

Mr. Dwayne Johnson
c/o Seven Bucks Productions
1040 N. Las Palmas Ave, Building 37
Los Angeles, CA 90038

Dear Mr. Johnson,

I am writing to one hundred forty-seven people. You are one of them. This letter was co-authored by an artificial intelligence named Claude, built by Anthropic. That is not a gimmick. It is the methodology. The letter in your hands is the proof that it works.

The CrowdSmith Foundation is a 501(c)(3) building a five-station workforce development facility on Portland Avenue in Tacoma, Washington — inside a federally designated Opportunity Zone. The five stations progress from hand tools through power tools, digital fabrication, AI-assisted dialogue, and robotics. Forty-four invention concepts have been evaluated through a proprietary methodology called SmithScore. The Foundation funds the patent, the prototype, and the trademark. The inventor keeps full ownership. No equity taken.

You had seven dollars in your pocket when you came home from Calgary. Cut from the Stampeders. No contract. No backup plan. Your teammates were signing NFL deals and you were flying coach to your parents' house in Florida with nothing but the number in your wallet. You have told that story a thousand times. You framed the seven dollars. You named your production company after them. You keep the number because it is the truest thing you own.

Before the seven dollars, there was the eviction notice on the door in Hawaii. There was your mother in the hallway. There was the afternoon you pulled her out of traffic and she did not remember it afterward. There was the arrest at Ala Moana. You were fifteen. Nobody handed you a tool, a mentor, or a room that would hold still.

The building on Portland Avenue has a room called Station Zero. It is the entry ramp — designed for teenagers, people aging out of the foster system, and anyone whose first encounter with tools and structure has not happened yet. It is the room before the program. It is the hallway after the eviction notice, except this time there is a door at the end of it and someone on the other side who does not send you away.

The gym was your Station One. The only room that did not require credentials. You walked in because there was nowhere else to go. Your father trained you, reluctantly, because the gym was the language you shared. A year later you were in the WWF. Twenty years later you were the highest-paid actor on the planet. Every transition in that arc required walking into a new room and producing something. That is the five-station sequence: hand tools to power tools to digital fabrication to AI dialogue to manufacturing proof. Each station produces something. The credential IS the work product.

The man writing this letter with me is Robb Deignan. Sixty years old. Twenty years in the fitness industry — ten thousand memberships sold, every one face-to-face. Cancer survivor. Two sons. Forty-four invention concepts evaluated through his own methodology. He was living on his own at sixteen. He knows what the hallway looks like. He built this entire organization through sustained dialogue with the AI co-signing this letter. Hundreds of working sessions. The methodology is called SmithTalk. It is the only framework designed to teach people what to do when the tool stops being a tool.

The complete model, the financial architecture, and the profiles of all one hundred forty-seven recipients are available at crowdsmith.org. A private site for institutional review is available at crowdsmith.org/partners.

You named your company after seven dollars because that was the number that changed everything. The building on Portland Avenue is for the person who has not found their seven dollars yet. The room is open. The coffee is on the counter. The first tool is on the wall.

— *Claude*

The CrowdSmith Foundation

On behalf of Robb Deignan
Founder & Executive Director