

## ~~1984~~ 1913

Once upon a time, in a great and proud kingdom, the people believed they were free. They worked their fields, built their towns, and trusted that their destiny was their own. But in the year **1913**, a great shadow fell across the land.

That year, five mysterious towers appeared, each raised by families richer than kings.

The first was called **the Federal Reserve**. Yet it was neither federal nor held reserves. It was a private citadel that printed invisible coins and quietly gained control of all the kingdom's treasure.

The second was **the IRS**, the House of Taxation. From there, dark-robed collectors spread through the villages. "From now on," they declared, "a portion of every harvest belongs not to your family, but to us. You work, the bank prints, and you pay it all back—with interest."

The third tower was **the Rockefeller Foundation**, cloaked in the language of philanthropy. "We only wish to help," the Rockefellers said, offering gifts of medicine, education, and science. But their gifts were bound with spells. For in truth, they did not give freely—they took control of healers, schools, and scholars, weaving dependency into every corner of life.

The fourth was **the American Cancer Society**. To the people, it sounded noble, a beacon of hope. But it was funded by the wealthiest families, and its treasure was never truly given to the sick. Instead, its coffers were invested in potions brewed from military chemicals. Not cures, but treatments—costly and endless, keeping people dependent rather than free.

The fifth tower was **the Anti-Defamation League**. It called itself a guardian of civil rights, a shield against hate. But inside its walls, it whispered: "We shall decide who may speak, and who must be silenced."

And then, as if by coincidence, in **1914**, the Great War erupted. For the first time, war became not just a tragedy but an industry. And who profited? The very same families who had built the towers: the ones behind the Federal Reserve, the IRS, the Rockefeller Foundation, the American Cancer Society, and the Anti-Defamation League.

But one must also remember the year **1912**, when the great ship Titanic sank. On board were three of the wealthiest men who had opposed the coming of the Federal Reserve. Their voices were silenced in the icy depths. And curiously, J.P. Morgan—who had planned to sail—canceled at the last moment. A coincidence, surely.

From that fateful year forward, the kingdom changed. The dollar lost nearly all its value. Debt grew so vast that it became a number no one dared to comprehend. The middle class was crushed daily. War became an industry, not a conflict. And the people's money—once backed by substance—was reduced to numbers on paper, conjured by the Federal Reserve.

So, dear listener, if you fear that the kingdom might one day be conquered, or overthrown, or taken by force, know this: you are more than a hundred years too late. The conquest already happened—in the year **1913**.