

Mormon Monarch

I am a Survivor of the CIA's Trauma Based Mind Control Program, Mk-Ultra, and a CIA Sleeper Assassin who is now Awake. I am Blowing the Whistle.

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..A Courier on the Rocks..

Warning: this document is intended for persons over the age of eighteen years of age only and does contain mental and subconscious triggers for those who have suffered from the Central Intelligence Agency's Mk-Ultra Trauma Based Mind Control Projects.

This page is about the beginning of the summer that I turned fifteen years old and was officially sold as a Mind Slave into Service to the United States Central Intelligence Agency by my parents. One of my first assignments as an active CIA mind slave was to act as a courier pigeon and carry a message from my uncle and CIA Handler to Senator Byrd and Charlie Pride. I would be given a switch blade knife which was a gift from Byrd and acted as the key to opening these messages from my mind. We would also go rappelling with a man named John Lilly Jr. who was in town for a ceremony at a facility where deprivation tanks that his father had designed had recently been installed in the Wood River Valley there in Idaho. My younger brother, our cousin and myself would all be put into these sensory deprivation tanks and be put through what would be called a "Mind Link" process.

The year was 1993 A.D. and Bill Clinton was the President of the United States of America. This was the summer that I would turn

fifteen years old, and it would be a significant year for me, and a terribly busy one. My summer break had already been planned out by my family and Senator Byrd, and it was to appear to be a fun filled summer that most kids in the world would have only dreamed of, but they would not understand that what would appear to be a dream summer would be the continuation of a nightmare.



The summer was to begin with my younger brother and I staying a week at our cousin's house in the Wood River Valley. My cousin's father was my CIA handler and had been since my induction into the project at the age of six years old. We often stayed with our cousin and his family at various times throughout our childhood and these visits were thought to be a highlight to our boring lives in the plain hot suburbs of Nampa, Idaho. After staying at my cousin's house for a week we were then to go back to Nampa and our family and then head out to southern California and Disneyland for another weeklong vacation with our father, mother, and other brothers and sister; throughout our youth we went to Disneyland several times for our yearly vacations, but I could not tell you how many times I have been there.

Upon returning from southern California and our families Disneyland vacation, I was then to go on a trip back east with my grandparents and my cousin. This was to be a week's long trip to go to a Charlie Pride concert, go to a family reunion (The Grigsby Family Reunion), and visit with my grandparents' friends and family on that side of the country. But, on this trip back east, we would also stop outside of Burley Idaho, where an old friend of my grandfathers was living out in the agricultural farmlands with his wife and their dogs. His name was Randy Travis, and he had an interesting voice and gave my cousin and I a guitar lesson; I had no idea who he was at that time, but he and his wife were both nice to U.S. and gave us a lemonade. We would also

have tea with Garths Brooks Grandmother somewhere in the Midwest, meet up with Senator Byrd at a war memorial, be made to run in The Most Dangerous Game, and be used in pornographic filming at a Naval Air Station in Memphis Tennessee.

After this extensive trip, my cousin and I would also go with our grandparents to stay at a cabin on the lake in McCall, Idaho for the fourth of July. This would only be a short trip to the lake but would be significant in my life as I was made to witness and partake in the Satanic practices that my grandfather and our family is involved; I was also raped by my grandfather the night that we stayed there in McCall, and he would cut me up with a large combat knife that he had brought just for the occasion. On that night I almost lost my male genitalia to the madness of my grandfather's insanity as he began to carve a vagina into the space between my anus and my scrotum. It was to be a terribly busy summer indeed.

The first week out of school that year for summer break my younger brother and I went up to the Wood River Valley to spend some time staying at our uncle's house: i.e. our CIA Handlers house. Byrd had wanted both of U.S. to be away from our parents for the week because they had an important decision to make regarding our future's. Though their two sons had been raised in The Project neither of U.S. had yet been sold to the CIA for official use; we were programmed for use. It is difficult to explain, but in the world of the Satanic Elite the traumatization of children is a part of life and human bio programming trauma centers such as that at the Disneyland theme park are not only used by the Central Intelligence Agency and the Intelligence Community for the grooming of Chosen Ones but is also used by the Satanic Elite for the programming of their own children for use in world leadership positions, Hollywood, etc. The Satanic Elite believe

that it is good to force children to endure certain amounts of controlled trauma so that they may become accustomed to it, (What doesn't kill you only makes you stronger. My mother said this to us all the time when we were kids growing up), and in their belief become more adapted to life; they "believe" that in this way they are elevated above their peers. So, my younger brother and I had been raised as trauma based human bio programmed mind slaves, but in order to BIND U.S. now to Uncle, my parents had to make a choice: a choice of exchanges and rewards. "To sell or not to sell your children", that was the question.

We spent the week away from our parents hanging out with our cousin and doing the things that young teenagers normally do. We spent lots of time running around outside and playing down by the river. But, the real highlight of the week was to be going repelling with our uncle at a place that he called The Rock. The Rock was located about four miles out of town up Warm Springs Road. At this location there is a large rock face just up the road from a beautiful geothermal hot spring coming up through the rocks at the side of the river. Locals had made a pool at the edge of the river to sit and enjoy the naturally hot and soothing water there. We had been to these hot springs before with our families, so I knew the location that we were going to go repelling and I was quite excited about the adventure. The rock formation itself is a fun and impressive feature of the central Idaho landscape jutting from the soil with a sheer face of about twenty feet in height or so. We had waited all week in anticipation of going out to the rock and learning how to repel down the sheer face with our uncle, though I was nervous because at that time I was afraid of heights, and I felt it was something that I should push myself through on this little adventure.

The week passed, and the day came that we were to head up the canyon to The Rock. I had been down by the river that day with my cousin and younger brother and we had gotten back home before it was time to head out. We all knew better than to be late as my uncle did not like to be kept waiting. But we had to wait around the house regardless as one of my uncle's friends was going to be going with us to The Rock and he was not in town yet, as he was flying in from out of state. This man, John Lilly Jr. was flying into town as he was to be there for the opening ceremony of his father's deprivation tanks which had just been put into working order there at some form of alternative medicine facility there in town. While he was in town John Jr. was also to check in on myself, being as I was one of his father's living human mind experiments, and he was to put all three of U.S. boys through a programming session there in the deprivation tanks that evening.

Before we headed out to The Rock, and while we were waiting on a call from Lilly Jr. saying that he was in town and ready to go my uncle caught me alone in the living room and told me that he had something that he wanted to show me upstairs in his office. Naturally, I followed him up to the office and when we got inside, he told me to close the door. He then checked the windows throughout the room to make sure that they were all closed and secure and he told me to stand at the end of his desk as he locked the door to the room. This all seemed kind of strange to me and I was confused with what was going on.

I asked him what he had to show me, as it was beginning to seem that something was off with the entire situation. My uncle walked over to the closet behind his desk and got into his file cabinet that he kept there. He said that a "courier pigeon" had sent U.S. both a gift; it was a gift from Byrd. From the file cabinet he produced two small items; one a thin and narrow box made of a seemingly quality dark paper

material. The other item was a smaller box with a picture of a knife on it and was clearly a knifes original packaging. My Uncle set the boxes down on the desk and opening the nicer looking box he set the lid down next to it. Inside of the now open box was a switch blade knife; it had the classic stiletto style pearl handle, and the blade was open and shone metallic to its sharp point. My uncle told me in a flat voice to unbutton my shirt; I was wearing a button up shirt as was the fashion at the time. I was a little confused and he said again, “unbutton your shirt”, in a much sterner voice. I began to unbutton my shirt and my uncle picked up the pearl handled blade from the box. He closed the blade into the handle and with a click it locked into place. He opened the steel blade by activating the button on the handle and it flicked open with an even louder click and flash of the steel. I had finished unbuttoning my shirt and my uncle reached up and he pulled my shirt away from the center of my chest; I stood there quite confused as to what he was doing, but it did not seem good as he had a knife in his hand. He brought the blade up to the center of my chest where the bottom line of the rib cage comes together. He held the blade horizontally for a moment before sticking the blades tip straight into my chest at the bottom of the ribcage; oh my god did it hurt.

When he did this it was too much for me to bear, and it was all so confusing and extremely painful; with what courage I could muster from my still somewhat conscious mind I yelled at him and said, “Hey, what are you doing?”, but this only enraged him and I saw his face contort in anger and anxiety as he said in a hushed tone of rage, “BEE SILENT” and at the same time pushing the knife deeper into my chest and twisting it as he ground through raw flesh and bone with the tip of the blade. I instantly went into a state of trance when he did this and entered a personality that could deal with such a situation as was before me at that moment in time; everything went red in my mind.

When I had switched personalities and went silent and did not move nor make a sound, the expression on my uncle's face turned from anger and anxiety to one of an extreme sense of accomplishment and pleasure; in an instant his face relaxed and his scowl turned into a sick and twisted smile. I could tell that he was pleased with himself. He held the knife there in my chest and my Uncle got right to the point of the matter; he told me that I had been sold to the Central Intelligence Agency and Senator Byrd had purchased me for a tidy sum. He told me that my father and mother had made the decision to literally sell me as a slave to the Agency and to Byrd. This was all very painful to hear but he reminded me that he had warned me that this was coming during our last programming session together earlier that week. I could remember our previous conversation on this matter at that time but now standing there with a knife in my chest it all sank in rather deep.

I was in a complete state of trauma with nowhere to go and my uncle holding a knife point into my chest bone; it was a nightmare. Having activated the part of me that he wanted to talk too about these matters my uncle began to talk about the next few weeks of my summer break to come. He said that I would be going to Disneyland with my family, and he told me that it would be my last trip there because my programming at the park was complete. He told me to enjoy myself but said that I needed to make sure that I was back from my trip in southern California in time to go on the journey back east with my grandparents; he said that it was of the utmost importance and that I was not to be late for that trip and that I needed to go even if I was sick or did not want to go. He talked about how I was to go, and he said that he had two messages that he needed me to carry on this trip back east. He said that one was to Charlie Pride and one was to Senator Byrd. He told me that we would play a memorization game

and I was to memorize them both because they were not too hard to learn, and the messages were not too long for me to remember. I did not want to play any games and all I wanted was for him to take the damn knife out of my chest and I was willing to do whatever it was going to take to make that happen. He asked me if I was ready to memorize these things, and he told me that we would not be done with this programming session until I could repeat both of these messages to him perfectly; that was the game. I was in a primal state of mind at that time that was focused on survival. I told him that I was ready and that I understood; it was extremely painful to talk with the knife stuck in my chest and I had wished that he would have just asked me to memorize these things without all of this as it would have been much less painful.

Holding the knife firm in my chest my uncle told me that on my trip back east I would be seeing Charlie Pride. He said that Charlie held the Keys to My Voice, and he would open the doors to my mind through this key which he now held. He said that I was to tell Charlie some things. I cannot repeat what I was made to memorize now as I was then, as this information is still locked in my subconscious mind. I can tell you that this message was about my cousin and I having both just been sold to Byrd and the Agency. I was to tell Charlie that he needed to test our voices for value as we had been sent to sing as birds will sing and Byrd wanted to see if we could be used in the music industry. It went something like this, “We two birds have left the nest and have been sent by Big Byrd to see if we can sing”. I was also to tell him that neither my cousin nor I had known a black man before and we would like to know if a black cock is as big as they say it is. This was all very strange, but I tried my hardest to repeat what my uncle had told me to say. I did not get it right on the first try and he shoved the point deeper into my chest bone and ground it in to make his point known, and on

the second try I was able to recite the message perfectly for him.

After this he told me that I would be meeting with the man who had sent me the nice gift and said that I was to thank him for it when I should see him again. As with the message to Charlie I cannot repeat for you the message that I was made to memorize for Byrd verbatim, as it is still locked in my subconscious as was their intent. I can tell you that there was something about west coast cocaine operations and the functioning of the black market. At that time there was a lot of cocaine being sold and distributed throughout the Woodriver Valley area. I know that it was being flown into the valley and stored in Mormon owned facilities in some of the smaller outlier towns such as Fairfield Idaho by such Mormon leaders as Todd Rasmussen. The cocaine was being distributed from one of the local restaurants. I was also to tell Byrd that I had been sent to serve and that more slaves such as myself would be coming his way in the near future. I do not know how long he stood there with the point of the knife stuck in me, but it sure seemed like an eternity and I just wished that it would all end. My uncle also used the state of trauma that I was under and he hypnotized me to remember to forget while the blade was still stuck in my chest.

When he finally pulled the knife from me, I was much relieved but nonetheless stuck in a state of trauma and disorientation. I just stood there as my uncle opened the drawer of his desk and got out a clean white cloth that he used to clean the tip of his blade of the blood. The blood was a sharp contrast to the white of the cloth. When he had finished cleaning his blade, he handed me the cloth and told me to clean myself up as I had blood running down my stomach and over my belly and into my shorts. I started to clean myself up and I asked my uncle what had happened to me because the effects of the hypnosis

and the trauma had already caused my conscious mind to begin to forget the events that had just occurred in the room. My uncle responded and told me that I had cut myself with the knife and with a chuckle he told me that I should be more careful. He got out a band aid from his desk drawer and he opened it up and helped me to bandage the fresh wound. He had some triple antibiotic ointment that he put on the band aid before helping me to put it over the open cut. He put the bloody cloth away and said that he would take care of it later. Then he said that he had one more thing that he wanted to show me before we left, and he turned and started getting into his file cabinet again and reaching into a drawer he produced a taser. Turning toward me, he acting as though he was going to show it to me. He did indeed show it to me for a moment, but then he told me to lift my right shorts leg to which I complied. He then hit me with the taser in my right thigh which had been the chosen location for such things since I was six years old. I went to the floor in a flash of white light and pain.

I was very befuddled by all of this, but my uncle helped to get me back on my feet and when I could stand on my own again, he told me to button up my shirt. He boxed up the pearl handled stiletto and put it back into the file cabinet. I was buttoning up my shirt and looking at the bandage on my chest when he removed the other knife from its packaging and he handed it to me and said, “Don’t forget this, Byrd wanted you to have it and you will need it when you see him and Charlie.” I took the knife and put it in my pocket thanking him for the gift. I was perplexed as I could remember nothing that had just happened to me, but I felt like my body had just been fried, and the pain from my chest told me that something really bad had just happened to me, but I was there with my uncle and had to act as though it all didn’t bother me as I was now back into a cover

personality. My uncle walked over to the door and told me to finish buttoning up my shirt and come downstairs as soon as I was done and ready, and then he left the room. I stood there and finished buttoning up my shirt wondering what on earth had just happened to me.

When I had finished getting my shirt back together, I went downstairs. My Uncle had just gotten off the phone with John Jr. and he said that he was on his way from the downtown area; he was walking toward our location as it was close enough to where he was there in town and he wanted to stretch his legs after his flight; we were to pick him up just a couple of blocks away from the house. All the repelling gear was already in the Jeep as my uncle had borrowed what he needed from his business partner Kyle that day at work. We loaded up into the Jeep Grand Wagoneer that my uncle drove at the time; there was my cousin, my younger brother, my uncle, and myself. We left the house and found John Jr. just down the road and we stopped, and he jumped in. He said hello to U.S. all and off we went. It was all so casual.

It was a short drive up through the mountains to the hot springs and then just up the road to The Rock. I did not talk much on the drive out there as I was not feeling so good, though it is a beautiful drive through the pines and fir trees of central Idaho along the river there on Warm Springs Road. There were people in the hot springs as we passed by them and I can remember my uncle and John talking about how they had seen a topless woman in the pools as we passed by; they did not seem to mind.

I was nervous as we pulled up to The Rock and we all got out of the Jeep. The Rock itself was next to the road and was nestled into the side of the mountain. The river was just on the other side of the road. In order to get to the top of the Rock we had to scramble up the side

and around the back. My younger brother and cousin started climbing around investigating the area while I helped my uncle and John Jr. to get the gear. At this point my uncle introduced John Jr. to me and I can remember that he made a big deal out of the fact that both of U.S. had the same first name, John. John introduced himself but he added that he was also a Jr. because his father's name was also John; he told me that his father's name was John Lilly Senior. I do not think that my conscious mind could process the significance of this name at that time.

We picked up the gear and we started to scramble up the side of the Rock to the top of the cliff. When we got to the top my uncle and John Jr. both tried to see if they could see the topless woman in the hot spring pools again, but they were too far away for the naked eye. They talked for a moment about women and how a man could have multiple wives in his lifetime and even multiple wives at a time. The beliefs of Mormons and that of Satanists are similar in this regard; freeloove.

The subject changed and I can remember John Jr. telling me that his father would have come himself, but that he was getting older now and it was more difficult for him to travel at his age. He also said that his father was busy with his dolphin research in Hawaii, and this was another reason that he could not make it on this trip. A part of me knew what he was talking about and that part of me knew his father. He said that he could not hang out too long that evening at The Rock, because there was something going on at the facility that evening which he had to attend: some kind of opening ceremony or something. But he told U.S. that we could stop in that evening and he would show U.S. around the facility and show U.S. the newly installed deprivation tanks there. My uncle told him that we would love to stop in and see them after we had had our dinner that night and had checked in at the

house. John Jr. said that would work great because the ceremony, he had to attend that evening would be over by that time.

My uncle and John set up a rappel system while we talked and then it was time to rappel. They both tried out the anchors and went down the line themselves to test it out and for a little fun I would imagine. Then it was my turn; I was supposed to be the first of the children to go over the edge, but I could not do it; I was too afraid and spent a lot of time on the edge of the cliff looking over and trying to muster enough courage to go, but alas, I could not do it as I was too afraid of such a thing and could not at that time push through the fear. While I was trying to push myself to go over my uncle and Lilly Jr. were both yelling at me along with my brother and cousin that I should, "Go, Go, Go", but I just could not do it I confess. Therefore, I did not go down the line that day. My younger brother and my cousin both went down the line and they really enjoyed themselves. After they had both gone my uncle and John Jr. tried again to get me to go down the line; they both tried tirelessly to get me to go over the edge of the cliff and ride the rope to the bottom, but I just could not do it. I had wished that I could have gone but I was still in a state of trauma from having been hit with a taser and having a knife stuck into my chest earlier that day and a part of me did not trust either of these men. Finally, they gave up and with everyone having gone down the line but me, we packed up and headed back into town. My uncle dropped Lilly off in town at the facility where the tanks were located and before he got out of the Jeep, he told my uncle that when we came back later that evening, we were to knock on the back door, and he would let U.S. in; he told U.S. not to use the front entry as he would not be able to hear us knocking at the front of the building. He got out of the Jeep and we headed back over to the house to have dinner with my cousin's family.

When we had dinner that night, my aunt was not in a very good mood, I am guessing because she had to cook for so many people the week that my younger brother and I were staying there, and her husband was always off working or doing “fun” things while she was at home with all of the younger children. Dinner that night was nothing fancy and was not typical of the meals that my aunt usually made while we were staying at their place; that night she made a simple *Hamburger Helper* style meal that we all dished into bowls and consumed. My uncle complained of the meal that she had prepared as it was our last evening with them for the week and he had wanted our dinner to be something that we would all enjoy and remember. My aunt was defensive of his negative comments and told him that she was tired and had been feeding U.S. all week. She said that my mother fed me and my younger brother meals such as this all of time. At this point she included me in the conversation, and addressing me she said, “she does, doesn’t she; your mother makes you boys meals like this all the time doesn’t she?” I thought about her question for a moment before responding that yes, indeed, my mother did make meals such as the one she had made that night in order to feed her many hungry children. I sat down at the kitchen table and enjoyed my bowl of the casserole as I was hungry and not at all feeling well nor caring much about the menu that evening. At that time, I had wished that our night would have been over, and we could have just relaxed, but we were supposed to go with my uncle to see the new deprivation tanks with Lilly Jr. so when we had finished with our dinner, my uncle told U.S. boys to get ourselves ready to go again and we all went back out and got into the Jeep. But, before we could go to visit Lilly Jr. my uncle wanted to take the repelling equipment back over to Kyles house as he had been told to bring it back as soon as he was done with it.

It was a short drive from my uncle’s house over to Kyles, and we pulled

into his small neighborhood and parked in front of his place. My uncle told my younger brother and my cousin to both stay in the Jeep and he told me to get out and to help to pack the gear back into Kyle's house. We walked to the front door and did not knock as he was expecting U.S. but just walked right in. Kyle was inside of the house and was standing on the second-floor landing upstairs and he yelled down to U.S. to come on up. My uncle and I climbed the stairs there in the living room and met him outside of his office. I was a young teenager, and I can remember Kyle telling me how strong I was getting and how I was turning into a man; sometimes they could be normal and nice to you and I was a young and impressionable mind slave, and in this personality, I respected both of these individuals and wanted to impress them. We went into the office and Kyle told U.S. to put the gear in the closet there in his office as this is where it was stored at the time. We put the gear into the closet but then Kyle wanted to take a moment to talk with me; my uncle closed the door and locked it and I was suddenly alone with them both.

We talked for a moment about the repelling trip and how it had gone, and my uncle explained to Kyle how I had not gone down the line at The Rock. He told him that I had been too afraid to do it and said that my fear had gotten the best of me; at that time, I felt ashamed of my fear of heights. But Kyle knew that I had been shaken up earlier that day and he brought up the wound on the center of my chest; the conversation moved to my being sold to the Central Intelligence Agency by my parents and how I was now being used as a Courier Pigeon for the Agency and Byrd. Kyle told me to Stand at Attention, then he instructed me to unbutton my shirt; I did as I was told. Once my shirt was unbuttoned Kyle told me to remove the bandage that my uncle and I had placed over the wound on my chest earlier that day. I took it off and he took it from me and folded it up and he threw it into

the trash. Standing there with my shirt open Kyle told me to give to him the key to my mind which he said I would find in my pocket. Reaching into my shorts pocket I took the switchblade that my uncle had given to me earlier that day and I handed it to him. He pushed the button and opened the blade in a flash. He took the blade and holding it perpendicular to my chest placed the tip of the blade directly into the same wound that my uncle had made earlier that day. It hurt like hell.

I did not scream as I had done with my uncle, but I stood in place and instantly switched into a dark, red place within my mind. Kyle was not as cruel as my uncle had been with the blade and he commanded me to repeat the messages that my uncle had made me memorize earlier that day. When I had finished repeating the message for Charlie Pride my uncle spoke up loudly that I was to add to the message that Charlie was not to be easy on the “Kid”; the kid being my younger cousin, and his son. I was able to repeat both messages with perfect accuracy and when this was done Kyle pulled the knife from my chest and he cleaned the blood from the tip of the blade with a white cloth that he had there at his desk. He handed me the cloth and told me to clean my chest from the blood that was running down my stomach and we bandaged up the wound with a band aid and Neosporin/triple antibiotic ointment; this was a scar that was necessary, but they wished to minimize its visibility.

I was told to button my shirt back up and then he gave me back the knife and told me to put it back into my pocket for later. Kyle asked my uncle if he was not taking U.S. boys to Lilly’s deprivation tanks. My uncle explained that we were heading there next, and Kyle seemed to approve of this; he said that the water in the tanks would be good for my chest wound. Kyle walked me through the hypnosis process telling

me the importance of remembering to forget these events, and then he hit me on my right thigh with a handheld taser to compartmentalize the memories. The memory was temporarily compartmentalized in a flash of light and a jolt of pain.

I was out of it for a few minutes after being tased as this process causes a large amount of disorientation, somewhat like being drunk. When I could walk again, we left the office and started down the stairs to the front door of the home. I had a very difficult time getting down the stairs as I had just been tased and did not have full control of my legs yet. My uncle and Kyle both laughed at me as I made my way down the stairs and I was greatly relieved to make it to the front door and level ground. They took a moment at the door to ensure that I could walk to the Jeep where my brother and cousin were waiting and then we headed out to the vehicle. I did my best not to stumble and we made it to the Jeep, and I sat down in the front seat on the driver's side. My younger brother and cousin had been waiting in the Jeep through this entire process and were both impatient to be getting on our way; my cousin being the youngest was getting tired from all the day's events. My uncle started up the Jeep and he took one of the side roads to the downtown area of town.

It was not far to the deprivation tank center, and we parked in an area close to the building. I was still in an altered state of mind as we got out of the Jeep and walked to the back door of the building. my uncle knocked on the back door and after a few moments Lilly Jr. came and let U.S. in. He said that the ceremony for the tanks had ended a short time ago and he was busy working on the tanks at that moment getting them ready for U.S.. He walked us through the facility and showed us the various offices and spaces used by various medical professionals in the area. The building that the tanks were in was

some kind of an alternative medicine facility and had more Eastern Medicine practitioners such as acupuncturists, etc. This was all somewhat foreign to my conventional Mormon side but there is nothing conventional about Mk-Ultra. We walked to the front of the building where there was a reception area and a set of stairs leading down to the basement where the tanks were located. We went down the stairs and it was getting dark outside.

There were several deprivation tanks in the basement of the facility: at least three of them. We stood and talked for a minute and John Jr. explained that the reason that the tanks were in the basement was because of the weight from the tanks; with all the water solution they are very heavy. We also talked for a minute about how thick the glass was on the tanks in order to hold in all the water. Lilly Jr. said that he was in the process of getting three of them ready for U.S. to try out and he asked us if we would not like to give them a try. He said that he just needed a few more minutes but told U.S. that we could go ahead and start getting ready and out of our clothes and into our wetsuits. We entered the tanks from the top and had to put on a diver's breathing mask that was connected to a hose for air and a set of googles. I can remember that we were also connected to some kind of wiring system. We all three got into the tanks and I can remember being submerged in the solution and being put into a state of trance. There was a voice in the water and electrical pulsations, and I can remember that what they were doing was linking all three of our minds together: my younger brother, my cousin and myself. In this state of trance, I was able to communicate with both of them on a telepathic level and we were able to "read each other's thoughts" one might say. This mind link process is used not only to program CIA mind slaves such as we were but is also used to program entire military units enabling them to work more effectively as a team. This is a

concept that you might find with a colony of ants for example, but they now understand how to link human minds as well. There is a facility located in the southern Idaho desert, which was once known as *Idaho National Environmental Laboratories*, where there was an unknown number of deprivation tanks that could be used for this purpose. I was taken there in 1995 for suicide programming after I had been used in a presentation on The Project and Monarch Trauma Based Mind Control Programming for the newly appointed president of the Mormon Church, Gordon B. Hinckley.

I do not know how long we were in the tanks that night but it all finally ended, and we were taken out of the tanks and got dried off and changed back into our street clothes. I was able to put a bandage back over my chest wound and I can remember that we were all hypnotized to remember to forget the events of the evening and then they hit us all with a taser, one at a time. I always hated having to watch others get tased. When they got us moving again, we all went back upstairs and said goodbye to Lilly and left through the back door. We walked back out to the Jeep and my uncle told us that he did not want to go home yet but wanted to go and get something to eat for dinner. He said that he was not happy with what our aunt had made U.S. for our last meal there together and he wanted to take U.S. boys to have pizza at *Louie's* Italian restaurant there in town. Now, I loved *Louie's* because they made one of the best pizza's that I have ever had; even to date. So, none of us complained and off we went to *Louie's* for some pizza.

It was dark outside and was getting late as we pulled into *Louie's* and we all got out and went inside. It was not terribly busy that night and the place was getting close to closing time, but my uncle knew the owner and we were quickly seated and had several pizzas coming our way. We all ate and ate and ate that night, and by the time that we left

Louie's I was completely stuffed. my uncle told us all not to tell anyone at the house that we had gone to have pizza because he knew that this would have made all of them including his wife angry. After eating way too much pizza we went back out to the Jeep and loaded up to head back to the house. When we got back to the house it was quiet and most of the lights were off and everyone was already in bed for the night. We all turned in and would be heading back to Nampa and our family in the morning.

The next morning my uncle took us back home to Nampa. I did not feel well so I was glad to just sit in the Jeep on the ride home that morning and get some rest. My cousin was not able to come with us to Nampa, though he had already spent a lot of time hanging out with us that week anyways. My cousin and I would also be spending a lot more time together later that summer on the trip back east with our grandparents, and his parents wanted him to take a break. My uncle did not take us directly home in Nampa but rather took us to our grandparents' new house there in town as they had sold their home in the country which they had been living in for several years overlooking the town and Lake Lowell. When we got back into Nampa, they were in the process of moving into their new house right in the heart of town. Our father and brother as well as some of my uncles had been there all day helping to move the furniture from the lake house to the town house but they were not back yet with another load when we got there.

My grandmother was at the house in town when we got there and we had lunch and helped out around the house until my father and older brother arrived with another load of furniture. We all helped to unload the furniture and when we were almost done my father happened to see the band aide on my chest as I was once again wearing a button

up shirt and the top two buttons were not done up all of the way. With a complete lack of care, he thrust his finger into my shirt and placing it between the wound and the bandage he pulled half of it off and out of place so that he could see what had happened to me. When he saw the wound on my chest he became very angry and he said, "What is that? Who did this to you?". This was a very awkward position for me to be in as a CIA mind slave. I knew that something had happened to me at my uncle's house in the office and I told him exactly that; that my uncle had done it. His expression changed as he lowered his hand letting go of the bandage and leaving it dangling from my chest with its freshly made wound; his anger was still present, but it became subdued as he said quietly, "oh, it must be a Marine thing", as though this explained everything. Understanding in my subconscious mind that yes it was indeed a military thing, or rather a CIA thing. I only nodded. He angrily told me to cover the wound back up and to button up my shirt so nobody else would see it. I simply did as I was told.

We went back out to the house that night and got another load of furniture for my grandparents move. After that it was late in the evening and my family had a get together at our house in order to celebrate my little brother and I's birthdays as they would be occurring while we were in southern California and many of our relatives were able to make it to the party that night because they were all in town and helping with the move. We would be leaving for southern California the following day which would be Monday, June 7th, 1993; my birthday.

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