

# Take Your Positions

By Anna Von Reitz



Lately, I have been seeing a lot of very confused people out stumbling around jabbering all sorts of inane nonsense, claiming this office and that office for themselves, for example, claiming to be "Executors" and "Executrixes" of their own estates.

With regard to probate and estates, what is an Executor/Executrix?

Answer: a Person, as in the Office of Personhood, whose job and duty it is to administer and dispose of an estate.

You could be a Private Executor, appointed by the deceased, but then, in the instance of your own estate, you would have to knowingly be the deceased and act as the deceased to appoint yourself the Executor of your own estate and carry out the duties.

That's a good trick, if you're actually and factually dead.

And if you aren't actually and factually dead, what does acting as the Executor/Executrix of your own "decendent estate" mean?

It means that you gave up your estate and "waived" your natural claim to it, in which case, you can't appoint the Executor over something that isn't yours, unless you happen to be a Judge in a Probate Court having jurisdiction over the "abandoned" estate. Which you are not.

End game.

So, stop claiming that you are the Executor or Executrix responsible for administering the phony infant decendent estate that the rats created "for" you.

You aren't dead and you don't have to be intestate, and since the purported waiver of your estate happened when you were a few days or weeks old, you don't have to be disinherited, either. There is no valid "conscionable" contract binding you to any waiver of your estate.

Your Mother's signature lacks that power once you reach the age of 21, and so long as you "wake up" and consciously reclaim your birthright at any age by declaring your political status and recording it and proving your identity --- you can play the part of your own hero.

You can step forward in your true character as an American and declare your political status and record it --- which throws the chains of the Constitutions over the rats and binds their little paws --- and then, you can further call them to account as the "Presumed Donor" of the

"Presumed Public Trust" who has "miraculously" returned from "over the sea" -- a reference to that human trafficking trip into the foreign international jurisdiction of the sea that your erstwhile employees sent you on when you were just a baby in your cradle.

And then, as the Presumed Donor, having properly identified yourself as the victim of an institutionalized personation fraud scheme, you can stand back and whack them clear across the room.

You do not want to be the Beneficiary of the Trust they formed "for" you, because that leaves them in control--- and even worse, gives them tacit permission to act as your Trustee.

That validates their whole fraud scheme and leaves you dependent on whatever crumbs the vermin throw you, or they may give you no crumbs at all.

So don't take the bait and claim to be the Beneficiary of your own infant decedent estate or any other trust.

Stand forward as the "Presumed Donor" of the entire shooting match and watch them crawl, scatter, run down the rat-lines, flee the building and otherwise back water like cockroaches disappearing down a drain.

So who and what are you? An American State National (or State Citizen) born in Minnesota, for example, who is the victim of an institutionalized personation scheme, seeking redress owed to you by your employees, who have harmed you in Gross Breach of Trust.

You are the Presumed Donor of multiple public and private trusts held in your name and variations of your name, both foreign and domestic, and located both onshore and offshore, and you are here to liquidate all of them and reclaim the assets.

There is no infant decedent estate and no derivative thereof to administer, no valid waiver to base any legal presumption on, and nowhere for the rats to hide.

Stand on Terra Firma in the gallery outside their special magical railing defining their courtroom into the realms of the living and the dead, and broadside them as they sit there in dry dock.

Think of all those terribly smug British dramas and hand them their asses on a nicely polished silver platter. And then go do the same thing to the bank.

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