

## Showtime



By Anna Von Reitz

Somewhere between all the other work I have to do and sending boo-boo presents to my Great-Granddaughter who has sprained her ankle and is worried about not being able to go to the local Fall Festival in costume next week (I suggested that she go as a sick person, add some bandages, and use the crutches to good effect, right?) -- I have to raise money for travel and filing fees this week.

We are looking at what can only be described as the Mother of All Collateral Claims and for some documents the filing fees are \$50 a page, folks. This isn't cheap and Grandma's Cupboard while not bare, is far from overflowing.

And since you are all the "Poor Dogs" standing to gain not only bones but well-deserved beef roasts out of all this-- please send what you can:

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There is important business to settle in the realm of banking, too. And, true to form, it is all coming to a head at the same time.

Meantime I hear the bankers at the Bank of England have pushed all their desks into a circle and are hiding under them. The discovery of the 1802 Stamp Tax still being charged and used as the excuse to issue warrants against purported American "franchises" 215 years after that issue was supposedly settled for good is especially ripe.

I have a very peculiar artifact in my possession. It is a large Victorian sterling silver serving fork that has been altered so that fits like a wire headband with the handle appearing to enter on one side of the head and the fork end appearing to come out of the side. ( It once adorned a life-sized bust of Albert Einstein who was being lampooned for getting the Special Relativity Equations all wrong.)

I think I should send it somewhere for a similar purpose right about now, but there are so many options to choose from, so many parties who have it all completely wrong, who have nonetheless been applauding each other and handing out Nobel Prizes to each other and drinking champagne and eating sweetmeats and being sanctimonious.

Here are the headlines--- Dear Pope Francis, Dear Queen Bess--Your Predecessors carried out an illegal commercial mercenary war on our shores in Breach of Trust and Commercial Contract. You have remained on our shores under conditions of deceit for 150 years and committed vicious war crimes against our states and people for no good reason other than to plunder and secretly profit yourselves under color of law-- all the while pretending to be our very best friends and Allies and Treaty Partners.

Care to explain this? Or would you like to wear the Einstein Fork for a week as penance?

Donald Trump-- please think before you rattle any sabers. We aren't paying for any more wars for profit--not with blood and not with money. Read the contract. It says "mutual defense" not "mutual offense".

And as for all you beribboned prize bulls at the Pentagon, presently trying to trade and steal the assets of the Guadalupe Hidalgo Trust away from our Native Tribal Nations-- shame on you.

This behavior has got to stop.

And it will stop, whether you want it to or not.

You have been offered amnesty -- provided you repent and clean up your acts, which includes stopping this kind of gross criminality and riding herd on the Bar Associations and these fake military tribunal courts you've been running and using to plunder the innocent American public.

Take the offer. It's the only one you will get.

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