

It is the story of "Dustin". Full name: Dustin MyHead.

Posted originally BY: Scott Duncan, April 14, 2016 · Toronto, ON, Canada on Facebook.

(c) 2014 ROGUESUPPORT INC. under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivs 3.0 Unported License.

People from the Kook-Of-Gaia camp are starting to bleed into my realm. I mistakenly answered a question in a post on my page, and a Kook-Of-Gaia piss-guzzling FREE-DUMBER started throwing around FREE-DUMB terminology and using words which he demonstrably doesn't understand. So, it appears I must dumb myself down even further, because Kook-Of-Gaia has a lot of ignorance to account for. I'm going to do this by telling a children's story:

It is the story of "Dustin". Full name: Dustin MyHead. Dustin's story is very important because it's your story too. Thus, you should pay close attention to it.

Dustin was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, as is everybody in the Western world who has a standard of living better than 98% of the world's population. This means Dustin was born rich, and powerful. Dustin was so rich and powerful, in fact, that people addressed him as MASTER.

As a child in this privileged world, Dustin had many servants - the maids, the butlers, the groundskeepers, and the janitors - who did the jobs they were paid to, to ensure that Dustin had everything to which his wealth and power entitled him. As the years passed and Dustin grew, the maids and butlers saw to his every need, so much so, that he realized he had begun to rely on the maids and butlers to do everything. Dustin didn't like the idea of being dependent on paid strangers to see to his day-to-day needs; so one day Dustin woke up, got out of bed, and went down to that room where only the servants seem to go. His goal was to learn how to do his own laundry. The machine sat there. It looked simple, and clean, and elegant, but the machine had pictures and words on it he didn't understand. He then realized he needed to consult an expert to instruct him on this task. He asked the servant who does his laundry, how the machine works. Instead of answering his question, his servant actively discouraged him from learning, even though it was his fucking washing machine. "A man of your status doesn't do manual labour like that. It's just not proper. Leave the laundry to me," she said.

Dustin replied, "But I own this washing machine. It is my property and it is indisputably mine."

"Oh sir, nobody is contesting that," she replied, "But you are rich and powerful, and the time it would take to learn to use this silly device is far beneath you and would be a waste of your

precious time. You're rich and powerful. Your time is important. Mine is not. So give up this silly idea of learning how the machine works."

Dustin set out to learn how to accomplish other tasks, but ran into the same opposition with every skill he tried to acquire. The cooks wouldn't allow him to cook in his own kitchen. He might burn himself. The security guards wouldn't let him learn to properly use a firearm to defend himself, warning him, "You'll put your eye out!" The gardener carefully explained how dangerous the equipment is, and how somebody as important as Dustin shouldn't be exposed to such peril.

One day Dustin asked, "If I'm the master, why aren't you doing what I ask of you?"

His staff responded, "Well if we did that, we'd lose our jobs. The security guard would definitely lose his job if you put your eye out. The gardener would certainly lose his job if you injured yourself using the equipment. Even the maid would lose her job if your laundry piled up because the washing machine was broken."

Dustin asked, "Who else could decide you lose your job if I'm the master?"

"Why the accountant does," they replied.

To solve this mystery, Dustin went to see his estate's accountant, and asked, "None of my servants are doing what I tell them. What the fuck?"

With infinite patience, the accountant set out to explain to Dustin, what the fuck was the fuck.

He explained that all of this takes money to run, and while money used to be an economic measure of one's labour, it is now "debt in transit". There is SURETY and ACCOUNTING attached to that money - and that's the price you pay for being rich and powerful in a RECEIVERSHIP. Dustin was confused by this, and went back and did what he always did when he was confused. He prayed to a mutilated man, while drinking his own piss. Years passed because Dustin listened to Kook-Of-Gaia and believes in FREE-DUMB bullshit, while not knowing anything about the world around him.

Everywhere in the British Commonwealth since 1933, the CROWN has been a RECEIVER. When that happened, Princess Elizabeth gave up her BIRTH RIGHT, and freed all her SUBJECTS, in order to pay for the upcoming war. In COMMON LAW JURISDICTIONS that ESTATE is your BIRTH RIGHT. The woman you idiots think is a lizard is the one responsible for the debt. That's why LEGALLY there is only one SOVEREIGN, because LEGALLY, SOVEREIGNS take ORDERS. She takes the ORDERS, so you don't have to - and for nearly fifty years it worked beautifully, right up to around the time Scott Duncan was born - which is coincidentally pretty much when everything went sideways, although no one knew it at the time.

...but I digress.

Let's get back to Dustin. The years passed and Dustin became more, and more, inept and helpless. His servants were now telling him where he could go in the house, and where he

couldn't. He wasn't sure when this had happened, but he didn't like what his life had become. One day, he tried to defy one of the servants, and the servant called the security guard. In a blatant violation of Dustin's RIGHTS, in Dustin's property, on Dustin's estate, a security guard whom Dustin employed, physically dragged him out of his own property. Dustin stormed over to the accountant to have the man fired, but the accountant said, "I'm sorry, I no longer have that power, because we're in CANADA, and since the UK CANADA ACT (1982), the lawyers have the final say regarding which servants can be fired.

"But I'm the MASTER," replied Dustin, "The MASTER has the final say!"

The accountant assured him, "While that's true, the stooge in a black dress with an ARTS degree says it isn't; and since we signed the CHARTER he has the final say."

"But I didn't sign any CHARTER" said Dustin.

"No", continued the accountant, "But you did use money, and in doing so you ACCEPTED a TENDER FOR LAW."

"Well you're my accountant, why didn't you tell me that?" asked Dustin.

"It's none of your business how I run my accounting firm. It's not my job to tell you. You should have learned yourself; and on your eighteenth birthday, I owe you diddly squat," was the reply. "I'm an accountant. I know what money is. I have to, to do my job. That's why I get to set PUBLIC POLICY, and you don't. If you don't like it, ask the guy in the black dress with the ARTS degree. Because that's reality, Dustin. I'll grant you that all your servants discouraged you from learning, but now you can't do anything without them. You have no VALUE, and now the servants are in charge. You sold us your BIRTH RIGHT, and you pay for it with your hubris and ignorance. Yes, we're all collectively exploiting your BIRTH RIGHT, but we're GOVERNMENT. "

We're all GOVERNMENT," said the man in the black dress with the ARTS degree. "I have no idea how a computer works," he says, "but I have the RIGHT to say you don't get to learn either. Don't you know my ARTS degree is in lying? I have mastered it, and if I don't like the PUBLIC POLICY the accountant is setting, I can just change the meaning of some words. I'm just PRACTICING my art. All because you used money. You chose hubris and ignorance because you didn't value what was most important, and you gave it up without a fight. We'll let you walk around with the title of MASTER, and we'll continue to pretend to serve you. But, MASTER Dustin, it's all SURETY and ACCOUNTING now. You don't own anything, and you don't have the RIGHT to anything. Your parents gave us permission to do this. We have their signature right here, and you don't have any LEGAL RIGHTS until you're eighteen. Did you LIEN your name before you used it? Why do you think banks won't normally give a MORTGAGE to somebody who has LIENED their name? The LIEN itself means they have absolutely no LEGAL obligation to pay the debt, which means the banks must TRUST you implicitly to loan you money - and they'll only do that if you have VALUE to offer. Here, the man in the black dress patted little Dustin condescendingly on the head, and said, "See? There's no FRAUD. You're just a stupid, ignorant entitled Fuck...and you're getting what you deserve. While you are cutting your dicks off, and drinking your own piss and yelling,

"FREEDUMMMMMBBB," we'd really appreciate it if you sold us your children as well. That lucky baby will be born owing about \$30,000.00. Since money is DEBT in TRANSIT, we can take that money, bundle it as a SECURITY and sell it on the open market - with the promise that the thing that crawled out of the vagina of the woman stupid enough to let you stick your dick in it, will pay it back. Blame your parents for being as ignorant and full of hubris as you are, Dustin, because now we can drop all pretence. The servants are in charge now. Your parents spent money they didn't have, and stuck you with the BILL. We intend to collect. LEGALLY we must give all the NOTICES necessary, and we do," said the man in the black dress with the ARTS degree. Thanks to your hubris and ignorance, we're in charge now, and you're going to pay your share of the BILL. Until that BILL is PAID, you have no AUTHORITY. So do your job, create new money that will go into our pockets, instead of paying down the DEBT. Since the time of Shakespeare, you arrogant idiots make DECLARATIONS using words for which you don't know the definition. When you're dealing with money, it's always LEGAL. That's the only definition that counts. The same is true with courts. Only the LEGAL definitions matter. It's especially true with ACCOUNTING. LEGAL is the LAW of SURETY AND ACCOUNTING. "

Dustin looked up at the odious man in the black dress with the ARTS degree, and finally realized he was looking at evil. So he asked, "I know you're evil in its purest form. So why are you telling me this?"

The evil man in the black dress looked into Dustin's ignorant eyes, and answered, "I was kicked out of the club for daring to ask, 'Have we the RIGHT?'" He then proceeded to piss in Dustin's mouth, "Because fuck you, you stupid little shit!" (Quite the plot twist, huh? Bet you didn't see that one coming.) This is why being an actual scientist is better, because a "law degree" and a "gender studies" degree have the same worth: NOTHING. It's all BELIEF.

And this story is more accurate to reality than all of the stupid bullshit Kook-of-Gaia ever said.