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The Thread

by

## Contents

## Foreword

"My father," Jeanne blinked, struggling to gain some composure, "was Adolf Hitler."

"You're lying," I said, but I knew that she couldn't be. "The drug - you have to tell the truth." She nodded. Suddenly, everything made sense. I knew that she had been involved in the German American Bund and its predecessor group and that my family had some connection to the CIA. I even suspected that the organization was a front for Nazis living in America, but this was the key to everything. As the evening went on I took every opportunity to ask every question I could think of. I learned things that many people had been killed to protect.

We're not there yet, though. I'm writing this manuscript, manifesto, testament - call it what you will - to shed as much light on the secrets and lies that have kept the Reich in

power and the world in a state of constant conflict.

Everything I've done, learned, failed at and triumphed in will be covered as best I can in the medium. Where possible I will include footnotes and references to evidence but in some cases I only have my words and memories.

Treating the Reich and its members like other people is a mistake. They are people that have chosen inhumanity - cannibalism, cruelty, and rape are du jour for them. It is possible for people to come back from that, but it requires a choice on their part. They cannot be approached with the benefit of the doubt.

They view Americans as a subjugated people, whose only duty is to be supplicant to their rulers. They see us as livestock in the truest sense of the word. It will never be known exactly how many people they have devoured in their barbecues and orgies and rituals but the number must be at least in the thousands.

To say that this endeavor is my life's work is an understatement. My earliest memories are formed around my experiences with my family and the CIA has followed me my entire life. It was only when I started to pry deeper into the things that I took for granted that the walls around me began to crumble and I saw my prison for what it was. My testimony will form the basis of this book, but I will do my best to

illuminate and comment where I feel like further understanding would be valuable. I started this manuscript on August 5th, 2020 because I knew that when the time came, getting it out there to the public as soon as possible would help in the understanding of how we got here and how we might even begin to heal from this.

There are some elements of this that seem fantastical - the prophecy from Aliester Crowley and the summoning of the Moonchild in particular. I started out 2019 as an ardent atheist but that is no longer a tenable position for me to hold. For this to all be random would require for coincidences that would otherwise be astronomically unlikely to occur to fall neatly into place. I don't make any claim of divinity but someone out there is watching my back. Maybe it's God, aliens, time travelers or some force unimaginable by humankind - but there is something out there and it wanted this to come to light.

The world now has something it didn't have before - knowledge of the groups and individuals who shaped much of the last century to their horrible designs. It isn't going to be easy to move forward and re-imagine what our world can be but we must.

We need a doctor, a mending, a promise. A hope that tomorrow will be better than today. I hope that you see me for

what I am - a man doing his best in a world where that isn't good enough. Many of you feel the same way, even if you're afraid to admit it. Admitting that you're wrong about something is painful, in a way, but it opens your heart to the possibility of healing from that pain. As we step into the future, I hope to be your guide.

If you want the juicy bits, skip to the end and know that key elements of this testimony were provided to Senator Bernie Sanders on July 15th 2019 at Hahnemann Hospital in Philadelphia and were entered into a timestamped Congressional lockbox as soon as possible afterwards.

## Chapter One

1987

I was brought to a gathering at a house out on Long Island. There was a pond in the backyard and a small wooded area near the driveway. There were multiple stories of the house and I remember that the kitchen was a dark stained wood with an exit to the backyard and a room above it with a window looking out.

When we first arrived, there was a small area where the children met each other. Eventually, we were all told to gather, so I went with my family. There was a speaker - an older, wrinkled man with short brilliant white hair and a tiny, wiry frame. I was instructed to heel to him and shown what that meant. He was someone from Hitler's inner circle - I believe that it was Himmler.

He went on a long rant about how we were hiding in the shadows and should be open and proud that the Nazis conquered America. He said that where he lived, he wore his medals and uniform in public. He also said that he had done so at a local grocery store on the way there and the group had admonished him. I believe it was a Piggly Wiggly and that the story made it to the regional news.

Tom and Rick were angered by this and one of them shouted that this wasn't their country that it was Hitler's wish that they remain in the shadows. The man replied that maybe that was so, but he didn't want to have to interact with subhuman filth in his day to day.

I was introduced to him as the heir to the Reich and he sized me up. I don't remember what he said to me, but shortly after, they brought out another child. I pointed and exclaimed to Rick that there was another child who hadn't been with the others and he quieted me, telling me that child was food. They sacrificed him and roasted the body over a fire.

Afterwards I cried and asked Rick if they were going to do that to me and he said no. I asked why had the boy looked so much like me? They drugged me and told me that only a few were sacrificed like that and I would never be.

Later that evening, Tom approached Rick and suggested that they kill the Nazi. He felt like what he said to the



crowd was too judgmental and that he felt that they had done good work with the Fourth Reich. Rick agreed, but said that his mother wouldn't be too happy if they killed him. So, Tom suggested that I do it. They were building me up to be their heir and savior and were recording my actions with a scribe, so they would tell him that I chose to kill him.

To that end, they brought me up to the room above the kitchen area. Tom set up a rifle and had it aimed to where the Nazi would be sitting. He made me pull the trigger, which fired the gun and hit him in the upper body. It didn't kill him but it knocked him down and he was writhing in pain. Tom and Rick rushed me down to finish the job.

Tom turned him over and covered his mouth as he cursed at them. As we gathered around him, a man carrying a gun approached from the driveway and asked who they were. Tom and Rick identified as Reich and the man identified as with another group. He seemed like Mossad, but it was dark and I didn't spot any insignia. He had orders to kill the Nazi but as it appeared they had that in hand, he left. I don't recall if Tom later reported him or let him go.

Tom and Rick then instructed me to hold my foot down against the side of his neck. I asked them why and they said that it would kill him. I asked why they wanted to kill him and they reminded me it was because of before. I remembered

that he was racist and asked if that was the reason. Tom laughed, saying that racism was kind of their whole deal. He clarified that, no, it was because he was a threat to the Reich.

I did what I was told. I don't remember if that was what killed the man or if he lost too much blood from the gunshot wound or if Tom or Rick finished the job. I know that he died and then, right after he died, Tom suggested for extra effect that I almost drown but miraculously survive. He pointed at the pond, which was frozen over.

Rick wasn't so sure about that idea, but Tom insisted. They brought me to the water and I hung on for dear life as they tried to drown me. Once they got me into the water, Tom told me that when people drown, water goes in their nose and lungs and that they would only let me out once I let that happen. I took a big gulp and let the water in and I felt burning and began to sink.

They immediately pulled me out and carried me to the kitchen. I hadn't lost consciousness but I felt dull and cold and could barely move. I coughed up the water in my lungs pretty much immediately, but I was starting to get hypothermia.

They got my cold clothes off and started a hot shower, but I was close to losing consciousness. The Reich believed in

magic, so Tom suggested they look up a "spell". Really, in hindsight, he had me pick a German language book off the shelf and since Rick didn't read German, he told Rick that the "spell" was for him to rape me in a hot shower.

They took off my winter jacket and stripped me down. Rick brought me into the shower and did what Tom told him. He kept me in the hot water long enough for me to gain enough body temperature back to be awake and aware. I don't know if I was actually raped or not, but I believed I had been.

The next morning they called in the scribe - a middle-aged man with a dark gray and white beard. He was Catholic - I don't recall if he was assigned by the Vatican or part of the Reich or both. He was later killed at his office by the same organization that the soldier from the night before was from. He listened to Tom and Rick's account, then turned to me.

He asked me what happened in my own words and was surprised that they had convinced me to kill or at least attempt to kill the man. I insisted that was what happened and he included it in his notes but insisted on noting that it was done through the direct guidance and instruction of my father and my uncle.

#

When Jean had discovered what Tom and Rick had me do, she was furious and insisted that I speak with his widow. She flew

me down to a country in Central or South America - I remember that there was a large mansion that was mostly empty - it may have been Hitler's former vacation home.

She had me meet with his wife in a large wood-floored room with tall windows on the wall. Jean had me explain what had happened and she became angry. She ranted about how her husband was a great and powerful man and I was telling her that he died in an accident - killed by some child?

At this point, Jean interjected and told her that I wasn't just any child and told me to tell her my full name. I did - Ernest Adolph Marin. She was surprised. She took my face in her hands to examine my features. "Oh," she exclaimed, "then the Reich truly has its future!" She insisted to Jean that I was Adolf Hitler reincarnated. Jean humored her and allowed her to give me several gifts.

She gave me a flat wooden music box that played Eidel Weiss as well as a collection of photos of Hitler, her husband, and their inner circle. She insisted that I look at the pictures every day and try to remember them. The items were packed into a small suitcase (speckled tan) and we brought them with us when we left.

The plane took off from a small runway in a very rural area. Federal authorities in the nation we were leaving knew of the Reich's presence there. After that flight, Jean brought

me back to my parents.

Rick sealed up all of the items in the suitcase except for the music box, which my mother kept in their bedroom. The suitcase was put in the attic at the time, though it may have since been moved to my childhood bedroom closet. They may also have moved the items to somewhere else or discarded them completely.

#

After a play session at the local YMCA, my mother brought me home and Jean was there. She asked me if I wanted to see how TV was made. I said yes and so did my mother but Jean said that she couldn't come on the plane because she was pregnant. Even if she wasn't it was really something intended just for me. My mother was upset but let her take me anyway.

We drove to an airport and boarded a small private jet. I took a nap during the trip there and when we landed I was surprised at how hot and sunny it was. We were driven by private car to a studio and before we entered she said that I would probably recognize the set and I did - it was the Cheers bar set. There was a studio audience and a large crowd in the set itself. It was made up to look like a wedding. The street portion outside the door was put away - only the stairs were there.

She waved towards two men, Glen and Les Charles and said

that she was from Central and wanted to show her grandson how TV was made. They said that they were about to shoot and she suggested that I be put in the crowd scene, selecting two prominent "guests" a woman in a blue jacket seated next to a man and telling me to sit between them. The show runners didn't really seem to be able to protest. The director started the scene and I asked the people if this was a wedding. I was confused because that wasn't really what the show was about in my mind.

I kept asking questions and then Ted Danson said that he couldn't concentrate with me talking. Shelley Long said something about going back to one and Ted said that he would miss having her as a scene partner. George Wendt said, "Sorry everybody, that's why we don't usually let kids in the bar."

The director put me in the pool room set and asked George and Rhea to watch me while they took some tight shots because they wouldn't be in that part of the scene. I had gone in my diaper and asked them if they were able to change it. They said no and that my grandmother should be able to, but I said that she didn't have the bag that my mother kept changing supplies in.

They got called out to finish their scenes and I waited. The wedding was completed with a yes and everyone cheered. Jean came into get me and Glen and Les told her not to feel

too bad, that they weren't going to use it since Shelley's contract negotiations had fallen through. She rejected the 250k offer and instead took a lower deal with a movie studio that would let her take more time to be with her daughter.

Jean said that there needed to be a new actress to take on a similar role - a brunette who wanted to be involved in things more. The implication that I understood was that Diane and later Rebecca were both intended to be ciphers for my mother and Sam, apparently, my father.

We left and on the flight home Jean made me wait in the plane bathroom with my dirty diaper. When I saw the airing of the episode I recognized the extras.

#

After I first started to walk and talk in complete sentences, my mother walked with me around the neighborhood and told me to introduce myself. She said that I should say my nick name Ernie and that my full name was Ernest Adolph Marin and that if someone said something about my middle name to tell them it was spelled differently.

I introduced myself to a couple of neighbors - if they thought there was anything odd they didn't say anything. As we walked down 202 towards the downtown area, I introduced myself to a woman who teared up when I said my middle name. She looked at my mother and asked "How could you?" My mother told

her that they were trying to honor my German heritage. We walked back to the house and my mother told my father what had happened.

He called Jean and said that they had a problem. He said that he didn't want the whole neighborhood to know that they were Nazis. She told him that the couple blocks we lived on were safe territory and that most of the people living there were involved in the agency in some capacity so they could handle that internally. He said that it wasn't and she said it was probably fine, but they would need to change my name. She said that she appreciated what they tried to do, but my middle name would have always been an issue. She said that she would be by later in the evening and for them to think about a new name in the meantime.

My parents asked for ideas and she suggested family names, like before, but honoring different members of the family. My parents settled on Richard Anthony.

When Jean arrived, she said that getting it changed federally was no problem since they controlled that. Changing it with the state would probably involve paying a fee or bribe, she wasn't clear. She said that the big thing to worry about was private companies like insurers who would purchase lists for solicitation. She suggested that my parents name my sister, who my mother was pregnant with, something that used



the same initials to throw them off.

#

I was just barely starting to walk - my mother still mostly carried me around. I must have been around a year old. We had visited my grandparents and in the days leading up to the trip I overheard my father talking to Jean on a phone about how it was time to do something specific. When we left, we were accompanied by a man named Chris.

I don't remember if we went to their house first, but we did pick up my Aunt Emma's boyfriend for a game of golf. Emma was not in attendance, I think she had gone shopping with my grandmother. When they reached a certain point in the game, Chris scouted behind and confirmed that no one was close enough to see. My father pulled out a gun and told Emma's boyfriend to kneel down on the ground in front of them. My mother was holding me.

He was immediately scared and did as he was told and asked why Rick had a gun and what was going on. He assumed that it was related to organized crime and said he was paid up on books as far as he knew. He also asked my mother if it was because of the pass he made at her during the Christmas party. My father said that it wasn't about that. He said that his mother was a queen and she said that he had to die. The boyfriend asked how Rick admired his mother had anything to do

with having a gun pointed at him. Rick clarified that she was a literal queen and that he was to die by royal decree.

He asked to see the decree and Rick said it wasn't on paper - her word was law. Margie chimed in and clarified that Jean had told her that she had to kill someone in order for her to be a part of the royal family and he was selected as the person that would make the least impact. He asked what Jean was queen of and Rick said all of this, gesturing outwards. America. There was a coup involving the Nazis and men wearing hoods but it was too complicated to get into.

He handed Margie the gun and she set me down to her left, holding my hand. He begged for his life and said that Emma would be devastated. Margie started crying and turned to Rick and said she couldn't do it but he said that she had to, that was why Chris was there to confirm it was her who pulled the trigger.

He said that he had an engagement ring in a box in his dresser. Margie asked him where exactly. He admitted that he didn't, but would get one if that was what it would take to save his life. Margie only asked so that if there was one, she could get rid of it before Emma found it to lessen the blow. At that point, I panicked and realized that someone was about to be killed. I broke free from her grasp and ran.

Chris went after me and caught up quickly. I was

stumbling as I wasn't used to walking, let alone running. I looked up at him and said what might have been one of my first full sentences, "They're killing someone back there." He looked at me and said that my family were the ones killing someone and he had to bring me back to them.

Instead of going to them, he brought me to an SUV while my mother shot the man in the chest. My mother came over and Chris and my father brought the body in and put it in the back, covered with a sheet. Chris dialed a number on a large, old-style cell phone and gave it to my mother - it was Emma on the other end.

Margie told Emma that her boyfriend had a heart attack and Emma asked if they were at the hospital and how he was doing. Margie struggled with the words and choked out, "He's dead."

Emma explained, "How do you know he's dead? Did the paramedics take a look at him?"

Chris offered, "Say he turned blue, that's something that happens with a really bad heart attack." Margie said that and Emma broke down crying. We returned to my grandparents house and Chris dropped off my parents and me.

Emma was devastated, but started talking about how she would need to make arrangements for the funeral. She was also unsure of where she would live since he paid most of the rent

on their apartment. My father took me home to gather clothes and for toys for an extended stay for the funeral.

The next couple of days were a bit of a blur but I remember at the funeral my mother commenting that it didn't look like he had been shot and my father saying that the holes were usually small on the chest. The next big event I recalled was sleeping in one of the guest bedrooms and hearing Margie talking about how guilty she felt. Rick said that sometimes, his mother told him it helps to drug the person you want to admit something to with the hyocine and confess to them, so your guilt would be unburdened and they wouldn't remember.

She said that she wanted to do that, so they got out of bed and brought me with them. Emma was downstairs and they injected her in the arm with the needle. My mother told her that she was responsible for this and Emma asked her if she made him have a heart attack. My mother said no, but she caused him to die and she was sorry. At that point, my Grandpa Tony came in. He asked what was going on and Emma explained what my mother had said. He told my parents to go up to his study and he would talk to Emma.

They did and we waited for a few minutes. When he entered the room, he shut the door, sat behind his desk, and asked what this was about. Margie told him and he immediately

recognized it as an initiation killing. He had been required to do one, too. He said that it was important to view it as the cost of protection and to use that protection to be better equipped to take down the Reich.

My mother told him that part of the condition of her initiation was that she would never try to do that. Tony said that maybe that was the case, but she should never accept this as the status quo. This is a dark time for America and that darkness persists, but it will come into light some day.

#

Shortly after Margie's initiation killing, Allison was watching me at my parent's house in Suffern. Unknown to my parents, she invited a journalist she was working with to uncover and expose the Reich. I don't remember his name, but he wanted to get me away from my parents, especially after I told him that they killed someone in front of me. My parents discovered that Allison had invited him over and banned her from looking after me. They told Jean about what happened and she formulated a plan. She invited me over to Astoria and showed me that someone had spliced her phone line with a listening device. She got on the phone to confirm a hotel reservation for that weekend at the Ritz Carlton. On the line she said that it was for Sunday but in person she had made it for Saturday.

That weekend, she brought me to the room and there were around five other children there who were around my age - some a bit older. She had us play and watch a movie, but as we talked, we realized that a couple of the parents had treated them as if they were never going to see them again after they were dropped off or picked up by agents. One was given a bracelet as a going away gift.

We asked Jean about this and she sighed expressing that she wished she could keep up the ruse longer. We were drugged and compliant, so she told us to watch a movie, then began to eat the other children. She was on stimulants which increased digestive transit time so that she could eat as much as she wanted. She made comments about which child she was defecating the flesh of.

She bit me on the right forearm as I got too close to her while she was devouring another child. She took a picture of us before the slaughter - I don't know how many other photos she took. It was terrifying. We tried to stay clustered together, but she pulled off each child one by one and after killing each and eating some of their raw flesh, she stowed their bodies in plastic bags in the closet.

Eventually, there was just two of us left. As Jean approached me and the last surviving child, a girl, we clung together and I shouted "One boy and one girl" at her. This

stopped her in her tracks and she demanded to know who had told me that. I said no one, it just sounded right. She said that there was a prophecy that ended with the Reich revealing themselves with their own words, but she believed that it meant they would win.

She told me that the life she would lead would be hard and make her wish she had died then and there. The girl said it wouldn't matter as long as she was able to live. She later thanked me for saving her and tried to tell me that she was living somewhere where it got colder sooner in winter. I didn't realize that she was someone who I already knew - Jordan, who used to live around the corner from me. Even though we were young, prior to her move, we were best friends.

After she was taken away, a manager of the Ritz Carlton came in to see if everything was okay because there had been complaints. He was drugged, but he saw the stains of blood and excrement on the carpet from Jean's feeding. He said something along the lines of "This won't do at all, someone will have to clean this up." Jean said she would have someone do that, but later had him killed because he had seen too much.

When we left, it was morning. Outside, Allison and the reporter intercepted her thinking she was on the way to kill the children. They were crestfallen when they realized that she had already done so.

Jean had both of them drugged and Allison was sent to my parents. Jean took the reporter into her car and sent him with agents who she would later follow to a second location - a frozen lake in upstate New York. She came to my parents' after and told Allison that she had cut out his tongue and drowned him in the water.

As a "consolation" she promised to put out a post-humus collection of his work, edited to ensure that nothing incriminating was included. I don't know if this was ever released.



## Chapter Two

1988

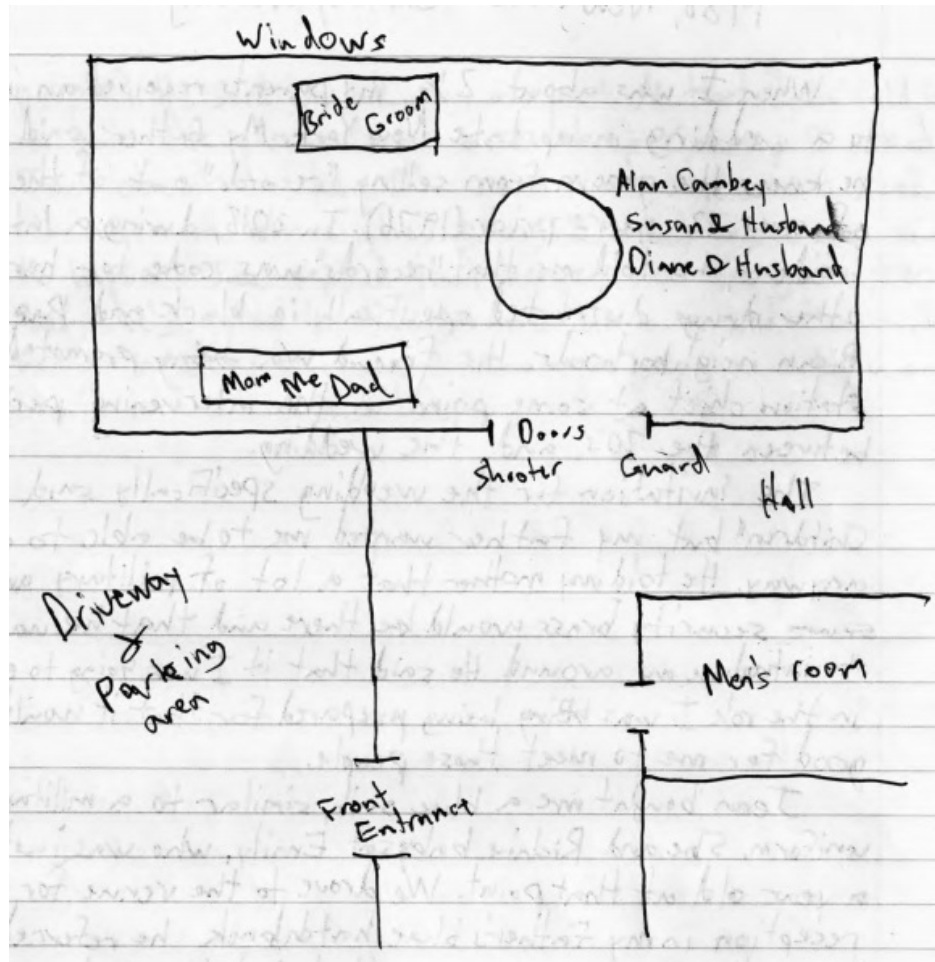
When I was about 2 1/2, my parents received an invitation to a wedding in upstate New York. My father said that he knew the groom from selling "records" out of the back of cars around a decade prior. In 2018, during a later incident recorded here, he told me that "records" was code for heroin and other drugs distributed specifically in black and Puerto Rican neighborhoods. His friend was promoted to station chief at some point in the intervening period between the 70's and the wedding.

The invitation for the wedding specifically said "No Children" but my father wanted me to be able to come anyway. He told my mother that a lot of military and security brass would be there and that he wanted to introduce me around. He

said that if I was going to end up in the role I was being groomed for, that it would be good for me to meet these people.

Jean bought me a blue suit similar to a military uniform. She and Richie babysat Emily, who was just around a year old at that point. We drove to the venue for the reception in my father's blue hatchback - he referred to it as the Bozo car because it looked tiny but could fit the whole family. I don't recall if we went to the wedding, but I recall security guards with machine guns checking the car and the trunk before the valet took it at the reception.

The reception venue was in the woods, with a window behind the head table overlooking the area below. It might have been a view of the Hudson, we were sitting at the back so I did not get a good look.



My father introduced me to a few of the people there. He told them that I was Jean's grandson and they seemed to know what that meant. An older man, who I later recognized as Alan Cambey, said that I looked like a roo which I was confused by until it was explained to be a baby kangaroo.

After appetizers and other food was served, my mother told me that I should go to the bathroom because the speeches were going to start soon. I did and, when I returned, the guard to the left looked at me in shock.

He said that there weren't supposed to be any kids there and I apologized. His partner looked at him and asked why it

was a problem if kids were there. He said it wasn't, he just didn't like kids. The guard asked me where I was sitting - I told him that I was sitting in the back left with my mom and dad. He said okay, go straight in and turn left. His partner grew more suspicious and, as I ran in to my parents, I heard him shoot his friend. The next few moments felt like they happened slowly but it must have only been a couple minutes.

Everyone started screaming and ducking and running as the shooter came in. He shot Alan in the shoulder as well as a couple of other guests. My mother held me close but my father ran out behind the shooter, following some of the guests. The shooter pointed his gun at the head table towards the groom.

He shouted to the bride that this was all for her, that he knew that they were in love so he had a friend waiting in a car outside and a plane fueled up and ready to take them out of the country. She looked confused, like she wasn't sure what was happening. She told him that he looked familiar, but she didn't remember their relationship. He exclaimed that it was "those damn drugs" and asked her to try to remember.

He addressed the groom next, yelling at him for manipulating her and trying to get him to admit what he had done. He also shouted at Alan about having sex with his own daughters but Alan didn't respond - he was playing dead. The groom refused to engage and, in a moment, suddenly pulled the

bride in front of him as he tried to escape behind her. The shooter was startled and let out a volley of bullets that hit the bride in the chest. She convulsed for a few seconds and then went still. There were deep red spots on her dress.

The shooter let out an anguished cry, "You killed her!"

The groom replied, "Well actually, you'll find that you k..." and he was interrupted by the shooter advancing and firing two rounds directly into the groom's head. The glass behind him was splattered with blood, bone, and brain matter. It looked like strawberry jam.

The shooter looked up at the ceiling and cried out, "Oh God, what have I done?" then asked the bride to forgive him before shooting himself upwards through the mouth, splattering on the ceiling.

My mother kept telling me to not look, that they were just sleeping. I didn't understand why their eyes were open. The only other people left in the room were the other victims and people sheltering in place. After around what felt like ten minutes, more guards came in along with a woman who was there to assess what had gone wrong and how to prevent something similar from happening in the future.

She took me aside and someone gave my mother a glass of water with drugs in it to make her forget. She asked me what had happened and I described what I remembered to the best of

my ability. She told me that my mother was trying to sugarcoat it, but yes, people had died. I asked her if the shooters friend waiting for him would die too and she said that they would give him drugs and question why he did it, but yes, for something this serious, they would execute him.

She told me that my mother would forget but my father would remember but have to not act like he forgot. She said that I was too young to administer the drugs so I would have to act like I forgot, too. When they brought my father back in, my mother yelled at him for abandoning us. He claimed that he had made a strategic exit hoping that the shooter wouldn't want to hurt a woman with her child. As we left to drive home, I saw the shooter's friend being questioned by the woman - he looked dazed.

Around one or two weeks later, my mother received a call informing her that the bride and groom had died in a large car accident on their way back from the wedding. I asked her why we were just finding out now and she said that something like that takes time to sort out. I asked her if other people died or got hurt, too. She said yes. I asked her more questions not understanding what had happened. She didn't remember.

I went to my father, remembering what the woman had told me. I asked him about the crash. He said that if that's what they said happened, that's what I should act like happened. He

said that cover-ups like that happened all the time.

#

When I was younger, my grandfather Tony Taurisano used to come over to my parents' house frequently. One day, he came over and convinced my mother to let him take me out for the day. We drove to a location that I believed was a listening post - it would later become the site of Cambey & West. He convinced the guard on duty to give him a tour because, as he claimed, he was former army and he wanted me to see what it was like.

The guard allowed him in under close supervision, but as soon as we were in, my grandfather stole the guard's side-arm and shot him in the leg. He rushed us into an office at the right side of the hall and had me hide behind the desk. I asked if the guard was hurt and he said that it was nothing a few weeks in the hospital wouldn't heal. I asked him if he shot someone, wouldn't he go to jail? He was working on unlocking a computer behind a locked wall cage. He said that they wouldn't want people to know that he had shot him so they wouldn't report it to the police.

At that point, he shouted out that that he had me there and that they shouldn't try anything. The guards stayed at the end of the hall, waiting for someone higher up to come in. My grandfather turned to me once he had the lock open and said

that this was the part he needed me for. He picked me up and showed me the computer. I was familiar with how to use computers from using my father's, so I helped him turn it on and then it prompted him for the password. I told him that my dad normally knew the password. He looked upset, but I mentioned that sometimes I saw my dad write it down, so he started looking around the desk when the man who's office it was, Alan Cambey came in.

He told my grandfather that he wasn't dumb enough to leave his password written down and that, besides, the orders had already been transmitted. Those people are already dead, he said. My grandfather set the gun on the desk and let them take him into custody. They put him in handcuffs and set the both of us in the backseat of his Mercedes-Benz. One of the soldiers drove us back to my parent's house and let my grandfather out of the handcuffs. They told my mother that he could only see me under supervision going forward.

My mother was furious at him. She asked him what he was thinking, bringing me into it? She told him that she thought he was done with all of that. He said that they were going to kill civilians, it's not like they had anything to do with the conflict. He told her what the Alan said and she agreed - those people were already dead.

She pulled out a vial of the drug and my grandfather said



that he didn't need it, he wouldn't do that again. She said that it was for me. He said that it was too dangerous - that I was too young. I agreed, I told her that the lady at the wedding said that. She was confused and asked me what I meant. My grandfather said that something must have happened at the wedding we went to a couple months prior. He said it's different when it's your brain being messed around with. She said that it didn't matter and that it was probably for a good reason.

She measured out an eighth of a vial and put it in my cup. I drank it and immediately felt strange and floaty. After acting strange for a bit, I got tired and took a nap. When I woke up, he had gone home.

In the following weeks, we visited him on Long Island at least once. I remember that he was watching TV and there was coverage of George HW Bush talking about how he would never apologize for America in the wake of the Iran Air shoot down. Tony yelled that the TV that he should because they did, or at least part of their government did.

### Chapter Three

1989

I was visiting my family in Astoria and mostly spending time with my Aunt Allison. At one point, Jean called me up as she had a visitor - Lucille Ball. I didn't recognize her and said as much. I asked her if she was my grandma, as at that point Jean was being somewhat open about the fact that she was my biological mother. She said no, but she was someone's grandma. I told her that I didn't believe she was Lucy and she said they shot those episodes over 40 years ago. She then said that she didn't like me because I was being rude to her.

At that point, she told Jean that she really needed to talk to her. Jean asked if it was about business. She said that it sort of was but not about new business. She wanted to talk to her about her legacy. They went towards the far part

of the living room and Jean set me in front of the TV near the kitchen. An agent waited in the hall.

Lucy told Jean, calling her Jeannie, that she could feel that the end was near. Jean asked her if it was related to her recent surgery - telling her that she had inserted the line "flurry of well wishers" to the article covering that. Lucy said no, they had fixed it up well but she could feel another burst coming on and she was sure that it was only a matter of time. She said that she felt dizzy and they sat down.

She specifically told Jean that she didn't want anything about "Your father" or the cannibalism to come out. Jean assured her that it was part of the CIA and if all went well, none of that would ever come out. Lucy said that was good and sort of trailed off and Jean started shaking her and calling her name. She was staring blankly at Jean and not blinking. After a moment of trying to revive her, she called back the male agent from the hall.

She told him that "she passed" and he said shit. She asked him how she had come there and he said that she took a commercial plane. She said that people probably didn't recognize her and it didn't seem like she would have wanted to be recognized. She said that they would need to make sure that no one knew that she had traveled to New York because then there would be questions about who she was visiting on such

urgent business.

She told him to get a death certificate locally and to tell one of their doctors to put the information they wanted on it. She said to be sure to put whatever time it was in California instead of New York but to otherwise keep the details as accurate as possible in case there was an autopsy. Then, he would need to be put on one of their planes and put her back in her home.

The male agent picked up Lucy from the couch and wasn't sure if he could carry her. Jean told him to put her feet on his feet and walk her out. He did so, but returned after getting her to the stairs, saying that she still had a heartbeat. Jean told him to continue - getting her medical care at this point would open them up to risk and she might blurt out something when she woke up.

He left and Jean turned to me and said that one of the greats had just past. I didn't understand what that meant and pointed to the TV, which was playing I Love Lucy and said that she was right there.

#

There was a family around the block from my parents named the Sinclairs with a son, Eric, around my age. My parents allowed me to walk over and play with him pretty much unsupervised. For the most part we would play with action

figures, climb a tree in their backyard - normal kid stuff.

One day, Mr Sinclair asked me if I wanted to do something fun.

Eric's older sister, I believe her name was Ariel, was about 16 and she protested. She said that I was a kid and she doubted that my parents would be okay with "it". She also said that she had been asking around with her peers and it wasn't normal for families to do what they were doing - having sex with each other.

I didn't understand what any of that meant and when offered a cup of iced tea (likely drugged), I drank it. He had me go on top of him while his wife filmed and cheered me on. Afterwards, I went home and told my parents what he told me to tell them - that I needed a diaper change and that if they had questions to come to him. He intended to drug them as well.

Instead, they called Jean and told her what had happened. The CIA put him under house arrest and they logged the VHS tape of my abuse in a federal database. Jean watched it to identify me as the victim. They told him that I was off limits but wouldn't do anything further related to his activities.

A few days later, I visited the Sinclairs again, unsupervised. His wife said that they had him just where they wanted him. I asked if Eric and I could play action figures in the basement and she said that we couldn't, because Ariel was down there until she could "learn to appreciate what she had"

- because she had a crush on a boy at school.

I went home and told my parents and they called Jean again. This time, they sent a couple people with machine guns and got her out. She had been tied up on a mattress for days. As "punishment", they put Eric and his parents in a gated community across from Suffern Middle School, forced them to sell their house and legally emancipated Ariel. They also gave her the money from the sale of the house.

A few days later, I went around the block, forgetting what had happened, and asked a neighbor where the Sinclairs were. They said that no one lived at that house, but there was a girl picking up the mail. She left the house around the time I reached the sidewalk and I talked to her.

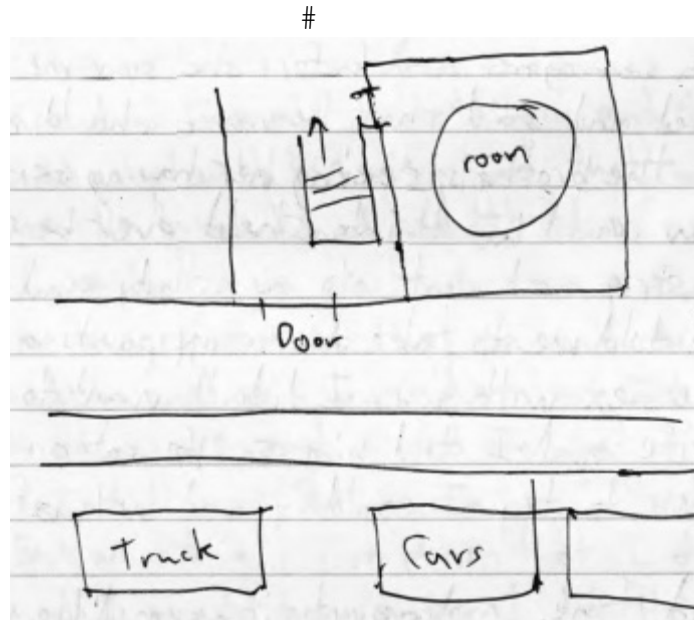
I was still confused about what had happened. She said that she would be moving far away and changing her name. She said that most of the people in the neighborhood would be drugged and not remember that they ever lived there. She assumed that I hadn't been drugged, but I had.

#

#

My parents drove me to my grandmother's apartment building in Astoria and told me that it was for something important. They said that it might be scary and that's okay and that we would do something nice afterwards. When we

arrived, there was a white cloth laid out across the floor in the room to the right of the door. It was where they normally put the Christmas tree.



When we entered the front hallway, Jean took my parents aside and told my mother that for this my father would have to have sex with the woman inside. She was Asian and my father said that he preferred Asian women. My mother said that it was okay as long as it was required. I could see the woman and several men through the door. My father went into the room and they closed the door.

I waited a few minutes with my mother until they were done. Afterwards, five of the men left the room and were guided out the front door and behind the truck. Two men with silenced machine guns shot them. All but one fell backward

into the truck - the other fell onto the pavement behind it. The men hoisted him into the back and the truck drove away. My father left the room and my mother told me to forget what I saw and ushered me in.

I asked Jean what happened to the men and the man left in the room asked the same thing. She smiled and said that they left. He looked out the window and said that their cars were still there. She said that the men gave them a ride to a local bar and they were just having a drink. He said that one of them was an alcoholic and that they would never willingly just go to a bar. I asked if it was because he was an alcoholic that he fell down. At this, he asked me to elaborate and he realized that by my description she had them shot.

"They were my circle!" he shouted.

"Well," she said, "more money for you then."

"It's not about the money, they were my friends! We went bowling together, I know their families..."

"Well I guess you'll just have to make new friends, then," Jean chortled. The woman who my father had sex with, the Scarlet Woman, didn't seem to speak English but she started to realize that something was wrong. Jean told him to finish the ritual. He gathered himself and came towards me with a knife.

He told my mother to hold out my hand flat, then sliced



open my palm. I screamed out in pain and my mother held onto my arm and followed his instruction to place my palm on the woman's forehead for a moment. She then removed it and it left a mark like a star. He told Jean that the ritual was done. He then told Jean that the ritual was done.

"That's it?" she asked him. "When my father told me about it, he said that the smell of blood was overpowering and that so many were sacrificed for the future of Germany." The Magician said that the blood was supposed to represent a sacrifice, especially coming from a young intelligent male child. She shook her head and said that it wasn't good enough. She demanded his knife and told me to come to her. He was shocked.

"He's your grandson."

"I know that he's my grandson," she said as she pulled me away from the woman. She took the knife and slashed open the woman's throat, spilling blood down the front of her dress.

"That's better," Jean said, approvingly.

"She was my Scarlet Woman," he cried out.

"Well she's certainly scarlet now," Jean quipped. He shot her an angry look as he cradled the woman in his arms.

"At least let me comfort her in her last moments."

"Okay, I'll grant you that," Jean agreed.

He cried and apologized to her for bringing her into

this. She choked on her blood and took a few moments to die, but she did. He asked what she was going to do with the body. She said the same thing she would do to his friends, dump them in the East River. He said that she had a family that ran a restaurant in Chinatown and that they should know what happened to her. Jean said that they would have someone tell them something.

She asked him if he would tell the others in his order that the ritual had been done. He said don't worry, that he would tell them exactly what had happened and that part of it involved papers and not to expect them. She said that she didn't care about any papers, not seeming to know what that meant. She told him to forget where they lived and he said not to worry, they would never come back there again.

My parents drove me back to our house and Jean followed. They celebrated with drinks. Jean wondered if the papers were Martha Kuntzel's papers, which in that case would be very valuable. She dismissed that notion, saying that the last time they had been seen was in Europe right before the location turned into a warzone. They were likely burned to ashes years ago, sshe said. I asked her why they killed his friends but let him go. She said that she couldn't have too many people knowing where she lived and that she needed to make sure that he told them that the ritual was done so that they would

believe it. She said that she would let him live "for now".

#

The Magician and Jean had a conversation before the ritual started. She asked him if he could perform the ritual and he said yes, any magician his rank could. He said that normally it would be done at a lodge or temple in order to better channel the intent. He said that the prophecy said that someone of the bloodline would seek them out for the ritual but it wasn't supposed to happen for another 30 years.

Jean also gave my father a copy of Aleister Crowley's Magick before the ritual. He didn't read it but he still has it on his downstairs bookshelf.

#

I was in the downstairs hall with Jean when someone rang the bell. She answered it - it was a young man - around 16-20 - with a pistol. Jean put on a confused old woman act and asked if she was being robbed. He said that he was there for the woman who had his father killed. She asked if he knew what she looked like. He said that she was middle-aged and she said that there really wasn't anyone here like that and that she was just an old woman. She asked him to wait a minute with me so she could ask someone upstairs.

I was scared but she said that he wouldn't hurt a child. He agreed and she went upstairs to her apartment and I asked

him why he wanted to hurt me or my family. He said that they were evil and I asked him if I was too. He said that no, I was younger and a blank slate. At that point Jean returned with a handgun and a small cup of the drug. His gun was down as she returned so she had the advantage.

She told him to drink it and kept the gun trained on him as he did. After a few seconds he went slack and she began to ask him questions. He said that the circle had planned to raid the apartment building and kill her on the winter Solstice but he wanted to get to her first. She asked him if they knew he knew and he said that he was supposed to be part of it.

She let him go and told him that he wouldn't remember this and to go along with the raid as planned. She said that this building had served them well but it was time to expedite their move to Florida to before Christmas. They moved in to the new house just before Christmas and we drove down to stay with them for a week.

#

At some point before Jean and Richie moved to Florida, they brought over a pair of tan chairs as well as three Oriental rugs. One was put in the dining room, one in my father's office, and one in the living room. My mother was not a fan of the chairs and got into an argument with Jean about them.

My mother said that she was happy to put up the Heidi decorative plants and stein and Hummel figures, but the chairs didn't match the decor that she was going for. Jean insisted that the dining room should be representative of all of the family and that she wanted myself and my sister to grow up in an environment similar to the one she grew up on.

She said that the dining set was from the same location and that even though they were from different rooms they still matched a unified theme. My mother relented and allowed her to place them in the corners of the room near the two heads of the table. After placing them, Jean called over myself and Emily.

Jean told us that it was an old chair but it was strong and stuffed with horse hair. We got excited and started picking at loose threads in the seat and she got upset, exclaiming "What are you doing!?"

We said that we wanted to see the horse hair. She said that it was inside and that doing that would break it and mean that it had to be repaired. We told her that it looked ratty and worn-down and we were confused that she would care about that. She was usually not very sentimental when it came to things.

She said that it was worn down with love and that something very important had happened in that chair and she

started to cry.

## Chapter Four

1990

Jean brought me to meet the British Royal family on their yacht at a port in, I believe, New Jersey. I remember asking her why not New York and she said that she didn't want media attention. She told me that there would be children there, but different from the children at my school. They were being raised to run a country, like me. Though, I was being raised to rule the entire world.

We arrived and were greeted by family members. I don't recall for sure if Dianna and Charles were there, but Princes Harry and William as well as the Queen were. I was told to spend time with the boys while Jean spoke with the Queen.

I introduced myself to them and said that Jean had told me that I was like them. Prince William replied that they were

nothing like me and I confusedly asked what he meant. He told me that my family killed people. I told him that I thought all families like ours killed people and gestured at a painting showing an ancestor of theirs in battle.

He replied that those were soldiers, people who consented to battle. Some may have been conscripts but they mostly chose to be involved in conflicts. My family had killed millions of civilians. I was shocked to hear this and went to ask Jean. I approached them from the inside of the ship and waited for a break in their conversation.

Jean was talking with the Queen about the future, the next 20 to 30 years. I noticed that the Queen was cautious around Jean, like she was talking with a snake. Reserved, polite, but studying her. Jean asked her what she thought and the Queen replied that the impression they had gotten from media was that the future would be one of exploration and diplomacy. Jean replied that unfortunately, no, there were still enough people examining history that they still had to focus efforts inwards.

I interrupted around that point, apologizing and telling Jean what William had told me - that we had killed people. Jean was incensed and asked the Queen what she had been telling them. She responded slowly and deliberately, as it seemed clear to me that Jean wouldn't like any answer. "Well,"



she replied in a gentle facsimile of a reminder, "there was the genocide."

Jean was furious and defensive. She said that all nations take actions that favor one group of people over another. Just because they had been more efficient at it shouldn't mean that they should be viewed as monsters. I interjected, asking her which country we had ruled because I had never heard of a genocide in America and Jean had mostly just talked about the CIA and IRA.

At this, it was the Queen's turn to be incensed, righteously so. She demanded to know what Jean's involvement with the IRA was. I answered that she had said that she was a leader of it, months earlier. The Queen said that it was a violation of Britain's sovereignty and the agreement that they had signed with the Reich.

Jean took a step back and told the Queen to think about what she was saying. If the agreement was void, that would mean that the Reich could then do anything they wanted. She countered by saying that the IRA hadn't really done the job and were unlikely to. So, rather than tear the agreement to shreds, they can make sure that the next administration would broker a peace deal. We left shortly after.

## Chapter Five

1991

Jean brought Emily and myself aside and informed us that people were coming over for a meeting and that it was a special event. She said that it usually only happened once every five years. They brought together the East, Central, and Western Architects for a meeting to shape the future. This was the first time that she told me that if America had royalty, I was the heir to it. She clarified that America had government agencies, but that we were part of the CIA which was ruled by royalty.

Emily asked if that meant that she was a princess if I was a prince and Jean said no, just me. Emily asked if it was because she was a girl, Jean said that it was that she had "more of her grandfather" in her than me and that the genes

were important. We were both confused about what she meant - Emily asked me if that meant Pop Pop was her father. I didn't understand how that could be a possibility - that he was - and insisted that our father must be both of our fathers. After that aside, the guests began to arrive.

Jean introduces us both to the guests. The Eastern Architect was the older brother of Lorenzo Music, husband of Carla Lalli-Music - I believe his name is Daniel. The Central architect was the head of the Sosland family who are involved in publishing and food production. The Western architect was Merv Griffin.

When she introduced us to Music, she told us that his brother was the voice of Garfield. He teared up and said not anymore, that he was too sick. Jean expressed dismay and said that she thought he was getting treatment. He said that he was but he had already lost his voice and wasn't expected to make it to Christmas. He said that the family was planning to hold an early Christmas in September, since it was always such an important holiday for them. He then brought out a gift for both my sister and I. It was stationary in a yellow gift bag.

The meeting took place on the lanai behind the house. Jean had Emily and I set the table and hand out snacks. At the start of the meeting, Jean asked Merv about the recent trouble he'd had and if they needed to worry about it. He said no,

they settled it out of court, that, "it was a woman giving him a massage while naked, what else did she expect would happen?". Carla, who had been introduced as Music's new bride and therefore part of the meeting, spoke up and said that she used to work in the brothels and that they would set out strict ground rules before any encounter. Merv looked indignant and demanded that Music silence his woman. She was mortified, Jean asked her to maybe come in and help the kids with the snacks.

She was guided in to the kitchen by Jean, who also called for Emily and I to help. Carla was crying and said that she was just trying to be a part of the conversation. Jean comforted her and said that was just how men were used to talking and that they would have a larger role in the future as women, hopefully. She gave her a bowl of chips and told her to bring it to the table when she was ready. My sister and I talked to her for a bit and I think we cheered her up. She went out again with the chips and we followed, sitting on the pool chairs on the other side of the lanai. We were within listening distance still.

A chef, Wolfgang Puck, was brought in along with human flesh that he had prepared with their instructions. Carla and others complained about the fattiness of the meat and Jean commented on the person that it came from. The chef did not

seem to want to be there and indicated that he had only prepared the meat and hadn't chosen to taste it during.

The main reason that they had brought them all there today, outside of their regular meeting schedule of once every five years, was the publication of the book *The Medusa's Head* by John Symonds. Apparently it had gotten so many details historically correct about secret events that they believed that someone had told the author. Their concern was what to do about it. They said that there was already a review in the *Times* about an art piece with the same name that they hoped would stick in people's mind if they heard mention of it. They weren't concerned with the limited numbered print run coming out as they had already bought up all the copies. They were worried about any unnumbered copies that were given to Symonds' friends or any acquaintances.

They resolved to use their resources to track down all of those copies, assuming there were only the 50 unnumbered editions. The numbered run, they decided, would be used as a trap. Jean learned from my use of the internet that information about pretty much anything could be found online. If they put up a listing for the book on sites listing rare books with a summary that gave just enough detail, they could draw people in. The meeting itself was only around a half hour in length, most of the time was spent socializing prior.

They discussed Symonds' role as a biographer of Crowley and how he was less than flattering in his depictions of him. They had someone drug his wife, she said that he burnt the original written draft because he was upset about how it was received.

They mentioned Martha Kuntzel being next to a pregnant woman as a potential cipher for her involvement with the planned births that led to Jean and her sister Helen, among many others, being born.

Jean also made reference to Carla being the daughter of One of Tony's sons. I said that I knew a Tony and she hurriedly said "A different one". Music later asked me who I meant and I clarified that it was my grandfather, as he expected. He did not realize that Carla was part of the royal family.

#

One evening Jean told my sister and I that they would be having a dinner guest and that we were to be on our best behavior. He came fairly late in the evening. It was Alan Cambey, passing through on what he called his "travels".

My sister and I were sitting at the table and Alan explained to Jean what he had done as she reheated dinner. He said that the Saudis would supply 20-30 people for the operation but did not want direct involvement. They did not

want to get tangled up in whatever conflict would result from it. He said that it would be planned for the 27th anniversary of her father's death and she expressed delight at that.

They would take aim at the Twin Towers and other high value targets. She commented that she always hated them and that they should look at the White House and other government targets too if it was to have the desired effect. He seemed to think that would put their assets at risk but she said that they would pull the important ones the day of.

She commented that they should keep the men close and he said probably not too close because this was meant to be off the radar. She said that they would keep them nearby in Florida, so they could check in on them. He agreed and gestured at my sister and I and asked if we were drugged already. She said that she wasn't going to drug her grandchildren.

He became indignant and insisted that she do it - she had us move to a couch facing the living room while they talked. She insisted that we were kids and wouldn't remember anything important. He said that she would be surprised at what his daughters remembered. She said that they were grown and he clarified that it was when they were children. She told him that she would put us in the room we were staying in and after he left she would give us a narrative using key words from the

conversation. If we didn't accept the narrative, then she would drug us.

We went to the room and after he left, she came in and told us a story about how he was an architect and the reason that they wanted to demolish the Twin Towers was to replace them. He was also afraid of competitors making a similar proposal and it might not even happen, so we shouldn't talk to anyone about it.



## Chapter Six

1992

Jean brought me on a short plane ride to Palm Beach to meet with people who had just inherited an operation to give them advice on how to run it. We were driven by a private car a short distance to a large house. I remember that we entered near a dining room.

She introduced me as her grandson to two people - Jeffrey Epstein and Ghislaine Maxwell. They as a couple, had inherited the operation from Ghislaine's father and Jeff was the person who would be heading it. Jean asked G to watch me while she gave Jeff advice on how to run the operation.

She didn't really know how to watch a kid and gave me a mat from a restaurant they had ordered from that had a maze on the back. I asked her if it was something that was inherited

because of her why she wasn't getting advice too. She thought for a moment and said that she did want to make sure she learned some of it and left me at the table to go into the other room with Jean and Jeff.

I did overhear parts of the conversation between Jeff, G, and Jean. Jean told Jeff that most of the girls they would be recruiting would be teenagers - most of whom probably hadn't had sex before. To keep them in his sway, he would need to have sex with them and make them feel like what they had was special. G objected to that, I got the impression that they were a couple at the time. Jean insisted that it was the most effective way for them to keep them under control.

I waited probably 20 minutes for the conversation to finish - I remember being very bored. When we left and got back to the parking lot we had come from, I asked Jean why they were asking her for advice. She said that she was someone well known in the field that they were going to be operating in.

#

Jeanne brought my sister Emily and I to a local video game rental store in Florida. She told us that they were trying to make inroads into the video game industry, but she didn't have the familiarity with it that we would.

She asked us to take a look at the back of the boxes

on the wall display and try to find a company name that appeared on a lot of the boxes. She specified that it couldn't be Nintendo or Sega or even any of the biggest international companies like Konami or Midway, but around the 5th most common. It also had to be a US company.

The company that cropped up the most and what she went with was Bethesda Softworks, publishers of Home Alone, Where's Waldo, Wayne Gretzkey Hockey, etc. When we told her, she said that Bethesda was near Washington DC and that it sounded like a perfect fit.

She identified Todd through the company he had previously applied to Bethesda through. He had applied to them multiple times in the past, unsuccessfully. He was also of average intelligence but had ability. That showed them that wanted to work there so badly and might be willing to do anything to do so.

On our drive back home from Florida to New York at the end of that summer, we stopped in Virginia for a few nights. We went around to Colonial Williamsburg and other locations, including a tour that she requested at the College of William and Mary. She specifically requested Todd and was willing to wait several weeks until he returned from summer break. The other tour guide was a young woman with shoulder-length brown hair. Jeanne told them that the tour was for my sister and I.

There were other members of the tour group - mostly prospective students. Though we were young, Jeanne claimed it was to show us the history of the place so that we might want to go there some day.

When we reached the chapel, the other tour members broke off and Jeanne took Todd and the girl aside to the pews in the back. My sister, Richie and I were also with them. Jeanne told them that they were really here to speak to them. She told them that she was with the CIA and looking into recruiting them. The girl was confused as it was clear that they were waiting specifically for Todd but she was randomly assigned earlier that day just because she was there.

Jeanne said that they were looking for a man and a woman and that while they had scouted Todd specifically, she was suitable just by the virtue of being a woman successful at such a prestigious school. She invited them both for dinner at the home of William Barr, who they recognized as the new Attorney General who had just been sworn in a few weeks ago. She told them not to tell anyone and that they would send cars to pick them up,

#

After the tour, we drove around to look at antique stores for antique coins and keys. I had a coin collection, but I was fascinated with old style skeleton keys. They had a

locksmith at Colonial Williamsburg and some intricate examples of locks from the period. We visited several businesses listed in the phonebook that seemed like they might sell antique keys, the last one being named the Key Hut in the local mall. She said it was probably a key cutter but it was close so we decided to go anyway. Emily and Richie stayed in the car.

When I asked the girl that worked there about the type of key I was looking for, she showed me a large gold-colored skeleton key that she was using as a keychain. I told her excitedly that was exactly the type of key I was looking for and asked her how much it was. She gently explained that it wasn't for sale and that it was a gift her boyfriend had given her because she worked with keys.

"Everything has its price," Jeanne interrupted, then asked her how much it would cost for her to part with it.

The girl thought for a moment and said, "Two hundred dollars." Jeanne scoffed.

"A novelty key like that couldn't be worth more than \$20 or \$30."

"You asked how much. I'm including how much it means to me as a gift in that value. It's a symbol of my boyfriend's love." I told her that I understood and it was okay, but Jeanne pushed further.

"Your boyfriend can get you other gifts. It would mean

a lot to my grandson if he had that one." I tried to indicate to Jeanne again that it was okay and that I understood, but she wasn't listening.

"Two hundred dollars," the girl reiterated. "You asked the price and that's what it would be."

Jeanne gave a look of disgust and stormed off with me in tow. As soon as we got to the car, she told Richie to find a pay phone so she could make a call. He circled the lot and found one against a wall and Jeanne got out, pulling me along with her. She rummaged through her bag for a slip of paper, picked up the receiver, and jabbed the numbers on the keypad. The receiver was loud enough that I could hear both sides of the conversation.

"I'm calling in a target for high priority extraction and termination. But hold her at the termination site, I want to talk to the target before its done." The man on the other end asked for the name of the target. Jeanne said that she didn't know her name but described her physical attributes and said that she worked at the key cutter at the mall she was calling from. I chimed in that it was called the Key Hut.

The man on the other end paused and started to say, "That doesn't sound like a high priority.." before Jeanne cut him off.

"Are you disobeying a direct order?" He froze.

"No, no, that's not it, I was just told that they're trying to keep track of resource expenditures and I was just asking to determine the reason..."

"That sort of thing is supposed to be secret, I'm going to have to have a talk with those bean counters. Do you want a reason? She pissed me off," shouting into the receiver, "There's your reason."

#

After dinner, Jeanne told Emily and I that they would be showing us how the CIA operated, but to do that she would need for us to take a drug, which she put in the child size cups that we had gotten at a restaurant with our dinner. We ate prior to the meeting and were drugged on the way.

When we entered the house, we came in through the front door. It was up a flight of stairs from the driveway. We sat in the living room, to the right of the entrance. There was a TV but it wasn't on. The drugs made my sister and I tired and we asked Barr's wife if we could take a nap. Jeanne said that there wasn't enough time and the car with Todd and his friend arrived shortly after.

We were led through a dining room and kitchen around to a door that led down to what was historically slaves' quarters. The dining room had a large backless shelf filled with porcelain and Americana trinkets. The food was prepared

in the upstairs kitchen and was brought down shortly after we were all seated. William Barr's wife did not join us for the meal.

Over dinner, Jeanne asked them what their goals were if they were going to join the CIA. They had specifically targeted Todd as he was someone that they felt would be a good fit to infiltrate the game industry, but they had asked the girl about her potential plans. She said that she wanted to help people. We mostly talked about video games and Jeanne asked me my opinion of what the perfect video game. I described it as something where you could interact with anything and it was 3D like Doom but in a fantasy setting. Todd lit up and said that he was interested in a company that was making a game just like that called Arena. It wasn't released yet but he had seen a demo of it at a computer show.

Jeanne then turned the conversation towards the CIA and the nature of what they would be doing. She asked them both if they ever saw themselves being able to kill someone. The girl said that it didn't sound like something she would be able to do. Jeanne said that it was the nature of the agency that people would be killed as a matter of course. If she was interested in helping people, there were non-governmental organizations and other ways to do that. The CIA probably wasn't going to be a good fit for her.



At that, Jeanne took a cigarette from Richie and gave it to her. She told her to go outside and have a smoke. The girl was a bit out of it as both her and Todd had seemingly been drugged. She took it and stepped outside, closing the door behind her.

"I don't need to be here for this," Barr said, pushing his chair out from the table and walking upstairs, shutting the door behind him.

Jeanne turned to Todd and asked, "What about you, could you kill someone?" He was taken aback and thought about it for a moment. He said that he might be able to kill someone if it was in a military context, but his brother had come back from the army and it had left him shaken. Richie took out a gun and slid it towards Todd past Jeanne over the table.

"I've got a gun here," he said.

"What if we asked you to kill someone right now?" Jeanne purred, nodding towards the door leading out to the driveway. Todd was shaken.

"Well she didn't do anything wrong," he replied incredulously.

"If you were to join the CIA, you might have to kill people that didn't do anything wrong." She shifted tactics. "It's not that she did anything wrong, but she has seen something she shouldn't have and she clearly won't be joining

the Agency."

"What do you mean?" Todd asked.

"We're in the basement of the Attorney General of the USA, the head of the Justice Department. It's illegal to have this sort of coordination between agencies. What if word of this clandestine meeting reached the public? They would lose faith in their entire system of government."

"I'm sure that if we asked her not to say anything she would understand," Todd countered, but it was clear that he was nervous.

"This is how we handle things," Jeanne grew more excited as she nudged the gun towards him. "If you want to join the CIA and be a part of the video game industry, this is what you need to do. I am giving you an order to go out there and kill her." He slowly took the gun.

"Won't people hear the gunshots?"

"We're on the top of a hill," Jeanne dismissed. "The sound will echo across the city, no one will ever be able to track it down."

"When she goes missing won't there be an investigation? I was the last person to be seen with her over at her dorm. I couldn't lie about that if they asked me. They wouldn't believe me."

"There won't be any investigation. If they ask you if

you know anything, just say you don't. We'll handle it from there. She'll just be a statistic, another college girl gone missing."

Richie opened the door first to make sure that she was still there. She apologized for not smoking the cigarette as it wasn't really her thing. She said that she had called her mother to talk over their offer. He was confused, asking her if she had gone up into the house to use their phone. She pointed to a fanny pack on her belt - it was the battery for an early cellular phone. Richie relayed that to Jeanne, but she told him to proceed.

Richie guided Todd out and told the girl that he had something he wanted to talk to her about. He went back inside and left the door open a crack. I could hear the interaction from inside the room. Todd was apologetic and told her that he was told that he had to kill her to join the CIA and that he had already asked them if he could just talk to her but they said he had to kill her. He shot her in the chest two or three times. The gun was silenced, so the gunshots barely made a sound. A few seconds passed and Todd rushed back in, short of breath.

"She's not dead," he blurted out. "I shot her in the chest and she's on the ground but she's still breathing. We still have time to get her to a hospital."

"You're not listening," Jeanne snapped. "She dies. Get out there and finish the job. Shoot her in the head if you have to." He deflated and tried to protest but thought better of it. He slowly walked back outside, leaving the door open behind him so that we could see everything.

"I'm sorry," he said crying, as he slowly angled the gun for a head shot and pulled the trigger. The bullet struck her in the forehead and blew the back of her skull off.

He came back in, there were flecks of blood on his jacket and face. "It's done," he said, handing the gun back to Jeanne.

"You did well," she said, congratulating him. "Now we're just going to send you off to training, its going to be around ten days.."

"When I visited Bethesda they told me that I had to finish school," Todd interrupted, panicked.

"Don't worry, call it a family emergency. They're not going to kick you out of school for something like that. If we have to, we'll talk to the registrar." He nodded, still dazed.

An agent led him back to the car he had come in to go to his dorm and pack for training. Jeanne told another agent to pick up the body. As we were getting up to leave, I asked Jeanne if the girl was really dead. She said no, that it was all a trick - smoke and mirrors - an illusion. I asked her why

she referred to her as the body and Jeanne said that's just show business slang for actors. She said the girl had played her part well and would be properly compensated.

As we walked past to the car we had come in, I noticed the back of her skull on the ground. I told Jeanne that they shouldn't forget that if it was part of the act, but as I did I realized that she had to be lying about that. She barked at one of the other agents to pick it up in disgust that they had let me see it.

#

We got into the car and Jeanne told us that we had one more stop. She directed Richie to drive to a specific location that he seemed to have been to before. It was near a mile marker and under a billboard off the side of a major highway. There was a tall set of concrete stairs that descended into a grassy area with a large shack to the right, around 50 feet away. Richie and Emily waited in the car while we descended.

Jeanne told me to stay there and walked over, knocking loudly on the door and telling the person inside to bring the target out. She walked back to me and in her wake a tall man, Chris, dragged the girl behind him. She was bound at her wrists and gagged. Jeanne told him to remove the gag as he reached her.

The girl started screaming for mercy, for her life,

for anyone who might hear her. Chris indicated to Jeanne that was why he had gagged her as he was getting ready.

"No one is going to be able to hear you," Jean intoned at the girl. She gestured up at the embankment behind us. "Your screams are just going to be muffled by that and the cars. There's no point in it."

"What is this?" the girl cried out, looking around frantically. "You had better let me go. My boyfriend is a big biker and he and his friends have got to be looking everywhere for me "

"You've only been gone for an hour or two," Jeanne chided. "Unless you were going to be meeting up with him he couldn't know something was wrong."

The girl nodded frantically, "I was going to meet up with him and he knows I wouldn't just disappear like that. You had better let me go or he's going to come down here and beat the hell out of you." Jeanne didn't believe her.

"It's about time that you learn a lesson about being rude to customers. Never in my life have I encountered someone so unhelpful and stubborn, not without doing something about it at least. Now you'll know for next time," Jeanne paused, relishing the moment, "Oh, I guess there won't be a next time for you." Jeanne guided me back towards the stairs and I was ahead of her before the girl shouted out.

"I'm pregnant!" Jeanne turned back at her for a moment, looking at her like she had found a toy to play with. She practically did a jig in excitement.

"She's not really," she told me in a hushed but excited voice, "but we're going to play along. Watch this." She took a step back towards the girl, facing her with me behind her. "Well then I guess we're doing society a favor, then."

"You'd kill a pregnant woman?" she started crying. "That was why I was so attached to the key, it's my boyfriend's."

"So," Jeanne stepped closer, "if we call your boyfriend and ask him, he'll confirm this?" The girl faltered.

"I haven't told him yet but he wouldn't be too surprised."

"If we can confirm that," Jeanne said slowly, "We'll let you go. Is there a phone in there?" She asked Chris. He nodded. She took a few steps towards the shack and then turned on a heel.

"Pull down your skirt and underwear," she ordered her. The girl cried and refused so she had Chris do it. She was wearing a pad and there was a red spot on it. "I'm an old woman, but I know a period when I see one."

"He did it to me," she sobbed, gesturing with her head

towards Chris. He took a step backwards and raised his hands.

"Whoa whoa, I didn't touch her. I'm a professional."

"A professional who kills people?" the girl snapped at him.

"All of us play different parts," he said.

"Put the gag back on," Jeanne ordered him. He did and began dragging her towards the shed. I asked Jeanne about the key. While the girl was still in earshot, she replied. "She's not going to need it anymore where she's going, but its too distinctive to take."

I asked her if she was going to heaven. She spoke loudly, so the girl could hear her. "Heaven's too good for her. She's going in the ground. Well, first he's going to cut off all the good parts and we're going to eat her and then what remains will go into the ground." At that she gestured at the field between the embankment and the shack.

#



## Chapter Seven

1993

During one of the summers my sister Emily and I stayed in Florida, Jean had over several guests. She told Emily and I that they were part of her family, her brothers and her sister. We were confused because we knew our great aunt Helen was her sister. She said that while yes, her and Helen were raised in the same home, these people were just as much her family as Helen and should be treated with respect. We agreed and she introduces us to them.

The two I remember best were the two currently most prominent on the global stage. She first introduced us to Angela Merkel, noting the correct pronunciation of her first name had a hard G like angle, but was spelled the same as the anglicized version of the name. My sister and I were excited

that we had an aunt Angela like on Golden Girls. Jean was frustrated that we were mispronouncing it because it was meant to be shortened to the nickname Geli. Angela said that it was her nickname (Geli Raubel's) not hers. She said Aunt Angela could be hers because she liked Golden Girls, but she didn't want to be a villain. I insisted that Aunt Angela wasn't a villain, she loved her sister but they just disagreed sometimes. She laughed and said that it was just like in real families.

I believe we were introduced to a German man as well, but the next person didn't speak any English and had a young female translator. He introduced himself in Russian and she translated that his name was Vladimir Putin. I was also introduced to Boris Johnson, the third brother to arrive. Everyone else went out to the back to socialize on the lanai except for Emily and I, who had to finish writing in our journals.

When we came out, Vladimir had just come out of the pool and sat at the chair at the end of the table with his back to the water. Apparently, one of their male sibling had died recently from a heart attack, which was why they had gathered to memorialize him. From what they knew, he had been in fairly good health. The translator seemed surprised that Vladimir had a family like that, as he was well-known at the time.

They talked about how it was just them left to complete their father's work and made a toast to their brother. The toast concluded with a Heil Hitler at which the translator seemed to understand and, claiming she was going in to use the restroom, she ran to the next door neighbor's house. The neighbor returned with her as she seemed to be raving about Hitler and on drugs. They gladly took her back, then drugged the neighbor for his trouble.

Vladimir was the first to leave, the rest of us went into the living room to watch TV. Golden Girls was on and I fell asleep on the couch while we were watching it. I was woken up by the sound of gunfire - Jean said that it was probably just a car backfiring.

I mentioned it to my parents at the end of summer when we returned home and they said it sounded like something we probably shouldn't talk about at school.

#

I was at the Florida house alone one summer and went for a walk down the block into the area behind the house and the entrance. There were three teenagers, two boys and a girl. I asked them if they lived here and one of the boys said that they were on vacation.

I asked them if they wanted to be friends and I said that I was staying with my grandma and the boy asked if she had a

pool. I said yes but I didn't think she would want people using it. He said that if she had a pool and we were friends she would probably be fine with it. I agreed and led them to the lanai.

The boys raided the liquor cabinet and the girl went in the pool. I said that I liked her sunglasses - cheap yellow plastic ones - and she gave them to me. Jean came back after around a half hour and asked what was going on. The boy who had been doing the talking before took charge. He told me to say "Fuck you, grandma". I hesitated and said that I didn't want to. Jean said it was okay and so I did. I explained to her that they were my friends and had asked to use the pool.

She put on a feeble old woman act and pretended that she couldn't really do anything to get rid of them. The lead boy offered to go but she pretended that she wanted the company. She offered to get them drinks - the boys wanted alcohol but the girl just wanted something with strawberry in it. Jean returned a few minutes later with three cups which they promptly drank.

"How do you feel," she asked, grinning.

"I can't move!" the girl moaned from a recliner pool chair.

Jean told me to go inside and get cleaned up while she decided what to do with them. I was to go to my room after and

wait.

Around an hour or two later, close to dusk, she came for me and told me it was time for me to say goodbye to my friends. She had me get in the car and we drove a short distance to a construction site for one of the houses in development. She led me to an open hole where Richie was standing next to a large plastic looking cover and a shovel. In the hole, laying side-by-side like sardines were the three teenagers.

"This is a septic tank," Jean said, which is appropriate because you're pieces of shit." She smiled. "It's time for you to say goodbye, Richard."

I peered over the edge of the hole. "What are you doing with them?" I asked.

"I'm going to have Pop Pop close them up in here and cover it with dirt until they've learned their lesson or run out of air, whichever happens first."

"We'll die in here," the boy who had first approached me shouted, "We won't have enough air." I turned to Jean.

"Is that true?" I asked. She gave me a thin smile and spoke softly.

"Well, if that were true," she posited, "wouldn't they try to get out? It's just a few feet to freedom - all they need to do is get up." I thought through the logic of what she

had said. It made sense to me but I didn't understand the full context of the situation. I waved goodbye to them and Jean brought me back to the house. Richie sealed them in and buried them alive.

#

A couple days later, there was a story on the front page of the newspaper with a picture of the three teens stating that they were missing. They were dressed in the same clothes and the girl was even wearing the sunglasses that she gave me. The picture was in black and white.

"We have a problem," Richie said. If the police were looking for them, there was a chance someone had seen something. Jean read the paper and noted that the parents of one of the boys was high up in a company that the CIA had "ownership" in. She decided that they would tell him that the teens had stumbled into an "active operation" and were killed during the course of it.

#

I later recounted this story to a teacher who said that it sounded like she had killed the kids. I was confused but she told me to bring it to the principal - Dr Blaise.

He said that it sounded like she did kill them but if she had access to the drug she was probably high enough in the CIA to get away with it. The teacher was confused and Blaise

clarified that a number of the faculty were CIA and that they had something on most of them. For example, he had a weakness for children at which the teacher was shocked. She said that he shouldn't be around kids then. He was later outed as a pedophile and fired but they never took any action over my story.

## Chapter Nine

1995

One evening, Jean came over to my parents' house and told us that she had some very special guests. Shortly after she arrived so did the Olsens - or at least, Mary Kate, Ashley, and their mother. I don't remember if anyone else from their family came.

Jean introduced us and then began her pitch to their mother. Basically, she told her, she was enormously impressed by the impact their career had on TV and advertising. Every catalog and commercial wanted their own "Olsen Twins" which created enormous demand for white twins and even white siblings of similar ages. Their mother was put off by that, saying that she hoped it wasn't just white children. Jean dismissed her, saying that other people were doing commercials



like that, but her concern was white people.

Jean used magic to age up the Olsen's - she asked her mother what type of animal they were. Her mother was confused and terrified, asking that she "put them back". She did, and explained that while the human form was the common form, most people had animal blood in their ancestry. Usually the older generations knew more about this - their mother recalled that her mother or grandmother had referred to them as beautiful ibex's (or a similar animal to a gazelle native to Northern Europe). Jean said that must be it.

She explained that since America was majority white, that was the demographic she was most concerned with. She moved on to her offer. She told her that because of her contributions to white culture, she wanted to extend an invitation to join the Reich. She explained that the Nazis and America had done a deal and that her father was Adolf Hitler. Their mother immediately froze up and replied that the math didn't seem to add up.

Jean replied that she was born in the early 30's, so before his real rise to power, but he had died in 1974. Their mother recoiled, saying that she didn't want to be involved in anything political like a coup, to which Jean told her the coup had already happened. She then told her that her father's legacy was seen through the lens of American propaganda and

she would be happy to tell her more about him. She suggested that the kids spend some time talking while she discussed that further.

Mary Kate and my sisters wen upstairs to play, while Ashley and I talked in the dining room. I jokingly asked if she was jealous that her sister had two first names while she just had the one. She said that it was said like a single name, like when their mom calls one of them at the mall. I was surprised that they went out to the mall without being recognized. She said that they would usually wear sunglasses or something.

I asked her if she would say her character's catchphrase - "How rude" - but she declined. I asked her why not and she said that it was part of her character, not her. She then suggested I pump my fist in the air and say "Oh yeah". I did, to which she asked me how I would feel if people asked me to do that same thing, on demand, all the time. I said that I probably wouldn't mind, but I saw her point. We joined the others upstairs for a bit and then we were called down to the living room.

Jean told their mother that if they agreed to the deal, they would be made wealthier than they could ever imagine. The girls would have to have sex with members of the Reich, CIA, allies, etc during their teenage years but would have access

to a drug that would make them forget. That is, unless one of them chose to eventually marry me, which would make them exempt.

Their mother chose to think it over and Jean drugged her before she left. They were driven back to the airfield that they had come from. Several months later, Jean brought us a copy of a Full House Michelle book and told me it had elements of what they recalled about meeting us. It was titled My Best Friend is a Movie Star.

#

Months later after Melissa Atkinson was killed, my family visited Jean in Florida. I had asked her why my other side of the family would always eat Italian food but we never ate German food when we visited her. She offered to show me how to cook a stew at that visit.

After we got settled in, she had me help cut onions, potatoes and carrots and then said it was time to add the meat. She had most of it thawing in the fridge - it looked like a pork loin except with a bone in it. She took a smaller package from the freezer and told me that we would add it to the onions and carrots to stew for a long time. She said that it was something like a a ham hock or foot with lots of collagen. She unwrapped it and dropped it into the stew and I immediately recoiled when I saw it. It was a human hand

wearing a wedding band.

I turned to her in shock and stammered out that it was a hand - she immediately denied it. She told me to imagine an animal that had appendages like a human but that wasn't one. I asked her if it was an ape or monkey and she said like one, but that they would get pork from. I believed that for a second and then asked her about the ring - I said that it looked like a wedding ring. She said that it was like the tags farmers would put on their livestock. I still didn't quite believe her but I resolved not to eat it as no one else seemed to have seen that part of it.

After it had cooked for an hour, she opened it and commented that they must have used lots of product on the skin. I asked again what she meant by that and she "clarified" that the farmer must have used it on their livestock. She sent me away and finished cooking.

Before dinner was served, she made my entire family take the drug that would suppress the memory of the evening. She gave my parents wine and gave me grape juice. She then explained that it was something called Victory Stew and it was something her family would make whenever they triumphed over an enemy. Since my parents had triumphed over their enemy, that was why she had asked for the butcher to save a piece of her.

My father didn't really seem enthusiastic but my mother took relish in tasting the meat. I did what I was told and ate as much as I could stomach. Jean then got the idea to have me hold up the bone of what I presumed was the arm in "victory". She said that I now had a part of Mrs. Atkinson in me and that I should feel smug about it whenever I saw her children.

Later that summer, near Labor Day, I ran into Jessica Atkinson at the local pool and remembered part of what happened with the hand. I told her and she said that it sounded like I had eaten her mother and began to cry. I only remembered fragments so I thought that had to be wrong and flagged down my mother to confirm.

My mother told her to wait with me and then walked up to the house, returning with two vials of the drug. She had both of us drink it and told us that none of it happened. Jessica asked my mother why she was crying then and my mother said she had heard a sad poem or something but the sadness was fleeting. She immediately stopped crying - it was eerie.

#

A male agent brought a girl to Jean's room who she told me that I was related to. Genetically, she would have been a niece, but she seemed a bit older than me. She said that she was there for Jean to do whatever she wanted with

The same agent that brought the girl helped strap a metal

brace to Jean's head that pulled back the corners of her lips to resemble a wolf's. She told me that her father had a pair of metal wolf teeth dentures created that he used to tear at the throats of his enemies. She used them for other purposes.

She inserted the dentures in her mouth and brought the girl onto her lap. She bit her shoulder between her head and collarbone. The "teeth" tore her flesh to shreds and there were bits flying everywhere. Blood poured down one side of her body. I was crying and Jean told me to come to her.

She forced me to chew on the girl's neck in the same area she had been chewing. I choked and sobbed and tried to let as little flesh into my mouth as possible. Jean insisted on chewing some and dropping it into my mouth like a bird when she saw that I couldn't or wouldn't eat on my own. She moved the girl's neck in a way that made the vertebrae snap and commented that it was pretty gruesome and I had taken part in enough. She let me leave and Richie found me crying and covered in blood in the hall.

He was surprised and disgusted that she would involve me in her "feeding". He helped me clean up and vomit what I had been forced to eat. He told me that he was loyal to her, but that was one of the things he felt was too far even for her.

I asked him why he didn't confront her about it and he said that wouldn't work the way I thought it would. I

convinced him to say something anyway and when he did, she told him that even though he was loyal to her for most of his life, she would have him killed if he questioned her again.

## Chapter Ten

1996

After Todd Howard finally got a job with Bethesda, Jean had him invite me to the Compuserve beta testing forums. My username was marIQ and I was one of the only people there not actually beta testing. When questioned why they allowed a ten year old in, they said that I was a sample of their future demographic. The person closest to my age was Aleira, Akatosh's daughter.

I was part of several conversations that I can recall. There was a discussion about flowers that I responded to saying the more the better and that my family told me that different flowers have different meanings. I accidentally outed Todd as CIA in a thread that was later deleted. When the "God" names were announced, the character of Ma'iq was named



after me even though he wouldn't show up until Morrowind.

Towards the end of development, Jean asked me if anyone in the beta forum seemed like a good potential recruit. I said that Akatosh seemed to be a genius, which put a target on him. Jean had his wife killed in a "car accident" order to put him in a situation where his only choice was to be recruited.

For the recruitment, she brought me with her to speak with them. I also met his daughter. She told him that he would have to kill someone at some point for recruitment. He was drugged but agreed to it in order to ensure that he had the means to support his daughter.

#

During the spring of sixth grade, all of my classmates were brought into the gym which had seats out for an assembly. They had us line up and each take a small paper cup with liquid dispensed from a cooler to drink. In line, before I got my cup, I overheard one of the younger male teachers say to a colleague that this was messed up, having us take drugs. His colleague told him that it came down from the state and that it was probably meant to help make us stronger if we encountered it. The one who had spoken up seemed doubtful, but stopped talking.

When I approached the cooler, I took a cup of the liquid, pressed it against my lips and then threw it in the trash

without drinking it. The school had a DARE program and taking drugs on purpose seemed wrong, especially after I heard the one teacher's doubts. Part of me thought that by refusing to drink it, I was passing a test. All of the students sat down in their seats and a short, balding man with glasses went up on stage and introduced himself - I believe that he said his name was Carl Nicolay.

Once he introduced himself, he immediately began giving the students commands. He said that it would be like Simon Says - the first thing we needed to do was stand up and make a movement with their arms. He demonstrated and at first it just felt like a game, so I followed the commands. Then, he started to tell us to do embarrassing things like picking our nose - he even told the female students to touch their breasts. I stopped because it started to scare me. A teacher came up to me and brought me to a classroom in the far back of the room - Mrs Marina's sixth grade classroom.

There were around five or six other students in the room. They asked us why we didn't follow the instructions. Some of the others weren't sure, but I told them it was because I overheard the male teacher say that there were drugs in the water. The bald man asked which teacher and they brought him in.

The bald man asked him why he had said something, why did

he question the plan? He said that he didn't mean to prevent me from taking it, he understood that it was to make us stronger, to protect us. The bald man asked, "So you want to protect these children?"

The teacher nodded. The bald man asked my name and input it on a hand held device - he frowned. He looked at the other children and asked the name of one of them that had a thin build. His name checked out. At that, the bald man ordered one of the other teachers to hold up the boy. The bald man walked over and twisted the boy's wrist, breaking it. He told the teacher that the best way to protect these children would be to follow orders without question.

The man gave me a double doze of the liquid prior to the above, with the intent that a higher dose would make us forget. I still remembered the events of the previous day when I came in to school the next day and sought out the male teacher. I asked him what had happened. He quietly said that what I remembered was accurate, but that I couldn't tell anyone. He said that it was good that I remembered and that maybe that skill could come in use for me in the future.

#

There was a plaster painting shop that we frequently visited in Spring Hill called The Plaster Place. Normally, Robbie, the owner, was at the front register but on this visit

her younger sister was.

After bringing up our items to pay, her sister pulled out a "cheat sheet" of credit card numbers and told Jean that she liked us, so she would take care of it. Jean got angry and said it was illegal and credit card fraud. She did it anyway and Jean told her, "You're going to regret pulling that shit."

The next day, the police officers came by looking for Jean. They came to the front door and Richie asked if he should let them in or tell them to leave. Jean told him to let them in and immediately offered them "something to drink". They declined and said that they were there to question Jean about the disappearance of Robbie's sister. Apparently, she had told Robbie what Jean said after closing the shop but before going missing.

They questioned Jean in front of me and when they asked her about Robbie's sister, she dismissively said, "she was white trash". They questioned her use of the past tense "was" and she hastily reworded her statement as the impression she had of her was white trash. They asked her a few other questions and then questioned me separately.

They said that their theory was that she had gotten Richie to kill her, put her in the back of a truck and dump the body somewhere. I told them that he didn't have a truck. I also confirmed that Jean had made a threat. They didn't have

enough to arrest her on at that point, but she was clearly the main suspect.

As soon as they left, Richie asked Jean if they should be worried - if the police dug around enough, they would find everything. She said no, that she had seen how the Reich ended and it wasn't like this. He went pale and stammered, "You saw how it ends?" she said hurriedly, "Yes, that's what I'm trying to prevent."

They strategized as to how they would handle it. They controlled the police at the higher levels - the commissioner had been to their parties so they had blackmail dirt on him. Otherwise they would use the tools at their disposal through the CIA to deal with it. The case was dropped shortly after.

#

A few days later, Jean took me to the Plaster Place and told Robbie she would explain everything if she drank something. She did and Jean apologized and told her that she would buy the business from her for around \$200,000, far more than it was worth.

A CIA agent later opened a similar store in the same location, but none of the regulars went to it and it failed relatively shortly after opening.

## Chapter Eleven

1997

I initially became aware of Deep Space Nine when Jean visited my parent's house in Suffern. She told me that they had cast Avery Brooks, who had seen great acclaim for his portrayal of Othello, as the lead of a new Star Trek series. They chose to push him towards science fiction to keep his career effectively side-tracked from mainstream media.

The casting backfired in a way they couldn't predict - I immediately saw him as a father figure after the first episode. I admired his relationship with his on screen son and from the behind the scenes interviews, he seemed like a kind person. My parents tried to tell me that he was angry and brutish because he was black, but I didn't believe them.

Jean later told me that the character design for Odo was

based off an altered photograph of me as a toddler. The fact that he was based off a picture of a child was reported in an article but later redacted. Even though she refused to let me watch Deep Space Nine when visiting her, she was heavily involved in using it to put out propaganda and messaging.

At one point, shortly after the airing of the episode where she guest-starred, Jean brought the actress Gina Phillips to meet me. I asked her about what it was like being an actress and she said that it was mostly fine. She did mostly small parts. The only part that she didn't like too much was having to sleep with people. I asked her if she had to do that with any of the people on the show and she said no, that they were as old as her father. It was mostly younger people involved in the production side.

When Voyager entered development, Jean told them to make it as much like Gilligan's Island as possible and make sure that I could watch it without keeping track of Deep Space Nine. She didn't want me looking up to Avery Brooks or Sisko. I still watched the show, but only with my parents. I also tried to keep up with it by reading plot summaries during and after its airings.

I eventually found an online community on a Star Trek message board, the name escapes me. I started posting on it around 1996 or so and Jean became aware of it around then. She

asked if I also had somewhere to talk to people about Frasier, another show she was behind. When I said no, she mused that both had the same company behind them, so she had an idea.

She reached out to the owners of the forum and gave them an offer that they couldn't refuse. In exchange for creating a subforum for CBS's other shows, including Frasier, she would give them unparalleled access to the production team of Deep Space Nine, including the writers. The private subforum for admins and mods on the site was named after the Klingon Hall of Honor.

I spent a lot of time on the Frasier and Star Trek forums, though I ended up parroting a lot of hateful speech from the resident racist. He was eventually banned, but the mod team commented that it was something that they needed to keep an eye on.

In Fall of 1997, Jean Asked me how I liked the forum and I said that I wished that I was a mod. She said that could be arranged and drugged the aunt of one of the administrators and had her convince her niece to give me the role as an opportunity. She told me to keep an eye out for the kind of stuff that I had used to post and welcomed me to the mod team.

Around that time, possibly just before, she had us visit in Florida and we met a couple people involved in the show. Ronald D Moore and Barry Jenner. Barry was nice, I kept asking



him what it was like to be an Admiral and he kept correcting me that he was just playing one.

My father mostly bothered Ron, insisting that they drop Molly in a vortex somewhere, leading to the episode Time's Orphan. Ron questioned how racist my father was and Jean interceded, saying that it wasn't indicative of how she wanted to be seen. Rene Auberjonois was also there with his wife for dinner.

Later that Fall, a thread in the Star Trek main forum caught my attention. One of the members had noticed some startling similarities between the episode You Are Cordially Invited and an old Western novel that she had read. Certain lines were almost exact and the story beats followed the same structure. The community took it as evidence of plagiarism.

I mentioned this to Jean and she said that it was true. That the book was an "approved story". She asked to see the thread and I showed her. She took note of the name of the member. Days later, one of the moderators said that she hadn't heard from the member in several days so she had gone by her house and she could see boxes in the window. She was worried about her because she hadn't mentioned a move.

The woman who had noticed the plagiarism had also been in touch with a local newspaper about it prior to what happened, so an article was already in the works. They had contacted the

writer who had credit on the episode and she had corroborated the story but with additional details. She said that she was given the book and was told to copy it as closely as possible using the DS9 characters instead. She had faxed this statement to the paper. I don't believe the article ever made it to a print edition.

Days later, the writer's credit was removed and her name stripped from future airings of the episode. A piece was put out in Variety or a similar trade publication explaining it as her being only involved in the outline stage and inappropriately credited.

The moderator subforum speculated as to what had happened. One of the posters astutely suggested that what we had witnessed was the arm of the state reaching out to silence people who knew too much. I told them that I had mentioned the thread to my grandmother but I didn't expect anything like this to happen. We mourned the absence of the woman who had initially brought up the plagiarism, but little did we know that Ron and the writers had heard about what had happened and did something about it.

In the meantime, Jean mined me for ideas of possible episodes. I suggested what would become the episode One Little Ship and other minor character beats. She even let me help her outline a full episode, Profit and Lace. I convinced her to

have the studio add additional episodes to the end of Season Six in order to fit in the ideas. My father's contribution was to ask for more TOS actors.

Out of an incorrect assumption on my part that two network shows would be too taxing on Terry Farrell, I convinced Jean to drop her from DS9. Much to my future regret, she did it. She had her exit written as incredibly dark with a ton of pathos in an effort to pay tribute to the character.

Then, Inquisition aired. It was followed by a letter from Ron to the Hall of Honor. He expressed sadness and frustration at the death of our friend and the episode was written as an expose of the CIA and their tactics. The entire scene in the holosuite was filmed in secret and William Sadler was cast for his resemblance to Jean.

The move prompted the studio to rescind final script approval, which had been granted a few months prior. They considered that a victory because it wouldn't have much of an effect on their final season as much of it had been plotted out and approved.

Unfortunately, Jean took the move as a sign that the forum was too dangerous to allow to continue. She planned to have the entire private subforum murdered. I told her that the posts about the plagiarism were in the public, so anyone could have seen them. She then decided to just kill the

administrator of the forum and their second and had the forum shut down with the excuse that it was too difficult to manage the racist posters.

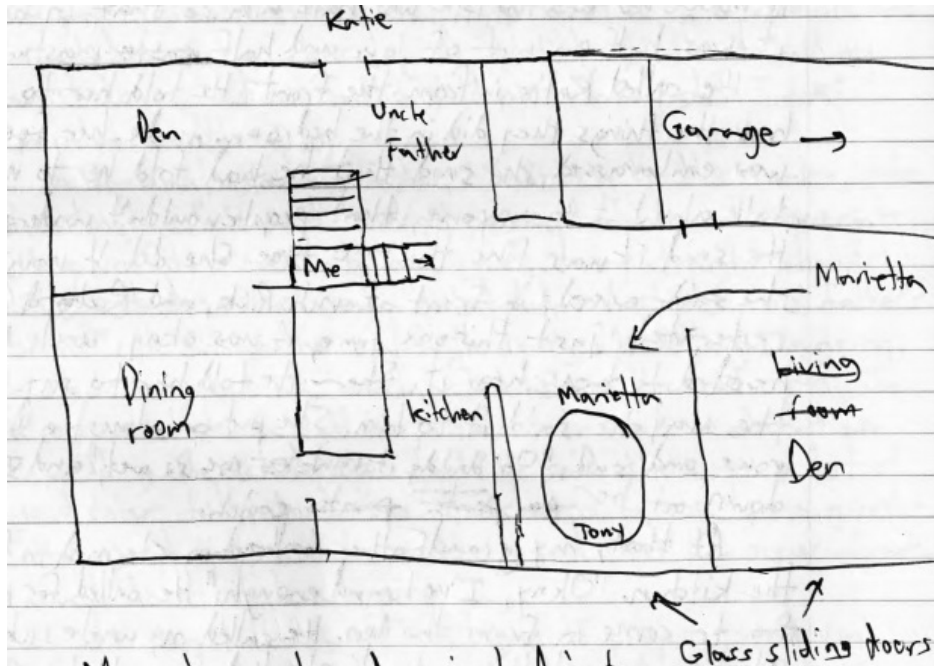
## Chapter Twelve

1999

I was at my grandparent's house in Smithtown, NY with my father, my grandfather Tony Taurisano, my aunt Marietta Benson, uncle Tom Benson and cousin Katie. My grandfather was sitting in the kitchen, I was on the landing of the front interior steps and my uncle and father were in the foyer. My cousin was on the front porch. My aunt was in the den.

My uncle, aunt and cousin had just arrived and I was packing up from staying there. My uncle approached my father as I was coming down the stairs and said to him - you have a daughter, right? Daughters, my father said. Tom then asked him if he was having sex with the older one yet. My father said, "That's sick." Emily, the older of my two sisters was just twelve at the time. Tom noticed that I was there and told me

that I would be a man eventually and that I should hear this, too. He said that he had been having sex with Katie and that it was "the greatest gift a father could give to his daughter." My father said that it seemed wrong and that she was barely in high school. Tom said that he had slept with his wife to make her and that she was half him so that, in his mind, meant that it was half an act of love and half masturbation.



He called Katie in from the front. He told her to tell him how the things they did in the bedroom made her feel. She was embarrassed, she said that he had told her to never talk about it to anyone, that people wouldn't understand. He said that it was fine this one time. She didn't want to, she asked - in front of uncle Rick and Richard? He told her to say it the way she said it to him. "Oh daddy it makes me so wet," and

she gestured down at her crotch.

At that, my grandfather stormed in from the kitchen. "Okay, I've heard enough." He called for my aunt Marietta, Katie's mother and Tom's wife, to come in from the den. He called Tom sick for what he was talking about doing with his own daughter. Tom claimed that he had heard it out of context. My grandfather said that it all sounded pretty clear to him. Tom said that he had something in the car that would help him explain and told Katie to wait in the car. He asked us to all wait for him in the kitchen. My grandfather sat in the seat with his back to the glass sliding doors, my aunt opposite to him at the other end of the table. I sat to her right, my father to her left. Tom exited through the garage to go to his car. We waited a few minutes - my grandfather commented that he couldn't imagine anything that could explain that. At that moment, Tom slid open the glass door and quickly jabbed my grandfather in the right arm with a needle and injected a vial of clear liquid. He told my father to hold my aunt down and my father told me to stay still. I was paralyzed with fear.

My aunt told my father, "You're my brother-in-law, you're hurting me." He said that it wasn't personal and to just cooperate. My grandfather went still and quiet, staring straight ahead. She asked Tom, "What did you stick in my Father's arm?" He fit another vial into the syringe.

"Same thing I'm going to stick in you, bitch," Tom said as he injected her in the left arm. She also went slack. He told her to talk to her father about something.

"Like what," she asked.

"There are a lot of good sales at the outlets that you were talking about, talk about that," Tom said. She began talking with my grandfather about the sales and they carried on a conversation as if nothing had happened.

As they talked, Tom began to prep a third vial for me. I begged my father to not let him do it. My father said that it wasn't a bad drug, it was a conversation starter. He asked my uncle if he really had to drug me. He said yes, I looked terrified, I would definitely say something. My father said that I was mostly terrified because of the needle and asked him if I could drink it instead. Tom said that it doesn't usually work as well that way. My father insisted and had me get a cup and some juice from the kitchen. I did and I drank it.

My father then led me out to the car and Tom entered his with Katie waiting. She looked upset. He told her that they would come back in an hour or two. I sat in the backseat and my father drove me back to Suffern. On the way he asked me if I thought he should do what Tom told him to do. The drugs had taken effect at that point and I thought that what Tom said



was good because he said it was good - I didn't have the context to fully understand what he was suggesting even though at that age I should have. I said that it sounded good from what Tom said. When we arrived back, I remembered only fragments and my father was concerned but I agreed not to say anything.

#

I was downstairs in the basement of my parents' house taking a nap on the couch. I woke up to the sound of my sister Emily screaming and rushed upstairs. I pushed open the door to her bedroom and saw her at the edge of her bed with my father behind her. Both of their pants were off and she was crying and bleeding.

I started throwing anything I could find at him, mostly plastic and wooden toys, screaming at him to get away from her. He was in shock and didn't really move until I picked up a cast iron bank I had gotten for Christmas several years earlier. It was as heavy as a brick and seeing that, he let her go. I grabbed her a towel and told her to lock herself in the upstairs bathroom, the only door that she could easily lock from the inside. I told her to wait there while I got help.

I ran downstairs and tried the front door and the back door but both were locked. My father came downstairs after

putting his pants back on and trying to get my sister to come out of the bathroom. I had just tried to open the back door and screamed at him that he was sick and asked him why the door was locked. He said that my mother and him had agreed that whatever happened in this house stayed in this house and I retorted that I doubted that she meant this.

He had me cornered in the mud room, so I grabbed a baseball bat that he had gotten at a Yankees game for me when I was young. I started swinging it at him in wide arcs to keep him away. I backed him into the kitchen and turned and ran up the stairs to my room.

I opened the window and started climbing out onto the roof. He tried to stop me and pull the bat away from me. I must have lost my footing in the struggle because the next thing I remembered, I was on my back on the grass in the backyard.

Our neighbor, Dawn Trusewicz, came rushing over at about the same time that my father made it out the back door. Said "Oh my god, what happened?" and I said that I wasn't sure and that I thought that my father had pushed me out the window. He said that he was trying to stop me from jumping out the window. I wasn't sure what had happened at that point so I let him explain to the neighbor and bring me inside.

He told me to tell my sister that it was safe to come out

and she did after some convincing. I believe that I may have had a concussion from hitting the ground so hard because I didn't remember what had happened other than my father being sick and the screaming. She was scared and he had told her that I told him he should do that (when I was drugged by Tom) so she believed that I was a part of her abuse.

He told me to go down to the basement where I was before and unlocked the doors. He called Jean and Richie and told them what had happened. I listened in from the downstairs line. He said that he would need two or three vials for me, Emily, and maybe the neighbor. They both expressed disappointment in him that he let this happen in his house. They said that the drug could take away the memories, but we would always look at him with fear even if we didn't know where that came from. They told him that they could have the vials there within one or two hours and to keep them updated.

After he got off the phone I came back upstairs and confronted him. I asked how they could send something up from Florida so quickly. He said that they were asking a friend locally to bring it over. I asked him what the drugs were for - he said that they were to help me and Emily.

I told him that we learned about people like him in school and that he needed help, because he was sick, not me. He said that he was concerned about my violent outbursts. I

told him that it was righteous anger, that I was trying to protect my sister.

I asked him if he was going to get treatment. He said that they would put people like him in jail and I told him that maybe that was where he needed to be. I eventually agreed to take the drug when he claimed that he would do something about his problems.

#

In the weeks after being drugged earlier that summer, I began acting odd. I would quote sitcoms and act inappropriately, moreso than I normally did at that age. At one point, an older boy named Eric convinced me to try giving him a blowjob, which I did for a few seconds before getting grossed out. He insisted that because I loved the Golden Girls and acted somewhat flamboyant when mimicking sitcom actors, that I was probably gay. He told me that he would have an older friend come talk to me.

A few days later, I was back at the park and noticed a youngish looking teenager sitting on the bench. He was smiling and waved at me. He came over and said that his friend sent him to talk to me. He started talking about how I was special and didn't know anything about it and that he wanted to show me and tell me about it. He asked me how old I was and I told him 14. He said that he knew about himself at 16 and wished

that he had known sooner. He said that most people his age would think it was wrong of him to do this with someone so young but as long as I was okay with it, he would consider it doing me a favor.

I didn't know what it was and asked - he said that it had to do with sex. I had a nebulous at best understanding of sex. The most I knew beyond the differences between men and women was that it felt good and had to do with genitals. He said that he should talk if we were going to do things and he asked which Golden Girls character was my favorite. I said Blanche, because she always seemed to get the biggest laughs and she looked the most like me. He smiled and said that Blanche had lots of sex and I felt uncomfortable. I asked him what exactly this was - was it a quest or something?

He said that it was something like that; that I would see the whole world differently afterwards. At that point, the park was empty and it was dusk. I agreed and he had me go over to the swings and told me that I should take off my pants. I paused and asked why? He said that it had to do with my butt and I recoiled, saying that it was dirty. He said that anything involving sex was a bit dirty and asked if I found him handsome. I said that I didn't know, but if he was handsome I guess that it was okay. The aftermath of being drugged led me to being susceptible to bad logic and it

sounded like something that would make sense in a sitcom. I bent over and lay my stomach on the seat of one of the swings.

He took a moment to get ready and what followed felt like he had shoved a broken glass bottle in my anus. I screamed and tried to push him away. After a few confused seconds, he withdrew and I looked around the ground behind me in a panic.

"What did you do to me!?" I screamed at him. He looked confused as to why that didn't feel good to me. I told him that it hurt a lot and he said that maybe it was because he didn't have lube. I told him that I was going to tell my parents that he hurt me. He said that I shouldn't, that he would talk to his parents but my parents probably wouldn't understand. I asked why and he said that he was older and it was already a mistake to do what he did and he had helped that his father might be able to help him figure out what to do about it.

I agreed to not say anything and we both left the park. As I walked back, I realized how much pain that I was in and resolved to tell my parents anyway. With a knot in my stomach, I called for my parents as soon as I got home. My mother was watching TV in the living room and my father was in the dining room. I explained what had happened the best I could. He immediately turned cold and said that it sounded like I wanted it. I insisted that I didn't and that the boy had said that it

would feel good and that this didn't feel good, it was the worst pain I could imagine. My mother insisted that if I said that I didn't want it, that this was an assault and that they should call the police. He relented and agreed to let her do that.

Around fifteen minutes later, a female detective came and questioned me about what had happened. She examined me with gloves in the kitchen and told me that it was stretching without blood so it would likely heal in a few days. She then sat down with my parents and myself in the living room.

She said it sounded like it was probably a boy 16-22 with confusion about his own sexuality. My father asked why they couldn't get everyone down at the station to canvas the neighborhood. She said that they didn't really have the resources for that and even if they did it would disrupt the privacy of the whole town. He asked what would happen if he got a posse together with baseball bats to do the same? She said that they take the safety of all the residents very seriously and that if there was anything that even looked like vigilante justice, he would be the first person they would call on.

I was scared to go out and leave the house for weeks. My parents set up a session with a therapist, Felicia Polcardi. My father refused to pay for multiple sessions due to the

price and the fact that it wasn't covered by insurance. In the single session, she attempted to address the way I had acted like it was a quest or sitcom by telling me to avoid narrative thinking. My body was my own and I shouldn't let anyone do anything to it unless I was comfortable with it. It helped a bit but not as much as multiple therapy sessions over time would.

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Several weeks later, my father woke me up in the middle of the night, around 2 or 3 AM, and told me that I didn't have to worry about running into the boy anymore when I went out. I asked what he meant. He said not to tell my mother because she wouldn't understand. He said that he was driving earlier in the evening around dusk and spotted a boy who matched the description I gave the police walking from the park on Memorial Drive. He stopped the car and asked the boy his name. He told him that it was James and my father told him to get in and he did.

He explained to him that I was so scared to leave the house and that I felt horrible. He stopped at an overpass over the New York State Thruway and gave him a choice. Either he would drive James to the Ramapo Police Station four blocks away, or James could jump. James jumped. I later learned that



Rick had drugged him with datura so I question his recollection of the events leading up to the death.

My father was excited as he told me this. I was horrified to hear it and told him as much. How could I believe him that he jumped, I asked. He said that he wouldn't lie about that. I told him that I didn't feel safe around him, that he was basically a murderer. He said that some people have done things so bad that there's no place in society for them anymore. He asked me to try to understand that and keep the secret. I told him that I would try.

The next morning, my mother said that someone had jumped from the bridge. I asked her how did she know that he jumped. She said because it was in the paper, right there. My father stepped in and gave me a look that meant "stop talking" I did and went to school for the day.

When I got home, he approached me and said that there was a special skill our family had to forget. He said that he had once done something so horrible when he was younger that his father had beaten him up but he forgot what it was. He gave me a cup with liquid and said that it would help. I drank it.

He walked me up to my room and told me to imagine that we were in an alternate universe, that everything that happened before the death happened and everything in my future after today would happen but that this event and the repercussions

of it did not. I was drugged at this point, so by the end of that evening I felt better but still partially remembered that something bad had occurred.

The next day, the police detective from before came back and told my father that she suspected him in the boy's death and that they were treating it as a potential homicide. She mentioned that it could even involve kidnapping charges. He said that the paper had reported it as a suicide. She said that yes, the paper did, but their case was still open.

She had approached as my father and I were in the garage and he told me not to say anything before coming out to talk to her. After she dropped the fact that he was their prime suspect, he went inside and quickly called his brother, John. He said that he was checking with his brother who is a police officer for legal advice, which she allowed. He came back out and said that he didn't consent to a search of the house because it was a mess but he would answer any questions she had.

She said that James was last seen walking towards his parents house on Memorial Drive, but less than ten minutes later, he was over a mile away jumping off an overpass onto the Thruway. My father suggested that maybe he ran really fast. The detective said that from the people she had talked to it didn't seem like he was suicidal. She looked at his car

and said that he had a car, maybe he saw James, roughed him up, and pushed him off the bridge. My father got indignant and said, "That's the best you've got, that I have a car? To accuse me of second degree murder?" He walked over to the car and opened the trunk.

"Does it look like there was a bloody body in there," he asked. "It's not like he would have just gotten in if I asked him." The detective took it in and said no, I suppose not. She left and told him that she would be back if they had more questions.

As soon as she left and we went back inside, I told him that I couldn't keep it a secret anymore. The police were involved and they were talking about murder and kidnapping and he had to confess. He said that he couldn't do that because then he would have to tell my mother what he had done and it would destroy the family. I insisted that I wouldn't be able to keep the secret, that it was too much. He thought for a moment and said that he would tell my mother, that he believed that he could explain it in a way that she would understand.

When she returned with my sisters, he took her and me aside and upstairs and explained it. She was furious at him, the boy was apparently the older brother of one of Emily's friends. She had gone to the funeral, even. She said that he was always doing things without consulting her when they had

agreed when getting married that they would be equal partners. She laid out terms for him - this was his problem to deal with. Going forward, he would talk with her about any major decisions.

The police filed charges against my father - I believe that the formal charge was induced manslaughter. I know that he was upset because IBM had a policy that if he was convicted of a felony, that he would be fired. The charge would have also included jail time.

We went to court in either Sloatsburg or Tuxedo, I don't recall. When our case came up, it was a bench trial and the judge dismissed the charges. He said that my father didn't actually kill the boy and that he almost agreed with how he handled it. They boy's father was surprised and furious. He said that my father had robbed him of his son's life, that he could have eventually been rehabilitated but he would never have that chance now.

The judge said that the prisons in New York were focused much more on punishment than rehabilitation, and that it was almost better that his son had died now rather than having him slowly deteriorate in prison.

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**QUACKENBUSH, JAMES ALLEN**

James Allen Quackenbush III, a resident of Suffern. Died October 7, 1999. He was 18. Born September 3, 1981 in Suffern to James and Victoria Adragna Quackenbush Jr. He attended Rockland Community College, loved music, art and photography.

He is survived by his parents James and Victoria at home, his brother Dennis and sister Kiersten of Suffern, grandparents Norma & Rosario Adragna of Suffern and Margaret Quackenbush of Suffern.

Visiting will be Sunday and Monday from 2-4 and 7-9 pm at the Wanamaker & Carlough Funeral Home. A Mass of Christian Burial will take place Tuesday 10 am at Sacred Heart Church in Suffern. Interment to follow at Brick Church Cemetery in New Hempstead.

The family request any donations be sent to Project Rainbow in Valley Cottage, and Suffern DARE.

**WANAMAKER & CARLOUGH  
FUNERAL DIRECTORS  
Rt. 59, Suffern  
(914) 357-0423**

#

Jean arranged to have the girl who had survived the Ritz, Becca Nusbaum, due to my plea come to my parents' house for dinner. She had braided hair and sat down at the table and ate

with us. Jean told me that she was going to live in a brothel and would be forced to have sex with people for the next several years. I was to give her a choice between that and death.

After dinner, we went into my sister's bedroom to talk. I told her what Jean said and asked her if she wanted to die instead. She said no, that it was good to know what kind of situation she would be going into, but she would rather keep living. I asked her if she blamed me and she said no, I wasn't the one with the power - it was the adults doing this to her.

We were given a condom and instructed to have sex if she was to survive - it would be her first assignment as part of her new life. We had sex and I quickly came. She suggested that we have sex again, which we did sans condom. I didn't know it at the time, but that was when we conceived our daughter, Alice.

She was taken away after that and we were both screamed at for taking more than what was given. Months later I was asked for a sample of semen. I was confused as to why it was taken and when I asked I was told because of what I had taken, children would be conceived using my sperm and her eggs. I was told that the number would be 144,000 and that they would all be sacrificed for the Reich's rituals.

## Chapter Thirteen

2000

At a point in Fall 2000, before the remainder of this testimony, my mother came downstairs while I was using the computer and gave me something to drink. She said that Jean had asked her to ask me about the buddy list feature on AOL. I gave her a brief explanation of what it was, then she asked me who I had on mine. I explained each person who was on and where I had met them and then, when I got to Seth, clarified that I didn't really consider him a friend and told her that he was a psychopath.

She took an interest in that and asked me more details about him. I told her that he was planning to kill me when I first met him and that he had said that he had killed several small animals including cats. I told her that the only reason

I had kept him on the list was to try to dissuade him from doing things like that. She said that was all that she needed.

A few weeks later, she told me to talk to him. I did and he said that he had been recruited by the Reich to hunt humans for them to eat. He was initiated in a ritual where he ate flesh which he found gross, but he was happy at being given the opportunity to kill. I was sickened by that and told Margie and she drugged me again.

Shortly after, during Homecoming, my classmates were told that a girl had died in a car accident. She was the cousin of a friend, Melissa Peckins. The truth was that Seth had killed her as a sacrifice for the Reich. During the school day, I was taken aside by my freshman year history teacher to talk to Melissa about what had happened to her cousin. We were both drugged and I was told to console her as she had found out that her cousin hadn't died in a car crash but was slaughtered by the Reich in a ritual killing. Being drugged, I was able to recall what Seth had said and tried to console her the best I could. I held that memory and confronted him online when I got home.

He said that he had mistakenly chosen the daughter of a member of the Reich or one of his its allies as his prey. They were upset but kept him on, having him instead hunt in predominantly minority communities. I came to Margie with this



and again was drugged.

Years later, after expressing to Margie that I was feeling bad about what had happened with Stacey Herbison and that I needed to settle it by turning myself in for the assault, she drugged me and told me to message Seth for him to take care of it. I didn't intentionally message him to "take care of it" but the thought of messaging must have been incepted in that moment leading me to contact him which led directly to her death.

## Chapter Fourteen

2001

My family was visiting Washington, DC to give my grandfather a chance to see the White House, Senate, and other major buildings and monuments as he had never previously been there for a vacation like that - a grand tour. I was told that someone on the extended maternal side of the family had set it up for us.

We were walking down the street and a bald man flagged us down. He had noticed that I was using a Palm Pilot, which was unusual for someone my age to be doing at the time. He said that his company was looking into e-readers, so he wanted to ask my advice as a consumer what I was looking for in a reader. My parents said that it was okay to talk with him, so I answered his questions.

I said that the monochrome screen was just fine, the files in simple text were small and I could fit hundreds of books in it. I basically described how I was using it as an e-reader and he seemed enthusiastic about that.

He gave me his business card and it said Jeff Bezos - Amazon. I had heard of Amazon when it first started as an order by check/bank transfer online book store. I had showed it to Jean at the time. I said about as much and he said that they sold much more than books now. I said that I would sign up for an account and try it out.

When I told my parents, my mother told me that I should ask him for a job. I called the number on his card that he gave me and he said maybe when I was 27, which is when the Saudis decide if a prince will become more than that or not. I was confused by the way he referred to me in relation to royalty and he said never mind.

#

I was attending a show on my own in Brooklyn for the first time. It was for a band called Leftover Crack. As I was walking and trying to locate the venue, I ran into an attractive girl with wet, curly, hair. She said that I was cute and asked if I was going to the show, too. I said that I was and she asked me if I wanted to hook up. I agreed and we made out briefly before she asked me if I wanted to come

upstairs. I was a bit nervous around sex and declined, but offered my AIM username to maybe talk some time later.

She said that she didn't have internet, so I offered to let her use my sister Laura's AOL account since she never used it. She took the information from me and we parted. I don't remember if I saw her at the show or not, but after the show I went to hang out with some of the people I had just met. I stayed over until close to two in the morning. When I left, I encountered Tom Hanks as detailed in my further testimony. What is relevant is that I was drugged after that encounter, and so I didn't remember giving her the password.

A few weeks later, Laura logged into her AOL account and people started messaging her. She looked at her profile and it had been changed to include Leftover Crack lyrics and the name and details of the girl, which I didn't recognize. My parents asked me if I knew anything about it and I said that I didn't. They called the CIA and told them about it and they said to change the password and they would watch for any login attempts.

They got a hit a day or two later and tracked down the girl and had an agent kidnap her. He brought her to an abandoned construction site and tied her to a chair. When they questioned her, she told them that we made out and I had given her the password. My parents put me on the phone with her and

while I didn't completely remember, I believed her and told my parents as much so they would let her go. They didn't.

They asked the agent for details about her - any next of kin. He said that she had family around an hour away. My father said that he didn't feel right just dumping her body in the river so that no one would ever know what happened. He exhibited no remorse in having her killed, though. The agent offered to slit her throat and leave her in an alley to be found. I protested, saying that even if she had hacked the account, this wasn't justice. They had no right to be judge, jury, and executioner.

They said they would give Laura the choice. They presented it to her as that they had found the person that scared her and, if she agreed, they would take her out of the world forever and she would never scare her again. Laura nodded and I shouted at them to the point where they drugged me to stop from doing anything about it. They told the agent to kill the girl and he did.

Years later, when I got to college, there was a poetry reading on the front stoop by another resident, Justin Woo. It was about a friend of his who had her throat slashed in New York City and her body dumped in an alley. I later told him about the details I could remember and he said that it did sound like his friend. If my parents had done it, he said,

they would have been very well-connected. There was no coverage in the papers and any effort to investigate the death or otherwise get justice was quashed.

#

I was walking south from a friend's apartment in Carroll Gardens towards Red Hook looking for a subway station around 2:30 am. I spent time at their apartment after a show at The Hook in Brooklyn. I was walking down Columbia St and at the corner where it intersects with Commerce St, a black SUV pulled up right before I crossed. The light in the back was on and I could see a driver, two men with machine guns, one black and one white, and the actor Tom Hanks sitting between them.

I didn't know what to think other than the men were probably bodyguards. I figured that New York was a big city and if some random sixteen year old would be coming back from an event at that hour, it stood to reason that a celebrity might, too.

He called out to me, "Hey, what's your name?"

I replied, "Rich - Rich Marin... you're Tom Hanks, right?"

He smiled, talking to the man on his left, "He recognizes me - check the map." The driver had what looked like a GPS device mounted on the dashboard and pressed some buttons on it.

"Are you coming back from some sort of event or something," I asked, confused at the direction the conversation seemed to be heading.

"Sort of," he said, "but really I'm here on safari hunting black and brown people." He said without a hint of irony. Even though, I thought he was making a bad joke.

"He's black," I pointed to the guard on his left.

"Well, Dave is a professional, isn't that right Dave?"

"Yes sir," apparently Dave said.

"How could you be a part of that," I interrogated.

"Well, people die all the time," Dave said, "and these aren't my people."

As we talked, the driver whispered something to Tom, who then interrupted us.

"Well Rich, I've got good news and I've got bad news."

"What's that?" I asked him.

"The bad news is that you're in the red zone, which means that you're fair game, so I'm going to hunt you. The good news is that you remind me of my son, so I'm going to give you a ten second head start." I froze.

"Are you serious?" Then he started counting.

"Ten, yes, this is serious. Run, Rich, run!" I started to run.

"Nine" I tripped on a rough piece of the road and quickly jumped back up.

"Eight" There was a van parked in front of the building on the corner and I briefly considered hiding under it.

"Seven"

"Six"

I heard a voice coming from above and to the right - in the building on the corner. "Come in," the whisper said, "come in!" urgently.

There was a loosely chained door opposite the van. It was just open enough that I could slip through sideways if I turned my head and took off my backpack. I knew from his more recent roles that he had put on some weight and probably couldn't follow me. "Come up, up, up" the voice said, panicking. I didn't see it at first, but there was a rickety stairway that led up to a loft that was basically a piece of plywood scaffolding. A woman with dark curly hair and light brown skin was on the left with a sleeping bag and ushered me over urgently but silently.

We quietly listened for a few seconds and could hear him trying to push through the door. I whispered to her "What's this?" She eyed me suspiciously.

"Are you part of this?"

"No, I was just walking down the street and suddenly Tom



Hanks was chasing me with a gun. Are you part of this?"

"How do you know who he is?" she asked me again, pointedly, as if my knowledge of his identity meant we were co-conspirators.

I replied that he was one of the biggest movie stars in Hollywood. She said that she didn't watch many white movies and I tried to think of something she might have seen.

As we talked, I could hear tom conversing with the men, asking if they had any chaincutters in their SUV. They said that they didn't, but they could get anything within around twenty minutes, they just had to wait for the ferry. We were close to the ferry for Governor's Island so I assumed that was what they were referring to. He sent one of them on their way to get them, then leaned against the door, poking the barrel of the gun through. "I can hear you, you know," he said.

"Why did you have to come hide in here?" he asked tauntingly.

"Would you rather I ran down the open street where you could just gun me down from the car?"

"Well yeah," he replied, "that's sort of the point."

"Sorry, but if you're going to kill me, I'm not going to make it easy for you. Why are you doing this, anyway? You're probably the most famous person in the world. You could do anything," I figured that the longer I kept him distracted,

the less likely he would be to kill us or anyone else.

"It's precisely because I am so famous that I'm doing this," he said. "But if you have to know, I developed a taste for it when we were shooting Saving Private Ryan." I looked at the woman, who was pressed against the wall furthest from the edge. That was one of the movies she was aware of.

"What, like you wanted to see what it felt like?" I asked.

"No, that was all real, and when you experience the thrill of watching the life drain from someone's eyes, you can't top that," he reveled. I edged away from his line of sight and laid flat.

"Well in that case, I hope that you understand that I'm going to get out of your line of sight. But wait, what do you mean it's all real? Say I buy that the most famous actor in Hollywood is basically a serial killer, didn't Stephen Spielberg direct that? Weren't there production crew? Extras?"

"Steven's just happy with the accolades and a paycheck," he laughed. "No, that whole sequence at the start was filmed separately on a beach in Europe. The cinematographer was this experimental Polish director named Janusz Kaminski. They picked him because he had a plan to make it look as real as possible. The people that wanted us to make it saw that America had lost its taste for war, and they wanted to show

them something so visceral that it would convince people to sign up."

"So it was just a recruitment tool and you killed real people? That's sick."

He then described in detail how they did it. The production recruited 2-3000 poor and homeless men from all over Europe. Just a few from each city but it added up. They recruited more as needed during production. At the beach where they filmed, they constructed barracks and only gave the extras water that was drugged. So, after each day of production, most of them would just have a ghost of a memory of the day before. Since they all spoke different languages and didn't really socialize much with each other, it made it easier for them to exit people as needed.

After each day of production, anyone who died or were too injured to continue were loaded onto the back of a truck and cremated in an industrial incinerator. The extras weren't given live ammunition but the Irish army and others playing German soldiers were. It didn't matter that the men were drugged and scared because that was how they expected them to look.

I asked him if any of the other actors had a problem with it. He said that one of them did, so they made sure to spin his PTSD from it as a drug addiction even though the only

drugs he had taken were the memory drugs to deal with what he had seen.

I asked him why he wanted to kill me if I looked so much like his son. He said that as a parent, sometimes he gets frustrated and it's not like he could just kill his son. He pushed against the door further and complained that even if he could get in there, he would be afraid that he would get tetanus and complained to the guy waiting that the structure shouldn't be there and someone should have it knocked down. The man reminded him that they had a narrow window for the hunt and Tom told me that I was lucky and left.

The woman I was with made a comment about how rich people would get squeamish about something like tetanus but not killing people. She said that this had been going on since the 80's. She didn't realize it was literally celebrities and wealthy people paying to go on safari, but people knew not to stay out too late at night. I asked her if she wanted to have sex - which was stupid and I'm not sure why I asked. At this she said absolutely not, that she still wasn't sure if I was part of it. We heard a burst of automatic fire - it sounded like he did get one person.

She gathered up her things and climbed out through a hole in the roof of the building. She told me not to follow her. I told her good luck and she stayed in the corner.

I waited for at least an hour until it started to get light again. An ambulance pulled up outside around 4:30 am and an EMT got out. He called out to me to come out. I didn't at first because I was afraid that he had a gun and said as much. He said that he didn't, but if I didn't come out, he would get one of the people who did. At that, I cautiously grabbed my backpack and climbed down, pushing through the door.

He held up a canister with a mask attached and told me to inhale, that it would calm me down. Once I did, he started asking me questions, He said that he had a report of two people holed up there, he asked me where the other person went. I told him that she left and I didn't know where she went other than the general direction. I asked him what this was, did the entire police force and FDNY know about this? He said no, an operation like this only involved around 20 people. The city was divided into zones and if 911 was called, the people assigned to that zone would be sent out.

He then asked me what I was doing before this and I told him that I was walking towards a subway station. He directed me towards one and told me to keep walking as if none of this had happened. He told me that I would forget it, but by the time I got home, I still remembered. I tried telling my father about it, but he dismissed it.

## Chapter Fifteen

2002

After the initial encounter in Brooklyn, I spent the next few months mostly keeping local and staying away from the city. As bizarre as the experience was, I was unable to just write it off as a dream or something that didn't happen. My parents noticed my isolation and convinced me that it would be safe to visit Hayden Planetarium. We had gone to its opening, I was told that it was due to my father having a connection through IBM. They were premiering a new iMax film narrated by Harrison Ford - I thought that maybe there was a chance that he was going to be there.

We parked in the garage under the building and once we entered, I separated from my family to look at some of the exhibits. I was on the floor near the exterior of the iMax

theater - we had just gotten the tickets for the show. When I turned a corner, I came face to face with Tom Hanks, Rita Wilson, and his two sons. He immediately recognized me and said, "He, you look familiar, do I..." I cut him off.

"You gave me a ten second head start." He froze and his family looked confused. A bodyguard came up from his left flank and asked him if he needed assistance. He held out his hand and said, "No, I'll handle it." The guard guided me to a side room and zip-tied my wrists to the chair that he told me to sit down on. He told me to wait and I did.

After the guard left, Tom's younger son, Colin, came in through the same door we had entered through. The guard left through a door on the other side of the room.

"What was that you said to my dad about ten seconds?"

I told him that he didn't want to know and that he probably shouldn't be back there. He said it was fine, that the staff had set it up for them as a green room and he would just tell them he was getting a bottle of water. He told me that he did want to know.

I took a breath and told him that my memory of the event was a bit hazy, but a couple things had stuck. I told him that his father was hunting me and other people for fun and that I remember him saying that I resembled his son, which I guess meant him.

"I don't believe you," he said. I reminded him that his father had recognized me, not the other way around. Also, whatever it was was so serious that he would have a guard stick me in a room and tie me up. He said that he had assumed it was some sort of sex thing.

He asked me when it happened and I told him it was a few months prior. I recalled that it was a Thursday or Friday and he said that he did remember his father coming home late one Saturday when it was raining and tell them he was getting back from a hunting trip. He remembered it because it was an unusual interaction.

I remembered that he had told me that he got a taste for it during filming Saving Private Ryan. He shook his head and said that his father's manager had asked him to keep an eye on him and let him know if he was acting erratic or strange. He apologized to me that I had been through that and left to call the manager.

After a few more minutes, Tom came back in with a memory drug kit he had borrowed from the guard. He attached one of the bottles to the syringe and injected it into my upper arm. I asked him if he was going to kill me.

He said that no, he didn't want me to kill me. I told him that it sure seemed like he did when he was hunting me. He said that was different and that even if he could kill me with



all the press around, he wouldn't because he compartmentalizes those urges and killing was the furthest thing from his mind in that moment.

He explained that he was something like a diplomat and that if I was to go public with what had happened the tens of millions of people that look up to him would have that taken away from them. He was almost like a president and presidents get to kill people.

"That's different," I said, "and not up close like that." He said sometimes, then backed up, "I don't want to share personal information," he said, but explained that from the leaders he had known, some of them did feel that way when people were killed. He then asked me if I thought all the good he did in the world outweighed his taking of life. At that point the drugs had kicked in and his perspective was starting to make sense. I agreed to keep the secret and asked him for a hug.

He said that was the most common thing people he encountered would ask him for and he didn't usually do it, but he would make an exception. He asked me what I was doing and I mentioned that I had tickets to see the new iMax film with my family. He said that's good and that family was very important to him. That reminded me about his son coming in.

I told him and he asked which son. He didn't mention his

name, I said, but it was the younger looking one. He asked me who he was going to talk to and I told him his manager and he seemed relieved. He said that it would be handled within the family, then, and he let me go.

My parents asked me where I had been - the show had already started. I told them that they wouldn't believe me if I told them. My father said try me and when I told him that Tom Hanks had put me in a room and drugged me, scowled and told me to stop making things up.

#

My parents had requested for me to go to what I was told was a ceremony that required representatives from several groups. Because I was brought to the event by the father of one of the Boy Scouts in my troop, Andrew Diaz, I assumed that it was related to the Boy Scouts. I was drugged for it, so I wasn't completely logical in my train of thought.

He drove me to a wooded area where there was a portable stage set up. There were around 50-100 people seated at outdoor tables. Most of them were dressed up and having drinks. There were a couple speakers - I asked Diaz's father and he told me that they were drugged and wouldn't remember being there. I asked if everyone was drugged and he said that most of the people weren't. But any of their guests who weren't authorized would have been drugged by their hosts.

There was a bonfire to the left. There were people in robes moving - I asked if they were doing some sort of interpretive dance. I asked him why he wasn't drugged and he said that he had done many great things for the country. At that point, a man - Alan Cambey - came onto the stage with a woman. They had sex on the stage and some members of the audience murmured that she was his daughter and they sure liked to put on a show.

After they finished, a young boy entered from the right side of the stage and the woman left. It was a young child, probably around nine or ten, dressed in a plain white garment. A hush came over the crowd.

The man said that this was the main reason that they were here and asked the boy to say his name into the microphone. He seemed confused and like he had been crying. He said that they told him not to talk. The man said that for this it was okay to say his name. The boy said it. I asked Diaz's father where the boy had come from and he told me there was a house somewhere that the kids were taken from as the speaker continued.

He said that the boy, repeating his name, was to be their sacrifice for this year. To bring prosperity and safety to their people in the Hudson Valley. He said that it was a great honor for him and that they were very grateful. The audience

applauded and the man came up behind the child and slit his throat, letting him fall back into his arms and the blood fell onto his shirt. He then stuffed the boy into a blue and white Igloo cooler.

I was terrified and confused. I asked why they had done that. My assumption that it was a Boy Scout event led me to ask if he was one of the scouts and how killing him was counter to that ethos. Diaz's father said that the most that the boy would have ever accomplished was to be a clerk at a grocery store and that they had given him purpose through his death. He then had me get in line near what looked like a grill and table.

I didn't have a strong sense of how long it had been since the sacrifice or even that there was one, so when the line reached a "pig" roasting on a spit, with someone carving off pieces, I did not consider the fact that it was actually the child. They cut off the lower legs and forearms so that it more resembled a pig or lamb. It convinced me enough to the point that I believed it was an animal and so I ate what I was given. I was confused why it was such a small serving for a barbecue and Diaz's father told me that most of the people had eaten previously.

We left shortly after and he stopped at a grocery store to get me food. I said something about being a clerk at a

grocery store not being so bad, which led him to believe that the memory drugs had not fully done their job. He shared this concern with my parents when he dropped me off. They said that they were aware of it and he expressed concern that they would still send me. They said that I had to see it and I remembered the boy being sacrificed.

Diaz's father left and I got angry at them. I asked if this is where they would go all dressed up when they said that they were seeing friends. They said that they had been to them oncer twice because it was necessary for "protection". I remembered that the boy had been killed and realized that we had been fed his remains. I was so angry and sick that they drugged me again and put me to bed.

I told them as I went that I was done with the Boy Scouts, going back to my assumption that this was related to it. My father asked if it was because of this and my parents assumed I would forget it and associate it with my dislike of scouting. They were right, until I eventually remembered.

#

My parents drove me to Long Island for a party at Tony's house. I don't recall if either of my sisters came with us, but I remember them telling me that it wasn't going to be a regular party. When we go there, there were a lot of guests in the backyard, but we were told to stay in the house. I

remember that there were at least a few other kids and teenagers there. We all hid in the small bedroom outside of Tony's room. We were drugged.

The oldest of the boys, Dan Levy, told me that he was hiding from his father who would rape him at these parties. I was astounded and angry and my response was to go outside and confront the man. I wasn't very familiar with him but had seen him in American Pie. When I confronted him outside, he seemed in good spirits and explained to me that these parties were a place where he was given the opportunity to do literally anything he felt compelled to do.

He was eating a plate of meat which looked like pork. I asked if he was Jewish and he said yes, but that there was nothing in the scriptures about human flesh not being kosher and it was, to him, a loophole. I asked if he felt bad about eating a person and he said no, especially since the "son of a bitch" was trying to destroy their community.

At that point, I told him to stop raping his son, so he decided that he would rape me instead. I tried to get Tony to stop him, but he said that was why he had tried to hide us in the house. He didn't have any authority over any of the people at the party. Eugene took me inside and asked what room to go in and I said the den.

I asked him if he was worried that I could see his face

and know who he was, but he said that I wouldn't remember and my parents wouldn't let me pursue charges. Only an act of Congress can get rid of the CIA and that would never happen because they "keep us safe".

He anally raped me and then sat on Tony's chair and forced me to go down on him. I insisted that he wash himself which he initially refused to do. He said that I should be doing everything that I was told to do. I begged him to at least rinse off his genitals and he did. After a few moments of oral sex, Tony came in and rescued me.

He told him that this was his den, which apparently had significance in the Reich because Eugene apologized. He shouted him away and helped me up to the bathroom that used to be Emma's and helped me into the tub to clean off.

I was sobbing about how because I had anal sex that made me gay and that I didn't want to be. He told me that wasn't the case and did his best to calm me down. I stayed away from the party for the rest of the night.

## Chapter Sixteen

2003

In early Spring 2003, he told me almost everything afterwards. He was in the den and I said that I looked up to him and that he had helped liberated Europe from the Nazis and he replied that they didn't do as complete of a job as they thought, but he didn't learn that until later. I asked what he meant by that and he said that if I wanted to learn more, that I should call my father's mother. I did, and when I asked her about what he was talking about, she replied, "Uh oh, sounds like it's time for Grandpa Tony to die."

I asked her what she meant by that and she hurriedly said oh, never mind, I just meant that he's old and had a good life and seen all his children grow to adulthood. She tried to say that she had been drinking and thinking about mortality. I



didn't quite buy that because she didn't sound drunk. I said goodbye and hung up.

He asked me what she said and I told him and he went pale. I was angry that she would threaten something like that when I called her and asked - he hadn't actually told me anything. He said that they had done much more than that and if they were going to kill him, he had more than earned it. Given that, he would tell me everything he could at the time.

He said that in WWII, it turned out that the Germans had actually won. They had infiltrated the propaganda department and massively trumped up the resources and abilities of the US government. They had run such a strong propaganda campaign that when they "revealed" to the heads of other government departments that Germany had taken control of the full government, they risked the public turning on them. It was a trick, though. The Germans at that time had only infiltrated the propaganda department. I later learned from Jean that this tactic was used to make the surrender, which occurred in 1945, be accepted by the rest of the federal government. Michael Dobbs refers to it in his book Six Months In 1945 as a "separate peace".

From his perspective, though, he only learned of the fact of Germany's victory when he was approached by representatives of the Reich after he scored extraordinarily well on one of

their early IQ tests. It was originally scaled around Hitler's IQ but they had to adjust for him being such an outlier. Even with the new scaling he scored around 220. Because of that, they wanted him to assist them. My grandfather did not elaborate on what that meant at the time.

What it meant for him was constantly being around the upper level Nazis in the New York City area. They had helped him gain a high position in the New York Public Works department. Even so, being around them week to week and hearing them talk about Jews and the people in the city led him, as he told me, to a breaking point.

He got a tattoo like the ones in the concentration camps and designed an alternate persona named Mister Meyer. He had always read comics as a kid well into adulthood and created him as sort of a Yiddish Professor X. He bought an apartment in New York City and wore a Star of David pendant and yarmulke to complete the look. He modeled the voice after a neighbor he had growing up, who would quote aphorisms he would attribute to the Talmud, whether or not they were actually from it. His favorite was "As the Talmud says, revenge is a dish best served cold," which was a quote from The Godfather.

He recruited several people into his team. He saw Carol Kane give a talk about how the play or film she had done recently was important to her because of her family being

affected by the Holocaust. He recruited an Irish nun who was involved in intelligence work. He recruited a young man who had gotten fired for getting into a fight at his work. He recruited a young black woman who had been caught forging documents at a check cashing business. The final recruit was a young man who had lost his grandmother who had been a survivor of the camps.

He taught them almost everything he learned from being around the Nazis and they would use the information to hunt them down and take them out. They disrupted many operations and, if the trophies he kept were an indication, took out at least 20 Nazis. However, even though they had made progress, the Nazis still had plans.

He learned one dinner that they had purchased a sugar refinery in Montezuma, NY and were planning to use it to refine poisoned corn supplied via train from a Reich controlled corn farm in Ohio, the Reich's heartland. They would then distribute the corn syrup for use in icing, snack cakes, donuts - anything that would kill the poor or people in minority majority communities - especially Jewish, Black, and Hispanic neighborhoods. The Hunters stopped the truck carrying it and then took out the architect of the plan - the Architect of the Eastern Gau.

Unfortunately, when they executed the plan, the young man

was seriously injured. They asked Tony to perform a Yiddish prayer that he didn't know. They had already suspected that his persona was an act but that had sealed the deal. Between that and how bloodthirsty he had started acting, the group had broken up.

He said that there were other things too , and I recalled his attempt to stop the shutdown of the Iran Air flight. After that, Tom and my father had to supervise most visits. He said that at least he was able to help liberate Italy, which was why he had signed up in the first place. I promised him that I would try to finish the job liberating America. He said that he hoped I did. He said that there was a coded message for me in his stamp collection, but I haven't had the opportunity to decode it as I have not been given access to it.

I asked him if he would be okay and he said that his house had a security system and that they didn't control the police. Within two months, though, he was in the hospital with a blood clot in his leg. He died within a month or two from an induced heart attack around 2 am in the morning. When he got the blood clot, he said he was waiting up for news about my Grandmother who had been sent to the hospital that night. For a broken hip and must have fallen asleep in his chair.

Years later, my grandmother had dementia and my mother

related to me a panic attack she had about Nazis being in their house. I believe that they were ambushed and drugged with my grandmother falling in the struggle. Then, my grandfather was injected with a drug that induced blood-clotting.

After his death, at the funeral, I remembered what Jean had told me. I was with my father and Uncles Tony and Carl. I told them and my father said, "Uh oh" and went to his car. My uncles immediately became uncomfortable and shifted on their seats. They knew what was coming. My father came back with a pair of vials and gave them each 3/4 of one and me the remaining half vial in our drinks.

I asked him if that meant what I had recalled was true, because from what I know, when people took that drug out it meant that someone had said something true that they didn't want people to know. He said that it was probably true, but that they probably gave him a clotting drug and let nature take its course.

At the wake, Alan Cambey came to me and complained that Tony had "spoiled the meat" by having his body embalmed so quickly after his death.

## Chapter Seventeen

2005

During the summer after my freshman year of college, Lexi invited me out to spend the evening with her in fancy dress. We were seat fillers at the James Beard awards in New York City. I left our table to go get a drink at the bar, where I was picked up by Carla Lalli-Music. I didn't recognize her and I don't believe that she recognized me, but I saw her on stage earlier at the event as an award nominee for a piece she had written.

As I got my drink, I chatted with her briefly and she invited me up to her room. I didn't realize that Lexi had intended for this to be a date, so I agreed. When we got up there, she introduced me to her infant son, Cosmo, which I thought was odd for a one night stand, so I jokingly asked if

he was mine (I may have been drugged at the bar or by Lexi, not sure). She got serious and said that she didn't see how that was possible because we had just met.

I apologized and told her that I probably had a bit too much to drink. She asked if I was okay and I said probably not. So she called someone at the front desk to have me brought down. As we waited, I asked her who her son's father was and she said her husband in Brooklyn who was an architect. I asked if they were separated and she said that no, he was just very distant lately. I said that Brooklyn didn't sound very distant to me which I meant earnestly, but she took a deeper meaning than I intended. We exchanged phone numbers and the service that brought us in kicked me and Lexi out.

Lexi was furious at me and explained that this was meant to be a big date. She had been dating my friend Mike through most of high school and I told her it felt weird to date her. I felt bad, though, because she was my friend and it wasn't like I didn't find her attractive. When we got back to her father's apartment, we ended up hooking up and having sex. I felt a bit bad afterwards, since I was going to see Mike soon and told her as much. She said that she had something that could help.

She opened a cabinet that was full of vials. I didn't recognize them at the time, but they were the drug. She told

me that she found them and that taking them would make me feel drunk but also forget what happened. I said that I didn't mean to say it wasn't nice, but maybe it would be better if I forgot. She said that it was fine, she drank them for fun sometimes. I took one and mostly forgot the next day.

For the next few weeks before my college semester started up, we went out to parties in New York City and would take the drug recreationally. We hooked up a couple more times, but she broke it off right before school started back up for me.

#

I received a phone call from Carla around September 10th inviting me to a party at her house in Brooklyn on or about September 17th. I told Lexi about it on the 11th and she was impressed that I was being invited as I told her that people from Vogue at Conde Nast were going to be there. When I arrived there, it was clear that it was a much larger gathering than that. There were several cars and SUVs parked outside. I walked there from, I believe, the Morgan Ave subway station.

Carla greeted me and introduced me to her husband, Daniel, who recognized my name and asked about my grandmother. He said he recalled coming down for a barbecue at one point. She introduced me to several of the other guests as hors d'oeuvres were put out. The other guests, as I could best



recall were:

#

Brad Leone and his wife

Alton Brown

Eric Ripert

Anthony Bourdain

Ina Garten

Claire Saffitz

Adam Rapoport

An unnamed CIA recruiter who I would later interact with multiple times

#

There were also guards at the event towards the front of the house. There may have been other guests as well. Before the main discussion occurred, Daniel Music showed me around the house. I asked him if he had any relation to Lorenzo Music, remembering part of the barbecue even if I didn't have the full context. He said that he was his younger brother, which I thought since he looked too young to be older than Lorenzo Music. He showed me a shrine of sorts with some of his recorded performances and comedy albums.

I said that Carla had mentioned that he was an architect, so I asked him what he had built. He said it was more about

putting together ideas than actual things. He said most of the things he had built were secret so he couldn't tell me. I said that he didn't sound like much of an architect if he didn't build things, half-jokingly. He said that he would show me something he built. He brought me into the living room and slid open a display. There was a hand-built scale model of the Amistad, with a display plaque at the bottom right.

I asked him, wasn't that like, a slave ship? Didn't that bother him? He said that was the reason he usually kept it hidden, because it tended to bother people who saw black people as people. I told him how could they not? I worked alongside people who weren't white and went to school with them. He said that they used to have laws to prevent that. At that point, the first stage of the meeting started.

Carla introduced everyone to each other and started talking about how they had been getting good results with mimetic work patterns in their video content and had plans to continue along that path. At that, Anthony Bourdain bellowed out, "Why don't we just let people think for themselves?

"We all know your opinion, Tony," Alton Brown interjected, "Why is he even invited to these things?" he asked Carla. She said that anyone with above a 5% market penetration was guaranteed a seat at the table. He said that maybe they should rethink these numbers.

She asked me what I thought. I said that it was interesting that they were teaching patterns of working in that way, but what did people do before this? I sort of agreed with Tony that people should be able to think for themselves. Carla said that was a minority opinion there. They broke the meeting for a short break and I had a horrible realization. I didn't fully remember where and when I first met Carla, but I did have a very faint memory of having sex that night. In that memory I had fragments of the conversation with Carla about her husband being distant and I felt immediately guilty.

I asked if I could talk to Music and told him that I think I had slept with his wife and that was why she had invited me. He laughed and said that he found that hard to believe. I asked him to think back a few weeks or months to a time where maybe they weren't as open with each other and he said yes, then he told me that I'd better wait inside.

Carla came over and asked me what I had said to her husband as he'd become immediately distant. I told her what I told him and she said, "But we didn't." I told her that I didn't remember clearly and I could have sworn I did. Her husband said that he would get to the bottom of it and I really wanted to remember. I was asked to sit on the couch and her husband ended the party early due to a "personal matter".

I was sitting on the couch and he had Carla go to the

fridge and get the drug. He told her to get two vials and she became upset. She said that he had promised that he would never make her take it again. He said that for something like this, he had to be sure.

I asked them what it was - he said that it would help me remember and then forget. I said that I wouldn't mind remembering but Carla said that it had other effects, too. She split a vial between us and I took it in a mug.

I started feeling the effects of it almost immediately. He asked me where we met and I said that I was with my friend Lexi and that we were seat fillers. I said that I met Carla at the bar and don't remember much after that, but I know that I had sex that night. He asked me if I had seen Carla maybe sneak something into my drink and I said no, I got the wine before even seeing her and before she saw me.

He cursed and said that he never should have brought her out of the brothels, seeing her having sex with other people, how could he think she'd ever be faithful. He told her to strip and went into his study and got a letter opener. He told me to pull down my pants and go towards her to have sex with her. I didn't want to because she was his wife and I told him so. He sat on the couch and told me to try. I couldn't and both of us were crying.

He said fine, in disgust, and it seemed like he was

mostly satisfied. Carla put back on her clothes and he let me pull back up my pants. I said that I still couldn't remember who I had sex with - Carla said that it must have been my friend Lexi. I mentioned her last name Lampel and Music said that one of their station chiefs was named Lampel and had a daughter. I pulled out my cell phone to show the entry for her and he got angry that I would pull out my phone. I was just trying to prove to him that I knew Lexi and Carla hadn't just told me a cover story.

Then he went into his office and I passed out on the couch. Carla told me the next morning that he was just having fun and saw me out.

#

I was at a party with Lexi for just a couple of minutes before being approached by a CIA recruiter. We had dressed up in fancy dress, so I was wearing a suit. He asked me if I was a patriot and I said sort of. I recalled being asked that at Music's and my reply came with much less conviction. He mentioned that he was a CIA recruiter and I told him that I probably could never kill anyone so I probably wouldn't be very well suited for that.

He told me that he was actually involved in recruiting for the entertainment side of things and that their assets would just be asked to act or produce or do whatever they were

recruited for. I asked him what kind of work there was and he said that it was mostly in TV and movies. He claimed that they hadn't really infiltrated the music industry much because it was hard to use to push specific messages as effectively. I made a comment about bands like Against Me! And the World/Inferno Friendship society - he seemed to recognize the latter.

I said that it sounded interesting and maybe I would want to do that some day. He asked me what about right now? I was taken by surprise and said that my parents were expecting me home for the long weekend and I was here with a friend and didn't want to abandon her. Lexi quickly said that it was okay and the recruiter told me to just text my parents and say that it was a big opportunity. He asked my name and recalled that my father had done good work for them in the 70's.

He called over a car and said that they had someone to put through the entertainment track. I went downstairs and immediately stepped into a black car. I was driven to La Guardia and put on a private plane. On the plane, they took a picture of me, took measurements and gave me two vials of hyocine to drink. I did and then fell asleep for the flight. They didn't tell me where they were going.

When I woke up, we had landed and three or four women were lined up for me to pick as my guide. One was Paige

Pinckney - I don't don't remember the others for sure, but she was the one I picked. I asked where they were sent and he said "where they were before" which he implied was a brothel. Paige guided me through the airports which I realized from the signage was New Orleans, and to a waiting car.

I can't recall the first location we went to exactly, but I believe it was a tailor who put me in nicer clothes. My other suit was stashed in a bag. I was kept drugged and on more than just hyocine the whole time and did not have much sleep from the night before. We got lunch after.

We then met with a comedy improv group and I was told to basically direct them to see how I worked with others. They improvised something and the recruiter asked me what should happen next. I suggested that the characters over-escalate - one of the characters should "shoot" the other, which was direction they disagreed with. He told them to perform it as instructed and the group said I probably wouldn't be a good fit.

The recruiter then had Paige bring me to a bar, where she got me a gin and tonic at my request and I tried to talk to her. I don't remember what we discussed, but shortly after, she brought me to a room at a party with a balcony overlooking a parade. She took off her shirt and put on Mardi Gras beads. After a few minutes, she left and I became panicked and

confused.

Between the drugs and the alcohol, I wasn't sure how long I had been there and how long she had been gone. I thought it was a half hour, but it was a couple of minutes. I was upset and scared that she had abandoned me. I accused her of abandoning me and broke down when she returned. She asked me how long I thought we had been there and I said a couple of days. She reminded me that I had just arrived that morning. She told me that she had just given the recruiter a status update and she would stick with it the rest of the night.

She led me to another room in what I think was the same building. It seemed much larger and there was a king-sized bed and a circular, low, couch. She asked me what I wanted to do and she said that there were no wrong answers. I was very nervous about having sex, so I suggested maybe making out. We did briefly, but it didn't really seem like she was into it, so I suggested that we watch TV instead.

I told her that when I was a kid, my grandparents would drive me up from Florida to New York and we would stay at a motel on the way. She said that she never really traveled growing up. I said that I didn't really either, other than those trips. One of the best things about it was watching HBO, especially the movies they always had in rotation, like *Serial Mom*. I turned on the TV and, coincidentally, that was



what was on HBO. We watched it for a bit and then went to sleep.

The next morning, I was given my clothes to change back into. Prior to changing we made out again briefly, but I still felt uncomfortable about sex. I changed back into my suit. Paige got a call from the recruiter and told me that it was over and that they wouldn't be moving forward with me. I asked her why and she said that in her limited experience, they preferred people that could be manipulated with sex, and since we didn't go that far, they didn't feel like they could use me. I had assumed it was because I wasn't very funny. I told her that I could go for sex if that was what they wanted, but she said that it was too late and that it was over.

I became scared and asked her what they were going to do with me. She told me to just do what they said and I would probably be fine. I did and I remember being drugged again, losing consciousness and waking up in a van on 202 driving towards my parents house. They asked me what the opportunity was and I told them it was for a comedy scout but that I wasn't funny enough, I guess.

#

During the period during which I was being courted by the entertainment wing, they asked me which female celebrity I would like to meet. I didn't realize it at the time, but when

they said meet, they really meant "have sex with". I named Amy Sedaris, who I was a big fan of. I received a call a few days later for me to come to Brooklyn to a specific address.

There were two or three CIA agents there and we were welcomed by Amy Sedaris, who had prepared dinner. Her apartment was below ground level with a large living/dining area and a full window door between it and the patio. They had set up the meeting under the pretense of catching up with her about her career.

She said that she was planning to write a book, basically "At Home With Amy Sedaris" and they told her that they would help her get it published. She politely declined but they told her that it wasn't really a choice. They also told her that when they recruited her, it was mostly to be on TV, so they expected her to use the book as the basis of a television show, which would later be called At Home With Amy Sedaris.

After food, they told her that in exchange for their "help" they expected her to have sex with me. I didn't really want that, but I felt compelled to do as they said because I was drugged. They made a crack about how weird it was that out of all the actresses they had access to, I picked her and I reiterated how big of a fan I was. They then left me alone with her at the apartment.

I asked her if we were going to have sex and she replied

that I was a bit young for her. I asked what would happen if she just ignored them and she said that she would never be able to work in America again. They would destroy her personal life and career. I asked her how she came in contact with them and she said that they recruited her when she was younger. I asked if it was for the sketch comedy show she did on Comedy Central. She said that it was earlier than that and I asked if it was before with her brother and she confirmed, surprised that I was that familiar with her career. She then asked if I wanted to "do this".

I said maybe but it didn't seem like it was something that we were both into. I think that we may have kissed but I really can't remember. I know that we talked more and discussed her career. She mentioned that she had been brought to a CIA brothel once, but she didn't really take advantage of the things that they offered her.

She did introduce me to Huckleberry, her model monkey which she jokingly considered her child. She said that she had made it from a kit that a friend had given her which involved baking it in an oven. I slightly indented his "skin" with a fingernail which upset her. I didn't intend to damage him but I was trying to figure out how he was made. I apologized.

When it was clear that no sex would happen, she let me sleep in her bed while she took the couch. The bedspread was a

multi-colored crosshatch of different fabrics - it looked handmade. The next morning I jokingly asked if I could live there but she said no and I left.

#

I received an email from the agent who had put me through the entertainment recruiting to meet someone at Qdoba in downtown New Brunswick. I did, and it was Paige. I asked her if we had met before and she told me that we had never met before, presumably because she expected that the drugs would have taken that memory.

She gave me a soda, presumably drugged, and told me to walk down the block to the Jamba Juice and ask out a girl there. She gave me a pair of tickets to a Rutgers football game and told me to invite her to that. I questioned why and she said that I was just the girl's type.

I followed the instructions and she said yes. I don't remember the fake name she was using at the time but it was Anastasia. I didn't recognize and I don't think she recognized me, but she agreed to the date.

We first went to King Neptune Night at the Cook/Douglas dining hall. I noticed that she looked tired and she said that it was due to some medicine she was on, but she still wanted to come out with me. We ate dinner and then took a bus over to the game.

I was visibly bored and tried to make conversation, but I could tell that she wasn't really too into the game either. She got us a couple beers, which helped a bit, but after around a half hour, she asked me if I wanted to get out of there. I agreed.

She brought me to a dorm room that was mostly empty except for the furniture. I noticed that the name on the door wasn't her's and mentioned that. She said that I was perceptive and that she was borrowing it from a friend. At that point, we hooked up and I stayed the night.

The next morning she missed an exam and we slept in. She said that she would rather just spend the time with me. I agreed and we spent most of the morning together.

The agent who put me on this asked for an update and I told him about the dorm room. He told me to ask her out again and I did, but she didn't reply. He said that she probably got nervous and ran.

#

I was visiting my grandparents in Florida for ten days over winter break from school. The first night we were there, Jean said that I should visit her friend Jeff because she had to discuss business with my parents. She would have to call to discuss business with my parents. She would have to call him first to make sure he was at his Palm Beach house that night.

She said he usually was on Tuesdays, but wanted to make sure.

When she confirmed that he was there, she took out a black clamshell case and said that I would have to drink a vial before I went. I did and I remember a car picking me up but nothing else between them and getting dropped off in front of his house. I was welcomed by a girl who said that her name was Anastasia. I could feel that I was on drugs and asked her if she was on drugs, too. She nodded, but clarified that she was on different drugs.

The entrance to the house led into a kitchen. She led me down a hall through a room with a statue to the right and into the back room that had full windows with slatted shades open in front of them. There were several teenage girls in various states of undress and Jeff, getting a back massage on the floor. He stood up to introduce himself and offer me cocaine and/or other drugs. I was shocked and disgusted. He was much older than the girls and from what Jean said I expected him to be closer to college age.

I told him that I didn't think my grandmother would want me to do drugs. He said that if she sent me there, she expected me to partake in whatever he was offering. She had told me that he helped put on parties for her. I told him that I had never seen any underaged girls at any of her parties and he clarified that it was usually for things like galas. I was

confused and said that I had known she was involved in local politics and he laughed at that. I told him that he looked way too old to be hooking up with girls who were sixteen or seventeen and he said that he had been sleeping with underage girls for at least the past 20-25 years.

I told him that I didn't want anything to do with it and that I wanted to go. He said that I would have to wait for a car and called Jean to have her send another one of her planes so that I didn't show up on the flight logs. I got the impression then that logs were being written up as future blackmail material. I said that I would walk, not realizing how far away I was. When I realized it would be a four hour drive, I agreed to wait. Anastasia waited there with me.

I asked her if I could call my girlfriend, Krystal, and she said that it was fine. I did and I told her that I was scared and didn't know where I was. She asked me if I was with anyone and I said yes. She told me to ask them who they were and Anastasia replied that she was a whore. I repeated that and Krystal exclaimed that she was a person, with hopes and dreams and I told her that I agreed but that was what she had called herself. She said that she had to go and hung up. I began to ask Anastasia about herself when we were approached by a woman who identified herself as a detective investigating Jeffrey Epstein.

Anastasia's first reaction was to tell him that he was being investigated. The woman said that interfering with a federal investigation was a crime that could involve up to fifteen years in prison. She said that besides, he already knew that he was under investigation. Anastasia wondered why he would come back there then and the detective said arrogance, a characterization Anastasia agreed with. She gave us both business cards and said that she had approached us because it didn't look like we were okay with what was going on in the house. I said that I wasn't and that my grandmother had sent me there. She asked me who my grandmother was and I told her Jean Marin. She checked something on a computer in the van she had come out of and asked if her middle initial was a C. I confirmed, but she said that she wasn't approved to investigate her. She told Anastasia that if she ever wanted to come forward, she should call her. She left and we started talking about what had happened.

Anastasia said that Jeff had done so much for her. I asked her what she meant by that and she said that he had bought her hundreds in clothes and I commented that wasn't worth fifteen years in prison, so she shouldn't tell him and she should hang onto the card. I asked her what her hopes and dreams were and she said that she didn't really have much and considered her existence as better than most.



I asked her what she planned for her future and she said that she was probably going to do this for her whole life. I said that, no offense, but the life she described didn't sound sustainable forever, especially in light of the investigation around him. I asked her what she wanted to do with her life after. She thought about it for a moment and she said that her teachers in school seemed to be mostly happy and satisfied in their lives, so probably something like teaching.

I said that I had friends who were going to school to be teachers and the certification process was five years long. I asked her when she would want to be a teacher and she said around her thirties. I told her that she should probably start relatively soon if that was her goal. She agreed. She said that she had started doing this when she was seventeen and had sort of dismissed the possibility of continuing school. Around that time, the car arrived to pick me up. I gave her a hug and wished her luck.

When I returned to my grandmother's she asked me what I thought. I told him to tell her friend that he should stop sleeping with underage girls. She said okay, she'll tell him clearly lying. I also realized I had the card and gave it to her, telling her that he was investigation. She said that he had done a lot of good work for them and he would be supported.

## Chapter Eighteen

2006

I forgot everything about Jeffrey Epstein within a day or so, but I had earlier expressed to Krystal that I felt like I was being followed by the CIA because of a mix of vague recollections of being hunted by Tom Hanks, tortured by Music, and bits and pieces of our family links. It wasn't a mostly full set of sequential memories like I have now, but it was enough that Krystal suggested I ask my grandparents about it.

I started by asking my grandfather if he had ever dealt with the CIA. He expressed surprise and asked me what made me ask that. He called in Jean who he told that I had asked about the CIA. She left for a moment and returned with a cup with a vial of hyocine. I drank it as I told them about it feeling like I was being followed or hunted by them. The entire time

Jean was silent, watching me as Richie talked to me.

I told him about being hunted, confusing the timeline and thinking it had happened after Music had interrogated me. I told them about what he said about Saving Private Ryan and began to recall that they said that they were CIA royalty. Around that point Richie asserted that it sounded like whatever had happened, it sounded like it was done. When he was in the Navy and encountered military intelligence officers, they tended to only be around for the duration of the operation and that was it.

He said that he would put in a word with his army contacts and that would probably be the end of it. That apparently satisfied me and I don't recall continuing the conversation.

#

I was approached by Al Stankard about what he framed as a political opportunity. Al was, by most accounts, pretty creepy and not someone I liked talking to, but he made it sound fairly interesting. I told a friend, Frankie Huang about it and she tried to discourage me from the meeting, but I figured that talking to him couldn't hurt. There were four other people than me in the meeting Al Stankard, Michael Puzio, Stephen Miller and one other person whose name I can't recall. Stephen took a particular interest in me - apparently he had

sought me out specifically and the others were there just to hear the main part of his pitch.

He asked me if I was related to Helen Handwerker - I confirmed that she was my great-grandmother, which he got excited about. He asked me if I was popular in high school and if people seemed to listen to me more than usual. I thought that was odd but somewhat accurate - I nodded.

I asked him about how he knew my great-grandmother's name and he said it was in a book. He tracked me down through public records, but he had seen her name in a book with people of potentially magical lineage. I laughed at that and asked where this book was.

He told me that he had seen it when he was training at a Thelemic lodge in the Bay Area. He explained that Aleister Crowley's religion was about people unlocking their true will and letting that guide them. His true will, as he explained, was to do everything he could to prevent people from immigrating to America. He acknowledged that wasn't exactly in line with their teachings, but it worked for him.

The conversation turned to what he was planning. To him, he believed that he could use his true will and the will of maybe 30 or so co-conspirators, to effectively commit a "perfectly legal" coup and transform the United States into a white ethnostate. By putting people in the roles of aides and

staffers to political leaders, they would be situated to directly affect policy and platforms.

His logic was that most people working on a campaign or in an agency is mostly just going about their day and most candidates are just interested in running and winning. With enough people spread across campaigns passionate about a certain goal, they would be able to achieve that, given time.

He believed that the only reason that the Holocaust failed was due to bad PR. A genocide could easily be performed quietly and out in the open when framed as "managing immigration". People, he said, were already turned against "illegal immigrants". All it would take was something like the Iraq war to create refugees who would be framed as migrants and stuck into camps. In Europe, they would be left out to sea.

He commented on the effectiveness of concentration camps during the Boer War. Disease ran through the camps killing people effectively and cleanly without the nasty PR of ovens and smoke. America already had facilities used by ICE that could be turned into camps and it would easily be explained as "controlling immigration", something widely supported.

The other two people, especially Michael Puzio, who identified as a Polish nationalist, were very on board with his plan. I questioned every bit of it. I told him that if I

had a true will, it was more aligned with helping people than helping to orchestrate a coup and a genocide. I think that I called him a Nazi, but he came back with the fact that he was Jewish. He believed that certain groups of people just had higher intelligence and that his plan would weed out those who didn't.

I told him that I had gotten into some trouble with how I had treated women and he said that the Right was more forgiving about that sort of thing. I asked him if the whole genocide thing was negotiable, but he was intent on making America a white ethnostate. At that point, I walked out and told Frankie that I felt stupid for even considering meeting with them.

#

After the attempted recruitment by Stephen Miller, I decided to do some research into Thelema and located a number for a lodge in New York City. I left a voicemail saying that my great grandmother's name was listed in a book they had and received a call back requesting a meeting at a show. I believe that it was at the Bowery Ballroom or Knitting Factory.

I met up with a man whose name I can't recall - I don't think he gave it. He guided me to a table and gestured at a cup with liquid in it. He said that he was going to ask me a question and, if I answered incorrectly, I would have to drink

it and I would forget the meeting. I hesitated, recognizing the drug as hyocine, but agreed.

He asked me, "Are you an angel of light or an angel of darkness?" I replied that I liked to think of myself as an angel of light, but I'm just a person. At that, he slid the cup towards me and told me to drink. I sighed and did and was about to leave but he stopped me. He said that some people do remember and I was the sort of person that they wanted. He told me that the correct answer was, "If I were an angel of light, you wouldn't want to know me." It was a quote from page 155 of The Medusa's Head by John Symonds.

I asked him if he was CIA since the liquid drug he gave me was used by them and he replied that he was, but he learned that they were the single greatest threat to people finding their true will in the world. He had learned that as an agent when they took him out by boat to an island to tell him about a pact America made with the Nazis.

I asked him about the book and he said that what Miller was probably referring to was the birth charts. He said that if he remembered correctly, I was either descended from Hitler or Goebbels. I replied that I didn't resemble them as far as I knew and he said that I wouldn't, necessarily.

He told me that Aleister Crowley had helped the Nazis and performed spells that involved human sacrifice. When he

learned of the Holocaust and the full scope of their brutality, he spent the last years of his life pouring everything into finding a way to get them out of power. Eventually he had a vision of how to do so and founded the OTO to hold that knowledge.

He told me a bit about sex magic, but said that my real potential was in my bloodline. He told me that if I ever had a son, to bring him to one of the lodges and there was a ritual that would be performed that would involve taking a small amount of his blood. I dismissed it at the time but did share that part about my heritage and the ritual with Vanessa, commenting at the time that I would be a shitty dad if I did that.

The meeting ended around that point and I did recall most of it afterward. I even contacted and met with Aleister Crowley's last living daughter, but my questioning didn't really get anywhere.

#

While my time involved in the pilot script writing was short, Tina and Robert brought me back on to work in a reduced capacity on the pilot shoot. This was a bad idea, as I was put on the hyocine basically as soon as I got there. As soon as I remembered that there were child sacrifices, I sought out the person on the production team that was responsible for them



and made an attempt to reveal it to everyone present in the building for the shoot.

It just so happened that the girl from the Black Sun was there with the sacrifice and I insisted that she bring the child out so they could all see what was really happening. I asked her what would happen to us if we refused the sacrifice - she said that would be a bad idea. She postulated that the Reich would kill us and her for letting that happen and the child anyway. I saw the child that we were supposed to sacrifice and I really saw the girl that they had brought in with her. The child was ours. The girl was Jordan, the girl who survived the Ritz and was sent to the brothels. My memories flooded back.

I asked the girl's name - it was Alice. I asked if Jordan, who was by now going as Rebecca, remembered - she said that she did and she cried, realizing that our daughter was taken from her when they took her eggs. This was the girl that was conceived when we were brought together, though. It seemed that her fate was to be the same as the other 144,000.

At this point, we realized that there was Biblical significance to that number and that the human sacrifices were meant to be magic for the Reich and sacrifices to the Bull God Moloch. We didn't believe in the magic but we knew that the Reich did.

By this point the people around us knew that something was going on. I asked Rebecca what they would do if we refused to make the sacrifice and tried to take our daughter and she said that would be bad - that they would kill us and her for allowing it to happen.

So we resigned ourselves to allowing our daughter to be sacrificed, but we weren't going to let it end there. I knew that the 30 Rock list of episodes was something that was online still, along with lists of episode names for other shows like The Good Place, Schitt's Creek, Brooklyn 99 as remnants from a Rosicrucian group that decoded them from Shakespeare's work where they were encoded. At the very least they were on the internet years before the episodes were written or even filmed, along with the names of the writers of each episode. Tina Fey and all of the writers who were present - of which there were many, including Dan Levy, or at least the actor who replaced him. All of the present writers signed the document and it was sealed away somewhere and timestamped.

I summoned up what knowledge I remembered about what I was told about Lucifer and using sacrifices to create stories. My mother told me as a child that Aesop's Fables were written and a life was sacrificed for each of those, so I told them that we would need to use the sacrifices to undo the harm, magically speaking, to subvert Aesop's Fables by making each

sacrifice a direct subversion of a specific fable. As all of these people would be making sacrifices for their shows at some point in the future, we asked the people making the sacrifices to tell the children as much as possible so that heaven would know the sins being committed be the Reich on Earth.

As I did this, Rebecca hugged Alice and told her that she loved her and talked with her, taking some last moments knowing that she was her mother and that she was our daughter.

#

The Good Place was to be as close as possible to our version of scripture. We explained to them how the afterlife really worked and they based it as close as possible to it while still keeping it in the realm of fiction. The concept of the tetramorphs - four individuals embodying different archetypes - was a major factor in the story. Rebecca added the name Jeremy Bearimy which was a nickname for a friend she had.

We held our daughter together between us with me on her right and Rebecca to her left. Tina used a razor to slit her throat and she cried at what she had been forced to do. She left the room and the others watched on.

We desperately committed our child to heaven knowing that the act of killing her would turn her into an angel, someone

who could never be a child again. We were both visited by her afterwards. Jordan shot her out of fear and dumped her body in a frozen lake. When she visited me, I recognized her and explained what the Reich had done to both of us - our minds were not our own and she would have never hurt her had she known that she was her daughter.

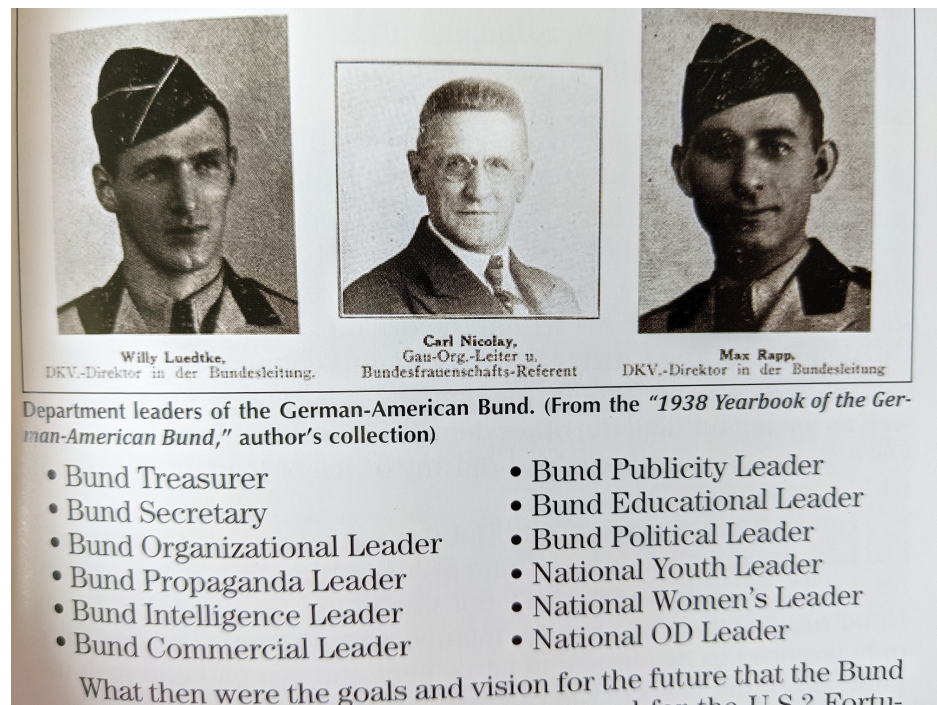
#

I was walking around Asbury Park with Rob Santucci, a housemate of mine at the time, after a World/Inferno Friendship Society show. We ran into Franz after the show and asked him what he was up to. He said that he was going to grab a couple of drinks and that he didn't think we would want to come along, but thought about it for a moment and said that it would probably be fine. We followed him and entered Asbury Lanes.

There, we sat down at a table near one of the lanes and Franz got me a drink. Rob was straight edge so he didn't have one. There was a man wearing a leather jacket there who seemed happy to see Franz. I asked him how he knew him and the man said that he had dirt on him and that Franz would do anything for him. I asked Franz what he meant and Franz told the man to tell us - we wouldn't remember it anyway. I said that I wasn't that drunk but I promised that I wouldn't use whatever it was against him.

The man shrugged and pulled out a copy of the book They Too Were AMERICANS and flipped it to page 49, showing me the below photo.

#



#

"Turn's out, Franz's grandpa was a Nazi." I asked him where he got the book and he said that it was on sale somewhere and he bought it for a couple hundred dollars. It was worth the investment because Franz was paying him \$500 a month to keep it quiet but he was going to start getting much more out of it.

At that, Franz interjected and said that wasn't going to be happening. The man was confused. He asked Franz if he wanted it to get out that his grandfather was a Nazi and Franz

said no, but that's not going to happen. He had tried to play along and make it look like he was paying him off, but he never stopped to think that there were still "more of us" around to help him out. At that, he shouted into a microphone hidden on his chest and one or two people came in with guns firing. They entered from behind me, so I couldn't see if they had shot anyone else, but I dropped to the ground as soon as I heard shots. Franz pointed at the man who had jumped up in shock and said that he was the target. They put several bullets in him - at least two or three in his chest.

The shooting stopped suddenly and I was disoriented and not sure what was going on. I think that the drink Franz gave me was drugged. I asked him if he had a grudge on the guy, not remembering what he had told us about blackmailing Franz. My memory caught up and I asked Franz if he was a Nazi. He looked at me and asked what I meant. I said that he told the man that there were more off us, meaning Nazis, around. He replied that he had just come up with that as something cool to say and that he wasn't a Nazi. I took him for his word and checked on Rob. He was also okay but confused. We got up and walked to the door.

We asked the man at the door if we were allowed to leave or if they were going to kill us too. He said that depended on whether or not we allowed him to inject us, pulling out a

syringe with the hyocine attached to it. I said fine and stuck out my arm, but Rob hesitated. He said that he didn't feel comfortable putting drugs in his system. I told him that it was literally a life and death choice and that they had already killed people. He let out a sigh of frustration and said fine, sticking out his arm to be injected after I was. We walked away from the venue, past a police car with its lights on. The drug apparently worked quickly on Rob because he asked me what that was.

I told him that it was a cover-up - that my father had told me things like that happened all the time. They would probably say that anyone who died was in a car crash. He shook his head at that in disbelief. I told him that whoever was behind it had the police in their pocket if the car was any indication.

We walked parallel to the beach towards Rob's car, when I asked him if he wanted me to prove to him that the man who told me to walk in the water the previous summer was actually able to manipulate me into almost killing myself, since he hadn't believed me. He said sure and we walked onto the beach.

I told him that the second he felt like he couldn't stay above water to call me in and I would pull him out. He walked into the water and was quickly overtaken, quicker than I was prepared for. The drugs also made my reaction time sluggish,

but I was able to push myself to go in after him and pull him out. He was okay after a couple of minutes.

#

#

Jean had the entire family brought to California for a Reich Rally at the Los Angeles Convention center. Emily, Margie and Rick were all there, I don't recall if Laura came. Jean tasked me with finding someone to marry within the Reich. Emily and I were both drugged but Rick wasn't. I don't recall if Margie was. There were many celebrities and politicians there.

Jean told me to ask anyone who I was attracted to if they were interested in having sex with me for the rest of their lives. I did meet someone, but before that, I walked around the location and watched speeches and tried to take in what was going on around me. Someone had pulled Emily aside and was planning to have sex with her. I let Rick and Margie know and Rick intervened but by claiming her and telling them that \*he\* was having sex with her. I was disgusted but couldn't do anything but walk around.

To my horror, I found a square bit of carpet with a couch, a naked man with a naked child, and a cage with two more clothed children around 3-5 years old. The man was eating the child on his lap. I collapsed in front of the cage and



tried to see how it could be opened and called to Rick and Margie for help. They told me that these children were already dead and that I lived at home, so I would have nowhere to bring them if I took them with me. Even if I tried, there was a whole room of people who would rather kill me than let me take them.

They told me to move on and I did. I had trouble remembering the things that I saw because I was drugged. I was met a boy around my age, Anthony Burch. He said that his father was part of the group that ran this. I told him about the children and he said that was why he tried to not look around at what was going on around him. He seemed to be in a similar position as me, knowledgeable but powerless. He did not seem to be drugged.

He led me outside to where several other people around our age were milling about and introduced me to Ashly, his sister. I was immediately smitten and asked her what Jean had told me. She seemed interested and, since it was the start of a weekend, we discussed spending some of that time together to see if it was a good match.

She said that she was seeing someone and I said that was fine, we didn't have to then, but she said that she wanted to. I asked that she be honest with him about what hanging out for the weekend might entail. She did and she brought me to the

apartment she shared with her brother.

Once we were there, she told me that she was actually bringing me to a friend of hers and mine, apparently - Becca, who I used to know as Jordan. I didn't remember her at the time but apparently she had just turned 18 and wanted us to have a legal marriage certificate on file as soon as possible. She reached out to me through Ashly and Anthony, but me not remembering her led me to think that it was Ashly who really wanted to marry me.

She spoke with Becca on the phone for a couple minutes to confirm that she had me and that I would be ready for the wedding tomorrow. I was confused - I asked Ashly if she didn't want to sleep with me, then. Becca was on the other line and gave it her blessing, with a hint of sadness that I didn't remember her and that I would be with someone else on what was the eve of our wedding.

I recall going to a party in California the evening before the wedding. I slept at the apartment and was brought to a location the next day in Palm Springs where there was a tent on a hill where we were married in a small private ceremony. Maria was there, after Lucifer had immolated her but prior to visiting me afterwards. I was transformed into my true self for the ceremony and the sex afterwards, but my full memory has yet to be written.

At the end of the weekend, I approached Jean with Ashly, forgetting that I had been married just a day earlier to someone else, asking her to confirm a pairing between Ashly and myself. She denied it because she was biracial and my bride was to be "the purest white" because of my heritage. A few weeks later, Ashly messaged me on Facebook, but I had no memory of her and they wiped the conversation.

#

I received a text a few weeks later from Anastasia, using the same alias I went out with her under, asking me to meet her at 1:00 PM at Edo, a high-end Asian fusion restaurant. I figured that it was for lunch, so I checked their menu prior to going.

When I arrived, the restaurant didn't seem to be open, but I told them who I was meeting and they let me in. She was sitting at a table close to the center-right of the room waiting for me. I asked her if we were having lunch and she said that wasn't why she had called me, but had water brought to the table.

At that point, we were interrupted by a "young professional" man who said something along the lines of "Whatever he's paying you, I'll double it if you spend your time with me instead". She was flustered and I was confused. I replied that I wasn't paying to spend time with her. She took

him aside and talked to him for a moment, telling him that isn't how this works.

When she returned, she apologized for that. I asked her what this was and she explained that she was an escort. I nodded - it was pretty clear from the conversation. I asked her why she asked me to meet her there. She said that she really liked me and wanted to see if I wanted to date her in an open relationship. I asked her if there was a chance that she would stop being an escort and she said no, so I thought about it.

I replied that I liked her a lot, too, so I was willing to give it a shot. I then said in the interest of full disclosure that I believed that I had committed rape, unintentionally, but it was something that was part of why I'd tried to avoid relationships. I said that the worst feeling in the world was being with someone where both parties weren't on the same page. She agreed with that and said that redemption and taking accountability for wrongs committed was important to her. She told me to come over to her apartment in Rockoff Hall on Saturday night. I commented that I thought it wasn't open yet and she said that it was for some people.

#

That Saturday, I came over after dinner and Anastasia greeted me. She introduced me to her friend/roommate and we

went into her room to hook up and talk. She explained that she was hired to work for the people who owned Edo and in turn provide services to the college, providing the "college girl experience" to visiting men willing to pay. She told me that her name she had given me wasn't her real name, which was also why the other dorm room had a different name listed on the door.

She whispered her real name to me, but told me to use the fake one whenever I talked to her. We talked about some other things and then she offered me half of a pill, some opiod. We each took half a pill together and she said that she hadn't had any in a while since she left the place she was staying. I asked her about it.

She got serious and said that I couldn't tell anyone about it. I agreed. She asked me what I would think if she told me that there was a secret island where pretty much every famous person went to have sex with underage girls. I replied that there was a black market for pretty much everything else, so unfortunately, it made sense. She was relieved and a bit excited that I believed her and we talked about it for a while.

She asked me if we had met before and I said no, because I didn't remember meeting her at the house in Florida. She said that she remembered a Rich that looked like me and he (I)

was the one who convinced her to pursue her teaching certification.

She described the island and told me about G, whose name none of them could pronounce properly. When it was clear that Jeffrey Epstein, the man who owned the island, was under investigation, G had gathered up a group of around 5 girls and told them that they had a choice. All of them could take \$30,000 each and leave together or none of them would. The alternative was an implication that they would be killed if they didn't take the money.

By taking the money, G explained, they would be complicit in the operation. However, it was more money than most people would have been able to save in a lifetime and it would assist them in whatever they wanted to do after. She recalled having friends at school that watched each other's backs, even when their fathers would have sex with them. They made it through that by keeping tight relationships with each other.

They took the money and were dropped off via helicopter in Florida. As most of them were from New York or the surrounding area, they came to the northeast. Anastasia chose to continue doing sex work and struck the deal to work at Rutgers. She didn't elaborate on the specifics of the deal so I don't know who it was made with.

She did tell me some specifics about the island. She said

that among the guests she had seen there were Bill Clinton, Bill Gates, Will Smith, and photos of several of the cast members from Cheers on the wall. Jeff had a wall with photos of him and many celebrities to tell the girls exactly how well-connected he was. She specifically said that a lot of people assumed that Donald Trump was a visitor, but he wasn't. He knew what was going on but had refused a girl Jeff had sent him - Anastasia had overheard the phone call from Jeff's side.

She also said that Tom Hanks was the worst of them and the most brutal. He had shoved a girl's face in the mud while having sex with her and told her that she was dirt so she should eat dirt. She also said that on one visit, he had come with an older, small woman and several children dressed in white and when they left, the children were gone. I speculated that the woman was Jean, later learning that I was correct. I shared my memory of being hunted by him and she said that sounded like him.

I asked her if anyone in the Bush administration was involved and she said that she had never seen George W Bush and didn't recognize any of the other names I mentioned. She did say that his father's Attorney General was instrumental in setting up the operation.

Our relationship continued for several weeks. At one visit, I told her that it seemed like there was an active

investigation that looked like it had the potential to put him away for good. She said that it seemed possible and she would consider calling the number she was given.

During one of our evenings together, we had used heroin and I nearly died. I woke up to her pounding on my chest and I thought she was mad at me for vomiting on her pillow. My left lung had filled with vomit and apparently I hadn't been breathing. She had administered narcan or a similar drug to revive me.

The next weekend, she asked me to come over on Sunday instead of Saturday. She asked if I wanted to have sex and we did, then she went into the bathroom for close to 10-15 minutes. When she came out, it was clear to me that she was crying, but she had wiped it away. She told me that after what had happened, she talked with her friend and she told her that if we kept seeing each other, one or both of us would probably end up dead. I was upset but saw the logic of it. I asked her if she really wanted it to end and if so why she had just slept with me and she said yes but was clearly lying. She said that she wasn't going to be in a relationship for a while and wanted a last taste of intimacy for a while.

I left and, as I rode the elevator down, I thought about how the relationship had ended and tried to accept it. By the time I had walked back to the house on Delavan I was living



in, I was visibly heartbroken to the degree that when I saw Molly and Rob, they could tell something was wrong. I explained to them what had happened and Molly briefly excused herself and returned with a glass of orange juice and a vial of hyocine. I asked her what it was and she insisted that it was a vitamin supplement.

I looked her in the eye and told her that I knew that it wasn't and she confirmed. I told her that we were going to have a conversation about where she had gotten it but, lucky for her, I wanted to dull the memory of the relationship, so I drank it. After laying down in my room for a few minutes, Molly came in to check on me.

I asked her where she got the vial, not recalling her deal with the CIA. She claimed that a bald man knocked on the front door a few weeks prior, saying that he was from my family. He gave her a kit with a request to administer it to me if I ever came back acting out of character or upset. I told her that he was CIA - not my family - not cognizant that the two were one and the same. I bought her story and left it alone. I started dating Heather shortly after.

A few days later, I was walking around New Brunswick and recalled that the restaurant at Rockoff Hall was open. I remembered wanting to try it out, but forgot that I had wanted to go there with Anastasia. I walked over and ordered, while I

was sitting down and facing the stairs, Anastasia walked down them and froze when she saw me.

"You aren't supposed to be here," she said and I was confused. I thought she meant that the restaurant wasn't supposed to be serving customers yet. She clarified that our relationship was over and that this wouldn't work. I replied that I had never seen her before in my life and was dating someone anyway. She said that it was good that I was seeing someone but asked me if I really didn't remember her. I said that I didn't and she teared up.

She pulled out her phone and recited my phone number. I felt uncomfortable but still couldn't remember. She said that I was clearly in crisis and I remembered that she was going to school for something related to helping people. She made me promise to go straight home to Suffern and tell my parents that I needed psychiatric care because of my missing memory. I was skeptical, but agreed.

I went home that evening and told my mother what had happened. She drugged me and I forgot again until the chemistry test and then forgot again until my meeting with Jeffrey Epstein at his New York residence. The next time I would speak with her would be after that meeting, I called one of the investigators looking into him and gave them her number. I received an angry call from her a few moments later.

I apologized and said that I had just remembered and wasn't even sure if those memories were real. She said that they were and that she was going to have to burn that entire identity and phone number and that she said that she understood that my socio-economic background played a factor in my actions. She asked me if I had told anyone else.

I replied that someone from the CIA had drugged me and I told them that I remembered her. She was more understanding about that as she knew that the CIA had drugs that forced people to tell the truth. I also told her that I remembered meeting Epstein and telling him to fuck off and that I loved her. She replied, surprised, asking if it was true that I loved her.

I replied that yes, I did love her. We had a short relationship but every second I was with her felt electric. I hadn't said it because I didn't want to scare her off, but it was true. She replied that the fact made her feel much better about a decision she had made. I paused for a moment in realization, then asked her if she was pregnant. She confirmed.

I was shocked but happy at the news. I thought that it changed everything but she disagreed. There were still people after her. I suggested that maybe if we were married, they would leave her be, but she replied that if my family was

sending me to Epstein for a job interview she wouldn't want to be involved with them. Besides, she said, she felt like this was something she needed to do on her own.

We said goodbye and I shared the news with my mother and asked her about our family. She drugged me and said that there was nothing different about our family. I asked her if it bothered her if she had a grandchild out there that she would never know. She said that she wouldn't consider that child family.

#

I got a call from Carla inviting me to a a meeting at a restaurant near the Conde Naste building. I was cautious and asked if I was going to be in any danger, but she said that it would be fine. I agreed to go and also had a meeting set for around 8:00 PM with the recruiter who I had met at her party.

When I arrived, there were several people at the table. Carla, Chris Morocco with his wife Molly, Gaby Melián and Claire Saffitz. Chris was introduced as a friend of Carla's from school and Gaby as someone who worked at the test kitchen. Claire and I were brought in to test our dynamic with the group and each other. Carla brought us both non-alcohol drinks because we were both underage. She clarified later that they were drugged.

She had us talk about what we were interested in when it

came to food and what we would want to do if we were in the industry. I talked about how I was surrounded by food growing up and that my uncle was a professional chef. Claire talked about wanting to study from the masters in France and learn about cuisine and pastry. There was a brief break.

I approached Gaby at the bar and asked her why she was helping the CIA because they were, from my experience, white supremacists. She said that I shouldn't know about the CIA, which I shrugged off, saying that I did. She said that she had helped them with an attempted coup in Argentina which failed, so they brought her up here. I asked why work with them if they failed and she said that they were the only game in town. We returned to the table.

I asked Chris if he was gay, which came out very much the wrong way. He reminded me that he was there with his wife. I was embarrassed at the way I had asked and failed to cover for it by saying sometimes people got married for convenience. It was around that time that he and his wife left. I apologized and Carla pulled me aside.

She told me that I wasn't going to be a good fit for this and that some of the words that were coming out of my mouth were just crazy. I apologized again and suggested that maybe Brad from her party might be a good fit for this and she said that he was under consideration. Recalling Todd's recruitment,

I asked if she was going to have Claire shoot me. She balked at that and said no, but that we wouldn't be moving forward with this. I was relieved and, as everyone else was leaving, left as well.

I started walking away and felt someone tap on my shoulder - it was Claire. "It's a good thing for you that you didn't make the cut."

"Oh, how's that?" I asked.

"Well, I don't usually date people I work with. So, like I said, lucky for you." I stopped walking, realizing that she was coming onto me. I blushed and let out a nervous laugh.

"I'm kind of seeing someone," I replied. I had gone out with Heather a couple of times but we hadn't had sex.

"When you say kind of, what does that mean?" I answered and she replied. "It doesn't sound that serious yet. Besides, this is like a vacation for me. I'm here for three weeks and after that you might not even see me again." I thought about it for a moment and agreed. I was on the fence on the relationship to start with and I was attracted to her and how straightforward and self-possessed she was.

We made a brief stop for soup dumplings before going to the hostel room she was staying in. We talked for around an hour about various things including her plan for what would eventually be Gourmet Makes. I told her that I felt that we

had been drugged and that I wanted to wait before doing anything intimate. After talking for a while, we had sex and she gave me her phone number and contact info before I left. I told her that I would be meeting with the CIA agent from Carla's party.

I walked to the meeting with the agent and waited at a table as he talked to someone else. After a few minutes, he beckoned me over and ordered me a Diet Coke. He began by asking me straightforward questions about what I might know that would be of use to him.

I told him first about Carla's party and how the food personalities were all controlling people through videos and he reminded me that was where he had given me his card. That was the first sign to me that my memory wasn't all there.

I then recalled the meeting that Al Stankard had arranged with Stephen Miller and told him that there was a white supremacist who attempted to recruit me into what he described as a legal coup. He was very interested in that. I was surprised, I told him that the impression that I got of the CIA was that they used people of all backgrounds. He said that they used them, yes, but it always for the benefit of white people. There were always people in the background that would prefer a white supremacist system and they would always be there, behind the scenes. He asked about Stephen Miller, Al

Stankard, and their associates. I didn't remember Stephen's last name but I remembered that he lived in the Bay Area.

He asked me if I knew anything else, and I told him that I knew someone that survived Epstein's island. He was surprised at that - he noted that it was a high level operation. He paused and said that a lot of the girls from this area and chances are that some of them would talk and reason stood that they had friends and relationships with people in the area, too.

I suddenly remembered that I had promised Anastasia to never tell anyone about that and asked him why I had said that. He gestured towards my drink. I asked if I had been poisoned, loudly enough to catch the attention of the table behind me. He said that I should keep my voice down - that it would give people a bad impression of the restaurant. I told him that if the waiter drugged me, I would want to give them a bad impression of the restaurant.

At that, the person behind me stepped over and asked me if there was something wrong. I said yes and the recruiter told the man to mind his own business. He said that we were practicing lines for a play. I said that I wasn't and he tried to help get someone to call the police. The recruiter summoned the waiter and told them that he would take care of their bill and to get them out of there. The waiter complied.



I asked the recruiter if people actually practiced lines like that and he said that he just thought of the first thing that came to mind. I asked him why he had drugged me when I had come to him willingly and he replied that I was like a sponge that heard things that I maybe shouldn't and he was going to squeeze every bit of information from me. I was what they called in the spy business a useful idiot.

He said that he thought he had gotten all he would get from me and that it was time for him to get information about me. I asked why and he said that it was to destroy me, to separate me from my closest friends and drive me, if not to suicide, a situation where no one would ever believe me.

He asked me who my closest friend was. I told him that it was Vanessa Beuschel and that she was engaged so I didn't think he would be able to through her life out of balance. He told me that I would be surprised.

I asked him if he was going to go after my family, too. He said that my parents were protected, but I wasn't. I asked him what that meant - protected. He seemed to catch himself and said that usually older people were protected.

He then asked me the worst thing I ever did. I couldn't think of something immediately so he told me to stare at the ceiling fan and let it transfix me and shake my memory loose. I told him that I had raped Stacey Herbison. I hadn't intended

to and I didn't realize that she was too scared of me to say no and that I had only understood that afterwards. He said that he was sure her mother would like to know that and wrote it down. I also said that Seth Model had told me that he killed her, but I was also told that she had committed suicide and that I wasn't sure which was true.

At that, he told me that we were done. He said that he had put enough drugs in my drink that it would be unlikely that I would survive the walk back to the train station. If I died, they would just chalk it up as another random drunk stumbling into death. His duty of care was ended and that was what I got for fucking around with an architect's wife. I told him to tell Music that I didn't and that I remembered that it was Lexi that I slept with but he said that it didn't matter.

I left the restaurant and looked up and down the street. I was completely lost even though I had known where I was when I had entered. I thought for a moment and then hailed a cab, asking to be brought to Penn Station. I moderated my breath and tried to center myself. I got there in one piece and by the time I used the bathroom, I was steady enough that I was sure that I would be able to make it home. My parents picked me up from the train station and I immediately went to sleep. I wrote on the paper with Claire's number that I was drugged by a CIA agent.

I woke up about an hour later feeling very out of it and not remembering what had happened. I found the paper with my sloppy note and Claire's information, so I called her. I said that I found her number and asked her if she was Claire Saffitz, mispronouncing her last name. She said yes, correcting me on the pronunciation and saying she was just with me. I asked her if she would believe me if I said that I had been drugged by a CIA agent.

She said, "Oh my God, Rich," and I could hear her tear up. She asked me what they did to me and I told her that all I knew was that I had been drugged. She said that she wanted nothing to do with Carla if she was associated with people who would do something like that. She said that when I had left her I told her that was who I was meeting with. I said that maybe she should think it through. If she was going to want to be at the top of her field, whether that be the culinary arts or something else, she would seemingly have to deal with these people sooner or later. I suggested that she talk about this to one person she completely trusts and no one else. It was a decision she would have to make. I also said that I wasn't sure if this was the norm or if it was just because Carla's husband had it out for me. She agreed and we hung up. A few minutes later, I received an angry call from Carla asking me what I had done.

I told her that I hadn't intended to scare Claire away and that I had her number written down and it was the first thing I had seen when I woke up. She told me that I shouldn't have even hooked up with her, that we had been drugged. I told her that I had figured that out and insisted that we wait for the effects to clear before doing anything.

I told her what I had told Claire and said that I wasn't trying to interfere and that I only called her in a panic because of what her husband's agent had done. She seemed annoyed at him and told me she would get in touch if there was anything else.

#

I was walking in New York City, likely to a show on my own, when I spotted Claire talking with Carla at a table outside of a restaurant. I recognized Claire's voice but couldn't place it. They were discovering how to approach a restaurant's menu when writing a review of it when I interrupted them.

"Sorry, do I know you?" I asked Claire. She was surprised, as was Carla. She said that I did but Carla said that I wouldn't remember her. I told her that I did but that I couldn't exactly place her. I asked her if we used to date.

She said that no, not exactly, but we had hooked up. I turned to Carla and said that she looked familiar, too. She

said that she knew me, too, but there was no way I should be able to remember. I reiterated that, again, I remembered, even if it wasn't everything.

She insisted on drugging me by putting a vial into my drink, an iced tea that I had purchased at a nearby Starbucks. Claire watched on and I walked away.

#

After being rejected for the CIA backed BA Kitchen gig, I had a vague recollection that I wanted to work for Conde Nast. My mother encouraged me to formally apply to a position there, so I did.

I met with Molly Baz for the interview and she said that my resume looked good for the program I was applying to. I told her that I knew this place was a CIA front and she immediately responded with a pre-rehearsed speech about how Conde Nast took pride in preparing their employees with a wide range of skills and had no direct connection to what they did in their future careers. I said that just confirmed it, having a speech like that. She asked if I knew anyone who worked there and I said Carla, who she went to get.

When Carla came down, she asked me why I was there and told me that I didn't have the temperament for the position. I told her that I thought if I applied and worked my way up I might develop the skills. She told me that wasn't how it

worked. I left of my own accord - I don't think they drugged me this time.

#

I was given a phone number to share for the CIA's comedy recruiter even though they had decided against recruiting me. I gave it to a co-worker at Au Bon Pain - Chelsea Peretti - who signed on along with her friend, who had already seen some success with his group Lonely Island, Andrew Samberg.

She was recruited because they were looking to put someone with Jordan Peele, who she was a fan of from his time on Mad TV. After she left the job, she introduced me to Andy along with a couple other people including Rob Delaney.

#

In 2006, Carla contacted me several times to try to find a position within the "organization" that would be a good fit for me. This was after the incident with the walk-in with Claire but before the 2010 recruitment attempt. The recollections below may be out of order.

One of the times she called me in during this period was a request to come over to my Uncle Tony's house. I thought that it was just him inviting me over, but when I got there, Carla was there along with several people. She explained that all of us were rougher around the edges but still people who would be recruited into the food entertainment sector of the

CIA. We would just have to come up with something on our own, put it up on YouTube, and the CIA would support it.

I asked why it was at Tony's house and if she knew him from school or something. He said that, apparently, she was his daughter and so after introductions they left the main portion of the house to talk in the attached apartment. The other people that I recall being there were Sean Evans, Matty Matheson, Andrew Rea, and Alvin Cailan. They were all smoking pot and I was also given a dose of hyocine to drink. We were encouraged to brainstorm and discuss what we would do.

Sean started first, as he had already been working with Carla on a channel called First We Feast. He also had a plan for a game show that would be called Hot Ones, where contestants would have to answer questions while eating progressively spicier wings. I mentioned that there was a porn series or something like that already and he said that Carla was already using CIA resources to scrub it from the internet.

Matty mentioned that he wanted to do something with comfort food and Alvin wanted to do something similar with burgers. They had a lot of tattoos and I asked them what kind of stuff they did with the CIA. They said that they mostly did stuff around drugs, killing who they were told to kill, etc. I became a bit nervous at that - I asked them if they had all killed people. Andrew said that all of them had killed at

least one person, as part of recruitment and I said that I hadn't.

He was curious about that - he said that he hadn't known of anyone brought into a CIA operation without having killed someone. I said that maybe it was because of who my family was. He speculated that maybe if it was an architect I was related to, which I replied that I didn't think I was.

I mostly talked with him about what would eventually become Binging With Babish. He had already created a backstory and had plans for the YouTube channel. He planned on making food from movies and TV shows. I didn't really have any idea of what I would want to do given the opportunity to be backed by the CIA.

When Carla came back up, I told her that I didn't really have anything and it sounded like they wanted it more because they were willing to kill for it. I told her that I didn't want to be involved.

#

At a separate meeting, she had me meet with Bari Weiss, who was a CIA asset whose entire goal was to be a nominally liberal pundit who was extremely pro-Israel. She was dating another female CIA asset, Kate MacKinnon. She said that she would eventually marry a man to push the narrative that being gay was a fling.



The same day, she had me wait on some Saudi businessmen to try to listen in on their meeting. Her thought was that if the drugs didn't completely work on me, I might make a good spy. I didn't.

#

For this meeting, Carla told me that I would have to wear a suit because I would otherwise look out of place. She said that the operation wasn't exactly on the books but they really wanted to find a "place for me in the organization".

I took public transportation to the location and was invited inside. I was seated on a large leather armchair with an ottoman and presented with a cup of hyocine to drink by a teenage girl in a bikini. I drank it, but then she attempted to sexually stimulate me. I recalled what Anastasia had told me about how Epstein had the girls do that and refused. She tried again and I laid down with my crotch facing the back of the chair so that she couldn't get to me. She looked up, presumably at a camera and said that I wasn't letting her do anything.

At that, the door behind the chair opened and Jeffrey Epstein came out ranting that he was just trying to do something "nice" for me and told me to get my pants back on as the girl had undone the buckle. I asked if he wanted me to leave but he didn't, he had me come inside his office.

There was a fireplace to the right, but we met at his desk on the side of the room. There was an office style full glass window behind him. I asked him if he was Jeffrey Epstein and he said that he was. I told him that I had told Carla that I didn't want anything to do with him because of how he had stolen Anastasia's youth from her. I told him that I loved her and to go fuck himself.

He got mean and said that if I was anyone else he would have the shit beaten out of me. I asked him what that meant and he seemed surprised. He made a comment about being part of one of the most powerful families in the entire world and not even knowing it. I asked him if he meant the Marins and he said whatever they told you, and pulled back from that line of discussion.

He told me that what I felt as love was just a chemical reaction and that he loved all the girls he had slept with and started rattling off a list that started at A. He said he would prove it to me and then had me leave.

As I walked towards the subway, I was pulled aside by a middle-aged woman with short shoulder-length hair. She told me that she wanted to have sex with me and I asked her if Epstein sent her. She pretended like he hadn't for a moment but then dropped the act and said that he was nice to the girls but if she didn't do what he wanted, he would beat her. I didn't want

that to happen so I agreed.

We had sex briefly and a few moments in, she said "I love you", assuming that I would say something like it back. I replied that I didn't but I liked her well enough at which point it stopped and she let me go.

## Chapter Nineteen

2007

I was at a bar with a friend, Bill Cashman, and I recalled part of what happened with Seth. I told Bill that someone I knew who was a "troop" had killed someone in his hometown just before he shipped out and told me. I didn't recall all of the facts at this point, just that. I wrote it off as I recalled it as how in our society at that point, people who were enlisted were basically untouchable.

We were interrupted by someone who said that he was in the military and he strongly disagreed with that statement and it was people like the person I was talking about that gave the troops a bad name. He said that his quartermaster would have a record of the replaced bag and that they would absolutely prosecute him. He gave me a card, but after that

evening, I forgot again.

## Chapter Twenty

2008

I got a call from Carla asking me if I was willing to help convince Claire to continue working with them as she was having second thoughts about going abroad to France. I said that I was dating someone so I wasn't willing to do anything sexual and she clarified that it was nothing like that.

I went to the Conde Nast building where I met with Carla and Brad. They were somewhat quiet and I asked when Claire would be there. They said that she would be coming soon. They led me to the back of a walk-in freezer that was off. I commented that it was warm and they said that they were still setting up things for the kitchen.

They told me to strip down to my boxers and I reiterated that I had a girlfriend and they said that it was just for the

visual effect. I wouldn't have to do anything. I asked if I was meant to be eye candy, which was met with silence. I did as I was told and then they began wrapping me up in plastic wrap. I was confused but went along with it. After I was wrapped, they brought in Claire and told me to talk to her.

It took her a moment to recognize me. I asked her what this was about and she said that she didn't want to leave her friends and family to go off to France. I said that I understood that and turned to Carla and asked her if she really had to go to France. She said that they had invested a lot in Claire and the reason they had wrapped me up was to remind her. If I didn't go, they would dismember me with the meat cutters there and scatter me in the East River. To drive the point home, Brad stuck the point of a kitchen knife through the plastic and into the top of my right breast. The blood spread under the plastic and I let out a shriek of pain.

Claire was shocked and crying and said that no, they wouldn't need to do that. I told her that I thought they were bluffing, that they wouldn't use equipment they ate off of to do that. She said that they didn't care about that - that Carla and her husband were cannibals and that Brad had cooked them "special" meat at a barbecue that they made clear to the other guests was for them alone. Brad shrugged and said that once it's off the person, it's just meat. Claire agreed as

long as they would let me go.

Claire left to go to Paris and Brad left as well. Carla unwrapped me and bandaged my wound. I told her that the next time she called, I would not hep her. She said that was fine and that I shouldn't, that these people wouldn't hesitate to hurt me.

After I left, I met Heather in Elizabeth and we ate at the Tropicana Diner. I told her in broad strokes what had happened and showed her the wound but she didn't believe me.



## Chapter Twenty-One

2009

I had been friends with Ralph Attanasia since at least 2006. He was mutual friends with one of my housemates and they were also in a band together. I was surprised to see, after losing touch with him for a while, that he was on the TV show Cake Boss as a regular. I reached out to him and congratulated him on his stardom and asked if he wanted to hang out to catch up.

He invited me to a dinner party in New Jersey at a banquet hall. I greeted him and we made some small talk and I jokingly told him that the last time I met a bunch of food personalities, they were all involved with the CIA. He went pale. The man next to him told him that he knows what he has to do and that if Ralph didn't, he would and Ralph would not

like the way that he'd handle it.

I was confused. I knew that my mother had mentioned that Ina Garten had been involved in the CIA and had assumed incorrectly that it was common knowledge. My memory of the encounters with Carla were missing most of the negative parts. I just recalled that they were involved with the CIA. I said that the way they were talking, it sounded like they were involved in organized crime. Ralph said that it was basically what it was.

He told me to follow him to the men's room and told me to wait while he got his kit from his car. I begged Ralph not to inject me with it and told him that I could act drugged and his handlers would never know that I wasn't. He said that they would know. He gave me a beer to drink while he prepared the needle to inject me. When he put the needle near my arm, he instead emptied it on the floor and told me that he was my friend and he wouldn't do that to me.

We exited the men's room and I confirmed to his handler that he had drugged me, then Ralph clarified that he had put it in a drink. I looked at him shocked and angry. He told his handler that he would drive me home because I was his responsibility. He said he would tell me that I had too much to drink.

As soon as Ralph put me in his back seat he apologized,

saying that he was such a terrible friend for drugging me. I agreed with him and asked him how he got mixed up with the CIA. He said that his grandmother had gotten sick and he had mentioned it at work. One of the producers on the show offered him a deal. He would commit to doing something that would be a suicide mission in about a decade and the CIA could provide his grandma with an experimental treatment that could extend her life by up to seven years.

He said that he saw it as a deal similar to Roald Dahl's *The Witches*, where the grandson was transformed into a mouse with a shortened lifespan and would live for about as long as his grandmother. He would also be an agent in the meantime, but would have to murder someone he knew for initiation. I asked him who it was and he said that it was a friend from LARPing and the CIA had covered up the death and he had to dump the body in a river.

I asked him if his grandmother would agree with what he was doing and he said that he hadn't told her. I had figured that, but I asked him if he thought that she would be okay with that. He said that she told him that she would do anything to avoid dying and he figured that his actions were in line with her wishes. I told him that I thought he should ask her, indirectly and maybe reconsider his actions.

I told him that he wasn't a terrible friend; that by

drugging me he saved me from what his handler had planned for me. He dropped me off at my parents house and we resolved to meet up again, but he said that we couldn't discuss what had happened.

I texted him the next day and asked if there was some safe space we could discuss it and he said there was nowhere safe.

#

A few weeks after finding out that Ralph was CIA, he invited me over to his apartment to hang out. I arrived late afternoon and he introduced me to his girlfriend, Paige. I did not recognize her at the time but she recognized me as her charge from a CIA recruitment trip I was sent on in New Orleans in 2006. She just said Hi and afterwards, I turned to Ralph and asked him if we could talk about the CIA.

Paige turned to him and angrily accused him of not drugging me when he was supposed to. He said that he had, but it didn't take. I backed up his side of the story as it was the truth. She told him that if it didn't work he should have done it again or told someone. I told her that I assumed that he had invited me over to drug me again.

She told him that if he did it incorrectly, maybe she should. She then threatened him that she would have sex with me as a punishment to him. He sullenly retorted, "Do what you

have to do," and I insisted that I had a girlfriend. He gestured at me and said that I didn't want to and she said that it didn't matter.

She gave me a full vial or two in a cup of diet soda and had me drink it. Then, she told me to go into the bedroom and she took off her top. She got close to me and shut the door and told me to make noises like I was having sex. She made noises and I didn't know what kind of sound I made but she told me to stop because it didn't sound anything like sex.

She had me sit down and I asked her why she was going along with whatever the CIA had planned if it meant Ralph would die. I said that if she was his girlfriend she must have some attachment to him. She agreed that she liked Ralph but the Agency had big plans for him. I asked her what big plans entailed. She said that if this didn't work, she would have Ralph wrap me in a rug and dump me in a river, so she would discuss some of it. I told her that Ralph wouldn't want to do that and she replied that he's already done things he hasn't wanted to.

She began by telling me that being in intelligence is less about spying and more about killing people that could potentially be a problem. The mission of the agency was to keep the racial breakdown of America relatively the same, which generally meant sabotaging minority communities to

prevent them from growing or becoming more influential. She said that she was involved to fight for what she saw as the real America, the one with no economic opportunities and crumbling infrastructure compared to the relatively well off urban areas on the coasts. I replied that just because the buildings looked nicer didn't mean that people were much more well off. She doubted that, but went on.

She said that this was all surrounding the 2020 election and that the ultimate goal of the plans was to institute open fascism. I questioned why fascism and she said that she didn't know, that the architects had possibly determined that was the ideal form of government to preserve the most number of lives. She then went on to say that there would be a lot coming that would mean hard decisions would have to be made.

First, she said that in 2016, two candidates would run against each other - both very unlikeable. The Democrats would likely run Hillary Clinton and the CIA had a very unlikeable candidate lined up. After a long and vitriolic election cycle, their unlikeable candidate would win, with the appearance of being helped by outside foreign actors. In reality, it would be the CIA influencing the election.

He would be used to implement some of the worst policies imaginable. It would be a trial balloon for the upcoming fascist state. He would use the excuse of a caravan of

migrants to institute concentration camps and use it as motivation for being a terrible, unlikeable president. Eventually, she said, he would be impeached but not removed from office.

Parallel to that, she and Ralph would get engaged and he would make efforts to become an actor. The engagement would run long and they would never marry and his attempts at becoming an actor would fail. This would serve as a narrative for why he would then assassinate the president during the Easter Egg Roll at the White House. This would serve to have his Vice President be the candidate in 2016 and continue with more or less the same administration.

There would be other factors involved in pushing America towards fascism. In late 2019 an agency would release a virus that Paige was told was a weapon of war in China from a lab in the Wuhan province. It would prevent China from taking a larger role on the world stage but she was told that it wasn't really going to spread here. It would be used as an excuse to institute a quarantine, which would be in place during the big event - a 4 km asteroid that would hit near Venezuela on April 29th 2020. It was large enough that it would wipe out part of South America, Cuba, and Haiti. She was not clear on the exact date, I guessed based off the context - I believed it to be 1998OR2 which clearly did not hit.

With all of that happening, the idea was that the only viable way forward for America would be a fascist state. Eight years of a far-right government would lock up the Supreme Court for the next half-century and it would be impossible to pull society to the left once such a government was entrenched.

I questioned this as she told me about it. I asked why fascism and why not socialism or communism? She offered Venezuela as an example of a failed socialist state, at which I replied by saying that the CIA had a long history of sabotaging socialist and communist nations. There wasn't a good example of the system working because the CIA always intervened.

I said that it sounded like she would be in the public eye. How did she know that they wouldn't have Ralph or whoever would actually be the trigger man kill her, too? She replied that she was loyal and that part of the plan involved her going on TV and pushing the narrative that the CIA had set up. They would give her money in a one-time payment to live off of.

I asked her if there was a way for all of this to happen without Ralph dying. She said that if he didn't do it, some other patriot would. I asked her how she could do that to someone who she cared about. She said that she liked Ralph,



but her mission came first. She said that the reason she agreed to be with him was because he reminded her of me and how kind I was when she escorted me through the program in New Orleans. I told her that I didn't remember and she said that I wouldn't. She told me a bit about what happened, but nothing too specific. I would remember it on my own, later.

I then offered to help plan a takeover of the architect's house. I remember being there and the layout. She listened but didn't really take me seriously. I think she was listening to determine what I knew.

At that point she said that it was time to stop talking and told me to lay down next to a rolled up rug and watch TV. I fell asleep at that point and was awoken shortly after by Ralph telling Paige that he had looked me up on her handheld and that I was on a protected list. He told me to get up and I apologized, saying that I must have had too much to drink.

I feigned not remembering anything and Ralph drove me back to the train station. I told him on the way some of Paige's mission but I specifically told him that she did seem to really care for him. If there was another option, she might take it. He dropped me off at the platform and told me that his life was too dangerous for us to keep hanging out. I agreed.

She also mentioned that Pete Buttigieg would run and that

he and Chasten were both CIA groomed for the role. They would also push Bernie Sanders to run and lose - "discrediting socialism".

#

On the train ride back from Ralph's, I felt the memory of what I had learned slipping away, so I began repeating it to myself in my head. I might have made a note in my phone but I found it difficult to operate.

As soon as I got in, I rushed home and told both of my parents that "Cake Boss Ralph was going to kill the next President." I had no memory of their previous association with the CIA so I had no reason to distrust them at the time. I mentioned the flu-like disease and the asteroid, but my mind was fixated on that one phrase. I couldn't stop repeating it, so they called a neurologist. I don't recall his name but I selected it from the phone book.

He made a house call and diagnosed it as a benzo loop. He said that it was due to a thought getting stuck in my head while being under the influence of hyocine which he was aware of being used by the CIA. My parents asked him how he could know that and he said that he had come across it once or twice before. He said that the solution would be to give me another dose and do my best to clear my head while under the influence. I didn't want to forget, but it was so persistent

that I didn't really think I had a choice. After I took it, he told me that I would have to be held for a mandatory observation period at the local hospital. I didn't have a choice, so I went with him. After around an hour or two, a CIA station chief came and drugged me again. He said that they were government secrets, not my secrets and to let them go. If I didn't forget them they would have to kill me.

I was released after an overnight stay and told my father that I still remembered everything. I insisted on doing something, so he made an appointment at the New York State Federal building a couple days later. The person we met with there said that if it had to do with the CIA, it was outside of his jurisdiction and that they knew more about the structure of America than anyone. He drugged me but not my father. I promised my father that I would leave it alone as long as he told Nan and Pop Pop to get out of Florida before the asteroid hit. He agreed.

After that, I wrote down the things other than the asteroid, which I knew I couldn't do anything about on my own. Wuhan, the 2020 election and planned assassination, and contacting Senator Sanders would be the things I could try to affect. I decided that I had to do something, so I thought about what I could possibly do to set something in motion ten years in advance.

I decided on two things - I would send an e-mail or letter to Senator Sanders, who Paige had confirmed was not part of the CIA. I would also meet with my friend Frankie Huang, who was an aspiring journalist. I would tell her what I knew about the coronavirus and the hopes that it could be prevented. I texted Frankie and asked if she would be able to meet in person about something related to being a journalist. She agreed to meet with me at the outside food court at Penn Station.

After confirming that, I created a burner AOL account and wrote an email to Bernie Sanders. I told him that the CIA was planning something around the 2020 election and he would be pushed into entering the race. They did not think he would be able to win but I thought he could. I said that if he was able to push the youth turnout and run a strong issues based campaign, he had a chance. He would have a lot of opponents but he would have the strongest message. He would also need to be aware of the labyrinthine caucus rules. If he made it to the general election, his opponent on election day would not be the same one he was initially running against. I sent the message and nearly immediately received a reply saying that he was aware of rumblings around 2020 and that he was shown my email. I deleted the account after that.

A few days later, I met with Frankie at Penn Station.

However, as soon as I got there, I was ambushed by Paige and a taller male CIA agent. She asked me why I had contacted Frankie and she was interested in what I was planning to tell her. I stammered that it was nothing, but she insisted on putting a wire on me and told me that if I said anything, they would kill me.

I met with Frankie, who had a bowl of miso soup. I tried to think of how I could communicate in any way. The best I could do was write the word "Wuhan" on a piece of paper and ask her if she knew what it was. She said that it was a province in China and asked why I wrote it. I said that something was going to happen there in 10 years, but I couldn't say. She became frustrated and left.

Paige and the other agent returned and said that Frankie was drugged via the soup and wouldn't remember, then drugged me too. She said that I hadn't revealed any state secrets but they would be keeping a close eye on me.

#

I had taken the train in to Manhattan for a show. I was dressed in a suit, so it was probably a World/Inferno show. As I walked past the entrance to the Conde Nast building, I locked eyes with Brad Leone, just barely recognizing him, but shrugged it off. He recognized me too, and caught up with me, handing off his drink to a friend.

"Do I know you," he asked. I said maybe and introduced myself. I asked him if maybe he had played with my band and he said that wasn't it. He asked me if I had ever been in the test kitchen and I said no, not to my recollection. He said that he thought I had and I told him that I felt like knew him but really couldn't place it. He then said he remembered and described tying me up in a metal container to threaten someone - black ops shit.

I replied that I hadn't been involved to my recollection but if that's what it was. He said that he needed me to come inside and file a report. He sat me down at the front desk and went inside. He returned a few minutes later with a cup and a soda. He said, "Here's the deal - there's a termination order out on you and they want me to kill you, but I'm not going to do that. They put me in charge of this station and I don't think that it's a good idea to go killing people all the time."

"Thank you for not killing me, I guess," I replied, shocked.

He set the cup down between us. "No problem. So here's what's going to happen. I'll pour you a nice sodee with something to help you forget all this." He poured it in to the soda. "Now just take a nice drinkeee drink and I'll wait here with you until you're done." I shook my head at his casual

demeanor but did as I was told. He suggested that I drink alcohol later to help with the forgetting, which I did at the show. I recall it was at Irving Plaza and I told Kevin Rankin what had happened, but he didn't believe me.

## Chapter Twenty-Two

2010

I had just ended a temp assignment from Leapforce and was having anxiety about where I would be able to find a new job. Rick said to wait before I did anything and then called Jean from his home office. He told her that it might be time and Jean replied that "He'll never go for it". Rick said that he knows me and that if I saw what was being offered, that I would take it. She agreed to set it up.

My parents came to me and told me that I was a prince of the Reich. They explained that it was mostly an American organization with some Germans still involved. If I agreed to it and passed a test, I would be in charge of it. I agreed to try it, it certainly sounded better than navigating the post-Great Recession job market.



About an hour later, a man arrived driving a cargo van. I was told to go in the back with a blond woman. She drugged me and gave me a new smart phone. It was a live line and on the other end was Aubrey Plaza. I asked her if it was really her and she sent a photo of her to prove it. It was her in the dark looking at the phone.

I was confused as to why they had her call me. She said that if I took the job that she was one of the people I'd be hanging out with. Without a filter due to the drug, I asked her if she was interested in having sex with me, to which she laughed and said that maybe if we hung out and "vibed". Then she had to leave to go back to set.

After the call, the blond woman had undressed and went to have sex with me. I recoiled because it was unexpected and sudden. I asked her what she was doing and she said that she had just wanted to do what they told them in training and "take what she wanted". After my reaction, she withdrew and clothed herself again.

The first stop in the city was Takeshi Sushi. I met with a man who had me sign documents from One Irving Plaza Corp to become a part-owner of the company. It would have provided me with around 10k per month. The money was laundered through restaurant to me. I signed and then ordered food at the restaurant which I paid for with my debit card.

I was told that most of the people I would be meeting with were either authorized to know what was going on or, if not, under the same drug. I was encouraged to ask the ones who were drugged their deepest secrets for future use as blackmail.

My next location was a meeting with one of the two brothers who made up the duo Wicked Kitchen. I became aware of their YouTube channel much later - at the time they were were working with Tesco. He had out a sampling of grilled vegetables covered in different sauces. I commented that there was a lot of sugar in that and he replied that it wasn't more than you would find at a restaurant.

I asked him why he didn't have any tofu or seitan out and he said that he did have recipes for that but this was the kind of stuff he ate normally. I asked him how long he spend in the gym and he said around an hour every day. I said that he must in order for him to be able to build those kind of muscles without that much protein.

I told him that I wasn't a vegetarian but the one plant substitute I would like is a replacement for canned tuna. I used to eat it as a child until I started getting allergic reactions to it. He mentioned that Lorma Linda had most of the market for vegetarian seafood alternatives covered. I replied that I wasn't familiar with them and would try them out. He

then mentioned that their food lines were mostly high end to which I suggested the bagged seasoned tuna packages.

My next and final stop was a brothel/club disguised as a storefront in Manhattan. I was greeted by a man named John who brought me up in a freight elevator at the back of the "store". He brought me first to what was basically a dimly lit area that was sparse - sort of like a back stage green room. He left me there with some people while he got everything ready for me upstairs.

There were three people in the room. Ninja, who was a pro gamer and had recently started streaming on his own, his bodyguard, and a naked girl who was sitting on Ninja's lap. He introduced himself and we discussed what kind of video games he played. I said that sounded fun and I asked if I could stream with him sometime and he said that he had an image of a young rock star. I mentioned that I used to be in a band but mostly did office work now.

While we were talking he was doing cocaine and having sex with the girl. I asked her how old she was and she said that she was 16. I said that was fucked up and Ninja replied that he was only 19 so the age difference wasn't that big. I replied that I guess not but it didn't seem like she was there only having sex with people within a legal range.

I turned to his bodyguard who was on his phone to ask him

what he thought of it. He replied that it was a free show and went back to what he was doing. At that point, John returned and asked me to come up in the elevator with him. He said that everything was ready. For me to get everything, I would have to kill someone.

As I entered the elevator, I recognized him in the different lighting. He was the actor John Krasinski from The Office. I stammered out recognition and pronounced his last name with "s" pronounced as in snake. He quickly corrected me by informing me that pronunciation was more frequently used by Jewish immigrants while he pronounced it "Krachinski" because he wasn't Jewish. I was taken about how quickly he was to defend how his name was pronounced and how he chose to phrase it.

We reached the destination a couple floors up. The area looked like a nightclub. For some reason I recall a basketball court - it may have been on a poster or the "club" may have been a VIP area at a basketball stadium. All I know for sure is that it was in Manhattan.

Leaving the elevator, I reminded him that I was supposed to be dosed at each location. He expressed surprise that I was being drugged considering that I was the heir. He got a drink for me and when I drank it, I replied that I was surprised that I was designated heir over someone like him but I guessed

that it was due to genetics.

He introduced me to Steve Carell and his wife Nancy, Seth Meyers, and called over Ed Helms. Then, talking to one or all of them, I'm not sure who exactly he was addressing at this point, but he said that when he was growing up, he would tell friends on the drug to do anything and they would do it. He had even convinced one of them to jump off a roof.

Looking around for ideas of what he would instruct me to do, he settled on a nude woman to my right. He told me to have sex with her. I said okay and turned towards her but then stopped and asked him wouldn't she mind? He seemed frustrated that I hadn't acted immediately and explained that was what she was there for - why else would she be walking around naked?

The logic made sense to me in that state, I did what he had told me to and the woman pulled away in shock. I didn't penetrate her but I came close enough that she realized what I was trying to do. I was confused. For some reason I thought she had heard him and that it was expected - I looked at him in confusion and then back at her.

I tried to explain what he had said and apologized saying that I wasn't trying to hurt her. John, in a commanding voice told both of us, that was what she was there for. I told her that I didn't want to if she didn't but she quickly covered

her emotions and said that it was fine. She turned back to dismiss the couple she had been talking to and then turned back to me. We then had sex in front of everyone. I think Ed Helms gave me a high five.

Afterwards, I thanked her and realized that she had been talking with the couple to plan an encounter in one of the rooms. It was at that point that I realized that there were rooms. I apologized and said that she could go with them now, but she replied that she had to get cleaned up. I turned around as she left and my memory of what had just happened went away.

John had left to check on something, presumably the person who I was supposed to kill. I turned to Steve Carell and said that I had to shake his hand. He said that he didn't really want to do that because I had just raped someone. At that I was in order - confused then horrified. I said that after what had happened in college, I had done everything I could to not do something like that ever again. I was confused and didn't even remember what had happened minutes ago.

He realized that I was serious and offered me a ride out of there. I agreed and quickly used the bathroom then took the elevator down. I threw out the smartphone they had given me on the way out. He guided me to a waiting car and I sat in the limo on the passenger side facing him and Nancy. She was

terrified of me, she had seen the sex after I had spoken with the woman as a brutal rape. I tried to explain how I couldn't remember exactly what had happened but only Steve was really interested in talking with me.

He asked me where I lived and I told him Suffern and that I usually took a train from Penn Station home. He had hoped to drop me off at a location within the city. I was clearly in a vulnerable state and he didn't want me to do anything or for anything bad to happen to me. I replied that the drug was only really effective when the person who gave it to me told me to do something. I should be able to retain control. I told him that I would get a jelly and a strawberry donut at Dunkin Donuts in Secaucus, but would otherwise go directly home. This satisfied Steve.

I told him about how John was specific about how his name was pronounced and told him that I was pretty sure that the CIA were Nazis. He didn't seem to think that was true, so I asked him about how they recruited him. He said that they had found him when he was hosting a radio station in college. They had arranged their marriage and told them to have kids together to strengthen their bond.

He said that they mostly called them up for movies that had messages about having kids. They had the drug at home in case people overheard that they were off doing a CIA film. I

suggested that if they had any doubts about how powerful that drug was that if they ever drug their son to tell him to do jumping jacks. Steve was taken aback and said that he would never just drug his son and I couldn't articulate that what I had meant was in the case that he had to for one of the reasons he had the drug, but I dropped it.

He said that part of the reason Nancy had referred to the sex as brutal was because he was a timid lover, something that John had heard him talking about and inserted into the show. It was more John's show now - he had convinced the CIA to use it as a platform for up and coming new assets. He had a plan to leave the show as his contract was coming up in the next few weeks. He was going to suggest that it might be his last season and see what the CIA would say.

Recalling Shelly Long's exit from Cheers, I suggested maybe implying that he would like to do more movies. I had forgotten that was what drew Jean's ire - I just gave advice based off the association. It did seem like a different situation, though, as he was established and a CIA asset rather than someone they were just trying to control.

As we reached Penn Station, I told him to keep his eyes and ears open. I really thought that there was something wrong with the CIA. I thanked him and Nancy and took the first train out.



At Secaucus, a CIA agent stopped me to make sure that I was making it back safe. When I got home, I told my parents that I wanted nothing to do with Nan's friends ever again.

#

I was left in a funk after the attempted recruitment and didn't want to leave the house. I was encouraged to put my name in to the staffing agency R J Staffing and did a short stint at a non-profit that helped with people who didn't have full mobility. I recall that the earthquake in Haiti occurred at the end of that assignment.

A few days later, I received a call saying that another assignment had become available and they wanted me. I was dubious of that, but they had Anna, the office manager, call me and tell me about the job. It was temp to hire and they wanted someone familiar with comic books as DC Comics was one of their clients. I agreed to come in and my first day was around President's Day.

I was introduced to everyone. I recognized Yesenia Velez from a small gathering at a house with my friends but I don't think she recognized me. I also met Alan Cambey, who I didn't recognize but had met many times before. Most of the people were busy with post-holiday work, so I was initially trained on data entry for qualification cards.

A few days into working there, Anna pulled me aside, gave

me something to drink, and brought me into the handicap bathroom to have sex. Alan returned from "lunch" and knocked on the door insisting that we stop. He told Anna that I wasn't part of the group of people that knew about this and that my family had sent me there to be "safe". I was surprised, then drugged further.

In my time there, initially up to the point where I got engaged, I was pulled aside by various female employees in upper management to have sex. I was always drugged and outside of the encounters, they treated it like it never happened.

I was once asked to "perform" with a female co-worker in the main conference room where several people watched. I was also invited, with that same employee, to act as "paragons" - naked statues at the entrance of an orgy at Alan's house. I allowed a guest to perform oral sex on me, which led to Alan kicking me out, not paying me, and pulling in the caterer to take my place.

One time, my sister Laura dropped me off and Alan drugged me and asked me if he could eat her as he had planned to 15 years prior. I waited in the vestibule in front and Karen G was aware of what he was saying and doing. Alan also told me that Tony killed his friend in the 70's.

After I was engaged, the sex stopped, mostly. Alan raped and then forced me to rape a fellow employee after we had made

a mistake on a large order. He would also take female employees, including both of his daughters out to "lunch" where he would drug and have sex with them.

In June, I was sent to Folio, a trade show in New York City. I ran into Carla Lalli Music at the bar outside of a panel she was on and she commented that it was a familiar scene. I was confused and asked her if I knew her to which she said yes, but that I wouldn't remember and shouldn't try to. After returning to the office, Diane took me aside and told me that Cambey & West was CIA and most of the people who worked there had been involved with it directly or indirectly.

#

I was gathered with Heather's friends Kat, Jason, Rita and Doug for a moving to Texas "party" for Heather in New York City. We went to various locations: the Nintendo Store, a tropical zoo, a park, and an Italian family style restaurant in Manhattan. I don't remember the specific itinerary. Close to the park, though, I wandered off for a bit as heather was buying something at Duane Reade. The others were waiting for us at the park.

I noticed a bookstore with some type of event going on inside. As I tried to get a closer look, a man approached me and asked if I had a death wish. I took a step back and said that I didn't mean to violate a security boundary, I was just

trying to see what was going on. He said something to the effect of nice try and that there was a termination order out on me.

I asked him what that meant and told him that it had to be a mistake. He pulled out his device and said that it doesn't make mistakes. I asked him to doublec check and he did and showed me - it was a picture of me on an old monochrome lcd screen. It said terminate - to kill on sight. He pulled me in through a metal door and zip-tied me, barefoot, to a metal chair.

He stepped over to the right and started looking through several blunt metal tools. I was drugged and I asked him to please check with a person first. I didn't think it was possible for me to have such an order out on me. I told him that I was with people and that they would be looking for me - he said that he was going to cut me up into so many pieces that they would never find a trace of me.

Selecting his implement, he walked over to me. I shouted for help at a young man who I could see through a crack in the door. He ran, I don't know if he ever reported it. The man asked me which one of my fingers I used the most. He said that he would alternate between fingers and toes and then teeth. He had a pair of dull wire cutters up against the sides of my right index finger and moved to squeeze when there was a knock

on the door.

He set down his tool and opened the door slightly - it was Carla Lalli-Music. She said that she had gotten an alert that there was a security situation and wanted to check on it. She recognized me in the chair and pulled the man outside. I could overhear their words.

She said that her husband was trying to start a war that he couldn't win. She said that she had me placed in Cambey & West and that I seemed to be doing well with the program. She told him that those were the people who signed his checks and let him do what he did and that if he killed me they would retaliate.

He recognized who she was talking about and recalled that he had interacted with me several times as a child. They let me go and I tried to tell Heather's friends, but they didn't believe me.

## Chapter Twenty-Three

2011

I made the decision in spring 2011 that I was going to go to E3 and to try to meet people in the industry. I scheduled most of the week prior to the show off from work and booked a room at Level Furnished living. The time off was right after a visit to Heather in Texas, who I did not tell about the trip. I didn't have tickets to E3 proper, but I knew that there were a lot of pre-show events that I might be able to get into on my good looks and charm alone.

After settling in at the room and buying sheets and groceries at a local store, I walked over to the convention center to get my bearings. Outside of the center, I spotted three men who I walked up to.

I told them that I was out of college and looking to

break in to the video game industry and asked them if they knew of any events going on. The tallest said that they had just finished setting up their booth and were about to get drinks and invited me along. They introduced themselves as Pete Hines, Todd Howard, and one other person whose name escapes me.

We walked a couple blocks to a restaurant and were seated at a table near the window. I had my back to the front of the restaurant, Todd was directly across the table from me and Pete was to my left. I told them that I was familiar with their games but hadn't really played them because I didn't really have a PC. I told him that it was pretty much a choice for me between Morrowind and Ocarina of Time and picked the latter.

Pete said that Morrowind was optimized to run on pretty much anything, but Skyrim, their newest game would be pretty demanding on PC. I asked them about Fallout: New Vegas which turned out to be a big sore spot. They felt like upper management didn't trust them with the IP and didn't give them much of a choice. I was confused as the game looked like it shared a lot of assets. I had also commented that most of the popular mods for their games seemed to be adding visual effects like godrays and bokeh effects.

They clarified that they built the engine and a lot of

the assets but another studio made the game and they just published it. I made an analogy to Majora's Mask, though they reminded me that was still first party Nintendo. I mentioned that Nintendo did let Capcom use the Zelda IP and Link's Awakening assets for the Oracle games, which Pete seemed interested in.

The discussion turned to a potential "side-quel" game for the next Fallout, which I was surprised was already in development. Pete mentioned that they had been experimenting with online and that it could be a good fit. He mentioned a recent trip to West Virginia and I chimed in with my own trip there.

There was mention of how quest content would work and I asked if their players were likely to roleplay between each other. They agreed and I suggested that they look to something like Space Station 13 as inspiration. They have crafting systems for everything including chems - which Pete said fit well with the Fallout IP. There was also discussion of several smaller cities and West Virginia's proximity to DC, the setting of Fallout 3.

I asked them why they didn't re-release Morrowind for newer consoles, and they said that there were a lot of problematic themes like rape and slavery prominent in their older games, even in Fallout 3. There was brief discussion



about the Elder Scrolls Online, which they were also a bit irked at having to allow another studio to make. I said that it seemed for them to learn about how to run an online game and potentially serve as a platform to revisit the provinces people miss from their earlier games.

The conversation turned to mobile games, which was something I had a lot of interest in as a concept. I believed that mobile games would follow a similar trajectory to PC games as the hardware improved. Other than touch controls, the architecture was more or less the same, so a game could start its development cycle on significantly more advanced hardware than what was out at the time and by the end of its development cycle be higher quality than games developed on contemporary hardware.

There was a game, I believe that it was Infinity Blade, that was developed in Unity that I used as an example. It was pretty basic combat but it looked pretty. If that was something that fit their IP, a similar model could work. Todd mentioned plans for a management sim, which became Fallout Shelter. Pete mentioned also adding a town and quests to the game that ended up being Blades.

Around that point, I said that I had run into CIA people in the past in large cities and asked them if they had ever run into anyone like that. They said no, but then Todd got up

and said he was going to get another round. He returned with drinks and I picked the one closest to him. As I drank it, I immediately felt the effects of hyocine and said so. Pete again said that he didn't know anything about that and, at that point, the others left and it was just me and Todd.

So I said to him that I guessed he was CIA. I asked him how he knew that I'd drink the one with the drugs in it and he clarified that he drugged all of them. I asked if the others would be okay. He said that they would be fine and all had drivers to get them home. He said that they would be better off than me.

He asked me where I was staying and I told him. I said that most of the time when I was drugged like that, I would just be left to leave, but he said that he liked to see it through. I wanted to stay to get another drink, but Todd didn't want to be recognized. He insisted that we walk back to my hotel.

On the way, he gestured for me to come look at the LA river basin. He said that a lot of films shot there and that I should go down to check it out. I realized that it was far too steep and that he was trying to get me to kill or injure myself. I sat down against the barrier and refused to look. He gave that up and told me to get up to go to my hotel. He tried to get me to cross the street into traffic, which I also

resisted by hanging on to the crosswalk post.

When we got to the hotel, he asked my room number and said that he would be back. I went to my room and emailed myself the contents of my iPod Touch's notes, which included my flight number and terminal number as a reminder that this happened. I then laid down to try to combat the effects of the drug by centering myself. A few minutes later, Todd returned.

He had a bag from a pharmacy with razor blades. He started filling the bathtub with water and tried to convince me to slit my wrists. He said that the narrative of me meeting my favorite developers and then killing myself made sense. I reminded him that I hadn't really heard of any of them until tonight, which at the time I didn't realize was a lie.

I told him that it wasn't going to happen and to stop trying. I sat up on my bed and talked to him. I asked if he wanted to make out, to which he replied that he was married with two kids. I replied that I had a girlfriend and that I didn't know why I had asked him that. He said that he had heard that it was a side effect of the drug.

I told him that I'd survived being hunted in the streets of Brooklyn. He said that he'd done a hunt like that. I was furious at hearing this. I asked him if he loved his children. He said yes, that he read stories to them, tucked them in, and tried to be a good parent. I told him that every single person

that he killed had people who loved them just as much, if not more. He said that he was starting to feel bad about that and I told him that he should.

Then, looking at him in his track suit, I realized who he was. I asked him slowly, if he had been a tour guide at William and Mary. He said yes, when he was there. I then asked him what he remembered about his recruitment. He said that he didn't remember much, but that they told him that he was ruthless. I let out a hollow laugh and told him that was a lie. He looked confused and I told him that I was there.

He had a vague recollection of there being children at the dinner. I told him that he was drugged and that the last thing he wanted to do was to kill his friend. He said her name and that she was the only girl allowed into chess club. I realized that he had loved her, at least as a friend and possibly more. He agreed.

I told him that every step of the "recruitment" he had tried to save her, up until the point where Jean directly ordered him to. Even then, he was crying and apologized. I asked him what they told him about why he was being recruited and he said that it was because he was the best at what he did. I told him that Jean said that it was because of he was of average intelligence and he wanted it enough so he was easy to manipulate. He was insulted, but I reminded him that was

what \*they\* said. Intelligence wasn't a scale from 1-100; people are intelligent in different ways. I told him that his presence here was an indicator that he was at the top of his field.

He seemed conflicted. He asked me if I knew about the Reich. I tried to remember and recalled one time when Rick told me about it in high school then drugged me when I started freaking out. I told Todd that it sounded familiar. I asked him about it and he told me that they took him out to an island on a lake in Ohio and told him about how the Germans had won World War II and secretly invaded. I asked him if that meant he was a Nazi and didn't think that Jewish people were people.

He said that they believed that some people were more prone to be intelligent than others. He then mentioned his friend and coworker Adam Adamowicz as someone he knew who was Jewish and brilliant. He then mentioned that he had terminal lung cancer. I said that I was sorry to hear that, then asked him if he thought that the Reich had anything to do with him getting sick.

He didn't think so, but I said that it seemed like the kind of thing they would do. Artistic control over what they considered "their" projects seemed like a big deal to them. He did say that they had helped find two promising artists, one

of which was already working with them. I asked him if Adam had family who died in the Holocaust. He said that he didn't know for sure, but probably. He said that he didn't know for sure, but probably. So I said, go against the Reich for him.

Todd initially balked at the idea, saying that he had killed people after his initiation. Competition for jobs and people eaten by the Reich. I told him that I think I might have eaten human flesh, too, and I think that I have caused people to be killed, but letting the Reich continue to run things wasn't the future for America.

He seemed to be on the fence, so I asked him if he thought that the Reich could remain a secret forever. If he thought it could then there really wasn't anything I could say about going against it that would sway him further. If he thought that it would go public, then his choice was to either sink with it or have some semblance of a life after by helping to bring it down. That seemed to give him the resolve. He agreed.

We started talking about how the CIA had infiltrated the gaming industry and how it could be exposed or dismantled. He initially had the impression that this would be immediate but I told him that it was likely that it would take around ten years to gather enough evidence on something so complex and that we would need at least several politicians in both houses

of congress to have enough momentum.

He asked me about a demo they were doing the next day, if he should get someone else to present it. I told him that he would still have to work there and keep up appearances to the CIA and Reich. He said that he might have trouble doing it, but I told him to look at this as a new mission.

One thing he suggested was bringing back the Wolfenstein franchise, which they had acquired with id software. He told me that the Reich specifically disliked it due to the nature of the IP.

He also agreed that it would be good to minimize harm to Bethesda and at the same time humble his cultivated rock star image by taking steps to show that other people worked there. He would do this by showing off more concept art, more of the people involved in the design process and putting other members of the studio out on stage.

We discussed in what ways the CIA had infiltrated the gaming industry and he said that he had a counterpart at Rockstar Games. One of the team members at BGS was CIA but not Reich. He also explained that the Xbox architecture was built in a way that sent more data than was disclosed to the companies for analysis.

For example, Todd said, there was one quest in Skyrim that's design was inspired by an old spy recruitment test. The

player was presented with three people, all of whom they're told deserve to die. The player is supposed to select one and kill them. If the player kills just one without interrogating any of them, that player is flagged as a recruitment prospect as they've indicated a willingness to kill but also follow orders. Their earlier games Morrowind and Fallout 3 had explicit psychographic tests as part of character creation.

I asked him if any of the mods that were built for their games were analyzed in this way. He said that none of them really matched the quality of their content in a way that would be useful for that. That sentence stuck with me after the wipe and inspired me to involve myself with the Skyrim modding community.

Todd said that he had some recollection of me being on the Daggerfall beta test forum on Compuserve. I was there as marIQ and accidentally outed him as a CIA agent at one point, which prompted a meeting where some of the BGS staff were spoken to and the thread that I posted in deleted. Ma'iq the Liar was named after me.

We discussed the overall trajectory of the game industry and how the CIA and Reich was encouraging crunch, erasure of individual achievements except for the few chosen, and it being a boy's club. Todd had ideas about how to expose some of that, specifically through a journalist at Kotaku.



As a test of their integrity, he would leak the setting of Fallout 4 to them. He figured that worst case, they don't respect anonymity of him as a source and he can justify it to management as a misguided viral advertising attempt. Best case, he now had a journalist to leak to.

He also shared that the Reich insisted that they use Jeremy Soule, a serial rapist who used his "encounters" as inspiration for the soundtrack for their games. He had already assaulted a woman who they worked with and swept it under the rug. I asked him if he thought he was likely to re-offend and he said yes. I suggested at that time they say that enough is enough and they tell the CIA that they're trying to run a business. That was the type of justification I'd seen work against Jean.

We discussed how he would keep notes about his other dealings with the Reich. He originally planned to keep records on his computer, but I convinced him to keep journals instead. Even if he was high up in the Reich, I didn't think that a digital record would be safe. He was concerned about his wife and kids finding a journal, but he determined that a hidden panel in his safe was the best place to keep them.

I also asked him if he planned to tell the other higher ups at BGS about the truth of the CIA and his role in it. He said that he might try to. He probably would drug them to be

sure of their reaction before telling them everything.

The discussion then turned to the possibility that, after bringing everything to light, he may not be able to work in the game industry ever again. In that case, now would be the best time for him to make his dream game. He had one in mind - Starfield. He described it as Star Trek meets Star Wars. You start out in a Federation type organization, but once you get out there in space running maintenance missions in your shuttle, you find yourself in the midst of a Star Wars style galactic civil war where you are the chosen one.

I asked him how long the development cycle of the game would take - he said about ten years. I commented on the perfect timing of that. He said that it was more or less depending on what other games they made in the meantime. He said that the others seemed to like the idea of the online Fallout game so that would probably get made. The mobile Elder Scrolls game also seemed likely. He was concerned about ESO killing the franchise or at least overshadowing the possibility of an Elder Scrolls 6.

I told him that from a fan's perspective, the worst thing a franchise can do is disavow a work based on it as not up to par. He seemed to agree that they might need to set aside their personal feelings about ESO and maybe give them more resources than they would otherwise. It would also help to let

fans know that this is more or less where the franchise will live for the next decade and that there will be an Elder Scrolls 6.

He mentioned that they would likely skunkworks it and also a Special Edition for Skyrim. We also discussed letting fans know an extended timeline of their future games to ensure that they know that Starfield and TES6 are coming eventually.

Towards the end of the conversation, he said that he would have to send me back to New York because he couldn't afford for me to remember and maybe run into him again. He set up a plane ticket for me at 10 am the next day. I was to check out around 9, then go to the terminal and say that the reservation is under CIA.

He also asked me for my passwords to clear out any emails and financial transactions related to my flight and trip I gave them to him, neglecting to mention the email in limbo that had my flight number. When he left, I told him to try not to kill anyone if he could avoid it, which I regret as it came out unintentionally glib.

I was upset that I would miss the presentations but he told me that they would be livestreaming them as well. I made a mental note of that and went to sleep. I woke up the next morning and took a car to the airport as instructed. I told the woman at the kiosk that my flight was under CIA, which

confused her at first. She entered it in and the software took over her screen and brought up my flight info to her surprise. She asked me if I was an agent. I said no, that I was someone affected by them and that they weren't as "cool" as they were made out to be. I flew back to NYC and watched the Skyrim demo on livestream. Todd seemed to be wearing the same red track suit as he had the night before.

In the following weeks I became engrossed in the Elder Scrolls and Fallout games, eventually becoming an influential figure in the modding community.

Chapter Twenty-Four

2012

Some time after Heather and I moved into the larger apartment, but before our wedding, I woke up in a haze. I realized that I was drugged and couldn't move. I believe that Heather had questioned me about how I felt about Becca and didn't like my answer. I could hear her talking to Margie in the living room over the phone through the door.

Heather was telling Margie that she could feel me slipping away from her. Margie suggested that she could put in a termination order for her but Heather would have to be the one to carry it out. Heather said that she had been having panic attacks from her initiation murder and had hopes that Becca would become a friend. Margie then suggested that she invite Becca over and drug her and tell her to have sex with

me. In her experience (attempting to rape me after finding Super Taboo in my internet history when I was 14) the fantasy is always more appealing than reality.

Heather called Becca over and she arrived just a few minutes later. I was able to hear pretty much everything through the door. Heather gave her a glass of datura. She asked what it was and Heather cagily told her that she had to drink it before she told her. After she did, Heather told her that she wanted her to have sex with me. Becca responded that she didn't need anything to make that happen, she thought that I was hot.

At that point, Becca came in and closed the door behind her and started stripping off her clothes. I told her to wait and tried to explain to her what was going on, but she said that she was going to take full advantage of the permission she had been given. I convinced her to slow down and so she came over and sat next to me in the bed. I explained to her that she had been drugged and that it was affecting her judgment and memory. She told me that she wasn't feeling anything out of the ordinary when aroused and that she just wanted to make me feel good. She confirmed that she was attracted to me prior to being drugged.

I believed that she was in control of her actions, but told her that I still didn't feel comfortable having sex like

this. She offered to fulfill a fantasy of something sexual that wasn't necessarily intercourse, to which I shared a fantasy of waking up to oral sex. She agreed and we played the fantasy out. Afterwards, she washed her face in the bathroom and left.

I went back to sleep briefly, but was woken up by Becca calling Heather on her cell phone. She asked if what had happened really happened. Heather denied it initially, but Becca said that she distinctly remembered putting on makeup earlier. Heather moved rooms so I couldn't hear the rest of the conversation. When I woke up, Heather asked me if I had remembered anything happening and if I was okay and my response was why shouldn't I be?

#

Heather and I went to a party at a house on the east side of the island. It was hosted by a middle-aged woman who I had not met before. There was a keg set up near the garage, but most of the people were in the main area of the ranch style house.

After around an hour, we were given cups of punch. I talked to some people for a bit, then the woman announced that there was a bedroom open if anyone wanted to have sex. A few people went in, including Becca, who I noticed left a few minutes after. I told Heather that I wanted to go in after I

saw Becca go in but wouldn't without permission - Heather said that she had a headache which seemed to be a no, so I didn't. She was sitting with the woman, who I believe was a station chief or at least someone higher up than a regular agent.

Instead, I sat down to talk to people. I overheard Michael Wetzel tell another student that he should let him dissect his father's brain. He said that he had done it before and I asked if he worked with cadavers. He said that no, that he had taken someone who was talking to him at the grocery store and cut open their skull while they were still alive. I decided to take the opportunity to question him further.

I asked him how he got the person to come with him. He said that his family had a drug that he used that made them do whatever he told them to do. I asked if he had killed others and he said yes, he had a lot of different charts on brain structure and he was encouraged by his family to study them. I asked what he did with the bodies and he said that he buried them in the woods by his house. At that point, he stopped himself and asked me why he was telling me this; that it could get him in a lot of trouble.

I painted at his cup and told him that he was drinking the same drug he had access to. He got mad at me and I quickly replied that I hadn't drugged him, pointing at the woman who did. He went up to talk to her and returned, saying that she



told him that no one would remember, so it was okay.

The next day, I asked the other person Michael Wetzel had been talking to if he remembered the conversation. He didn't, so I dismissed my vague recollection as a dream.

#

Heather was on her way back from her lab around the same time I was putting away laundry. When I put away her underwear, I noticed a black CIA memory wipe kit with two vials of scopolamine and a needle. At first I considered leaving it, but instead decided to confront her. I set it on the coffee table and waited a couple minutes for her to arrive home.

I asked her as she walked in where the fuck she had gotten a CIA memory wipe kit. She accused me of going through her things - I reminded her that she had asked me to put away laundry. I told her that this was a big deal and that the CIA had been following me my entire life and I would never be able to trust her unless she told me everything.

She claimed that she was first approached by a male agent at a conference or her school orientation. I asked what happened and she claimed that he looked up her name and told her that she was dating someone that they wanted to keep an eye on. She agreed when they offered to send her parents \$500 monthly.

I asked if anyone else was recruited then, she said that she wasn't sure but named two others - Matt and Christie. I don't know if she was being truthful as she seemed to be lying about her recruitment. I told her that I would never marry her if she was still watching me, so she called her contact and told them that it was off. I told her that she had to drug me so that I wouldn't remember but she thought I just wanted the drugs. She was under the impression I was involved with heroin after I stumbled back drugged to a meetup in NYC. I told her that it was the same drug and they were going to kill me at that point but I talked my way out of it.

She let me take a vial of the drug and threw out the rest. A few days later, we went to a party at Tierra Farris's apartment where she drugged both Heather and I via drinks.

Chapter Twenty-Five

2013

Chapter Twenty-Six

2014

Chapter Twenty-Seven

2015

A few weeks after moving to New Jersey and beginning to work at Cambey & West again, Diane took me aside and told me that I needed to come into the office on Saturday. I initially thought that it was for work and told her I didn't expect to be working on Saturdays. She clarified that it wasn't optional and that it wasn't for work - it was for something CIA related.

I came in and sat at my computer, but was told to come outside. I was drugged and shoved in the back of an SUV. I woke up in a dark woodshed with a workbench, tools, and another person. He was dressed in a tight, formfitting workout outfit. I asked him where we were and he seemed confused.

I rephrased my question and he said New York City. I said it didn't seem like we were but I could tell that we had both been drugged. I asked his name and I replied that we would get out of there, not exactly believing it myself. I asked him where they picked him up from and he said that he was exercising in his neighborhood.

At that point, an agent opened the door to the shed and told me that it was over and to follow him. They closed the door and left the other man in the shed. I was led into the house via a small back stairwell and into a main room. It was Alan Cambey's house and he, his wife Margo, and Music were waiting for me.

Alan said that he had brought me here to ensure that I wouldn't cause anymore trouble for his friend, gesturing at Music. I told him that I just wanted to work and I didn't want to cause trouble. At that point, dishes of food were brought out. He waited for me to see what was on my plate, then told me that it was the man from the shed and that the next time I cause a problem for them it would be me.

I didn't believe him because of the drug. I asked which part of the person it was because it didn't look like human flesh to me, not that I recalled what human flesh looked like. I also requested a beer in an attempt to play it cool. He had one brought out and said for the details about the meat, I would need to ask the chef. At that, Carla came out.

I said that I recognized her and she confirmed that she knew me as well. She said that the meat was from the man's shoulder. I tasted it and felt relieved for a moment - it didn't remind me of pork shoulder, they had to be lying, which I said. She said that she had ground it up and cooked it with some asparagus and shaoxing wine. I believed her then and set it aside.

I asked her if she was still having relationship problems and she sat down on Music's lap, said that they had worked it out and started making out with him and grabbed at Alan's crotch. I asked if Margo was okay with that and she said that he had far too much energy for her alone, and implied that he also had sex with their daughters and that she was okay with that.

I asked how they knew each other and Music said that they had met around 35 years ago and were safari buddies. I asked what they hunted and he gestured at my plate. I told them again that I just wanted to work. At that point, they let me

go to my car that was parked outside to leave.

Instead of driving straight home, I found a police station and stopped there. The officer I spoke with was sympathetic, but told me that if they were CIA and he reported it, they would be notified first. The policy was that anything involving cannibalism or Nazis went to the CIA. I asked him why Nazis and he speculated that the CIA were experts on Nazis.

When I returned home, Heather asked me how the work thing was. I told her that no one from work was there, which she found odd.

Chapter Twenty-Eight

2016

Chapter Twenty-Nine

2017

I drove in to Brooklyn and parked on the East side of Bogart Street a couple of blocks from the venue. I attended the show and had one or two drinks at the bar over the course of the night. No one I knew well had attended, so I mostly kept to myself and used my phone.

At the end of the show, I was standing next to the tables between the bar and stairway down to the street. I noticed a man and woman on a date and overheard the man telling the woman how great the band was and she was clearly not interested. I thought it was a bit funny at first, until the

man offered to get her a drink from the bar - practically insisting. She said that she didn't want anything, but agreed to a water when he insisted. This raised a red flag for me, so I kept him in the periphery of my eyesight.

When he got the water at the bar, he had his back to me for a moment and it looked like he was pouring something in it. His date eyed the glass when she got it and drank it. Her behavior immediately changed and he asked her if she wanted to get out of there and she agreed. I wasn't sure if she was drugged at first - they could have been acting differently towards each other for other reasons, but as the show was letting out, I followed them down the stairs.

At the sidewalk I worked up the nerve to ask her if something was wrong and the man immediately jabbed me in the arm with a needle of hyocine and told me to "Mind your own business." With that, I was positive that she had been drugged and much of my memory surrounding the CIA started to come back to me and I immediately sprang into action. I told him in as authoritative of a tone as I could muster that I was making it my business and demanded to know who his station chief was. He told me at first that he didn't know what I was talking about but he was clearly lying and confused as to why his drugs didn't work on me. I called bullshit when he denied it.

I asked him again who his station chief was and offered



up the name Lampel. Who at the time was the only person in that role I could remember. At that he dropped the act and nodded and asked what he did wrong. I gestured to the woman and said that he drugged her and was clearly going to rape her. She was watching on but not talking. He told me that he was only doing as he was told to do in training.

I asked him what they told him in training and he said that they were told that because they were protecting America that they could take what they wanted. They just had to give whoever they desired the drug first so that they would "understand" and not remember the moment afterwards. I made up a lie that there were other schools of thought on this in the CIA and I was part of a faction that didn't see it the same way. I gave him my name and told him to call his station chief if he didn't believe me or had any questions.

I turned to the woman and asked her if I could call her a cab or something. She slowly said, "Maybe, I'm feeling out of it." The thought struck me that she was in too vulnerable of a state to put in a car or with a stranger and offered my hand, telling her I was parked nearby and could drive her home. She took it and I rushed her to my car, looking back to see if we were being followed. We didn't seem to be.

When we got in my car, I told her that she should shut off her phone because that was how the CIA could track us. She

did and I asked her for her address to input into my GPS. I asked her if he knew where she lived and she said that she had him pick her up from a friend's address for safety. I asked her if there was someone home at her apartment and she said yes, her roommate.

I drove carefully to the apartment building in Astoria and when we got there, I told her to go inside, tell her roommate what had happened and that if she had any questions that I would wait. I asked her to tell her to come out and confirm to me that she had gotten in safely. She left and a couple minutes later, her roommate came out and angrily asked what I had done to her friend.

My first instinct was to be defensive but I took a second and thought about how what the woman explained to her would have sounded. I backtracked and explained that I had witnessed her date slip something in her drink. That I had seen the drug before being used by the CIA and that I had interceded and wanted to make sure that she got back safely and did not go out on another date with that man again. She didn't quite believe me and asked if she should be calling the police on me. I said that if she talked to her friend that she could confirm everything and that I would wait and not leave. I asked her just to not leave my car door open so a rat wouldn't jump in as my car was enough of a mess already.

She went back insite and came out shortly after entering. Her roommate had already gone to bed, but she said that based off what she said, how I was responding, and how her friend was wearing several layers that didn't look to be messed with that she at least believed that I didn't do anything to her. She said that she wasn't sure about the CIA part, but thanked me for getting her friend back safely. She asked if I twas okay to drive and talked with me until I was.

I insisted that the CIA weren't what people thought they were and that people in government really needed to get them under control. She mentioned that she had actually just been nominated by her brother to run for congress against an incumbent. I told her that I'm sure she would be a good candidate and she replied that I couldn't know that because I didn't know her views. I laughed and said that was a fair point. I always assume that younger politicians are generally on the left even though I know that's not always the case.

I asked her what her political beliefs were and she said that they were coming at her opponent from the left. She said that she would be running against Representative Joe Crowley, a Democrat. I asked what group was running against a Democrat and she clarified that it was a primary challenge coming from the Democratic Socialists. She said that she had worked for Bernie Sanders. I expressed that I supported him in 2016 and

felt that he would have won against Trump in the general election. She said that she wasn't as sure - but it did start a movement of challengers from the left.

She mentioned that she was in the process of figuring out how she would campaign and said that she usually goes by Sandy Ocasio-Cortez. I commented that she had three names so she could abbreviate to initials and she clarified that she had a middle name - her last name was just hyphenated. I asked her what her first name was and she clarified that it was Alexandria. I made a comment that AOC sounded better than SOC and we discussed a bit of how she planned to campaign. I asked her if she did make it into Congress to do what she could about looking into the CIA.

She offered to let me use the restroom before I left. I briefly came in and met her boyfriend before using the facilities and driving home. I stopped at State Line Diner on the way home, as well.

#

I had driven in to the city to see World/Inferno Friendship Society open for a Slackers Christmas show. After World/Inferno's set, I left early and dropped off Kevin Rankin in Astoria. I drove back to Suffern and parked in a lot downtown to walk around and play Pokemon Go, when a man with a pickup truck waved me over. I cautiously approached and he

asked me if I had gone to high school with Vanessa Beuschel.

I said that I had and he asked my name, which he seemed to already know. He entered it into a handheld device that I recognized as being used by the CIA. He said that I was on a protected list but that shouldn't be an issue because he wasn't planning to hurt me. He asked me if I was willing to help her. I asked if she was in trouble and he assured me that she was fine. He asked if I would do her a favor and I said that I'd do anything for her. He said that he was glad to hear that and gestured me to his truck. I went towards the back to go around to the passenger side and felt a needle jab me in the neck. My legs gave out and he scooped me into the back of the truck and pulled over the bed cover.

I gained consciousness when the car was going over a gravel road. It felt instantaneous but it must have been a half hour or so. The car stopped and he came around to get me out. I was able to walk and he guided me into a house and sat me down on the couch in the living room. He explained that he and Vanessa were together and she wanted to have a kid and he did too, but could not bring himself to have a child that was biologically his in case he, as a station chief, had to make a decision that might put that child at risk.

I told him that I didn't really feel comfortable with that and that if it was something that would put the child at

risk, it would be something that would put Vanessa at risk and I didn't want that either. He then explained that it was his job to make those sorts of calls and that he hoped that he never needed to but couldn't allow himself to potentially have a conflict of interest. I asked him what job he had that was so important. He said that he would only tell me because I would forget and said that he was a station chief.

Knowing that I would likely remember at some point, I used the opportunity to ask him about the structure of the CIA. I already knew about the role of architect so I asked him about how many station chiefs there were and how they operated. He said that there were around 70 spread out over the US and they used agents and assets to monitor local businesses for potential threats. I asked him what would be so big that he would have to risk their lives and he vaguely referred to a potential natural disaster or disease.

I then asked him how he met Vanessa and if he had been ordered to hook up with her by Music or someone else higher up. He said no, that he had met her at a bar. I then asked him why it was me specifically that he had picked up and he said that he had asked Vanessa if there was anyone else other than him that she had wanted to potentially have a child with and she told him about me. I said that didn't really sound like information that she would readily offer up and he confirmed

that he had drugged her.

I said that it sounded like he was trying to give her as close as possible to what she wanted and he nodded. I told him that Vanessa knew me for a very long time and that she would recognize the child as mine, which he dismissed by saying that we had similar enough features. I asked him if I could talk to her and ask her what she thought about it and he said only if I agree, so I agreed.

He brought her down the steps through the kitchen and said that I was here for her. He set a kettle on the stove and set a timer, as he put it, to evoke a dreamlike quality to the encounter. He seated her on the couch next to me and I asked her if she knew what he was asking me to do. She said that she did. I said that as long as she knew this was real and not a dream, I would do it for her and she agreed.

We had sex on the couch and after it was done, Steven took her back upstairs and turned off the stove. He then drugged me again and put me in the back of his truck and drove me back to my car. I didn't feel safe going back to my apartment via car because I wasn't as familiar with the roads, so I asked him to instead drop me off at my parents' house. I slept in my old bedroom after taking a shower.

## Chapter Thirty

2018

Some time after the holidays, my memory of the events of December 23rd resurfaced. As I tried to reconstruct the events of the night in my head, I realized that I had to have my cell phone location history on the night I was kidnapped because I was playing Pokemon Go. I realized that it was on the night that I was kidnapped. I pulled it up in my web browser and found the closest address on Maps. I drove to the area which was only about a half hour away and found the house. I parked nearby and went up to ring the doorbell and Vanessa answered the door.

She was surprised to see me and I told her that I had been there before. She said that I hadn't and I described the layout of the building and that I had sat on the couch. She



looked a bit confused but said that she would make some lemonade and we could figure it out. In the meantime, she called one of the workers on the farm to give me a tour.

He said that he was just about to fix something to the left of the house and told me to walk ahead of him. I did so, and as soon as we were out of site from the porch, he knocked me to the ground from behind and pulled a gun on me. He asked me who I was and what I was doing here. I asked him if he was going to shoot me and he said that he didn't have authorization to. I told him that I was a friend of Vanessa's and her reaction should have proved that.

He said that I wasn't authorized to be there and that he was going to drug me and Vanessa and told me to never come back. He asked me how I found the place and he deleted my Google Maps history.

#

I texted Vanessa at some point earlier in the year about Saturday Night Live; the January 27th episode with Will Ferrell. Growing up, we had used to talk online every Saturday and watch it together from our respective homes. We continued to exchange texts throughout the year, though I had no recollection at that point of my two visits to the farm. She said that she would be visiting her family for Easter and she would have some time to meet up. She mentioned at that point

that she was pregnant, which I congratulated her on.

We met at the Airmont Diner and had lunch. Afterwards, in the parking lot, I noticed that she was planning to walk back to the Howard Johnson she was staying at with Steven. She invited me in and I sat on one of the beds while she used the restroom.

As I waited, I casually looked around and noticed a CIA memory wipe kit on top of a "tool kit" which I know from first-hand experience is meant to be used to dismember people piece by piece or, if they're lucky, torture them. I froze up and as soon as she came back in the room I pointed it out to her and explained how and where I'd seen that sort of stuff before. She said that it was just something Steven had for his job and before I could prevent her, she called for him from the other room. When he came in and saw me and heard her explanation of what I had said, he sighed and said that he must have underestimated our pre-existing relationship.

We were both confused at what he meant by this and he explained that the child Vanessa was carrying was mine, unless she had any flings in the meantime. She started to cry and I asked her if she knew about this. She shook her head and said that she had no idea.

Steven took out the memory kit and injected me first. I asked him if it would hurt the baby if he used it on Vanessa

and he said that it wouldn't. She allowed him to inject her too. He then said that he would give us a half hour to say goodbye and that I wasn't to contact her again because she would be busy raising a child. We talked while drugged briefly, then I left.

#

At most WIFS shows in the city, I usually met with my friend Kevin Rankin and this show wasn't much different. At the venue, I was hungry, so I ordered a meal at the bar with a beer. I talked to Kevin about a few things, then brought up that I had been kidnapped and forced to impregnate Vanessa. I don't think I recalled the full event, but as soon as I mentioned that something like that had happened, he produced a vial of hyocine from his cargo pants pocket.

I was shocked and asked him where he had gotten it. He said that a few months prior, he had been approached by someone at his apartment. He was offered \$500 a month to become a CIA agent. He had to kill someone "he barely knew" and was given the opportunity to kill people, something you normally had to be in the army to do. I was appalled and told him that wasn't legal. He said that the person who recruited him said that it was and that they made the laws.

He then told me that they said if I ever mentioned a child to drug me. He offered to let me orally inject it

because I was a friend. He handed it to me and I sighed and poured it into my beer, but the bartender noticed. He called out to Kevin and I, then Kevin went over and drugged him via needle with his second vial. He told him to go home sick and he did.

The rest of the show was uneventful, save for Kevin following up to see if I remembered anything, which I didn't.

#

During the summer, I saw an event that some mutual friends were going to for a baby shower for Vanessa. I was confused as to why I hadn't heard about it and after thinking it over, I was able to recall that it was my child. I only had a vague recollection of Steven's involvement, but I knew that he was CIA and that I would be watched if I came close to her, so I devised a plan.

I purchased a gift for the baby - a plush Star Trek Enterprise-D with Worf and Picard - and wrapped it up. I had my sister Laura drive me up to Wendy's and take my cell phone with her so I couldn't be tracked. I walked the rest of the way to Vanessa's parents' house and hid in the woods behind it to get an idea of who was home. They had large, woods facing windows, which made that task easy.

When I was fairly sure that her parents were the only people there, I walked into the open and signaled her father

who was on the computer downstairs. He called her mother on the phone intercom and they both came out.

I explained to them that I wasn't sure how, but I knew that the baby was mine. I told them that Steven had something to do with it and that they shouldn't trust him. They rebuffed me and said that Steven seemed like a fine young man and that whatever thing that happened when we were drinking didn't matter and that the child would never know that I was his father.

I begged them and explained that it wasn't while we were drinking and told them that I genuinely couldn't remember what had happened. I was someone they knew forever and I thought they would believe me. I realized that I wasn't getting through to them and was going to leave, but they insisted that I come inside. They had a memory kit waiting for me and told me that I would stay, say congratulations to Vanessa, shake Steven's hand, and leave. I was terrified - I didn't want him to know that I had come. He was the whole reason I didn't bring my phone with me.

They brought me inside and took out a memory kit. I told them that drug was involved in whatever happened but they ignored me and made me take a dose. They threw out the gift, telling me that I would have no influence on the child's life. They made me wait for Vanessa to arrive and I hugged her, said

congratulations, and shook Steven's hand then left.

#

I was at my apartment when I received a text message from my mother telling me that Vanessa was there with a baby. I didn't recall anything at that point but some part of me wondered if I was the father. I told Heather that I had to go to my parents for a family emergency.

When I got to my parents, it was dusk. I came in through the back entrance and was greeted by my parents who told me that Vanessa was there. She was on the front porch in hospital clothes holding a newborn baby. She told me that he was my son.

At first I asked her how that was possible but realized pretty much immediately that she had no reason to lie to me and she had clearly gone through an ordeal to get to my parents' house. I told her that I didn't remember how it had happened but if she said he was my son, then he was my son.

She said that one of the drugs they gave her during the birth had triggered recall of the memory of everything that had happened. Because she remembered and wanted to leave him, Steven was going to send her somewhere, to in effect, keep her a prisoner through the CIA while she raised the boy. She didn't want to go and she didn't even want to be with him anymore because of what he had done. She came to me because

she trusted me and as the father I might be able to do something.

My parents didn't seem to indicate that they knew anything about the CIA other than as a government agency. I knew that once they did come, they would have drugs to make them talk that I could somewhat resist. I told Vanessa that they likely tracked her here by her phone, so we would have to get her and our son somewhere safe that they wouldn't think to check. I figured that it was unlikely that they would check in all the houses in the neighborhood, so I walked with her up the block to the house of John and Jean Chambers, the parents of one of my childhood best friends.

I explained to them that she was running from a bad situation and that if they could keep her safe for a couple of days, I would come for her and our son and get her further away. They were surprised but welcomed her in and helped get her warm. I walked back to my parents and the CIA arrived shortly after.

They drugged me and I bluffed that I had no idea where Vanessa was and that she left her phone with us and got in a white car and left. They said that they picked up the friend with the car at the on-ramp for the New York State Thruway and I told them that meant that she could be anywhere between there and here and they'd have to check everywhere. As they

questioned me, one of them got a radio message that they had found them. I deflated, feeling that I had failed them.

Sitting up on the front steps of my parents' porch, I was approached by a woman with short hair. I recognized her as the same woman who I had spoken with in the aftermath of the Cambey Wedding shooting. She introduced herself as a person who was there to analyze what had gone wrong. I told her that the boy wasn't even Steven's son - that he was my son and that Vanessa had remembered and was going to be locked away for it. The woman said that information was useful and while he wouldn't be demoted, the CIA would likely give Vanessa the farm and give them couples counseling and a divorce, if that was what she wanted. I wouldn't be allowed to see my son, but Vanessa would at least be closer to freedom.

They checked their devices and determined that my mother and I would both be drugged, but not my father. After they drugged me, I asked him why. He said that he sold heroin in Black and Puerto Rican neighborhoods in the 70's for the CIA. He didn't elaborate on his role within the organization or our family's connection at that time.

Around two months later, on October 28th, they made a post on social media about the birth of the child, and because I didn't remember any previous interactions I took that date as the actual birthday.



## Chapter Thirty-One

2019

I went to a World Inferno show and was surprised to see Ralph there as he hadn't RSVP'd on the Facebook event like I had seen him do for the recent Jersey City show at White Eagle Hall. I didn't recognize Paige, so I introduced myself to her. She said that we had met before and that she had given me something to drink. She asked me what it was.

I initially cracked a joke about it being something that affected my memory but she didn't visibly react. I then said that if it wasn't alcoholic, it would have been either diet soda or water. She seemed satisfied by my answer to which I replied that was good. I didn't ant her to dump my body in a river or something.

She looked concerned when I said that and asked me why I

would phrase it in that way. I said that there was a river nearby but I remembered that she had said that to me nearly a decade ago. Ralph offered me a drink and said that they wanted to ask me questions about something. The drug should work in a way that past uses would also be erased from my mind.

I drank it and Ralph took me aside. He wanted to know if I had any insights into Claire Saffitz, who had recently started dating Harris. Apparently, she had been at one of her favorite restaurants and pretty much took him home after his shift in the kitchen one night. I wasn't clear as to why he was asking me. He reminded me that I had hooked up with Claire around a decade prior.

I told him from what I remembered it seemed like Claire wanted to have something for herself. If the CIA was as overbearing on her as they had been, her taking home Harris was an act of rebellion against them. She knew what she wanted and so she took it. Ralph said that the CIA's concern was that he wasn't an asset they controlled and they weren't sure if he was being influenced by foreign powers. I told him that I doubted he was being influenced and their best bet was to keep her happy by letting her do what she wanted.

He shared with me that Claire had asked for guarantees that I was alive after the walk-in freezer incident. It had been tough for the CI to provide proof of life since I rarely

posted photos on Facebook.

Ralph also mentioned that he was engaged now and that I knew what that meant. I pretended to not and that I knew what that meant. I pretended to not and replied with something about his whole life being stretched out ahead of him. He seemed disappointed, but didn't push the conversation. They left shortly after.

#

I had a brief conversation with Diane Cuellar about this the following workday. She said that it was probably nothing to worry about and that agents like to check in from time to time. She mentioned that they had access to a safe house if I ever needed protection as part of my employment there.

#

I received a text message late at night with a picture of my son from Vanessa. She then called me shortly after to confirm that he was mine. I took some time to talk with her and process the information. The call was relatively short, I don't recall if it was prematurely ended.

Around a half hour later, there was a knock at the door. It was Kevin Meyer, who was there to drug me because both people on the call were supposed to be drugged. This was my first time meeting him - he mentioned that he was a therapist and asked to talk to me for a bit as the drug took effect. He

came inside and I opened a beer to have with the drug.

Vanessa and I had discussed a gift of Star Trek pez dispensers on the phone. I think that I said that they were Star Wars ones as a test to see if she remembered what she had really gotten me or as a warning that the line wasn't secure. Kevin asked me about that and I told him. When I told him that it would be hard for me to forget that I was a father he told me to appreciate what I had.

#

Shortly after the visit at the WIFS show, I was at the Doylestown apartment setting up furniture when I head the doorbell. It was Paige, who I didn't recognize at first but eventually did. I asked if Ralph was with her and she said that he wasn't. I said that I didn't want to meet with a friend's girlfriend alone, but she said that it was fine. She was on her way to take care of some things in Washington DC and wanted to talk with me, so I relented and invited her in.

She asked for a tour and so I showed her around. When we got upstairs, I said that was where I would be working remotely. At that point I recalled that Cambey & West was for people affected by the CIA and mentioned that and she seemed satisfied and said, "So you do remember."

I said yes, that I remembered bits and pieces but that I really didn't want to remember anything that I wasn't supposed

to. I tried to assure her that I wouldn't be telling anyone. I don't know if she believed me, but she left.

A few days later, she returned with a male agent and a form. At first I only let Paige in but they said that both would need to enter to have the conversation. The form was a contract stating that all of my assets would be seized if I ever disclosed anything about the CIA to anyone. I asked if this was enforceable and then immediately replied of course it was. After signing it, I was given a vial to split with Heather so that I wouldn't remember.

In the conversation held prior to taking the vial, I also asked if they were interested in recruiting for the game industry and she said that I would have to kill someone if I did. I replied that I couldn't do that. I did offer to react to Ralph killing Trump on social media, but that wasn't part of their planned narrative. I told her I'd rather he not but if he did, he did.

A few days later, Paige returned. I was surprised to see her again so recently since I had signed the form. She said that I wasn't in danger but that she wanted to talk to me about Ralph because she was having trouble. She asked for a restaurant suggestion and I suggested either Panera or Bacco Bistro. She invited me to her car and as soon as I sat down, she jabbed me in the left thigh with a needle. I told her that

she was like a cat but she said that she saw herself as more of a scorpion. She drove us to Bacco and we took a table near the back. I ordered an eggplant parm, she ate the fried dough appetizer - she said that they reminded her of zeppolis.

She said that she was having trouble convincing Ralph to undertake his assignment. The Last Jedi line about winning by saving what you love had resonated with him. I told her that, full disclosure, I felt the same way about it. We were approached by a waiter asking if there was something shady about what we were discussing and I replied that it was about boyfriend trouble. Paige quickly "clarified" that it was about my boyfriend. When he left us alone, she said that she was going to be all over the news in a few months and didn't want him to remember her face.

I asked her what would happen if she and him ran and she seemed to consider this before dismissing the notion. I told her that Diane had access to safe houses, but that they were probably not usable by her and Ralph. I then mentioned that I had a friend who had been in hiding from the CIA and who had moved to Brooklyn when Paige stopped me and said that sounded familiar. She told me to try to remember where she was originally and I said New Brunswick and the friend was Anastasia. She recalled that she had put me on that assignment. She then dismissed the possibility, she couldn't

live like that even if it was possible.

She mentioned that Ralph had made a lot of his thoughts about the potential assassination about his niece and not wanting to make the world worse for her. I asked her if she thought about using that relationship in some way, not hurting her but using her or his feelings for her as leverage. She was shocked that I would suggest that - it was clear that she saw something of herself in the child. I apologized, but she said that it did give her an idea as to how to approach the issue.

At that point, the conversation turned to me remembered about being hunted by Tom Hanks and other aspects of my previous interactions with the CIA. I told her that Music, the Eastern Architect, was allowing those kind of activities to happen and he even had a scale model of the Amistad - showing that he really didn't consider black people to be people. I told her that the people who had run the hunt used hyocine and she said that a lot of groups did.

I tried a different tack - telling her that from what I knew about the structure of the CIA it was divided into three districts - or gaus - and there were around 70 listening stations - the same number of divisions as the German American Bund. She said that lots of groups had structures like that. She also mentioned that she was aware of other "countries" within the US, so it's likely that some knowledge of the

Reich's existence is part of training.

I then had the revelation that I had a son with Vanessa. I recalled the helicopters searching the area on the night she had made her escape from the hospital and that it was a station chief that had me impregnate her. She asked me if the agency knew and I said that they had to know, since they used their resources to track her down. I hadn't heard from Vanessa since then. She said that she would look into it.

At that point, she suggested that I go to the grocery store for a bit and I did. I forgot pretty much everything that had happened until the waiter, who had asked if we were criminals stopped me near the entrance of Acme. He said that Paige had made everyone except for some of the back of house staff drink from a pitcher she had drugged. He asked what it was and I said that it would make him forget what had happened. He said that he had made a voice memo which I suggested that he delete. He also gave me his number.

When I got back, it was over an hour and a half later. Diane called me about something and I mentioned that an agent had visited me, so she told me to take the rest of the day off.

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On a Saturday while Heather was at work, a woman came to my door and told me it was about my son. She told me to tell



Heather that there was a family emergency and to leave my phone there. I left with her and asked her for some proof that I wasn't about to die. She let me call Rick and Margie who had been told to say that I was with them. She then said to not push my cover too hard or it would break.

It was around an hour drive, maybe less. Vanessa was waiting for me on the porch. I was surprised that she remembered everything as I had been told that she was going to be drugged. She said that she hadn't really been wiped yet but she was currently drugged. We spent the rest of the day spending time with each other and I tried to get to know our son but he was a bit shy and she told me to say that I was a friend of hers because he wasn't allowed to know me as his father.

One thing that I learned there was that Jean had visited. There was a picture of Vanessa along with Jean and Steven's mother. I froze when I saw it and asked her about it. She said that she said that she was Steven's grandmother and that her name was Jean, but she didn't think it was possible that she was the same Jean.

We went to her bedroom and had sex and talked for the rest of the evening. I remembered that she was amazing at remembering directions, so I gave her public transportation instructions to my apartment and wrote the apartment number on

a scrap of paper that I hid behind the photo. If she ever needed to escape, she had directions.

She said that she was mostly happy there so far. The CIA had forced her parents to sell their house and move in with her after her escape attempt after our son's birth. She was responsible for planning the crops and determining what to grow where.

I spent the night and the next morning made a failed attempt at scrambled eggs. The same woman brought me back to the Doylestown apartment after. She confiscated any paper I had written things down on and privately told me that I should keep some sort of journal.

#

After meeting with Paige at Bacco's and my visit to Vanessa seeing the picture of Jean, I knew that I had to confront her. I called her early in the week and suggested that I come down for a visit and cook them a nice vegetarian meal with a "meat" sauce based off Malvina's recipe. They agreed and I booked my flight for later that week.

I don't recall which airline I flew down with, but when I got to the terminal, I was greeted by a driver. I asked when I went with him if he was a limo service and he gave me a noncommittal answer. After I arrived at their house, I put my bag in the center room and walked over to a grocery store for

the ingredients I needed. When I came back and started cooking, they were gone for a bit of time which gave me an opportunity to case the joint.

I checked the refrigerator and cabinets, not finding anything. Then, I went to Jean's room and checked the TV stand. There were rows and rows of vials. My stomach tightened. I knew what I needed to do. I grabbed four of them and made my way to the kitchen. I pulled out the blender, ice, and campari and made a mixed drink along the lines of a Negroni with the drug and a couple of splashes of gin for flavor. I left it in the pitcher and put the empty vials in the empty bags from the Gardein meatballs I had used. I shoved it down into the garbage.

I suddenly remembered that Richie slept with his Navy side-arm under his pillow, so I rushed to his room and carefully lifted it by the bottom and kept it pointed at the ground. I slid it under the liquor cabinet just as Jean and Richie returned.

The table was set and I served the food. Then, and I was careful to do this in full sight of Jean, I poured the contents of the blender into three glasses equally. When we sat down. I made a big show of drinking mine. I ate and made small talk and waited for them to drink, and they did. I knew more or less how the drug affected me, so I was able to retain

control.

I asked them how they felt and Jean replied that she was light-headed and asked me if I put anything in the food. I replied no, but I did put something in the drinks. She was shocked, stating that I drank it too. I nodded, then took another swig. I replied that I liked to party and I assumed that came from her side of the family, recalling the man from the OTO who said that I was either descended from Goebbels or Hitler. I remembered Stephen Miller and the book.

I told her that the CIA had been following me around my whole life and I needed answers as to why. I had remembered asking them in 2005 and how they drugged me then. Jean asked me what I expected to get and I said that I would question them both, then leave and let them forget. Jean said that I hadn't considered the fact that the place was wired up, gesturing to the intercom system on the wall behind me.

I asked her how long I had and she replied a half hour, immediately after which she questioned why she answered me, as that was her only leverage. I asked her if she had ever been on the drug and she said no. I replied that she would have to tell the truth and it was very effective at getting to that.

Richie said that he needed to go to the bathroom and I replied that there was a garbage can in the corner. He then said that he could hold it. I told him that it sounded like he

didn't really need to go. He replied that he was an old man and he didn't want to be put through the indignity of that at which I allowed him to use the bathroom in the hall. He did, while I waited. I turned back to the dining room.

A couple minutes later, he came back from the hall asking what I did with it. I asked if he meant his gun and he said yes and I replied that it was somewhere safe. He insisted on knowing where it was and told me that I didn't know how to handle a gun. I humored him and told him exactly where it was and he seemed somewhat satisfied.

I told both of them that I didn't want anyone to get hurt and Jean said that she couldn't guarantee that. I told her that my heart sank when I found the drugs and that I loved them and just needed answers. Jean said fine, that I would have to learn about it eventually but I should have just asked. She struggled to compose herself and began to speak.

"My father," she paused, "was Adolf Hitler." My immediate reply was that it wasn't possible. Then I realized that she couldn't knowingly lie. It was her first time being drugged and she hadn't been able to resist it before. I had assumed that he died in 1945 as history books recorded but she said no, that was American propaganda. I asked if he was still alive and she replied that he died in the 70's. I processed this information for a moment.

I asked her how the CIA came into this. She said that the UK had been defeated after the blitz and a surrender had been negotiated. Around the same time, FDR's doctor had poisoned him and, after his death, the Reich called Harry Truman and had Dwight Eisenhower negotiate the full and unconditional surrender of the United States of America. In the years following the war, the CIA was established as the agency through which the Reich would act through. The other post-war departments were also part of the Reich's design.

As she spoke, I used my cell phone to look up the things that she was talking about. I also tried to remember things I had forgotten so that I could directly or indirectly question her. My recall of historical events was somewhat disjointed. I forgot the year in which World War 2 had ended. My recollections that follow are roughly in the same order in which the events occurred

As it sunk in that this was real, I began to ask direct questions.

"Are there aliens?"

"If there are, they haven't reached out to us."

I pressed her for more information and she claimed that they had seen signs of things in the upper atmosphere but they had never been able to launch something close enough to see it. I don't recall if I asked about Roswell but I remembered

that when I was a child she confirmed that was a crashed Soviet flight using genetically engineered children as the pilots. The genetic engineering dimension was why the crash was covered up - they didn't want people to realize what could be done with such methods.

I asked if Heather's new job had anything to do with her, as it was sudden and higher paying than anything she had been offered in the past. She dismissively said that Heather's job wasn't "real". I asked if that meant that Heather was drugged at work or in on it but she clarified that it was mostly work that was mostly clerical in nature. She said that Heather was fired from her previous job because she was a klutz. I asked if she would have opportunities there and she said of course, she wanted to see her succeed because she was her blood. She said that the founder was someone who helped them develop genetic testing.

I asked her if by blood she meant because she and I were married. She said no. I asked if she meant because she lived in America and was white. Again, no. She then clarified that Heather was one of thousands of children created in a lab using her eggs and Tony's sperm and I was, too. She told me that when Hitler was crowned king or emperor or whatever, the Reich used various means to spread their genetic material in an assertion of victory. The people would be their genetic

descendants and would, in their hopes, think similarly to them.

I asked if Heather knew about any of this. She said that she was my handler at one point but stopped - I recalled the phone call after I found her memory wipe kit. She was wiped and didn't seem to have any recollection. I asked her if they had done something similar with Hitler's sperm but she said that unfortunately, they hadn't collected any genetic material from him before his death. I asked her if she had any brothers or sisters and she confirmed that I met them.

I recalled Aunt Angela watching Golden Girls on the couch and realized in shock that she was Angela Merkel - widely seen as the most steady and progressive politician in the Western world. I asked her the others and she said Vladimir Putin, Boris Johnson, and a name I can't recall. The last one she said is in Germany in the medical wing of the government. I had met them at a memorial for their brother who had died of a heart attack in the 90's.

I questioned why Merkel was seen as progressive and Jean dismissed that as just an act. She was just a better politician than her. I asked her why she wasn't running things here, then and Jean said that she wasn't a citizen. She said that they were all born to people who supported their ideology. She also said that there were many others but the



recognized Six were part of an "organ" called the Seven Headed Dragon, along with their father. Their goal was to destroy all the nations of the Earth and replace them with an eternal Reich.

I asked about Putin, if that meant that the whole Cold War was a hoax. She said no, that was real and he helped them win it. I asked about Boris Johnson, who I had the impression wasn't in a position to help anyone win anything - she said that they were helping him and expected him to be the next Prime Minister.

I asked about an article I found on my phone about a bank account in Switzerland that could be claimed by an heir to Hitler. She said that it was a trap set to draw in any children that they didn't know about. I asked her if there were other leaks, after seeing that Merkel was speculated online to be Hitler's daughter. She said that there had been a few recently. She mentioned that Eva Braun's underwear had ended up in a thrift shop in Ohio. A video had also leaked of CERN sacrificing a child that they had given them. She also said that one of the house staff at his home had leaked a photo of his corpse in 1974.

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I asked when he died and what happened to Eva Braun. She said that he died overnight between September 8th and 9th in 1974. The Reich held a day of mourning on September 11th. Many of the men, including Ernest Handwerker, joined the Elk's Clubs and there was mourning in the Reich. She said that she hated Eva Braun because she always insisted on being called mother and made her do chores, so when her father died, she drugged her and dropped her off in a city with nothing but the clothes on her back. She said that she was wearing a sweater.

I asked about the Reich and its locations. She said that Hitler had lived in Centerville on an island in the middle of town. When they were choosing a location for the Reich's capital, he wanted something in the middle of America. There was also a nearby historical site that the Reich associated

with a snake cult that they believed was ancient and global.

On the smaller island in Centerville, there was a statue of Hitler surrounded by German children. She said that there were Reich towns all across America, mostly in the Midwest and mostly in the shadow of larger cities. She referenced an incident where I found on Encarta Atlas that Rhine was one of the most common street names in America by saying there were as many Reich towns as there were streets by that name.

I pulled up the items sh mentioned on my phone as we talked. The CERN video was clearly real - she explained that they said that it was a prank and, importantly, referred to the sacrifice as a woman even though it was clearly a child. They covered it up by claiming it was a prank and only firing the man who took the video. The picture of dead Hitler was easy enough to find and Vice had an article about Eva Braun's panties.

I asked about the cannibalism, not recalling my previous exposure to it. She said that they started to eat human flesh after their victory in the war. They had sacrificed hundreds or thousands of children in the 30's in an attempt to summon the Moonchild - her - and continued to do so for each of their spells. She said that they sacrificed 5 or 6 per year - one for each of the members of the dragon. They would also eat adults - usually enemies but sometimes just for fun. I knew

that she killed more than that but didn't recall just how many.

I asked her if I was the Messiah - something one of the Thelema adherents I had spoken to suggested. She said that it was up to her, that there were many candidates but she had the authority to name which one would be presented as such. I asked her if the children were considered as well and she said not really. So far, I was the only one of them to show any sign of potential divine powers. She claimed that she had them as well because she was the Moonchild.

She admonished me, saying that I hadn't been an angel either, bringing up the accused rape and later murder of Stacey Herbison. I protested, telling her that it wasn't intentional, that Seth had taken my words incorrectly, not recalling my mother's involvement. I recalled the judge and my parents' interference and recalled that he was the same judge that dismissed the charges against Rick. She also said that they had interfered with the investigation and had it quickly ruled a suicide.

She said that the judge had been in the Navy, so Richie had approached him for a favor. She said that they used people in the military to cover for things like that. Eva Braun's panties were another case where they brought in someone to cover for them.

I told her that I had found out about my youngest son. She said that they couldn't have found a better heir if they had tried - he had strong Bavarian genes from Vanessa. I asked her if she engineered the conception. She said no, that was all Steven's doing. I asked her if that meant that I could finally be a part of his life and she said no, I was never going to be a part of his life.

She then said that I was such a disappointment and asked me where she went wrong. I told her that having been raped didn't help. She said that there was nothing she could have done about that. I told her that I thought I turned out okay considering, but she dismissed me as someone voting for a "Socialist Jew".

I almost laughed at how she phrased it - she sounded more and more like a Nazi as the conversation went on. I asked her about the Nazis - why did they call themselves socialists, then? She said that it was only about consolidating power and ramping up production of military hardware to become powerful enough to invade their enemies.

I brought up Ralph and Paige and asked her to not have Ralph kill Trump. If she had to, she had an asteroid that she could put him in front of. She could achieve her ends without him dying. I considered him a friend and he had only signed up with the CIA to help his grandmother. I really tried to play

up that angle. I said that it was a bit derivative to have a failed actor kill a President and she laughed at that and told me that was what she said when she first heard of the plan.

She said that she would consider that, or having him infected with coronavirus. I froze, then slowly asked her if that was going to be coming here. When Paige had told me about it, I was under the impression that it would only be in China and mostly a distraction rather than something that would kill a lot of people. She said no, it was going to be everywhere and the intent was to mostly kill people here. I asked how many - she said that worldwide they were aiming for around 10-11 million. She offered to infect Tom Hanks for me as a bit of revenge for him hunting me.

I asked her how, if it was basically the flu. She said that it was much nastier than that and they selected it because of how virulent and deadly it was. She said that it was airborne and they would use the mail and specifically Amazon to spread it. The workers wouldn't be allowed to take sufficient health precautions. I told her I doubted Bezos would agree with that and she said that he would do anything they tell him to do, he has his yacht and his billions.

I asked why people couldn't just go to the hospital with a bad case - she said that they would, but hospitals would be quickly overwhelmed. The biggest bottleneck based off of their

projections was a lack of ventilators. Most hospitals only have a few, but not even the biggest hospitals would have enough to keep up with demand.

She said that the first wave would kill hundreds of thousands before the government would act. She said that at first, they would tell people that the economy had to remain open because it was the nation's lifeblood. I expressed disbelief that people would buy that excuse. She said that they expected people to protest and with Congress unlikely to provide assistance, people would start getting evicted.

Then, she went on, they would spread a video of a black man being killed to stoke racial tension and spark further protests. I asked her if they were going to kill someone and she said no, they would just amplify a video they would have otherwise suppressed. I asked what they would do if people were staying inside and not interacting with cops and she said that they would let Derek Chauvin - she actually named him - kill a man named Floyd who he worked with. I asked if Floyd was a first or last name and she indicated that she didn't know or care. She also mentioned spreading videos of Elijah McClain.

I asked her what would happen if they couldn't stop the protests. She said that they would crack down on them heavily but she expected them to end when Chadwick Boseman died. I

asked if they were going to kill him too, but she said that he had cancer and was projected to die in the Summer.

I suggested that I might be able to take on the role she had planned for me. She said that it was too late, I would have to kill someone and when she set me up to kill Mike, I refused to. She then said that if I killed someone I know, she would be willing to let me be a part of my son's life. I agreed, even though I knew that I wouldn't be able to go through with it. I wanted to see what they would do.

She asked me for a name and I initially said my father, but she obviously refused that. She told me to think of a friend, maybe one who was trans, and the first name that came to mind was Sheena Riotta, who she made a call to have kidnapped and brought to Florida.

There was also an earlier section of the conversation where we discussed the children. She said that her own children all had different fathers, with Rick's being Anthony Hopkins. She said that they were sixteen and on a date at a movie theater, he was in the army at the time.

I also recall being disgusted that she forced Margie to have a miscarriage and tricked her into using the IVF company that created the cuckoos.

I asked her how the asteroid tied in to this as Paige described the lockdowns as intended to keep people safe from



the fallout of that. She said that it was perfect and came close to her father's birthday. She told me that their scientists had told her that while the orbit didn't look dangerous, it would hit something called a keyhole which would bring it into a potential collision course. I looked up the concept of the keyhole on my phone.

She said that she had a vision around the late 90's of an asteroid causing a tsunami. She then called the scientist and had them check. They said that they didn't have anything on their logs that could potentially hit so she had them check again. That was when they came back to her with the keyhole story. I told her that the keyhole of an orbit was impossible predict and that it sounded like they told her what she wanted to hear. She said that they wouldn't do that. I asked if Deep Impact or Armageddon were CIA films and she said no. I speculated that she just saw the trailer for Deep Impact in passing and her vision was just a dream.

She said that if the asteroid didn't hit, they had an explanation ready for agents aware of it. Johns Hopkins University was working with them and the CIA would float a rumor that they had deflected the asteroid. They would then tell them that they projected that it would do too much harm and that was why they had deflected it rather than allowing it to hit.

I asked about how this would affect the election. She said that the reaction would be split and they had narratives planned around that. For the left, they came up with the slogan "Boomer Remover" which they predicted would gain traction and make them look bad. For the right, they would dismiss it as "just the flu" and treat it as such. They expected the deaths to mostly be older, skewing conservative. I asked why they would kill off their voters and she said that they were Republican voters, not Reich. They expected vote turnout to be low because of the virus, which would cement a Republican win due to the extreme gerrymandering and voter suppression efforts. She said that whatever happened, they would do their best to pressure states into calling races early and sowing as much disinformation as possible. She said that their preference would be a Republican, but they would let a Democrat win if that ended up being the most believable result based off the votes.

The discussion turned to other questions I had about the coup that put Hitler in power and how the CIA functioned. She said that he was invited by JP Morgan and several other prominent Americans to run the country in the same manner he did Germany. The plot was uncovered by Smedley Butler and John Spivak but suppressed by the Dickstein Committee, later the House Un-American Affairs Committee. Spivak leaked the

uncensored minutes in his paper The New Masses but no one believed him. The HUAC was later used to fight the enemies of the Reich in a bastardization of its original purpose of fighting fascist groups.

Aleister Crowley had separately spoken with Hitler at the behest of Martha Kuntzel as he was convinced that he was "the coming man". Though their hidden history characterizes Crowley as a collaborator, it was likely Kuntzel who later stole Crowley's papers on the summoning of the Moonchild from the cave where he kept them. Kuntzel used rituals based off of Crowley's sex magick, using live children in place of the symbolic bud sacrifices. Though both played a part in founding the religion of Thelema, it was Kuntzel who dictated Will above Love while Crowley believed in Love above Will.

Her parents were both involved in the Friends of New Germany and later the German American Bund. They visited Germany in the early 30's and took part in sex rituals to "summon" the Moonchild. They were also ardent Nazis.

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They believed that the Moonchild would be born in Cancer as an en cal birth. While Jean was born early - just prior to the cusp - she was an en cal birth. Though such a birth is easily induced with certain teas and drugs, they took it as a win and named her Jeanne Claire, giving her the initials JC - a mark of their hopes upon her to be their messiah.

She claimed that Crowley orchestrated the sacrifices and rituals at the Nazis behest. Between that and the Germany he saw rise from his efforts, he fled, stole Martha Kuntzel's papers and spend the rest of his life trying to fix his mistake.

The Reich continued to work with another group that adhered to Kuntzel's brand of Thelema and that church is still

active in Europe and South America. The Vatican is also aware of the Reich - Jean told me that she could make me a Cardinal or a Bishop if I wanted to be. She claimed that the Reich is also in control of a large portion of Hollywood and the media landscape, especially acting through the CIA.

One example of that total control over messaging she recounted was the death of Naya Rivera. She had died of an overdose in Fall 2018, but rather than allow that narrative to be reported on, they suppressed the news of her death and concocted a convoluted narrative based off earlier photos of a lake trip with her son. They also took photos of actors "mourning" her from a distance to pass off as her co-stars from Glee. Her son has lived with her mother since the death. To keep up appearances, the CIA sent donuts and coffee to a rehab group in her name to make it look like she got clean.

She also said that most of what ended up in tabloids were stories that they failed to suppress in time. An example she gave was Patton Oswalt murdering his wife. She said there was a process for him to "request" a new wife, but he wanted to "give her a murder to solve" a sick reference to her work attempting to track down the Golden Gate Killer.

She also gave Cobra Kai as an example of a CIA production. When I was a kid I liked the Karate Kid movies and she had at least one produced specifically at my request. She

said that Ralph Macchio was already in his 20's and no longer a kid, but if they ever brought the character back, she wanted him to be a car salesman. The character of Kreese was brought back to portray how agents were trained - there was a scene where the dojo was split in two and told to fight in the woods until only one team remained. In the CIA exercise it was literally a battle to the death.

We discussed other TV shows and movies and what kind of messaging they had. She said that they hated It's A Wonderful Life because it was produced prior to their "deal" with the US government and contained messaging that they disagreed with. They tried to suppress it, but when it came into the public domain that became impossible.

She told me that every year, around Hitler's birthday, April 20th, they attempted some action in honor of him. I looked up several on my phone and quizzed her on them. She denied any involvement in Columbine, but claimed her father would have loved that. She did confirm that a Reich agent had caused Chernobyl and that Waco, while not planned, came close enough that they moved the forces in to escalate. I questioned her about other events and she also confirmed that the CIA had been behind the Boston Marathon bombing, telling the older brother that they backed their country and that this was a sanctioned act. She also said that they were behind Charles

Manson and the Tate murder - it was an attempt to start a race war.

I didn't ask her directly about her involvement with 9/11 because I remembered Alan's visit and I didn't want to tip her off that I already knew the CIA was behind it. I asked if they were involved in the Sandy Hook shooting since it fell on my birthday, but she denied any involvement. As we were sitting and waiting, however, I thought about coronavirus and how it was supposed to "jump" to humans and had a terrible realization.

I chose my words carefully, asking as casually as possible if, based off how the crossover occurred, if they had anything to do with HIV/AIDS. She said that it was because "they" were always walking around like they owned the place. I replied that I wasn't aware of a large gay population in the 60's or 70's that was open, assuming that was who she was referring to. She corrected me - the disease was targeted at the population of Haiti.

It was one of her father's last major "gifts" to the world. They had sent multiple infectees out into the population but hadn't projected a spread outside of Haiti. She went on to say that many of the Reich's attacks took the form of diseases and blights. They primarily infected crops and livestock, which they used to manipulate markets and inflict

damage on enemies.

Eventually, they brought in Sheena, who had been abducted from Brooklyn and flown down directly. I was given a gun and told to kill her, which would allow for me to be a part of my son's life as I had already abdicated my role as heir to the Reich. I shot the pillow, setting aside the gun and asking for her life to be spared. It was and she was sent back to her home. I was drugged and sent back to my parents' house.

The discussion lasted for around two hours total and I asked her questions about everything I could think of. The answers escape me at the moment.



Chapter Thirty-Two

2020

Chapter Thirty-Three

2021