

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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..Disneyland 1993..

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 some of my experiences on our family trip to southern California and Disneyland in the year 1993. This journey to southern California occurred shortly after I had been sold, as a slave is sold in the black market of human trafficking which takes place under the blanket of the National Security Act of 1947 and the Central Intelligence Agency Act of 1949. In exchange for this sale my father would receive lucrative governmental contracts for computer system needs of the local school district. This was a time when our family suddenly began to have large amounts of extra money. On this trip we would go to Reno, Nevada and arrive on my Birthday. I would be made to murder a homeless man on that night there in Reno; I was made to murder him because my grandfather had planned my life to be like unto that of a country song. In this chapter I will also discuss some of my experiences on the rides at Disneyland in southern California that year as there are things that take place at Disneyland that the public should know about. Disneyland is a Monarch Mind Control Programming center for the intelligence community and the elite and the activities on the surface are simply a cover for a much darker world within the park.



The day after we got home from my uncle's house, we were to head out with our family to southern California for our yearly family vacation to Disneyland and my yearly Trauma Based Monarch Programming which took place there. We left on my birthday that year, it was June 7th, 1993. My little brother and I had spent all of the previous week staying at our uncle's house and I was in a way glad to be with my parents and siblings again. I did not feel well that morning, physically nor mentally and the previous week with my uncle had taken its toll on me. One way that I would deal with my internal pain from the trauma and the abuse I had to endure was in the practice of overeating, and I would often eat way too much food when I sat down for a meal or a snack to cover up my pain. But along with that I also have the problem of being detached from my body physically, because I was so often disassociated from my body through trauma and forced into disassociated states that I did not always feel when I was getting full, often until it was too late and I was completely stuffed. The night before we left for California was no exception to this and I had overeaten at my little brother and I's birthday celebration. Our birthdays were so close to each other in June that my parents would often celebrate them together. I can remember that my mother had made a Hamburger Helper style meal that night in order to feed all the family members that came over for the festivities and it was so ironic because my aunt had just been making fun of my mother for making such meals as this the night before while I was staying at her house in Ketchum. There was also a chocolate cake and ice cream that night and I ate my fill of all of them.

The next morning when we all got up and out of bed and got moving for our day my mother noticed that I was not doing very well, and she became concerned for me. She talked to me about my possibly

needing to stay home from the trip to southern California and spend the week with my grandparents so that I might rest and regain my health. This did not sound good to me as I did not want to stay with my grandparents for obvious reasons though I could not remember why I did not want to stay there at the time; I only knew that I did not like that idea. My mother and I talked about the possibility of the whole family not going on this vacation because I was not feeling well and my older sister overheard my mother and I's conversation and she got really mad when she heard our discussion. My sister scolded me and told me that I was always sick, (which in my youth I always was, but not just because I had a problem with overeating but also because I was constantly being abused by my father, uncle, grandfather and others and being hit with a taser), and she said that we were going to Disneyland that year no matter what. She said that I was not going to ruin this trip for her as this was to be our last family trip to the Magical Kingdom. I do not blame her for her frustration at my constantly being ill. My sister had also blown up the engine in her car some time before this trip in that she had failed to put oil in the motor and to check it on a regular basis. Therefore, her car which was a Chevy, Sprint and was a very small vehicle needed a new motor. My father had found a motor to replace the one she had blown but it was in San Diego and we were hoping to pick it up while we were in southern California so that she could get her car running again. So, this also motivated my sister's response. Regardless to say there was little that would stop us from taking the scheduled family trip to Disneyland that year.

Growing up my family always had a love for luxury vans. On our first trip to Disneyland when I was six years old, we had borrowed a van from our grandparents because my parents could not afford one of their own at the time. But through the years my father had purchased a couple of different vans and on this trip he had recently purchased a

nice one with a bubble top ceiling so that we could stand up in it and there was plenty of room for everyone. Located up in the ceiling and at both ends of the van, front and back, was a small television and movie player for watching films. There was also a video game system set up in the van, so that we could play video games while we were on the drive. We loaded up into the van and had left town by around noon that day. Our family is not known for getting an early start.

The first night of our trip we would be staying in Reno, Nevada which is located across the border from California. We always stayed the first night in Reno when we made the yearly trip to Disneyland and I can remember staying there even as a young child. But, the first stop of the trip was in Winnemucca, Nevada which is a couple of hours or so from Reno so that we could get a bite to eat for dinner. Winnemucca is a small town located out in the deserts of central Nevada and is where we would usually stop for dinner when we went south to California.

Now, typically we would stop and have dinner at a small diner there in Winnemucca called Jerry's, but we did not stop at Jerry's for dinner that year as the town had been going through some development by this time and there were some new restaurants in town. Jerry's was also beginning to become a little more run down at that time as it had not been well maintained through the years and did not appear as appetizing for a family dinner. Regardless, we had dinner in Winnemucca that night and I can remember that because it was my birthday, I was allowed to get a desert at the restaurant, though it was something that I really did not need to have as I had once again eaten too much at dinner. When we left the restaurant and Winnemucca and had gotten some miles on the road my family put a movie on the television for us all to watch to pass the time to Reno. It was a Disney film and I want to say that it was *Beauty and the Beast*, but I am not certain on that. I do know that we were not able to finish the film

before we arrived at our hotel in Reno that night.

It was late and we were all tired when we checked into our hotel in Reno and I can remember that we had to turn the movie off that we had been watching on the drive and would have to finish it in the morning when we started out on the road again. We all got our luggage out of the van and got settled into our hotel room for the night. We went to bed and I can remember that I was awoken in the night after everyone had fallen asleep and the room was quiet and dark. It was my father, and he told me to get out of bed because I had to go somewhere; he told me that my uncle and Grandfather were there in Reno and they wanted to see me. I quietly got dressed and my father gave me a key to the room and the container for ice and he said that my uncle was waiting for me at the ice machine down the hallway. I left the room and walked down the hall to the ice machine. It was late but was not yet midnight and was still technically my birthday.

The previous week while I had been staying with my uncle, he had told me that he and my grandfather had something special planned for me on my birthday and he had told me that they would see me on this day before it had ended. I can remember that this had been confusing for me because I had known then that I would be on the road on my birthday, and I could not understand how I would be able to see them when I was on the road with my family such as I was. But now here we were in Reno shortly before midnight on my birthday and my uncle met me at the ice machine in the hotel. I had asked him what was going on and he reminded me that it was still my birthday as it was not yet midnight and he said that he had told me before that he and my grandfather had a surprise and a special gift for me on this day. He told me to leave the ice container on the ice machine and I could come

back to get it when we were done.

We left the hotel that night on foot, and it was dark outside and cool. We walked away from the hotel and through a field of tall grass and weeds to a commercial area that was close by. There were several old industrial style buildings there. My uncle took me inside of one of them where we found my grandfather sitting in a room with a man who appeared to be a homeless fellow who was lying on the ground and looking very sleepy and confused. The man was obviously very drunk and was close to the point of blacking out. I was greeted by my grandfather and he told me happy birthday and said that he had something for me as a gift. He stood up and he produced from his coat a pistol; it was a revolver. He told me that now that I was considered old enough to handle such a thing as this, because I had just turned fifteen years old, he and my uncle had wanted me to have one. He handed me the gun. Then he told me that he wanted me to kill the drunk man who was lying on the floor with it. He said that that would be a good use for it on my first day with it. My grandfather told me that he had been sitting and talking with this man and he did not deserve to live. He said that he had done nothing with his life, and he had wasted it on only himself to the point that now he was just a worthless and drunken bum. My grandfather was a harsh man and my uncle only stood and listened as he talked. I took the pistol, and I did as I was told to do as I was a mind slave, and I shot the man; it was awful, and we had no right to do that. This was all extremely overwhelming and happened so fast.

After I had shot the man and he had died out his last breath there in front of U.S. my grandfather told me to give him back the pistol; he said that he would hold onto it for me until the next time that I needed it. He hypnotized me there in the building and they hit me

with a taser to compartmentalize the memory of the murder. I can remember in the hypnosis process being told to remember to forget and being told that I would be able to forget what had happened that night, but a part of me would remember the events of this night for days to come and it was as a nightmare to bear; this was something that I wanted to forget. After they had done these things my uncle took me back through the field and to the hotel where my family was still sleeping. I do not know what they did with the body of the man who they had made me shoot that night. My uncle took me to the ice machine where I had left the ice bin from our room. He said that he had to go, and he wished me a happy birthday. He left, and I filled the ice bin with ice and walked back down the hallway to our hotel room. This was the gift from my grandfather and uncle on my fifteenth birthday.

The next thing that I can remember is going to breakfast the following day with my family. There was a restaurant close to the hotel and we went there for breakfast. I can remember that my parents seemed to know that I had been involved with something really bad the night before and my father saying something about him not wanting a lot of people seeing or noticing me there in Reno. There was also a sense of urgency on our getting out of town and on our way that was not simply typical to the anticipations of travel. After we had our breakfast, we all loaded into the van and went down the road to a gas station to fuel up for the drive that day. I can remember as we pulled up to the gas station that there was a homeless person across the street from the gas station though I do not remember what they were doing. At that time, I could remember something about a homeless person the night before and all of it was sneaking back into my conscious mind, but it seemed like a nightmare but a part of me understood it to be real. The rest of my family also noticed the homeless person across the

street, and I can remember my mother telling my siblings and I how blessed we were to have what we had as a family as we sat in our expensive van on our way to Disneyland. It was all a mind bender.

After my father had fueled the van he got back in and we started out of Reno. My family started up the Disney film that they had been watching the night before and we finished watching the last bit of the show. I can remember as we left Reno I wanted badly to get away from that place. Seeing the homeless person and hearing my father talk about how he had not wanted people to see me there had brought back to my mind what had happened the night before. It was all very overwhelming, and I did not know how I would or even could explain such a thing as I had been made to do the night before to my siblings if the police had pulled us over and arrested me for suspicion of murder. For me it was a long drive away from Reno that morning.

I can remember that the movie ended after a short time and we hummed along down the road without incident. We drove over Donner Pass as we had for so many years before and though it was early summer there was still snow at the top of the pass that year. We stopped at the top of the pass and used the restroom and took a break from the morning travels and then it was back onto the road and down the other side of the mountain and into California. We would get to Anaheim late that evening and check into our hotel. That year we had been able to afford a hotel that was right next to Disneyland and was within walking distance of the park.

I cannot remember all the events that occurred at Disneyland or in southern California that year or on this trip. I had just been sold to Byrd and the Central Intelligence Agency and I know that this was a busy year for me with regards to Mk-Ultra and Project Monarch. On this

trip we would spend a couple of days there at Disneyland riding on all the classic rides and would also have the special treat of eating breakfast at the Disneyland Hotel. On the morning that we had breakfast at the Disneyland Hotel we would drive down to San Diego and pick up the motor for my sisters' car which incredibly enough fit just fine into the back of my parent's van even with our luggage. We would also on our trip there in southern California spend a day or two at the Six-Flags amusement park which had much bigger and scarier rides than those at Disneyland.

There are a couple of rides that I have been able to journal out enough from this trip to the upside-down world of Disneyland that I am able to understand and comprehend what had happened to me on them. It should be publicly known that Disneyland is not just a simple theme park for the enjoyment of the ignorant public. **Disneyland is a massive Human Bio Programming facility and the rides, and the park are a cover for this covert activity of not only the intelligence community and the Central Intelligence Agency, but also for the underworld of the Satanic Elite.** On several of the rides we would go on they would "Break Down", and I would be taken off of them and taken to another part of the facility, typically underground, to be put through a trauma based programming session or made to take part in some form of Satanic mind-bending practice such as human sacrifice. The programming that you would be put through while you were off the ride was dependent on your age and the purposes of the programming as well as the intent of the programmer. For myself it often involved the killing of people, as well as pornographic filming and sex, and the consumption of human blood or flesh. For example, on one particular trip below the park, I can remember being made to eat a sandwich that was made from human meat. There was a man who had been roasted alive over a fire and was literally on a spit in a large room below the

park. This man had been an enemy of the Pentagon and the Central Intelligence Agency, and he had been roasted alive there in the park and they were eating him at what was set up to be a great feast and celebration. The man had been from the Middle East but I am not certain as to who he was. People “in the know” could drop in and grab a bite to eat at this meal and my grandfather took me here and made me consume what he called, a Manwich which was a sandwich made from the roasted flesh of this man. But that incident occurred in the years prior to 1993 and I do not want to get too far off track.

On this particular trip in 1993 I can remember that we were there at the park and my family wanted to ride on the old classic Peter Pan ride. This is a ride that has been at the park for many years and was always one of our family favorites. We got into line for the ride, but my mother and youngest brother did not get in line with us. Our mother seldom rode on any of the rides at the amusement parks including Disneyland and would often sit them out and wait for us there outside of the ride. Our littlest brother, who was around seven years old at the time was always terrified of the rides at Disneyland and he also sat with our mother while the rest of us got in line for the Peter Pan ride. The rides at Disneyland are all interesting and even the lines themselves have some interest to the theme of the ride and the Peter Pan ride is no exception. I can remember that there was some kind of a mural on one of the walls and the cars that we would ride in for the ride were actually shaped like ships and were suspended from the ceiling as though flying rather than riding along the floor. As we waited in line, I can remember that we all broke into groups for the ride as we often did because we could only fit about two or three of us onto one of the ships at a time. I do not remember with whom my siblings rode with at that time, but I do remember that I rode with my father alone, just my father and I. The rest of my siblings were boarded

onto the ride before U.S. and the attendant to the ride put a ship or two in between my siblings and my father and I before letting us board one of the ships. They were always doing this, and it made me uncomfortable but was done for the purpose of separating our ship from the other people on the ride so that no one could see what happened to us when the ride, "broke down". My father and I boarded onto the ride and I can remember that my father got on first and he rode on the left-hand side of the ship. I got in second and rode on the right-hand side of the ship. The attendant set the safety bar and off we went.

We moved along the ride for a short time through the various scenes and when we got over the scenes where we were flying over London the ride broke down and it suddenly stopped. I was accustomed to this as it had happened several times throughout my youth. I had hoped that they would not turn the lights on as this always ruined the ride as it cancelled out all the effects from the ride's lighting such as when they were off and things were functioning properly. We sat for a short time there over London before the ride started to move slowly again and we moved through the ride some more. The ride stopped again, and we sat for a time longer before again it started moving. I can remember that we moved slowly through the ride to the place where there is a ship and a big scene from the film involving the many characters such as Peter, Captain Hook, Wendy, etc. Somewhere in this area the ride stopped again, and we sat for a short time before we moved slowly to a place where there was a red light on and a metal landing platform. There were two people on the platform and both of them were in one-piece mechanics style suits and baseball caps with insignias on them that read NASA. Their clothes and the hats were a dark blue color and one of them was a young man and the other a young woman. They both looked very clean, and the woman had dark

hair that was cut into a bob style and she was thin, shapely, and attractive. The young man was clean shaven, fit, and had a short haircut under his hat. These people addressed my father and I and they knew me by my name and they called me a chosen one. They told me that the Captain wanted to see me, and I was to go with them. I understood what all of this meant as I had been through this process before several times throughout my youth and they released the safety bar and I got off the ride and onto the metal platform with them. My father was told to wait on the ride for my return.

I was taken to a Service Elevator and down into the lower parts of the park. There are sections to the park under the surface that the public does not and is not allowed to see. I think that we only went down a couple of floors or so. From the elevator we entered a hallway that led down at a mild slope to a set of steel doors. I can remember that there was a handrail on the wall for those who might need it and there were paintings in this area that were original pieces of art done by Walt Disney himself. The paintings were of original concepts for the Peter Pan film and there were scenes of the pirate ship and the many characters from the story such as Peter, Wendy and the children all flying in the air. There were also scenes with Captain Hook and his ship. They were actually some really cool paintings that not many in the world get to see and those who do may not remember. We went through the steel doors and I was taken to a room that was located behind and under the ship scene on the ride. I have been to this room many times throughout my youth when I was taken from this ride and taken to this place. It is not a good place where good things happen but is rather the opposite of such. There were several people in the room including my grandfather. He greeted us when we entered the room, and he was wearing a costume for the occasion as he always was in this place. He was dressed as Captain hook with the hat, suit

and coat and even the hook, which was of course fake. He pointed to three or four people who were standing near a wall by the door and were all dressed up in costumes as aliens/Grays, and he told me that the theme for programming that year was space and aliens and he said that these people were there to watch. Each time that I was brought here to this place there was always a small group of people dressed in costumes around the theme of the programming. I can remember being a small child and one year the theme was based around Sesame Street and Big Bird. The small group had been dressed up as characters from the television series at that time. But this year the theme was aliens and space and in this place, it always involved filmed sex and sometimes killing.

There was a metal examination style table there in the room; it was a cold and hard surface. Above this table were several lights and some cameras such as something which one might see in a science fiction movie. My grandfather directed me further into the room which is located underneath and inside of the ship scene on the ride. Inside of this space further in the room there is a space that is filled with costumes of all different kinds and my grandfather had once told me that they all had belonged to Walt himself at one time.

I would like to make a note at this point about some other things which I have witnessed throughout my youth which occur on this ride. I had been down to this room several times throughout my life and each time my grandfather would let me look out at the ride and the people sitting on it who were waiting because I was being programmed and he would also let me look up at some of the characters in the ride. I can remember very distinctly that not all the props on the ride are animatronics or statues etc. but rather some are actual real live people being made to play these roles and these parts

on the ride. This is Monarch Programming which is happening in plain sight as these individuals are seen by those on the ride as simply part of a scene. I had been told at one time by my grandfather that the people who were being made to act as characters on the ride were being programmed for Hollywood and he had told me that some of them would be selected to become big stars or already were. As a child this was all overwhelming, but my grandfather would allow me to go and look up the dress of the girl who was playing Wendy. This was at a part of the ride slightly separate from the room with all of the costumes in the ship and was accessed by a tunnel, and I can remember looking up her dress on several occasions as my grandfather knew that I enjoyed this. It is an upside-down world in Disneyland. I can remember that I was always glad that I was not being programmed for Hollywood because I did not want to have to stand and act as a character on the ride for hours at a time. My programming sessions in this space usually only lasted minutes.

But my grandfather took me to the other side of the room, and he had me stand at attention. He reached up and he touched me behind the left ear as he often did when triggering me into this personality and he told me that it was time for me to perform falascio on the two people who had brought me there to the room. He reminded me that I had just been sold to Byrd and the Central Intelligence Agency and he said that a large sum of money had been paid for me that I would need to start earning back. He said that Byrd wanted me programmed and tuned for pornography, because I was to be used in a pornographic film when we went back east in a week or so. I was switched into a sexual personality that knew no bounds of Mother Nature nor Gods intent of the creation of male and female. In this personality I looked at people who were straight and heterosexual to be boring and missing out on all the possibilities of sex in both the male and the female world. But

this personality was mostly homosexual. I was told to take all of my clothes off. There was a table that was in the room near the costumes area and my grandfather took my clothes and he folded them neatly and placed them on the table as I removed them. He would usually place a great deal of importance on the small details such as my clothes not becoming wrinkled in this process.

When I had stripped naked, I was made to have sex with the two people who had brought me to this place. They were in their NASA one piece mechanics suits and were only wearing their undergarments under their suits, so they were quickly naked, and we were all told to get up onto the metal examination style table for the filming session. The lights in the room were turned down and my grandfather directed U.S. as we were made to perform various sexual acts on one another there under the lights and with the cameras rolling. Somewhere in the world is a video of this event taking place though I am not sure what the title of it was if it had one. The sex was all very fast, and I was made to perform sexual acts on both the man and the woman. This programming/filming session was timed, and I can remember that I was told the moment that I was to have an orgasm; I had been programmed to have an orgasm on command as this made me more useful in the pornographic industry. When the sex was done my grandfather told us to get down from the table and we all three got down from where we were. It had only lasted a couple of minutes.

When we got down off the table, I can remember that I was stuck very deep in a dissociative state and an alternate personality. In this state I would only do what I was told to do and when my grandfather had told us to get down from the table, he had not elaborated on what we were to do next. The other two began to gather up their clothes and to get dressed but I just stood and watched them for a few moments as

my grandfather was doing something else and he had not noticed that I was just standing there naked. When he noticed this he yelled at me and told me to get over to my clothes and get dressed and he was clearly frustrated at me. I could not understand how he could be frustrated at me when he was the one who was giving the orders and he had not told me to get down and to get dressed but had only told me to get down from the table. As I said, in this state I would do exactly as I was told as that was how I had been programmed to be. I put my clothes back on and then my grandfather hypnotized me to remember to forget the events that had taken place in the room and my being taken from the ride. I can remember him telling me that next I was to go and see the Mad Hatter as he was expecting me. This meant that the next ride that I was to go on was the Alice in Wonderland ride. He then told me that it was a time for new hats and said that the Hatter wanted me to go to his hat store and pick out a new one before I came to visit him. I told him that I understood. My grandfather then told me to pull up the right leg on my shorts and he took out a handheld taser and he hit me with it in the right thigh to help to compartmentalize the events that had just taken place.

I was sent back up to the ride and the two people who had brought me there were told to take me back to my father. My grandfather told them that he did not want them to take me back up on the elevator as I had come down with, but he wanted them to take the tunnel system and the stairs because he said that he wanted me to walk off the effects of the electrocution. We left the room, and I can remember going back up the tunnel with the original paintings by Walt of the Peter Pan concepts. I was really messed up from the electrocution and everything that had just happened in the room and was having a hard time walking and was in a great deal of emotional pain and mental confusion. I stopped in the tunnel and I spent a few moments just

looking at the paintings as they somehow seemed to comfort me. I can remember that the young man laughed at this and thought that it was funny as he said that the paintings were for little kids and he commented on how I was acting as though I was drunk or intoxicated. I did not find his comments amusing and the young woman was more empathetic than the young man and she told him to stop being mean to me and to help get me up and through the tunnel and back on the ride. They got me to the top of the tunnel, and we slowly climbed a set of stairs up to a door that led out onto the metal platform with the red light where I had left my father minutes before.

My father was still sitting on the ride and waiting for me when I got back to him as though he had nowhere to go and nothing else in the world to do. I was placed back onto the ride and the safety bar was put into place again. The ride started up and off we went as though nothing at all had happened. I can remember that my father asked me where we had been told to go next. I told him that it was time for a new hat, and we were to go and see the Hatter. He knew what this meant, and the ride did not break down again and we rode it to the end. We got off the ride and joined the rest of our family who were with our mother and little brother as they had been waiting for us.

It was bright there in southern California and my family and I all went and headed to the Mad Hatters hat shop somewhere there in the park. I can remember that several of us picked out new hats; I got a sailor's cap such as that which was worn by the captain in Gilligan's Island. It was white and had a black brim and gold trimmings. My father also picked out a hat but his was a baseball style cap. I can remember at that time being really shocked by the hat that my father had selected there at the hat store because it had what appeared to be a very evil looking Mickey Mouse character on it. Mickey Mouse was bad enough,

but this was some form of demonic/evil looking mouse and I could not understand why he would pick out such a hat as this, but he did. He got angry at me when I had questioned him on it in the hat store and he firmly told me that it was the one that he wanted. It just seemed so strange at that time in my base personality to see my father, who was supposed to be this loving and caring religious Mormon guy purchasing a hat such as this. After we had visited the hat store, we made our way to the Alice in Wonderland ride.

Like the Peter Pan ride, the Alice in Wonderland ride was also one of the classic rides that had been at the park for decades and we had ridden on it many times throughout our youth. This was also my sisters favorite ride in the park as she had always loved the classic animated film and we had all watched it many times throughout our youth though I can no longer bear to watch the film now as it is filled with Monarch Mind Control Programming symbology and triggers. Alice in Wonderland programming was used extensively on me throughout my years of Trauma Based Mind Control Programming and the newest film starring Johnny Depp is even worse than the original and is a blatant and, in your face, Monarch Mind Control Programming “Update” film. I do not mean to digress to far from the subject at hand, but I would like to make this important note in that Human Bio Programmers such as Dr. John C. Lilly considered human beings to be what would be called Human Bio Computers. Lilly discusses this openly in his work, *Programming the Human Bio Computer* and I would recommend that the avid researcher look into this work as it is important with regards to Monarch Trauma Based Mind Control Programming as Dr. John C. Lilly was a government funded researcher and Human Bio Programmer and was the government funded researcher who was in charge of my own Trauma Based Human Bio Programming. If you think that you have been put through Monarch Trauma Based Mind Control programming

do not watch Alice in Wonderland.

The Alice in Wonderland ride was my sisters favorite ride, and we would go on it every year that we visited Disneyland. We got in line but as before on the Peter Pan ride my mother and our littlest brother did not ride with us. While waiting in line we all divided up into groups so that we were ready to board the rider cars when it came our turn, and I was once again to ride with my father. I can remember that my father was adamant about riding together on this ride and it was kind of awkward as my father is awkward, but that was the way of it. We moved up the line and my siblings boarded the ride before my father and I. They all got loaded into one of the cars and off they went, down the rabbit hole. Then I can remember that the ride attendant moved a couple of empty cars between my siblings and my father before stopping one for U.S. to board. I found this odd in my base personality and another part of me knew that something was amiss, and I became somewhat angry. I directly questioned the attendant on this, and I asked them why they were doing this. The attendant told me that they had been having trouble with the empty cars that had been moved along after my siblings and they were not having anyone ride in them. I felt uncomfortable getting on the ride with my father.

The ride started up and I can remember the ride attendant saying something to us about enjoying our time down the rabbit hole. When they had said this it caused me to begin to switch in my mind and as we started away and the ride got moving my father said something to the same effect, he said something like, “Oh man, are you ready to go down the rabbit hole?” which triggered me even further/deeper into another personality; the personality that they wanted me to be in on this ride. We moved through the ride at a normal pace in the beginning and I can remember moving past various scenes with such characters

as Humpty and Dumpty: “He went this way, No no, he went that way”. There were some scenes of Alice and the White Rabbit and I can remember that there was a zipping sound and a red light on the walls that was moving around the space as though it was the ball from the film that got knocked down the rabbit hole. This is where the ride, “broke down” and everything stopped. It was dark and I was with my father. He said something about the ride breaking down, “I guess the ride broke down”. I felt uneasy and uncomfortable next to my father; he really creeped me out being alone with him on the ride, but I couldn’t understand why because in this state I could still not remember the things that I had already been through. The ride started up again and moved slowly forward and we were in the flower garden section of the ride. We moved slowly through the flower garden and I can remember being frightened by the concept of the large flowers surrounding U.S. as in the film they had not been very nice to Alice.

The ride moved U.S. slowly to where there is the caterpillar character sitting on a mushroom and he is there smoking opium; this is just after the flower garden and the ride suddenly stopped again. I was looking at the smoking caterpillar when my father said something and motioned to the right side of the car. I looked to our right and there was a girl of about my age, fifteen or so, standing next to a life-sized statue of the character Alice, from the animated film. She had long blonde hair that was brushed straight and her bangs were cut above her eyes. She was in a dress/costume and was dressed the same as the character Alice from the Disney film. I recognized the girl instantly when I saw her as I had seen her in this place several times before and in this place and in this personality, we were friends. She knew my name and she addressed me directly and said, “Hello J.R.”, then hugging the statue of Alice tightly she said, “who is more beautiful? Would you rather have, a statue of Alice or the real thing?” I knew the

correct response to her statement as this was an exchange of what one might consider passwords. I told her that surely the real Alice was much more beautiful than a statue and I would much prefer the real Alice. This pleased her and I had given the correct response. She let go of the statue and she walked to our rider car and began to undo the safety bar. As she did this, she told me that the Hatter wanted to see me and I was to go with her. In this state I did not mind going with her as she was familiar to me.

I got out of the rider car and Alice told my father that the Hatter had instructed her to tell him that he was to sit and wait there on the ride for our return. She took me by the hand, and we walked to an area that is just behind the rides set there at that location. As we walked, I can remember looking at her and openly checking her out some as she was a beautiful girl and I had not seen her for some time. She did not mind, and she squeezed my hand and told me that she had missed me while I had been away, and she asked me why I had to go away as I did when I returned home to Nampa, Idaho and left the park. It was all a mind bender and was as though this world held its own reality. She was a nice person, and we were both fond of each other in this place and in these personalities we were in and under the constraints of this reality. There was a set of steel doors at the back of the room in a dark wall. This was a Service Entrance and was large enough that when both doors were opened props for the ride could be moved in and out of the scene. We walked through these doors and entered the tunnel system below the park. I was nervous that someone might see me there and question U.S. as to what we were doing but I was with Alice and she was dressed for the role, so the chances were low that anyone here would think anything of a young man walking with a girl dressed up in an Alice in Wonderland costume through the tunnel systems under Disneyland.

We walked to a steel door with a sign on it, Service Closet. We entered this room and closed the door behind ourselves. We were in a small room that was filled with cleaning and maintenance supplies and would appear to be a dead end to anyone who did not know the secrets that it held. I was alone now with Alice who was very beautiful and familiar to me and the personality that I was in was a womanizer and was not shy with her. I told Alice that she looked beautiful in her costume and I embraced her there in the room. We began to kiss and make out but then Alice reminded me that the Hatter was waiting for U.S. though I felt as though my grandfather could wait a few moments while we said hello to each other.

There was a secret door at the back of this closet, and we knew how to access it as we had both been through this process before. We opened the door and stepped into another room there under the park and then closed the door behind ourselves, but we had both failed to follow one standard protocol in our entry to the space; we had failed to knock. My grandfather was in the room when we entered the space, and he was playing the role of the Mad Hatter and he addressed Alice and I as we entered through the secret closet door. He said, "Why didn't you knock?" and he sounded pissed at both of U.S.. Alice and I both stopped and went completely still and I switched into another personality in the presence of my grandfather; I became my grandfather's grandson: the grandson of a CIA sponsored psychopath.

I had been in this room before and it was different than many of the rooms and spaces under the park in that it was not so much used for the programming of mind slaves, as it was used as a command center for controlling and keeping an "eye" on active Central Intelligence Agency mind slaves, i.e., spies around the world. My grandfather had overseen the selection of and the construction of this room there

under the park and I can remember him telling me about this when I was younger and had been brought to this place before. He had told me in years past that Walt himself had shown him the space initially and told the Agency that they could use it. This space was located under the Alice in Wonderland ride and at the footers to the Matterhorn roller coaster. He had told me that it was a space that Walt had said he had no use for at that time as it was such an odd space in an odd place in the park. You could hear the Matterhorn rollercoaster as it would rumble by just above and on the edge of the room. The lighting in the room had been very carefully designed and created a dark ambiance with lightly illuminated spaces. The room also stepped down in elevation toward a wall that had several large computer screens/monitors mounted to it which provided some light to the space as well. There was also an area in front of the screens with computers set up on some built-in desk areas. There were at least a dozen large computer screens on the wall and the whole room looked like a small NASA space station control center combined with an evil super villain's secret lair. The room was not perfectly square and was oddly shaped and longer than it was wide. At the opposite end of the side of the room from where Alice and I had entered the space there was a casual seating area with some chairs and a small sofa which was used as a break area of sorts for CIA personnel working there at the facility.

Alice and I did not know what to say when my grandfather angrily asked U.S. why we had not knocked when we entered the room and we both stopped and stood perfectly still. My grandfather initially began to blame Alice for the error who was clearly terrified of him, and I told him that it was my fault because I had distracted her in the closet. He said that he had seen us in the room making out as he had a camera in the closet so that he could see who was coming. My grandfather asked

me if I liked Alice. In this place with this man, one had to be very careful with what you said or someone might just end up dead or worst. I told him that yes indeed, I liked her very much. When I told him that I liked Alice he responded by saying, “Then maybe I won’t kill her today”. This was intended as trauma in a world of death and uncertainty which my grandfather created around himself and his slaves.

Then my grandfather asked me if I liked Alice’s costume as he had planned all of this out specifically for me. I told him that yes, I did like her outfit and I openly began to check her out there in the room. In the state of mind that I had been moved into in the presence of my grandfather I had become a monster much the same as himself as that was who I was intended to be and the personality that they had created within me. Alice did not move during any of this but stood perfectly still there in the room until my grandfather told her to pull up her dress so that she might show me what she was wearing underneath. There is no such thing as privacy or personal space in the world of Monarch Mind Control programmers and I can remember looking at her underwear and checking out her legs; it was all very perverted, and Alice was treated as an object rather than a human being.

Things loosened up slightly with the tension in the room after this and my grandfather told U.S. both to join him in the lower area there in front of the computer monitors on the wall because he said that he wanted to talk with me. He was wearing a top hat, but he had not put on any of the other parts of the costume to play the role of the Hatter in this space for this programming session. I was getting older and such mind games of “make believe” were not as effective on me by that point in time. When we got over to him he looked at my hat,

which I had just purchased at the Mad Hatters hat store and he made some form of a comment about it being a fun hat, but not being very good for the southern California sun. Regardless, he told me that it was a time for new hats as I was growing older and was advancing in the project. He reminded me again that I had been purchased by Byrd and the Central Intelligence Agency and was now what was considered an active member of the Intelligence Community. He seemed proud of me for what he considered to be accomplishments and advancements not just for myself, but also for him and the entire family; he was proud to have his family so closely aligned with his work for Uncle Sam. Though it should be noted that at that point in time I could only be used for lower-level CIA operations as there are various levels of progression through the project. In 1995 I would be tested for Pentagon Level Black Operations (often illegal and highly controversial) which was another level in the game of the deep state and the elite who control this world through these mechanisms.

My grandfather brought our attention to the large screens on the wall all of which were turned on. Each screen held a close-up view of a place somewhere in the world, one of them was a shot of the closet that Alice and I had been making out in moments before, and many of them had a person within the frame of the camera shot or moving in and out of it. My grandfather told me that the people that I saw on the screens were active CIA mind slaves who had been placed strategically throughout the world. The screen shot that I can remember the most was a young man in his mid-twenties or so outside of his home splitting firewood with an axe. This man seemed to really enjoy his work as he had split and stacked a large amount of firewood. This man was somewhere in Europe though I do not know where. My grandfather told me that I was now a spy like the people that I saw on the screens and he said that the Agency would be watching me very

closely such as they were watching these people: these assets.

My grandfather told me that I was young to have been selected by Byrd for this kind of work, but he told me that though my body was young it housed many old and powerful spirits. He believed that through my ability to disassociate I would literally become possessed by another spirit or entity when in this state, and would therefore allow those spirits or entities to use my body to perform the work that needed to be done for Uncle Sam, God, or family. One of those spirits which he believed me to possess was that of a Confederate soldier from the civil war who for him, the war was still not over. This was all very satanic in its nature and is difficult to describe. For the record, I do not believe that I was ever possessed by spirits, demons, or entities but rather have been made to operate in a disassociated state of consciousness under certain personalities created within my mind under times of extreme trauma. That is Trauma Based Mind Control; it's not rocket science. The modern medical term of Disassociate Identity Disorder is a misuse of terms for what is a multiple personality disorder; through Monarch Trauma Based Mind Control the premise was to create multiple personalities within an individual for multiple purposes. Therefore, a Multiple Personality Disorder is the correct term to define the condition of one put through this program to this extent.

My grandfather continued and he told me that now that I was government property I would need to be marked as such. He told me that Byrd would take care of this when he saw me back east in about a weeks' time. He told me that I would also need to be chipped. He said that the chip was a newly perfected technology that the Agency and military had started using on their elite soldiers and spies. He said that with this chip Uncle Sam would be able to locate me anywhere in the world. He explained that in this manner if I was ever compromised the

United States government would be able to locate me and get me out of whatever bad situations I may be in. But he also said that with this chip Uncle Sam would be able to keep a close “eye” on my location at all times, so if I ever remembered my involvement with all of these things and tried to leave the country, the Agency would know exactly how to find me and where. This personality now that my grandfather was talking with was a soldier and a spy and I accepted everything that he was telling me as something that was good for myself and the country. It was here in this place that the fact that I was now U.S. government property really settled into my subconscious mind. None of this was good.

My grandfather then having talked to me about these things turned his attention to Alice and he said, “Now, how about you two finish what you started in the closet a few moments ago”. I began to protest as it had seemed to me that I had been away from the ride for some time now and was aware that the ride was still, “broken down”, while I was in this space and my father was waiting for me. My grandfather told me that the people on the surface did not matter at that moment in time, and he said to me, “The world can wait”. He made Alice and I have sex right there in the room in front of him and again it was a timed session where both myself and Alice were made to have orgasms upon the command of my grandfather. It was all very disturbing, and I cannot remember if this session was filmed. This only lasted a minute or so and my grandfather got out a cigarette and gave it to me; he knew that I liked smoking as I had been made to smoke from a young age and all three of U.S. had some pulls off of the cigarette together. Then my grandfather used the lite cherry of the cigarette to hypnotize me and to tell me to remember to forget the events that had just taken place. The red of the cigarette cherry there is the dark was like that of the red light/ball that had been on the ride

earlier just before the ride had broken down. He also reiterated the importance of my taking the trip back east to meet with Charlie Pride, Senator Byrd and others and the fact that I carried a message for both of them. After this he used a taser and he hit me in the right thigh with it above the knee where they had hit me with the damn things since I was six years old. All of this happened very fast, and I went down with the flash of light and pain.

My grandfather got me walking again and he told Alice to take me back to the ride. I was in a very befuddled state and I can vaguely remember her taking me back through the tunnels to where my father was waiting for me. He had not hit her with the taser, and she seemed concerned for me in the state I was in as we walked. It was nice to be with her again away from my grandfather. I can remember going through one of the steel doors at the back of the ride where my father was and looking at the back side of the flower garden area of the ride. It was interesting to see the way in which it was put together in that there was no care taken in painting the backside of the scene and I could see just massive shapes with metal bracing holding them in place. I do not know why but even at the age of fifteen it drove home the fact that this place that I was in called Disneyland was based completely on illusion, it was all illusions.

I can remember saying goodbye to Alice as I was placed back into the ride with my father, and she told me not to be away again for so long; she said that she missed me in this place when I left her there alone. This was all a mind bender for both her and I and as she finished latching down the safety bar, I can remember very clearly my father telling her to “give him a kiss” before we left. She leaned over and he kissed her right there in front of me, and not just a peck on the cheek I tell you; it was a full-on French style kiss right there in front of me.

This only added to the mind bender of the experience. After this Alice stepped back and said goodbye to U.S. and the ride started up again and began to move. We moved through the ride and it was supposed to be as though everything had never happened and the ride had simply broken down. We moved through the scenes and in my mind, I was in between forgetting what had happened and still remembering at the same time; it was all so confusing. I looked at the props on the ride as we went and they all just looked fake to me now and only looked like props set up for entertainment; an entertainment that I was no longer interested in. My father noticed that I was in somewhat of a daze and I can remember him asking me if I was, “OK” with some amount of what appeared to be concern in his voice. Boy did this piss me off. I told him sternly that I was fine and left it at that, but inside I was not OK. I felt like things were really messed up, but I couldn’t understand why or remember what had just happened to me, but everything felt wrong.

We got to the end of the ride without further incident and when we got off the ride my siblings were already with our mother and our little brother outside of the line area and they were all talking about the ride experience. The ride had been “broken down” for several minutes and on this trip to Disneyland it had seemed like the rides were always breaking down when we rode on them. My siblings said that while they had been on the ride and it had been broken down someone had come and talked to them and had told them that there had been a malfunction with the red light that represented the ball at the early part of the story. As we talked, I can remember that my mother took notice to the fact that I smelled like a cigarette because I had just been smoking with my grandfather and Alice under the park and she got pissed and she questioned me on this there in front of everyone. My father stepped in and somehow glossed it all over because it was illogical that I could have been smoking a cigarette while I was on the

ride with my father. But in retrospect, she was right to question me on such a matter as this. That is what I can remember of my experience on the Alice in Wonderland ride in Disneyland, summer of 1993.

There is a great deal more that could be discussed regarding our trip to southern California that year, but I have yet to have the opportunity to write these things out in full and therefore I cannot discuss them here in this document. I do know that we went and had breakfast at the Disneyland hotel on one of the days that were there, and this was a big event for the entire family that year. We also went to San Diego and picked up the new motor for my sisters' car and put it into the back of the van. It actually fit just fine, and we were able to transport it home and she eventually got her car running again. While we were in southern California that year, I can remember that we also went to the Six-Flags Over Magic Mountain amusement park. It was really hot at Six Flags, but we rode several of the large roller coasters there.

When we left southern California, we did not stay in Reno on our way back home but rather I can remember that we had to stay in a hotel/casino which we found along the highway. My mother had been calling ahead and getting reservations set at various hotels before we would arrive so that we did not have to look for a hotel when we were tired and had just gotten to town. But, that year she had also made a mistake and booked our room in the wrong city so we had to drive long into the night that evening before we found a room at a hotel/casino. The next day we got back to Nampa and were home from our weeklong trip to the Satanic Kingdom of Disneyland.

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