

# 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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## ...Pentagon Level Testing...

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

*This page is about the time that I was tested for Pentagon Level CIA Black Operations. The test performed involved the murder of a U.S. citizen on U.S. soil and was overseen by a man named Dick Cheney. The individual that I was made to murder was a girl from my high school and the Mormon community there in Nampa, Idaho. This event occurred in my hometown of Nampa, Idaho at a business called the Monkey Bar.*

It was the summer of the year 1995 and Bill Clinton was the President of the United States of America. Up until that time I had been United States government property and undergone extensive trauma-based mind control programming at various locations across the country, but I was not yet cleared for Pentagon Level CIA Black Operations of which some members of my family were deeply involved, such as my grandfather, grandmother, and my uncle and CIA handler. It was



decided by my grandfather that I was to undergo the testing required for my Pentagon Level Black Operations clearance even though I was underage and did not meet the minimum age requirement of eighteen years until June of the following year. It was a requirement at that time that one be eighteen years of age to be cleared for that type of work, but my grandfather had some amount of influence with the CIA and the Pentagon.

I was living at my parents' house at the time and working as a delivery guy at a furniture store there in my hometown of Nampa, Idaho. The store was owned by my girlfriends' father, and his furniture business at that time was called *Heirlooms*. It was my last day of working for this man as the summer was winding to a close and my Senior year of High School was about to begin. I can remember that it was a hot day there in southern Idaho and we had performed all of our deliveries and only had one job left before we could call it a day. My boss had said that there was a piece of furniture located at a local business there in town called the *Monkey Bar* which we needed to go and pick up. He said that we had to bring it back to the store because it needed some repairs made and some work done on it. He told Dan, the other delivery guy and I that it was awkward to move and would require at least three people to lift into the back of the truck so that we might bring it back to the store for repairs. Now, usually when we went out on deliveries it was only myself and Dan. Dan always drove the truck as he was a full-time year-round employee of the company and had been doing deliveries for years and I was Dan's assistant for the summer. I had spent all summer riding around the valley delivering furniture as he smoked cigarettes and we listened to Rush Limbaugh on the radio in the sweltering heat of southern Idaho. He was an older gentleman in his early fifties and seemed to know our boss on a personal level and had worked for him for some time. This trip was different from our

past deliveries as the boss came with us, and he drove the delivery truck, and all three of us were to go on the last pick-up job of the day, on my last day of working.

The *Monkey Bar* was a seedy business located in the older part of Nampa on the south side of the main railroad tracks running through town. I had always heard about the place as a child where there is a bar with monkeys that are held in cages all around the room. This is supposed to be its main gimmick as an establishment, but it also doubles as a cover for criminal activity. The bar was known within the community for its violence and criminal behavior as the gangs in the valley such as the South Side *Crypts* and the North Side *Bloods* frequented this establishment. (*As a note I was once told by my uncle and CIA handler, that both gangs, the Bloods and the Crypts were propagated up by the Central Intelligence Agency for social engineering, drug smuggling, and murderous purposes; the Central Intelligence Agency created these gangs.*) At that time, I found it strange that my boss, an upstanding Mormon in the community, and my girlfriends' father, would be going to a place such as the *Monkey Bar* and would know the owner of this establishment. But I figured he was a businessman and must not be picky about who was willing to pay for his services.

So, toward the end of the day we all three loaded up into the truck to head over to the bar to pick up the piece of furniture. We all three loaded into the delivery vehicles cab and took the short drive down the road to the edge of town next to the railroad tracks. Our boss was very talkative on the drive over to the bar and he seemed to be in an especially good mood. I sat in the middle seat of the truck and Dan sat by the passenger window; he was nervous and was smoking a cigarette while the boss drove and talked. He parked the vehicle on the west side of the *Monkey Bar* where there was a parking area and a

fenced off area to the back. The entry to the bar was at that time around the southeast side of the building. We got out of the truck and walked across the front of the building to the entry door on the opposite side of the bar. It was an extremely hot August afternoon, and the sun was reflecting off the building and making the world that much hotter for us as we headed for the entry to the bar. I had a pair of sunglasses on which I was glad to have as my eyes have always been somewhat sensitive to the sun, but they were red in color and did not keep as much out as I would have liked.

When we got around to the front entry of the building there was a sign on the door that caused me to stop before entering; it read, *No One Under 21 Years of Age Allowed*. I told my boss that I could not go into the bar because I was not twenty-one years old. He looked at me a little perplexed and asked me what I was talking about. I pointed to the sign on the front door of the establishment and told him that I was not old enough to enter the bar as I was not twenty-one years old. Slightly frustrated my employer told me that because we were here on official business and because I was with him and Dan as chaperones it was ok to go inside because we had a job to do.

This all made sense to me at that time, after all he was my boss. We all three went into the front entry of the *Monkey Bar*; first the boss, then myself followed by Dan. I had started to take my sunglasses off when we went inside, but my boss told me to leave them on. He said that I was going to want my rose-colored glasses on, and he said that I looked good in them. This was a mental cue/trigger to my subconscious, and I began to switch into another personality. Inside of the bar it was a stark contrast to the bright exterior of the summer sun outside; inside it was not dark, but it was not bright either as it had been outside. The interior space was tall and there was daylight

coming in from somewhere high toward the ceiling. I looked all around the room as I wanted to see the monkey's that I had always heard about since I was a child. The bar was basically one really big room with cages hung from the high ceiling all around and some occasional small cages spread throughout the room and on the bar. The cages were all empty when we came in.

Our boss walked across the bar and up to the bartender who greeted him with a sidelong look. He told the bartender that he was there to see the owner because there was some furniture that the owner had called him about. The bartender told him to go to the back of the building to find him if he liked. Our boss told Dan and I to stay at the front of the bar and to wait for him to return. I stood and talked to Dan and the bartender for a moment while we waited. I asked the bartender where the monkeys were because there were none in the room. He told me that the monkeys were in their cages. He said that they would bring them out again in a little while when it was the right time. The bartender made fun of my wearing sunglasses there in the room which made me feel somewhat foolish for wearing them, but I had been told to keep them on. The bartender also said that I seemed somehow familiar to him, and he began to get a little bit too interested in me for my comfort; he pushed this issue, and it began to make me quite uncomfortable. I have heard this often throughout my life as I have been used extensively in child pornography and more people have seen my face than I am even aware of or would like to imagine. I was relieved when our boss emerged from the back of the bar and told Dan and I to follow him into the back of the building.

Dan and I followed our boss to the back of the bar. The ceiling got lower in this area and I can remember that there was a small monkey cage at the end of the bar as we approached the door to the office. The

sight of these cages was causing me to experience mental flashes of my time in Disneyland where children are the ones held in cages underneath the surface of the park. We stopped at the door to the office and my boss acted as though he was going to open the door but then suddenly, he stopped as though he had remembered something that he had forgotten. He looked at me and told me that I was to be the one who would open the door and turn the knob to my future. He said that once I went through the door, I would go over the rainbow. He did not say these things in the way I was used to hearing them, but my subconscious mind understood enough; when he said this, it was a trigger for me that it was time to switch, and I changed inside of myself to another personality. I became somewhat angry as at that moment I understood that our boss was taking me into something that would not be good, and I should not have trusted him. I was accustomed to this procedure, though he had not seemed well versed in how he presented it. Nonetheless, I reached down slowly and began to turn the knob. I was moving too slowly for my boss, and he became impatient and as I opened the door, he told me to hurry up and get inside of the room and he pushed me into the office.

Inside of the room there was a man sitting behind a desk looking down at some paperwork and there was another man in a suit standing next to the desk, but he was turned around with his back to us. There was another man in a suit whom I recognized as a member of the Mormon church leadership in our area who was standing near the man who had his back turned to us and therefore, I can remember three persons being in the room upon our entering. The room was not well lite with only one light on in the area of the desk. Behind the desk was an office style divider or short wall separating the front and the back of the room. In the back of the room were several cubicles with boxes and random items stacked around and it looked like that area was used

mostly for storage. There were windows at the very back wall of the room that were all closed and had paint, or something put over the bottom part of the glass to obscure it and make it difficult to see inside of the building. The man behind the desk greeted us as we entered the room, but he did not seem to be friendly, rather all business. He was working on some form of paperwork that he seemed intent on finishing up. The man behind the desk looked familiar to me in some way but he was wearing an ugly country western outfit that made him look like he had stepped out of a bad western film with a leather vest, collared patterned shirt with metal pull buttons, and a hazel bowl cut/mullet haircut; to top it all off he was wearing thick eyeglasses that made the whole outfit look rather ridiculous and out of context with the era.

Our boss addressed the man behind the desk when we entered the room and all attention seemed to be aimed at me. Our boss told him, "Here he is. He said that he would like to see the monkeys." My boss sounded almost proud of himself. The man behind the desk did not stand but looking up at me said, "This is the guy?" When he said this the man who had been turned with his back to us turned around; it was my grandfather. He looked at me after he turned to face us, and he said to the man behind the desk that I was indeed his grandson. I had tried to say hello to my grandfather, but he snapped at me to "Bee Silent", and he told me to "Stand at Attention". This appeared to be a serious matter of a military nature. I did as I was told and I stood at attention, eyes forward, arms to my side, and I did not move. The man behind the desk finished up what he had been doing with the paperwork and then he stood up and he walked around the desk and approached me.

The man with the mullet walked up and stood directly in front of me.

Angrily and with a look of disdain he told me to, "Take the damn sunglasses off of your face." I took them off and put them on my head out of the way. Then he yelled at me to again "Stand at Attention". I did as I was told. The man with the mullet stared hard at my face; he stared into my eyes, and I did not move a muscle as my body was frozen in time; it seemed like a long time that he stood there affixed on my face and eyes with his. He seemed to me to be a cold and hard man. He stepped back just a little, not much and he told me to give him my left hand. I lifted my left hand up to his level and he took my forearm in a firm grip and turned the inside upward so that he might see it. He looked hard at my wrist and at the scars that Byrd had carved into my skin years before in the flower garden with his pocketknife. I knew what he was looking at. When he was satisfied that he could clearly see the scars he let my arm go and I dropped it down by my side and stood at attention. Then he told me to give him my right hand. I lifted my right hand for him to see and he again took my forearm in a firm grip and handling it roughly he turned it so that he could see what he was looking for. He looked hard at the scar that I have there on my right wrist which was again given to me by Byrd a few years prior. This scar is a little smaller though and harder to see as it was the result of Byrd pushing a nail through my wrist rather than carving it with a knife. When the man with a mullet was satisfied that he could see this scar he let my arm go and my hand dropped back down by my side. Then the man with the bowl cut and the mullet and thick glasses turned to my grandfather and said, "his record indicates that he has been used as a courier pigeon for the Agency and should therefore also bear the scar on his chest; is that correct?" My grandfather told him that yes that was correct and said that I had been used as a courier pigeon by my uncle, as well as by Charlie Pride, Senator Byrd and others in the past. Satisfied the man with the mullet turned and told me to unbutton my shirt.

Although I was standing there in the room, the man with the ugly mullet acted like I was not really a person, but rather a robot or some form of equipment. I was wearing a collared button up shirt that day as I often did, and I did as he told me to do, and I slowly reached up and started unbuttoning my shirt. I had only unbuttoned one or two buttons before the man with the mullet became impatient and knocked my hands out of the way and began unbuttoning my shirt himself. I put my hands at my side and again did not move while he did this. Once he had my shirt unbuttoned enough to see the scar at the center base of my chest he stopped and simply held my shirt open with both hands and stared at my chest for what seemed to me a long time. Finally, being satisfied that he saw what he needed to see he let go of my shirt and he told me to button it back up again.

The man with a mullet and the thick glasses then turned to my boss and told him and Dan to go and get the monkey. Excitedly, my boss walked to the west side of the office where there was a door. He opened the door and left the room, Dan followed close behind him. I stood at attention there in the room and I did not move as this is what I had been told to do. The man with the mullet turned to my grandfather and he asked him if he had brought the weapon. My grandfather told him that he had, and he pulled his suit coat away to reveal a shoulder holster and a 1911 45 caliber Colt pistol. The mullet man turned and said to me, "So you want to see the monkeys. Well, there is one monkey here that you can help us with today." There was the sound of a train rumbling in the distance and getting closer. Then we could hear my employer and Dan coming back into the room. I did not understand what was going on and was by this point under a very deep state of mind control; my actions and even my thoughts by this point in time were not my own.

My boss emerged through the door escorting a girl of about my age. This girl was not a monkey at all, and my boss was rough on her when he was bringing her into the room, and he did not seem to me to be a nice man. My grandfather told him to calm down with the girl as there was no need for him to be so rough with her. The girl was brought over and made to stand by me. She looked rough; she was wearing a short sun dress and her hair was black but was not naturally this color, and it was cut just above the shoulders into a shorter bob style cut. I was assuming that we were to be used in a pornography video as had occurred before in my past under such situations. But that was not the case here.

Most of the men in the room seemed to be looking at her with faces of disdain, particularly my boss. Dan had the appearance of sorrow as though he did not like anything that was taking place or about to take place in this room and this bar. The mullet man looked at her with hard eyes as did my grandfather. Her father seemed empty in the room. They all acted as though this girl did not have a right to live. In the distance I could hear the rumble of an approaching train.

The mullet man moved the girl to part of the room there by the desk and he told her to get on her knees and he forced her to the ground. She did as she was told and there were tears in her eyes, but she seemed as though her spirit had been broken by these cruel men. The mullet man addressed my grandfather and told him to give him the gun. My grandfather opened his coat and produced the pistol from his shoulder holster under his coat. He handed it to the man with the bowl style cut and the mullet and he told him that the pistol did not have a round chambered in the barrel. The mullet man took the weapon, and he pulled the slide back loading a round into the chamber. He then put the safety on and walked up to me and handed me the weapon. He

told me that in order fire the weapon I would need to deactivate the safety, which he demonstrated with his thumb. I took the weapon into my hand, and I was frustrated at mullet man for chambering a round for me. I felt that this was not necessary as I understood how to use such a weapon, as I had been trained to do so. And I did not need him to tell me how to use the safety on it. By this time, the train was getting close and the noise from it was beginning to fill the room. The mullet man told me that I was to shoot the girl in the head that was there in the room on her knees, when I was told to do so. He told me that I would be given the order as soon as the train was behind the bar so that it would help to cover the sound of the shot.

During all of this I will tell you oh reader, that I was not in a normal state of mind. I had entered a personality that was made specifically for dealing with these kinds of situations and was not acting of my own volition or free will as I was under a very deep and powerful spell that is trauma-based mind control.

It was all incredibly sad, but I took the pistol that had been loaded and given to me by the man with the mullet and I pointed it at the girl's head who was there on her knees before U.S.. The train rumbled up behind the building and as it began to pass, I was ordered by the man with the mullet to shoot the girl. I did as I was told as that is what a mind slave does. When the weapon discharged the sound was extremely loud and deafening as it was fired in an enclosed room. I had been concerned that the blast would break some of the windows in the room, but it did not. When the weapon discharged the girl collapsed to the floor and was dead instantly; it had been a quick and painless death for her. God Rest Her Soul. After this I moved deeper into myself into yet another personality to deal with this whole disgusting and awful situation. I can remember that I stood there for

just a moment in time, and I looked at the poor girl lying there dead on the floor before me. There was a bullet hole in her head and blood was beginning to pool around her. I could not process what I had just been made to do and what I was seeing with my own eyes. The man with the mullet told me to put the safety back on the pistol; I did as I was told. The man with the ugly mullet told me to give him back the gun; again, I did as I was told, and I handed him the weapon. He took it and he handed it to my grandfather who unloaded the chamber and put the weapon back under his suit coat.

I was in a complete state of trauma, but nothing slowed down around me. I was told to go with my grandfather and the man with the mullet did something more with the paperwork. He told my boss and Dan to clean up the body and the blood on the floor. I was taken back behind the desk area with my grandfather and there were office style dividers separating the room as though it had at one point been used for an office space of a larger scale. My grandfather hypnotized me there in the back of the room. He had his pocket watch which was on a chain, and I can remember him saying to me, "You have been down the rabbit hole, but now it is time to come back. You must remember to forget. It is your part to forget. Remember to forget." He told me that I would remember none of the events that had just occurred, and I believed him. When he had finished with the hypnosis process, he pulled out a taser from his suit coat pocket and he told me to lift my shorts around my right thigh. He told me to hand him my sunglasses from off my head, so that they did not get broken when I lost control of my body from the electrical shock and fell to the floor. Then he hit me with the damn thing; I went out and down in a flash of white light and numbing pain.

My grandfather helped me back onto my feet and got me walking

again but I was very disoriented and confused; I felt sick and thick. My grandfather gave me back my sunglasses and he told me to put them on as he led me out of the back area of the room. When we got to the front of the room Dan was looking for a mop to clean up the blood and the man with the mullet had just finished up with his paperwork. Mullet man began talking to my grandfather and my boss told me to follow him outside so that we could locate the piece of furniture that we had come there for. I was very confused at what was happening in the room and what was going on. I was led to the west side of the room where there was a door leading to the back and side of the building. It was hot outside, and I felt a numb kind of ill all over my body that was somehow familiar to me. The shelving that we were supposed to be picking up was on the opposite side of the fence from us so my boss started back toward me and said that we would need to go back around through the building in order to get to where it was. I turned around and we headed back toward the door. My grandfather met us at the door, and we told him that we were going to head around back through the building because we could not access the shelving unit through the fence. I was confused as to why my grandfather was there in the bar with us. I followed my boss into the office and Dan was just finishing up mopping up the blood on the floor. The man with the mullet was still in the room and we said goodbye to him, and we left the office through the same door we had come in.

We walked through the bar toward the area where we had waited for our boss and talked to the bartender. There were now some monkeys being put into the cages and the bartender seemed to be about this business. There were more people in the bar now sitting around the large room at some of the tables. We turned toward the door and I recognized one of the people sitting at a table there in the bar. He was a young Hispanic male who attended Nampa Senior High School and

was involved with the gang culture there. I can remember finding it interesting that he was a member of the *Bloods* and wore a red sash, but we were on the south side of Nampa which was controlled by the *Crypts* and wore blue. He looked at me as though he recognized me too, but I left the building with my boss and Dan through the front door and did not speak with him.

We stepped outside into the heat and the sun and walked across the front of the store to the side of the building where the shelving unit was sitting on the outside of the fenced off area. It was bright from the sun, and I had wished that I had better sunglasses for keeping the sun out as the ones that I was wearing seemed more for appearances than for protection from the sun. I also hoped that no one from our local church saw us as we came out of the bar because I had thought that this would not look good and would take some explaining on my part if we were to be seen. We walked around to the back of the truck and my grandfather was there and greeted us as we got ready to load the shelving unit into the truck. My boss asked my grandfather how he had gotten around the fence and there was a gate that he and I had not seen.

We went to work loading the shelving unit into the truck and my grandfather chatted with us as though nothing had just happened inside of the bar. I asked him why he was there as I could not remember what had just occurred inside of the bar or that I had seen him already. He told us that he had been driving by when he saw the delivery truck here. He said that he had wanted to talk with me because he wanted to invite me over for the evening so that we could watch a movie together; he asked me if I would like to come over after dinner and watch a movie with him that evening. I told him that I would love too, and I felt like it was such a Small World there in

Nampa Idaho. My grandfather said goodbye and he left as we finished up with tying down the shelving in the back of the moving van. Dan, our boss and I all loaded back up into the truck to head back over to the furniture store.

On the drive back, Dan sat next to the window and he smoked a cigarette; he seemed all shaken up by something. Our boss told him that he should not be smoking in the truck, but Dan just started talking about what had just happened in the bar. He told our boss that what had just occurred with the murder of the girl was not right. He said that it was not right what I was made to do in there. Our boss said that it was not up to any of U.S. but had been a decision of my grandfather and Mr. Cheney. Our boss said that the topic was closed to discussion. It was difficult for me to understand what had just happened inside of the bar and what they were talking about, Cheney? Part of me understood, the other part had been told to remember to forget. I can remember looking at Dan and telling him that I was "ok". A part of me at that moment could remember and did not want to appear weak or frail. But Dan had been right.

When we got back to the store, we parked the truck out back at the loading bay door. We did not unload the shelving unit, but my boss and Dan said that they would be able to handle it themselves the next morning. It seemed to me that it would have made more sense to unload it then and there as there was three of us for the job, but my boss would hear none of my protest in leaving the shelving in the van. So, I said goodbye to them, and I left work that day. It was my last day and I would not be working with these people again.

It was swelteringly hot as I walked across the street to my Toyota station wagon to make the short drive home. The car was parked

directly in the sun, so it felt like a sauna when I sat down inside. I was glad that it was my last day of working at the furniture store because I did not feel well and was feeling rather sickly and short on energy, but I thought that it was just the heat and did not understand that I was suffering from the effects of trauma and being hit with a taser. I started up the car and drove home to my parent's house there on the south side of Nampa.

When I got to my parents' house there was no one there but my mother. I parked my car outside and I went into the house. It was much cooler in the house than it was outside as my parents are big fans of air conditioning. My mother was home and, in the kitchen, doing something. I walked into the kitchen area, and I said hello to her. My mother seemed excitable that evening and nervous about something. She told me that I was not to go anywhere but was to stay home until my father got there. She said that he was on his way home and he wanted to talk to me when he got there. I told her that I was going to go and take a shower because I was dirty from a day's work. She told me to take my shower in the back bathroom. This is the bathroom at the back of the house in the master bedroom. She said that my father would come and find me when he got home. I found this strange, but things were always strange around our house growing up. I went back to the back bathroom and started taking a hot shower. For some reason, the hot water felt very relieving even though outside it was over a hundred degrees.

I was not long into my shower before my father got home and came back to the master bathroom to "talk to me". He gave a knock at the door as he entered the room, and he locked the door behind him when he was inside. Now, I understand that it is weird for my father to be in the room with me while I was taking a shower. If he wanted to talk

with me, he should have waited until I was done. But at that time, I did not understand as this was how I had been raised. He told me that my mother had told him that I was back in the shower and he removed his clothing and he got in the shower with me. I was confused by what was happening but disassociated and was pushed into another personality that was capable of dealing with such things. He knew what had happened that day and that I had taken my test for the CIA and the Pentagon. He seemed proud of me, but he also knew that a girl had been murdered in this test. My father is a sick man and he anally raped me there in the shower and further traumatized me to help compartmentalize the memory of the murder that had just occurred in the confines of the *Monkey Bar*. After my father had finished raping me, he got out of the shower, and he dried off and got dressed. He told me that I was to get dressed and was not to go anywhere until evening when I was to drive to my grandfather's house after dinner to meet with him and watch a movie together. My father hypnotized me to remember to forget what had just happened in the bathroom and then he got out a taser. He hit me in the right thigh with it as he had been doing since I was six years old, and Byrd had first given it to him. He helped me to get up onto my feet again after hitting me with the taser and then he left the bathroom as though nothing had happened. I did not feel well and could not understand what was going on with me. I got dried off and then went and got dressed in my room. Everything seemed a confusing and blurry nightmare.

After dinner that evening, I took the short drive over to my grandparents' house there in Nampa. Night was setting in and the light of the day with the heat that it carried was turning its eye on other parts of the globe. I parked my car in the driveway on the east side of the house; I was accustomed to visiting my grandparents and simply entered the house through the garage door as the man door on the

south side of the garage was usually open. My grandmother was in the kitchen when I entered the house and she greeted me and was glad to see me. She gave me a hug and told me that she knew that I had taken my test that day. She told me that I had passed the test, and she said that my grandfather was very proud of me; she said that he was waiting upstairs and said that I should just head on up as he was eager to see me. She told me that they were all proud of me. She told me that she was going to make some popcorn for my grandfather and I and would bring it up as soon as it was done.

I went up the stairs and found my grandfather there in the guest area living space. There was a bed at the far end of the room, and he was sitting on the end of it and was looking at some kind of paperwork. He recognized that I had entered the room and he greeted me and said hello. I asked him what movie we were watching that night and he told me that we were going to watch *Unforgiven*. I did not want to see *Unforgiven* as the last time that I had seen it some very bad things had happened to me. The first time that I had seen some of this film was the 4th of July 1993 in McCall Idaho. I had gone with my grandparents at that time to a cabin which some of our other relatives owned and we joined them there for the holiday. The movie was not appropriate for watching with my grandmother and our other female relation and therefore we had not finished watching it that night, but rather had watched the film, *Benny and June*. But, on that night I had been raped and cut up with a knife by my grandfather and he almost cut off my male genitalia; he began that night to cut a vagina into my body between my anus and my scrotum which left a large wound and scar. This was a horrific and traumatizing event. But on this night, I could not consciously remember these things. I just felt a flash of panic as he said, "I thought that we could finish it now that it is just you and I. You did want to finish watching it didn't you?" I told him that I did want to

finish watching it as this is what he had wanted to hear and what was planned for the evening. He said that the movie was sitting on the entertainment center near the television, and he said that I should go ahead and get it ready to play in the VHS player. I walked over to the shelf and picked up the film. He then told me that he had had quite a time trying to find the film as it was not available at the rental store and he ended up having to buy a copy in order to attain it. I got the TV and the movie ready to play while grandpa finished up with his paperwork and put it away.

This room had an L-shaped sofa that sat in front of the television and my grandfather came over and sat down in the middle in front of the TV. and I sat on the edge of the couch on the L section away from him. I could not understand why but I did not want to sit close to him. I fast forwarded through the previews so that we could get to the movie. My grandmother came up the stairs with the popcorn in a large bowl. She gave my grandfather and I each a small paper bag for individual servings. She mentioned how my grandfather liked to have his popcorn in a paper bag. My grandmother asked us what movie we were watching and when we told her *Unforgiven*, she said that she had no interest in seeing the rest of that film. She told us to enjoy our movie together and then she left turning the lights off as she went. I was left alone in the dark with my grandfather.

The movie started and my grandfather and I got our popcorn in our bags and filled them up. One of the first scenes in the film is of a whore house in the old west. It is a graphic and awful scene where one of the men at the whore house enjoying their services gets angry and begins to beat one of the women. My grandfather knew that I did not like this scene and during this part of the movie he made me suck his dick. He acted as though he was doing me a favor in giving me

something else to do during this part of the film. He also used this as a means of moving me into the personality that he wanted to talk too and watch a movie with that night. After this scene ended and I had finished my task I sat up and ate some more popcorn as though nothing at all had happened; it was all very awful but I was in an alter personality.

After this my grandfather asked me if I understood the events that had taken place that day. He told me that the experience in the *Monkey Bar* had been a test to see if I could be used for CIA Pentagon Level Black Operations by the federal government. He told me that I had passed the test and he seemed proud of my “accomplishment”. He asked me if I knew who the man was that I had met in the bar that day. I told him that he had looked familiar to me. He said that the guy in the bar with the ugly mullet had been Dick Cheney, and he said that he was the man in charge of deciding who it was that was selected for such work. My grandfather told me how important it was that I should pass the test now as Mr. Cheney would no longer be doing the tests as he had received a job at the Haliburton corporation and would no longer be available. He explained how Cheney had been the Secretary of Defense for the United States government, but no longer held that position. He said that the man who was the current Secretary of Defense: William Perry, was not friendly to the Project and that there would be no more testing for this kind of work until someone who was friendly to the Project took his place again. He explained to me that it could be years before the network was able to get another one of their people back into this governmental position. He said that I was supposed to be eighteen years old to take the test and to do this kind of work and it had been important that I be pushed through before Cheney left for Haliburton because he did not know when the opportunity would arise again for me. He acted as though he had done all of this for me.

My grandfather continued to talk as we watched the movie, and he went into some darker political topics. He told me that the United States government was not a Democracy as the people believed it to be, but rather he said that it was the powerful elite who controlled the government; he told me that the people are just made to believe that our government is a democracy because it is easier to control them if they “believe” this. My grandfather told me that the man that I had met that day would in a couple of years’ time become the Vice-President of the United States. He told me that the presidency in 2000 A.D. was already planned out and that Bush Jr. would become the president and that Cheney would be his Vice President. He told me that in many ways the Vice-President has more powers than the president because he is not in the public eye as much. He said that this was the way things had to be and he said that the government and its branches were much too powerful to be in the hands of the “people” because they do not know how to control and use such power. My grandfather told me that only the wise and the elite know how to control this power and God has given them the power to control. He told me that the sooner that I understood this the better off that I would be in this world.

My grandfather also explained to me at that time that the military was moving into more of a privatized direction and that our military actions would slowly be taken out of the hands of the U.S. military and put into the hands of private corporations and contractors. He told me it was good to know this and to understand because I was one of those contractors now. He told me that it was expensive to have and maintain a fulltime military and by using private contractors the U.S. government was able to save on many of the costs associated with providing for and maintaining a standing military. He told me that the standing military would slowly be faded out and become a thing of the past.

I was only seventeen years old and a lot of this stuff was way over my head. My thoughts turned to the girl in the bar that I had been made to kill that day; I asked my grandfather why I had been made to murder the girl, and why it had to be the girl that it was. My grandfather turned this on me, and he said that it had been I who had selected the girl for the test. He reminded me of how he had asked me who it was of all the girls at school and church that I would want to marry if I could. My mind was tortured by all of this as he had asked me this in the weeks before this event. He told me that he had talked with the girl's father about my affections for his daughter, but the girl had refused me and had no interest in me. My grandfather acted as though this was insulting upon our family name. He told me that she had become rebellious and difficult to control for her father and she had cut her hair and dyed it black in protest of her father's abuses and demands. All of this was a mental bind and manipulation of my mind but, this incident also acted as a shockwave of fear and trauma, on many levels, throughout the entire community that knew and loved this girl. Though some of them never knew what really happened to her.

I asked my grandfather how it was that they were going to cover up the girl's death as now she was gone, and I asked him what was done with her body. He told me that the girl's body had been taken to the hog farm out south of town and it had been disposed of there among the hogs. He said that the body was gone, and no one would ever find it. He also told me that a story had been built around the disappearance of the girl which everyone would be made to believe. He said that her family and friends would be told that she had been seeing an older man there in the area and she ran off with him never to be seen again. It was that simple. He told me that everyone would forget her with time. This was all sad and disturbing to hear.

The movie ended and it was late. My grandfather was tired, but he took the time to hypnotize me there in the room so that I might remember to forget the events of the evening and the day and so that he might begin the process of returning me to my base personality. When he was finished with this, he hit me in the right thigh with a handheld taser as was typical. When I left the house, my grandmother had already gone to bed and the house was quiet and dark. By the time I awoke the next morning I could remember none of this.

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