

The Winds OF Uncertainty



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The Bitcoin Painter

Dedicated to all the cypherpunks who built the tools
and to all the children who will use the tools to build a better world.

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Once upon a time, in a land veiled by shadows and suffering under lies, there stood the village of Eloria. A modest yet productive people, the Elorians—like all the villages of the kingdom—directed their daily toil toward good deeds in service of one another, and to create surplus to trade with neighboring villages. The faraway rulers of the kingdom—phantom lords known only as The Winds of Uncertainty—were never seen, and yet their whispers carried across the land. The Winds took many forms, but they always blew, shifting the soils of the fields, stressing the trees of the orchards, driving the milk cows to seek respite in the barn and forego the young grasses and clover that yield milk, butter, and cheese.



The bees of the hive had long ago moved on—and to where, no one knew. They left behind only comb, and yet every Sunday at the market, traders would blow into town offering thin honey, sour milk, grayish meat, and soft-shelled eggs. Never as satisfying as the products of their own labor, the Elorians were nonetheless sustained by the trade. Money was ever elusive, but always there... always just enough. The more one put their back into their labors, the more they earned—and the more that week's honey would cost. Until one week, there was no more honey, but the Elorians made do with sugar from some faraway corner of the kingdom.



Each autumn, just after the harvest, The Winds of Uncertainty sent forth a storm of tax collectors to demand their due—to be paid only in the coin of The Winds. Loyal subjects, the Elorians paid willingly and accepted only what was left as meager savings to carry them through the winter. This particular winter was extraordinary, but only slightly more so than the extraordinary winters before. Each seemed harder than the last, and the last had felt only just tolerable.



A young boy named Eldin, who lived alone with his mother in a small earthen house at the edge of town where the winds blew the hardest, complained to his mother that they had only enough corn left to sustain them until spring—and would have none to plant for next year's crop. To calm his nerves, his mother told him what she had heard: that The Winds of Uncertainty may take all, but they will never let a subject starve. She did not know if what she said was true and she worried every night about how to feed her growing boy.



On the night that they ate the last crumbs from the floor of their cellar, Eldin's mother laid down in despair. The storm blew harder that night than she had ever heard. When she woke, the shutters had blown open—and there on her windowsill sat six shining coins. Enough for one month's bread and even some seed for the fields in spring.

On hearing the news, with renewed hope, Eldin ran to the market, where he found that prices had doubled since he last went shopping. No trouble—they may not have seeds, but they would have bread, and now he was starting to trust in the promise of The Winds.



Month after month it went on like this. And season after season, too. Their small farm went past weeds to woody, inedible shrubs with thorns, and was no longer fit to grow a turnip—but they never went without bread. More and more of the village fell into dependency on The Winds, but The Winds never let them down. Some were satisfied, but Eldin grew angry and sallow. The thin diet had no life in it, and he felt no meaning without something to apply himself to.

Some of his friends found solace in a flower that grew in the hills. It had the power to bring sleep and glorious dreams. Those who drank of it woke only to get more flower and take their meals, wanting for nothing more. Other friends who were dissatisfied joined the army of The Winds and were wisped away to faraway lands. Only occasional stories of them ever made it home.



But Eldin wanted more. He felt that The Winds had robbed him. His mother reminded him that The Winds were the only thing sustaining him and admonished him for thinking ill thoughts—but a fire in him grew. It could not have been fueled by food; there was hardly enough of that to keep a boy of his size standing. He wondered at this fire and what was feeding it. He welcomed it, even as he felt it burn him from within.

Eldin knew the village of Eloria was being destroyed by The Winds. The orchards no longer grew fruit, and the branches of the trees were as twisted as the song of The Winds.



And so, one day, he set out to build a wall to protect the orchard from The Winds. If only he could get one apple to grow, he could save the seed and plant more—and over time, the people would see how good things could be again. Bread-weak and unfit, Eldin spent summer and autumn and even the cold, bitter winter stacking rocks and building a wall that he was sure would give the orchard the respite it needed to come back. And when it was back, he knew he could do the same for the fields. The work was hard, and his hands bled, but he could almost taste the apples—and the fire in him felt warm. He was doing something!



On the early spring night when he finished building the wall, he closed his eyes in complete satisfaction—confident for the first time in his life that things could be better. He slept so hard that he did not hear the storm. So powerful a storm Eloria had never seen before—and by morning, his wall was gone. Not a pebble was left, and the apple trees in the orchard were gone too, without a trace. But his mother pointed out that on the windowsill, The Winds had left an extra coin. She was sure their fortunes had changed.

Eldin didn't even need to go to the market that week to know that the prices would be higher again. Even with the extra coin, the bread he brought home to his mother was not enough—and in the weeks that followed, she fell ill and died.



His mother gone, his fields and orchard beyond hope, his friends placated by the flowers of the hill or stolen away by the army of The Winds to parts unknown, Eldin unceremoniously threw the last of the coins of The Wind into the darkness of night, shouting, “LIES!”



Then he started walking. He had never thought to go beyond the hills before, but that night, he went—and kept going. He woke cold and hungry, covered with dew in the early morning. He had nothing else to do, so he got up and kept walking.

The farther into the wild he went, the weaker The Winds seemed to get, and the flame in his stomach went from acrid and hot to warm and comforting.

After twenty-one days of wandering, he realized he had eaten nothing—and yet he felt nourished and strong.



Coming through a thick forest, Eldin stumbled on a clearing with a small cottage. He called out, but no one answered. When he approached the door, he saw a note had been left there. It said, "Gone fishing. Start on the garden. An honest wage for an honest day's work." He was unsure how to feel, but slowly he became enraged. Who was this absent stranger who demanded something from him? What right did they have to ask him to work, and why would he want to work to earn more coins of The Wind anyway?



In his anger, Eldin suddenly felt overcome with hunger, and the warmth in his stomach quickly grew into a ferocious flame. He kicked in the door and went straight to the cupboards, which were filled with good food. With his bare hand, he shoveled beautiful golden honey from a jar directly into his mouth—but it turned to ash on his tongue. The cheese melted into bog water, and the meat turned to flies and flew away from him, buzzing about just out of reach. His anger grew as he ran out to the garden. He pulled a carrot from the soil but found he was only holding a burdock root.



Gone Fishing!
Start on the
garden. An
honest days
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days work.
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Exhausted by his anger, the fire in his belly—once hot—died to embers, and Eldin fell asleep right there in the soft soil of the garden. He awoke to warm sun on his skin and was confused about where he found himself. Making his way back to the house, he looked again at the note on the door: “Gone fishing. Start on the garden. An honest wage for an honest day’s work.” He noticed something in the note he had missed the day before. “...an honest wage.” The coins of The Wind were a lie that could never truly feed a man. Maybe this stranger meant to pay in something else. Could he trust it? What other choice did he have?



Eldin made his way back to the garden and appraised its condition. Not bad, but overcome by weeds. It was a big garden, already planted for the season, with young peas, carrots, and cabbage recognizable as the crops they would become. He dropped to his knees and pulled weeds. The sun was hot and the work was hard. He worked until the sun made its way behind the western forest beyond the field. Exhausted but satisfied and proud, he went into the cottage and fell asleep in the chair.



When he woke, there was a cold piece of slate in his lap. On it was written, “300 Satoshis. An honest wage for an honest day’s work.”

Still weak with hunger, he went back to the cabinet and tried again with the honey. This time, it tasted like sunshine and all the warmest memories of early childhood. The cheese was sharp and filling, and the meat gave him strength he had never known before.

Returning to the slate, he looked down in wonder to see that it now said, “200 Satoshis. An honest wage for an honest day’s work.” The meal had cost him 100 Satoshis. Even without knowing what a Satoshi was, he felt the price was fair.



Feeling stronger, Eldin tucked the slate in his belt and went to explore the clearing. He noticed a small footpath leading into the forest on the opposite side from where he had entered two days ago. Following the path, he soon arrived at a small town.

Asking around, he learned that the place was called Halland—and that his new magic slate money was accepted by everyone in town. For 50 Satoshis, he got a new pair of shoes, and for another 100, he found a simple room to stay in for a month. For 25 Satoshis, he ate like a king. He didn't worry about running out because in front of every shop was a sign: "Honest pay for an honest day's work."



Eldin worked and saved and was filled with gratitude at the beauty of this place. Everything worked! Everyone worked!

But even as he was grateful, his heart ached for his home in Eloria. He knew it had once been as prosperous as Halland—perhaps even more! He wondered if it could be again.

An old man he grew fond of in the village told him stories of a dark age in Halland—a time when people had depended on the coin of The Wind. A time before Satoshis. The old man told him that the slate he held was a ledger kept by all but owned by none. All who touched it were made pure by it, and none who hold it can ever tell a lie. Eldin knew that lies flee in the light of truth.



Eldin worked for many years, saving half of what he earned and enjoying his life very much with the rest. It became easier to save as Halland became more productive, and prices for everything fell in the village. The money he earned for his work fell too—but not so fast as the prices in the market.

All the time he saved, he never forgot his home. One day at the market, he saw a handcart for sale. Built well and sturdy enough to make a long journey with a heavy load. With some of his savings, he bought the cart and loaded it with tools and good things from the market. That day, with his slate of Satoshis secure in his belt, he started for home.



And now, many years hence, Eldin's 26 grandchildren each tend their own farms, stores, families or factories in Eloria. They accept only Satoshis and offer only an honest wage for an honest day's work to those who willingly labor for them.

The village is prosperous and healthy, and crowded with laughing children. The children mostly laugh at Eldin as he warns them never to trust fortune that blows on The Winds.

About Bitcoin:

The Winds of Uncertainty are real but thankfully, so are Satoshis. Bitcoin is a decentralized peer-to-peer currency with a verifiably fixed supply. It is making its way into the world and imposing truth where previously there was only debts and lies. Each Bitcoin is divisible into 100 million satoshis (or “sats”).

Sats are the currency of the future and represent hope for every man, woman and child on planet earth, even those who don't yet understand the power and importance of sound money.

With satoshis we will build a more beautiful and just world.

To start your own hero's journey like Eldin and learn more about Bitcoin, we suggest the all-ages-video “What's The Problem” by Joe Bryan
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YtFOxNbmd38>.

For parents, we suggest the book, The Bitcoin Standard by Saifedean Ammous.

About the author:

Brian Bundy lives with his amazing family in the Pacific Northwest. He believes in the power of story to introduce and catalyze new ideas. The Winds of Uncertainty is his first children's book and he is excited to share his passion for sound money with the world. Brian like many Bitcoiners believes that if we can fix the money, we can fix the world, which is phrase sometimes attributed to Bitcoin podcaster Marty Bent and popularized by Bitcoin author Lawerence Lepard.

About the illustrator:

The Bitcoin Painter

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The Bitcoin Painter, raised in the heart of Tennessee, discovered his passion for art through drawing and painting. Renowned for his lively “Bad Portraits” created at events, he brings a unique flair to his work. His creative journey includes designing the Bitcoin Tarot Card deck and illustrating the whimsical Bread and Toast Questline. When not painting, he tends to his garden, plants trees, and plays the drums. A passionate advocate for freedom, he embraces Bitcoin, Nostr, and homesteading as pathways to inspire and connect with others.

After losing everything to The Winds of Uncertainty, Eldin sets out on a hero's journey where he discovers the value of hard work, hard money and truth over lies. This beautifully illustrated story is meant to be handed down generation-to-generation and read aloud to instill values many families hold dear. It teaches that prosperity results from free and fair trade, hard work and initiative and that sometimes you have to embark on an adventure to find the spark within.

