

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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..The Mountain..

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 a time in the spring of 1996 A.D. that I was called by my grandmother and asked to go to her house and pick her up so that I could drive her that day on her errands around the Boise valley. But those errands would take me to southern California where my grandmother was to be performing trauma-based mind control programming on a man named, Tom Cruise (Tommy) in preparation of the filming for a scene in the movie, Mission Impossible. On this trip to southern California I would also be taken to what is called the Trinity Mountain Underground Complex, where I would be placed in a guard detail over a satanic cannibalistic ceremony involving the consumption of newly born babies deep in the top-secret underground government complex. I would receive a severe head injury while on this security detail when another of the guards would break from his programming and being unable to cope with what he had witnessed taking place at this event he had planned on killing everyone in the ceremony. I would still be required to escort my grandmother back to our hometown of Nampa, Idaho from southern California even though I had been knocked unconscious for an unknown length of time there in the

After I had passed my Pentagon Level CIA Black Operations testing and was cleared for Pentagon level work for the Agency my family and Byrd quickly made use of my new security clearances. I can remember that it was a cold Idaho spring morning 1996, and I had received a phone call from my grandmother who asked me if I might come over to her house that morning and pick her up so that I could drive her to somewhere there in town; she was somewhat vague on the details. She told me that I had to dress nicely and was to wear nice clothes as I would be escorting her about on some errands and would be busy with her for most of the day. I could not say no to my grandmother.

I got ready and dressed in some of my nicer clothes at the time; I had a pair of brown leather dress shoes, black dress pants, a patterned button up collared shirt and a wool sweater. I also had on a baseball cap and because my eyes are sensitive to the sun I had on a pair of sunglasses. I drove my Toyota station wagon over to my grandmother's house there in town to pick her up and take her wherever she needed to go. I parked out front of the house on the street on the east side of the home where the family always parks and enters the property. I went inside through the garage and into the kitchen as was my common way of entering the home and my grandmother was busy getting ready for her day in the bedroom. I could hear her in there and I said hello and let her know I was there. She told me that she would be out in a minute as she was finishing up packing her traveling bag and getting ready. She finished up and came out of the room and told me that she had to go somewhere and that I was going to escort her on her trip. I asked her how long we would be gone, and she told me that we would be gone for the entirety of the day and the night. I asked her why my grandfather was not taking her to wherever she needed to go, but she told me that he was busy with other things that

day and she did not want him to be involved with what she was up to; she said that sometimes my grandfather had his work to do for Uncle, but she said that she also had her work to do as well. This meant that I was supposed to be operating behind my grandfather's back; I did not like this but nonetheless did as I was told.

My grandmother told me that she had asked me to dress nicely of which her expression and tone of voice informed me that I had not met this expectation. She said that she did not mind the pants and the shoes, but she said that my shirt just would not work, and I was to wear a tie and a suit coat and not a sweater as I was. She went into her bedroom and brought out some clothes for me to put on. She had a white button up collared shirt, a tie, and a black suit coat that she made me change into right there in the living room. I had to be dressed appropriately if I was to escort my grandmother around the Boise valley. She also told me that I was not allowed to wear my baseball cap and she said that she could not stand my sunglasses. She said that she did not like them, and I would need to leave them at her house while we were out. I voiced my complaint to this as I had sensitive eyes to bright lights and though it was a cloudy day there in Nampa, I had become accustomed to them. But when my grandmother was set on something, she was just that: set on it. Therefore, I was made to leave my pair of shades behind on this trip.

When I had finished changing my grandmother told me to put my clothes at the back of the closet in her and my grandfather's room so that no one would find them there. She also told me to bring out her luggage bag when I was in the room and I was to carry it for her out to the car. We were all ready to go and we left the house and went out to my car. I was surprised that we were taking my vehicle as my grandmother owned a much nicer car than mine. Nonetheless I put her

luggage into the trunk, and I opened the passenger side door for my grandmother. When I had sat down inside next to her, I asked her where it was that we were going. She told me to drive her to the airport on the north side of town in Nampa. I found this to be somewhat odd, but with my family things usually were, so I drove U.S. across town to the airport. It was not a long drive and on the way I told her that it felt odd to be driving her around in my car as it was older and was not very clean inside. She said that she didn't mind the dust and said that no one was likely to recognize her riding along there in my car.

My grandmother directed me to a building at the airport where we could check in for our flight. This building was also some kind of club house for the pilot's club there in Nampa. It was a chilly spring morning and my grandmother told me to pull up in front of the main doors so that she could get out and not have to walk from the parking lot through the cold to the building. This was not a busy airport and there was lots of space for me to park in front of the building and I did as I was told. After parking the car, I got out and I opened the passenger side door for my grandmother as this was expected. Then I got her luggage out of the trunk and escorted her inside leaving my car for a moment out in front of the building.

It was quiet in the building and there was a reception style desk there for us to check in at. The person working there in the building came out from the back part of the room and seemed to know my grandmother. They greeted each other and the man asked my grandmother where my grandfather was that day. She said that he could not make it but said that instead her grandson would be escorting her on this trip, and she introduced me to the man; she was very proud to have her grandson along with her on this trip and she let

this man know it. He said hello to me but he really didn't seem to me to be that interested in our meeting. After we had shaken hands the man told my grandmother that he had some paperwork for her to fill out before her flight. I told my grandmother that I was going to go out and park the car while she filled out the paperwork and the man behind the counter told me where I would need to park it as it would be overnight parking. My grandmother told me to come right back inside of the building after I had parked the car. Leaving her to speak with the man behind the counter I walked back outside and pulled the car around to where it was authorized to be parked overnight. I locked up the car and walked back over to the building and went back inside.

When I went back into the building my grandmother was just finishing up the paperwork. The man behind the counter took the paperwork and told us that our plane would be ready shortly as it was being fueled and readied for the trip. The man pointed to a seating lobby there in the small building and told us that we could sit and wait until it was ready. I carried the luggage, and we went and sat down in the waiting area to wait for our flight. Though there were several chairs in this area my grandmother told me to sit next to her. She seemed nervous. We did not have to wait long before we were told that our plane was ready to go and that we could follow the man who had signed us in, out the door and onto a golf cart for transport to the plane.

We left the building through the south side doors and loaded up onto an older golf cart for the ride out to the plane. It was a chilly morning there in Nampa Idaho but given that it is a small airport it was a short ride. I rode on the back seat of the golf cart with my grandmother while the man from the airport drove the cart. As we came up on the plane, I could see that it was a twin-engine model with one engine on

each wing. The main wing was set low on the aircraft's fuselage. The pilots were both out working on getting the plane ready to fly and they greeted U.S. as we pulled up and unloaded from the cart. Both of the pilots were very respectful toward my grandmother and I and told us that they were almost ready to go. Having carried my grandmother's luggage this far into the trip I tried to load it on the plane but was told not to touch it as it would be loaded by the pilots themselves. We were told that we could board the plane and make ourselves comfortable for the flight. As we were boarding the aircraft my grandmother stopped me and asked me what I thought of the plane. Although it was a cool aircraft; in the personality I was in at that time I did not care for the things of this world as others would care for them and to me at that moment it was simply a means to an end and was a simple creation of humanity that deserved little attention or admiration. I told her it was a nice plane.

My grandmother and I were the only passengers on the flight. There was only two rows of seats going up and down the fuselage with a total of about six seats. There was an aisle down the middle of the seats but it was not wide and was not a large plane. Once the plane was ready the pilots boarded and prepared for takeoff. There was a small door to the cockpit at the front of the plane and when the plane was ready to go the pilots turned around in their seats and addressed my grandmother and I telling U.S. that we were ready to begin taxiing for takeoff and that they would be closing the cockpit door until we had landed in Los Angeles. They made sure that we were both wearing our seat belts and then they both wished U.S. a pleasant flight and then closed the door. The engines started up and the plane began to taxi to the runway. My grandmother took my hand and squeezed it tightly in hers and looking up at me as I am taller than she is, she told me that she was glad that I could accompany her on this trip. The

plane moved down the tarmac until it had reached the end and then turned into the main runway. We stopped for a moment before the engines began to rev up in RPM's and the plane began to move quickly forward across the ground before lifting into the air at what seemed to me incredible speed.

Once we were in the air my grandmother told me that she was tired and was going to take a nap and get some sleep before we arrived in Los Angeles. My grandmother has always been the queen of napping. She told me that I was to stay awake and said that I was to rouse her before we landed. Then my grandmother made herself comfortable and she fell asleep. I sat awake for the duration of the flight as it was my job to keep an eye on my grandmother. The flight was uneventful it was quiet as the plane hummed along at a fast pace. After some time, we had arrived at the Los Angeles airport and a voice came over an intercom system there in the plane informing us that we were over L.A. and were about to land. This roused my grandmother and I told her that we over L.A. as the plane began to drop in elevation. She slowly started to wake up. After the plane was on the ground the pilots taxied it to a spot out away from the main airport terminal. When the plane had stopped the pilots opened the door separating the cockpit from the passenger area and asked U.S. how our flight had been. My grandma told them that it had been a wonderful flight which they seemed genuinely glad to hear, though she had slept through most of it. The door opened behind us and to our right and we were told that we could exit the plane.

Exiting the plane, it was much warmer and brighter in Los Angeles California then it had been only hours before in Nampa, Idaho. The sun was so bright there in southern California and at that time I wished that I had my sunglasses which were still back at my grandmother's

house. We both stepped from the plane and I tried to take in my surroundings. The airport in Los Angeles was huge in comparison to the airport of my hometown and looked very fancy and well maintained and taken care of. There was a man there to meet us who was driving a golf style cart, but it was much nicer than the one that we had ridden on at the Nampa airport. There was also a ground crew at this location, and they went to work going over the plane after the flight.

My grandmother talked with the pilots and told them that she would need a ride back home the following morning and told them to meet her there again at the appropriate time. Both of the pilots understood and told her that they would be there the following morning to pick us up and take us back to Idaho. They also told her that they would be staying there in the city in the event we needed to get ahold of them for anything. My grandmother thanked them and her and I loaded up onto the people mover cart to head over to the main airport building. One of the ground crew members brought my grandmothers luggage over and put it in the vehicle and we were driven across the tarmac to where private charter flights checked in and out at the airport. It was a nice ride across the tarmac in the warm spring sunshine there in southern California, but it was bright. The cart driver pulled my grandmother and I right up close to the entry door to the building and he got my grandmothers luggage bag from the back of the vehicle and held the door for my grandmother and I as we entered the building and was very polite and respectful. The building itself was made with lots of glass on this side of the building and although the temperature inside was just about perfect it was still bright. There was a counter there with people to check you in from your flight and my grandmother filled out the appropriate paperwork for our arrival as I stood near her. When she had finished up with the paperwork my

grandmother told me that she wanted to find somewhere to sit down so that we could wait for my uncle to arrive. We rode an escalator to the second floor and found a seating area where no one else was sitting. My grandmother sat down in one of the seats and I sat down across from her. She looked somewhat uncomfortable and she told me that she needed to use the restroom. I told her that she could feel free to go and I would wait there in the chair, but she said that she wanted to wait until my uncle had arrived.

After an unknown length of time, I saw my uncle come up from behind my grandmother. He motioned for me not to give him away and my grandmother wasn't paying attention, so I sat quiet. He snuck up behind her and put his hands over her eyes and said, "guess who". My grandmother smiled. He kissed her on the cheek and then he sat down in the chair next to her; she was genuinely glad to see him and he seemed glad to see her as well. He was very polite and charismatic and asked grandma how the flight had been from Nampa. My grandmother told my uncle that it had been a very nice ride and she had gotten some sleep on the flight; she told him that she had really enjoyed having me along as her escort. My uncle turned to me and asked me how I was doing, and if I had liked the plane. I told him that it was a pretty cool ride. Then he noticed that I did not have any sunglasses on and being in Los Angeles where it was very bright, he questioned me on this, and he asked me where my sunglasses were. I told him that I had a pair, but that grandma had made me leave them in Nampa as she did not like the look of them. My uncle found this to be somewhat humorous and my grandmother said that they were indeed very ugly shades and that no she did not like them and would not let me bring them for this trip. My uncle told me that I would be needing some shades while I was there in southern California because it was bright here and everyone in this area wore sunglasses; he told

me it would make me stand out if I did not have a pair and I would go blind from the sun.

My grandmother changed the subject and questioned my uncle on the preparations for the evening. He told her that everything was in order and her room was reserved at the hotel. He told her that the man that she would be meeting up with there that evening was still planning on being there and everything was a go. I still couldn't understand quite what was going on at this point. Then my grandmother told my uncle that my services would not be necessary once she had reached the hotel. She asked my uncle if he had something that I could do that night as I would not be welcome at the hotel until morning when it was time to pick her up. My uncle said that there was an event going on that night which was in need of security team members. He said that they were looking for volunteers and it would be fun for me to go and be involved with this event. My uncle asked me if I would like to do that while grandma was at the hotel. I was a CIA mind slave and so I of course said, "sure, whatever I need to do". Having these issues resolved my grandmother, looking rather uncomfortable said that she was going to go and use the restroom while my uncle and I worked out the logistics of getting me to this event. She got up and she left.

After my grandmother had gotten up and was walking away my uncle looked at me and he said, "do you want a potion". He told me that he had brought them for me. I was of course happy to have it as this personality was accustomed to my CIA drugs or potions as we called them. My uncle pulled a small bottle from his suit coat pocket and gave it to me, and I took it and drank it right there in the airport. I did this as though I was simply drinking a vitamin supplement or some other legal product. I gave my uncle back the empty vial and he put it away and continued to talk. He told me that after I dropped my

grandmother off at the hotel, I was to head down the road to the Disney Land theme park to meet up with him. He explained how I would be taking my grandmother to a hotel that was just down the road from the park and he gave me the name of the main road running from the hotel straight to the park entrance. He told me that after I had turned into the park, I was to follow this road until I came to the parking toll pay booths where I was not to go to the normal booths but rather was to go to the employees only entrance and enter through this point. He told me to simply tell the people there at the security station that I was there to see him, and they would direct me to the appropriate parking lot to park the car. He said that after I had parked the car there would be a steel door leading down into the tunnels under the park and that was where he would meet me when I had arrived. He asked me if I understood all of this and I did.

Then my uncle got into his pocket and he got out a bundle of cash and he counted out a thousand dollars in one-hundred-dollar bills and then he folded them up and gave them to me. He put the rest away back into his pocket. My grandmother was coming back from the bathroom by this point and he told me that he needed to talk alone with my grandmother and that I should go and get myself a pair of sunglasses that my grandmother would approve of while they talked for a moment. He pointed down the airport corridor and said that he had passed by a shop in that direction with what appeared to be a nice selection of shades. I was at first surprised, first of all that everyone was being so nice, and that my uncle was giving me cash, but second of all the amount of cash that he had given to me. I responded by telling him that I did not need a thousand dollars to buy myself a pair of sunglasses. He told me not to spend it all on a pair of shades but that I should keep the cash on me just in case I should need it, such as for paying for gas for the rental car, or if I should become separated

from any of them or get lost on this journey through southern California. This made sense to me at that time and I accepted his rationale as he was my uncle and was also my CIA handler and superior. He told me to go and get a pair that I liked just as grandma arrived from the bathroom.

I walked down the airport corridor in the direction that my uncle had directed me in search of a desperately needed pair of sunglasses; being electrocuted with a taser has physical effects on the body and a terrible sensitivity of the eyes to light is one such consequence. I found the shop that my uncle had talked about a short distance from where we had been sitting and I took a few minutes to look over the selection. They were all expensive and well over my own personal price range, but since I was spending “Uncles” cash I picked out a very nice pair of black classic looking *Ray-ban*’s; they looked just like something that you would see the Blues Brothers or Roy Orbison wearing, so I figured that my grandmother would surely approve, and I personally really liked them though I do not deny that this is probably due to subconscious drivers and an instilled bias. I paid for the sunglasses which cost around eighty bucks, and the clerk helped me to remove the tags. I walked back over to where my uncle and Grandma had been sitting together and talking. My uncle told me to put the sunglasses on and when they saw my new shades both grandma and my uncle approved of my selection. I tried to take them off after they had seen them, but my uncle told me to go ahead and leave them on as he said that I looked good in them.

It was time to go and my uncle said goodbye and told us that he needed to head out and make the appropriate reservations so that he could get me to the event that I would be “volunteering” for that evening and kissing my grandmother goodbye he headed back down to

the first floor. Grandma told me that the car rental company, Hertz was just down the corridor and she knew the way. We headed through the airport to the front of the building. I was a young man at that time being single and seventeen years of age and I can remember that there were several beautiful women in the Los Angeles airport that day. My grandmother noticed that I was looking at some of them and they were also looking at me; I was not in a shy personality. As we stepped out into the sunshine of southern California, I was glad to have a pair of sunglasses on because now my eyes did not strain from the sun. I can remember that there was a beautiful young woman who was entering the airport as we came out that took notice of me and I of her as we came out the doors. My grandmother noticed this, and she took my arm and squeezing it she told me how handsome I looked in my suit and how all the girls there were noticing me. She told me that maybe someday I could come down to L.A. and pick me out a beautiful wife. The idea seemed impossible to me at that time but very appealing.

My grandmother had been to this airport several times before and had rented many vehicles from this location, so she knew the way and pointed in the direction of Hertz car rental which was to our right. For myself having been from Idaho where everything was designed around the harsh winters with solid insulated building enclosures and most all business establishments being located inside of a secure building, it was strange to me in that the car rental businesses at the airport were set up on the outside of the building being mostly exposed to the weather and the elements. It seemed to me as though the weather in this part of the country was mostly sunny and warm with only occasional rains and never the bitter snows of Idaho winters. We were greeted when we approached the reservation counter by a man of color who was familiar with my grandmother. She seemed happy to

see him and they began to talk for a moment there in the warm afternoon. He asked my grandmother where my grandfather was, and she explained to him that he was not coming on this trip and was still at home back in Idaho. Grandma introduced me to the man as her grandson and he was very polite and introduced himself. My grandmother began filling out the paperwork for the car and the guy at the counter asked my grandmother who would be driving the car while we had it; she did not give him a good answer to this question. He asked me how old I was, and I told him that I was seventeen years of age. When he heard this, he told my grandmother and I that I was not allowed to drive or operate the vehicle under any circumstances as I did not meet the minimum age requirement for the car's insurance policy.

Grandma told him that she would be doing the driving which this gentleman did not seem to believe but he nonetheless had to accept; he must have known my grandmother well. They finished up the paperwork before the man told her that he had to go out into the parking lot to find the car which was parked some distance from where we were located, and he went in search of the vehicle. He said that he would bring it back to the curb next to the rental booth and we only had to wait for him there to return with it. My grandmother and I stood for a few minutes there at the front area of the airport before the rental car guy came pulling up to the curb in a four door Toyota sedan; it was a nice little car. He got out of the vehicle and gave my grandmother the keys and reminded her that I was not allowed to drive it because I would not be covered under the vehicles insurance policy. Somewhat frustrated at having been told this twice my grandmother told him that she clearly understood this rule and would not let me drive the vehicle. He then showed us where the latch was to open the vehicles trunk and he loaded my grandmothers' luggage

into it. We thanked the man and my grandmother got in the driver's seat and I sat in the passenger seat in the front with her. She pulled the vehicle away from the curb and we started our way out of the airport and into the city of Los Angeles, California.

The airport was large, and we pulled onto a road that led off the property and into the city. There was new art and sculptural installations along the road leading out of the airport that I found interesting and enjoyable to see as we passed. My grandmother was feeling somewhat talkative and she told me that she did not agree with my not being able to drive the rental vehicle as she was older and would much rather simply be a passenger. She said that she did not agree with the age limitations set by the insurance companies and said that I should be able to drive the vehicle as I was perfectly capable and even better fit for driving than herself. I simply sat and listened for a moment as she shared her thoughts before telling her that I did not mind doing the driving if she would rather sit and rest. We pulled up to a main intersection exiting the airport road and my grandmother turned onto one of the main streets there in L.A. She told me that she would drive us to a little produce store/gas station that was about fifteen minutes away from the airport and that after that I would be the one driving us to Anaheim and the hotel from there. My grandmother told me that she really liked this particular produce store and said that it was one of the oldest businesses there in Los Angeles. She said that her and my grandfather had been going to it for as many years as she could recall.

It was a busy city and there was lots of traffic, but my grandmother was confident in her driving; she was accustomed to driving in the city. After a short time, she pointed out the produce store which was located on the opposite side of the road from our lane. She pulled into

the parking lot of the little produce store/gas station and she parked the car in front of the building. She told me that she needed to use the restroom again and told me that we had better get some snacks while we were there, because she was not sure when the next time, we would be able to eat was going to be. This seemed a good idea to me and I still had the money that my uncle had given to me for the trip. We went inside where there was all kinds of local produce and fruits to select from as well as the generic candy, chips, and soda as is common in most all gas station/convenience stores across America. My grandmother being older and from a more farm-fresh-food kind of culture picked out some nice fresh fruits and nuts for a snack as well as a bottle of water. I sought after the foods of my youth that had been given to me usually after abuse such as a bottle of Root Beer, a king size Snickers bar, and a bag of Starburst candies. My grandfather would often buy myself and my younger brother and our cousin what he called "Pogey Bait", which was in my mind various kinds of sweets and or treats. I paid for my snack and went back out to the car to wait on my grandmother. I sat down in the driver's seat of the vehicle as I was now responsible for driving to Anaheim. My grandmother came out of the store and got into the passenger seat of the vehicle and when she was settled, she looked at what I had gotten for a snack and she scolded me for my poor ability in choice. She told me that I had selected nothing but garbage and that I was going to feel awful before the day was over with all the sugar that I had purchased. I listened to her argument and realized that she was probably correct but, I had never really thought much about my diet. I opened the root beer and began to drink it as we went but again my grandmother told me that such a beverage was only going to dehydrate me more in such an environment as this. I pulled the vehicle back out onto the main road leading toward the freeway and Anaheim and although I was hungry, I decided to save most of my candy for after I had dropped off my

grandmother as I did not want to listen to her tell me how bad it was for me. Still, she was right.

My grandmother knew the way and she directed me from the road that we were on to the freeway system heading toward Anaheim. For myself being young and from the town of Nampa Idaho it was exciting driving on the Los Angeles freeway system, but with my grandmother in the car I drove the speed limit and was extremely cautious as the number one priority was her safety, and I was not even supposed to be driving the rental car to begin with. The freeway had multiple lanes and would often be elevated up above the city which I found to be fascinating as I was the one driving. The Toyota drove smooth and clean and my grandmother directed me to take an exit off the freeway system when we had arrived at Anaheim; the exit that we took was at a section of the freeway where it is elevated above the city and it was interesting for me driving over the buildings and then pulling down in elevation onto the street level coming off of the exit.

My grandmother's hotel was not far from where we got off the freeway and she directed me down the street to a large intersection where it was located. There were signs at the intersection for the Disney Land theme park which was located just down the road a short distance from my grandmother's hotel. Waiting for the light to change at this intersection my grandmother made sure that I had noticed the signs pointing the way to Disney Land and she told me that it was just down the road from where we were at. When the light turned green, I turned the vehicle through the intersection and into the parking lot of the hotel. I pulled the car into the entry vestibule of the hotel which was a very nice place with a large, covered area with large columns and a large glass entry at the front of the building. There was a valet there at the curb who unloaded the luggage from the vehicle and took the car

out into the parking lot and parked it for us. We went inside the hotel and there was a grand entry that was large with a reception counter and a water fountain behind it. There was also a glass elevator through the middle of the building located behind the reception desk and near the water fountain. My grandmother approached the reception counter and spoke with the people at the front desk; yes, they had a room reserved for her and a porter was called to carry our luggage and to show my grandmother to her room. The porter was a young woman and it felt strange to me letting her deal with our luggage but that was the way of things in California.

The porter woman led us to the glass elevator, and we loaded up to head to my grandmothers' room. As the elevator lifted us up higher into the building, we could see the water feature below. There was also a restaurant/lounge area around the water feature on the first floor of the building. When the elevator stopped at my grandmothers floor the doors opened and we were led to my grandmothers room. The porter opened the door and lead us inside; it was a beautiful and elegant room as my grandmother preferred. After the woman had shown us the room and given my grandmother the key, she stopped for a moment as if expecting something. Myself being unfamiliar with the customs of such elite establishments and being under a state of mind control I did not realize that she was waiting on a tip for her services. My grandmother told me to give her a tip as this was the custom and I instantly realized what the woman was waiting for. Feeling foolish I got out a twenty-dollar bill from the money that my uncle had given to me and I gave it to the woman who thanked us and left the room.

My grandmother told me that she would not be needing my services for the duration of the evening as Tommy would be there shortly and she needed to rest a bit and get herself ready for his arrival. She gave

me a key to the room and told me not to come back until the next morning because she would be busy working on programming Tommy throughout the night and my presence would be most unwelcome. Tommy was what my grandmother called Tom Cruise. She reminded me that I would be with my uncle for most of the night and I should arrive back at the hotel early the next morning to pick her up and to take her back to the Los Angeles airport and then back home to Nampa. She told me goodbye and I took my key, and I left the room.

I walked to the elevator and rode the glass box to the bottom floor unaccompanied. I had always been taught that it was best to travel in pairs of two, as this is a much less vulnerable position being with someone who has your back. But I was alone. I stood in the elevator looking down at the water fountain as it was very soothing for me in the state of mind that I was in. I walked out of the elevator and past the reception area; they paid me little attention as I left the building. The doorman said hello to me when I got outside though he was not nearly as respectful to me as he had been to my grandmother minutes before; he was simply more casual. He asked me if I wanted anyone to bring the car around and I told him, no and said that I could go and fetch it for myself. I asked him where it was, and he gave me the key and told me where the car was located out in the parking lot.

The car was easy to find but was parked in the sun and it was hot when I got inside. Sitting there for a moment alone in the car I was glad that I was past the business of escorting my grandmother and now I felt unobstructed from eating my candy bar that I had left in the car, but it was now melting in the heat. I sat and ate my melting Snickers bar and opened the bag of Starbursts. I put the Starbursts in my left side suit coat pocket so that they would be easily accessible throughout my evening. Then, finishing off my candy bar I started the

car and moved out onto the streets of Anaheim; my grandmother was right, and the sugary candies were not the most nutritious of snacks.

I pulled the car up to the intersection which my grandmother and I had sat at before. There was a sign above the intersection pointing the way to Disney Land and after waiting a few moments for the light to turn green, I started my way down the palm tree lined boulevard in the direction of the Magical Satanic Kingdom. It was only a couple of miles down the road before I came to the entry to the park that I had been instructed to turn into by my uncle. There was a traffic light at this location, and I turned right off this intersection into the entry of the park. The road leading into the park was long and lined with trees and all kinds of beautiful plants as for Walt Disney, image was and still is everything.

Driving down the road into Disneyland I passed by the sign greeting folks entering the park and I came up to the parking ticket booths area where people entering the park get their parking tickets before they go further and park their vehicles. I had been instructed by my uncle that I was not to go and talk to the people at the regular park entry points, but rather that I was to go to the guard shack on the edge of the entry ticket booths line; he had said that it would be marked: Employees Entrance. I pulled the car up to the guard shack and there was a man there in the booth. I told him who I was and said that I was there to see my uncle who should be waiting for my arrival. He made a call to someone and received a reply. The man at the security shack told me to pull my vehicle over to the employees only parking area which was located some distance from where we were at. He told me to park my car and then wait by the steel entry doors and someone would come and let me in. I was polite and told him thank you and said that I understood his directions before pulling the car forward and traveling

across the large expanse of asphalt that is the Disney Land Parking lot to the employees only area that he had described to me.

There were several other vehicles in the parking area, and I pulled the rental car into one of the vacant parking spaces. I did not have that much stuff to gather up as I had brought almost nothing with me, but the cash my uncle had given to me, the sunglasses I had purchased at the airport and the candy I was eating; I had consumed all the root beer. The sun was working its way down and I was moving into the evening as I walked from the car to the steel entry doors that lead down into the service tunnels under Disney Land. This was one of the entry points for employees coming to work at the park as the entry point allowed personnel to move out of sight and out of mind from the park's patrons within the tunnel system.

The steel doors were locked, and I stood just to the side of the doors and waited patiently for my uncle to arrive and let me in. I was by this point in time getting very hungry and I took the opportunity to enjoy some of the candies that were in my pocket while I waited. I do not know how long I waited at this location, but it was not long before my uncle arrived and opened the doors from the inside. He stepped out into the California air and greeted me with a smile; my uncle could be a very likable person when he chose to be and was not acting like a psychopath. He could see that I was eating something and being curious he asked me what it was. I told him that I had some Starburst candies in my pocket and I asked him if he did not want one. He seemed to find my choice in candies to be quite appropriate for the occasion and said that he would take one. I gave him a piece of the candy and he unwrapped it and quickly popped it in his mouth. Then he motioned for me to follow him and we went through the doors and down a set of long stairs into the tunnel system. My uncle was in a

hurry as he seemed to be on his favorite drug, cocaine, and we moved very quickly through the tunnel system to the CIA Control Center/Family Leir located at the footers of the Matterhorn and under the Alice in Wonderland ride.

We entered the Family Leir through a steel door at one end of the room. The CIA Command Center at this location has three points of entry with the door my uncle and I had entered, another door at the opposite end of the room which connected to a utility closet with a hidden door to another tunnel system which would lead to the Alice in Wonderland ride. There was also a set of stairs that leads up through the north east side of the Alice in Wonderland ride from the basement were the Command Center is located at the footers of the Matterhorn Mountain to the rooftop of the Alice in Wonderland ride. The room is divided into sections with the lower area in the center of the space being used for logistical and surveillance purposes. There were several computers in this area and the wall in front of the computers was covered in large computer monitor/television screens; it is something like what you might see at a Nasa Control Center on television, but on a much smaller scale. There was a lounging area on the edge of the room where my uncle and I had entered. This section of the room had some chairs and a small sofa for sitting on with a small coffee table. When we entered the room, it was quite inside, and I could see my grandfather down in the lower section of the room going over something on the computers and the large screens that were there for keeping control of his spy's around the globe. my uncle announced our arrival and my grandfather said hello and told us that he would be with us shortly, as he had to finish up what he was working on before he could join us. My uncle told me to have a seat and he asked me if I wanted a cocktail from my potions box. I told him that I would take one and he got into a briefcase that he had there which contained my

little black box filled with the brightly colored vials of potions, or CIA engineered drugs. As he started to mix some of them together, he pointed to a new feature to the room which had just been recently added and he was proud of; it was just to my right against the wall.

There was on the right side of the sofa as I was sitting a large carnival style metal box with a glass top enclosing a fortune teller; it was in all actuality the fortune teller box from the film, *Batman Forever* starring Jim Carrey as the Riddler, and Val Kilmer as Batman. When we sat down my uncle proudly pointed it out and told me that he had acquired it from the producers of the film for the cost of about five-thousand dollars. It was a pretty cool addition to the room, but I asked him how he could afford a five-thousand-dollar movie prop as I knew that my aunt would have never approved of such a purchase. My uncle told me that the Agency had paid for it; the prop was simply written off as an expense for his work as a CIA Human Bio Programmer. My uncle was proud of this “score” on prop material from a Batman film as he was deeply involved with the programming of the main characters in the film. Many of the stars and actors from Hollywood are Mind Controlled Slaves; they are owned as a slave is owned and used in film production where their personalities play best, and they can generate the most income for their owners. This is a fact that is well known among the one percent of the population that hold the power and the money; the elite. And Disneyland is a major center for programming not only CIA Mind Slaves such as myself, but also Hollywood Mind Slaves, and all others that the elite need programmed including professional sports players, political figures, musicians, etc.

When my uncle had finished mixing my cocktail, I drank it and handed him back the empty container. By this time, I was starting to get hungry and experience the sugar crash that my grandmother had told

me was sure to follow from my dietary choices. As he was putting away my potions, I can remember asking him if there was any food around. He just smiled and told me to eat more Starbursts. When my uncle had finished putting away my box of potions, he got out his little black box with a mirror in it. This was where he kept his cocaine. He opened it up and started to get a line ready. This was all normal behavior on this side of the Familia. At about that time another individual entered the room to join us with whom I was familiar in the world of Mind Control Programming. This man was Dr. John C. Lilly, the man who oversaw my trauma-based mind control programming from a clinical and scientific perspective. He entered the space from the same door that my uncle and I had come in through a few minutes before. He said hello to my grandfather who was still sitting below us in front of the computer screens before taking a seat there in the lounge area and saying hello to my uncle and I.

With the entrance of this man the dynamics of the room changed; he was a very prominent figure in the Project and with the Agency and he carried a great deal of authority with him. We both said hello to John as he made himself comfortable and my uncle continued to get his cocaine ready. John said that he had heard that I was in town and he had wanted to come and see me before I left. I was one of Johns personal projects and had known him since my youth when I first saw his face there in Disneyland on the ride, *Journey into Innerspace* when I was six years old. Age was beginning to catch up to him at that time. He asked me how I was doing, and I told him that I was doing well, and we made some small talk there in the room. My grandfather finished up what he was working on in the lower area and he came up and sat with us in the lounge area. He took one of the chairs next to John and they said hello to each other as both men knew each other well. My uncle, meanwhile finished up his line of coke and put away

his little black box. He seemed a little wired from the drugs and he told us that he had to run and check on what he called my chariot. He also referred to me as a young prince; I was in a room filled with mind control programmers. He left in a hurry up the stairs leading to the rooftop of the Alice in Wonderland ride. He took several steps at a time and was soon out of earshot and gone from the room.

I sat and talked with John and my grandfather. My grandfather noticed that I was eating something, and he asked me what it was as he told me that he was hungry as he had not eaten much that day. I told him that I had some Starburst candies in my pocket and asked him if he might like some of them. He told me that he would take a couple and I shared some with him there. John declined the offer which was probably a good idea. Both men were hungry and decided to go to dinner together after my uncle and I had left for the night. My grandfather also questioned me on my grandmother, and he asked me what it was that she was up to there in California. I was in a state of mind that did not share information that was not to be given out; if my grandfather did not know what my grandmother was doing for Uncle, then I could not tell him as this information was on a need-to-know basis only and he must not have needed to know. My grandfather pressed me on this issue, but I would not tell him. Seeing that I was not going to talk and in a way being glad that I did not, because it was my job not to, my grandfather dropped the subject.

John was getting old, and I could see this in his face as we sat and talked together. John told me that he wanted to talk with me about my experience in the deprivation tanks at INEL in southern Idaho a few years before and my time, "On the Other Side" as he called it. He apologized to me for not being able to talk with me about this subject matter sooner, but he said that he had been preoccupied with other

matters and simply could not find the time. He talked about how he had slowed down in life and was not traveling as much between California and Hawaii for his research. He said that he just did not have the energy for it anymore. John was a highly intelligent man, but he lacked empathy, and moral understanding. He was consciously aware of his age and the state of his body as he brought this up and seemed to want to talk about it; death would soon be taking him to the other side of existence. My grandfather was also getting older and said that he would like to hear about this experience as well as he had not heard it in its entirety.

I told them how I had been taken to INEL after we had done the presentation for the Mormon prophet in Hailey Idaho at my uncle's house. I talked about how we had been put into wet suits specifically made for U.S. and how we had been hooked up to the equipment there through wires connected to these suits. I told them how we had gotten into the tanks and through the use of the equipment the technicians there had stopped my heart, and I had left my body and floated above the scene there at INEL. I told them both how I had been taken by a tunnel of light that had come to find me weaving its way down through the darkness above. I told them how I had been taken to a beautiful meadow, and I described to them the beauty of this place and the peace that one felt when their spirit was present there. I told them how a being of light had come to see me in this meadow; I told them who this individual was. The being of light had been my uncle, James; the being of light that met me in the meadow was my grandfather's deceased son. I told my grandfather that James was well on the other side, as my grandfather had asked me this. I also told them both how concerned James was at my being in the meadow of light before my designated time of arrival; we do each pass at our own time. John and my grandfather both listened intently as I described to

them the manner in which James and I had traveled to a city of light a distance from the meadow down at the base of the mountains there. I told them that I had met with other spirits of light in a building that one could describe as a governmental administrative building, but it was for the order of the heavens and all who live and die. John and my grandfather listened as I told them of the spirits there and how they had questioned me on how I had come to this place before I was destined to arrive. I did not hold back in my conversation with these two men in any of the details that may have caused either of them any pain or regrets in their own lives; I had been told to tell them of “the other side”, and so I did.

They were both quiet and contemplative as I told them that the beings of light on the other side of life, did not approve of how I had come to their threshold and that they were very disappointed in my family and all of those who were involved with the mind control projects; the human mind is intended to be free. I had at that time looked both John and my grandfather in the eyes and told them that the beings of light on the other side of death, did not approve of what they were both doing with the children of this earth, what they had done to me, what they had done to many of my friends, and what they had been doing to others across the world. I did not hold back as this was a question that John had on this very topic as he was nearing death and would soon be at that very threshold of where my spirit once stood. The words that I shared with them were not the words that either of these men wanted to hear, but both of them had to hear it, nonetheless. They were both very quiet and enveloped in their own inner thoughts when my uncle came flying back down the metal stairs from the rooftop entrance and jumped into the room stating loudly that my chariot had arrived and was ready to fly. This abruptly ended my conversation with my grandfather and John who were both absorbed in thought from what I

had told them of my experience with the other side of life. I said my goodbyes to both John and my grandfather, and I followed my uncle up the stairs to the rooftop. My grandfather broke his silence and yelled after us just before we left the room, “You boys have fun”.

My uncle was still all coked out and flew up the stairs taking two or three steps at a time and moving very quickly through the stairwell before we reached the rooftop; I had to really move fast in order to keep up with him as he leaped up the stairs between the landings. By this time, I was feeling pretty high from the cocktail that my uncle had given to me a short time before. When we got to the rooftop there was a steel door, and we exited the building and came out onto the roof overlooking the Alice in Wonderland Ride. I walked to the edge of the roof and looked over the edge at the ride and the park below us and my uncle quickly grabbed my arm and pulled me back out of site again. He told me to keep myself out of site of the people in the park as they were not supposed to see U.S. there. He told me to follow him through the back ways through the park to our flight and said that I would have to keep up with him as he started off across the rooftop at a run and we took another door and a stairwell back down. We worked our way through the back ways of the park and the employees only areas to the north edge where there was a large amount of construction going on at that time adding to the attractions on that side of Disneyland; this was adjacent to Toontown. We came out of a fence opening and there was a white helicopter sitting on a helipad there at the edge of the park among the construction company’s office trailers and equipment. It was a civilian airship, or at least held the appearance of such.

My uncle lead me to the helicopter, and we talked for a moment with the pilot and his copilot; my uncle was polite and introduced me to

them and then we loaded up into the airship. The pilot was a man in about his early to mid-thirties and was clean cut and fit. His copilot was a young woman around the age of twenty years and was thin and attractive. When we got into the back of the helicopter, my uncle and I were both given a headset for the purposes of communication and buckled into our seats. With my headset I was able to hear and communicate with all persons on board the aircraft, at least when my com headset was enabled. The aircraft rotors picked up speed and the airship lifted into the air and over the fence that had been separating U.S. from the people inside of and enjoying the theme park as guests. I was on the right side of the aircraft and as it lifted off, I could see all the people in the park below me with some of them looking at us and pointing at our helicopter as it lifted away from Walt's pedophilic paradise. Being concerned with all the people in the park looking up at me on my side of the aircraft, as we had been so sneaky in getting across the park, I told my uncle that everyone in the park could see us and were pointing at us. My uncle told me at this point not to be concerned about this as helicopters taking off from Disneyland was a common occurrence and was surely nothing that would make the evening news. He then said, "Besides, you are a star, and some of those people down there might be fans of yours". Being a multiple I found this at first to be confusing but then quickly understood what it was that my uncle had meant; he was talking about my being used in the making of pornographic film.

My uncle told me that he needed to talk with the pilot, and he told the pilot to shut off my coms for a few moments so that I could not hear their conversation. The pilot turned off my headset and I sat and quietly looking out of the aircraft window at the expanse of the city that was spread out below us as we lifted ever higher into the air. It was somewhat un-nerving flying in a helicopter over the city as an

airship is much different to ride in than an airplane or a jet as the world below seems much closer in an airship; it took me a few minutes to get used to flying over the city in the aircraft. The pilots flew U.S. from Disneyland and Anaheim back over to the Los Angeles area and in the direction of the high-rise buildings that define the central downtown area. My uncle had not yet had dinner, and I was getting very hungry myself. As we had arrived in the Los Angeles area airspace my uncle had my coms turned back on and he told me that we were going to stop and have dinner before heading to the airport to catch our plane. He said that he knew of a good place there in L.A. where we could land with the airship at one of the high-rises and have dinner. The pilots pulled the ship closer to one of the skyscrapers which, with its reaching from the base of the earth below up to our position in the sky really added a sense of scale to our elevation and was mentally confusing for me moving from several hundred feet over the city to only a few feet over a rooftop helipad in moments; the pilots skillfully landed the ship on the rooftop pad.

Before we exited the helicopter, my uncle talked with the pilot; he told him to turn off his co-pilots headset so that she could not hear what he was saying, but I did hear them as they did not turn mine off. My uncle instructed the pilot to take the airship out and to refuel it while he and I had dinner at this location. He then told the pilot that after he had refueled the airship, he could take the co-pilot out somewhere and he should sexually abuse her. She was a beautiful young woman with blonde hair and was very attractive, but she was also a mind slave and my uncle told the pilot that he would be doing him a favor if he would do the honors of the abuse as it was necessary for her programming. My uncle then told the pilot the triggers to the woman's sexual programming which he readily accepted and agreed too. My uncle and I exited the airship and stepped out onto the building's helipad over

the city. There was no guard rail on the helipad which was elevated about four to five feet above the rest of the rooftop making it feel like I was that much higher over the city. We walked to a steel door with a large glass window in it, that led into the restaurant/bar at the top of the building. The pilot waited to take off until we had entered the building and were clear of the noise and the wind from the aircraft.

Inside of the restaurant it was all very fancy, at least for my standards as an Idaho small town kid. We walked down a short hallway into the seating area where a waiter met U.S. and then seated U.S. at a small table by the windows overlooking the city. At this time in my life most of the dining out I had done with my family and friends had been at working class establishments where one is almost always served by a waitress, a woman. I am not attempting to be sexist in this but rather it was simply something that I observed and found interesting and curious at the time. Regardless, the waiter gave my uncle and I both menus and we took a few moments to look them over in silence. I had never heard of anything on the menu and it was for me as if it were written in a completely different language. Frustrated I looked at my uncle and I told him that I did not know what to order as I did not understand the menu. My uncle asked me if I had not eaten in such an establishment as this before and I told him that surely, I had not. He grumbled and complained that my father would have never taken me to such a place as this before, and going into a short rant about how terribly my parents' dietary choices were; he said that my, "parents eat like crap, and have no taste in food". He went on to say that their diet and poor eating habits were going to catch up to them in the end. My uncle tried for a moment to explain to me what the items were on the menu before he finally just told me what he was going to order for me. I was glad to let him do so. The waiter returned and he took our orders and our menus, and my uncle and I sat and talked while they prepared

our meals.

We had not sat long talking before there emerged a sound from the bar area of the establishment of someone laughing very loudly. For myself it was a very un-nerving kind of laugh as the individual sounded intoxicated and the laughter was not that of joy, but rather of another more painful emotion being expressed. I turned to my right and looked over my shoulder into the bar area where I could see a young, skinny, blonde kid drinking alone and causing a bit of a stir in his intoxication. My uncle also looked in the direction of the noise, but he instantly recognized the individual at the bar. As I was turned looking at him my uncle told me that the person at the bar was Leonardo De Caprio. When he said this, I could see that it was, and my uncle continued telling me that Leo had just turned twenty-one years old some weeks before and had taken to heavy drinking in public settings. My uncle told me that when Leo drank, he would drink until he was so drunk that he would make a complete ass of himself until he passed out from intoxication. He said that whenever he did this it not only made a scene that made everyone else in the establishment uncomfortable but that it was also difficult keeping it out of the news headlines and tabloid magazines. Turning back to my uncle I asked him why Leo would want to do that as it sounded as though it came to a painful conclusion by morning. My uncle told me that Leo had an even crueler father than my own. He told me that Leo had been very badly abused by his father and that he carried a lot of pain with him that he did not understand. He told me that Leo needed to learn to control his pain. At that time, I understood what My uncle was talking about as in this personality I was aware that my father was a cruel pedophile who had abused myself and my sibling's terribly, but I could not imagine someone being worse than he was.

Our meals were served and Leo continued to cause a stir with bursts of laughter and boisterous talking with the bartender while my uncle and I ate our dinner. The meal was not large in volume as I was accustomed to receiving at restaurants I had eaten at with my parents throughout my youth but was a small and adequate amount of food to satisfy one's hunger. When we had finished our meal, the waiter brought U.S. our bill and my uncle had me pay for the dinner with some of the money that he had given me earlier that day at the airport. The meal was not cheap and cost several hundred dollars for the food as well as the fee of landing on the roof with a helicopter. I was confused that my uncle would ask me to pay for the meal as I was supposed to hold on to the money in my pocket for emergencies. But my uncle told me that it was important that the people in the restaurant saw me paying for the meal myself as I was going to be incorporated into this elite culture and he wanted them to see that I came from a wealthy Familia. He again reminded me of my being used in pornography and being a star in film.

I paid the bill and tipped the waiter which took most of my cash, and then my uncle told me that we should use the restroom before we left and that he also wanted to say hello to Leo at the bar. We stood up from our table and walked over toward the bar which was also close to the restrooms. We walked up to Leo on his left side while he was sitting at the bar and my uncle said hello to him. Leo looked at my uncle and even in his state of intoxication recognized him and said hello; he knew my uncle by his name. My uncle introduced me to him, and we said hello to each other; it just felt to me like two kids saying hi to each other. Then my uncle asked Leo what he was up to, and Leo gladly told him that he was there that evening to get drunk. Frustrated, my uncle told me to go ahead and use the restroom while he stood and talked with Leo for a moment. My uncle started to lecture Leo on

how he should not be drinking like this in public spaces and Leo did his best to Bee Respectful to my uncle though he did not want to hear any of it and was set on drinking his night away. When I had returned from the restroom Leo looked very annoyed at my uncle and his lecturing and my uncle could see that he was not getting through to him. He finally gave up his preaching. He told Leo that I was also a star in film and that the two of U.S. could talk for a few minutes while he used the restroom. He did not tell Leo the kind of films that I had been used in. My uncle walked away and went down the short hall to the restroom and Leo seemed relieved to see him go.

At that time, I was seventeen years old, but the bartender did not ask for my proof of identification nor did he try to remove me from the bar area; but I was not there to drink, and while I was sitting with him Leo did not make any loud outbursts but was relatively quiet and peaceful in his intoxicated state. Leo really liked cigarettes and he lit one up and offered me one as well, which I gladly accepted. At first, we smoked and talked about being used in film and how that was as a young man and I tried to keep the focus on Leo's career in film as I was not proud of my own. Talking with him I could feel that he was in a lot of pain inside; not a pain as most folks are accustomed too, or at least aware of, but a pain that one feels from deep wounds, to one's very heart and soul; cuts that are deeper than skin, blood and bone. I changed the subject from that of film to that of asking Leo why he was set on drinking in this way as it seemed to me like a bad personal choice. I was a Mormon kid who did not drink and genuinely could not understand the benefit in such behavior, and the consequences of the next morning did not seem worth it to me. I questioned him on this because I was sincerely interested in my ignorance as well as concerned for Leo. He thought about it for a moment and then he told me how fun it was to be drunk and how good it felt for him to be

under the influence of alcohol. At first, he was confident in his response as he did enjoy drinking and it helped him to deal with his pain. But as I talked about the consequences of the next morning and questioned him on this he began to change his mind on his goals that evening, as he could find no positive outcome to the effects of heavy drinking when he awoke the next morning. About this time, I could hear the rumble of an airship approaching the building and my uncle emerged from the restroom. He told me that it was time to go as my chariot had arrived and I crushed out my cigarette and said goodbye to Leo. Leo stood up as we said goodbye, and he then told the bartender to call for his car as he was leaving too and wanted to go home. My uncle and I left heading to the rooftop the same direction that we had entered the establishment and Leo left in the opposite direction heading toward the elevator and his car and driver.

When we had gotten into the short hallway leading to the rooftop and we were clear of the eyes and ears in the restaurant, my uncle stopped me and asked with much sincerity and great curiosity, “what did you say to Leo? He never listens to anyone when he gets his mind set like this and he never just leaves the bar walking of his own accord. What did you say to him?” My uncle was genuinely interested because he made a living manipulating people and manipulating Leo. My uncle questioning brought to my mind the pain that I felt when I was talking to Leo, and I looked at my uncle and I told him that I had just talked to him, and I was not sure what exactly it was that I had said to cause him to leave that night; I had just talked to him like he was a normal person; I had talked to him as two kids should talk as people do, which was a rare occurrence in the life of a young man whose existence was constantly being manipulated by people like my uncle. We walked out the steel and glass door at the top of the landing and out to our helicopter that was waiting for us on the rooftop.

We boarded the airship and got buckled in and put our communications headsets on. My uncle asked the pilot how things had gone refueling the ship and the pilot told U.S. that things had gone very well, and that the airship was fueled and ready to fly. My uncle told the pilot to now take U.S. to the Los Angeles airport. The airship motors took up speed and lifted off the helipad that it had just been sitting on and we moved right out over the city. It was interesting moving from a flat surface right under your feet to floating in open space hundreds of feet in the air over the city. It was a short ride from downtown Los Angeles to the Los Angeles airport. By this time the sun was beginning to fade behind the horizon and night was taking its hold on the world as we landed at the airport near the plane.

Our plane was already there at the location and was waiting for U.S.. Before we exited the airship, my uncle told the helicopter pilot to be on call for the next morning as we would be needing a ride back to Disneyland before the suns next rising. We exited the helicopter and moved directly to the plane boarding it and seating ourselves among the empty passenger seats. The plane was not small like the one that I had ridden from Nampa to Los Angeles in earlier that day but was larger and made for carrying around twenty people or so. Inside of the plane my uncle thanked the pilots for the ride and told them how much he appreciated it. The pilots were again a man who was sitting on the left, and a woman who was sitting on the right side of the plane in the cockpit. The man said that they were happy to do it and make some extra money while they were in between flights to and from Area 51. They seemed to be used to this kind of arrangement and this was a way for them to earn extra pay by doing other top-secret flights while they waited for their next run. After they chatted just for a moment, they started the plane up and we made our way down the runway and into the air.

It was not a long flight to The Mountain from Los Angeles, but it was not a short flight either. When the plane had settled into its directional pathway and elevation my uncle got out his box of potions from his briefcase and made me drink the blue potion of sleep, so that I would be out for the duration of the flight. He told me to put my sunglasses in my suits upper coat pocket so that they did not fall off of my head and become lost and I drank the potion and was soon unconscious from its strong affects. I would not be awoken from my sleep until after we had already landed.

When we arrived, my uncle had shaken me some and told me to wake up and it took a few moments for me to come around again; I was tired and did not want to wake up. While I stirred my uncle had out his box of potions again and began to mix me a cocktail so that I might wake me up. He mixed some of a red potion with some of a yellow potion. The yellow was one of my favorites as it produced a very mellow kind of euphoric feeling, while the red would wake you up more giving you more energy but also causing some edginess. The yellow counteracted this edginess. I drank the potion and sat for a moment allowing the drugs to take some affect. I asked my uncle where it was that we were as I could remember getting into the plane, but I had not understood where it was that we had been going. It was clearly in the middle of the night and was very dark outside of the plane. He told me that we were at a place called, The Mountain. This was a top-secret government facility out in the mountains of northern California. He told me that this was where I would be volunteering for the security detail that night. The drugs began to kick in and it was time to get out of the plane.

Outside of the plane it was dark but the air was crisp and clean. I could smell pine trees in the air and there was the sound of water in the

distance falling. Looking around me as we exited the plane I could see that we were at the base of a large and steep mountain that was nestled into several other large and steep mountains in a great and deep valley. The sky was filled with stars and clouds. The pilots were busy going over the plane with some maintenance personnel and my uncle talked to them for a moment and told them that he would return shortly and they were to wait for him as he needed a ride to another location. The pilots said that they understood and had just a little while that they could wait before they would need to start making their way back. My uncle turned toward the mountain and told me to follow him, he said, "Lets take a walk".

There was no golf cart or vehicle to shuttle us to the entrance of the mountain and my uncle and I began to walk toward some lights and steel doors that were about two-hundred yards in front of us at the mountains base. It was nice to walk and stretch our legs after sitting for so long and the potions began to kick in as my uncle and I walked. Looking around me the place seemed so majestic and surreal as we walked and my uncle began to talk to me. He said that he could have requested a vehicle for us but the walking would be good for us after all of the sitting we had been doing. He told me we were about to go into a place called the Trinity Mountain Underground Complex and he said that there in front of us was one of the entrances. He told me that the Trinity Mountain Underground Complex was a top-secret facility that no one is supposed to know about. Controversial things occur at this site that the people would not understand. He told me that I would be acting as a guard for a ceremony that was to be taking place there that night in one of the secret chambers under the earth.

When we had reached the steel doors to the entrance of the mountain there was no guard posted on the outside of the facility; there was a

couple of steel doors with one being larger and to our left, and one there in front of us that was smaller but still large. There was a control pad there on the right side of the smaller door for one to gain access; it was a hand scanner/reader. My uncle told me that he wanted me to use my security clearance for our entry as I was supposed to have been entered into the computer after I had passed my test at the Monkey Bar. He told me that he wanted to verify that it was active and working. I placed my hand on the reader and it read my hand. The door began to open, and my uncle was pleased that my security clearances had been processed. The door was large and very thick like something one would have on a safe at a bank but larger. It opened and my uncle and I were able to enter the building.

Inside of the door there was a large garage style rectangular shaped room for the purposes of storing vehicles and other equipment. This space was about a hundred of so feet long and about thirty or so feet wide; the ceiling was around sixteen feet tall or so. No one was in this space when we entered, but we heard someone coming down some metal stairs that were on the opposite side of the room from the door we had entered. He came into the garage space from the stairwell and ran over to where my uncle and I were standing by the door. He was dressed in military BDU's that were a very dark grey in color. He had on a dark grey baseball cap and a radio headset as well as his gear belt and boots. He was armed with an Hk-MP5 submachine gun; he was clean cut and looked like a soldier, though a soldier who was on post and active in a hostile environment. He was happy to see us and greeted us both with a handshake and the professional mannerisms of a United States soldier. He told us that they were short on personnel that evening, and he was happy that we had come in to assist them for the security detail. My uncle told him that he would not be staying, but that I was available as a volunteer. The soldier looked at me and could

see that I was young, but not being in a position to question such matters he did not say anything about my age. Rather he said that they would be happy to take me as they needed the help that night.

The soldier led us up the set of stairs that he had come down to meet us and we moved through a system of stairs, tunnels, and landings before coming to a security room command center. Everything in this place was formed of concrete and steel including the walls, floors and ceilings and it was a very cool, dark and hard environment. We entered the security room and to our left there was two people in a room with computer monitors connected to cameras which were placed throughout the facility. One of the men was sitting at a table in front of three or four screens and the other man was standing to his left behind him. They were both dressed in the same dark BDU's as the soldier who had brought my uncle and I there but were only armed with handguns. The soldier who had brought us to the room told the Commanding Officer who was the man standing in the room when we had arrived. The C.O. recognized that we were there and told the soldier that he could return to his post. The soldier left the room through another door on that level into what appeared to be another tunnel system.

The Commanding Officer turned after a moment of talking to his guy at the table about logistics and he addressed both my uncle and I, stating that he was glad that we had come to help with security for the event that night as he was short on security personnel. He did not pay much notice to me until my uncle told him that he would personally not be staying to help, but rather motioning to me he told the C.O. that I would be a part of the security detail and could help for the night's events. The C.O. did not like to hear this; not at all. He looked at me and he got really pissed off and said, "you brought me a damn kid! I

am not a God damn babysitter! I have enough to deal with here in this shit hole, and now you want me to watch this kid for you! No Way, I am not taking him. Get him the fuck out of here.” This was somewhat surprising to me; I was taken off guard by his reaction as I had always thought of military personnel as being professional and well spoken, but this man was far from professional or well spoken. My uncle got really pissed at the man’s response and he began to turn red with anger. My uncle told the C.O. that he had orders stating that I was to be at this facility operating as a member of the security detail for this event and he told the C.O. that he had no choice in this matter. The C.O. would not consent until he had seen the paperwork which my uncle angrily got out of his brief case and presented to him.

The C.O.’s denial of the situation subsided when he read the orders that my uncle produced stating that he had to accept me as a part of his security detail and my uncle could see that he had won this small battle. The C.O. reluctantly told U.S. that I would need to get dressed and ready if I was to be a member of the team and he asked if I had brought my own gear for the evening. I had not brought my own gear as I did not have any, so he told us that there was a footlocker in the locker room under the stairs where I could put together a uniform and enough gear for the nights event. My uncle and I went into the locker room and found the footlocker with the gear; it was located where he had told U.S. it would be under a set of stairs. But the footlocker was not that of a military style professional footlocker that one would imagine in such a situation, but rather a simple Rubbermaid style tote. I found this odd at the time and again unprofessional. Inside of the tote was an assortment of military BDU uniform pants and shirts as well as boots and a belt system; the gear was all just piled into the tote as though someone had just thrown it together in a hurry. My uncle helped me to get properly dressed and ready for the detail and

we talked for a moment. He was still pissed at the C.O. but he told me to be respectful to him and to do as I was told by the man. He said that he would have to leave while I was on security but he said that he would be back when the event was over to pick me up and take me back to Los Angeles and Anaheim. He explained that he was going to take a quick flight over to The Grove as Brittany Spears was there and was undergoing programming at that location; my uncle made it no secret that this programming was in the form of sexual abuse. He asked me if I found her to be attractive and being a seventeen-year-old American male under deep mind control I told him that yes of course I found her to be attractive. He told me that he would hook me up with her sometime soon as he thought I would enjoy having sex with her. This was all strange but commonplace with my uncle; my uncle enjoyed his job for the Central Intelligence Agency as a Human Bio Programmer and the “perks” that it afforded him.

Now, it made me uncomfortable that my uncle would be leaving me here in this place as The Mountain itself has a certain taint of darkness that I could feel within its walls, an evil lurking in sickness; The Mountain is not just dark from a lack of natural lighting but is dark from an evil that exists there within its dark caverns; it is a place of darkness here on earth. I tried to tell my uncle that this made me uncomfortable, but he reassured me that I would be ok and that he would return to pick me up as soon as the event was over. We walked from the locker room to the room with the computer equipment and monitor screens. The C.O. was still busy talking with the man sitting behind the computer and they were trying to figure out the weakest points in their defense systems and where in the tunnel system they should place me for my post. When we entered the room my uncle told me that I would need a radio. There was a rack on the wall that had radios and headsets and my uncle walked over and took one down and

began to set me up with it. I understood how to use it some and it took little explaining. My uncle then turned to the C.O. who was talking with the man behind the screens and he interrupted them and told him that I would be needing a weapon for the evenings detail. The C.O. did not like to hear this and he also did not like being interrupted by my uncle while he was talking with the other guy there. He responded angrily to my uncle, cutting into their conversation and said, “No Way, I am not giving this kid a gun. It’s bad enough I have to deal with him being here at all, but now you want me to give him a gun, fuck you, No Way! My orders say he is to be here, but they do not state that he is to be given a weapon. I am not giving him a gun unless I have orders to do so”. My uncle again got very angry, and he said to the C.O. “I am ordering you to give him a gun”! The C.O. being angry and defiant but growing weary of his arguments with my uncle reached over to a rack of weapons on the wall and took down an HK-mp5 submachine gun and thrust it into my arms. He said, “there, he’s got a gun, now let me get back to my job.” My uncle, still not being satisfied said to the C.O., “Give him some ammo too”. The C.O. looked at my uncle and said, “I was ordered to give him a gun, but I never received orders to give him any ammo; this kid is not even old enough to own a gun! Now let me do my job!” Now it is one thing to give an individual a weapon in the military as this act places some responsibility in the hands of the individual who gave that person that weapon. Therefore, the responsibility was on my uncle in that he had given the order to the C.O. to give me a weapon, but the C.O. still held some of that responsibility as well because he was the one who had handed it to me. If he had given me ammo without orders to do so he would have been held liable in the event of an accident with the said loaded weapon. Therefore, it was bad enough for the C.O. to have me armed at all, but to have ammo for it would have been a great liability on the site. My uncle, unwilling to accept this responsibility and growing

weary of the argument turned to me and said his goodbyes. He left me standing at attention there in the security room with the C.O. and the man sitting behind the computer screens awaiting my orders.

Now that it had quieted down with the departure of my uncle; the C.O. calmed down some and was able to take the time to figure out where they were going to place me in the security detail around the event in the tunnel system. Apparently, they were short on available personnel qualified and cleared for this type of work, and the security detail was to be spread thin because of this. The event that we were guarding was taking place literally inside of The Mountain. There was a corridor/tunnel located outside of the main security room that connected U.S. to the event with the corridor encircling the entirety of the main event area. This provided a ring of security around the ceremony when it was taking place and the security detail was able to be filled with qualified personnel. Within the corridor were also other passageways leading up or down throughout the mountain as it had several layers within it. The C.O. finally picked a location that was down the corridor from the Command Center and was a weak point in their security detail. He got on the radio communications system and called in one of the other guards that was currently on post in the tunnel system a minute away from our current location. When the guard arrived we were briefly introduced, and the C.O. told him to take me out to guard an area of the corridor with a steel door connecting directly to the event. This area of the tunnel also had a set of stairs that lead down further into the mountain's lower chambers. The guard was a younger fellow but older than myself; he must have been about twenty years old or so and had blonde hair and was my height but more muscular than I am. The guard lead me out of the command center and down the concrete tunnel that zig zagged around the evenings event.

We walked down the corridor which was not a straight path but took a jog in a zig zag pattern about every thirty or forty feet as it encircled the central area, and I talked with the guard as we walked as he was a friendly fellow. He asked me how old I was. I told him that I was seventeen years old and would soon be turning eighteen. My age did not bother him, and he told me that he was grateful that I was there to assist them that evening as they were short on personnel and the detail was thin that night. He said that there seemed to be less and less people like he and I as of late. As we talked, he noticed that I had no magazine in the weapon that I was carrying, and he stopped in the corridor after we had only gotten a short ways and he told me that I had no ammo in my weapon and he looked confused and concerned. I told him that the C.O. had not given me any ammunition or magazines to which response he frowned, and he told me that such a thing was not good because The Mountain was a dangerous place. He called in to the C.O. over his radio and told him that I did not have any ammunition and he asked him why I had not been given any. I could hear this conversation over my radio headset. The C.O. told the other security member that I was too young to have it and said that he did not even want me having a gun. The guard replied that I did in fact need a weapon as well as ammo as he reminded the C.O. that The Mountain itself was an extremely dangerous place and it was irresponsible of him to leave me out here in the tunnel systems with no form of protection. The C.O. reassured the guard that if I needed assistance that he was only a short distance away at the Command Center and that the guard would also be only a short distance away from me as well. He told him that if I got into trouble they would come to my aid if needed and they could give me some ammo at that time if it arose. I listened to this conversation over my com headset and absorbed the information curiously.

The guard did not like to hear this from the C.O., but he now had his orders and we continued in the direction of my security position down the tunnel. The guard told me that he did not approve of the C.O.'s decision as The Mountain itself was a very dangerous place where one did not want to be caught unarmed; he told me that there were dark and evil things in The Mountain, and he said that I would need to be very quiet and very cautious and careful in my time there. At last, we came to a juncture in the corridor where I was to be stationed. As we approached the juncture there was a steel door up a couple of stairs to our left where the ceremony was to be taking place. We could hear sounds coming from inside of the door of water splashing and running and the smell of chlorine was emanating from the space. There was a security camera high on the wall watching this juncture in the tunnel. The corridor continued around the event and turned in its zig zag pattern out of site to our front where the other guard would continue to his post down the tunnel. There was also a set of stairs leading down deeper into the mountain at this juncture; there was no lights down this tunnel, and it was dark and did not feel like a nice place. The other guard told me that I was to guard this point and that if I heard or saw "anything", I was to call the C.O. immediately and report in. He told me not to move from my position and to keep a sharp eye out and he told me most importantly, "do not go down the stairs"; he said that there were very evil things at the lower levels of The Mountain, and I should stay away from the lower stairs and keep a sharp eye out for anything that moves from the darkness within. He told me that he would be just down the tunnel and if anything happened, he could be to my position quickly. I reassured him that I would follow my orders and he left me there and continued down the corridor and around the corner and out of my site; I was left there alone in the dim light to guard the juncture.

I did as I had been told and I stood and watched the corridor and began to absorb my surroundings. The stairs leading down into the lower recesses of The Mountain was located to my right and I spent some time watching this passage hoping nothing would emerge from its dark recesses. The air was thick with moisture and there was a strong smell of chlorine coming from the doors leading to the ceremony which began some time shortly after I was placed at my post. The corridor was quiet except for the sounds coming from behind the door leading to the ceremony. From behind the doors, I began to hear water splashing, men's voices, women screaming as though in pain, and other indescribable sounds coming from within. I was in a disassociated state and was still under a deep spell of mind control. I stood for an unknown length of time at this location listening to the sounds behind the door and taking in theses surroundings. The radios had been quiet for the most part with only the C.O. checking in on each guard periodically throughout the night. Then something happened and this pattern began to be disrupted by some irregular chatter over the coms that was not typical. One of the other members of the security detail who was directly across from me on the other side of the event had taken the liberty of looking behind the steel doors he was posted at to see what was taking place in the ceremony. When he had seen what was happening in the ceremony, he called in over the coms to all the other guards in the security detail and he told U.S. that the people in the ceremony were eating children/babies alive. I listened to my headset but was silent on my radio as the guard described what was happening in the ceremony. The guard who had looked behind the doors did not approve of the activity taking place in the ceremony and he told all of the other guards posted around it to join him in stopping the ceremony and killing everyone in the room; he had said that none of the people in the ceremony deserved to live and we needed to kill them all.

From the security room the C.O. cut the other guard's communications radio off so that he could not talk to the rest of the security detail and he went silent over my radio headset. The C.O. knew that he had to move fast, or this other guard was about to start shooting up the ceremony and killing everyone in the room. I was the closest member of the team to this guard's position and so the C.O. called in to me over the radio. He told me to go up the short stairs leading to the steel doors and the ceremony; he told me to open the door and enter the ceremony and move my ass as fast as possible directly through the ceremony to the steel doors on the opposite side of the room straight across from my current position. This was where the guard who was snapping was located, just on the other side of those doors. I was to move through the ceremony to his position where I was to try to stall him and talk him down from killing everyone in the ceremony until the other guards could get there to subdue him. He told me to move fast and move NOW!

I processed my orders instantly and without hesitation I moved up the stairs to the steel doors and into the ceremony before he had even finished talking. The smell of chlorine and blood was strong as I opened the door to the ceremony and the aroma and taint of the air hit my senses like a wall of moisture and blood. I took no time to stop and look at what was taking place around me, but my eyes, ears and nose could not help but take in the surroundings and the things that were taking place there in that room, at that moment in time. When I entered the room, I was hit by a wave of sound such as one would experience when entering a large and very crowded public swimming pool area with the sound of water splashing, people talking and laughing, and the echo of the enclosed space and activity. But in this environment people were also screaming, yelling, and crying out in pain and horror. The room was a giant swimming pool area with

several pools spread throughout the room of all sizes; there was large pools to my right as I entered where much of the activity was taking place and there were some smaller shallower pools to my left. There was blood everywhere in the water and on the surfaces in between the pools. I looked across the room and I could see the doors that I needed to access, and I started running across the room to the other side.

There were men in the pools to my left and I looked down at them as I passed, and I could see what it was that they were doing. They were naked and they were all in the pool together and were eating the body of what appeared to be a newborn baby; it was difficult to process in my mind as I passed by them and they looked up at me from their activity caught by surprise that someone was moving through the ceremony. I was very relieved to make it to the steel doors at the opposite side of the room and I quickly opened them and stepped out of the ceremony and closed the door behind myself leaving the blood and murder behind me for the moment. All of this pushed me even deeper into myself and into a state of trauma.

I was not just relieved to be out of the ceremony room, but it took me a moment to adjust to the darkness of the corridor as well as come to terms with my mind after just witnessing what I had seen in the ceremony behind me and the steel doors. The guard who was breaking protocol was in the corridor and saw me enter the space. He was silent for a moment before approaching and greeting me; he was glad to see me as he thought that I had come to help him in stopping the ceremony and killing everyone in the room. He said, “did you see what they are doing in there, we have to stop this shit; this is madness! Are the other members of the team coming to help us?” I told him that yes, I had indeed seen what was going on inside of the ceremony, but I tried to talk him down from killing everyone in the room. I told him that it was not our place to judge these people as this was how I had

been programmed to think about such situations. This frustrated the other guard, hearing me talk this way, and then we could hear the other guards coming through the corridor both to our right and to our left and they sounded as though they were in a hurry to get to U.S.. The guard who I was talking with realized that I was not there to help him in his desired task, but rather that I had been sent to stall him and give the other guards time to get to his position and apprehend him. Rage filled his eyes and covered his face and before I could react, he quickly lifted his sub machine gun up over his shoulder high and brought it down onto my skull hard just as the other members of the team entered our area of the corridor. I did not have time to react to his blow as we were awfully close to each other in proximity and he was older and larger than myself and he had moved very quickly in his actions. If I had been farther away from him, he probably would have just shot me with the weapon rather than strike me with it, so I suppose that as I write these words, I am grateful to still be alive. But when he struck me, he hit me with such a force of blow that everything went black only for a split second as my body was knocked completely unconscious and my spirit forced right out of my body.

My body fell to the floor, but my spirit stayed standing and present and I suddenly found myself standing above my body and in front of the man who had just struck me as the other two guards tackled him to the floor right there in front of me. He was screaming and putting up a fight and my spirit being overwhelmed with the situation stepped back through the doors in which I had entered the corridor, and I was again in the ceremony chamber; I could not escape the violence.

No one could see me in the ceremony room as I was not in a physical body. I was at that time out of my body which gave my spirit and my curiosity the ability to move throughout the room unseen and

unnoticed, but what I witnessed in that underground chamber in The Mountain was too much even for my spirit and my soul to bear for long, but I did at that time bear witness to what was happening in that chamber. I do not know why I roamed through this event as it was a horror to behold, but my spirit was curious, and I will bear witness now to what I saw taking place in that room as many in this world do not understand the evil that can take ahold of men's hearts in their search for power over the children of all.

The room was a vast chamber made of granite and stone with great stone columns of ancient Greek and Roman style architecture all throughout the room and reaching to the ceiling which was at least fifty feet high. The space was rectangular in shape and the doors that I had entered was at the far end of the room. There was a series of pools varying in size with the smaller pools at the end I had entered and the larger pools at the other end of the room. There was an elevated level at the far end of the chamber opposite from where I had entered that was about fifteen to twenty feet higher than the pools below. There was an open water slide leading from this upper level to the pools below. There was also a small waterfall cascading over the edge of the elevated area. The pools were filled with men of an Asian nationality and they ranged in age as well as size; some of them were skinny and some of them were very heavy and fat and they were all naked. The older men were closest to the other end of the room where the slide and waterfall was located, and I could see that newborn babies were being slide down the slide from the upper level of the room to the men below in the pools of red water. The water in the pools was not clear and clean but was blood red and there was blood and gore all over the stone floors of the room. The entire scene was a horror to behold.

I will tell you reader that it is not only the body that may experience trauma and pain, but also the spirit and the soul; it was overwhelmingly painful to see what was happening in this ceremonial chamber. My spirit moved through the ceremony from the back area where I had entered, and I moved toward the elevated area of the room at the top of the slide passing over the men below me as they literally indulged in the newly born human flesh and blood they seemed to crave. There were water fountains pouring down from the upper level to the lower pools and the sound of water rushing, men laughing and yelling below me in their activity and women screaming and crying above on the upper landing area all blended together; I could hear all of this and see all of this.

I moved over the men below in the pools and up onto the level of the upper landing at the top of the slide. All of what I saw in this place was a nightmare. The top landing area was flat and not engulfed in pools or water, but rather had a hard surface of white for the floor and walls. The room was filled with the sound of many women screaming in pain of the body and of the soul. All of the women were or had been pregnant and were or had been in the process of giving birth; this is where the babies that the men were eating below were coming from. The room was filled with at least thirty to fifty women if not more as it is difficult to say the exact number in the horror of it all; I was not counting. Attending to the women giving birth were people dressed up as doctors who were taking the newly born children and putting them on the water slide and sending them down to the men below to be consumed. Like the area below there was blood everywhere on this level splattered on the floor and it was painful to experience. Once I had seen the entirety of the ceremony, I wanted nothing but to get out of it and to leave this place. I was not in my body and I started to become concerned for it and had a desire to find it; I became

concerned that I might lose my body here in The Mountain and be forever lost from it and stuck in this horrible place. My spirit started moving from the upper landing to the back area where I had last entered the room and I moved through the door and back into the tunnels.

When I got to the corridor where my head had been smashed in and my body had fallen to the floor my body was no longer present. Rather there was a guard now at this position whom I recognized as the man who had been behind the computer screens with the C.O. in the Command Center. I looked around this area for a moment but realized that my body had been moved and was no longer there at that location. I became genuinely concerned at this and considered what it was that I should do as I felt compelled to locate my body. I considered following one of the tunnels around to the security room where I might be able to find my body, but I had never been through that area of the corridor and was fearful that I would lose my way and that my body would be transported away from The Mountain without me. I decided that it would be best to follow my path back to the Command Center as I knew the way. I did not like it but this meant that I must go back through the ceremony to the area where I had been posted initially as I knew the way back from there. Reluctantly, I went back through the door into the ceremony chamber toward the opposite side where I had entered before I was knocked from my body. I went past the smaller pools which were now to my right and I could see the young men there in the pools eating the remnants of an infant's now dead carcass. These pools seemed to hold the youngest of the group, perhaps even the children of the men in the larger pools. These young men looked as though they were not in their right minds and I could see the trauma they endured as well. My god what a horror it all was!

I again left the ceremony glad to be out of it as I hoped indefinitely this time. The corridor position in which I had been guarding had no personnel at this location with my absence; we had lost two team members counting myself and the man who had struck me. I knew the way back to the security room from this location, but I was tempted for a moment to look down into the lower recesses of The Mountain as when one is in spirit form they are very curious such as a child. I took just a moment to look down into the darkness of the stairs leading down into the deeper recesses of The Mountain; there was a darkness indescribable down in the lower chambers of that place. I thought again of my body and turned and followed the corridor back to the Command Center where I had hoped that I would find it.

When I got to the Command Center my body was easy to locate as it was lying on a table in the corner of the main area of the room. My bodies feet were pointed to the wall and my head was pointed out into the room. The CO was talking on a telephone with my uncle about the state of my unconscious condition; he was telling him that I was still unconscious, but that I was alive and breathing. The C.O. seemed to be concerned for me in my present state and this surprised me as I had seen no compassion from the man previously. I moved over to my body and I looked at my head; although there was no blood, I could see that my skull was partly crushed in and it all looked very painful and bad. I reached out to touch my head but when I did this, I felt a draw to my body that I knew would cause me to re-enter it if I touched it, so I pulled my hand back and away from my body; I was not ready to endure the pain which I knew surely awaited me upon re-entry. Over the phone my uncle told the C.O. that my plane was about an hour away and that he should not wake me with smelling salts until he absolutely needed to; they were waiting to see if I would come around on my own, which was their desired result in my present unconscious

condition.

In the state of spirit that I was in I felt no pain and was comfortable on a physical level because my physical component was laying on the table in front of me. I was capable of emotions in the state that I was in and it made me angry that my uncle had left me here in The Mountain in such a way as this and now here I lay with my body injured, and no one to care for me in this awful place but this awful man who was the C.O.. I decided that I did not want to go back into my body just yet as I had a little time before my flight was to arrive and I did not want to deal with the pain that I would experience upon re-entering it. Also, having located my body there in the room I was not concerned about losing it again and was curious about the place that I was in and The Mountain; I also wanted to make my uncle and everyone else including the C.O. to have to worry about me because I felt like they deserved it. I will add that in this state of spirit I had a clarity of mind which I was not allowed to have while in my body. I understood that I was a CIA Mind Slave and that I had been abused by my father, relatives, and the government my entire life; I understood that I was government property. In this state I could remember, and I was pissed at all that they had done to me and my family.

I moved away from my body and looked about the room that I was in; it was the Command Center with all of the computer monitors for connection to the security cameras throughout the facility where I had first met the C.O.. I noticed that the room was somewhat bare, with the security camera monitors being set up on a folding table and very little in the way of physical items in the room aside from the gun rack on the wall, the communications rack with the headsets and radios, a keys box, a first aid kit, a fire extinguisher, and some personal gear of the C.O.'s in a corner on the floor. I found it odd that the room was so

sparse and poorly furnished. Having examined the Command Center, I moved into the locker room where I had been dressed in military BDU's and I looked around the space alone and unhindered. The space was not well lite as there was no natural lighting, and the walls and floor were made of concrete which absorbed the light from the cheap fluorescent lighting that was hung from the ceilings. I stayed in the locker room for a short time before entering one of the toilet stalls, and in this place simply hiding from intrusion I thought about the experience that I had there in The Mountain and tried to process what I had seen and what myself and my family was involved with. It is strange that I would have stayed there in a toilet stall, but it seemed a natural place to hide from the world and give myself time to think on the situation and the entirety of my life as in this state I could remember much of my life's past unhindered by the amnesic block experienced while in the body.

Time was still turning as I bided my time, and someone came and found me there in the stall. They were not of the physical world. It was my uncle James, my grandfather's son who had met me in the meadows of heaven only a couple of years before. It felt like it was only yesterday that I had seen him last. He told me to come out of the bathroom stall which recognizing him I did. When I stood in the locker room with him, he asked me what I was doing and he told me that he had been told that I was in trouble, and needed to go back to my body. I told him that I did not want to go back into my body yet, as when I did, I would be in a great amount of pain as I understood the damage that had been done to my skull. I also told him that I was angry at my grandfather, father and in particular my uncle for all that he had brought to my life and to my family. He heard my grievances, but he told me that I must go back to my body or it was in danger of being lost to me and I therefore was in danger of being lost in this world of

the between until my body had passed away. I understood his words and knowing him to be right, and much wiser than myself in his understanding of things, I reluctantly went back to where my body was laying in the security room control center.

When I entered the room, the C.O. was on the phone with my uncle who was telling him that my plane was only about fifteen minutes away and that I would need to be woken up with smelling salts. I stood at the head of the table/gurney that my body was laying on and I looked again at the damage that had been done to my head. I knew that I would have to go back into my body, and it was difficult to accept the pain that I knew that I would feel when I was fully reconnected with my physical self. I also did not want to lose the clarity of mind that I now had being in spirit form and free from the controls on my mind. The C.O. got out the smelling salts and I decided that I had better hurry so that I could wake up without them needing to use them, but I was to slow in my delay. I have always hated smelling salts. I reached out and I touched my head where it had been struck just a short time before and was instantly pulled back into my body; I could instantly feel everything that goes with being in the physical state and the pain in my head instantly became the focus of my thoughts. At first, I could not open my eyes and I could only see a composition of light pixilation behind the lids of my eyes. I could not move as it took a few minutes for my spirit to regain full connection with the movement of my body. In that time the C.O. got out the smelling salts and he put it under my nose. I knew that he was doing this, and I did not want him to use them as I was going to come around on my own, but the power of the salts is strong, and I was shocked back into connection with my body and present physical world with the C.O. there in the room. He was glad to see that I was conscious when I began to move again.

He let me regain my movement but there was a sense of urgency to his demeanor as the plane was about to arrive. I got going but with a great amount of pain in my skull and my head. He got me off of the table and into a standing position and I tried to act as though I was ok but the pain in my skull was immense. He had gathered my clothing while I had been unconscious, and they were there in the room. We got me out of the BDU's that I had been wearing for my time on security detail and he helped get me dressed back into my street clothes. He then led me down the stairs to the entry to The Mountain where my uncle and I had arrived earlier that night. It was difficult for me to get down the stairs and the C.O. had to help me to walk and ensure that I did not stumble and fall as we descended. When we got to the main doors exiting the facility the C.O. made me use my security clearance to open the doors as he wanted it to be recorded in the system that I had exited the facility. With the main doors open he pointed to the plane which had landed and was now sitting in the same location it had been when I had first arrived, about two hundred yards out at the airfield. I began walking in the direction of the plane and the C.O. closed the steel door behind me; there was no goodbye's and he seemed to be glad that I was now outside of his project area and no longer his responsibility.

The night was cold and now I was alone at the foot of The Mountain and my head was throbbing in pain. I knew that I had to get to the plane but at that moment it looked to me to be miles away. I started walking slowly in that direction. It took me what felt like an eternity to walk from the base of *The Mountain* to the plane. The sky that night was partly cloudy and as I walked, I looked up on occasion at the stars, but my skull was in such pain that I could not enjoy the crisp night sky; all the while I cursed my uncle for leaving me in such a condition as I was in and questioning God's motives with regard to humanity as I

could still remember everything that I had experienced there in The Mountain.

When I got to the plane the pilots were both there to greet me as I approached them slowly through the darkness. I was not friendly to them in any way as I was in a bad physical condition as well as in a very dark personality. I did not say hello to them, but rather asked where my uncle was roughly through the pain in my skull. The head pilot seeming somewhat uneasy with his passenger and my condition, and he told me that my uncle could not make it as he had another appointment to attend too. He told me that my uncle had sent them to pick me up and that they would return me to the Los Angeles Airport where I would take the helicopter back to Anaheim and the Disneyland facility where the rental car was waiting for me. He motioned me to enter the plane and asked me if I needed any assistance. I sternly told him that I did not need his help, though I really did, but I was much too angry to accept anyone's help at that point. Once I got on the plane, I took my seat and put my seatbelt on, and the pilots readied the plane and themselves for takeoff. When they had entered the plane one of the pilots told me that they had been instructed by my uncle that I was not allowed to sleep on the flight. They told me that because of the injury to my head I could go into a comma if I fell asleep and not wake up again. They took their seats, and the plane took off and we left the Trinity Mountain Underground Complex.

It was still night when we took off with morning yet approaching as we flew toward Los Angeles. I was the only passenger on the plane and after getting no sleep for the duration of the trip I wanted desperately to fall asleep and to rest my body and escape from the throbbing pain in my head. But the pilots had been firm about their orders. The pilots had the lights on in the back of the plane to help to

keep me awake and they would periodically look back at me and yell at me to ensure that I was still awake; I begrudged them this, but I knew that they were doing as they should. It was a lonely flight from The Mountain to Los Angeles and with the pounding of my skull and the pain in my head. At that point I could still remember everything that I had experienced on that trip and I went through it all in my mind. I could also remember much of my past and my family's involvement with the Central Intelligence Agency and the Pentagon. I can remember that on this flight my thoughts turned to my older brother who was not involved with the Project and such things were hidden from him and the rest of my family. I thought about how he had no idea about the dealings of our family and the ways of the world. I wished at that time that I could share these experiences with him, but I knew that it would be difficult for him to understand. It was difficult for me to understand why the CIA and the Pentagon would be taking part in and securing such an event as the one that I had been involved with at the Trinity Mountain Underground Complex.

I did not enjoy the flight in any way, and I was relieved to arrive once again at the airport in Los Angeles. Upon landing I walked from the plane to the helicopter and I entered the back door with the ship still running. I sat down and I put on my communications headset which was extremely painful as it applied pressure to my injured skull. Once I was seated and had my headset on, I asked the pilot in a firm voice where my uncle was. The helicopter pilot, who was the same man as the day before along with his young female student, told me that my uncle had not been able to make it and said that he would be taking me back to the Magic Kingdom and my car; he told me that I was to go and get the car and was to follow the plan of picking up my grandmother and getting her back over to the Los Angeles airport. I did not like to hear any of this as my skull was in such pain, especially

with the headset on, but these were my orders. The flight in the airship from Los Angeles to Anaheim was short and I was greatly relieved to land at the pad at the construction site at Disneyland once again, and to unload from the ship and get the headset off of my skull.

There was a man waiting for me at the landing pad in Disneyland who was standing below U.S. as we came back down to the earth to land. The park was empty but for this lone man standing down in the morning twilight with the sun now beginning to rise to the east. When I got out of the ship, I was greeted by the man in the suit on the ground who was my grandfather; he was still in town and had come to meet me and ensure that I made it through this phase of the plan, and he also wanted to look at my skull and assess the damage I had received in The Mountain. He took me through a couple of gates in the construction fencing separating the park from the construction area and rather than going the backway as my uncle and I had done the previous evening we simply walked right through the park. It was very early in the morning and the park was empty and we saw no one as we walked. I asked my grandfather why we were not taking the backway as someone might see U.S. but he told me that the park was closed, and it did not matter if one of the employees saw U.S. as they were used to our presence here.

As we walked through the empty park, I asked my grandfather why my uncle had not been at The Mountain to pick me up as he had said that he would; I told him that I was pissed at my uncle and I wanted to talk to him and give him a piece of my mind. My grandfather told me that my uncle had been called back home in a hurry because his cover had been blown at his home. Someone in his family had noticed that he was not around, and questions had begun to be asked so he had to high tail it home to clear things over.

I also asked my grandfather about the people who had been in the ceremony and why it was that the CIA would have any interest in such groups as this and not simply destroy them. He told me that the group I had been guarding was an old and satanic group that many had tried to destroy and abolish throughout history. He told me that this satanic group had been around for thousands of years and he said that each time they were hunted down they would go into hiding and always some of them would survive and escape. He said that in this way this group had continued throughout history, along with others like it. He said that the CIA and the Pentagon could seek out and attempt to destroy such occult groups, but he said that it would only make U.S. enemies with them and push them even deeper into hiding. The members of this cult were immensely powerful in the world stage and my grandfather told me that it was better for the Agency and the country if they worked with this cult rather than try to destroy it as by working with it, they were able to manipulate and blackmail its leaders and members in the direction the country and the world needed to go. He told me that there are other such cults in the world, and it is important to be aware of them and to keep control of them as they are not going away and have been on the earth since the beginning of time.

As we walked and talked my head was throbbing and although it was my grandfather, I was glad that I was with someone familiar to me. We walked through the park until we got to the Alice in Wonderland ride where the CIA command center is located below. We walked up to the side of the building where there was a door and we entered the building and the stairwell leading down and went to the command center below. In the command center my grandfather made me sit down in one of the chairs in the lounge area so that he could get a good look at the injury to my skull. Though he was not a doctor he was

accustomed to physical wounds to the body as he was a combat veteran and an Agency Life Termination Specialist. I sat and allowed him to look at my head; I was relieved to have someone examine it as I feared it to be a life-threatening wound from the pain I was experiencing.

Upon examining my skull my grandfather sat down in the chair next to me and he used a flashlight to look into my eyes. He then sat back and asked me how I was doing. I told him that I was in a lot of pain but felt that I would probably be ok. He told me that I had to finish the operation I was on to the end, as it had already been planned out. He said that I had to take the rental car and go back to the hotel and pick up my grandmother so that I could transport her back to the Los Angeles airport and then onward to Nampa and home. My head was throbbing, and I did not like the sound of any of what he was saying, but I took in the information and I understood my orders. At this point it was time for my grandfather to perform hypnosis on me in order to begin the compartmentalization of my memory and to hit me with a taser. I told him firmly that he could perform the hypnosis, but I said that he was not to use a taser on me yet as I had a lot on my mind that I wanted to think about. It was not typical procedure, but my grandfather consented to my request. He told me that I was to give my grandmother the taser when I saw her and said that she must perform the task of hitting me with it before we arrived again in our hometown of Nampa, Idaho. He gave me the taser and I put it in my suit coat pocket to give to my grandmother when I saw her. My grandfather got out his golden pocket watch on a chain and he walked me through the hypnosis process reminding my subconscious to remember to forget the events that I had witnessed. But, in this process he said that I would forget once I was hit with a taser, so I still had a little time to think which I was grateful for. When he was finished with this process

we stood and exited the CIA command center through the same door that my uncle and I had entered upon my first arriving.

We took the same employees only tunnel system below the park that my uncle and I had used previously, but now as I was with my grandfather who was much older and slower than my younger coked out uncle it took U.S. a little longer to make the journey to the steel doors leading to the surface and the rental car. When we got closer to the doors there was a long set of stairs leading up to them. These stairs are long and tall with landings breaking up the rises of the long run. We climbed the stairs very slowly and upon reaching the top we stopped at the doors and I said goodbye to my grandfather. Then I opened the doors and stepped out of the tunnel leaving my grandfather behind as the sun was almost coming over the mountains and there was an early morning twilight to the air. Grandpa closed the steel door behind me, and I started my way out into the parking lot toward the car. My head was throbbing, and it took me a few moments to remember where I had parked the vehicle and what it had even looked like; luckily at that hour of the morning there was not very many other vehicles in the lot and no one to see me looking disoriented and confused as I searched for it. When I found the car, I unlocked it and sat down in the driver's seat. I started it up and made my way back to the vehicle entry point where I had checked in at the security booth the day before. I pulled up to the security check point and I stopped to let them know that I was leaving. The guard told me that I did not need to stop and that I was good to go. I drove through the line of trees and back out to the main intersection where I had entered the park the day before.

There was not much traffic at that time of the morning even in L.A. and I turned left at the intersection with the green light and made my way

back to my grandmother's hotel. I pulled into the front of the hotel and parked the car at the curb for the valet. Getting out I gave him the keys to the car. I looked pretty rough from the experiences of the night and was not in a pleasant mood. I entered the main doors to the hotel and went inside of the lobby. I walked past the reception desk and they looked at me and asked me if I needed any assistance. I must not have looked my best from all that I had lived through that night, but I told them that I was simply there to pick up my grandmother. They asked me for her name and I told them. They told me the room number, but I already knew where she was. I saw my way to the glass elevator and stepping inside rode it to my grandmother's floor. It was a nice break from the eyes below in my current state, but also brought my mind back around to my head which was throbbing terribly as the glass box lifted into the air. When I got to my grandmothers' room, I still had the key in my pocket that she had given to me the day before and using it I entered the room. It was dark and quiet inside of the room with only the bathroom light on as a night light. The blinds in the room were all drawn closed and the place felt secluded and quiet. My grandmother woke as I entered the room and she turned in the bed and I told her that it was just me. She looked up at me there in the pale light from the bathroom and still being mostly asleep she angrily asked me what time it was. I told her the time and she told me that I was too early and that she needed more rest. She laid back down and fell quiet again. I sat down in a chair by the door to wait for my grandmother; my head was throbbing and I wanted desperately to sleep myself.

I was in a great amount of pain while I sat waiting for my grandmother to wake there in the dark light of the vestibule area of the room. I was physically exhausted from getting almost no sleep myself that night and I wanted desperately to close my eyes and just dose off. But I knew that this was something that I was not supposed to do as it could

have tragic consequences in my current state. After a time, the time came to wake my grandmother. I woke her up and she begrudgingly got out of bed stating that she should be able to sleep longer as she had been up all night working on programming Tommy there in the room. She was very angry and grumpy and acted as though this task of “Human Bio Programming” had been put upon her rather than her active involvement with it. I was not in a good mood either and I told her that my head had been smashed in that night and I had a throbbing headache. She looked at my head, but my grandmother had little if any sympathy/empathy for the injury I had sustained hours earlier; at that moment in time, I was not her grandson but a piece of government property there to perform a job and she expected me to perform it while I was still alive and breathing.

My grandmother got dressed and cleaned up for the day while I waited in the chair in the vestibule area. When she was finished getting dressed and ready to go and she had gathered up all her things and put them away in her luggage bag I told her about the instructions that my grandfather had given to me regarding my needing to be tased for memory compartmentalization. I told her that she must perform the task before we got back to Nampa, but I said that she needed to wait until we got back to Nampa because I had much I was to think about. She did not like the idea of tasing me and said that she always hated that part of the process and wished that we did not have to do it. I told her that I could tase myself if she was uncomfortable with the idea to which her response was that of horror. She said that I could not tase myself as that just did not happen. I gave my grandmother the taser that my grandfather had given to me before I left Disneyland that morning. I carried my grandmothers’ luggage bag, and we left the room.

We took the elevator down to the first floor where my grandmother checked out of her room at the front reception desk; I carried her luggage bag. The people behind the counter were very polite and respectful to my grandmother but they were indifferent towards me. We walked out of the hotel and the valet had our car waiting for U.S. and he loaded up our luggage and gave me the keys as my grandmother entered the passenger side of the vehicle. I remembered to give the valet a tip for his services and I got into the car and readied myself to drive. The sun was up now so I put my sunglasses on though I could not decide which was worst the pain from the sun or the pain from the sunglasses squishing my injured skull.

We pulled out onto the street and my grandmother told me that we would need to stop for gas when we got to L.A. and fill up the rental car. She asked me if I remembered the way back to the L.A. from where we were at and I told her that I remembered. I turned right at the main light near the hotel heading back in the same direction we had taken the day before. We drove quietly through the downtown area for a mile or so before getting back onto the freeway system and moving in the direction of Los Angeles. My grandmother was stern about my speed on the interstate, and I kept the vehicle at around 55mph as it was a rental car that I was not even supposed to be driving. My grandmother seeing that I was driving ok took a nap for the duration of the freeway and I quietly moved U.S. down the road from Anaheim to L.A. with a splitting headache and I no longer cared about the beautiful women that I would pass by on the road.

When I got to Los Angeles, I got off on the exit that would take U.S. to the produce stand/gas station where I had first begun to drive the vehicle the previous day. My grandmother was out and napping until I pulled in front of the stores gas pump and parked the vehicle. She did

not want to wake up, so I got out and went inside and paid for some fuel. I filled up the car and then I sat back down in the driver's seat. I tried to stir my grandmother because it was her time to drive as I was not supposed to be the one to drive us back to the car rental facilities at the airport. She refused to drive because she was too tired from the night before and she just went back to sleep. She told me that she did not care about the stupid car rental rules and they did not apply to U.S.. It seemed I had no choice in the matter. I started the vehicle and drove U.S. the rest of the way to the Los Angeles airport.

I was nervous as I pulled the car down onto the entry road leading to the airport and I tried again to stir my grandmother awake so that she might at least drive the car up to the rental place, but she again refused to drive. I pulled the car around and up to the curb where we were supposed to check in. The same guy as the previous day was there to meet U.S. and he saw me pull in. He had a scowl on his face when he saw that I was driving the vehicle and I knew that I was in for a tongue lashing. I stopped the car and turning it off I opened the door and stepped out onto the sidewalk. The car rental guy was really pissed, and he told me that he had made it quite clear that I was not to be driving this car. He demanded an explanation from me for driving it and I pointed to my grandmother who was now beginning to stir in the vehicle from her nap, and I said quite simply that she was unable to drive. This did not calm him down and we unloaded the vehicle and walked over to sign the paperwork for the returning of the car. My grandmother refused to sign for the car as she was still very tired and barely awake and was in a terrible mood, so I had to sign for the returning of the vehicle. The car rental guy went through this process quickly and he scolded me saying that I should take better care of my grandmother as she looked like she had been through hell all night. I could not tell him that I had also been through hell that night though

he could clearly see that I was not in the best of states.

We left the car rental place having completed the process and I escorted my grandmother through the airport toward the private charters area. She had to use the restroom, so we took a moment to take care of our personal needs. After this we went to the check in counter and my grandmother, waking up some by this time talked with the people there and signed in for our flight. We did not have to wait as our plane was ready and waiting for U.S. out on the tarmac and we boarded the golf style cart and made the ride out to the plane. My grandmother tried to take my sunglasses away from me before we left the airport as this is where I had gotten them, but I insisted that I keep them on until we were in Nampa as it was far too bright to go without them, especially with my throbbing head. It was a beautiful morning there in Los Angeles as spring in Southern California is a wonderful climate to experience, and as we rode out to our plane, I had wished that my skull did not throb as it did so that I might at least enjoy my time here while I could.

When we got to the plane the pilots greeted U.S. and the crew loaded my grandmother's luggage. My grandmother and I boarded the plane and took our seats and got ready to fly. The pilots got into the front of the plane and said hello again before closing the door and starting up the engines. My grandmother was quiet, and she held my hand tight as we lifted into the air and left Los Angeles heading for Nampa Idaho once more. When we got into the air my grandmother took another nap as she was skilled at this task. I was exhausted and confused and wished sorely to sleep but my grandmother told me to stay awake for the duration of the flight and to keep an eye on things for her.

The flight was not long but it was also not short and I was not in a

good mood, but I was also not as angry as I had been on the flight alone from The Mountain to Los Angeles. I took this time to think on my life and the government project that my family was involved with; I wanted out. I woke my grandmother when we had gotten to Nampa and she began to stir and wake for our arrival. I can remember looking out of the window in the plane at the small Nampa airport below and thinking how small it looked in comparison the airport in Los Angeles. My grandmother caught me by surprise with the taser and while I was not paying attention, she hit me with it in the leg and gave me a jolt that I would be made to forget. She did not like doing the taser thing and she preferred to catch me unexpected with it rather than look me in the eyes as she did it. At that time, I was caught by surprise and the taser burned a hole through the dress pants that I was wearing. I was in a daze from the taser and it took me a little while to become cognitive again.

The plane dropped in elevation and landed there at the Nampa airport. The pilots taxied us in close to a hanger and stopped the plane. They began to shut the engines down and they opened the small door between the cabin and cockpit. They were again very polite and asked us how our flight was and again my grandmother told them that it had been a wonderful ride. After a few minutes someone opened the door to the plane and my grandmother, and I were told that we could exit the craft. It was strange being back in Nampa and was much colder than the warm climate of southern California that we had left only a short time before. We were greeted on the ground by the same gentleman that had helped U.S. to sign in for the plane the previous day and he was polite though he was in a hurry; we loaded up onto the golf cart and he brought U.S. into the air terminal where my grandmother signed the returning paperwork. We did not stay long and while my grandmother was signing for the paperwork I was instructed

to go out and to get my car and bring it around to pick up my grandmother at the front door again. I did as I was told, and I went back outside into the frigid Idaho air and finding my car I pulled it around to the front doors of the airport.

We loaded up her luggage bag and I held the door for my grandmother before getting back into the car and driving her back to her house. I was confused by everything that was going on as my memory of the events was fading and had been compartmentalized through the hypnosis process and being hit with the taser. When we got to my grandmother's house, I took her luggage inside and she told me to give her the sunglasses that I had purchased in California. She put them in a drawer at the southwest corner of her kitchen island for safe keeping until, she told me, "I would be needing them again". I changed out of the suit and back into my street clothes and my grandmother put everything away. We were both very tired and did not talk much. After I had gotten dressed and put my hat back on and had my sunglasses that my grandmother had made me leave there in town, she told me thank you for helping to drive her around that morning and told me that she didn't need my help anymore that day; she said that she was going to go and take a nap. I left her there at the house and I got into my car again and I went home. It was a Sunday morning when I got home from my grandparents' house and my parents told me that I was not allowed to sleep again until that evening. It was all very confusing by this point, and I had already forgotten where I had been and how cruel and sick my father was. Now I was at home again.

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