**Scotia Capital Investments (Bank of Nova Scotia / Scotiabank)**

**Terrorist Attacks at the New York City World Trade Center**

**2-26-93 and 9-11-01**

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**Introduction to World Kids Program**

As a service to a large number of working parents in The World Trade Center Plaza located in New York City, a daycare was opened in building 1. The childcare program was called “World Kids, New York City” and was designed as a very interactive program which delivered bi-daily field trips throughout the boroughs of New York City. World Kids was advertised as a “Daycare with Culture”. The goal of the program was to offer children of those who worked in world economics with a world view in which would be relatable with family values and allow children to participate in real-world dinner conversations.

Many of the childcare workers if not all were college students, otherwise graduates with degrees relevant to childcare education, arts, fitness, health, nursing or other backgrounds needed to host very progressive and educational daily activities. The initial childcare fees were around $100 a week. This childcare option was not the cheapest or most expensive, but it was created as an educational and healthy platform that enriched the quality of life for many families.

The daycare was launched on March 17, 1999 by Jonathan Berkman and his Wife Sarah after Jon had been whiteness to a poor selection of childcare operations in Manhattan. He saw stuffy, cramped daycares that left once a day at max, to city parks in the neighborhood and served bland food that he felt bad serving to children. The daycares lacked a focus on education, Jon believed that while children still have mental elasticity every opportunity should be taken to fill their minds with knowledge which is the ultimate source of power and control over one’s life.

Jon created a “Brain Elasticity” program which was designed to stretch the limits of young children’s learning potential. Jon and Sarah’s daycare featured a full range of musical instruments, an art studio, a game room and a library that was constantly growing. World Kids “mat room” allowed children to exercise and burn energy, focusing on a healthy mind, and healthy body approach.

World Kids brought in instructors in Music, Art, Fitness, Education and Health to teach classes and seminars which created an environment much like school, except without desks and with much more hands-on learning. Only legal requirements of teaching credentials limited the daycare program from operating as a small schoolhouse within the World Trade Center.

Daycare outings held by World Kids featured trips to Art Museums, Bronx Zoo, Financial Centers, Statue of Liberty, etc. World Kids prepared multi-cultural meals in an onsite kitchen which were enjoyed together in a family type setting which included prayer to all religions and beliefs which was something not seen in many settings. Children would pick prayer orders from a bowl and children would offer prayers in Christian, Jewish, Buddhist, Islam, Sheik and various religions for all who sat at the table. Non-religious children got a chance to learn about world religions which created tolerance and inter-cultural communication across all faiths at a young age.

World Kids opened it’s doors on the 76th floor of World Trade Center building one in mid-1999. By June of 2000 World Kids was in operation 7 days a week, up two days in the weekends and had to expand to a new opening

Growth for the daycare was made easier by a large interest from the artistic and academic communities. The Sinclair group donated ten thousand dollars in a grant for a piano and other musical equipment. Berkley California Institute donated $500 per week to study Jon’s Brain Elasticity program for scientific research related to brain growth and early childhood education. World Kids was offered a grant by World Bank to cover field Trip and museum costs after an account executive sent his child to the operation after learning of the high quality of care provided at World Kids. World Kids was offered a sponsorship by McDonalds in New York City, but turned McDonalds down as it did not fit the program.

World Kids was growing and plans were being drafted to open a second location in Los Angeles after an opening for lease was offered to the daycare in California, at the World Trade Center Campus in California. Plans for California were centered around a placement on the second floor near the visitor’s center which offered easier access to a less congested culture within Los Angeles and surrounding cities of California which World Kids would have access to. The Opening in California was supported by Berkley as the program would have better access to campus resources and vice versa.

The Business model was largely successful for World Kids New York City, but for Jon, Sarah and World Kids of New York City the program would come to a violent end at the hands of an entity which was completely unknown to the daycare. Jon and Sarah first encountered the unknown entity on the first day of moving into the World Trade Center building one at NYC. While loading a box piano into a fright elevator from a loading platform three men offered to buy the piano for what jon stated was a very cheesy price. The men introduced themselves as employees at The Bank of Nova Scotia Gold Vault. The men identified themselves as an Account Executive ~~named Bobby~~, a bank agent ~~named Jason~~ and a janitor ~~named Jerry~~.

While talking in the loading area, a young child walked into the group from the dock area. Jon identified the girl as four or five, Caucasian with shoulder length blonde hair. The girl was wearing a polka-dot white shirt and a blue denim skirt. An eerie silence fell over the group of men when the girl walked up to them. Jon assumed the young child was with someone from World Kids helping with the move. When Jon asked the girl if she was “with World Kids”, she looked down at the floor and shook her head no. She then stated “I don’t want to go to World Kids, I want to stay with my family” to the men from the bank. He replied to the girl “You don’t have to go to World Kids, you’re coming with us.” The girl then started crying “I want to go with my family, they love me, you don’t love me.” One of the men said to the man nearest the girl “Jacob don’t break her, not in front of people”. John said “Don’t be too hard on her, she’s just a kid”. The man said “We got too much love for the kid to break her here”. Jon was confused by the wording and stated “You know, I run a daycare and you should not use words like ‘Break’. It’s bad for children’s self-esteem.” The made a joke about not selling them the piano being bad for her self-esteem. Jon said he was very sorry that he could not sell them the piano, but his children’s daycare depended on that piano and he was sure the bank could find one in New York City. One man replied “pianos are very expensive, you know, we are on a budget. These kids don’t come cheap. This one’s very expensive.” He poked the girl on the shoulder and said “Isn’t that right honey?” The little girl replied “I don’t like how you like me at the Nova Scotia Bank, I want to go home.” The man stated to jon “Why don’t we let you go up first.” The girl shouted “My mom told me I was a sovereign citizen; I want to go to a daycare.” Jon stated that World Kids would be open in about a week and that the girl should come by for the opening. The man replied, “Oh, she won’t be around for that long.” Then looked down and said especially the way she has been crying.” The executive stated “You know, we might be operating a coin vault, but we know more about little children then you think, you never know.” Jon replied “Coins, so that’s what you keep down there? You guys keep tight like fort Knox.” The executive stated “We’ve got to, we have to make sure nobody escapes” followed by an awkward silence. The agent chimed in “With our valuables.” The three men and the girl walked back off the elevator into the loading area. As jon was closing the door the girl said “I don’t want to have sex with anyone.” One of the men said “Were Saxon, we are not sexing anyone, you misunderstood.” “Kids say the darndest things” and they walked off.

Most people do not expect executive bankers within the New York World Trade Center Building to be kidnapping and molesting little girls in their bank vault. Jon continued back to his move-in, but the incident did not sit right with him afterwards. Sometimes in life you do not realize hidden meanings to things people say or understand subliminal hints until you replay in your head a few times. Jon, Sarah and World Kids would learn Scotiabank’s true assets throughout regular run-ins with employees who seemed to drop hints at what they were really up to, either as a method of bragging or in an attempt to bait the interest of potential clientele who understood insider language to Scotiabank human trafficking. The girl Jon met in the elevator was later reported as kidnapped and rescued from the Bank. Blame for the kidnapping and all responsibility was placed on the Janitor and the Bank continued operations as usual.

The Bank of Nova Scotia Gold Vault had a rail entrance which shared a platform with the main rail entrance of the World Trade Center Plaza in New York City. The rail platform was used by World Trade Center employees arriving via public train for general transit to and from work. Bank of Nova Scotia had a private rail car which was used to transport Scotiabank executives and “assets” in and out of the Scotiabank Gold Vault. The Scotiabank private rail car was an antique looking railcar which was painted black with gold pinstripes and “Nova Scotia” down the side in gold leaf. The interior was red velvet material near the back, and blue “Leather” in the front quarter of the car.

**February 23rd, 1993 Kidnapping by Scotiabank**

I had my first experiences with the Scotiabank rail-car, gold vault and the Bank’s true intentions on two incidents. Both incidents involved the kidnap of minors and extortion of custody from their parents for sex trafficking purposes.

The first time I encountered the Bank Vault Cartel members was during a field trip to New York City with Students from my Kindergarten class of John Hay Elementary. We were invited to New York City by a parent of one of my classmates “Julian”. His father worked at the New York Stock Exchange buying, selling and trading stocks and assets for Bank of Nova Scotia. We were scheduled to visit his office at the World Trade Center, see a Yankees game and tour New York City while learning a bit about the Stock Market.

The field trip had about a 65% turnout, the cost of the field trip was $300 per child which my grandmother payed as the primary source of income in my household. When we arrived in New York City via southwest airlines our first destination was to be the World Trade Center. We took a blue and white school bus loaned to us by the United Way foundation to a train station where I first saw the Black and Gold Nova Scotia train which was waiting to take us to the World Trade Center plaza. Upon entering the train we were told that we were now in sovereign Nova Scotian land and territory and we were to abide by the rules and laws of Nova Scotia. When questioned about what they meant, we were told “Don’t worry, it’s just like America, but WE are the government. “

Prior to this announcement, the first odd thing we encountered when we boarded the train was after the loaded the boys and girls separately the bank guards insisted that the boys sit up front and the girls sit in the back. They were trying to get the boys and girls to separate in French Canadian accents when some of the adults who came with the school field trip started offering some resistance. “We don’t segregate our kids” Mrs. Skein stated. “Well that’s the way we do it on our train.” Our teacher then stated “If that is the way you do it we will take the A train, and we will get out of here.” The guard stopped her and stated “Fine if that’s the way you want it, we will do it your way, it’s just a little mixed up that’s all.” My teacher replied “Well that’s the way we like it”. Then he stated “So settle down and let us make a selection of girls for our legal advisors to do worship service with”.

As we approached the area of Manhattan which was home to the World Trade Center campus an argument broke out on the train. The Bank Vault guards told the parents that they had planned to separate the girls and take them on unsupervised activities within the vault. They insisted that no parents or teachers escort them. The adults which had accompanied our group were suspicious of the Scotiabank agent’s plans and wanted none of it. “We will have them worship, that’s what we do.” I heard one of the guards yell in a French Canadian accent. The teacher replied “We came here for stocks, and education not to be here for the girls you selected to come see your worship service.” The guard started yelling “That’s what I want, this is not about you. You are OUR guests; the girls come to our home. They do what we do now. That’s the way we like it.” The teacher then announced to everyone “Alright that’s it everyone, we are going back to the station and we are going home.” She had turned her back on the scotia to face the children. The bank agent grabbed her shoulder firmly and said “No you will stay here with me, we will have beautiful children and be married.” She started to back off away from him and shouted “No, we will not, I have a husband back in the states (I Don’t think she was married, just something to say.), matter of fact we are in America. We want off this train, we have rights.”

The guard grabbed her scarf and the fathers who had come with the group broke them apart and a fight broke out. Our adult group outnumbered the Nova Scotians on board their train and the Canadians did not know how to fight. We were able to force the conductor to stop and reverse the train back to the station which we had come from. As we began out transit back in the direction in which we had come from the guards who had been pinned and handcuffed with their own hand cuffs started shouting threats in broken English. “Our agents will be waiting at the station once we return. You will never be allowed off this train.” He continued “You are our breakfast, we have not eaten.” A black woman with our group shouted “Get us off this train, NOW!” Adults started looking for areas in which were not fenced in and on street level, so we could escape.

The adults started discussing a location in uptown which we had passed that was street accessible and which we would be able to escape from. As we approached the location the train was slowed down and we escaped from foreign captivity onto American soil. One of our classmates father from Iran thought we were over reacting and made a decision to stay aboard the train with his child. My guess is that in his culture it was not against his customs to separate boys and girls for selective worship services and he did not want to disrespect our “hosts”. I believe he thought his family would receive special treatment for following scotiabank’s requests.

The last father on the train jumped off a moving train after the conductor started accelerating toward the World Trade Center. “There are two people on that train and we cannot go after them. We need to find somewhere safe and file a police report.” I had just witnessed Ms. Skein punch a Nova Scotian with a Hay Maker, were missing a man and his daughter from the group but the majority of our class was on American soil.

We found the local police department and filed a report with Midtown police Precinct. The police told the adults that we should not have been on that train in the first place and that ”we should never be with someone who told us that we aren’t American citizens when we are in their space.”, that “They are a company not a foreign nation with ambassadorial privileges.”

The Midtown police said they would look into the claims and forward them to the precinct responsible for the World Trade Center Campus. As far as the two missing persons from our group we were told that “They had a right to get away, but they also had a right to stay.” And that these two individuals had claimed that they were not afraid. It was technically not a kidnapping since they stayed behind and it was too soon to consider the persons as missing. An officer stated “We will look after them, but there is not much we can do until I see proof that it is a kidnapping.” And “Look guys, this is New York City, there are some weird folks in NYC, and especially these Canadians who you register as when they claim you are not a sovereign citizen. That kind of scares me.”

“You all said you were planning on seeing Yankees game vs. Los Angeles. Why don’t you go and do that. Both teams are American, it’s the Yankees, everybody at the game will respect you as a sovereign citizen. It’s still the United States; just don’t go back on that train.” He pointed at us and in a Very serious tone told us “And stay out of that vault” “Boys and girls, Nova Scotia has nothing for you to learn. You have seen how they treat you.” “Have a hotdog, and if you go back to the World Trade Center, don’t go there. It won’t happen again, we will make sure of that.” He then grabbed our report, put it in a file and took it into the back office.

**2-26-93 Rescue of Hostages via Detonation of outer wall of Scotiabank via WTC, NY Parking Garage**

As we left the police station to come up with our next plan, the adults decided to listen to the police and we made plans to see a baseball game in New York City. As we were figuring out our new itinerary, Julian’s father pulled up in a Brown Alfa Romeo. I remember Julian had his head down, looking embarrassed. Julian’s father would not allow him to fly southwest Airlines. This was something the other adults had argued about as he had invited us all to New York City on behalf of his employer and would not even fly on the same plane as our class because “It was not good enough” or “Not first class.” I believe Julian and his father had flown United Airlines. Julian and his father were not on the plane, the bus or the train. We had not seen them since we left Sea-Tac Airport. Before Julian’s father had forced him off the Southwest plane, Julian told us “It’s not fair what my father is doing to you guys, my dad is trying to set you up.” This was the general sentiment when Julian and his father pulled up to the police station.

“Dude what the hell happened” an adult from our group yelled after Julian’s father got out of the car. “I can explain” said Julian’s father. “What, so you can explain how you set us up to get raped and kidnapped” the black mother yelled. “It was not like that” he replied. “Dad it was like that” Julian said out of the car window. “Kid what do you mean” his father said, now standing on the Sidewalk. Julian started to speak “You said” and Julian’s father put his hand over his son’s mouth. Julian pulled away from his father and yelled “You said that they were going to teach people to respect our country.”