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"Corruption is only as effective as the corrupt
-Dieder

Translate

- [Home](#)
- [Sample Chapter: "Meeting Sandie"](#)
- [Sample Chapter: "Isabella's Lessons"](#)
- [Sample Chapter: "Acquisition"](#)
- [Sample Chapter: "Wedding Bells"](#)
- [Sample Chapter: "Nedra Roney"](#)
- [More Sample Chapters](#)
- [Romney-NuSkin Connection](#)
- [Romney Mormon Questions](#)
- [Romney Campaign Backers](#)
- [Updates](#)
- [Update Archives](#)
- [Lawsuit Documents](#)
- [Nu Skin Analysis](#)
- [Links](#)
- [Reward](#)
- [Contact Me/Leave a Comment](#)
- [Nu Skins Padded Numbers](#)
- [NEW Padded Numbers list](#)

Diederik van Nderveen



Trophy Husband

My time observing the 1% feeding on the 99%

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Formerly Filthy Rich

“Corruption is only as effective as the corruptible.”

-Diederik van Nederveen

Valencia, Spain, October, 2011

“Let me know where he is... and I can get him arrested. My attorney says he will have no problem shutting down the book. No court thing necessary. He will have a hard time defending himself from jail!”

Sandie

On October 27 Sandie was enraged the moment Adam Baker published an e-book about his life with her that was so slanderous and salacious I feared, had he offered it in paperback, the pages would've stuck together; the moment I finished the first chapters I understood her anger and was ready to go all out to stop him publishing the book further.

My first reaction to her e-mail had been one of amazement because while I realized the possible implications of his book I too was struggling, for way too long, with my own emotions. My head was hurting, I needed some fresh air, a better perspective, and decided to drive to the historical Spanish city of Valencia not too far from where I was staying and take a long walk.

During the drive I debated that on the one hand the whole thing was disgusting to see my ex-wife attacked in a way that you wouldn't wish upon your worst enemy, but on the other hand I felt some measure of vindication because she chose to ignore my warnings that this would happen one day. She had been less than kind and fair in respecting my rights to be in our daughter's life, fully aware of how deeply it affected me. To see someone stand up against her ignited the last remnants of anger that still lingered deep in my gut.

There is a lot of unfinished business between us and to see Adam swing at her nasty side felt good, but at the same time I wanted to give the part of her that I had fallen in love with a hug; to me, there was just not much of that part of her left to hug.

I perceived her e-mail to be the forebode of years of aggravation. I had never spoken to anyone who wrote a book about their ex-wife, and if anyone did I could never imagine it to be this terrible! When you read it your mind would drift into a deep gutter, you'd struggle to stay afloat in a whirlpool of filth, and the only hope being to grab hold of the curb and pull yourself out...begging that none of it is true.

You'll need to read it yourself to grasp the essence of the deep hate and contempt that drips from every chapter; that is if you can find a copy, since Nu Skin lawyers forced all web sites that posted the book to remove it. In itself another great example of the corruptible power of money when one of the web sites, The Rip Off Report, who holds firm to their irrevocable policy of “non-removal of all postings”, decided to give in to Nu Skin's book burning obsession!

Had Nu Skin lawyers given it a bit more thought and allowed readers to stand free of censorship, 'on the revolting beach of contention, scanning the ocean of repugnant, foaming verbiage, and encouraged them to reach and sift through truth and fable, the dismissible nature of it' would have done the job. Now his message continues to float in a symbiotic embrace on a tidal wave of increasing credibility.

The very act of bullying others to ignore the first amendment, playing judge and prosecutor, without allowing Adam to present his "evidence" in a court of law is indicative of exactly the kind of flawed, MLM-character that Wall-Street-company investigators have asked me to comment on. In their eyes, despite the libelous tone, his book must therefore be true; taking him to court would otherwise have easily proven him wrong. But to them, the media attention these long-winded legal proceedings demand are of little value.

What is it that Nu Skin and Sandie are hiding?

In his book, Adam described her in a way that even I can't describe without violating my own sense of decorum. Despite some recognition of her behavior and character, several of the things he claimed must have slipped my attention during my seven years with her. I guess he was blessed to get to know her a lot better than I did.

For a microsecond I was not sure if I should regret to have missed out on some interesting elements of "living it up with the Tillotsons", or just be happy to have kindly suspended unnecessary involvement. On the other hand, I have never seen her fly anywhere with a bag full of cash (one thing Adam claimed). It would make little sense since she has plenty of legit income streams to not need to smuggle more of it out of the country to save on a few tax dollars.

Then, other than some cannabis, I also never personally saw her use or sell hard drugs. Also, until I see an actual affidavit, signed by Adam's son Eric, stating that she has gently fondled his Gentile-genitals, this too remains in the open. What I do know, however, is that she likes younger men, is a liar, cheat, and a phenomenal manipulator, who, for example, will tell her friends, "Oh, I am so glad D got to spend some time with Sophia." Failing to add how she has hustled, or at least twisted, the situation during my sporadic visits, limiting the interaction with my own daughter or at least make it harder. In other words, when Adam writes how she can be a sadistic, sociopathic, narcissistic wench; I am in total agreement!

Adam also states in his book that Nu Skin's (through Pharmanex) Bio-Photonic Scanner is "rigged," and all data it produces is manipulated and thus tainted. That too is very likely since I have had several phone calls from former employees who told me the same!

The Bio-Photonic scanner claims: "to measure overall activity of carotenoid antioxidant activity". This claim is not supported by any scientific publication. Still, if it were true, the scanner would measure only a limited part of antioxidant activity. Most antioxidants don't have a carotenoid structure.

Let us have a look at the three vitamins with antioxidant activity: vitamins A, C and E. Of these, only vitamin A has a carotenoid structure. Of these three vitamins, vitamin A has the UV (ultraviolet) absorption at by far the longest wave-length. Thus, in principle it would be possible to develop a machine, based on measuring a UV signal.

But we still would not have information on the many antioxidants that do not have a carotenoid structure.

Think of:

- Flavenoids
- Phenolic acids and their esters
- Non-flavenoid phenols, like curcumin and the xanthonenes (mangosteen)

Thus, even if the instrument might give information about the carotenoids in the skin, it does not give information about the total antioxidant situation in the skin, let alone in the body in general. Claims to this effect are unfounded!

It is well known that vitamin A (retinal) and vitamin A acid play a positive role in the skin (wound healing, wrinkles). Retinol cremes are even sold at the grocery store! The products marketed by cosmetic industries are grossly overpriced! Also, they never, or hardly ever, provide information about the actual percentages of retinol and/or retinoic acid in their products.

The argument that most people do not eat enough fruits and veggies and therefore need LifePak is unproven. What studies have shown is that those who take any form of supplements are usually already health conscious and thus receive their nutritional values from their diet. The extremist junk-food eater is not going to have the money, or desire, to buy the \$2.80 per day LifePak anyway. If people take a fraction of the \$80 plus per month of the LifePak expense to spruce up their diet with natural products it will actively support their health and save a fortune in a relatively short time. Know that LifePak is one of the most expensive multi-vitamin mineral supplements on the market but has still failed to pass basic label tests. Not consuming this over-priced, unproven product will also stop the abusive practice of recruiting people based on misleading, incomplete data and would stop the ill-impact the entire Nu Skin-MLM experience has on most of the people that ever sign up!

In the end, it is not only important to know whether the product works but if you can actually make money with it. After all, the Nu Skin Enterprises website states clearly that the device is not meant to be used as a medical device nor is it intended to diagnose disease or conditions. See the following link:

http://www.nuskin.com/content/dam/global/library/pdf/everest_s2_userguide.pdf

Adam was right when he stated that most who ever sign up never see a dime, but then, we already knew that. What was interesting is that he too had returned money to people he had signed up in his Nu Skin downline, for the inconvenience.

When Blake Roney's brother, Mark, called me in Spain to explained that Blake asked him to handle his affairs before and after his leave from Nu Skin to start a three year long "Church mission" in France I suggested that I may be able to speak to Adam and halt further damage by talking to him and trying to stop his devastating e-book from spreading.

Mark forwarded the communication between Adam and me to Sandie's lawyers who, instead of communicating with me to at least discuss potential solutions, used the information to disrupt my already feeble communication with Adam! They eventually threatened him that they were going to subpoena our e-mails to "prove" some conspiracy. Of course Adam went right along doing what he apparently had planned for years; to tell his story in every way he could, thus ignoring them.

Sandie may have instructed them to eradicate his postings, but all it led to was that more attention was drawn to it. She claimed in the past that, to her, divorce is "pure business", a 'deal' that needs to be handled without emotions. Fairness and simple decency have no place in closing down a relationship in her world and Adam *may* be a jerk for writing his book the way he did in response but it sure is understandable. If you value cars and airplanes like Adam does losing access to the twenty two of them on top of the airplanes he was no longer going to fly a "Sandie Type" divorce must be devastating. I saw her give him one car after the other while she argued with me over basic rights and fairness. It was an interesting experience in the least.

Adam may have exaggerated, or even made up a few things in his book, however, I know a lot to be true and it is exactly Sandie's way of handling her private affairs that is indicative of her role in Nu Skin where, according to many I spoke to, none of the important decisions have ever been made based on her input. I am sure it didn't help her "status" to create disgruntled insiders who could run around angry waiting for any opportunity to strike back.

It may not be a big deal to her, since she has enough 'security' stashed away, but how will that attitude work out for all the distributors trying to brainwash their prospects? It will blow over, right?

I am not so sure.

What if ten thousand ex-distributors organized a class-action suit for all the misleading claims? They may not win in a Utah court fraught by MLM-loving judges and backed by politicians like Orin Hatch who do whatever it takes to support the abusive business practices of his MLM friends; among some others, it was Orin Hatch who fought hard to block a proposal to force MLM-supplement companies to be more forthcoming on their labels. If one-thousand former Nu Skin distributors spent a few dollars per day employing a team of lawyers, PR campaign managers, and volunteers

for sure could put an end to this sickening business model by way of media frenzy. That is what it takes to get this done!

If investment analysts call me and spend hours on the long list of unethical business practices, then you know there is something brewing. It took exactly this kind of tenacious research, data gathering, and staying power to take down Enron and others who slid through life on the backs of those they abused.

The FTC (Federal Trade Commission) and the SEC (Securities Exchange Commission) took the brunt and totally embarrassed themselves to the bone for allowing a crook (Bernie Madoff) to get away with it until one of his sons turned him in, days after he slipped up, while they sipped a last glass of Bordeaux, reclining in front a flickering Manhattan fireplace.

“Yes boys, daddy is a crook, I have been for years, hope you can live with that.” One of them couldn’t, and killed himself in utter desperation. In my opinion, and I don’t have any illusions to stand alone in this, it is absolutely amazing that SEC agents dropped-in at the Madoff office during the years leading up to the conviction and never once followed up on unanswered questions, or failed to even ask at all!

Nu Skin and all the other MLM scammers get away with their abuse because of lobbyists and clever verbiage, supported, coached, and backed by politicians like Mitt Romney, Jon Huntsman, Orin Hatch, Jason Chaffetz, and all the other Nu Skin/MLM supporters. Again, Adam was right to suggest that all of these power-players back each other to protect, and if possible increase, the MLM income; and that of the state and church, at any price. It is so obviously wrong and abusive that even Adam, a stripper/gardener, can see it for what it is!

As an observer and insider, I know how it is to look at this huge company, the billions it creates for the owners, the complicated system of controls that safeguard Sandie’s and the other Nu Skinners’ assets, and how powerless you feel. Even thinking about “fighting back” at one time gave me stomach pains. It really has been and still is a “David and Goliath” situation for Adam, for me, and anyone else who so much as aims a finger at them, these “holier than thou” Saints, who ONLY care about themselves and their unobstructed “passage to heaven”. It is sick!

It is impossible to "let go" of the memories of driving 12 hours one way to see Sophia to arrive in Salt Lake and find her only "available" for a few hours per day because Sandie had her schedule manipulated to limit time with her. It took me at times a week to feel the lumb in my throat deflate of sadness and anger to have to leave her behind.

This made it a lot easier to fathom Adam's anger to be reduced to dirt by Sandie after he too was sucked in to her world as if he was Abrahams lost sheep in heat.

For Adam, a car and toy lover, to have to let go of all the materialism was quite a wake-up call. It must have been something else to be allowed to buy twenty-two fancy sports cars, at least two airplanes, a helicopter and then lose it all to her obsessive,

divorce-manipulations, months before she flies off on her Gulf-Stream jet to Malawi to pose with the underprivileged people of Africa. Indeed, she'd do anything for a series of great photo-ops that do little but serve her and Nu Skinners' egos and their recruiting scheme.

Again, Adam was right, as soon they come back from that dirty world of the impoverished they go and spend more millions on building pirate ships, castles of homes, buying more land, and donating more to a church that is built on little but fables. (go to you-tube and type in: pirates cove, boulder city).

I don't have warm feelings for Adam because of the trouble he caused in my life, but I have to give him credit where credit is due; he had the balls to go after Sandie like no other man ever has, causing a major shockwave across the polished Nu Skin world. It now has investment analysts taking a whole other look at these Nu Skinners and it will never stop until justice and truth have gotten their day in court; or at least the court of public opinion.

"He is a self-admitted cheater!" she wrote, but I know she told him to "go and get a girlfriend" since she did the same to me when things didn't work out. Her tactic is to go after you if you do and ride your emotional guilt all the way to the bank. It is OK for her to be in charge, make millions, and be "married" to you for the show of it. However, if that doesn't work well to enhance the relationship and you as much as think to reach out for another woman, she will use it against you, even telling her close friends that it was all your fault for being a "cheater."

She knew during the onset of their courtship that Adam was still involved with Denise Bolos and it was she who still pursued him. I was right there and saw it all, I even spoke to Denise about it. For Sandie to call anyone a "cheater" is a joke. Not just as far as her private life is concerned, but let's ask all the failed distributors how cheated they feel to know what the *real* odds are, to let them see the truth behind the misleading claims Nu Skin and Nathan make and to show them how all of their lost dollars went to boost Sandie's, Craig's, Nedra's, and Blake's insane lifestyles!

In and of itself, the whole "Formerly Filthy Rich situation" is at least something that offered another fascinating digression but also a collection of new challenges.

To me, Sandie's mean-spirited act, wrapped in a cloak of "just handling business" was designed to satisfy her emotional desires: the crushing and hurting of others. While the fallout was not only going to influence the lives of me, Adam's, and Sophia's, but it was going to potentially affect many people, many for which Nu Skin is their source of income, or rather... their dream of income.

For Sandie, the emotional value she receives from fighting him, by getting rid of the book through her lawyers, is far more important than to come to fair terms. She simply can't stand the idea that any of her ex-husbands will be OK and thus able to move on in a way consistent with the lifestyle she had been quick to absorb them into.

If the roles were reversed, if Adam and I were multi-hundred-millionaires, there would be no question if we would have to pay her alimony on top of a huge settlement based on our massive incomes. She then, rightfully so, would have sued by the slightest objection to have access to her child; but since men are supposed to take the beating it is OK for her to get away with cutting exes off of her 'payroll'. Their lives are merely arbitrary; a nuisance you 'throw lawyers at' when things don't flow as desired. What troubled me most in my situation is the fact that after the divorce she continues her mean-spirited nonsense.

Because it was Adam's battle there was some distance between me and his cause; making it easier for me to see what was going on (and is still going on) without being blinded by personal issues. I asked Adam to send me an e-mail, to tell me what really went on during their split. I just wondered if there ever was mention of a fair sense of closure. His answer was to be expected:

"Sandie left me with nothing- not jack shit. I had a couple of old trucks and a horse trailer. Out of 2 homes I owned in my own name, she took them both. I left Utah to look for a new place to live before the divorce was over, she had her people break into my house and take my furniture and vandalize the place. So whatever bullshit she is telling people that she gave me such a 'great deal' it is all lies. Maybe she figures I got a great deal getting out of there alive. I've worked my ass off ever since for every fucking penny."

Yet, now she is the one screaming, "Get him arrested!" In her world you either do what her rhythm dictates or be on your way...and that was not good enough for him so he made sure to tell her, and in turn she was not about to negotiate. *Reward him? No way!*

It would be the first of many more e-mails between us that would merely show that the level of influence is related to the power of money. On the other end, the absence of any desire to lie down or be reasonable, letting go of her "it's all *just* business" attitude, leads to desperate acts. It showed me that hate infused by money is like oil on fire and will devour anything in its path, even take a company on a tail-spin.

It must have been about a year or two ago when they divorced and I warned her that if she had abused her power to purposefully hurt him it most certainly would aggravate things; which it did. For Adam it all started after basically being told to *'take your shit and walk'*; and to make sure he got the message she subtly added, *'If you don't I'll take everything away from you.'*

Essentially, that was indeed everything, since it had been she who paid for it all. Her 'Indian giving' was something I too had become accustomed to. She's actually quite creative, always finding new ways to 'make it OK' to ask for stuff to be returned to her that she then redistributes among her close family members.

"That is her way to really drive home the point that you are about to be *stripped*," Adam jokingly explained, "That was the only thing I am used to." However, when he saw that she didn't stop there and felt the ill intention behind it, he turned the act itself

into a formidable driving force to go after her, matching her, what she told me, the experience of great enjoyment ‘running him out of town.’ I then knew what kind of lopsided deal it must have been since she did the same with me.

She described right after their court battle how she managed to manipulate the legal process in such a way that instead of her having to come to an amicable settlement he now owed *her* millions instead! Despite how all the cars and planes he bought during their marriage lost 20% of their value the moment he took possession, I still figured that, no matter what, he’d be OK. I guess she took it all back or he was forced to sell to pay for the legal battle.

Judging by the nature of his prose he sure did his best to re-pay her back for the effort. Aware of the true dynamics he had been dealing with, despite, or perhaps in light of, all of the temporary materialistic advantages, I actually understood where he was coming from. Even if having his last say, whilst suffering Sandie’s wrath, to write the book is indeed all he *can* do, I don’t expect to ever find it at the Salt Lake Public Library, it will definitely make its mark in Nu Skin history. For Sandie, as a business woman, one of whom you would expect to have earned at least some of her wealth based on making ‘long-term projections’, to go into these relationships only to let them end bad by treating people the way she does while still expecting that it will all be OK for her is either a sign of gross ignorance, or absolute confidence, that no matter what happens she will out-power, out-sue, and out-terrorize anyone in order for her little world and interests to remain intact. One of her arguments is, *‘You came with little or nothing so when you leave you’ll do so with as little or nothing.’*

Her way of mishandling her personal life adds credibility to those who have suggested throughout how Nu Skin’s growth did not in any way rely on her great insights and actions, that her wealth relied on ‘being at the right place at the right time,’ thus, earning her the nickname, “token woman.”

However, I personally think that despite the drama, Nu Skin’s early success did partly rely on her basic wits, hard work, dedication, and skills. At this point, her knowledge of the Network-Marketing industry makes her a formidable element as a potential business partner. On the other hand, those who dismiss her role in Nu Skin’s success, it was indeed her mother-in-law Clara McDermott’s connections and hard work that launched Nu Skin into momentum. Without Clara as well as some others, Nu Skin would have floundered. That is why it is all the more shocking and annoying for Blake, but also the entire company, to be dragged into Sandie’s mismanagement of her relationships. I remember well how Blake told me, “She will not listen to anyone, not even me.”

Whatever damages her issues with Adam Baker did to her and Nu Skin’s image, it led Wall Street corporate investigators to me with piercing questions. Hearing what they were looking for confirmed some of my own questions and alarmed me to look deeper in to the Nu Skin mess as well.

She categorically ignores what anyone says and I am quite sure that such an attitude is a blatant violation of her fiduciary obligation. Not many of the shareholders will ever understand that her talent is not so much to run an honest business but to draw the blood from under your nails!

I arrived in downtown old Valencia and the fresh air blew away the dark cloud of absurdities that lingered overhead. Sandie's e-mails have had this affect on me before; they suck me back into the sickness of MLM, Utah, and all the other sources of trouble that for one reason or another were sadly still a part of my life because of my love for Sophia and my inability to be in her life in harmony with everyone involved. Under the circumstances it would simply take too much money; something Sandie knew all too well.

A few minutes into my walk through the old heart of the beautiful city, only a stone's throw from the beach, I already felt better. The beautiful collection of age-old buildings distracted me, and as I searched for a deeper perspective on the difficulties of the situation, I suddenly found myself under the old Serranos gate.

I took a moment to study the way the weathered wood of the massive doors are bolted to huge steel hinges. I've always loved things that carry a story; they change and enhance the way I think and if there was anything that could do that then the gates to an old city were the perfect object to get my mind churning full speed.

Patterns arose; things became clearer as I glanced at the street and kneeled down to run my hand across the worn granite cobblestones. Through the sensation of touching its smooth surface the stories emerged that left their traces and I tried to capture the messages hidden within the calmness of its rigid and apparent solidity.

These stones were chipped and polished by millions of feet, hooves, iron horseshoes, and steel-rimmed cartwheels that too are no more. I erected myself and looked up at the magnificent structure of what was once one of at least seven entrances into the city. Throughout the centuries, this was the only secure ground; it was a place of refuge, food, and shelter while outside the walls thugs, looting soldiers, bandits, and the natural elements ruled. Through these gates people, their thoughts, hopes, and dreams walked, marched, galloped, or were dragged in by their limbs over the very same stones on which I stood.

Each of them left microscopic tracks, initiating a potential impulse, a speck of potential inspiration to see past my own day-to-day realities and illusions, signs of past lives of whose blessings and struggles I can only speculate. Like theirs, it would be only a glimmer of time until my own life's-energy would fade, to blend in with a sea of anonymity.

I walked further, to get away from the overwhelming arches, twenty-five feet high doors, hidden passages, and domes, as if to let some distance get between me and the reality within the context of the conflicting and dysfunctional history of which they reminded me. Still, even from halfway across the bridge, the intimidating gate and the

attached, now equally useless, segments of a wall seemed to call out, longing to be included into modern-day life; as if to once again be assigned to keep out individuals who carry in contraband from faraway places, warnings of revolutionary ideas and philosophies that are still a direct potential threat to a society once controlled by bishops, churches and their soldiers.

Is it then naive to expect that such ideas have become fleeting forms of entertainment to a modern society obsessed with individuality and communication? Could those who once ruled before come back to torment us again? Or are they still among us, ready to strike?

The city seems to be asleep, no one is hearing the murmurs of old structures and only by the grace of tourism, or maybe for simple lack of funds to tear them down, these gates still stand as they have for 500-600 years; watching life below take its course in equanimous observation of the scurrying about of people conditioned to think that their objectives have all but any importance to the direction of history and the acquisition of happiness.

The bridge across the Turia leads straight through the gate and in my mind's eye I see the guards who stood for many centuries. They scrutinized every element that entered or left the city; protecting interests dictated by a revolving lineup of leadership, wielding their power through the always reliable realities of hunger and illness and the emotions of constant fear, desire, greed, and hope. In many ways, no different today as it has been for as long as people have ruled over others, mostly for the sake of selfish political or philo-theosophical interests.

It was then that it hit me how any opposing spy on the road into twelfth century Valencia carrying in contraband is essentially no different than Adam's twenty-first century libelous book traveling on the world-wide-web, aiming straight for the heart of Villa Nu Skin in the traitorous marsh-land of MLM. It is closely examined, halted by their assigned 'gate keepers' who sniff-out, scrutinize, and pass on information to those higher up the Villa Nu Skin-power-pyramid, where it is quickly evaluated for its potential implications or dismissed and ridiculed.

Blindly following orders, the Villa Nu Skin guards ignore any argument or alternative possibilities and stop the book from entering the city where it could drive people to a 'change of heart'... to awaken them from the Villa Nu Skin induced coma and the deception that it is. They feverishly hunt down those who carry off copies Adam slyly dropped on the dusty, rutted road to enlightenment and turn them into smoke on the main square; for all to see what fate will await anyone determined to expose truths and fables.

The guards stand proud, but remain oblivious to the complicated systems they loyally defend; the same systems invented to control as many of Villa Nu Skin's inhabitants and all the variables installed to keep things going according to the wishes of the 'chosen ones.' It is their livelihood for which their leaders lobbied hard and manipulated, even killed off opposition in order to establish growth through clever

manipulation and absolute submission to blind faith in order for it to continue as long as possible... until it is overrun and gutted out; either transformed or reduced to rubble.

The slightest opposition drives Villa Nu Skin's top honchos to deliberate a bit longer, even plan possible counter attacks to retain as many Villa Nu Skin inhabitants as possible; the ocean of gullible souls who feed their system. To the head-honchos there is no value in other people's truths, only Villa Nu Skin's truths are to be taught to these doe-eyed, brainwashed followers of a *culture* whose task it is to keep on breeding further in every corner of the global empire; an ever expanding area they have carved up among themselves.

Villa Nu Skin's Queen Sandie, well aware of and staying clear of living according to the 'Big-Lie'*, just rides the wave her royalty status provides. In the shadows she does her own-thing. Her latest obsession is to entertain a super-expensive boy-toy; a willing soldier from an opposing tribe. She'll make sure there are Ferraris to drive, jets to fly, and real-estate to buy in order to keep him enthralled, perhaps even feel some satisfaction, if it wasn't all just to have some fun.

Those who enter her domain should know that they better play by strict rules in order to not be sued, abused, ridiculed, insulted, arrested, and imprisoned; preferably without trial. Adam and his contraband await no better treatment merely because the Queen of Villa Nu Skin carelessly smuggled him into town with an unstoppable obsession to milk him dry against public opinion.

He sensed the imminent, disastrous ending would come when his value had been worn thin but he never actually expected her to turn into a vindictive, jaded, and scorned enemy who applied shrewd methods to dismantle the very relationship she so desperately initiated. She asked him to stay and 'change', but since he was unwilling he is asked to be so kind as to sneak out at night and leave behind his home, kids, and anything of material value... if not, he'd face a merciless battle.

Despite the abuse that followed the request she still expected him to also close the little secret hatch to the underground passage, after squeezing through without a cough or hiccup. When he didn't comply a battle raged, one she won by out-powering him in every way. To save his hide he left, crawling away in the shadow of the Villa Nu Skin walls of terror. The moment his last protein-shake-farts faded from the castle chambers Sandie's laugh echoes throughout the hallways. She snubs at anyone who dares to even hint that someday he, or any of her other lovers, may come back and hammer on the large wooden gates to find at least some emotional restitution.

Indeed, he came back, and the doors remained shut. He took a moment to think about his options; he could climb a tower and blurt out his case across a sea of Villa Nu Skinners, even try to inspire the global Villa Nu Skin population, or he could find a scribe and dictate his plight in the hope that *anyone* would care to read it and in doing so run their nose through her dirty laundry.

Of course, Queen Sandie chooses to ignore that she herself not only spun an equal portion of the conflicting fabric but soiled the garments they both have woven from it.

To her it was just fun to go against the Villa Nu Skin rules; to find and lift a man like Adam, wipe the dirt off his face and feet, slip them into ostrich-skin-boots, and dress him up in tweed get-ups and parade him around town at grand spectacles. Only insiders know that when the candles of censorship are snuffed out, and the garments of restraint are stripped, she'd shower in an illicit stream of carnal sin that knows no equal... just because she can, and simply because it's fun.

This went on for a while, irritating Villa Nu Skin co-honchos who try to focus on the everlasting battle against attrition that gives the nature of their game enough stress as it is. Forced to constantly attract new recruits they pummel precious new souls with fantastic stories of 'success' and 'doing good' around the world to feed the furnace of MLM greed.

The last thing they need is the personal filth of their Queen to end up on the street of Villa Nu Skin where it feeds a growing force of hungry inhabitants, enraged by a disgruntled insider who came to inform them, even another former lover, who too had enough of the unfairness and abuse.

The head-honchos still refuse to analyze the cause or merit of Adam's cargo; which is merely perceived to lack the power to be of any grave concern since it is so obviously defamatory and libelous that no one will ever take it seriously, it all simply couldn't be true.

None of them, not even for a second, tried to walk in Adam's shoes. It would take far too much time and would allow Adam's 'truths' to spread around a global distributor force who in turn would love or equally hate to know just how much of their losses are being wasted by Villa Nu Skinners on banalities like sports cars, a yacht, airplanes, fancy trailers, castles of homes, and whatever else they desire.

It may be extra painful to the distributors because the desirables Sandie and Adam purchased matched the kind of perks they were shown on slides, YouTube videos, and brochures designed to drive them to sign up.

To add to the insult, Adam was not even one of them; he didn't belong to the largest percentage of hard working Villa Nu Skinners who would never get a free-rein to spend millions. Most of them, no matter how much they worked, would never earn a dime. In their mind, Adam Baker, the stripper/gardener, didn't "do anything to deserve it!"

Upon returing from Valencia, the phone rang once again. I answered and heard, "Hey D...you know nothing good can come from this."

I recognize the voice of my Nu Skin insider and asked, "What is corporate thinking?"

"We are all very concerned and hate what Adam, but also Sandie, has done to us." My contact continues, "Some of us are also really tired of the things Sandie and Nedra

have brought to the company and it may not be too surprising if Sandie, like Nedra, is asked to step down unless this gets handled, have you got any ideas?" Sure, I had ideas, but none of them would be acceptable to Sandie since it would mean she had to start thinking in terms of *solving* the conflict. She wasn't going to negotiate with anyone who left her, let alone 'give a terrorist money' to stop his attacks. She'd rather go down in flames... if it ever came to it.

"Let me get back to you," I said and hung up the phone. I sat down, and let my imagination go back to Valencia... and indeed, Villa Nu Skin's defenses are still formidable.

Their priests are trained to only read and preach from one book filled with secret Villa Nu Skin formulations of success that are highly guarded in the vaults of the viceroys' (the Roneys') fortress; and all of it Adam's salacious, filthy little book failed to shatter. The walls still stand even after Napoleon's Marshal Moncey's failed attack on Valencia, my imaginary Villa Nu Skin that Adam's dubious exposé has barely stained. The walls still glitter and keep on shining.

Not easily discouraged, Adam snoops around the walls, sticks a moistened finger in the air, throws a last glance over his shoulder... and lobs a handful of flimsy, yet poisonous, seeds over the fortifications; caught and carried off further by the west-bound breeze deep into Villa Nu Skin proper.

Some of the seeds are quickly devoured by scruffy, flea and lice infested pigeons, others squashed under the iron-clad boots of Villa Nu Skin soldiers; who ignorant of the potential truths or lies inadvertently grind them into specks of biodegradable waste.

However, a few others, by the power of sheer coincidence, land in the fertile vegetable garden behind the monastery. There, surrounded by all of the essential elements, they miraculously grow overnight and break the Villa Nu Skin surface; a world held together by cognitive dissonance, deception, and self-loathing by those who fail to live up to their own elusive, artificially infused expectations.

A few days later a man approaches the gates. The guards question him. He shows them a piece of paper, they look, nod, and let him through... they whisper, "It's the 'other' lover... you know, the giant from the North? He's back... we better make sure he doesn't stick around." The man may have been a stranger to some of the new guards but he is no stranger to Villa Nu Skin, having lived there many years ago, and swiftly he finds Viceroy Roney's quarters.

He informs the viceroy that he knows a way to put a halt to Adam's tirade and to possible future attacks and that it is vital to Villa Nu Skin to allow him to intervene. However, it becomes obvious to the man that the intellectual workings of the city have dwindled, perhaps because the Queen's over-confident behavior has empowered even the viceroy to be fearless.

Before exiting through the gates he'd entered, he decides to cross the market and speak to a few acquaintances that recognize him immediately. After brief

communications, they confirm the rumors concerning Adam's attempts to discredit the Queen and some of them feebly conclude with an unwavering testimony in support for their Queen; but not all have fallen for her stories and suggest he pay a visit to the secret herb gardens. The man thanks his acquaintances and takes another detour, this time past the monastery.

There he takes a few curious glances across the wall and sees how the nuns work the soil and lovingly water and care for little sprouts that pierce into the Villa Nu Skin world. From a distance he analyzes the crops and beckons to the mother superior to approach. They quietly exchange a few words before he reaches inside his cloak and secretly slips her a few gold pieces. She turns and gestures to the nuns to hand her a few of Adam's nasty little seedlings and advises him to make sure to water them soon... "Keep them out of direct sunlight"...and, "whatever you do, do not touch the leaves for the stink and sticky residue will linger and burn your skin for a fortnight."

The man thanks her and turns to continue his way out of the city. The nuns throw one more look at him as he disappears among the people, nod among themselves, and go back to work secretly stimulating the growth of Adam's offspring that would soon be sent off to pollinate the global marketplace beyond the walls of censorship.

The man carefully handles the seedlings on his journey home, brimming with joy even though his intended outcome for visiting Villa Nu Skin failed, but the acquisition of the priceless seedlings was something he didn't foresee. He knew the perfect place to plant the tender, yet already stinking, foliage... in his blossoming Nu Skin garden of dubious revelations, soon to be harvested into a book of his own that would reach out to the ends of the earth far beyond the reach of Villa Nu Skin's guards, solicitors, priests, and their Queen...

Top of page

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Cupcake Queen *Jun 30th, 2012 @ 12:02 AM*

What has happened to Adam Baker? Where is he and how is his life going? His book was posted on MLMFU(dot)com on the Nu Skin page. It will be interesting to see how long it's able to stay on there before it's bullied off again.


Great Chapter, Diederik, by the way. Excellent visualization and metaphor use with Valencia, Spain. Keep up the good work. I can't wait to buy the book!

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