



OSEEC: The Open-source Social Engineering Education Course



Unit B - Dreeke

Week 8 - Day 2

Part 9, Sections 9-10



PART III

WIELDING THE POWER OF TRUST

9. Trust in the Digital Age

10. Trust in a Toxic Environment

11. The Life of Lasting Leadership

12. The Trust Training Manual: 15 Drills



Section 9

Trust in the Digital Age

The Code of Digital Conduct

Digital Principle #1: Suspend Your Ego.

Digital Principle #2: Be Nonjudgmental.

Digital Principle #3: Validate Others.

Digital Principle #4: Honor Reason.

Digital Principle #5: Be Generous.



Section 10

Trust in a Toxic Environment

Fighting Fire with Water

Step One: Put Out the Fire

Step Two: Rebuild In the Rubble

The Six Most Common Types of Toxic People

1. Control freaks.
2. Hotheads.
3. Passive-aggressive people.
4. Egomaniacs.
5. Bullies.
6. People with Disorders.



Reflection:

"Dear (recipient's first name). As you know, the next board meeting is coming up soon. We have placed an agenda with some new items for discussion on a secure server. Please log in to the portal by going to the link below, and entering your (Company Name) credentials." It was signed, "College Board of Directors."

It used one of the most potent manipulative tools—curiosity—and it didn't make any specific commands, which are often seen as red flags. It also implied safety, with the reference to the "secure server."

The email achieved an excellent 35 percent log-in rate.

Then Chris and I added three elements. We inserted a subject line—"Your Updated Agenda"—which made it specifically about the recipients. In the sentence about "new items," we added "specific to you"—reinforcing the focus on them. Then we told them to log in only if they currently planned to attend—empowering them with choice.

Success rate: 100 percent.



Exercise:

Ulysses

Alfred Lord Tennyson - 1809-1892

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not
me.

I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: All times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone, on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils,
governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin
fades
For ever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,

To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life! Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard
myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle,—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My
mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and
thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took

The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs:
the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my
friends,
'T is not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we
are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.



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Thank You!

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