

# 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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## ..Coon Hunting and the Most Dangerous (and stupid) Game..

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***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 when my younger cousin and I were made to run in what is called, The Most Dangerous Game. We were made to run in the game on a fenced off estate somewhere outside of Vici, Oklahoma. This game is performed and played not only by Central Intelligence Agency mind slaves, but also by members of the satanic elite community. Some of the families that I can remember at this event include members of the Ford family as well as the Hilton family; both Paris and Nicky were made to run in the game that day. Included in the game was a group of orphans which were used as disposables in this event.*

In the summer of 1993 A.D. I was officially sold to the Central Intelligence Agency and Senator Robert Byrd as a Mind Slave. That summer I was taken on a trip back east with my grandparents and my

younger cousin where we would meet several people involved with the Project including Charlie Pride as well as Senator Byrd and others. While we were on this trip we went and stayed with some friends of my grandparents outside of my grandfathers hometown of Vici, Oklahoma. As a young man and on the surface, it was cool to go and see the town and the area that my grandfather had told me about from when he was a child growing up there in the Great Depression. I can remember that we got to the farm in the evening, and it was a windy and cloudy/stormy day. The farm was located outside of town and it had a long and straight gravel driveway and was fairly secluded from its neighbors. When we arrived, we were greeted by the two older people that lived there; her name was Barbara, and his name was Bob. On the surface they seemed to be a nice older couple living outside of town there in rural Oklahoma.

I can remember that they had several animals on the farm including an older coon hunting dog, a horse, and a new little puppy. My cousin really liked the puppy, and he would spend a lot of time playing with it while we were there. I really liked the horse and would get an opportunity to ride it as I have always been comfortable with horses. We arrived that afternoon and spent some time talking with my grandparent's old friends and eating a lite dinner. We brought in our luggage and they showed my grandparents the bedroom that they could use while we were staying there. My cousin and I were told that we could sleep on the hide-a-bed couch that was in the living room. The weather cleared up enough for a time and they took us for a walk around the property and showed us around the place. It was a beautiful farm with a large expanse of well-kept grass all around the house and patches of trees and woods. I do not know how much land they owned there.



I have always liked horses and they showed us the horse and introduced us to him. Bob told me that I could ride him while I was staying there if I wished to do so, and I had told him that I would love to. The coon hunting dog was in a kennel near the horse corral, but Bob did not want us getting too close to it as he said that he was not a nice dog and he was only used for hunting: coon hunting. Bob and my grandfather talked about going out into the woods with the dog to go coon hunting while we were staying there at the farm and they both decided on a day within which we could go. They asked my cousin and I if we would not like to go coon hunting and we both eagerly agreed that it would be fun. I can remember asking Bob and my grandfather about hunting licenses as we were not in our home state of Idaho and I imagined that there would be some laws around the hunting of racoons. But they told me that we would not need them as we would be hunting on private property and it would not be a big deal there in rural Oklahoma. It was decided that we would go coon hunting on the morning that we were to be leaving the farm, the day after tomorrow, and they said that we would need to get up early that day in order to get a good start on it if we were to go. We would stay there at the farm that night, all the next day, and then go coon hunting the following morning. After we had gone coon hunting, we were to hit the road and head down to Texas and New Mexico.

I will not go too in-depth into our stay there at the farm. There were some bad things that happened to my cousin and I there that I have not been able to write out in full as of yet, and therefore I cannot discuss here in this work. I can tell you that there was a big lightning storm on the first night that we were there. My cousin and I were staying in the living room on the hide-a-bed sofa, and seldom have I seen the kind of lightning that they experience there in Oklahoma and in the Midwest; the sky seemed to be constantly lit up with the light

of the bolts of lightning, and the sound of thunder seemed to constantly shake the building. It was an incredible show by mother nature.

The next day Bob was not around the house and my grandmother spent time resting and chatting with Barbara. My grandfather, cousin and I all took a drive around the area and our grandfather took us out to one of the old graveyards there in rural Oklahoma which was located near the farm. We visited some of the graves there and he told my cousin and I some of the stories of his youth and about growing up there in that area. He told us that when he was young, he would help to dig some of the graves that were in that very graveyard and he told us that at times while they were digging they would hit rock which would make it all that much more difficult to get the job done. He told us of a time that they had hit rock at about three feet down or so and could not dig through it with hand shovels. He said that they had decided to use some dynamite to blast the rock in order to get through it and continue digging the grave. He said that they had set a fuse and placed the dynamite in the hole. One of them had lit the fuse and then they had all gotten back waiting for the coming explosion. But he said that the explosion did not come when it was supposed to, and they sat waiting in great anticipation. Finally, it was decided that someone should check on the dynamite and the fuse; my grandfather got on his stomach and began to crawl up to the open hole so that he could see what had gone wrong. He said that right as he was about to put his head over the hole to have a look, KA BOOM, the dynamite went off with a great explosion. He said that he was lucky and grateful to still be alive after that and it had shaken him up pretty good; my grandfather had almost lost his head.

He also talked some about growing up in the area and about the

young men and boys back at that time and how rough and tough they could be. He said that all the young men and boys at that time carried knives, fixed blade knives mostly. He said that this was for practical purposes such as working on and around the farm or hunting in the woods, but he said that they were also used for fighting. He said that when a fight would break out between two young men, often it would start with fists but would then end with the knives. Our grandfather told us that he had seen lots of young men there in Oklahoma get cut up in these brawls; some of them pretty badly so. For myself, as a young man it was hard to imagine getting into a fight with one of my classmates and cutting them up with a knife, and I found this to be a rather rough sounding kind of existence. But for my grandfather at that time, it had just been a part of life.

When we left the graveyard and started toward home again I can remember that my grandfather let me drive the van for a short time. The graveyard was located out on a gravel country road with very little traffic and I got behind the wheel and drove for a ways. I did not do very well at driving and I kept pulling too far to the right and almost driving us off of the road. My grandfather yelled at me not to drive us into the ditch and I jerked the wheel to the left and jerked the van around on the road; I was not very good at driving at that time. I was not allowed to drive for long as my grandfather said that he needed his van to be able to get us home from the trip that we were on. He got behind the wheel again and we were back to the farm by early afternoon.

We had a barbeque there at the house that night and I can remember that this was a real highlight of our stay for my grandparents and their friends, Barbara and Bob. Food was very important for these older people who had lived through a time in the country when food was

not so readily available. When Bob got back to the house that afternoon it was decided that we needed some things from the store for our meal, so grandpa, Bob, my cousin and myself all loaded up into Bobs truck and made the short drive into Vici to get a few groceries. I can remember my grandfather and his friend talking as we drove and listening to their conversation. They talked about the people in the area and who was still living where, etc. Then my grandfather had asked Bob if he went into town much, to which he replied, no he did not. He told my grandfather that the people in town did not like him because of what he was known for, which he did not say openly in the truck with my cousin and I there. I can remember finding it strange that the people in town would not like Bob because to me he seemed like an ok fellow and my grandfather was friends with him so I thought that he must be ok. But, there was a lot of things that I could not remember about my grandfather at that time and there were things that I would not be allowed to remember about Bob; at least, for a time. The good people of Vici had particularly good reason not to welcome either of these men into their town or their businesses. There were however no incidents in town, and we were able to get the groceries that we needed for dinner, but all of this was very strange.

We had our barbeque, and it was a beautiful summer evening in Oklahoma there at the farm. Everyone enjoyed themselves and I was also able to ride the horse that evening up and down the lane which was a real treat as horses are such regal animals. I can remember that there were glow bugs there in Oklahoma and they came out as it started to get dark. It was the craziest thing seeing a bug light up like that at night. We all ate lots of food and did not go to bed hungry that night, which was good because before bed we were told that we would not be having breakfast before we went hunting the following morning. My cousin and I were told that we would eat when we had

gotten back from our hunting trip, so we were to fast that next morning for the hunt. They told us that this was a tradition of coon hunting.

We got up early that next morning and all four of us got ready to go. We did not have breakfast and my grandfather and Bob loaded up the hunting dog and the hunting rifle into Bob's truck. My cousin and I were seated in the back seat for the drive. Bob pulled the truck out of the driveway and we all headed north on one of the gravel backroads. I can remember that I had really wished that we could have eaten breakfast that morning. I was a young growing teenager and was getting hungry but when I voiced my complaints, I was sternly told by my grandfather to be silent on this issue as he told me that I did not need food at that time. The drive to where we were to go hunting was not long and it was not short, but we sat quietly in the back of the truck as it hummed down the road through the early morning sun and the beginning of a very hot and humid day. I can remember that my cousin fell asleep as we drove, and he did not wake up again until we were at the estate where the hunt was to take place.

We were to go hunting on a piece of property that was privately owned by a friend of Bob's and when we got close to the estate, Bob turned U.S. off of the road we were on and onto an even smaller gravel drive leading into an extensive wooded area. We drove into the trees and for a short way on this road before we came to a fence and a gate in front of the road with an armed guard standing at the left side of the gate. He was dressed in dark colored military BDU's and was armed with an assault weapon. Bob rolled his window down and he and my grandfather talked to the guard for just a moment. They were all friendly toward each other and they told the guard that we were there for the game. The guard knew what they were talking about and he

told U.S. to proceed on the road to the estate where he said that everyone was gathering before it started. In my mind I began to realize that my cousin and I were actually not going coon hunting. My cousin was still fast asleep there in the back of the truck as the guard opened the gate and we continued down the little dirt road until we came around a corner and there was a large two- or three-story home with lots of glass windows and a beautiful well-kept lawn. The home was to our right as we entered the compound area and to our left was a large circular parking area where other vehicles had already begun to assemble for the game. Behind the parking area were some agricultural shop style buildings and next to these structures were two or three small black recon helicopters; none of this looked good to me but I did not say a word.

They parked the truck facing into the sun with all of the other vehicles in the gravel parking area. The vehicles in the parking area formed a semi-circle around the open center. I was told to keep quiet and to stay in the truck while my grandfather and Bob got out to talk with the other adults there. When they closed the doors as they got out my cousin woke up with somewhat of a start and began to look all around and he looked very confused and concerned at where we were. He looked at me and he asked me what was going on and where we were. I did not know what to say other than that we had been told to stay in the truck.

It was hot in the truck with the sun shining in and my cousin and I sat and looked around through the windows trying to understand what was going on outside of the vehicle. My grandfather and Bob were talking with some other people and I can remember them talking about my cousin and I and pointing at U.S. there in the truck. After a couple of minutes, we could see that other kids were beginning to get



out of the other vehicles and Bob came over to the driver's side door of the truck and he opened the main door and then the back third door where we were seated. He had his rifle in his hand and he looked angry and mean and he sternly told my cousin and I to, "get out of the truck". He was not nice in any way about it, and I could tell that we were going into something very bad here. We got out of the truck and Bob pushed us over to the back of the truck where my grandfather was still talking to one of the other adults. Here they told us to Bee Silent and to Stand at Attention, which we both did in the hot morning sun. I could see the other children being made to stand in much the same fashion as my cousin and I.

Bob gave my grandfather the rifle to hold for him and he got his dog out of the cage in the back of the truck for use in the game. Each group present had its own dog or set of dogs for the purposes of the game. Everyone had guns too, and I wondered if we were going to come through this one alive. The adults talking with my grandfather walked away and my grandfather and Bob stood together with the dog now on a leash next to my cousin and I and began to talk about the other groups of people and children that were present there for The Game.

There were several other groups present at the site who were there to take part in The Game. Most of them represented elite satanic family bloodlines. Across from U.S. and to our right closer to the house was a large red, four door pick-up truck. There outside the truck was a young man around my age (fifteen) who was thin and tall and had blonde hair. My grandfather and Bob said that this young man was a member of the Ford family and that this group represented the Ford Family bloodline. There was also a Suburban SUV with two female blond sisters that were also around my age and were both standing outside

of their vehicle across from us. They were both thin, tall, and had long blond hair and they were both very attractive. My grandfather and Bob said that these were the Hilton girls, Paris and Nicky and they were there to represent the Hilton family bloodline. I can remember that their father had two dogs with him and they did not look nice nor did he. There were some other groups that were also there for The Game such as a family from the country music industry, but I cannot remember who they were. I will tell you that there was a large van that had brought several children that were orphans and were not members of any known bloodline but were rather disposable CIA mind slaves who were also there for The Game to be used as cannon fodder.

After a few moments of standing silently and listening to my grandfather and Bob talk about the various families present the word was given that it was time to begin The Game and that all players should prepare themselves. The adults around the area began to talk with the children in their groups and the children began to remove their clothing. Bob commanded my cousin and I to take our clothes off and to fold them up and put them on the tail gate of the truck. All of this was in and of itself traumatizing as we removed our clothing placing them on the tailgate of the truck and then standing again at attention completely naked there in the morning sun. It was very humiliating to be standing there naked on that hot morning in front of everyone and I could see the other children as they also stripped down naked. By this time I had disassociated from my base personality and I had moved into a personality that was capable of dealing with such a situation as this; I was well over the rainbow by this point.

Not all the children were sent into the woods at once, but we were sent in an order according to our place of standing within the elite community. The first to leave and begin to run was the young tall

blond kid from the Ford family. My grandfather and Bob, both being homosexual pedophiles openly admired the naked young man as he began to run alone across the grass on the south side of the house; he ran fast and moved quickly across the lawn to a forest of deciduous trees and disappeared into the dense forest. One at a time we were all made to run in the game. The Hilton sisters were made to go just before my cousin and I and I can remember as they bolted away from the group of vehicles and people across the lawn. Before the Hilton sisters reached the thick of trees where the blond kid had disappeared moments before, my cousin and I were told to, "RUN"! and when we were told, we ran.

I ran faster than my cousin and was ahead of him when I came up on the Hilton sisters who were to my left before the tree line. They had not made it to the trees but rather, the younger of the two, Nicky had stumbled in their flight and sprained her ankle badly and was trying to get up and run but was clearly having trouble doing so. Paris was trying desperately to help her sister to get to the trees and get away from those who were about to pursue U.S. all. I can remember that as I came up upon them Paris turned and looked at me and I could see the duress in her eyes and the plead for help that was not spoken but was nonetheless clearly communicated. I slowed in my run and I began to turn in their direction as I was compelled to help them in their current state. But, as I began to turn in their direction there were adults yelling from behind me and suddenly a shot was fired and a bullet passed directly above my head and zipped into the trees in front of me. I ducked and turned to see my cousin coming upon me as fast as he could ever move and he was screaming at me and waving his right arm; he screamed, "RUN, RUN, RUUUUN!" just as another shot rang out and another bullet zipped above my head and into the trees beyond. Not understanding what else to do I turned and left the Hilton

sisters and I ran as fast as I could with my cousin into the thick of the trees as another shot rang out and ripped through the foliage above our heads. My God it was scary.

We ran like hell and moved as fast as we could through the thick and swampy foliage of the woods. We ran a short way into the thick of the trees and my cousin soon became tired and overcome with exhaustion from what we were going through. He ducked under a tree and just stopped to hide and rest for a moment; he looked terrified and out of breath. I was determined to stay with him and help him as best I could to stay alive as my grandfather had told us to stay together and this thought helped me to deal with the situation and the threat to my own life. More shots rang out through the trees in the direction that we had come from and we could hear the dogs barking in the distance and getting closer. The helicopters started up and we could hear them moving into the air. My cousin and I continued to run and hide for an unknown amount of time there in the thick of the woods. In that time we came upon one of the young orphan girls that I had seen back at the parking area before the game began. She was hiding in the thick of the woods and she was clearly terrified of the situation as she was hunkered down in a ball and she was crying and alone. We did not talk to her, but I motioned for her to come with us so that she did not get discovered and killed as I could see she had very little skill in concealing herself and staying ahead of those pursuing us. From time to time the dogs and the guns would get close to us but we were able to evade them and keep moving and the helicopters stayed away as they were occupied with the others in the beginning of the game. At one point my cousin began to cover himself with mud, and myself and the young girl both did the same as it seemed a logical idea at the time to help to cover our scent and to disguise our white bodies there in the forest. Then the helicopters came.

The helicopters found us and we ran. We could hear the dogs getting closer. I lead us to a swampy area where there was a pool of water with lilies and hollow reeds. We used the reeds as a breathing apparatus and we were able to hide ourselves under the water with the lilies. There was very little time for discussion in this, and we all got into the water and used the reeds as straws to breath. This worked for a short time and if not for the helicopters we may have evaded our captors at least for a time; but from the air we were spotted there in the water and it was the girl who first stood up to face the men and the dog. I could hear the rustle in the water and the bark of the dog and the voice of a man on the shore of the waterline; it was Bob. I did not want to let her face them alone as if we were discovered there was no point in remaining in the water. So, I and my cousin both stood and there was Bob standing with his dog and his rifle as well as two or three men dressed in dark grey military BDU's. Bob was talking on the radio with the man who was above us in the helicopter; the man in the helicopter was my grandfather. Bob was telling my grandfather that we had a girl with us. My grandfather asked Bob who the girl was and Bob told him that it was one of the orphans. I can remember my grandfather getting really pissed at this and I could hear him yell over the radio, "Shoot that fucking bitch!!!" It was my grandfather, and he was telling his friend on the ground to shoot the orphan girl because she was not supposed to be with my cousin and I. Bob took his rifle and he leveled his barrel on the girl who stood terrified and motionless and he shot her in the chest there in front of me. I was standing close to her and it was beyond traumatic to witness. The girl flailed into the water and I screamed, "NO!!!". The man shot her again there in the water and the men in military BDU's dragged my cousin and I from the swamp and onto the shore. It was all too much to bear but it was far from over for U.S..

The men forced us out of the woods and into a clear area where my grandfather above us in the helicopter could see and was telling the men on the ground to take us to. There was a small meadow just a short distance from where we had hidden in the swamp and the men took us there and made us get on our knees there in the grass where they held us and waited for the helicopter to land. I do not know what they did with the girl's body: God Rest her Soul. The men on the ground held us there in the meadow for a moment as the helicopter landed a short distance away. I could see my grandfather sitting in the small airship as a passenger; he was wearing his civilian clothes and he was carrying a thirty caliber M1 carbine rifle with him. He got out of the airship after it landed, and he came directly to where my cousin and I were being held. At first upon seeing him I had hoped for some mercy in our capture, but the mercy was only in our still breathing. When my grandfather reached us, they used the dog to rape U.S. both there in the meadow. A small pickup truck was brought in by some of the men in military BDU's for transporting my cousin and I back to the house and when they had finished raping us with the dog, they took us over to the truck and anally raped us there as well forcing me to stand and hold onto the truck while they had their way with us both. After this they put us in the back of the truck and drove us back through the woods to the house. The dog was in the back of the truck and someone had to keep the dog from trying to hump me and my cousin as we went through the woods. The whole experience was worse than a nightmare.

They parked the truck near the house, and my cousin and I were made to get out of the back. Bob took the dog and headed back toward his truck to put the dog back into its pen in the truck bed. My cousin and I were taken around to the back of the house where there was an outdoor shower that my grandfather made us use to get cleaned up

from all the mud, grim and other nasty materials that we had acquired on our persons during The Game. There were towels there and after showering we were wrapped in a towel and my grandfather said that he had to put the rifle away that he had taken from the house before we went back to our truck. My cousin and I followed my grandfather into the house to put the rifle away and it was quiet and dark inside. There was a gun cabinet with several weapons in one of the bedrooms on the first floor of the home and my grandfather put the gun away here after unloading it and wiping it down with a cloth to make sure that it was clean. My grandfather took the time to hypnotize both my cousin and myself there in the privacy of the home. He also produced a handheld taser from his coat pocket and used it on U.S. both to help compartmentalize our memories of these events. When we could walk straight again, we went back near the shower and were told to leave the towels there by the house as they were not ours. We then walked naked back across the lawn to the truck and the parking area in the hot sunshine of Oklahoma. When we got to the truck, we were given our clothes and told to get dressed. I can remember that by this point in time I was in a complete state of confusion and repressed trauma and it was difficult to function; my cousin was having even more trouble than I was. Nonetheless, with the help of our grandfather we were able to get dressed again and get loaded back up into the truck. Bob started up the truck and we left the house and the gravel parking area without talking to anyone else from The Game that day.

We took the same driveway that we had entered the compound on and checked out at the guard station. When we got to the road leading back to the farm my grandfather and Bob talked about the events of the morning and the families that had been there at the estate. My grandfather had been impressed by the families at The Game such as the Ford Family and the Hilton family. He talked about how nice and

fancy the Ford family's truck had been and both of them said that they each wished that they had such a fancy truck as that. My grandfather said that he was glad that he did not drive the van to The Game because that would have just been shameful. As they discussed this it seemed to me that both of these men were extremely shallow, and I did not care about the truck or the money and power these families wielded. On the drive back to the farm my grandfather also talked about the Hilton sisters and the incident where Nicky had sprained her ankle; he brought up how I had slowed and tried to assist them. My grandfather told me the father of these girls was ready to kill me if I tried to help them and that my grandfather himself had been the one who had fired the shots over my head in order to get me to leave them where they were and run. He said all of this as though he had done me a great service in his actions. All of this was a mind bender as we drove toward the farm, and back to life as a simple fifteen-year-old kid on vacation with his cousin and his grandparents.

We went back to the farm and we had brunch. We acted as though nothing at all had happened that day and my grandfather and Bob told their wives that we had simply had no luck with hunting coons that day. We had brunch, packed up our things, and said goodbye to my grandparent's friends and thanked them for their hospitality. That is what I remember of my experience with The Most Dangerous (and stupid) of Games.

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