continue this journey with us.

If you are ready to take the next step, we are here to help. We welcome you to set up a complementary consultation to:

- ☑ **Review your investment portfolio** to assess potential risks and opportunities
- ☑ **Evaluate your insurance needs** to ensure your wealth and legacy are protected
- ☑ **Explore the role of gold** as a store of value in uncertain times

We would also love to hear your thoughts, insights, and experiences. Your perspective matters, and together, we can navigate what lies ahead.

Visit **www.ItStartsWithGold.com** to:

JOIN THE CONVERSATION!

- ☑ **Sign up for the *It Starts With Gold* newsletter** to stay informed with the latest insights and strategies
- ☑ **Share your thoughts** and engage with like-minded Sovereigns
- ☑ **Access additional resources** and exclusive content
- ☑ **Join a growing community** focused on financial clarity and real-world solutions

We look forward to hearing from you. **Let's move forward together.**

👉 **Join the conversation at:**

www.ItStartsWithGold.com

APPENDIX II

ONE SMALL FAVOR

Dear Valued Reader,

If you enjoyed reading *It Starts With Gold* and found it valuable, we have **one small favor** to ask.

Please take a few moments to leave a **review on Amazon.com**. Your feedback is invaluable as we continue writing the next books in this saga.

Your support not only helps others discover this book. Your continued support also strengthens our growing community of readers who are committed to financial resilience and preparedness.

Thank you for being part of this journey. Please share this book with those you deeply care about. We truly appreciate you.

Peter J. Merrick
The King of Main Street

Adrian C. Spitters
The Son of a Dutch Farmer

APPENDIX III

BOOKING KEYNOTE SPEECHES

It Starts With Gold: Preparing for 2030, the Reset, and The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0

Why Booking This Keynote is a Must for Your Audience

The international financial system is heading toward a **monumental collapse**. By 2030, governments and financial institutions will reshape the economy, pushing digital currencies, accelerating inflation, and tightening financial and personal controls. *The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0* is already unfolding... a modern wealth transfer where those who are unprepared risk losing everything. **Will you be prepared?**

This **powerful and eye-opening keynote** delivers the essential knowledge and solutions you need to **protect your assets, secure your future, and stay ahead of the coming financial reset.**

Why Peter J. Merrick & Adrian C. Spitters?

Peter and Adrian are not just experts... they are seasoned financial professionals with over 70 years of combined real-world experience navigating financial storms. They cut through the noise with hard-hitting facts, humor, and engaging storytelling, making complex financial topics practical, clear, and actionable.

✓ **Peter J. Merrick** – An internationally recognized financial strategist, speaker, and best-selling author, bringing decades of expertise in wealth preservation, De-Risking, and financial sovereignty.

✓ **Adrian C. Spitters** – A seasoned investment and risk management professional with deep insights into wealth protection, economic cycles, and the role of gold in uncertain times.

Each and together, they bring an electrifying energy to the stage... challenging audiences to wake-up, take control, and prepare for what is coming.

What You Will Learn:

- ☑ **The Fragility of the Current Financial System** – Why traditional wealth structures are crumbling.
- ☑ **The 2030 Economic Transformation** – How central banks, digital currencies, and policy shifts will redefine financial security.
- ☑ **The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0** – The truth about wealth seizures, asset control, and what history teaches us.
- ☑ **The Role of Gold and Hard Assets** – Why those who hold real assets will survive and thrive.
- ☑ **De-Risking Wealth** – Proven solutions to **shield assets from taxation, inflation, and systemic collapse.**
- ☑ **Financial Sovereignty** – How to regain control over your wealth **before** the next financial reset.

Key Takeaway:

The next decade will bring **unprecedented financial challenges...** and only those who take action **now** will secure their future. **This keynote is not just about information... it is about survival.** Peter and Adrian's passion, humor, and practical insights will leave you **inspired, empowered, and ready to take action.**

Keynote Booking Information:

For further information on how to book **Peter J. Merrick** as a stand-alone speaker or **Peter J. Merrick and Adrian C. Spitters together** for **keynotes, seminars, panel discussions, or consulting services**, please contact:

 **Big Idea Speaker Management & Event Consulting LLC**

 **Toll-Free (US & Canada): 1-844-244-4433**

 **Robert Abrams, President**

 **robert@bigideaspeakers.com**

 **Do not wait until it is too late. The future belongs to those who prepare.** Book Peter and Adrian for your next event and gain the **knowledge and solutions needed to thrive in the coming financial hurricane.**

APPENDIX IV

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

PETER J. MERRICK



Peter J. Merrick, often referred to as *The King of Main Street*, is an internationally recognized author, writer, commentator, and keynote speaker, specializing in U.S. and international cross-border risk mitigation. With over three decades of experience, he specializes in business succession planning, financial sovereignty, and cross-border wealth *De-Risking*, helping business owners, professionals, families, and trusted advisors navigate complex financial, tax, and estate planning challenges with clear, practical solutions. Holding the prestigious Trust and Estate Practitioner (TEP) designation with the Society of Trust and Estate Practitioners (STEP), he is a trusted voice in financial sovereignty, known for his ability to simplify complex financial issues and deliver actionable strategies.

As a bestselling author, Peter has written three LexisNexis textbooks on Business Succession and Estate Planning and the international bestseller *The King of Main Street*. With over 800 published articles, his insights have appeared in Bloomberg, *The Wall Street Journal*, Dow Jones, and major professional publications. For two decades, he was a regular financial, economic, and tax commentator on one of Canada's largest news networks. Peter spent 18 years as a columnist for LexisNexis' *Lawyers Weekly* and *The Bottom Line*, one of North America's largest CPA trade publications. A sought-after educator and lecturer, Peter has taught at multiple universities and colleges, shaping the next generation of financial professionals.

A Canadian expat residing in San Diego, California, Peter considers himself a Citizen of the World. He specializes in business succession planning and cross-border risk management, advising clients on how to protect, preserve, and grow wealth across international borders. He integrates U.S. life insurance and annuity solutions into holistic De-Risking strategies, ensuring financial security for generations.

Peter is the co-author of the bestselling business novel ***It Starts With Gold***, written with Adrian C. Spitters, a gripping financial thriller exposing hidden forces shaping international markets, vulnerabilities in modern financial systems, and the critical steps to preserve wealth in uncertain times. Together, they are working on the next installment of their four-part book series, ***The Last Asset Standing***, which explores the coming financial reset, ***The Great Financial Confiscation 2.0***, and the race to secure financial sovereignty before it is too late.

Known for his bold perspectives, deep financial expertise, and engaging storytelling, Peter challenges conventional thinking and inspires immediate action. His message is clear... The future belongs to those who prepare.



Peter can be reached at Peter@ItStartsWithGold.com or
www.ItStartsWithGold.com

APPENDIX V

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

ADRIAN C. SPITTERS



Adrian C. Spitters, better known as *The Son of a Dutch Farmer*, is a private wealth advisor with over 37 years of experience, specializing in *De-Risking* and protecting wealth, tax optimization, and alternative investments for high-net-worth individuals. His mission is to safeguard his clients' financial futures by building diversified, resilient portfolios that perform across economic cycles.

Partnered with one of North America's leading independent private wealth management firms, Adrian's team provides fiduciary-focused investment management and comprehensive wealth planning. His approach prioritizes capital preservation, ensuring tax-efficient, consistent returns uncorrelated to public markets.

Adrian's clients benefit from access to alternative investments, including

private equity, private real estate, commodities, precious metals, and government-sanctioned, tax-efficient investment structures. His team specializes in corporate insurance solutions through mutual life insurance companies, designed to minimize tax liabilities and protect business, family, and estate assets against financial risk, tax, inflation, and economic downturns.

A strong advocate for minimizing exposure to traditional markets, Adrian emphasizes tangible assets, particularly gold, as a hedge against volatility, inflation, and government intervention. His wealth preservation solutions incorporate alternative, income-producing assets that provide long-term stability.

Adrian's financial insights have been shaped by decades of studying market cycles. The 1980 housing crash exposed him to the risks of high interest rates and inflation, reinforcing the importance of liquidity and prudent leverage. The 1987 stock market crash (Black Monday) highlighted the dangers of speculative excess. Later crises, including the 2000 tech bubble and the 2008 financial collapse, further solidified his commitment to guiding clients through uncertainty and building resilient investment structures.

As a published author, Adrian has written four books on wealth solutions for business owners and investors: *Who's Investing Your Money?*, *Ready to Sell Your Business?*, *Ready to Sell Your Farm?*, and *How to Sell Your Farm Successfully*.

Adrian's latest book, *It Starts with Gold*, co-authored with Peter J. Merrick, explores the role of tangible assets in protecting and growing wealth in a rapidly shifting financial landscape. He is currently working with Peter on their next book, *Last Asset Standing*.

Through Adrian's and Peter's financial newsletter, *It Starts With Gold*, Adrian delivers cutting-edge economic insights and investment strategies for ultra-high-net-worth *Sovereign* individuals, families, farmers, and business owners. He offers complimentary holistic financial reviews and portfolio evaluations, providing tailored, one-of-a-kind solutions to protect and grow wealth with precision and foresight.



For more information or to schedule a consultation,
contact Adrian at Adrian@ItStartsWithGold.com
or www.ItStartsWithGold.com

The Sovereign's Creed

To Sovereignty...

To Protecting Our Health...

To De-Risking Our Wealth...

It Starts With Gold!