

Russian History



By Anna Von Reitz

I am in a railroad car in the wee hours of the morning and it is very cold outside. Even with a couple propane heaters you can see your breath inside. There is one bare light bulb of no great wattage, myself, a middle aged woman, a student desk, and a large Russian man in the middle of a trainload of paperwork, much of which has not been opened for decades.

This is the history of Imperial Russia and if certain people knew where it was, they would try to destroy it even now.

What it demonstrates, among many other things, is that both the Russian Tsar and the German Kaiser were honorable men throughout the events leading up to World War I — and the British King was a rat.

That is, I suppose, granted all the history we know about, not a surprise by now.

It is however made clear as a honed knife-edge as we stand here in the middle of the night, knotting our hands against the cold.

The man is Russian but he grew up in Alaska as a part of a dissident Christian group who came here after the fall of the Berlin Wall. He reads and speaks Russian fluently and his deep voice has a bell-like clarity as he slowly reads page after page.

None of us feel like we can stop. There is a hypnotic quality to the night and the job before us. The woman who is transcribing stops to wipe her eyes. She can't stop crying. I am aware of the cold in my heart as well as my feet. I wonder if I can cry anymore?

Has my long trek to the truth left me with no more tears? Nothing but a vast emptiness as the digit counters in my mind fall and I tick off the facts.

The British King owed both his Cousins a lot of money. His proposal? That the Russians attack Alaska using a bogus treaty violation as a provocation and use our land and resources to repay his — the British King's — debts to Russia.

This, the Tsar gently refused to do, writing, "As a Christian man and as the leader of my country, I cannot consider such a course."

Enclosed with this letter is a similar letter from the Kaiser, turning down a similar suggestion that he should attack France and split the spoils with Britain.

Although Germany did eventually invade France it was clear that the Kaiser was loathe to take any such action and it was only because the British Monarch refused to pay his debts that Germany was placed in such a bind.

And ultimately, that circumstance also involved America.

While we slumbered on, thinking that all was well, a Scottish Commercial Corporation doing business as "The United States of America"— Incorporated, had borrowed vast amounts of assets from both

the Tsar and the Kaiser, and then declared bankruptcy, leaving both Russia and Germany to pick up the pieces.

It wasn't the clueless American's fault. It was, as the Kaiser said, "A dirty and deceitful business with the hands of British bankers all over it."

Archduke Ferdinand was an innocent third party trying to negotiate a private settlement.

The criminality and injustice of his assassination at the hands of British Agents was the final straw for the Kaiser.

"We have criminals at work in Great Britain, and some of them are our relatives," he wrote to Tsar Nicholas in November 1910.

All this had been going on in the background for years before the Assassination of Archduke Ferdinand.

So if you never understood how the murder of one European Aristocrat could provoke something as egregious as the First World War— now you know.

That was just the cherry on the top of the British manure pile.

Both the Tsar and the Kaiser held America harmless. They blamed Britain and the Popes for deceitful misadministration and Breach of Trust — which is exactly what it was.

It is a great and terrible irony that we ever fought against Germany in the First World War and that we did not come to the Tsar's assistance when he needed our help to alleviate the suffering of Russian workers —suffering caused by the Scottish Commercial Corporation's default and bankruptcy, while doing business in our name.

Britain and the Popes used us as the Straight Man and manipulated investments based on our assets, to benefit themselves at the cost of everyone else involved, the Germans and the Russians most of all.

And there we sat, dumb as steers in a feedlot, chewing our cuds, wondering why the crazy Europeans got so upset over the Assassination of Archduke Ferdinand, while the King's stooge, Woodrow Wilson, sold us even further down the river.

And here they are, again, the same Bad Actors letting crooked bankers have a hey day and imagining that none of this is ever going to catch up to them.

Nobody is ever going to look into the past hard enough to divine the future. Nobody is going to be smart enough to point the guns at the actual criminal masterminds responsible for all this theft and death and suffering.

That's what they think.

But in a lonely rail car surrounded by wooden boxes bearing the Imperial Seal of Russia, sit two women, one of them crying so hard she can hardly work, one of them staring grimly out into space, and a man, who continues to read line by line, page by page.

I think I have heard enough for one night.

I lay a gloved hand on the man's arm and he stops reading. I suggest that we've done all we can for one night. The others agree. I reach up, stretching a bit, to turn off the light. In the cold dark behind me I hear the man opening the heavy door. The night wind rushes in.

He jumps out first and I hear the dull thud of his heavy work boots on the frozen gravel.

The transcriptionist is lifted safely down to the ground together with her briefcase, camera, laptop computer and tape machine.

It all has the black and white flavor of old newsreel footage. A vacant grey world. One light bulb inside and one dim yard light outside.

I groan a little, as I swing to one knee and then let both legs dangle before jumping down to the siding. I think I am too old and pudgy for this. I think I ought to work out more. But there isn't time.

The man shoves the heavy door back into place. I hear it rattle home and then hear the chain securing it. The much younger man asks if I am all right?

Yes, I tell him, though I am in fact disturbed by the coldness— not the coldness of the night, the coldness within me. I am perfectly calm.

He dips his head and shoves his helmet-like fur hat down over his ears before turning to help carry the recording equipment to the car.

I turn and walk the other direction, through the silent rail yard, then down a little alley way and turn a couple more corners to the backdoor of my hotel.

Inside it's warm and dimly lit. I can smell the faint traces of bygone eras' cigar smoke still lingering in the grand, faded brocade drapes and ancient Oriental carpet. My great-great grandfather stayed in this hotel in 1855.

I climb three flights of stairs and slip into my room. I don't turn the lights on. The drapes are still open, as I left them, earlier in the day. The rectangle of the window seems unnaturally bright compared to the darkness. I realize that I am stiff from the cold and stand a couple minutes by the old-fashioned hot water register looking out at the street below.

Tomorrow it will warm up. Tomorrow it will snow. I know I should sleep, but somehow I can't. In my own way, I have been touched just as deeply as the weeping Transcriptionist, only I am beyond tears.

On my desk is a Night Letter and in it, a hard copy of an email from a friend of Tsar Nicholas's surviving Grandson. This has been genetically confirmed. The Romanovs are still alive, not wanting to return to Russia, not unhappy with their lives as ordinary people.

I smile and I pull off my winter boots.

I am happy to report that the Romanovs survived and that they are happy. They deserve to be. It is a fitting revenge.

We have a short time in which to wake the world up and short-circuit their plans to stage another economic debacle— and I want you to remember and share this:

If you have any trouble with your money— any trouble at all— the problem isn't with the money. The problem is with the bankers. And before we let them get away with anything more, we would be wise to simply line them up and march them off to jail, just as the people did in Iceland.

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