

Seed Money



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A Socio-Political Thriller Rooted in Bloodlines, Betrayal, and the Battle for Legacy

In the shadowed corridors of global finance and cultural warfare, *Seed Money* unveils a covert campaign orchestrated by foreign-backed entities with deep-rooted cultural and ideological ties to Iran and Islamic extremism. These factions, fully aware of a buried truth—the divine heritage of so-called African-Americans as the scattered remnant of the 12 Tribes of Israel—target the heart of minority-owned enterprise in America with surgical precision.

Under the guise of generous investment, they infiltrate urban startups, grassroots organizations, and spiritual communities. But their money is not neutral. It comes with a contract—one written in silence, blood, and spiritual misalignment. These investors are not just backing businesses; they're embedding ideologies. Through covert mentorships, arranged political alignments, and cultural reprogramming, their ultimate goal is the psychological castration and spiritual neutralization of the true seed of Israel in the West.

Simultaneously, they fund and protect abortion centers, not as healthcare institutions, but as quiet weapons—mechanisms of erasure aimed at wiping out the next generation of kings, prophets, and warriors before they take their first breath. Every investment is an act of war. Every partnership is a spell.

But deep within the ruins of forgotten temples and urban deserts, an ancient fire stirs. The descendants of the Sicarii—a feared Israelite assassin sect that once burned Rome's grain silos to awaken their people—rise again. These modern-day Sicarii see clearly: that comfort is the enemy, and silence is death. As spiritual assassins in a world of illusions, they sabotage the very economic systems used to domesticate their people. Grain must burn before freedom can rise.

At its core, Seed Money is not just about finance or ideology—it is about identity. In a world where the powerful know the truth of their blood and the oppressed have forgotten it, the elite class never forgets: no matter what name they take, no matter who they align with, the Seed will always be seen as a Jew—by blood, by covenant, by destiny.

And in that truth lies both the curse...and the call.

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Chapter One Synopsis: Burn the Grain

“The silos were full. But the people were starving. So we set fire to the silos. That was the only way they would remember they were still at war.”

– The Last Scrolls of the Sicarii

Washington D.C. – Present Day

It began with a ribbon-cutting.

On the corner of Georgia Avenue and Shepherd Street, a glossy new co-op for minority entrepreneurs opened to a crowd of journalists, city officials, and pastors who had long forgotten how to pray. It was called “Roots Exchange” –a “Black”-owned tech incubator funded by a silent investor group known only as The Levant Foundation. No one knew where the money came from. But no one asked. In D.C., money was never questioned—only spent.

Inside, the walls bore murals of Pan-African unity, coded quotes from Malcolm and Fred Hampton, even a kente-colored circuit board etched into glass. It felt revolutionary. But beneath it all, the contracts told a different story—every founder had signed a clause that allowed cultural “mentorship” programs for their sons. Most didn’t notice. The clause was buried between lines of financial jargon and promises of generational wealth.

But not everyone was blind.

Across the street, leaning against a rusted payphone relic, sat a man wrapped in silence and old pain. His name was Kal’el Ben-David, a descendant of the Benjamite line and the last surviving member of the Sicarii Resurgence. A ghost with scars in his eyes and rage in his posture. He watched the ribbon fall and whispered, “They’ re planting bombs with kindness again.”

Kal’el knew the truth. The Levant Foundation was not benevolent. It was a mask—a gilded front for an old enemy: foreign-backed ideologues with a theological vendetta against the true Israel in exile. These weren’t mere investments. They were spiritual sterilizations, cultural euthanasia wrapped in venture capital.

And worse still—they knew who these people were even when they didn’t.

To the boardrooms in Tehran and Riyadh, these “Blacks” were not African. They were Israelite stock—the Seed. A divine bloodline cursed with amnesia. That’ s why the enemy moved in silently, patiently, investing in prenatal clinics that sterilized, marketing campaigns that shamed fatherhood, education reforms that erased lineage, and media that turned men into jesters.

But the Sicarii remembered.

Kal’el turned away from the cheering crowd. A small data chip, no larger than a fingernail, pulsed in his pocket. On it: a list of every donor, shell company, and offshore conduit tied to Levant. And one name stood out—Imam Saeed al-Karim, a former Iranian intelligence asset turned “philanthropist,” now living quietly in Chicago under U.S. asylum. He was financing abortion centers in the South Side, and every one of them was inside a three-mile radius of a Hebrew-descendant population cluster.

The same populations that carried the ancient Names in their DNA.

Kal'el knew the time had come. Like his ancestors under Roman siege, comfort had become the drug. Grain was plenty. Freedom was myth. The people would never rise as long as they were fed.

So the silos had to burn again.

But this time, it wouldn't be wheat or barley. It would be the illusion of prosperity—the lie of partnership, the seed money of erasure. And he wouldn't act alone.

From the shadows of Miami, Oakland, Detroit, and Jackson, a dozen others waited. Former journalists, ex-Mossad defectors, linguists fluent in Paleo-Hebrew, and young Israelite engineers who read Isaiah by candlelight. The new Sicarii. A movement in silence. Bound not by creed—but by memory and survival.

Because history was not past.

It was breathing.

And resurfaced as Seed Money.



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