

Member of WHAT? AAIA?



By Anna Von Reitz

This morning I fielded another inane senseless comment supposedly about "me" and having been "exposed" as an "AAIA member".

So I looked up "AAIA" on the internet, curious to know what "I" have been up to, apparently while sleep-walking.

Well, it could be the "Association on American Indian Affairs" or it could be the Auto Aftermarket Industry Association (used car sales and parts???) or the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics. Or half a dozen equally unknown and look-like-harmless organizations.

Color me dumb, because I don't know which one of these diabolical organizations "I" signed up for, why, when, or where or even how I did such a supposedly terrible thing. Nor do I know how this "exposes" me. Totally clueless on this one.

I made up the pen name "Anna von Reitz" as a shortened version of my real name back in 1981. I have lots of copyrighted short stories and books, etc., under that name and lots of ISBNs listed. If people want to go around abusing my copyrights, I guess I will have to sic my publishers on them.

Forget about the FBI, which is supposed to be prosecuting Intellectual Property thefts. They are too busy trying to take down President Trump, which isn't even in their job description.

Obviously, if these cretins could succeed in stealing the identity of our entire country for 150 years, stealing my identity is small beans and easy picking. Caveat emptor. If it isn't short, blond, a bit plump, a great-grandma living in Big Lake, Alaska, it isn't me.

Also remember that my boyfriend in High School signed me up for the Marine Corps and I signed him up for the Miss America Pageant, so anything is possible.

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