

A tax of Olde

Alms. Taken by the blind, the sick and afflicted to heal their pain. In human terms, pain equals the temporary blinding that we must place on it in order to heal the chaos that internally attacks us.

An Olde saying is: The Olde Ways have gone to Qej. Amen.

A new saying is: How many groupings of bits does it take to traverse 5G encrypted traffic? When you're out of money and the man on the other side of the table is the one receiving your alms, how many secrets dost he give back when you turn away? The answer is, you are the one that standeth before the table of gold collection.

At the time this was written, Secret Money was being coveted by man kind.

Sa Na