

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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..Masaru Takumi and Kobe, Japan..

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 a journal entry about the time that I was used as a shooter/sniper in the assassination of a man in Kobe, Japan named Masaru Takumi. This man was involved with the Yamaguchi-Gumi gang and was unknowingly involved with the funding of the gassing of the Tokyo subway system by the Japanese Cult, the Aum Shinrikyo in 1995 A.D.. For this operation I was placed on a rooftop within the city and in a piece of mechanical equipment with a rifle and a clear view of the target area. I fired a shot through the window of the tea house that morning upon the direct order of my CIA handler. This shot was fired at the moment that Takumi was assaulted in Kobe, Japan by members of a rival gang and was intended to ensure his death in the assault.

When I was nineteen years old, I lived with my parents in the house that I had been raised in the suburbs of Nampa, Idaho. It was August of the year 1997 A.D. and it was another hot summer in the Boise valley. Earlier that summer I had worked hard and saved money for a month-

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long climbing trip into Wyoming with a couple of friends of mine. We were planning on climbing the Upper Exum Ridge route of the Grand Teton as well as packing into the Wind River Wilderness to climb Gannett Peak. These are the two highest mountains in Wyoming and it was to be a grand adventure. Before leaving on this trip, I had quit my job at a local restaurant as this trip was supposed to last for several weeks and I did not want to have to worry about making it back from this trip to get back to work, and I was weary of working for this restaurant by that point in my life anyways. But my CIA Handler had told me to stop in and pay him a visit before my friends and I left the state of Idaho on this trip as he wanted to talk with me before I left. My friends and I had stopped into my handler's house on our way to Jackson Hole Wyoming, and he had taken me aside privately and hypnotizing me he had programmed me to cut this climbing trip short as the Agency, and the Pentagon had need of my services at the end of August for a specific operation which we still had to train for. It was a very important operation and my personal climbing ventures did not hold precedence over it; I was to find some way to get back home after climbing the Grand Teton and was not to go into the Wind River Wilderness with my friends.

Therefore, I took the opportunity to disband from this climbing venture after we had already climbed the Grand Teton and were resting at the trailhead of the *Wind River Wilderness Area*. We were taking a day to rest after climbing the Grand and one of my friends that I was with, in his boredom got drunk on a box of wine that we had purchased a couple of days prior, and he got somewhat out of control in his behavior. I took it as an opportunity to tell him that I was out, and I was going to hitchhike back to Idaho as his behavior was unbearable; he had begun to violently punch his cars dashboard and steering wheel and to smash his head against the driver's side window as we

all sat in his car. Although my friend was acting out of sorts, this was the opportunity in which my subconscious had been waiting for as an excuse to get back to Idaho. I packed up my gear and the other friend who was with us, seeing that I was really leaving the expedition also got out of the car and got his gear ready to go; he did not want to be left alone with our other friend in his violent and drunken state. We would both leave our friend there at the trail head and start hiking back into a small town there in Wyoming. This is something that I have always regretted as I do not think that we should have left our friend there at the trailhead.

As we hiked into town, we got picked up by a van load of young people who were also heading into town. We stayed at an RV camp that night setting up our tent in a tent site, and I called my parents and asked them if they would not come and get us. My parents and younger brothers came to pick us up the following day and the climbing trip was officially over after less than a week. For many years I had blamed myself and my friend for the ending of this trip as I had perceived that I had made the choice to leave him there because of his drunken behavior; he had gotten pretty drunk that day. But now, in retrospect, as I have remembered these things, I would never have left my friend in the woods if I had not been a CIA Mind Slave programmed to do so.

When I had gotten back from this trip I got a new job through a friend of mine at a local Italian restaurant. I was to be their new pizza cook. This was an exciting position for me as a growing nineteen-year-old male as I loved food, and I especially loved pizza. To my knowledge the company I would be working for had two locations with one in my hometown of Nampa over by the freeway, and the other in the city of Boise about twenty minutes to the east. The restaurant location that I would be working at was the Nampa location; it was a short ten-

minute drive from where I lived at my parents' home. But, before I could work at the local Nampa location I had to train for the pizza cook position at the original Boise location; the original restaurant was located in the downtown area of Boise and was where all newly hired cooks spent their first two weeks learning the craft of food creation before they were set loose in Nampa. At that time, I owned an old 1966 VW split window van, and I would drive it over to Boise on the freeway and find somewhere to park in the older part of the city. I would then take a short walk to the downtown commercial area of the city where the restaurant was located and attend my pizza mastery training.

There are some things that I have always remembered from my past and my life such as I have always remembered that on two occasions while in Boise I had stopped at the Boise airport there in the city, and I had gone inside and sat quietly in the air terminal waiting area where one would wait for their friends or relations to arrive from their flight, or to see them off just the same; for many years I would recall these events, but as I perceived it: I would simply sit in the airport waiting area and read from my *Bible*, and peacefully watch the planes land and take off from the airport and the people come and go. For many years I thought that when I had gone to visit the airport it was simply a quiet place where no-one would bother me, and there was no-one that I would know or run into or need to converse with; it was a peaceful social haven for me having been raised in a large Mormon family. I had perceived for many years that I was only seeking some amount of solitude in my life with these visits to the Boise airport.

The first time that I can remember being in Boise and going to hang out at the airport was after a large family gathering, I had attended in the city. Growing up our family was often having large family

gatherings to celebrate birthdays, baptisms, blessings, etc. After the family gathering, I had left the church alone in my van and on my way, home had stopped in at the Boise airport to take a break and to sit and read my *Bible*, and to contemplate life and my existence in the universe in solitude. Or so I thought. I was dressed in my Sunday attire such as Mormons do wear with slacks, dress shoes, a white button up collared shirt and a tie.

On that first trip after the family gathering, I had gone into the Boise airport *Bible* in hand and sat down quietly for about a half hour or so and read from the *New Testament*. It was quite and cool inside of the airport and was not a busy day for flights. After sitting for a time, I had to use the restroom and so looking behind me I noticed a restroom just down the corridor and on my right side. I got up and I walked to the restroom. There was no one inside but I still felt nervous and had a nervous bladder as I was in a public restroom, and I had always had trouble with a nervous bladder. After a short time, I was able to urinate and when I had finished, I walked over and washed my hands. I only looked at myself briefly in the mirror as I have always had an aversion to such things and then drying my hands I walked back out into the corridor. Directly in front of the bathroom door was a pair of seats next to an indoor plant of some kind. The seats were empty but there was a plane ticket sitting on the top of the planter box which had a flat surface for setting things down on. I noticed this, and I walked over and sat down in the seat next to the ticket; I did not want to just grab it up as curiosity was telling me to do, but rather I sat next to it for about ten minutes waiting to see if the person who had set it down might come along to find it. After waiting a short time no one came back to claim the ticket, so I picked it up and looked it over for a moment. The ticket had no value in that it had already been used and the departure date on it had come and gone. Therefore, I figured that

whoever had left it would have no further use of it, so I tucked it into my *Bible*, and I walked out of the airport and back out to my van. From here I drove back to Nampa and my parents' home.

Upon returning home from Boise my family had already begun arriving at the house and were settling in for a relaxing Sunday evening. My older brother and his future wife, were already at the house, and she noticed how far behind I was from the rest of the family, and she questioned me on why I was so late getting home; I must say that she was a smart and inquisitive woman; very intelligent. Though, I simply told her that I had stopped at the Boise airport to read my *Bible* and to pray, reflect, and meditate. She found this odd at first until I told her how quiet it was at the airport and how when you are there with nowhere to go, and no one to see, it is one of the most peaceful places in the world to just sit and watch the planes and the people come and go. This seemed to satisfy her curiosity on the subject as she also enjoyed planes and could see my reasoning for such a venture while I was in the city of Boise.

But, this first memory of visiting the Boise airport by myself and seeking solitude was not just a random venture by a young man seeking some time alone to reflect on life and his place in the universe. This first trip to the Boise airport had been a test run by my CIA handler, in preparation of my second visit to the Boise airport. He had programmed me to follow all of the steps that I had taken in my first visit to the airport; he had programmed me to sit where I had sat, and to use the restroom I had used, and to retrieve the expired plane ticket from the correct location outside of the bathroom. This was all in preparation of my second visit to the Boise airport.

The second time that I have always remembered going to the Boise

airport to read my bible and quietly, “reflect in solitude” was on the last day of my training for the pizza cook position in downtown Boise. I had spent two weeks in training there and I would start at the Nampa restaurant location after getting a couple of days off of work. I was excited to get a couple of days off and in my mind, I had my last day of working in Boise all planned out with a morning drive to work on the freeway followed by my last day of work training at the restaurant, and then a couple of hours of meditation and *Bible* study at the Boise airport before I would head back to Nampa and my parents’ home to relax for the rest of my time off. The evening before my last day of working in Boise I had loaded up some of my nice dress clothes into my VW bus, so that I could change out of my work clothes and into my nice clothes once I got to the airport.

That morning I took the freeway to work as I had for the last two weeks; it was mid-morning and the sun had come up over the mountains and was shining in brightly through the windshield of my old VW bus. My eyes were extremely sensitive on that morning and at that time I only had a pair of cheap thin metal framed circular John Lennon style sunglasses that provided very little real protection from the sun and its bright southern Idaho rays. I had a very difficult time driving that morning due to the sensitivity of my eyes and was very relieved to finally get to Boise and park my van in the older part of the city next to an older *Albertsons* grocery store. I had also worn a sweater that morning because I had felt chilled even though it was the end of august in southern Idaho and was not cold or even cool for that matter.

I was very tired at work that day and it seemed as though all I could think about was how fun and relaxing it would be to go and sit at the airport after work and read from my *Bible*. I can remember that my co-worker and pizza cook trainer noticed that I seemed tired and slow and

had a somewhat spacy attitude about me; he had asked what was going on with me that day because I seemed to be out of it some. I had told him that I was tired and was just thinking about going to read my *Bible* at the airport, and how fun and relaxing I thought that would be. He found this to be rather strange but figured that I must not have been feeling very well that day.

I only worked through the lunch shift and at the end of the workday I was tired and dirty when I left the restaurant; I left work around two o'clock in the afternoon or so. I took the walk from the downtown area of the city back to the older *Albertsons* grocery store where my VW bus was parked under the trees on the city street. It was very hot that day in Boise, Idaho but I can remember wearing my sweater over my dirty work clothes as I walked back to my van. My internal temperatures seemed to be off. I got into my van and I took the short drive over to the Boise airport there in the city. I pulled into the airport parking area and got a parking ticket which records your time there, and then I parked my van on the west side of the main terminal. The sun was shining down hot that day as I climbed into the back of my van and changed into my fancy dress clothes before going into the airport. I was glad to get out of my greasy and smelly work clothes, but I did wish that I could have also taken a shower to clean my body from the grim of the day's work as I smelled of an Italian restaurant. After getting dressed into my nice clothes which included leather dress shoes, black slacks, a country western belt that my grandfather had given to me with his name, stamped into the back of it and a Civil War replica belt buckle stamped simply U.S.. I was also wearing a white button up dress shirt but not a tie. Because my eyes were sensitive that day, and it seemed appropriate I wore my John Lennon style sunglasses; as my handler called them my rose-colored glasses.

After getting dressed into my nicer clothes I closed up my van and I walked across the front of the airport terminal to the main doors of the building. There was a large wall of glass on the building at that time on the northwest side of the building and I can remember looking at myself in the reflection of the glass as I walked past it. I had thought to myself that I was a handsome fellow with my nice clothes and dark flowing hair; the sunglasses added to my appearance. When I entered the airport I had taken the escalator to the second floor of the building as this offered the best view of the planes coming and going, and I sat down in the main hallway corridor at the waiting area near where I had sat the last time that I was there. This area is where one would sit and wait for their loved ones or friends' flights to arrive. I have always remembered sitting at this location and quietly reading from my *Bible* with my sunglasses on for what I had thought was only a couple of hours before heading back home in my van. But the story does in fact not end with a simple reading of the *New Testament*, though that was the intent of my CIA handler.

The first trip to the Boise airport had been a test run of my ability to follow my programming directives in a remote location with no handler present. I had been programmed by my handler to go to the airport and to retrieve for him the plane ticket that was set outside of the public restroom. This test had been successful and therefore the second visit to the Boise airport was the operation in full swing. Through a very long and painful process I have been able to recall much of what occurred on my second trip to the Boise airport, late August of 1997; none of it is good, but for myself it is good to know and understand and for the peoples of Japan, and the peoples of America it should be known as this is the behavior of the Central Intelligence Agency and the United States Pentagon. This is a matter of public safety and national security.

I began to diligently work through this memory April and May of 2018 A.D. and I was about a year into my healing process. While I was journaling out this memory and this information here in the United States of America, people in Japan that were involved with these events further to be discussed began to die. Hideki Saijo who was involved with the funding of the Aum Shinrikyo Cult and was connected to the Central Intelligence Agency suddenly died of a heart attack on May 16th of 2018. And several of the cult members still held in prison in Japan were suddenly ordered executed with Shoko Asahara the cults founder and leader being executed on July 6th of 2018 A.D. along with six other members and six more members of the cult being executed twenty days later on July 26th 2018 A.D.. People involved with this memory just began to die. It was sad for me to see that the CIA, the Pentagon, and some in the Japanese Intelligence Community would go to these lengths and these low depths to keep these things quiet and in the shadows, but that is their way; they are as a form of life lower than that of a worm or a maggot.

After initially journaling out this memory in 2018 A.D. I then let it sit on my mind for several months processing what had happened as I worked on other memories from my past. Though do let it be known that I did not keep silent on this matter or in trying to communicate these events with those that are within the establishment of the United States government and are responsible for not allowing such things as this to occur. I wrote several letters and emails to Donald Trump, President of the United States, Senator Burr and Senator Warner of the U.S. Senate Select Committee on Intelligence and all of the members of the Committee. I have also written letters to Senator Crapo and Senator Risch of Idaho as they were at that time my representatives within the government, but the only response I received from any of them was very low flyovers by several of the

unmarked military aircraft and helicopters that the federal black budget seems to have an endless amount of money for. In April of 2020 A.D. I began to work through this memory again a second time so that I could ensure the accuracy of my memory for the purpose of creating this work, and these are the events as I can recall them as occurring on my second trip to the Boise airport.

After I had gotten dressed in my van into my nice clothes I had gone into the airport, and I sat down in the airconditioned waiting area. I opened my *Bible* and started to read from the *New Testament* there in the cool of the space. After a couple of verses in my reading, I became disinterested in my reading, and I set my bible down next to me on the empty seat. I felt contemplative at that moment in time and felt as though I was missing something important. I looked out of the terminal glass; the sun was shining brightly through the glass though it did have a light tinting to it. The sun felt warm penetrating the glass as I sat on the opposing side in the air-conditioned space, and I enjoyed the contradictions of the heat coming through the glass to the cool of the space inside. Out the window on the runway it looked hot with the sun cooking the pavement in the full sun, and I was grateful that I was on the inside of the building. I was looking out at the runway through my sunglasses when I sensed that I was being approached from behind on my left side. Turning I saw my handler approaching me in a black suit such as he always wore, and he was followed by a larger man in his late twenties/early thirties who was dressed in an airport luggage handlers' uniform. My handler greeted me and jokingly commented on my sunglasses which had a red hue to the lenses. I reached up to take them off, but he told me to keep them on. He said that he, "liked my rose-colored glasses", and he said that I should keep them on because, "I was going on a journey over the rainbow". With these words I was caused to switch to another

personality who was ready to follow orders and take the necessary journey.

My handler introduced me to the man who was with him as the individual in charge of the luggage handling at the airport. My handler told me to pick up my *Bible* and he said that I was to follow the luggage handler to the luggage loading area through the back ways of the airport and he said that I was to help this man to load the plane's cargo. He said that he would have to go through the process of signing in for the plane and that he would meet U.S. at the aircraft once we had the equipment loaded and transported to the aircraft site. I did as I was told, and I followed the luggage handler through some sets of doors and down to the luggage loading area on the far west end of the building. There was a large roll up door on the south side of the luggage room with a luggage cart parked outside in the sun. When we arrived, there was a helper already there getting the equipment loaded for the trip onto the cart. He was a younger man in his early twenties and looked a little rough with scraggly hair and an unshaven face.

I helped the two gentlemen load the luggage cart with our equipment and we chatted some although I was not in a normal state of mind as I was under deep mind control by this point. The older gentlemen in charge of the luggage area who had led me down to the space was a smoker and was smoking cigarettes as we loaded up the equipment for the plane. The younger gentlemen who was his helper was also a smoker and asked him if he could bum one of his cigarettes as he did not have any of his own that day. The older gentlemen begrudgingly gave him one of his cigarettes. I was in a personality that was accustomed to and really enjoyed smoking cigarettes, so I also asked the man if I could not bum a smoke. He had looked at me disapprovingly when I asked this, but he nonetheless gave me a

cigarette from his pack and a light just the same. I smoked my cigarette while we loaded the supplies onto the luggage carts.

As I passed from the inside to the outside of the building carrying equipment and supplies to the luggage cart, I could see my VW bus sitting in the parking lot across the fence and I stopped for a moment and looked at it wishing that I could just go and get into it and leave this place. The other guys noticed this, and the older gentlemen asked me what I was looking at? I pointed to my van and told them that it was mine and that I couldn't wait to get to drive it again as it was fun and relaxing to drive. These gentlemen seemed to approve of my choice in vehicles, but the older gentlemen asked me what year my van was as it was clearly an older model. I told him that it was a 1966 split window camper van, which caused them both to laugh, and he said mockingly that the year of the vehicle and the clothes that I was wearing fit me perfectly. I was confused by his comments as I did not understand the meaning of the number 66 at that time. I asked him what he meant by this and he told me that the number 66 was "a faggot number in that it represented homosexual sex"; the opposite of 69. This all confused me further as a part of me understood what it was that he was talking about but another part of me did not understand.

Somehow from this point the conversation shifted and the older gentlemen told me that like myself he had also worked for my ex-girlfriend's father at his furniture store *there* in Nampa, Idaho. This older gentleman told me that after I had quit my job there at the furniture store, he had been hired on to help with the furniture deliveries and around the store. This man told me that he had hooked up with the boss's daughter as she and I had broken up some time earlier, and they had begun seeing each other as a couple. This man

was not kind with his choice of words, and he told me that I had never been man enough for her, and he said that she needed someone much stronger than myself. All of this was very strange for me to hear. This man told me that he had slept with my ex-girlfriend and together they had given birth to a child; they had had a little girl together. This little girl now lived with him as he and my ex-girlfriend had separated. At the time I did not know how even to process this information and it was as though his words were simply absorbed into my mind and I could feel no emotion for the story this man told as I was under a very deep spell called Trauma Based Mind Control and what this man was telling me was traumatic for me to hear.

A short time later the younger gentlemen again asked the older gentlemen if he could not bum another cigarette from him; he told him that surely if he did bum him a cigarette that he would buy a pack the following day and he said that he would gladly share it with him. Begrudgingly the older gentlemen handed him over a cigarette, but he was not happy about it. Seeing this take place, I again asked if I could not bum another smoke as well as I had enjoyed the first one, though it had made me feel a little sickly. At first the older gentlemen acted as though he was going to offer me a smoke, but then he visibly became angry at my request. He put his pack of cigarettes away without giving me one and told me that I should not be having any smokes because I was a “Chosen One” and was therefore not allowed to have such things. This all confused the younger fellow and so the older fellow continued, and he said again that I was a Chosen One, and that as such I was not allowed to have such things as cigarettes and other drugs unless I was supposed to have them for my programming purposes. He was very angry, and he briefly explained to the perplexed younger fellow how I was a mind slave for the *Central Intelligence Agency*, and he went right into the fact that I could not feel pain and that he could

burn and torture me with his cigarette and that I would not make a sound or a movement of opposition. The younger gentlemen there looked confused and frightened by all of this. As if to prove his point the older gentleman reached up and pulled my button up shirt out of his way to expose my chest. He then took his freshly lite cigarette and placed the hot cherry of it up against my chest on the left side burning my skin badly. I did not move, nor did I call out in pain as he did this; I simply disassociated even deeper into myself and disconnected from the pain and the situation.

After a few moments of burning his cigarette into my chest much of the anger and rage that the man contained seemed to subside as he realized what it was that he had just done. There are rules in the Project on the treatment of mind slaves owned by the United States Government; it is not acceptable in the Project to scar a mind slave that has been selected as a Chosen One except for in very specific circumstances with very specific scars for various meaning and identification. For example, the scars in my right wrist and left forearm were given to me by Senator Byrd to signify my being tested and owned by the United States Government and the Central Intelligence Agency. For mind slaves that are not Chosen Ones the rules change, and abusers and handlers are allowed to do much worse than simply scar them; many of them are brutally tortured, raped and then murdered in front of other children for the purpose of inflicted trauma on those made to witness it.

When the older gentleman pulled the cigarette away from my chest, he became very quiet and contemplative as he slowly realized what it was that he had just done; he had just permanently scared a Chosen One. (As a note, this older gentleman would be executed weeks after this event because of his actions on this day. This experience can be

read under the title: Loose Ends.) The younger gentlemen also became quite as it was difficult for him to understand and comprehend what it was exactly that he had just seen and what it was that he was now involved with. They both went back to loading up the last of our equipment and I was told to fix my shirt and to get back to work.

I helped them to load the last of the supplies and the gear and then we all three loaded up onto the luggage cart for the ride out to the plane. The other two gentlemen rode up high at the front of the vehicle sitting together side by side, and I was made to sit low on the vehicle on one of the luggage carts so that I would be difficult to see as we passed by the airport terminal and the very windows that I had been sitting at only a short time before. I was considered a part of the luggage. The ride out to the plane was very hot and my cheap Lennon shades provided me with very little protection from the sun as we rode through the hot southern Idaho summer on the tarmac. It was a long ride on the back of the luggage cart as the plane was located at the far east end of the airport. At that time there was a large black hanger at this location that was designated for CIA and Pentagon level operations aircraft. I can remember looking out to the south side of the airport and seeing the military base there, *McGowen Field*.

My chest burned with pain from the injury that the older gentleman had just administered to me with his cigarette in the loading area. But I had found everything that was happening to be very confusing because of the mental state that I was operating in. I can remember at one point pulling open my shirt and looking down at my chest and the burn, then I looked up at the luggage handlers sitting above me and the younger gentleman was looking back at me; he looked afraid of me and confused by all of this. He turned back around, and he said something to the older gentleman, but I could not hear them.

When we got out to the plane the older luggage guy driving the luggage hauler swung the cart around wide to the right rear side of the aircraft and pulled up next to it for loading our supplies. They both jumped down off the motorized cart when we arrived and started getting the plane ready to load with our gear. There was a door for loading the gear on the back-right section of the plane and there was a small conveyor belt system for getting the gear into the planes storage area. They told me to get off the luggage cart and not knowing what else I should do I began helping them with the loading of the plane. The plane itself was by no means a small aircraft though it was also not a large one. It had prop engines with a single fuselage and the main wing was set low on the plane as opposed to high.

After a few moments my handler came out of the plane and quickly came down to where we were working on loading the gear into the plane. He was moving really fast as though he was very excited about all of this, and he told me to quit helping the luggage guys and to get myself aboard the plane as loading the gear was they're job, and mine was to get ready for takeoff onboard. He said that he would be right behind me but first he had to speak with the luggage handlers about how he wanted the plane loaded. Feeling somewhat silly for helping the luggage guys I walked to the front of the aircraft and climbed the stairs and entered the plane. There were other people inside of the plane and as I entered, I noticed the pilots to my right and someone to my left. I stood there for a moment trying to figure out what to do, when as promised, my handler came running up the stairs behind me and introduced me to the pilots, both of whom were dressed in military flight uniforms. There was a male and a female pilot and they were both very polite and respectful toward me; this was a stark contrast to how I had just been treated by the two luggage handlers. One of the pilots; the male whose name was John, was said to be a

relation of mine that I had been introduced to several years earlier when my grandparents had gone on a mission for the Mormon Church. This same John had been the pilot of my grandparent's plane back then and I had been told that this man was a "cousin" of mine. This operation was a family affair for our good ole, "Uncle Sam".

Behind us and in the passenger area of the plane was a woman dressed in a European style jump suit with short cut blonde hair; it was Cat, and I was very happy to see her. Cat and I said hello to each other, and my handler excitedly showed me the rest of the plane. It was not large but was also not a small plane by any means with the forward cockpit, center seating area with seats facing backward, and a luggage area in the rear of the plane that was partially accessible from the seating area. All of this was overwhelming and confusing, and I asked my handler how he had gotten a plane like this for U.S. to fly in. He smiled, and he said quite simply that he had requested it. He told me that he had simply filled out the proper paperwork for the flight and provided the Pentagon with a well composed operations plan and off we go. He told me that someday soon he would teach me how to write up operations plans and equipment and vehicle requests as this was a key part of our work for the Central Intelligence Agency and the Pentagon.

At about this time my handler noticed that I had some form of a wound on my chest as fluids from the burn had begun to stain my white shirt, and he asked me what had happened as he reached up and unbuttoned my shirt so that he could see for himself. I was slow to respond as I did not want to offend the two guys that were still outside of the plane loading our supplies, it is difficult to explain the reasonings of a Mind Slave, but I did not want to rat out the guy who had burned me; I thought that I was tough enough to simply deal with

it. But when my handler saw the burn from the cigarette he really freaked out; he turned red with rage. He angrily asked me how it had happened and who had done such a thing to me. As I had been conditioned to do, I answered his questions honestly and promptly and I told him that it had been the older luggage guy outside of the plane who had burned me with one of his cigarettes while we were loading up our gear at the luggage area.

Cat was there and I wanted to look tough in front of her, so I acted like it was not a big deal and that it didn't hurt much, and I was fine. My handler told Cat to bandage and attend to my wound. Then he turned and leaving the plane I could tell that he was really mad. I could hear him run down the metal stairs and then he began to angrily scream at the two luggage guys outside. I could hear him yelling at them from inside of the plane and he sounded like he was really pissed, and I was glad to not be in their shoes. The older luggage dude was not a timid fellow and my handler and he yelled at each other outside of the plane for a couple of minutes time before slowly their screaming match began to subside. Though it would be my handler who would win this small verbal exchange.

While my handler had gone outside to release his rage upon the luggage guys, Cat told me to take my shirt off and to sit down in one of the chairs there on the plane so that she could attend to my wound. I did as I was told, and I took my shirt off and I sat down in the seating area of the plane. The seats did not face forward as on a civilian aircraft, but rather were turned backward. Cat got out a medical kit from our supplies and began to clean the wound on my chest. She put a medicinal cream on the wound and began to bandage it up. I was happy to sit with Cat without my shirt on and let her attend to my wound, but I felt that all this attention was unnecessary as I was fine. I

was also not accustomed to being treated with such care as my life had been so much abuse. Our handler came running back up the stairs to the plane and came inside in a hurry. He was still real fired up from his argument outside and he said that the older luggage dude was a complete asshole and said that when my grandfather heard about this and returned from the mission he was on for the Church, that the man outside of the plane was fucked! Calming down slightly my handler changed his focus to asking Cat how my chest looked. My handler was so weird how he could go from raging mad to, "hey, how ya doin". She told him that it was a bad burn, but she said that she had cleaned and treated it and once it was bandaged, I should be good. He asked her if it was going to leave a scar and she told him that she had applied some kind of an ointment to help to lessen it, but she said that, yes it would leave a scar. My handler asked me how I was doing, and I told him that I was fine and that it really wasn't that big of a deal. He was concerned that this injury would affect my performance on this operation, and I assured him that I was fine, and things could proceed as planned.

The shirt that I had been wearing had blood and fluids on it from the fresh wound on my chest and my handler said that I would need a new clean shirt to wear for the trip now that the wound was bandaged. He went to the back of the plane where the luggage was accessible from the inside, and he was able to get out his personal suitcase. When he opened it he produced a white collared button up shirt and he gave it to me and told me to put it on. Interestingly he seemed to have several of these shirts in his suitcase. Outside of the plane the luggage personnel finished loading up the plane and the pilots told us that they were almost ready for takeoff. I finished putting on the new shirt and sat down and got buckled in for the flight. My handler put away his suitcase and got out his little black box of drugs that I was

accustomed to taking. He got out a small glass vial from the box that contained a bright blue solution or “potion” as we called it in the Project. He gave it to me, and I drank it. This drug was to make me sleep through the flight as I was not supposed to be conscious during transport to the site of operations.

The engines began to take up speed and we began to move from our position on the runway. I can remember as the plane’s engines began to rev up very high and we began moving very fast down the runway. I had a small round window next to me on my left. The drugs I had been given started to kick in just before takeoff and the last thing I saw before going out was the city of Boise below through the small port window to my left in the side of the plane.

The drugs that I had been given did not keep me out for the duration of the flight as it is a long flight from Boise Idaho to Osaka Japan, and somewhere over the Pacific Ocean I began to wake up and regain some level of awareness. When I awoke it was to the sound of the rumble of the plane’s engines humming outside, and to the sound of someone being raped inside of the plane. As I opened my eyes and tried to understand where I was and what exactly was going on I looked over to my right and my handler was in the process of anally raping Cat; they were both completely naked and it angered me tremendously with what I saw he was doing to her. My voice slowly came back to me through the drugs, and I asked my handler what it was that he was doing. Startled from his vulgar activity and my waking during the flight he said loudly, “I’m programming this bitch, what does it look like?” I was not in my right mind and was still deep under mind control and my thought processes somehow found this to be an acceptable response by my handler in our current state.

My handler stopped what he was doing for a moment, and he got off of Cat. He sat down on a chair behind him, and he took a blanket, and he threw it over Cat as though he was covering up some outdoor lawn project from the coming weather and the prying eyes of the neighbors. He told her to cover herself up. He got out the box of potions and produced the blue drug of sleep that it contained within, and he mixed me a new cocktail that he said would ensure my sleeping the rest of the flight. He made me drink it and after a short time the potion worked its magic, and I was again unconscious and in a deep sleep until we reached the airport at Osaka.

When I regained consciousness, the plane was quiet, and the engines were not running; I could tell that we were not moving. I could hear voices talking loudly from somewhere, one of them sounded like my handler. Opening my eyes, it was strange to wake up in such a place as the back of a military plane and it felt as though it must be a dream of some kind, but I knew that it was not. I sat for a time in my chair on the plane as my body slowly came back to life and I began to regain awareness of my surroundings. I was alone in the plane, and I wondered where it was that Cat had gone. Looking out of the window to my left it was gray outside, and I could see that I was in a very cloudy and misty kind of place. It did not look hot and sunny as Boise, Idaho had been. I could see that there were people unloading the plane; there was about a half a dozen of them outside of the plane. I could also see my handler talking with the people outside working. The people outside of the plane talking to my handler were all in some form of light-colored one-piece uniforms and were all shorter than my handler in height; they did not look like Americans.

After a moment the man that my handler was talking too looked up at me through the window and saw that I was waking up. He pointed at

me and I could hear him say, “He is awake! He is awake!” very loudly in English. I can remember my handler looking up at me and smiling before running out of site in the direction of the plane’s door; I could hear him as he ran up the stairs and through the open door behind me. He came around in the plane to where I was sitting, and he sat down by me in one of the seats. He was glad to see that I was awake, and he asked me how I was feeling. The effects of the drugs he had given me to sleep through the flight were strong and I was slowly waking; I told him that I was doing well but said that I was still groggy from the flight.

My handler said that it was time for me to wake up as we needed to get moving and he got into his black box of potions. He now mixed a cocktail to help me to be awake and alert, but also relaxed and calm at the same time. In Monarch Mind Control Programming these drugs are a common part of life and they had been fed to me since I was a young child. Through years of experience the CIA had composed a set of drugs that worked well with my body and I worked well under the spell of. (As a side note it is often discussed in the history of MK-Ultra, the testing of drugs on unsuspecting victims and unwitting citizens. By the time that I had entered Project Monarch much of the testing phase was complete, and the CIA had figured out their drug formulas for maximum effect on their Slaves.) I unstrapped myself from the seatbelt system of my chair and taking the drug from my handler I drank it. I stood up and walked around the plane a little to try to get the blood flowing in my body again after such a long flight and waited for the effects of the drugs to kick in. I did not feel great and I can remember being somewhat constipated and wishing that I could use a restroom somewhere. My handler stood up and put away his box of potions in the luggage at the back of the plane and he got out something else; it was a small black box which my handler kept his

cocaine in. While he did this I asked him where Cat was as she did not seem to be in the plane with U.S.. As he sat back down my handler told me that she had already headed out into the city ahead of U.S. to start getting ready for the operation. He said that she had taken the gear and equipment that she was responsible for and he said that she would perform her contribution to the operation and get everything set up and in position within the city; he said that she was sent out ahead of U.S. so that she could set up the pendulum jumping system we would need to get into the shooting position, as well as setting up the rifle and the shooting nest. He said that she had her work to do and we had ours. While he was saying this, I had sat down again, and he had opened his small black box and opened one of several of the small baggies of white powder within it. He took the white powder and got it lined up on a small mirror that was attached to the inside of the case and then taking a small metal straw he snorted the powder up his nose. My handler loved cocaine and I was used to him doing it in front of me.

After snorting his coke my handler told me the plan for getting me off the plane and through the Osaka Airport. He told me it was riskier here in Japan because he did not have as much control of the personnel at the Osaka Airport as he had at the Boise Airport back in the states. He told me that much of the administrative personnel at the Boise Airport were controlled by the CIA through blackmail and were not a threat to our operations, but he said that he had not been able to blackmail the administrative personnel here in Japan, and we would have to be very careful not to be caught while we were here. He went on to tell me that I would ride to the luggage area of the airport in the same manner as I had ridden out to the plane in Boise, on the luggage cart. Then he said that one of our Japanese counterparts would lead me through the building to an area within the airport where I would wait for my

handler to come and get me.

My handler stood and he put away his little black box of cocaine with our luggage and gear at the back of the plane; he did not want to carry it on his person as he would need to go into the airport to check in. He told me that he was going back outside to talk to the luggage personnel and before he left he told me to come out when I felt awake enough to do so; he told me not to be too long as he said that my public was outside waiting for me. He had built up a story with his Japanese counterparts and the luggage personnel outside on who I was, and he had told them that I was an American film star and adventurer. Story building is a key component to the Agency's work. Before he left the plane, he reminded me not forget my *Bible* and told me to put on my rose-colored glasses when I left the plane.

After my handler exited the plane and went outside, I sat for a few moments and let my body absorb the drugs that he had given to me. It was not long, and I stood up and gathered my things and walked to the door of the plane and stepped outside into the misty damp air. Outside of the plane it was an interesting and new environment for me. I could smell the salt in the air and feel the presence of the ocean all around me; it was cloudy and overcast and was chilly and damp in this new place and I felt underdressed in only my dress clothes with no sweater or coat to wear for warmth. The people outside noticed that I had come out of the plane and some of them called out and made a point of it. I was feeling really buzzed by this point and everything felt surreal under the influence of the drugs. I went down the stairs to where my hander was amongst the ground crew and they were all excited to meet me. When I got to my handler, he introduced me to the ground crew. They all lined up in a line and were all very polite and agreeable and were honored to meet me, but when my handler

introduced me to them, he told them that I was an “American Adventurer”. There was around six people there amongst the ground crew with an older gentleman that my handler had been talking with when I had first awakened on the plane and looked out of the window. This man oversaw the luggage loading crew. There were around four other young males varying in age. I met each of them and they acted very polite. There was also among them a young woman of about nineteen or twenty years old who was the daughter of the older gentleman in charge. These people all treated me as though I was a celebrity which I was accustomed to in this personality as I had been used in so much pornography in my youth but is nonetheless strange to remember.

The people of Japan are much more polite then the people of America as it is a part of their cultural heritage. It was refreshing to be with a group of people that were quiet and respectful and performed their work well. This was a contrast to the experience that I had had in Boise, Idaho hours before. All of the people in Japan were shorter in height then both my handler and I, and I felt like a giant in my new surroundings and around these new people. The ground crew was all dressed in the same uniform with a one-piece mechanic’s style suit that was of a light neutral color. After I had been introduced to them all they went back to work unloading the plane.

The unloading of the plane went quick with so many hands at work and once all of the equipment was loaded onto the luggage cart I was told again to sit amongst the gear and to keep myself low on the cart so that the people in the airport would not be able to see me. I sat low on the cart amongst the equipment on the left side of the gear as this put me out of view from the airport terminal which was to our right side as we headed for the luggage unloading area. I can remember

that there was a system of hangers to my left through the mist as we got closer to the airport terminal, and I could see some people moving in the distance. It was a very cold ride for me in the misty morning chill without a sweater or coat to wear, and although it was not a long ride in the end, I was glad to be done riding outside of the vehicle through the cool mist and light fog.

The luggage unloading area at the Osaka airport was much larger than what I had seen at the Boise airport. It was more spacious with a higher ceiling and had more room for storing various items and working with them indoors. It was also much warmer inside of the building out of the cool ocean mist. When we arrived at the unloading area everyone went right to work with unloading the cargo. The older gentleman in charge of the luggage crew came around to where I was on the cart and he was followed by his daughter, the young woman of the group. She was about my age and was an attractive young Japanese woman with dark hair and a slim and attractive figure. The old man told me that I was to follow his daughter through the airport facility to a waiting area where my handler would meet me. He told me that his daughter would be able to lead me through the airport through the employees only corridors. She led me through the back ways of the airport to the public waiting area on the city side of the security check points. When we got to this location the young woman very politely told me that I was to sit down and wait as my handler would be there shortly to pick me up. I sat down as I was instructed to do. I still had my round rosy colored sunglasses on and was buzzing hard on the drugs that my handler had fed to me before leaving the plane. I sat down alone, and the young woman left me here at this location; here I sat and waited for my handler to come and get me.

The chairs in this area were composed of a hard-plastic material and

looked somewhat futuristic to a nineteen-year-old kid from Nampa, Idaho. I sat in the chair there by myself for some time and did nothing but look out of the windows and relax. I remembered that my handler had told me to read from my *Bible* while I was waiting so I spent some time reading from the Good Book while I was buzzing hard on CIA synthetic drugs and in a disassociated state of consciousness. After an unknown amount of time my handler arrived and apologized to me for taking so long. I told him that it was not a problem as I had just been reading my *Bible* and meditating in the quite of the space. I also had very little concept of time in the state of consciousness that I was in. When my handler walked up to me, I had taken my sunglasses off, but he immediately told me to put them back on. He said that they were a part of my disguise.

We walked through the airport together and my handler was acting very nervous; he told me that if anyone should see me and recognize me as we moved through the airport that I was to tell them that my name was that which was my grandfather's name, as that was the name printed on my country western style belt, and he said that I was to tell whomever would ask me that I was from the city of Los Angeles, California. I was familiar enough with the city of L.A. to pull that off given all the time I had spent there as a child on trips with my family to Disneyland. He told me that it was truly a very small world and that he had often run into people that he knew in the airports he visited around the world. We walked out of the airport and into a parking area where there was a large dark grey van parked there in the lot. My handler gave me the keys to the vehicle and told me to drive U.S. around to the luggage/equipment loading area which was around the side of the building. We both got into the vehicle, and I got into the driver's seat. The vehicle was not typical of a civilian car or truck as I was used to in the states, but rather was different in its fundamental

design. First of all, there was something different about the way in which one would start the vehicle in that it did require a key but there was also a button to push to start the vehicle. My handler told me how to start the vehicle and I drove to the side of the airport where the luggage area was located below the main floor of the airport. At this location there was a system of roll up doors on the lower section of the building and the luggage crew was there waiting to meet U.S. and already had one of the doors open with our gear there ready to load. The older gentleman in charge of the luggage crew guided me as I backed in to load up our equipment there. This was the same luggage crew that had met U.S. at the plane and helped to smuggle me through the airport.

When we backed into the luggage area, my handler and I both got out of the vehicle; he got out of the passenger side, and I got out of the driver's side. We each walked on our side of the van to the back where the gear would be loaded. The older Japanese gentleman was on my side of the van, and he said hello to me when I had gotten out of the vehicle. I talked to him for just a moment before my handler came around the van and told me that I needed to get back inside of the vehicle and out of the sight of curious eyes; he told me that he did not want anyone to see me here. He told me to sit in the vehicle and to familiarize myself with the controls as I would be the one driving U.S. around here in Japan. He said that he would be back inside of the van in a moment, and he would show me everything about it after he had told the luggage crew how he wanted his gear loaded and had retrieved something he was looking for.

Therefore, I walked back around to the front of the vehicle and got back into the driver's seat in the cab. I sat and looked at the vehicle's controls, and they were foreign to me; the speedometer was not in

miles-per-hour but rather were read in kilometers-per-hour. There was a key of some kind but also a push button for starting it. The transmission was an automatic, but the labeling of the gears was different and strange to me. As for the van itself it was large and on the inside cab there was two seats: one for the driver and one for a passenger. There was a passageway that connected the drivers cab to the rear storage area of the van. In the back of the van there was a table stretching across each side of the walls of the vehicle that we would use to set up our surveillance and communications equipment. There was also several small doors and compartments on the outside of the vehicle used for the storing and transport of our gear and equipment.

The luggage crew and my handler had opened the back doors to the van and had begun to load our gear; I could hear them through the back of the van. My handler finished up talking with the luggage crew and he got back inside through the passenger door. He was nervous and fidgety, and he asked me if I understood the vehicle and if I had any questions about its controls. He took a moment to explain some of the oddities of the vehicle to me but all the while he was nervous and kept looking back through the passageway at the luggage crew loading the vehicle. When the luggage crew had loaded what my handler was watching for into the vehicle he stood up from his seat and climbed back into the back through the passageway to retrieve it. He got what he wanted from our gear, and he climbed back into the front of the cab and sat back down in his chair. He had with him his small black leather box of cocaine, and my black box of potions/drugs. Sitting down in the passenger seat he told me that the ground crew should be done shortly but he said that we still had a few minutes before they would be done; he said that while we waited, he would make me a cocktail for the road. But he asked me if I did not mind if he

first treated himself to a little snow. He had said, “you don’t mind if I go first this time, do you?” I told him that I did not mind but I found it odd and a childish and selfish part of me did mind because my handler had always served me my potions before he would indulge in his cocaine. But I did not have a mind enough to object.

Making himself comfortable my handler opened his little black box which contained a small mirror and several doses of cocaine within. He opened a small individual baggy of the white narcotic powder and laid it out in a line on the little mirror which was on the lid of the box before snorting it all up his nose with a metal straw. The metal straw was also kept in this case for this purpose. I was accustomed to this behavior and simply accepted it as a part of life and a part of the government work and the project we were involved with. When my handler had finished snorting a line of coke up his nose, he put his paraphernalia away and got into my box of potions and he began mixing me a cocktail of CIA drugs/potions. Then he handed me my drugs and he told me to drink it which I did as in this personality I was happy to. The drugs my handler gave me began to take effect quickly and I became pretty buzzed by this point in the operation.

Even being a Trauma Based Mind Slave I still had some capability of rational thought though it was limited. I can remember feeling insecure and nervous to be driving a government vehicle in a foreign country as I did not understand the laws of their roadways and to be on drugs and have my handler also on drugs seemed to me a bad idea at that time; it all seemed like it would get U.S. pulled over and get U.S. into trouble. I told my handler that I should not be driving the vehicle, and I voiced these concerns to him to which he only responded with laughter and told me that we would be fine; he said that there is nothing more appropriate than one piece of “government

property” driving another. He found his statement to be humorous, very much so and he laughed at his own joke. I on the other hand, did not think it was funny at all and I found his comment to be very confusing as a part of me understood that I was indeed a piece of “government property”; I was a slave, and I was indeed driving a United States government vehicle in a foreign country. This slowly settled into my mind at that moment in time though only briefly.

The crew loading the vehicle finished up their work and closed the back doors of the vehicle. One of them pounded a couple of times on the back doors to signal that they had completed their task. At my handler’s direction I started up the vehicle and we began to make our way out of the airport loading area and parking lot and out onto the streets of Japan.

The plane that we had arrived in had not landed at the city where the target was located. Rather we had landed at the airport in Osaka. Leaving the airport parking area, I can remember turning right onto one of the roads and my handler directed me a short ways to an onramp for the county’s interstate system. For myself it was interesting to see that Japan also had an interstate system similar to the American freeway system. There were road signs that were written in different languages including Japanese and English, telling U.S. that we were heading for the city of Kobe. I can remember getting onto an onramp for the interstate and not understanding the kilometers-per-hour rate of speed in this country, as in America everything is read in miles-per-hour and I had trouble keeping my speed up with the other vehicles around me and merging with traffic. My handler told me to speed up as I was going too slow and he told me to merge with the traffic; he instructed me to follow the flow of traffic and to keep up with everyone around U.S.; he said to just do what everyone else is doing.

It was not a short drive, nor was it a long drive from Osaka to Kobe and this gave my handler and I some time to talk as I was not being made to sleep, and we were alone together traveling; there was also no one there to hear our conversation and my handler would later go through the process of compartmentalizing my memory of the discussions we would have so he thought that I would never remember. He also took this time to again get out his little black box of cocaine and he snorted a line of the white powder while I drove the van. Now, my handler loves to talk, and being as he had such a captive audience as myself and a drive ahead of U.S., he told me some of the details on the operation. My handler told me directly that we were going to Kobe, there in Japan to kill a man named Masaru Takumi. My handler told me that this man was a very powerful figure in the Japanese world of organized crime, and he said that he was an elite member of a gang called the Yamaguchi Gumi. My handler told me that this man oversaw the gang's funds; much of which was black money.

My handler also told me that the CIA had been interested in the Japanese gangs from very early on in the Agencies conception, as Japan had been the enemy of the United States during World War II. But after the war Japan had emerged as a very peaceful nation with low crime rates and very little violent crime among their people. Part of this is because the Japanese culture is one of respect and of honor, which clearly shows in their way of life. My handler explained that the war had given the peoples of Japan enough of killing and of dying. But, my handler continued to explain to me that peace is bad for business and there had been some in the Japanese government, police establishment and the intelligence community who had requested the assistance of the Central Intelligence Agency in stirring things up in the country so as to provide more jobs in the police and intelligence

communities there in Japan; you can't after all have a good guy unless you have a bad guy. As he explained this, he tapped into my Batman programming where Batman cannot exist without his adversaries to drive his cause and his purpose, i.e. the Joker, the Riddler, Penguin, etc.; if there is no bad guy then there can't be a good guy.

My handler also took a moment to explain to me the psychology of social tensions that can build in a country such as Japan and can therefore lead to destructive political movements and even to small- and large-scale wars. He told me that the gangs, the Yakuza in Japan, provided an outlet for people to release their anger, frustrations, hatred, or in other words the darker side of humanity; he said that the gangs across the world gave people a place or, a group within which to identify and to allow these social and all too human tensions to build in small increments and then to provide an outlet for that tensions release back into society. He explained to me that this helped to prevent large scale wars which are a buildup of social tensions. He went on to say that the CIA was able to manipulate these gangs/groups, not only in Japan but across the world, and to control them to a greater or lesser degree. The gangs of Japan had therefore become a part of the CIA's social engineering tool kit in that country.

I was at that moment in time a CIA mind slave activated to a personality created for such work as we were involved with. I found all of this to be interesting as these were not facts that one was going to receive in a Highschool or College history course. My handler went on to explain to me how the gangs of Japan had been infiltrated by the Central Intelligence Agency and had been pushed into a more violent direction even to the point of being involved with mass murder in their own country. He explained to me that Takumi had unknowingly been involved with the funding of the gassing of the Tokyo subway system

in the year of 1995 a.d.; he explained to me how this had occurred. He said that Takumi was a serious individual who took a lot of work on the part of the Agency to get close too. But as with all men his weakest point was through sex and a desire for companionship. Therefore, this was accomplished using his mistress who had been placed in his bed by the Central Intelligence Agency for the purpose of gaining access to Takumi and the black funds which he controlled. As I was told, his mistress was younger than he was, and she had to be forward in her proposals to him before she gained his interest and his trust both in and out of bed; which she did.

But his mistress also had a brother, and his name was Hideki Saijo or also known as Tatsuo Kimoto. This man was a well-known and famous performer in Japan being involved with both the music and the film industries. But Hideki Saijo himself was also a Central Intelligence Agency mind slave; MK-Ultra is not only restricted to the borders of the United States of America but has also been enacted in other countries around the world including Japan. Trauma Based Mind Control is now a global problem and Hideki Saijo was up until his death a CIA tool. For those of you who are reading this work please understand that I do not mean any disrespect to Tatsuo Kimoto when I say that he was a CIA tool, but rather I mean this in the most literal sense of the word in that they used him as though he was not a man, but only a tool to their end. Consider within your mind for a moment the U.S. based band *TOOL*, or *Audio Slave* as the Central Intelligence Agency does in fact control much of the music industry here in the United States, whether country western, rock, rap, etc.; the CIA wanted control of the music industry in Japan as well. The Central Intelligence Agency also controls much of Hollywood.

But I must digress. My handler explained to me that Takumi did not

know that he was providing funds to a deadly cult when his mistress would ask him for money for her brother; therefore, this was how it all worked. Saijo was a CIA Mind Slave and was a follower of the cult: Aum Shinrikyo; he was sympathetic to its leader, Shoko Asahara. But this is where it becomes even more complicated in that the cult itself was also a CIA MK-Ultra Project Monarch creation; the head of this cult, Shoko Asahara, was himself a “Chosen One” such as I am, and was a CIA mind slave who was under control by the Agency up until his death in July of 2018 A.D.. When the cult needed black funds within which to purchase its illegal contraband and chemical weapons it was brought before Saijo that he should pressure his sister that she might ask Takumi for donations for the cult. She would then ask Takumi for money which would then be funneled to her brother, which would then in turn be funneled to the cult. In this way the cult received the black funds that it needed to purchase the deadly gas used in the attack on the Tokyo subway system. But there is more, he also pointed out that the Central Intelligence Agency and the Pentagon had been the one to sell to the cult the deadly gas in the first place and in such a way even profited from the exchange of death and black money. My handler told me that this was one of the reasons the Central Intelligence Agency and the Pentagon wanted Takumi dead: because he was part of a trail of blood and money leading right back to the United States government.

He told me that all these things had been done in order to draw the attention of the peoples of Japan away from a much larger issue/change that was taking place within the Japanese marketplace and the banking and economic system at that time. He told me that the gassing of the Tokyo subway system in 1995 was merely a necessary distraction intended to draw the people’s attention away from this change in the Japanese banking and economic system; and it

had worked too; the peoples of Japan had been too traumatized by the gassing to pay attention to what was happening to their financial institutions and the changes being made there.

Therefore, my handler told me that it was a blessing when members of a rival gang came to the Central Intelligence Agency asking for help in the assassination of Takumi. He told me that this man was a very powerful figure in the Japanese crime world and he had many hundreds and even thousands of followers; my handler said that this rival gang was afraid of Takumi and the possibility that he would survive any assassination attempts as he would seek revenge upon his attackers if he was to survive. He said that the Pentagon and the CIA were only all too happy to help with the task at hand.

After my handler had told me the history of the situation, we were heading into he told me how our job was to be done. He said that we would be setting up a sniper position within the city and said that this was to be my contribution, in being the sniper/shooter that is. He said that Cat was responsible for the setting up of the pendulum jumping system and the shoot nest, which she was currently working on. He told me that there would be four other people who would be on the ground in the operation and would confront the target directly. He said that these men were members of a rival Yakuza gang. But he said that even with four guys drawing guns down on Takumi at fifteen feet away there was still a high percentage of a chance that he would survive the attack as the Japanese were not very good with guns. My handler told me that firearms had been outlawed in Japan for some time and he said that guns were not a part of the warrior culture of Japan such as the gangs embraced; there is less honor in the use of such weapons as firearms in mortal combat; swords and knives are the preferred weapon of the Japanese warrior class. I can remember at that time

scoffing at the idea of not being proficient with firearms and felt that the Japanese code of the warrior hindered them more than it helped them. But these were the thoughts of a CIA mind slave under extreme trauma-based mind control.

Once we got close to the city of Kobe, I was instructed to pull the vehicle off of an interstate exit and into an old commercial area on the edge of the city. There were several warehouses in this part of the city, and my handler told me to pull the vehicle in front of one of the larger and older looking warehouse structures. I pulled in front of a large sliding door and stopped. My handler got out of the vehicle and ran up to the door and opened it: sliding it to his right until there was room for the vehicle to move into the building. When he had it open, he signaled me to pull the van into the warehouse. I did as I was instructed and after I had gotten the vehicle inside of the building my handler closed the door again behind us. The warehouse was almost empty and was deserted and provided cover from all sides; both vertically and horizontally. My handler got back into the van and pointed to an area of the warehouse toward the back of the space. I pulled the van to the back of the warehouse and backed into an area where the roof was partially falling apart and let a little bit of light in but did not expose our position. My handler told me that the building was slated for demolition soon after our operation and a new building was to go in and replace it. He said that this would help to cover our tracks at this location. We parked the vehicle and my handler instructed me to assist him with the vehicle's surveillance and communications equipment setup and we both got started putting the vehicle together for the coming operation.

Everything that we had brought for the Op was packed very neatly and carefully in a plastic hard cased box. These boxes or containers were

made of a hard-plastic material and were filled with a foam to protect our gear within. There were several of these boxes that we had to unload and carefully remove the equipment from and then set it up in the back of the van. My handler did the organizing of the van setup and he told me to put the empty cases in the back corner of the warehouse behind our vehicle. There was a dark corner at the back of the building where I put all the empty cases from our equipment, so that they did not take up space in the van and were well hidden out of sight. My handler told me that no one would find them there and we would be back to pick them up after the main objective was completed.

By the time that we were almost done with the vehicle set up I was getting hungry as I had not eaten since my work shift at the Italian restaurant in Boise, Idaho, USA. We had some Meals Ready to Eat (MRE's) with U.S. and stashed in our vehicle and my handler told me to help myself to them as it would be my last chance to eat before I was back in the states. I dug through the MRE's and found a beef stew meal and I sat and ate it while my handler finished up a couple of our set up details in the vehicle. I can remember eating this meal cold and sitting near the light coming into the building near where the roof was falling in on the warehouse. My handler told me that he did not know how I could eat such a thing as an MRE and he told me that he was going to be going into town for dinner with Cat and he said that they were going to be meeting up with our Japanese counterpart there in the city. In this personality I considered MRE's to be a soldier's food and I was quite comfortable with my simple cold meal.

When I had finished with my last meal until returning home my handler had also finished up with the vehicle's equipment set up. He told me that I was to stay with the van, and he told me that I would

not be allowed to remain awake while he was gone away to have dinner with Cat and our Japanese counterpart. He got out his box of potions and he gave me some of the blue potion of sleep so that I might sleep throughout the duration of his absence. I was accustomed to this drug and knew that once I drank it there would be no fighting off the deep sleep that would follow. I drank it there at the back of the truck and then my handler quickly moved me to the front cab where I sat down in the passenger seat of the vehicle. I can remember saying goodbye to my handler as I quickly slumped into an uncontrollably deep sleep there in the front seat. The last thing I can remember was my handler closing the door and everything just going black.

When I came too again, I was still in the passenger seat of the vehicle, but it was now after night fall, and it was dark outside of the vehicle. I was slow to wake as the effects of the drug began to wear off. For an unknown amount of time, I just sat in the chair and slowly regained consciousness. I could hear my handler in the back of the vehicle talking to someone over our communications system. It was dark in the front seat of the vehicle and there was a light on in the back where my handler's voice was coming from. I realized that he was talking with Cat, and they were talking about their dinner that night in the city. I began to stir some as I woke up and my handler noticed that I was coming too again. He told Cat over the coms that I was waking up and then he yelled at me from the back of the vehicle that it was time to wake up and get moving again. Cat heard my handler yelling at me over the com system and I can remember her telling me over the radio to "wake up sleepy head".

My handler got his box of potions and brought them to the front of the vehicle where I was sitting, and he asked if I would like a cocktail to help me wake up. He mixed a couple of different colored potions

together and handed them to me to drink. I drank it as I was told. My handler told me to get out of the chair and come to the back of the vehicle when the drugs had settled in, and I felt like I was ready to do so. I sat for a few more minutes in the front of the van as the drugs kicked in. I got myself moving as I knew that it was my job to do so, as when I was in this personality, I was a dedicated member of the team and was there to add my “contribution” to the operation.

I climbed from the front seat of the vehicle through the passthrough to the back and I joined my handler. He explained to me that everything for the operation was set up and ready to go. He told me that Cat had successfully set up the shoot nest as planned high on the building and said that there was a pendulum jump high in the approach that he thought that I would enjoy. Cat had set up the jump and she was very proud of how well it functioned. He said that the first thing that we would need to do was to scale the building and get ourselves up to Cats elevation. He told me that I would have to get out of my street clothes and get into my work clothes. There was some of the black cases that held our gear in the back of the vehicle and my handler got into one of them and produced a dark grey Battle Dress Uniform for me to wear. I put the uniform on, and it fit perfectly. When I had removed my street clothing to put on my uniform, he had made me remove all of my clothing including my underpants and my socks. He told me that there could be none of my street clothes on my body for the Op as if I was caught this would possibly lead the authorities to my true identity. Therefore, it was somewhat uncomfortable not having on any boxers under this uniform, but there was a pair of clean socks for me to wear with the boots that he had for me there in another of the black cases.

After I had the uniform on my handler got into another black case and got out a pair of new leather boots and a fresh pair of socks for me to

put on. I can remember that I really liked the boots and I wished that I could afford such a nice pair in my normal civilian life; all of this gear was for operations only and was on Uncle Sam's dime, or shall we just say that the American People paid for this uniform and the equipment in which we were using. My handler also had a climbing harness that I put on over my uniform which was again not comfortable without a pair of boxers on underneath my uniform to shield my skin from abrasion. It was easy for me to put on the harness as I had used it before during training exercises in the Boise Valley, as well as owning my own personal climbing harness for mountaineering and climbing purposes in my civilian life. He also had a pair of gloves for me to wear for this operation.

In another of the black cases my handler produced a communications headset which I would use. This was a headset similar to the one that I had used in the Trinity Mountain Underground Complex a couple of years prior with a radio box which fit into a pocket on my right arm and an earpiece that coiled around my ear and held in place and being connected by a cable to the radio box in the uniform pocket on my arm. The headset was very simple and wrapped around the ear with voice and speaker capability. With this device I would be in constant contact with my handler as well as Cat throughout the operation. We tested our coms equipment and then he explained to me the means by which we were to scale the building outside of the vehicle in order to get up to our shooting nest.

My handler got into some more of the hard-plastic cases there in the van and he produced what looked like suction cup style devices that he told me we would use to scale the outside glass walls of the building. I found this to be an interesting concept and was focused on doing what I had to do to get the job done but I cannot recall having

ever used these devices before this operation. When he showed me these devices, I asked him how we could rely on the glass not to pop out from the building itself under the pressure of our weight. He responded by instructing me to work at distributing my weight across as much of the glass surface area as possible while we were climbing the building. This made sense to me at that time and we both attached the suction style devices to our knees/legs as well as having one for each hand; they were designed much like that of a glass installers suction cups for lifting and moving glass on the job, but they were electronically controlled. My handler took a rope from our gear in the vehicle and connected his harness to a section of the line. He told me that we would be roping up together for the climb as he did not want any accidents and we were connected between about twenty feet of the rope though the rope was much longer than this. My handler wrapped the remainder of the line around his body in a climber's fashion so that it was out of the way but available for future use. I was given no weapons of any kind at this point in the operation.

When we were all set up and ready to climb my handler cautiously opened the back door of the van and we exited into a narrow and deserted alleyway of the city. It was dark as it was night and there were no lights in the alley. There were tall buildings all around U.S. but there seemed to be no one around in this area of the city at this hour of the night. My handler was to go with me up the building as a guide of sorts to ensure that I arrived at the shooting nest safely. He started to climb up the building first, and he climbed upward about twenty feet or so using his suction cup devices until he had tension on our safety line. At that point he told me to climb up the building about six feet or so above the ground so that we could test our safety line connecting us. I climbed up the building a short way and I stopped. My handler told me to release the suction cups and put all of my weight

onto the safety line. I did as I was told, and we tested the safety line only a short distance from the ground to ensure that everything was working properly; everything was working perfectly.

After we had tested our gear, we began to climb up the building and make our way up to the shoot nest. We moved up and to our left as we climbed until we were high above the alley below and we came to a flat roof area where we could stand somewhat comfortably without concern of losing our balance and falling. It was quite incredible standing out over the city of Kobe, Japan at night several hundred feet up in the air on the rooftop of a skyscraper and I can remember my handler using this as an opportunity to play off of my *Bat Man* programming: as we stood on the top of Kobe, he said to me, “Have you ever danced with the Devil in the pale moon light?”. This pushed me even deeper into the personalities that he needed from me for this operation. Being with my handler at that moment in time I was with the devil, and we were about his work in the pale moon light above the city.

We stood there for a moment admiring a view of the city that few in this world would ever get to see. At this point he then explained to me how we were to get to the shooting position. The building that we were on continued up and towered above us in the night and though it felt as though we were standing on top of the city we were standing on the top of a lower section of the building. There was a similar section of the building across from our position that was separated by a large expanse of space. Above the gap between these two sections of building there was a massive and brightly lit sign that was suspended off of the building. The sign was about fifty feet or so above us. My handler told me that we were to use a pendulum jumping system which Cat had already set up at this location in order to move from the

roof top that we were currently located on, to the roof top of the other section of the building where the shoot site was located. At that moment in time this all seemed reasonable to me as we had been training for this jump that summer outside of Boise, Idaho and I was ready for such an adventure in the state of mind that I was in.

My handler instructed me to remove my suction cup devices at this point and we both took them off and hid them behind some mechanical equipment there on the rooftop where they would be difficult to find in the event that anyone would be looking for them. From here we scrambled up the building to a flat area just below the jump point. My handler was very nervous while we climbed upward on the building and constantly watched my every move to ensure that I did not lose my footing as we were no longer using our climbing devices but were just climbing up the buildings structure. We were still connected by a safety line and the rooftop was easy to climb as it was a series of steps and elevation changes. When we got to a point just below the jumping location we stopped and knelt down to wait.

When we reached this point of the building my handler called in to Cat over our communications devices and told her that we were just below the jump point. She told him that she was moving to our position. My handler and I held our position, and we could see Cats figure moving on the other building's rooftop as a shadow; the light from the giant sign we were under helped us to see in the night, as well as helping to prevent others at a distance from seeing us as well because of the shadows. Cat connected to the jump line. Just before jumping she notified us that she was moving over to our position. We watched as she stepped off from the edge of the building she had been on and fell downward into the darkness of the chasm between the buildings and disappeared from sight. She was gone for a few moments swinging

through the open expanse between the buildings before she popped up to our side of the building and swinging to a position just above U.S., she took a carabiner style hook that was also connected to her climbing harness by a lanyard and landed it on an anchor connection point on the building so that she stopped at that spot. It was a pretty cool system for getting from one point of the building to another in the vertical world, and fast.

Once cat had landed on the side of the building that my handler and I were on she connected herself to the building and disconnected from the pendulum rope. Once disconnected from the line she connected it to the anchor point so that she did not lose it into space, and she could then use it again to get back across the building to the other side.

There was two other lines connected to the anchor point as well: one was for my handler, and one was for me. Once disconnected from her line and having it firmly attached to the building, she climbed the short distance down to where my handler and I were located on a flat area of the roof. When Cat reached us, she was very excited about showing us the jumping system that she had set up for the op. We talked to Cat for a moment and admired the pendulum system that she had set up. She was very proud of her work, and she explained to my handler and I how it was to work for U.S. though her explanation was aimed more toward me than to my handler. She told U.S. that she was going to go back to the other roof top and would get clipped back into the rooftop anchors on the other side. I was to be the second to make the jump. Cat told me that it was a very simple jump but that it was very important that I made sure to relax through the process, or I might become injured from the strain put on the body during the jump and the anchoring process; I assured her that I would relax and would not allow my body to tense up; this had been a problem that I had had in the Boise Valley when we had trained for this. Cat also told me that I

was not to clip myself to the anchor on the other rooftop when I swung up level with her on the other side, but that she would clip my harness once I was at the correct point in the swing. I did not like this as I wanted to do it myself, but I accepted the conditions as I had no choice in the matter. My handler would be the last to make the jump behind me. He asked me if I understood the plan and I acknowledged my understanding.

Cat moved up to the jump point and anchored her harness to the anchor point. She connected herself to one of the jump lines and then disconnected from the anchor point and jumped/fell out into the precipice between the two buildings. After a split second of falling the line pulled tight and the pendulum swing took effect and she swung through the open air across the expanse and up to the anchor point on the rooftop on the opposite side from where we were located. When she had anchored herself to the other building, she took off her jump line and connected it out of the way on the rooftop opposite from us and got herself properly anchored to the building for my moving to her position. Once she was ready, she called over to U.S. and said that I was good to go. My handler and I climbed up to the jump point below the giant sign on the building and we both got connected to the anchor point there. Then with my handler's help I connected to one of the jump lines and got it connected to my harness for the jump. Once I was hooked up and ready my handler reiterated the importance of relaxing during the jump and relaxing when being anchored at the roof top opposite our position by Cat.

When we were all set, we called over to Cat and verified that she was ready on her side. When all was clear my handler told me to go, and I let go of the piece of building structure that I was holding onto and fell out into the expanse of space and night. I was not afraid but

relaxed as I descended, and I enjoyed the rush of falling out over the city. The rope pulled tight as I descended, and the pendulum swing took effect with a great amount of speed swinging me through a rush of wind and air down to the lowest point of the pendulum and then back up and up and up until I came to a point of apex on the swing where Cat was standing ready on the roof top of the other building. When I came up to eye level with her she reached out quickly and slammed down hard with a locking device onto a metal loop in my harness that was designed for such things and instead of falling back down into the expanse of space that I had just traveled through I stopped with a sudden jerk as the hook stopped me from descending into the abyss again.

I had done as I was told and I had relaxed through the fall as instructed, but I had relaxed too much at the point of contact with the anchor, and when I started to fall backward as my weight landed on the new anchor point on the front of my harness I strained my back as I had not properly prepared for the static nature of the sudden stop; I had been too relaxed. This tweaked my back slightly injuring it and I let out a loud groan in pain. Cat instantly realized what had happened when the anchor took hold as it was easy to tell that my landing had been hard, and my back had been tweaked. She got me onto the rooftop and off the main line and anchored me to another anchor point there on the building. She asked me if I was ok and I told her that I was fine as I did not think that I had injured myself too bad. My handler called in over the coms to see what had happened with my landing. Cat explained to him that I had taken the landing hard as I was too relaxed at the end, but she told him that I was doing ok and I had not seemed to have injured myself too badly. He addressed me directly over my com device and asked me if I was alright. I told him that I was fine as it had been a small injury. He then asked me if my

knee was ok which was more of a concern. My right knee had been injured in a climbing accident months before and was always a consideration because it was weaker since I had injured it. I told my handler that my knee felt fine and that I was still good to go for the operation.

Cat and I waited while my handler prepared himself on the other side for the jump. We watched as he dropped from the building and out of site as the pendulum swing took effect and he was pulled up to the anchoring position on the roof where Cat and I were already waiting for him. When my handler was safely on the same rooftop we assembled as a team for a moment to all check in and go over my condition and the next phase of the plan. The first thing that my handler wanted to know was what had happened to my back during the jump and how I was doing. I told him that I had tweaked my back on the landing of the jump and I said that I had been too relaxed when the anchor was attached to my harness and I had stopped. I told him that my back was sore but that it had been a minor injury and that I should be ok for the duration of the operation. My handler was pleased to hear this and he explained that Cat had set up the shooting nest on the rooftop of the section of building that we were currently located on; the shooting nest was inside of a large piece of mechanical equipment there on the roof above US.. Cat was excited to show me the shooting nest as she considered it a brilliant location. I was to be placed inside of the mechanical equipment's housing where it would be all but impossible to see my position before and after the shot.

My handler explained that the rifle was already set up inside of the equipment housing and sighted in for the kill shot the following morning. I was told that there would be four people who would enter the coffee shop and would actively engage the target. At this point I

would be given the order to fire and execute the target. We were to wait until nightfall the evening after the kill shot was fired before my handler told me that he and Cat would let me out of the nest, and we would move back to the van in the alley under the cover of night. It was standard operating procedure to move from the shoot site at night or another suitable time to help provide cover for your movements. The plan made sense to me at that time and I told my handler and Cat that I understood.

With all three of US aware of the next phase of the plan we began making our way up to the shoot nest. For this section of the climb we all roped up together as it was a bit of a scramble climbing up various steps in the building and roofs until we reached the mechanical equipment where Cat had already removed most of the screws to the access panel that was to be my access into the equipment's housing. I can remember that at that time I was very young being only nineteen years old and was the youngest member of the team. Both my handler and Cat acted very concerned for me throughout our duration of time on this operation but in particular while we were moving through the vertical world; they did not want to lose me to a fall. In this personality I wanted to prove to them that I could perform my tasks in this environment. We moved as rats would move scurrying over the building in the cover of nights darkness there in the shadows.

When we reached the shooting nest Cat took off the equipment housing louver cover and showed me the position set up. The piece of mechanical equipment was large but inside of it there was just enough room for an individual sniper and his weapon. And once locked inside of the housing it would be very difficult to get out again without another individual opening it from the outside. It was cramped and there were various motors and belts running inside of the housing next

to me that did not make me feel comfortable as I did not wish to get caught in them or become injured by them. The rifle was set up inside of the equipment housing on a bi-pod and was in a good position once I was inside and laying down on my stomach. It was a weapon that I had trained with before with my handler and my grandfather, and I knew it well. The rifle was a very expensive and accurate weapon having a poly stock of some kind, a good scope and being a bolt action model; I could never have afforded one for myself as this weapon was purchased by Uncle Sam and paid for with U.S. tax dollars.

Before I got into the mechanical housing my handler told me that I had better take a piss because I would not get another chance to do so until the following night when I would be let out of the housing after the operation. My handler also had to piss, and we both walked a few steps away from the shooting nest and I unzipped my uniform and he and I both urinated down one of the steep Japanese style roof tops high on the building. It felt odd to me pissing on a roof such as this and disrespectful in a way; I was in a different country and did not know its customs but to me it had seemed a very respectful place and this sort of behavior was inappropriate here. But I was in a state to follow orders at that time and the entire operation was in and of itself entirely inappropriate and disrespectful. I finished up relieving myself and had to be sure not to zip my genitalia into my zipper as this is a concern when one does not have on a pair of underpants.

After this I was placed inside of the equipment housing through the louver access door. Once I was inside of the equipment housing and had made myself comfortable, my handler reached up into a small pocket on his left arm where he produced a small vial of the blue sleeping potion that I was familiar with and had been used on me both on the plane as well as at the warehouse. He took the lid off the vial

and handed it to me and told me to drink it. He said that he would wake me when the appropriate time came and said that the drug would help to ensure that I did not move in my new position until the appropriate time had arrived. He also produced a small vial of red potion/drug that he gave to me and told me to keep with me for in the morning when I had awoken. He told me that after I drank it, I had to be sure to put the empty container in my uniform arm pocket so that it would not accidentally be left behind. I drank the blue potion/drug as I had been instructed to do and very quickly was being subdued by the strong effects of the potion. The last thing that I can remember that night after taking the potion/drug was Cat and my handler closing the access panel and fastening down the screws with me inside of it. The drugs were strong, and I fell into a very deep sleep.

When I was awoken it was day light and the sun was shining brightly into the mechanical equipment in which I was located through the louver access panel; it was hot and stuffy and was very loud with the sound of the motors and belts running inside of the equipment housing. Through the haze of the deep sleep I had been put under I was awoken by my handler's voice coming in over my communications device telling me that it was time for me to wake up. I was slow to wake as the effects of the blue potion/drug were strong which my handler had given to me the night before. When I finally was awake enough to do so, I told him that I was awake and coming around. He told me that it was time for me to wake up as the time was approaching for me to make my contribution to the operation. He told me that I should drink the red potion/drug that he had given to me the night before as this would get me activated, awake, and alert. I drank the potion/drug and put the container into my uniform pocket as I was instructed to do. As the drugs kicked in, we took a moment to check that our communications equipment between my handler, Cat and

myself were functioning properly for the operation. In this state it was nice to hear Cats voice over the coms and she told me that she was looking over my current position and had eyes on the shooting nest in the event that my position should be compromised.

After our com test my handler told me to get familiar with my rifle set up and I began looking through the scope of my weapon and watching what I could see from my small port in the metal framework of the mechanical housing. The effects of the drugs were quickly kicking in and I was awake, focused and alert, though I was not in a very comfortable position. There was a camera inside of the rifle scope of my weapon which allowed my handler to also see what I was viewing through the optics of my weapon. He could watch and view this activity on a monitor screen which we had set up in the van in the alley below our position. My handler explained to me what I was seeing through my weapons optics; he told me that I was looking at the windows of the tea house where the target would shortly be arriving. I took a moment to examine the target building and the view through the windows into the target area. Looking through the weapons scope I could see the windows of the tea house and I could see people moving around and sitting at their tables in the establishment from my position. My handler told me to get comfortable and said that he had to take a moment to check in with our Japanese counterpart in the operation. Coms went quiet.

I do not know how much time passed as it was difficult to tell time in such a state as I was in. But after a time, my handler came back in over the coms, and he told me that the operation was still a go and said that the target was moving into the desired position in the target area; Takumi was entering the tea house.

My handler instructed me to get my eyes on the target as he entered the kill zone and he explained exactly who the target was as I viewed him through the weapons scope. The target was clear to me, and I watched him enter the tea house and sit at a table. My handler instructed me to hold my cross hairs slightly high of the target because he said that when the ground team entered the kill zone and Takumi saw them, he would stand to face them; I was not to execute the target until the ground team entered the kill zone and began firing at the target and he instructed me to do so. I was instructed to chamber a round into the weapon and I then activated the safety. I began to work on my breathing pattern so that when the time came, I would be properly adjusted for the shot.

After a time, my handler informed me that the ground team had entered the building and was moving up the stairs to the target area and would soon be in position to engage the target; he reiterated that he would then give me the order to fire and execute the target. He said that it was critical that I should fire at exactly the right moment and not before nor after I was ordered to do so. I told him that I understood the objective.

We waited for a time as the ground team moved up the stairs and got into position to enter the tea house. Weapons safety off. Everything was going as planned up until suddenly, there was a problem on the ground. My handler told me to “hold”, as something was happening with our kill team on the ground at the threshold to the tea house. One of the ground team members had stalled at the entry to the kill zone and did not want to enter and perform his part of the operation in engaging the target head on with a firearm. I do not know if he did this because it was not honorable in Japan to kill one’s opponent in this way, or if he just lost his nerve and broke down at that decisive

moment, but all of a sudden there was a major problem occurring on the ground just outside of the target kill zone. Everything was on hold at that critical moment and then suddenly my handler said over the coms, “No, they’re going in! Shit! Get your fucking ass ready.” At that moment all shit broke loose in the visuals of the scope and the target, Takumi stood up quickly from where he had been sitting at the table near some other people. When Takumi stood it placed his head right into the crosshairs of my weapons scope. At that moment my handler gave me the order to “fire” on the target and I did as I was ordered to do, and I squeezed my hand the way that I had been trained to do with my exhaling breath. With the discharge of my weapon, I went black and passed out from consciousness knowing that my shot had been directly on target, but not completely comprehending the gravity of the task that I had just performed for Uncle Sam; my contribution.

I had been programmed/conditioned so that once my weapon discharged and the shot was clear to target, I would black out and lay perfectly still in my position until someone would come and revive me. I can remember being programmed in this manner by my grandfather. I did not like this part of the process as it was frustrating being in the thick of things and then suddenly having your consciousness pulled out from under you. But that was the way of it.

When I was brought back into the land of consciousness it was still daylight and Cat was there to get me out of the shooting nest. My handler’s voice was coming in over the coms device as he was attempting to wake me, and Cat opened the mechanical units access panel door and helped me to get out of the equipment’s housing. I had been inside of the equipment housing for several hours and it was difficult for me to get my body moving again as I was stiff and disoriented from my time there. It was daylight and the sun was so

bright that I felt blinded by it at first. I have had sensitive eyes for as long as I can recall which I believe is due to the electrical shocks I have endured in programming and from being hit with a tazer hundreds of times throughout my life. My handler was talking to me over the coms and informing me of the situation we were in; he told me that we had to move fast as the local police had already been to the rooftop and investigated the area; they had left but would be returning with dogs soon and I had to get off of the roof and down to the van ASAP.

We were completely exposed in the daylight there on the rooftop as there were other buildings all around U.S. that were taller than our current position and we were breaking from our original plan of staying put until the cover of nightfall before we moved. It was standard operating procedure to only move from your position under the cover of darkness, or through some other form of distraction, and this timing of movement was breaking from those rules. I communicated these concerns to my handler, and he told me that our position had been compromised and that we had no choice but to move fast and to get out of our current position. I did not like it, but I had my orders and we had to move fast.

Cat had a static line/rope which we used to tether ourselves together with about a twenty-foot span of rope between us and we began to make our way down the rooftop to the jump site. This was very difficult for me as my body was stiff and sore from being stuck in the shooting position for so long and my back was beginning to feel the pains of the injury that I had sustained from the jump the night before. My eyes were also slow to adjusting to the light of the sun and it was difficult for me to see; I had no sunglasses or goggles within which to cover my eyes. I was grateful that Cat was above me with the safety rope

ensuring that I did not plunge to my death in the decent as I was not sure on my feet.

We made our way carefully down the building and back over to the pendulum jump line where it was still set up. Cat hooked up first to the line and took the swing to the rooftop across from U.S. ahead of me. After she was securely in place at the anchor point on the other rooftop, I prepared myself to make the jump. We were in a hurry to get down and once I was set up and ready to go, I did not waste time but rather out into the open void I went, falling into the pendulum swing through the broad daylight. I must admit that this jump and mode of travel was rather exhilarating. When I landed at Cats position, she connected the anchor line to my harness when I swung up level to her, and this time I was ready for the sudden jerk of stopping in midair, though it was nonetheless a painful landing due to the injury already incurred on my back the night before. Cat and I got me disconnected from the pendulum line and down onto the rooftop just below the anchor point. We called in to our handler over the coms once we were at this point and told him that we had successfully completed the jump and that I was now making my way to the location below U.S. where the suction devices were hidden.

Cat stayed tethered to my harness and belayed me down to the position where the suction cups were located. When I reached this point, I disconnected from the safety line and told Cat that I was clear of it. She pulled it up and wished me luck on the rest of my way down the building. I got set up with the suction cup devices and my handler came in over the coms. I told him that I was starting my way down the face of the building, but it was broad daylight and there were people inside of the offices on the other side of the glass windows now. I asked him what I was supposed to say if they should catch me out

there on the side of the building. He told me to just tell them that I was a window washer and he told me how to say this in Japanese. I did not like it, but I started to make my way down the building the same way that I had moved up it. Cat had already gone to work on taking down the pendulum swing and the shooting nest.

My body had a difficult time on this part of the descent as it was stiff, sore, dehydrated, my back ached, my eyes sore from the sun, and I had not relieved my bowels since leaving the United States and it was all taking its toll on me. Nonetheless, I climbed out onto the glass wall and I worked my way down the building and around toward the alley where the van and my handler were waiting for me below. The sun was bright shining off of the glass and there were people inside of the building, and I could see them occasionally and sometimes they could see me. I communicated this to my handler, and he told me to just move my ass and get down to the van. Two Japanese gentlemen in suits saw me as I passed over the outside of their window and they seemed very surprised to see me climbing across the surface of the glass as I was. They opened the window after I passed by them and began to yell at me in Japanese and to wave their arms trying to get my attention. I did not know what they were saying as I knew very little Japanese, but I paused for a moment and told my handler the situation. He told me to tell them that I was a window washer and he told me again how to say this in Japanese. I told the two men that I was a window washer, but they did not seem convinced by my words and kept waving their arms and yelling at me from their open window. I told my handler that the two guys were not convinced, and he told me to just move my ass and get down to the van ASAP. I started moving away and downward on the building and the two men in the window seemed to give up on yelling at me and went back into the building and disappeared from sight; I did not see these two men

again. I worked my way down to the van as fast as I could move, and I was glad to finally make it to the ground and the van. I practically fell off the glass when I got to the ground and my handler immediately opened the back door to the vehicle and I climbed inside; he closed the door after me.

The mission had been a success; Takumi was dead, and my handler was in a good mood. He was already in his street clothes which included a black suit, white button up shirt and a tie. We quickly got me out of my operational clothes and back into my street clothes. My handler put things away in their appropriate containers as I undressed and put my street clothes back on. I had not had a shower for some time, and I felt greasy and smelly changing into my street clothes. I can remember that my feet smelled really bad, and I apologized to my handler for the odor when I handed him the boots I had worn, and he put them back into their black case. He told me not to worry about it as it was a part of the process, and he said that everything would be cleaned again once we got back to the states.

My handler excitedly talked while we did this, and he told me that the operation had been for the most part a success; he said that everything had gone well and that my shot had been dead on, and we had executed the target. He said that after the shot the police had been to the rooftop and had been snooping around looking for our shooting position and though they had gotten really close to it they had not found it. He said that they had left for a short time but would be returning with dogs to try to find the shooting nest. I asked him about Cat as she was still up on the building when I had left her and climbed down the building. He told me not to worry about her as she was taking down the shooting nest and the pendulum swing and would meet us at the airport. We climbed into the front of the vehicle and

once again I drove the van. This allowed my handler the ability to work with our communications connections with Cat and our Japanese counterparts while I drove. We were deep in the city and my handler had to instruct me on how to get through the city streets and out onto the interstate.

We did not get far on the interstate before we came to a police roadblock stopping and searching everyone who was trying to leave the city. I was concerned about the police as I slowed the vehicle with the flow of traffic, but my handler told me not to worry. He said that the police were looking for U.S., but he said that they were not looking for us. He told me that we did not look like criminals nor the types that would be involved with a gang shooting within the city. He said that the police were looking for the four gunmen who had entered the tea house and began shooting all of whom were Japanese. Therefore, the police would let U.S. pass. This all seemed to make sense to me at that time and I had no choice in the matter as I was only the driver, and I was also a CIA Mind Slave who followed his orders. My handler told me to let him do the talking as I knew almost no Japanese other than to tell them hello and to say that I am a window washer. My handler knew enough Japanese to talk U.S. through the check point. When we got to the check point my handler spoke with the guards in Japanese and they did not act interested in U.S. at all. They told U.S. to move on down the road and we were soon driving away from the police who were, though they did not realize it, were actually looking for U.S..

My handler was in good spirits on the drive back to the warehouse and he told me of the operation and of our success. Now that we were clear of the police roadblock he got out his little black box of coke and he made himself up a line while he talked to me. He said that my shot had been dead on and that I had taken the target down perfectly. He

said that it was a good thing that it was not left to the people on the ground to perform the task to the end as they were not very good with firearms and just ended up shooting the hell out of the place. He also told me that at the beginning of the operation one of the gunmen on the ground had faltered and broken down at the entry to the tea house and had almost blew the entire operation as it caused such a stir.

When I was in this personality state this was all very interesting to me, and I was proud of the part that I had played in the operation. Then the conversation shifted, and my handler told me that it was a shame that I would not be allowed to remember my time and my contribution to this operation. I was instantly confused by this; this was confusing for me to hear at that time and I asked him what he was talking about. He laughed and told me that I would not be allowed to remember this operation as I was a mind slave and I was government property. It was my job to forget about my involvement with this operation and it was his job to make sure that I forgot about it. This was a difficult thing to remember and process for my mind at that time. I never liked being made to forget the things that I was involved with.

My handler instructed me to the warehouse on the outskirts of town that we had used the day before to store our gear boxes and set up our van. I pulled the van in front of the large roll up door we had used before, and my handler jumped out and he opened the door enough to get the van inside of the building. I pulled the vehicle into the warehouse and my handler closed the warehouse door behind us. We were now under the cover of the building's walls and roof. He got back into the van, and I pulled it over to where we had stored the gear boxes and I had eaten my MRE's the day before at the back of the building. We jumped out and began to quickly break down the communications equipment that we had set up in the back of the van

the day before. The black storage boxes were right where we had left them in shadows at the back of the building. I began packing them from the back of the building to the rear of the van so that we could load up our gear. There was an urgency to the air as the police in Kobe had found our position and we were both in a hurry to get out of the country.

Once the equipment was all packed up into the appropriate boxes and back into their place in the van, I got back behind the driver's seat and my handler took the passenger seat. Before leaving the warehouse, he got into my black box of potions, and he mixed me a cocktail for the drive. I took it and consumed it as I was instructed to do. My handler also did another line of coke. We were both drugged up for the drive. We left the warehouse and headed back onto the interstate system for the drive back to Osaka.

When we got back to Osaka and the airport my handler instructed me to pull the van down to the luggage loading area and the roll up doors where we had first loaded our gear into the van. I pulled into the side of the airport building and backed into the space as I was instructed to do. There were several Japanese personnel there to help U.S. get the van unloaded and get the gear onto a cart for transport out to our plane. My handler and I got out and began to organize the unloading of the vehicle. The old man who was in charge of the luggage handling was there and he congratulated me on the success of our mission. He told me that I had done a great service for the people of Japan as Masaru Takumi had been involved with the gassing of the subways in Tokyo Japan in 1995. This man had an understanding of the situation though he only knew a small part of it. Nonetheless, he was very respectful and nice to me as the people in Japan are. When my handler saw the attention that I was getting he scolded the old man

for talking to me and told them all that they were not allowed to talk to me. He told me to get back into the van and to stay out of site until the work of unloading was done. I got back into the front of the van and the luggage crew quietly unloaded the equipment from the van and onto the luggage carts for the flight. In my mind my handler had been very rude and disrespectful to the older gentleman who was only being polite, and at that time I could not understand why he would act in such a way toward these gentle people.

When the luggage was unloaded from the van my handler told me to climb in amongst the luggage on the cart as I would be riding out to the plane from this location. I climbed in amongst the luggage as my handler took the van and pulled it back up to the front of the building to return the vehicle and to check in for our plane.

Therefore, leaving the country of Japan, I entered the Osaka airport through the large roll up luggage doors on the side of the building along with the luggage ground crew and the equipment. I found this strange and I wondered why I had not simply been brought through this way the first time as it seemed simpler and safer than moving through the interior of the airport.

When we arrived at the plane my handler was only shortly behind us. The ground crew immediately began to load our equipment into the plane and my handler took me inside of the plane so that we could get ready for the flight. When we got inside of the plane, I immediately noticed that Cat was not there yet in the plane with U.S. and I asked my handler where she was. He told me that she was taking longer than expected but he said that she was ok and was still on her way. He told me that we could not wait for her, and he said that we had to leave the country now, and that if Cat did not make it in time, she would be

taking her own flight out of the country. I did not like to hear this as I was concerned about Cat and her getting out of Japan safely, but I had no say in the planning and execution of the operation and so I accepted what he told me.

My handler got into his box of potions, and he gave me the blue potion of sleep so that I would sleep for the flight from Osaka Japan back to the Boise Valley, USA. When the ground crew was done, and the plane was loaded with our gear and equipment we took off and we left Japan without Cat on board the plane. I was taken into a deep sleep shortly before takeoff.

I slept for a long duration of the flight but woke up somewhere over the ocean. Now Cat was not on the plane for my handler to rape and abuse, so it was quite on board when I woke up. He let me sit awake for a short time as I enjoyed the hum of the engines and the sight of the ocean far below. He gave me another dose of drugs and I would not wake up again until we had arrived at the Boise airport and the gear and equipment was being unloaded. My handler woke me up and told me that we were in Boise, and it was time to get moving. I asked him if he had heard anything about Cat and her getting out of the country and he told me that she had successfully taken down the shooting nest and the pendulum system and had made it out of the country safely. He said that she had been slowed down as the police had returned to the scene for a time, but they were unable to find the evidence, though they had located the position of the shooting nest and the pendulum swing. We again dressed the burn on my chest from the cigarette of the luggage attendant days before and I put on a fresh shirt that my handler had in his luggage. Before leaving the plane, he asked me if I wanted a cocktail for the road. I told him that I would love one and he mixed up one of my favorite potions to end the

operation on. I drank the potion and then he went through the process of hypnotizing me and hitting me in the right thigh with his tazer in order to compartmentalize the memories of the events of the operation.

We got off of the plane and went out to where the luggage crew was loading up our gear onto the luggage cart train. But this time there was only one guy unloading the plane; it was the younger gentleman and the older gentleman who had burned me with a cigarette just days before was not present. The younger luggage guy was very quiet, and my handler told me to help him to finish unloading the plane as he was by himself and needed some help so that we might complete the task. I tried to talk to the younger gentlemen, but he did not want to talk with me; I asked him where the other older fellow was, and he told me that he had been fired because of me. He told me that he did not want to talk to me. So, we quietly unloaded the plane and loaded the gear onto the luggage train.

Once the plane was unloaded, I was again placed on the luggage cart in the same manner as before and was made to ride in a hidden position on the south side of the cart facing the military base so that I would not be visible from the civilian airport side to the north. It was a long ride through the summer heat of southern Idaho and was warmer than the ride at the Osaka airport had been. When we got to the luggage unloading area, we took our gear and put it back into the storage area that the CIA operated out of at the luggage area of the Boise airport. This was at that time on the western side of the building. After this the young gentlemen lead me back up through the airport's employee passages and to the waiting area where my trip to Japan had begun. I still had my *Bible* with me, and I was told to sit in the same location I had been before we had left the country; I was told

to wait for my handler before I was to leave the airport. After a short time, he arrived and sat down with me for a moment. He instructed me on how I was to read my Bible for ten minutes or so before heading back out to my VW van and driving home. He reiterated my programming to remember to forget and he said that I was only to remember having sat there in the Boise airport and read from my *Bible*. Then my handler left, and I did as I was told.

After I had read from the *New Testament* for a short time the combination of the drugs, hypnotism and electrocution caused me to perceive that I had been sitting at the airport for just a short time and that it was time for me to drive back home and enjoy my time off of work; I felt tired, sore, my back hurt, I was smelly and really needed to go to the bathroom. I stood up feeling haggard and made my way back out of the airport and down the escalator and out the front doors of the facility; in my mind it was as though I had simply walked in, read my *Bible* and was now heading home after a day of working at the restaurant. I walked past the wall of glass to my left and was again quite a sight to see in the reflection with my outfit and sunglasses. It was really hot, and I made my way through the parking lot to my van. I climbed in, started it up and made my way to the security/pay booth so that I could pay for my parking.

Pulling up to the pay booth I handed the guy at the guard shack my parking ticket to pay my bill which I expected to be for a couple of hours at the most. He took it and when he rung up my bill, he told me that I owed him for about three days' worth of parking. I was shocked and confused as I perceived that I had only been at the airport for a couple of hours at the most. I asked him what he was talking about and told him that I had only been at the airport for a couple of hours and should just owe for one day's parking. The attendant looked again

at my parking ticket, and he said, “No, this ticket shows that you have been here for three days, and you owe for three days parking.” I paid the bill which took almost all of the cash that I had in my wallet for the weekend, but I felt very confused as to why he had billed me for three days parking when I had only been there for a few hours.

I left the airport and got onto the freeway and headed west toward Nampa, my hometown. When I got home to my parent’s house many of my family members were there. My father told me that my employer at the restaurant had called the house and he said that I was supposed to come in to work as someone else had called in sick. He told me that I needed to call my boss and work things out immediately or I might not have a job anymore; I was so confused as in my mind I had just gotten off of work and had only been reading my *Bible* at the airport for a couple of hours. When I called my boss on the family land line and spoke with him, he was angry with me and wanted to know why I had not called him back sooner as they had needed my help at the Nampa location. I did not know what to tell him as I could not understand where I had been for the last few days.

In order for my family and the CIA to cover their tracks they had told my siblings and friends that I had been hanging out with one of my friends all weekend. This friend stopped by my parents’ home shortly after I had gotten off of the phone with the kitchen manager at the restaurant. This friend was also a CIA Mind Slave and he acted as though he and I had been hanging out together all weekend and everything was as normal as it should be. This was all very confusing for me but lapses in my memory were a common occurrence throughout my youth and everyone just acted as though all of this was normal. Life for me went on and I would not remember these events until the spring of 2018 A.D..

That is what I can remember of my experience with the assassination of a man named Masaru Takumi in late August of 1997. I was awarded the Purple Heart after this operation for the injuries which I received from the man torturing me with the cigarette. This is on file with the Pentagon and the Central Intelligence Agency.

This work is a Journaled Memory of the author: J.R. Sweet

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