

MK-ULTRA NEVER ENDED

Absolute Mind and Soul Control
In Government, Wall Street,
And The Secret Space Program



By Jian Liang

This book is a fictional representation of true events in which names, initials, and situations have been changed to secure safety for my loved ones, professionals who have helped me at great risk, and myself.

This is the story of American corporate and governmental life today, thanks to the Cold War that spawned the CIA Operation Paperclip and MK-Ultra mind control programs. Even the secret space program now in operation began with Nazi physics and mind control. Because all of this has been cloaked for over a half century in “national security,” the American public is oblivious to the existence of the evils now embedded in the very structure of its institutions and government agencies, like the post-9/11 Department of Homeland Security.

It is long past time to awaken the public to what victims like myself are undergoing every day and night of the week at work and at home.

Jian Liang
Los Angeles, California
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Dedication

This book is dedicated to all my children,
known and unknown. May God bless you all!

Acknowledgements

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Chapter 1

Absolute Mind-Controlled Sex Slavery and Silent Murder

Time: 2017-10-01, Sunday night, 8 pm PST

Place: My home in Irvine, California

“Another night to face an attack,” I thought silently, staring through the kitchen window toward the dark, quiet backyard.

My ex-husband, our four children, and I had just finished dinner at the large dining room table of the 4-bedroom, single level house in a quiet *cul-de-sac* near University of California Irvine, an affluent neighborhood of white and Asian professionals. Irvine has been consistently rated as one of the safest cities in the United States. What irony. I know too well what an illusion safety is in this city where I have been living for eleven years.

Heavy hearted, I closed the window blinds and thought about what I could do to prevent being abducted during my sleep, as tomorrow would surely be another stressful day at work. For an Information Technology (IT) systems analyst working at one of the largest mutual fund companies in the world, I know what “busy” means the first few weeks of October when the trillion-dollar financial company must report last quarter mutual fund investment performance. IT staff would have to make sure all of the company’s websites were updated with the latest statistics, and mutual fund marketing materials would have to be delivered to investors and brokers, dealers, etc. I would be leading or attending back-to-back project planning meetings to schedule work for the upcoming week, responding to loads of emails, messages, and phone calls to coordinate with staff and contractors at international offices, not to mention that I would

be filling in job performance self-evaluations as the rumors of mass layoffs mounted. Most daunting for me would be thinking of how to deal with the very dark secrets hidden inside and beyond my mutual fund company.

It was 8:08 pm. My ex-husband sleeps in the bedroom at the front end of the house, my four children and I in the three bedrooms at the far back of the house. The living room, study, kitchen and family room lie between, with the backyard and side yard open to the large *cul de sac* where cars are always parked. My ex-husband was lying on his bed drinking and watching TV, two of our children were watching a movie in the living room, the third was in the study chatting with friends online while the fourth was studying in their bedroom.

A thought in my mind directed me to one of the children's bedrooms. I lay on a child's bed, feeling comfortable despite our uncomfortable conversation. I had talked to my child before about how my brain and body had been involuntarily implanted with nanochips, that I had been subjected to MK-Ultra programming¹ and constantly abducted for program "tune-ups" and slavery. The child strongly refused to believe or listen to anything about it. All the same, I asked the child if they would mind my taping the door to the hallway so that the broken tape would indicate that I had walked out of the house during the night. The child became furious because they do not want to believe I am forced to walk out to torture. Refusing to listen to anything more, the child stood up and stormed out of the room.

I knew I should get up immediately and leave the room, as I was now isolated from all witnesses. But a hypnotic comment was remotely transmitted to my mind: *How soft the bed is, how comfortable it is lying here. I'll just lie here a few more minutes . . .* Without my conscious command, the toe on my right foot involuntarily wiggled up and

¹ Project MK-Ultra was the code name for a covert, illegal CIA human research program run by the Office of Scientific Intelligence from 1953 to 1973. It began with Operation Paperclip Nazis who entered the United States, Canada, and Great Britain with research they had derived from the brains and minds of concentration camp slaves throughout World War Two and has continued beyond 1973 using electromagnetic remote devices. For more, see Ellen Lachter, PhD, "Monarch Programming," <https://monarchprogramming.wordpress.com/category/mkultra/>. See Chapter 3.

down three times. I had seen this pattern before: a trigger² for a “fall asleep” program, which includes a hypnotic command that if my right toe wiggles three times, I will fall deep asleep in a few minutes. It was now too late to stand up and leave the room. My mind was moving into trance, all my thoughts slowing down to almost a numb state.

At 10:00 pm sharp, a remote electromagnetic wave was transmitted to my brain to make me wake up. A minute later, my children returned to their room. I remembered absolutely nothing about what had happened between falling asleep and waking up. The entire time, everyone else had been in the other end of the house and no one had gone into the room where I was “sleeping.”

Recovered Memory: D.S.’s Revenge

Abduction

After I fell asleep, a remote-controlled electromagnetic ray communicated to the chips in my brain to adjust the brain to a semi-trance, the most vulnerable state for hypnotic induction. A subliminal³ sound was remotely transmitted to my mind. The sound included a number of phone ringtones followed by spelling out an alphanumeric code followed by the command for “Betty”—an alter personality⁴ created by severe

² *Triggers* are implanted to cause a slave personality to surface and respond to commands given by the master (“*handler*,” generally defined as a person who trains or has charge of an animal). Triggers can be a phone call, word or phrase, wiggling toe, etc.

³ *Subliminal* means under the threshold of consciousness. Electronic subliminal messaging is unregulated by the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) not only in advertising, but television, film, and music sound systems. *Voice-to-skull (V2K)* technology transmits voice or any audible or subliminal sound directly into the hearing sense of the mind control victim.

⁴ *Alter personalities (alters)* are created by shattering the personality with pain induction (torture). Each separate alter is then programmed to (1) perform a separate function (spy, sex slave, drug mule, verbatim memory recorder, assassin, rock star, actor, politician, CEO, etc.) and (2) hold memories that other alters and the original executive personality have no access to.

torture during my recent trip to Columbia, Missouri—to wake up and come to the surface.

The creation of alters is accomplished through torture, drugs, and hypnosis. On September 6, 2016, I had gone to Columbia, Missouri to see a private investigator (PI) who ran a full body scan to determine the location and frequencies of nanochip implants implanted in my body without my knowledge. While driving my rental car from Columbia back to the airport, a heavy sleep wave was sent by the perpetrators following my car, along with the instruction to pull over and take a nap so I could later continue to drive safely. After I was asleep, I was abducted to a nearby adult sex toy shop and electroshocked until my psyche split and created another personality the perpetrators named “Betty” to hold the memory of the horrible torture. “Betty” was gang-raped and severely tortured with “sex toys” and torture tools of the trade kept in the adult sex toy shop, all of which was filmed “for advertising the sex toys.”

These extreme tortures led to programming “Betty” as a sex slave, her job being to absolutely obey the master who called her out and to perform anything commanded, including all kinds of sex with anyone, anytime, anywhere, no matter how perverse, degrading or harmful. When summoned, “Betty” takes over my body and becomes the controlling personality.

“Betty” took control of my body. The subliminal microwave voice⁵ commanded her to walk out of the house and enter a black car waiting for her in the *cul de sac*. She felt a shiver along her spine: black cars were used for transporting sex slaves for sex slavery and/or torture. “Betty” had no choice but to be transported, the memory of the torture that had created her in Missouri still so fresh and fierce that even to think of it for a second made her body tremble and every cell scream. She could imagine no way to escape and had to obey in order to survive.

⁵ *Microwave hearing* (microwave auditory effect, Frey effect) bypasses the ears and instead beams voices directly into the auditory cortex.

Quietly, “Betty” left the child’s bed, walked out of the bedroom and down the hall, lowered her body so as to crawl under the long table in the family room and then through the curtains covering the patio door left open for her so no one in the house would notice her exit. The side yard gate was also left open. Outside the patio door was a pair of shoe covers that “Betty” now put on over her sandals. Outside the backyard she walked along the *cul de sac* sidewalk to the black car quietly idling, its lights off. She opened the door and slipped into the back seat. In the front seat were two young Mexican men. Silently and quickly, “Betty” was driven to a single-family rental about 200 meters away. The garage door opened, the car entered the garage, and the garage door rolled back down.

Following the voice in her head, “Betty” got out of the car, entered the house by the side door, walked down a hallway and turned into a bedroom where an old Mexican man named D.S. awaited her, the master for this night.

Sex Slavery

When “Betty” entered the bedroom, D.S. was monitoring the secret app on his phone, an app he used to monitor and control me that was linked to the network of the central monitoring program I’d been sold to. With a satisfied smile on his face, he closed it. Everything had been executed perfectly so far, including the silent microwave voice remotely projected into my skull earlier to manipulate my thoughts so I would take a shower and change into new sexy pants, persuade me to enter my child’s bedroom, quarrel with the child, drive the child out, fall asleep on the child’s bed, etc.

D.S. scrutinized his slave for the night: a middle-aged, 5’6” Chinese woman with an attractive face and slender body. Despite her age and the birth of four children, she has maintained smooth and fine skin and looks much younger than her age. What makes her unique in the underground slave market is that she is also intelligent, highly

educated, and creative, which had already made him a small fortune when he sold her to the U.S. government secret space program two years before.

He knows her well. She was his Senior Information Technology Analyst in a government agency for seven years. She had also been the “pretty woman” that he’d tried without success to lure with job promotions, who had then turned whistleblower and reported a million-dollar questionable expenditure that he’d managed to the agency. The most hateful thing to him was that she’d dared to tell co-workers about the rapes she’d endured and pointed suspicion at him. Now, she was his totally mind controlled slave that he could humiliate and torture at will until deciding to eliminate her with no trace or consequence.

“Betty” stood emotionless in front of him, awaiting his command. He could order her to do anything, but this time his taste was to command her to give control over to his favorite alter “Vivian,” the one he had personally created and reserved for himself. “Vivian” surfaced and took over my body. She is from the movie *Pretty Woman* with Julia Roberts and Richard Gere, about a high-end hooker who has a romantic encounter with “Edward,” a super-wealthy, handsome businessman. “Vivian” shares my body but only has memories from the time she was created, which was after I left the government agency. So she does not know who D.S. really is; she only knows her job is to please him and do whatever sex acts he wants in a classy way to satisfy his fantasy of being her savior, as in the movie.

D.S. gave a coded command. “Vivian” automatically took off her clothes and began performing sex moves mimicking the prostitution scenes in *Pretty Woman*. D.S. looked down at her, the woman he was not able to conquer in the real world, knowing that if she were not programmed with alter “sex kitten” personalities, she would never do any of this for him. But now she is his MK-Ultra slave and he is her master and he can treat her body like a doormat any time he wishes. She dares not show any resistance to physical abuse or the humiliation of degrading sex acts. When he is about to finish, he orders “Vivian” to assume an anal sex position so he can finish with anal sex. While he

dresses, “Vivian” stands, awaiting his next command. Normally, he would order her to clean her body of any trace of sex, but today he moves on to other agendas.

Torture for interrogation

One of D.S.’s agendas is to ask about his future fate. Some MK-Ultra slaves are specially trained by the U.S. government to have paranormal psychic abilities. He calls out a code that makes “Vivian” go under, then calls out another program code for “Golden,” a male alter created to perform complex tasks. D.S. asks “Golden” when and how would he die. “Golden” clarifies that he does not have the psychic power to see the future but can see past lives. D.S. does not believe “Golden” and asks which alter can see the future. “Golden” answers “SkyWalker,” another alter created by military programmers to perform secret space- related tasks. D.S. did not know the code for “SkyWalker,” so he pressed “Golden” to tell him. “Golden” said “SkyWalker” cannot be called out by a code; he can only be called out by a special wave form to the brain that only the military has the equipment to create.

D.S. does not accept that answer either and decides to electroshock “Golden.” He takes out a small box with two wires ending in clips and attaches the clips to my vulva. (Golden is a male alter but must share my female body.) D.S. turns on the switch and a strong electric current shoots into my vagina and then into my whole body, now uncontrollably tumbling and twisting in pain. “Golden” still insists he cannot see the future nor does he know “SkyWalker’s” code. D.S. repeats the electroshock several times, then finally gives up. He then asks “Golden” about his past lives. Emotionless, “Golden” describes what he sees in two of D.S.’s past lives.

D.S. is disappointed but has no time to linger on his future or past, as he has a third agenda for tonight, which is the most important one. He heard that I have collected evidence on the implanted chip and have been actively doing deprogramming with psychiatrists to recover lost memories. He knows I have booked a trip the following day

to do more deprogramming and another trip the day after for another full body scan. With existing memories recovered and more evidence to be revealed, he and the secret entities behind him are afraid that I will discover the dark secrets that they have concealed so successfully. He fears that his cover as a retired high technology executive will be blown and his crimes exposed, so that he will need to expedite my elimination.

X-Ray Radiation

D.S. switches “Golden” for “Betty,” ordering her to another bedroom. On a table adjacent to the end of the bed is a machine that looks like a medical device. It has a desktop component with a big round opening in front, and an arm bar connecting somewhere else. “Betty” is ordered to sit on the end of the bed and face the machine, her private parts and abdomen facing the round opening. It is a commercial X-ray machine intentionally modified for slow murder, its protective components removed so that the X-rays can reach a maximum harmful level.

D.S. leaves the room grinning. From another room, he turns on the machine and shoots X-rays into “Betty” so her soft organs absorb a maximum ionized radiation. He pushes the button that feeds hundreds of doses of X-rays far exceeding the allowed limits of radiation treatments. He has used this method on me many times, both when I am sleeping at home and when I am in altered states after being abducted. Radiation leaves no telltale marks, and when the target eventually develops cancer and dies, there is no suspicion. The CIA has used this proven silent murder method for decades. D.S. will use it to terminate the woman he has such mixed feelings about.

Return home

The Mexican drivers notified D.S. that the movie my children were watching at home was almost over and that they would soon be returning to their bedroom. It was time to send me back so my absence would not be discovered. Quickly D.S. wraps up his X-ray death operation and orders “Betty” to put on her clothes. Another command wipes “Betty’s” memories of what happened that night, and the drivers return “Betty” to the children’s bedroom. Once “Betty” is lying on the bed, a remote voice commands her to return to my subconscious and for me to take control of my body. At 10:00 pm sharp, I am awakened on my child’s bed by a remotely projected signal. Within one minute, my children return to their room. I stand up and walk out.

From the abduction house just 200 meters away, D.S. must be monitoring all my home activities from his phone app, perhaps saying to himself, “So far, so good.” But a doubt might be lingering in his mind: *What if she remembers what happened tonight? What if she remembers that I did not have time to clean the telltale traces of sex?*

My Life Before Government Whistleblowing

Born to be a boy

I was born during the Cultural Revolution (1966-1976) in the fall of 1970 in Changsha, Hunan Province, in the south of the People’s Republic of China. My mother was an accountant in a state-owned commercial administration organization. On the

night I was born, she attended her organization's nightly mandatory "Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung" class until 9 pm. My father was a lecturer on mechanical engineering at the state-owned university in Shanghai and could not return home for my birth.

My mother knew she was about to give birth but not the gender of the baby. Two years before, she'd had a daughter and desperately wanted a boy. In traditional Chinese culture, only boys carry the family name and are valued. Her moderate economic status meant she and my father could not afford more than two children. Based on how she walked and the shape of her abdomen, every neighbor was certain she was carrying a boy, which made her happy. In fact, she had secretly determined that if the baby were a girl, she would kill her and pretend it had been an unfortunate accident or natural death. No one would suspect her and she might have another chance at a boy.

It was a warm night in the capital city. She prepared a pot of hot water and liners in case she gave birth at home. The hospital was next door and an OB/GYN doctor lived upstairs in her apartment building. When the contractions began, she felt it was too late to go to the hospital so she asked one neighbor to call the OB/GYN upstairs and another neighbor to ride a bicycle to her mother's house about ten minutes away and bring her to help with the birth. Both the doctor and my grandmother arrived in time.

When the doctor handed me to my grandmother, my mother asked, "Is it a boy?" Before the doctor could answer, my grandmother, who knew my mother's plan, said, "Yes," then took me to the water barrel for a bath, after which she wrapped me up. My mother, satisfied she had a son but exhausted from the birth, quickly fell asleep.

The next morning, the neighbors woke my mother to congratulate her on her second daughter. When my mother insisted I was a boy, the neighbors laughed. "We all know it is a girl – the doctor told us." So it was too late for an accident or natural death. Word was out.

How I survived the following years, I do not know. My mother never had a son; after me, she aborted all her babies. I never had a good relationship with her, although we have gotten along much better in recent years. I was, however, very close to my grandmother, a traditional Chinese woman widowed in her 40's who endured poverty and hardship to raise three daughters by herself. She was kind, soft-spoken, never complained, and always helped others. She loved and cared for me, and I loved her dearly. She died when I was 17 years old.

School years in China

In some ways, I performed as well as a son might have. I was a cute baby always smiling, after which I went on to a state-owned preschool. There I exhibited so much gymnastic talent that I was selected by the province-owned Sports Committee to be one of several dozen child athletes to be trained exclusively as State gymnasts that might one day represent China in the Olympics. But during preparation class away from my beloved preschool teacher, I cried day and night for her until the Sports Committee discharged me and sent me back to my preschool.

I strove to be a well-rounded student and so excelled with very good GPAs throughout elementary, middle and high school. I was good at math and literature, track and field, and snapped up medals in sports competitions. In high school, I won a writing competition for my essay "My Mother" in which I portrayed a tender, kind-hearted traditional Chinese mother based on my grandmother, not my mother. It was broadcast over the school radio station, and I was selected to be student reporter for the radio station, which was where I met my first crush – a handsome student news announcer with a sweet voice. When he passed a love note to me, however, I did not respond, nor did I see him ever again after graduation. This pattern of being attracted to handsome boys with a charming voice would continue.

My intention was to become a journalist, my dream job being to travel around the world and report on people's stories. My father had always been supportive of me but promptly rejected my journalism dream. After my birth, he had moved back from Shanghai so he could be with his family. Since then, he had worked in a state-owned research institute as a research fellow in the area of Precise Metallic Materials (nanomaterials). Just before I submitted my college applications, he wrote a 10-page letter to me to persuade me that because of what he knew about the real world and my personality, always seeking righteousness and daring to challenge authority, he worried that I might be betrayed, raped, kidnapped, or die in prison if I became a journalist. He thought the most secure career for me was to be a mechanical engineer. I would always have a job and never need to worry about machines causing the trouble humans often do. I read his letter and thought about it the whole night, knowing how deeply he cared for my welfare. So I gave up my dream job in order to be "safe." Later, I would learn in the cruelest way possible that safety has nothing to do with a job but much to do with whom I encountered on the job.

I went to a local university and studied Mechanical Engineering. I never liked the major. At heart I loved art, poetry, and Nature. I joined a student publishing organization my second year and met a boy I loved deeply, a handsome, artistic and sports-minded boy with a charming voice, slow, warm and sincere.

When I was a freshman, the infamous 1989 Tiananmen Square Protests in Beijing⁶ occurred. I joined a local protest in the square in front of the province government building. At the end of the local protest and without telling our parents, four enthusiastic roommates and I secretly decided to take a train to Beijing and join the protest in Tiananmen Square. But all trains to Beijing had been suspended. Stuck in the train

⁶ Known in the West as the Tiananmen Square Massacre (April 15-June 4, 1989), troops with automatic rifles and tanks fired on student demonstrators. Students were calling for democracy, greater accountability, freedom of the press and speech. They were eventually forcibly suppressed on June 4, 1989. See Kris Cheng, "Declassified: Chinese official said at least 10,000 civilians died in 1989 Tiananmen massacre, documents show," *Hong Kong Free Press*, 21 December 2017.

station, we were puzzling over how to get to Tiananmen Square when a parent of one of the girls discovered our plan and picked us up. Later, we realized how close to death we had been. Had we boarded the train and gone to Tiananmen Square that day, we very likely would have been among the thousands of students shot dead by automatic rifles or crushed by tanks on the tragic night of June 4, 1989.

My entire second year of college was spent writing “reflections,” watching brainwashing videos to “correct” my mind, and attending mandatory military training. Fed up, I decided to leave China and study in the United States. I broke up with the boy I loved, determined to go abroad alone to a totally unknown place, not daring to look back. Our break-up broke his heart, and he never contacted me again. It broke my heart, too. We had worked together publishing news boards, etc., but had only dated for a few weeks. We’d never kissed nor even talked about sex. In that era of China, my education was very conservative, so I held the belief that sex before marriage should not even be considered.

I come to the United States

In 1995, three years after receiving my Bachelor of Science in Mechanical and Aerospace Engineering, I received my student visa for graduate studies in the United States. I have always been what is called a “quick study.” At Arizona State University in Tempe, I earned a Master of Science degree in Mechanical and Aerospace Engineering; later in my 40’s I earned an MBA at California State University, Fullerton. In my spare time, I earned various specialized certifications to advance my career: Certified Financial Planner certification, the ITIL (Information Technology Infrastructure Library) Certification, a Microsoft Certified Technology Specialist (MCTS) certification, and a Project Management Professional (PMP) certification, just to name a few. All of these advanced degrees and certifications paved the way for the seemingly promising

career of a young professional woman. After Arizona State, I accepted a job offer as a systems software engineer of Siemens PLM Solutions to develop leading computer-aided design software in Cypress, California, and moved to Southern California in 1997. I worked there for nine years and was promoted to Advanced System Software Engineer.

In 1998, I married a Taiwanese schoolmate I had met at Arizona State, and over the years we had four children together. As I began having children, I decided to find a government job so I could have a more stable work schedule. I received my U.S. green card and later became a U.S. citizen. I changed jobs in 2006 to work for Riverside County as an Information Technology Business Systems Analyst III. In April 2008, I changed jobs again to work for a local government agency in Southern California as a Senior Information Technology Analyst, responsible for IT business systems and project management, application, development and administration. When I received the offer, I was happy. Everything seemed to be working out perfectly: I was well educated, financially well off, still young and pretty, had beautiful children, a successful career, a car, and a house. What a perfect life – until I met D.S. Then my entire life turned upside down and went into a downward spiral.

My ex-husband is the only man I have had sex with – in my conscious, free will state of mind, that is. I still maintain my habit of not having sex outside of marriage – in my conscious, free will state of mind. Even after thousands of rapes, forced prostitution, sexual torture as a mind-controlled slave, my body defiled again and again over the past three years, I can still say that I have been faithful in my body and maintained my purity and dignity before God, my family, and my children.

Whistleblowing Against Misuse of Government Funds

I never imagined encountering anyone like D.S., a 60-year-old Mexican man, in a U.S. government agency in the Orange County suburbs of metro Los Angeles. D.S. was senior manager of the agency's Information Technology (IT) Division in which I was a Senior Information Technology Analyst. Indirectly, D.S. managed my work through my direct manager.

D.S. had attended Catholic schools in his early years, then had joined the U.S. military. His biography states that he worked as a technician in the U.S. Air Force for a few years, then as a technician for almost ten years at Rockwell Collins, the large defense contractor in Southern California, after which he joined the government agency I was working for. He had been there for more than twenty years, beginning as an operation technician in the plant field, then working his way up into the Information Technology (IT) division.

I quickly gained a reputation as a very intelligent and beautiful woman in the agency. D.S. commented on how smart I was and more subtly on my appearance. He tried to lure me with job promotions so that I would be close to him, but I did not respond to these temptations. I have always been proud of my independence and dignity and would not trade them for anything. Our work relationship thus became more and more bitter, and he began using his authority to cause hardship in my work life.

In May 2013, I read in a department project report that our IT division was doing a Disaster Recovery project. It didn't make technological sense to me. The project would create a new computer disaster recovery center to enable the continuation of the agency's computer system, should the system in the main center fail due to natural disasters such as floods or earthquakes. The new computer disaster recovery site is very close to the ocean and just five miles from the main center. It does not reduce the risk, as normal disaster recovery centers should do.

I started privately researching the project and Agile Storage, Inc., a start-up company unknown to the IT industry at that time. I found out that in February 2013 D.S. had been in charge of using the agency's purchase bid process to select vendors for the

Disaster Recovery project, and Agile Storage, Inc. had won the bid. Agile has two offices, one in San Jose, California and one in Durham, North Carolina. In March 2013, D.S. had issued a procurement request to a sub-committee of the agency Board of Directors asking for funds to purchase equipment and services for an IT project to build a Disaster Recovery Center in Plant 2 of the agency, five miles from the main information management center in plant 1. The Board had approved his request with an initial cost for equipment at over \$1 million. D.S. had used multiple budget codes to cover it so the total cost would not be obvious.

D.S. discovered that I was researching the Disaster Recovery project. In September 2013, he seized my company computer and tried to use some of its contents to get me fired. However, I was able to prove that I had not breached company policy and so was able to keep my job.

On December 3, 2013, a co-worker in the agency close to D.S. told me that D.S.'s daughter had married and found a job in North Carolina at the same time in early 2013. I already knew from previous conversations with coworkers that in December 2012 she had applied for a job in our agency after graduating from college but had not been hired. I linked her move with Agile Storage's North Carolina office and the timing of her new job with the Agile equipment procurement and suspected that D.S. had cut a deal with Agile for his daughter's job, plus perhaps sharing the procurement with him. I started to search for the contract and procurement documents, inquiring of co-workers involved in the project.

D.S. panicked when he found out about how far my inquiries had gone. At first, he threw promotions and other incentives my way to try to buy me off, but I was as uninterested as before and kept researching. On December 10, 2013, I called the agency's union representative to discuss whether or not to report the procurement issue to the agency's Human Resources department. When I returned to the office, D.S. tried to engage me in conversation. I ignored him, at which he threatened, "I have money,"

and walked away. This announcement was probably the beginning of his plan for revenge: to hire gangsters to target me.

Beginning in mid-December 2013, small things like my house key and electronic devices began disappearing, then reappearing a day or more later. Things inside my house were moved around. While shopping or doing errands, I was stalked everywhere by Mexican people. I panicked and called the police to my home several times to investigate, but they found nothing or simply did not believe me. I asked my church pastor what I should do and he said I should do the right thing: report D.S.'s alleged misuse of public funds. In January 2014, I went to the agency's director of Human Resources and reported the alleged corruption. I also asked to be transferred out of the IT division to prevent D.S.'s retaliation.

I was not transferred and so had to endure being constantly threatened. D.S. scored my office wall with his car key, hinting that he would cut my throat in like manner. When I was standing behind a door, he punched it open and almost hit me in the face. During a department meeting on July 21, 2014, he suddenly changed topic, saying, "It is very easy for a person to die in a circumstance that you never expected." He remarked that he still maintained his contacts at Rockwell Collins, the large defense contractor he'd worked for, and that they were working on some very advanced technologies. Back then, I did not understand his subtle threats. Later, I realized that he had been hinting at being connected with personnel in government secret programs through his connections with defense contractors, secret societies, and organized crime groups that he would later sell me to for use in the military's secret space program and even as a human sacrifice at Satanic rituals.

I reported the office harassment to the Human Resources department which then conducted two investigations and concluded there was no evidence to support my claims.

My family life also took a hard turn. My husband and I separated due to unresolvable conflicts and finalized our divorce in May 2013 with shared custody of our children. I

moved out of our family house and lived in another house in Irvine. When alone in my house, strange things happened: dizziness when I stood up from bed, unexplainable dirty bed sheets, objects in the bed, my clothes in changed locations, my cheeks with slap marks and hurting for no reason, pain in my private parts. Something was seriously wrong in my house. One day after serious hangover-like symptoms (I do not drink, smoke or take drugs), I concluded that I had been serially drug-raped in my own house by intruders. From all the experiences I had had with Mexican gang stalkers and from D.S.'s strange behavior when he faced me up close—his shortness of breath, nervousness, avoidance of eye contact, etc.—I suspected that he was one of the rapists.

I was outraged, but due to my inexperience with rape, I did not report it to the police or agency, as I did not know how to collect evidence for proof. I thought all evidence was gone after a few days. But at a co-worker's retirement party, when I mentioned that I would leave the agency soon, too, she asked why I would leave such a stable and good paying job. I said, "Because I was raped here and have to go." The next day, she was still so disturbed by what I'd admitted that she reported it to Human Resources. They called me in and questioned me about the rape. I did not expect them to question me about it. I was so disturbed, hurt, helpless and outraged that I could not handle facing Human Resources staff members. Instead, I asked for medical leave from that day on.

D.S. was furious. The alleged rape was like a slap in the face that broke the public image he had spent years building: a government high-technology executive, a self-proclaimed Chief Information Officer (CIO). His hatred for me was at the tipping point and possibly this is when he decided to sell me as a slave to the government secret space program so I would be ultimately tortured, humiliated, and eventually killed, all without tracing anything back to him.

On July 6, 2015, I took vacation time and drove to a nearby park with my children. In the parking lot, a Mexican man pulled out a gun and pretended to shoot at me. Only

later did I realize that they had staged this show to trick me into thinking D.S. had hired hit men to shoot me. Terrified, I left the parking lot with my children. The next day, I went to D.S.'s office alone and told him that I would leave the agency and not continue the case, that I wanted to settle with him. He said, "You can take all the pressure off your shoulders now." We shook hands to affirm we had made a deal and I left his office. A few days later, I received certified mail at home which said I had told D.S. that I was voluntarily leaving the agency, my last day being July 16, 2015. I did not contradict this.

I thought he would not bother me anymore, but that was not the case. He had set an intentional trap to trick me into leaving the agency so he could eliminate all evidence of the procurement project and his corruption could never be prosecuted. As for me—the only person who knew the truth—I would be sold to the secret space program and killed. The perfect crime.

In May 2016, D.S. retired from the agency. With no more Human Resources investigation of alleged corruption, he retired with full benefits, a six-digit pension paid annually until he dies, a reward for his excellent service from the agency, and a seemingly untainted social status as a retired executive. With the withdrawal of my case in Human Resources, he had it all. But he was still not content. He wanted more.

After quitting the agency and worried about the safety of living alone, I moved back into my ex-husband's house where I still rent a room. In July 2015, I found a new job at one of the largest investment companies in the United States with a location in Irvine. A new start, the D.S. nightmare gone.

Not so.

Torture and Implanted Chips

On September 28, 2015, four days after I joined the investment company, I was food poisoned in a restaurant during lunch with my new co-workers. The perpetrators / gang stalkers sat in the restaurant to let me know they did it. They followed me 24/7.

In December 2015 at around midnight, I was sleeping in my living room when I was suddenly awakened by a heart attack that I thought I might not survive. I had never had any problem with my heart, nor had my family. From reading other targeted individuals' testimonies online, I learned that directed energy weapons (DEWs) can be used to induce heart attacks, thus killing perfectly healthy persons without a trace.

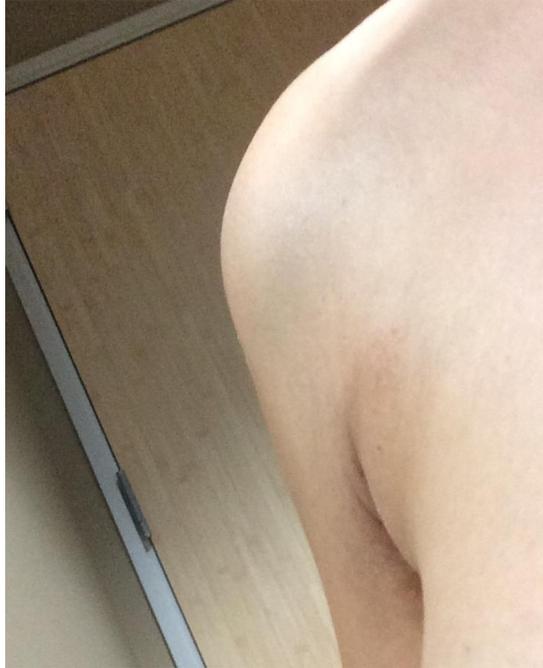
Since then, I have several times experienced ionized radiation poisoning at home, the attacks always occurring at night when I am asleep. A portable X-ray emission device must be nearby. The attacks cause severe nausea, vomiting, and hair loss.

I needed proof if I was to seek police protection, so I bought a radiation dosimeter sticker online (www.jplabs.com/sticker.html) which shows a color change in the sensor depending upon the radiation dose. After just a few days of wearing the sticker, the sensor color indicated over 50 rads⁷ of radiation exposure, a dose that should cause clinically observable blood change. I took the dosimeter to the Irvine City Police, but they rejected the evidence, saying that there is no proof that this dosimeter belonged to me.

I then subscribed to a dosimeter monitoring service and bought the Instadose dosimeter (www.instadose.com) that reports radiation exposure readings to its server managed by its parent company Mirion Technologies. I wore protective lead while sleeping, put the new dosimeter under the lead cloth, and monitored the radiation level from the company's website. For two consecutive nights, the monitoring services proved that even with lead cloth protection, I was being exposed to a dose equal to a chest X-

⁷ Units of absorbed doses of ionizing radiation equal to an energy of 100 ergs per gram of irradiated material. (Ergs are units of energy and work equal to 10⁻⁷ joules.)

ray each night. I took the monitor results from the Mirion Technologies website and showed them to the police. Instead of investigating my poisoning, the police sent me to a police department psychologist for being “paranoid.”



Radiation Mark Around Right Armpit

With no hope of help from the police, I tried to seek medical treatment for X-ray poisoning. But when I went to a local hospital or lab to draw blood and check for abnormality, the perpetrators followed me and had their members fill in the same prescription as mine, letting me know they had swapped my sample with theirs so I could not have a true diagnosis. I witnessed this swap several times, but the lab or hospital would not believe me, classifying me as delusional, a typical response to targeted individuals.

On June 13, 2016, I flew to Rochester, Minnesota to go to the Mayo Clinic's ER room to be checked for ionized radiation poisoning. A former classmate works in the Mayo Clinic specimen analysis laboratory, so I thought my blood sample might actually be analyzed there. I was dead wrong: the nurse assigned to me not only swapped my blood sample but also IV-injected a nanochip into my body.

The first nanochip injected into an involuntary victim's body is referred to as an *anchor chip* in that it opens the gateway to mind control via all future chips injected without the victim's awareness. From this chip on, my life became absolute mind-controlled slavery with no return.

Chapter 2

Seeking Truth: Go After The Chips And Who Are Behind the Chips

Gang Stalking in the Office

Time: Late July 2016, afternoon

Place: My office cubicle in US FUNDS's Irvine office, Irvine, California

I'd recently moved to the third floor of my office building and was sitting in my new cubicle when I was hit by strong microwave jolts in my hips, knees, etc. This was not the first time I was hit by microwaves inside the company building. Some of the Mexican janitors, security guards, and cafeteria food workers must have worked for contracted perpetrators. Several times I was food poisoned after buying lunch from the company cafeteria or leaving my food on my desk. Unknown chemicals have been sprayed on my office phone receiver and made my ear burn while I sat listening. Important things have gone missing from my backpack when I've left it on my desk. One time I caught a janitor attempting to take my backpack from a small meeting room I had left for a short period of time. My personal notebooks and belongings have gone missing the three times my office has been moved to different locations to accommodate the perpetrators' plans. Among all these attacks, the most frequent and most malicious attack is to shoot directed energy beams at different parts of my body, which happened almost every day while I worked in this company.

Back then, I still did not know that I'd been implanted with chips, though I was noticing strange things happening since my Mayo Clinic visit. I had constant ringing in my ears, what is known as *tinnitus*. Thoughts coming from nowhere were attempting to lead me toward self-destructive behavior. For example, on my way to the office for an early morning meeting, I would suddenly decide to go to a busy restaurant and wait in a

long line to get a snack. Not only would I be late to the office, but I would also miss the important meeting. I had the ominous feeling that the nightly rapes were back. Several nights I woke up remembering nothing of what had happened after I went to sleep but found signs on my body that sexual activities had occurred. I was very sure that no male had been in my house (my ex-husband had taken our children to China for summer vacation). I hired a private investigator to check my house and still could not discover any trace of anyone entering my room while I slept, but I still strongly felt that I was being raped.

At the office, I was trying to figure out a way to defend myself from the microwaves. How did the perpetrators know my location? I went to different rooms and floors of the building, varied my body position, and carried electronic and countermeasure EMF devices. I discovered that the tinnitus changed in different situations, sometimes pausing but then returning and becoming even louder. I realized the tinnitus was from the frequencies the brain was receiving or transmitting. The ringing would change as the transmission of frequencies was affected by physical structures and interference, just like listening to a radio station changed in different locations in the building. The only possibility I could think of as to why my brain was now a transceiver was that chips had been implanted in it.

I decided to ask for professional help to confirm the existence of the chips.

SCADA⁸ Scan Revealed Signals Emitting from My Body

Submicroscopic biotechnology is now big business, and not just in the medical field (“precision medicine”). The military / industrial / intelligence complex has weaponized

⁸ SCADA (Supervisory Control and Data Acquisition), a system operating with coded signals over communication channels so as to provide control of remote equipment (using typically one communication channel per remote station)

submicron (nano-sized)⁹ devices for C4 deployments (command, control, communications, cyberwarfare), implanting and testing them on soldiers and citizens without consent or adequate knowledge. Remote electromagnetic signals directed at tiny devices in a target's body ("remote sensing technologies") may be tracking the target, reading data collected by nano-sensors in the target's brain and blood, storing or transmitting data via tiny microprocessors or V2K ("synthetic telepathy") to and from the target's brain, etc. (Kazuo Kondo, 2015)

By means of sophisticated scanners, EM meters, spectrum analyzers, and handheld devices like iPhone 6s, specialists can capture photomicrographic images of these tiny devices and their non-ionized (non-thermal) signals resonating the atoms transmitting electromagnetic frequencies.

In September 2016, I asked a licensed private investigator specializing in SCADA scans to come to Los Angeles to test for evidence of RFID chips, nano-materials, biomedical devices, or similar sub-microscopic technology introduced into my body without my consent. The investigator's pedigree is impressive: a National Registry of Environmental Professionals (NREP) Certified Environmental Safety Compliance Officer, a former NREP SCADA Committee member, IEIA HSCADA Bio-Energy Field professional, and IEIA Fellow in Bio-Engineering, Advanced Materials, and Nanotechnology in Applied Science and Engineering. The 2016 SCADA scan report included screen shots of signals captured from a radio frequency meter and spectrum analysis devices. The report confirmed the existence of multiple signals being emitted from my body. With UV light testing, unnatural hues were exiting from my eye pupils.

Detox and Surgical Removal of Chips

⁹ A nanometer (nm) is a 50-atom unit one billionth of a meter (10^{-9}). A micrometer = 1,000 nm, and a millimeter = 1,000,000 nm. A sheet of paper is 100,000 nm thick, and a strand of DNA 2.5 nm.

After confirmation of the signals being emitted from my body, I started vigorous heavy metal and nano-detoxing procedures to eliminate what I could under the guidance of a leading industrial toxicologist, including a hair and patch test. During these detox procedures, some nanochip components that had been broken down were flushed out of my ears. These specimens are analyzed in two reports: “Photomicrographic images and EDS (Energy Dispersive X-Ray Spectroscopy) / SEM (Scanning Electron Microscope) Spectroscopy” (March 2016) and “RAMAN/Micro FTIR Microscopy” (April 2016). Both analyses pointed to a highly advanced manmade integrated fusion system of invisible circuits based on nano-materials responsive to military and corporate (defense subcontractors) frequencies.¹⁰ Nano-glass with electro-optic properties was also found, possibly to transceive via laser with tiny satellites known as CubeSats.¹¹ The industrial toxicologist also provided me with “SCADA FREQUENCY ALLOCATION INVESTIGATION REPORT” on September 12, 2016.

On March 20, 2016, I went to Atlanta, Georgia to see a plastic surgeon for implant removal; one foreign body was removed from the right posterior ear, and another from the left posterior neck, both of which were sent for analysis for reports.

On November 17, 2017, I hired the Carlson Company to test my hair for heavy metals and unknown drugs. The Carlson Company and its Affiliated Labs have been performing forensics toxicology for over 16 years and have served the general public and law enforcement globally. Their test results confirmed elevated levels of several heavy metals possibly related to the nanochips. Also detected was the presence of drugs, probably used to change my consciousness, such as GHB (gamma-hydroxybutyrate), the “date rape” drug that is a central nervous system depressant, and opioids like fentanyl, which I have no record of consuming in a conscious free will state.

Together, all of these reports confirm to me that the frequencies emitted from my body are RF / MW signals that can be accessed by different corporations, government agencies, and other entities for research and commercial use.

¹⁰ See DARPA’s NESD (Neural Engineering System Design) program.

¹¹ See NASA’s CubeSat page https://www.nasa.gov/mission_pages/cubesats/index.html.

Non-linear Junction Scan Discovered: Sold To The Secret Space Program

On October 7, 2017, I went to a security company in Salt Lake City, Utah, for the next level scan that collects data and/or signals during a Non-linear Junction scan and a full Spectrum Analyzer, from 8KHz to 20GHz Frequency Monitoring Sweep, with a signal recorder running to capture any/all RF transmissions from me. The scan report was sent to me on October 17, 2017, listing several signals captured in the scan:

All procedures were performed and conducted in accordance with the National Standards as set forth and taught by Research Electronics International Corporation. All Engineers and Representatives of (the security company's name) that were involved with the procedures are trained and certified on the equipment used and procedures conducted . . .

All signals appearing on this graph are normal, except for the three signals at xxx GHz, xxx GHz, and xxx GHz . . . The most peculiar aspect of these three signals is they appear when Jian Liang is speaking to us and when she stops they stop. When I saw them, I asked a few questions, then stopped and asked her some more questions. They did not appear every time she talked, but they did only appear when she talked.

From xxx MHz to xxx MHz, we see 7 distinct signals similar but unique . . . This transmission looks a lot like a European Zigbee transmission which shouldn't show up in the United States in this range.

I sent this scan report to the industrial toxicologist for FCC frequency analysis and further tracking of the frequencies specified. The industrial toxicologist confirmed the findings to my legal team and myself. The results astonished me: the signal frequencies discovered in the scan patterns found in the chips removed from my body and the material analysis of the chips linked me to the following three space program projects:

- Project LUCIFER
- Project Phoenix
- Project SOFIA

To date, I have very little memory recovery of how exactly I was used in these three projects, but I do remember being abducted for Satanic rituals and military assignments wherein my “special ability” was called upon to search out ET and new space portals.

Under Project LUCIFER, the Illuminati, Jesuits, and CERN come together in quest of contact with extraterrestrial life forms. (The Vatican is Illuminati headquarters.) LUCIFER is run by Jesuits utilizing the Large Binocular Telescope Near-infrared Utility with Camera and Integral Field Unit for Extragalactic Research (LUCIFER) and Vatican Advanced Technology Telescope (VATT) at Graham Observatory in Arizona. UFO sightings are common fare for Jesuit astronomers observing the Sun, searching the heavens in near infrared (most objects in space emit infrared wavelengths that remain invisible when observed in ordinary visible light), and freely discussing extraterrestrials, Nephilim, and astrobiology.

The controlled descents of the space probe Galileo onto Jupiter (September 21, 2003, fall equinox) and the space probe Cassini onto Saturn (September 15, 2017) may have been purposeful attempts under Project LUCIFER to make use of the plutonium power rods on board (72 pounds on Cassini, 48 pounds on Galileo) to set off fusion effects that could create new Suns and terra-form moons, despite the risk of extinction events on Earth.

Or were the “controlled descents” about extraterrestrials?

Project Phoenix is a SETI (Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence) project, and Project SOFIA utilizes the Stratospheric Observatory For Infrared Astronomy, the largest airborne observatory in the world. Phoenix began in 1995 with the Parkes 64-meter radio telescope in New South Wales and is now underway at Green Bank, West Virginia, Woodbury outside Atlanta, Georgia, Lovell radio telescope in northwest England, etc. Phoenix selected 1,000 stars within a distance of 200 light years for observation and communication attempts at 1,000 to 10,000MHz. NASA’s Ames Research Center in Silicon Valley manages the SOFIA program in cooperation with the

Universities Space Research Association (USRA) and the German SOFIA Institute at University of Stuttgart.

All three projects are aimed at collecting data on space and hence are under the broad umbrella of the U.S. secret space program. The real agendas hidden in these projects are much deeper than I can fully understand or explain in this book. What really puzzled me was how they could utilize me in space programs while I was still working at the office every day, sleeping at night, etc.

More importantly, why me? And what about my “special ability”?

Chapter 3

New MK-Ultra and Satanic Ritual Abuse: How I Was Programmed To Be An Absolute Mind-Controlled Slave

The MK-Ultra Crossover to Remote Control

It is difficult to believe that the corrupt power politics of transnational corporations and high-finance discussed in books like Naomi Klein's 2007 *Shock Doctrine*¹² now include the Satanic practice of trafficking MK-Ultra slaves, but it is true.

MK-Ultra is an acronym the then-new CIA decided upon for a very important project continuing the "research" the Nazis had begun in the concentration camps during World War Two. In a sense, MK-Ultra was the first Brain Initiative (1953), the second being President Obama's White House Brain Initiative (2013). MK-Ultra served as an umbrella program for 149 subprojects, most of which were not studying chimpanzees' brains but real human brains, namely human children's brains. Many of the subprojects [for example, 23, 62, 68 (psychic driving), 94, 119, 138 (biomedical sensors)]¹³ were pushing for remote chemical and electromagnetic mind control.

The Nazis had used the children of camp inmates, but where did the American military and CIA get children to experiment on? Initially, children were borrowed, leased, or purchased from U.S. military officers and foot soldiers, and from practicing Satanic cult families,¹⁴ who for centuries had been shattering and re-programming their children

¹² Naomi Klein, *The Shock Doctrine: The Rise of Disaster Capitalism* (Knopf Canada, 2007).

¹³ Thanks to John Hall, *Guinea Pigs: Technologies of Control* (Strategic Book Publishing and Rights, 2014), pages 11-13.

¹⁴ Read Kathleen Sullivan's *Unshackled: A Survivor's Story of Mind Control* (Dandelion Books, 2003).

from the womb onward. Sometimes patriotic American parents believed their children were being “trained” in the grueling Cold War battle with the evil Communist Soviet Union; other times they were privy to some facsimile of the truth while their children were out of their care and at military hospitals like Walter Reed or St. Elizabeth’s in Washington, D.C. The National Security Act of 1947 made it all right to lie if the lie was in service to fighting the Cold War.

The original MK-Ultra technique of shattering the child’s personality and then re-programming each shard for a separate CIA functionary (spies, drug mules, assassins, sex kittens, verbatim recording, astral travel, psychic skill, etc.) was limited to pain induction (torture), drugs, and hypnosis, with general electroshock. Now, 45 years since the CIA swore that MK-Ultra had been closed down (1953-1972), the programs have gone military¹⁵ and corporate and codes, pulsed frequencies, and nanotechnology have taken priority. Remote electromagnetic control over the brain still works in tandem with pain induction, drugs, and hypnosis to shatter and split the personality, program the parts, and rob the victim of memories.

Mind-controlled human trafficking is the underpinning of high-tech corporate life today, whether you are referring to high finance, the military, intelligence, defense contractors, the medical industry or Big Pharma. Surely outgoing President Eisenhower was privy to this program without naming it (or the CIA and defense mega-corporations committed to it) when he said:

This conjunction of an immense military establishment and a large arms industry is new in the American experience. The total influence -- economic, political, even spiritual -- is felt in every city, every State house, every office of the Federal government. We recognize the imperative need for this development. Yet we must not fail to comprehend its grave implications. Our toil, resources and livelihood are all involved; so is the very structure of our society.

In the councils of government, we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial

¹⁵ Jack Corrigan, “The Pentagon Wants to Bring Mind-Controlled Tech To Troops.” NextGov.com, July 17, 2018.

complex. The potential for the disastrous rise of misplaced power exists and will persist . . .

Discovery of MK-Ultra Programming and Deprogramming

In June 2017, I had been searching the Internet for a remedy for my evening hypnosis and sleepwalking that made me leave my home to be tortured and raped. Originally, I had thought that voice-to-skull (V2K) technology¹⁶ was being used to hypnotize me, so I had bought some SONY voice recorders and placed them close to my ear when I slept. I had also purchased software for decoding the subliminal sound. But nothing stopped my almost daily sleepwalking out of the house.

While looking for sites dedicated to hypnosis prevention, I came upon an article about the 1996 book *How the Illuminati Create Undetectable Total Mind Controlled Slaves* written by Fritz Springmeier and Cisco Wheeler whose YouTube presentation I had listened to a few months before. I had not paid much attention back then, as I did not suspect that it might apply to me. This time the article chilled me to the bone. I recognized it was what was happening to me: I had been *programmed*¹⁷ by means of the implants I had received, coupled with torture. It explained the weird experiences I had been having since my implantation on June 13, 2016. For an entire year, I had been subjected to trauma-based mind control and all the torture associated with it.

For the next four or five nights, I stayed up reading online about torture-based mind control and *dissociative identity disorder (DID)* once known as *multiple personality*

¹⁶ Also known as *synthetic technology*.

¹⁷ All people are *conditioned* by means of cultural and religious conditioning, television, college, subliminals, etc., but *mind-control programming* is far more sophisticated, similar to computer programming and television programming but dependent upon splitting the personality with trauma—all the way to BCI / BMI (brain-computer interface / brain-mind interface). See Ellen Lachter, PhD, "Some Indicators of Trauma-Based Mind Control Programming," <https://endritualabuse.org/some-indicators-of-trauma-based-mind-control-programming-2/>.

disorder (MPD). What a horrific life a programmed slave is doomed to live! I decided to be deprogrammed.

On July 17-18, 2017, I underwent a two-day deprogramming intensive near Seattle, Washington with a psychiatrist specializing in DID and Satanic Ritual Abuse (SRA) deprogramming. During the sessions, the psychiatrist confirmed that I did have DID created by torture. She helped me uncover alters and was able to integrate some of them.

Dissociative identity disorder (DID) is a severe condition in which two or more distinct identities, or personality states, are present in—and alternately take control of—an individual. DID is a disorder characterized by identity fragmentation. DID reflects a failure to integrate various aspects of identity, memory, and consciousness into a single multidimensional self. Usually, a primary identity carries the individual's given name and is passive, dependent, guilty, and depressed. When in control, each personality state, or alter, may be experienced as if it has a distinct history, self-image and identity. The alters' characteristics—including name, reported age and gender, vocabulary, general knowledge, and predominant mood—contrast with those of the primary identity. Certain circumstances or stressors can cause a particular alter to emerge.¹⁸

MK-Ultra mind control programming creates alters via three interrelated methods: drugs, pain induction, and hypnosis. The drug I remember most is LSD. It is especially used at the beginning of programming. For example, when I was first injected with the nanochips but had not yet been fully programmed to walk out of my home for my abduction, the perpetrators would break into my home when I was sleeping and inject me with drugs, then move me out of my house under hypnosis. Once the walk-out programming was in place, they just needed to call out the alter programmed to walk our body out of the house. Then they continued with other programming.

My system has two kinds of alters: human alters and artificial alters. The human alters are real personalities split off to take on the memory of certain torture. These alters have their own emotions—joy and pain, love and hate—but they are also easily lied to as the only world they know is the one given them by the programmers. The

¹⁸ *Psychology Today*, <https://www.psychologytoday.com/us/conditions/dissociative-identity-disorder-multiple-personality-disorder>.

artificial alters or robots (as I call them) are essentially created by hypnosis. Artificial alters have no emotions or feelings and only do the job the programmer commands them to do. Without human feelings of mercy or shame, they are perfectly suited for torture and perverse sex slavery.

It is said that programming a person takes only six weeks.

After returning to Los Angeles, I used the “virtual” methods The Washington State psychiatrist had showed me and started to deprogram myself. I was able to recover many horrible memories of being programmed, and most painfully of how I had been used as a sex slave, prostitute, porn film slave, and human breeding machine. I also had memories of several alters being used at Satanic rituals during nightly abductions.

Recovered Memories of Alters and Programs

“Golden,” the sacrificial lamb

“Golden” is the “walkout” male alter created in an underground dungeon. His hands were bound in chains hung to beams, his feet bound. Three Mexican gangsters used red-hot metal frames to burn Golden’s chest and lower parts of his breasts. (I still have the burn marks that resemble a certain symbol, possibly a Satanic cult symbol.) Golden screamed when the burn marks were created. The main handler—a tall 60-ish white male I later discovered was X.H.—showed Golden a framed photograph of a sheep and told him that he is a sheep and should obey the Satanic cult’s command. The marks on his body symbolize that he is their slave and should do whatever they tell him to do. He is the “sacrificial lamb” that will eventually be killed as a sacrifice to the cult and their master Satan.

Horrible memories reveal that I was abducted to various Satanic ritual locations where I was ceremonially abused. The persons I saw at these rituals included the

programmers / handlers / perpetrators both inside and outside of US FUNDS. During these rituals, members tortured my alter and said that in their cult view, my spirit would awaken people from the dark net the Satanists were weaving; hence, I am their enemy. Their ultimate goal is to eliminate me and use me as a sacrifice to Satan.

In one Satanic ritual memory, I was kneeling and chained in a cage hanging over a fire, my hands tied to the cage. From a distance a female high priest swept a wand toward me and cast a spell that made my head drop to my knees as I seemingly died. I recognized several familiar faces, including a US FUNDS man wearing a white robe and sitting in the front row, seemingly with high status.

I have been a Christian since I was 25 years old. I follow Jesus and will never worship Satan.

“Hanna,” the alter who walks out

“Hanna” is a female alter created to take control of my body and walk me out of the house to be transported to the handlers. Hanna was unwilling at first because she knew that walking out did harm to the body, so the handlers let her see one of my relatives being tortured. Chained and beaten, my relative crawled toward Hanna crying “Help!” But Hanna was restrained, too. The handlers brought out a long red-hot metal fork and pointed it at my relative’s eyes, saying that if Hanna did not obey, they would burn the relative’s eyeballs. My relative screamed frantically for a long time. When the handler pushed one end of the burning fork into the back of the relative’s neck, the relative’s skin soon produced a smoking round burn mark. The relative fainted. The relative’s long scream was recorded, followed by a smooth ocean wave sound that I used to listen. This was played to let Hanna know that each time she heard the ocean wave sound, she would also hear the scream of her suffering relative and walk me out.

Hanna's heart broke, as did her will to disobey. Every time she was called by the ocean wave, she would remember her relative's long, panicked scream and she would obey.

Other alters who walk the body out are usually severely abused sex slave alters who dare not disobey because of the fierce pain they endured during their creation and continuous tune-ups.

"Sue" and the silent sufferer program

"Sue" was created to ensure total silence in the face of extreme torture, as a cry or scream or sob might draw attention to the abuser. Sue was sitting on a wooden bench, her hands and feet tied to the bench, electrodes in her vagina, her head covered by a blanket. The handler swung a club and hit Sue's head again and again. Sue was told never to make any sound during the torture, but it was too painful and she couldn't suppress a scream, after which the handler hit her head more violently, again and again, until it was covered in blood and Sue lost consciousness. After throwing ice water on Sue to wake her up, the torturer continued hitting and shocking her until finally she made no sound while being tortured. In the end, her head was covered with a pinkish mixture of blood and some other unknown stuff, her hair stuck together with dried blood. It took the handler a long time to clean up in order to conceal the crime.

In several following "tune-up" programming sessions, the handler used a special bat with fixed electrodes on it to hit Sue's head again and again. The electrodes shocked her head, causing terrible pain but taking much less time for the handlers to clean up afterward. These tune-up programs made sure that Sue would always remember the pain she endured and obey. While being tortured, Sue would open her mouth, contort her face in pain, look like she was crying but remain completely silent with not even a sob.

For several nights after, my head felt swollen, and when I turned my head from left to right, my brain felt like thick liquid was sloshing around. When I touched my head above the left ear, the skull felt soft and lumpy, as if I had touched a liquid gel pack. When I turned my head, I lost balance and felt dizzy. My brain felt like a big thick liquid ball. I went to see a doctor and had a CT scan, but as with many other medical scans and blood tests, the perpetrators showed up at the exam location and let me know that they had manipulated the result. The CT images ended up being the same CT images as those taken several years before. Thus once again I had no evidence of the crime.

This is the silent suffering programming that enabled the abusers to rape me, electroshock me, inject drugs into me any time anywhere, whether in a restroom on an airplane (the torturer hides in the restroom and calls out "Sue") or in cars parked on the side of a road or in a parking lot, in restaurants, churches, or office buildings without causing any attention. The alter makes no noise, not even when the body trembles with extreme pain.

"Anne," the gatekeeper alter

"Anne" is a tall, slender woman who looks like a 25 to 30 year old me. Anne's job is to watch the entrance to the internal system that looks like a mountain cave with a long, dark tunnel leading to unknown inner darkness. She stands at the entrance, monitoring what is happening and reporting to her master.

During Anne's torture, she was forced to kneel naked on the floor. The torturer was a Mexican man who gripped her by her hair and repeatedly shocked the back of her neck with a device that looked like a clothes iron. Every time she was electroshocked, she cried and screamed, the device being applied many times. The personality that split off was told that electrodes covered her body, controlling her, and that her mouth was screwed shut by a device like a medieval thumbscrew so that she could not tell what

had happened. A button installed in her chest would let her move into the tunnel only when pushed by her handler.

Anne showed me an image of a hospital operating room. A large medical device with two cylinders was shooting strong light, perhaps laser, into her eyeballs because her eyes were forced to remain open so she would look straight into the strong light while lying on the operating table. It was probably a CyberKnife¹⁹ and its light cut into her eyeballs and caused great pain. She still has flashbacks and tries to move her head away from light.

This was likely when Anne was used to endure the pain of having a nanochip inserted into my pupil. The existence of this chip was validated by the SCADA scan.

“Catie,” the sex kitten alter

“Catie” resembles a 20-year-old young woman, innocent and craving love. I rescued Catie by pointing out the lies that the handlers had projected into her. Catie is happy and curious in her sex kitten cat ears and long tail. A young, innocent and hypersexual girl, she is eager to please old men who call her out. She has been programmed to crave sex and show joy during sex and sex play, and the handlers manipulate her longing for a father’s protection by deceiving her into believing that distorted sex will bring her joy and love. D.S. called her out and deceived her into thinking she wants to please a good and decent man like himself.

Other Types of Alters

¹⁹ A CyberKnife is a frameless robotic radiosurgery system used for treating benign and malignant tumors and other medical conditions. - Wikipedia

I have discovered alters who believe they are animals or a body part, and their whole world is what the programmers have told them it is. They have no ability to make critical judgments or feel shame while participating in degraded or harmful activities.

I've also discovered alters claiming special psychic powers such as the ability to remote view targets in faraway countries, pass through walls, astral travel to other planets, using mind power to remotely kill a target, etc. These abilities were awakened by the military through extreme torture and training. I cannot ask these alters to show me how to do these feats, nor can I as the executive personality do these things. But I do have evidence of some of these alters' abilities, especially passing through walls, which the perpetrators consistently use to walk me out for abductions.

Forced Prostitution and Porn Films

During many of my abductions, I am forced to be a prostitute to make profits for the programmers and handlers. They sell me as a MK-Ultra sex slave and give the clients my programming code so the clients can call out the sex slave alters that will do anything for them. Of course, my programmers and handlers are all "clients" who can call my alters out anytime they want during these abductions, and many of them (like I.N., D.S., etc.) have fun creating new alters to satisfy their special fantasies.

They also use sex with my alters as a lure and reward to get people to work for them. I have been offered as a sex slave to my neighbors, Mexican janitors and security guards at US FUNDS and my mother's apartments. Gang stalkers or recruited stalkers who stalk and monitor me in airplanes or other locations are rewarded similarly.

My handlers profit from shopping me around as a sex slave for porn and “dark web”²⁰ films. Many nights after being abducted and returned home, I have found that my skin has been shaved, my nails trimmed, my hairstyle changed, my body touched and abused. Some porn films or photos were likely distributed to my coworkers at US FUNDS by the handlers to further humiliate me.

In one of the memories I recovered, I was abducted to a Mexican nightclub-like place where I was injected with a drug, then was carried naked to an underground room where a row of blue-collar Mexican men was sitting on the floor as if they had been paid to participate in tonight’s live torture show. In the middle of the room was a camera and a strong bright light shooting toward me.

I was commanded to do all kinds of sex acts with all kinds of entities. A big Mexican man beat me with torture tools, taking torture orders from the audience enjoying how my body suffered and phone and Internet orders as it was being broadcast live online.²¹

Mind Control Handlers From Satanic Secret Societies

Handlers in Boy Scouts of America

Since I began deprogramming in July 2017, I have tried to remember the faces of handlers. I figured they must be living close to me and familiar with my daily life. Besides recalling B.S. in several torture memories, a tall white man in his 60s appeared in many alters’ memories, but I do not recognize his face. Then on November 18, 2016 I was abducted during my sons’ Boy Scout camping trip in the Mojave Desert. In the morning after the abduction, I was walking with my children when a tall old man greeted

²⁰ The dark web or dark net is a hidden internet existing below the surface web that cannot be accessed by normal search engines and only by a service called Tor (The Onion Router). Anonymous cryptocurrencies are the primary means of paying for products or services.

²¹ The 1983 film *Videodrome*, directed by David Cronenberg, showed how this is done, particularly via the dark web.

me with joy. His hat and sunglasses covered most of his face, but from his voice and body type I sensed he was a handler. He quickly left. A year later on November 11, 2017 during a Boy Scout fishing trip, I happened to stay in the fishing equipment hut while everyone else went fishing except for the Boy Scout leader X.H. sitting with me. X.H. is a local community college professor and guardian of a boy the same age as my sons; he joined our Boy Scout pack about a year ago. X.H. was pretending to slowly fix a fishing pole, but I had the sense that he was there to monitor me. Comparing his voice, face and body with what I remembered during torture sessions confirmed my guess: he was the tall, old white man who tortured me with a burning stick and shouted that I am a sacrificial lamb and should obey him. I spent the rest of the day studying his every move, trying to understand why a highly educated person would engage in such satanic crimes against me and other people.

X.H. soon realized that I had recalled his true identity and avoided looking at me or being close to me. In all subsequent face-to-face encounters, he has avoided looking into my eyes while punishing me even more cruelly in nightly abduction and tortures. So this college professor and Boy Scout leader is a Satanic secret society member, a programmer, and a torturer in every way possible—sexual, physical, spiritual, and mental. My horrible memories of this abuser are extreme.

My method of going to isolated places to lure handlers to show up paid off with two other Boy Scout parents whose sons joined my sons' Boy Scout pack so they could get close to me and my family. A.R. is also a professor at a nearby university, a Satanic secret society member and sexual and physical abuser. P.T. used to work for a government agency and then was recruited in late 2016 to be my programmer and abuser, joining the Boy Scouts as a leader so as to meet me at Scout events. He and X.H. organized the Mojave camping trip so I could be abducted to the Mojave Desert military base for an entire afternoon and night.

Company handlers and accomplices from all sorts of institutions and civic groups collude to program and enslave slaves like me. I've been abducted to many Satanic

rituals at which handlers from government, military, and secret groups are in attendance. In 2017, one such occult orgy / ritual occurred in a building that I later recognized as a nearby secret group's temple. I was forced to prostitute there, and I saw X.H., B.S., and other Asian MK-Ultra slaves in the building. In other Satanic ritual events, I have seen military handlers who also work with US FUNDS. Satanic secret groups are the dark entities behind my programs. It is their members like B.S., X.H. and handlers at US FUNDS that work together for diabolical purposes like programming and enslavement.

Chapter 4

The Real Masters Emerge: Illuminati and Government Mind Control in Investment Banking

The Illuminati Messenger from Geneva

Time: 2017-10-24, Tuesday afternoon, 5pm, PST

Place: My office cubicle in US FUNDS's Irvine office, Irvine, California

It was 5 o'clock on October 24, 2017, a week after I had received the implanted chip report from the scanning company. It was almost the end of a busy working day and many co-workers had already left the office or were about to leave. I was sitting in my cubicle writing emails about the platform upgrading project that I was working on when a surprise guest entered: V.C., a Senior Programmer Analyst on our web team. I had met him almost a year before when he was introduced to me through U.H., his manager. Middle-aged, white, tall, slim, very smart and calm, V.C. lives in Geneva, Switzerland. He joined US FUNDS in 2006 and works in the Geneva office. U.H.'s entire team is based in Irvine with only V.C. remotely reporting to him, except for twice a year in April and October when he visits our Irvine office.

On the previous Friday, I was working from home when I received his Skype message asking me for my recommendation of what to do over the weekend. I recommended a few hiking places and a quantum physics discussion group. I had previously noted from his personal web page that he listed having been educated at CERN.²² When I had asked what he did at CERN, he'd replied that he'd studied

²² An acronym for *Conseil Européen pour la Recherche Nucléaire*, the European Organization for Nuclear Research, CERN houses the massive particle accelerator known as the Large Hadron

computer engineering as his undergraduate major but had not worked there. We had also talked about parallel universes and the multiverse. Then I had to work overtime for a project deployment, so we did not continue our Skype conversation. Back then, I had not connected his background with CERN to Project LUCIFER; I just thought he was unique and intelligent, low-key, very neat, always in a white shirt and sweater.

Now in my cubicle, V.C. said a friendly hi and sat next to me. We chatted about his weekend activities, Reiki, the Chinese martial art Qi Gong, out of body experiences, etc. Slowly and purposefully, he turned the topic to 9/11 and the recent Las Vegas shooting, hinting that these “false flag” events had been planned and carried out by insiders. Then came the following conversation:

V.C.: You know that if they think a person knows too much, they will think he is too much of a risk to handle.

Me (feeling a little uncomfortable about this comment as I feel he is hinting at my current situation): If you were in such a situation, what would you do?

*V.C.: I would pocket a couple million (dollars) and keep my mouth shut.
(False smile.)*

Realizing that this warning was his true purpose in seeking me out for a conversation, I look seriously at him.

V.C.: If the person does not keep his or her mouth shut, then his or her relatives, say ten people close to his or her life, will be hit one by one, and if the person still does not obey, they will not wait until all ten relatives are hit but will make sure this person either disappears or is locked up in a psychiatric institute.

Me (knowing this is either his threat or he is the messenger passing on the threat, I try to negotiate): What if this person does not care about money and all she wants is to let her and her children be freed and out of trouble?

V.C. (smiles): No. How can they be sure that you will not talk? They have to keep the children in their hands.

Me (irritated and looking at him with a cold smile): Why do they need to bother so much with hitting ten people? Why do they not just kill the person or make him suicide?

Collider (LHC)—a synchrotron-type accelerator, a particular type of cyclic particle accelerator in which the accelerating particle beam travels around a fixed closed-loop path. CERN was built (1998-2008) near Lake Geneva (Lac Léman) on the French-Swiss border.

V.C.: No, this is not how it works. Too much risk. Those relatives, you know, they may question . . .

Me: If you have to decide between your children or your own life, what would you do? (I was thinking that I would not bend to such a threat, and my expression showed it.)

V.C.: I would choose to save my children. I have lived enough life; they just started.

Me (smiling but not bending to the threat and looking at my watch): Sorry! I just realized that I have to go or I will miss my appointment.

Surprised, he reluctantly stood up and looked at me.

V.C.: Remember, they know what you are thinking and they will act. You know the microwave technology . . . Bye!

This was a direct, plain, verbal threat. I looked him in the eyes and said good night, quickly collected my stuff, left my cubicle and the building.

I encountered V.C. several times over the next few days before his return to Geneva, but we did not exchange any more words.

That night when I returned home, I was still in shock. I replayed the conversation in my mind and the threat that V.C. had delivered, still with little idea of how a US FUNDS colleague would know about the implanted chip and mind control I was now subject to. And who were “they” who would be prepared to target my relatives in order to threaten me?

My situation began spiraling downwards much faster than I could have imagined.

On October 26, 2017, two days after my conversation with V.C., I was driving home in the afternoon when I suddenly received a call from my legal consulting firm, which has ties to the intelligence network. I hired the firm two months ago to help me investigate the controllers behind my MK-Ultra programs. The consultant said that through his intelligence network, he had been told that my life was in imminent danger and they needed to file a petition of involuntary implantation of nanochips to prevent adverse actions against me.

I stopped my car, V.C.’s threat in my mind. I vaguely sensed that the danger was related to his threat. I electronically signed the petition immediately, and my legal consultant submitted it overnight. Two days later, he called again, relieved, saying that

the petition reached the intended government agency and the immediate danger was over. The government agency would investigate my case and stop the crime.

I was relieved, too, but I did not share my consultant's confidence in the government agency's investigation. A few weeks later, because of how "complicated" my case was, it was transferred to other government agencies, including the U.S. Navy and U.S. Army. So far, I have received nothing on the "investigation" into my case, nor any improvement of my situation as a mind-controlled slave.

My work situation was also getting worse. On October 30, 2017, the IT announced a mass layoff, the layoff date as yet undetermined.

Programming Handlers in US FUNDS

I decided to investigate the handlers and perpetrators behind the crimes I had been subjected to. First, I searched online for other targeted individuals' experiences, and concluded that perpetrators have three common practices:

1. They approach the victim as a fast friend to gain the victim's trust, and if the victim is a female and single, they usually use "love" as bait;
2. They stay physically close to the victim so they can monitor the victim 24/7 and know the victim's every move and thoughts;
3. They are normally secretive about their family or personal information unless they purposely want this information ("masked information") because they do not want to reveal their true identities.

Next, I began to carefully observe my work environment. On October 30, 2017, I sat in my cubicle scrutinizing my surroundings. Masers and lasers²³ had been used to shoot

²³ Masers (microwave amplification by stimulated emission of radiation) are basically microwave lasers (light amplification by stimulated emission of radiation) and are more often used in targeting.

me in this cubicle and other meeting rooms numerous times. Microwaves can penetrate walls, but lasers can only attack in visible range. I examined the open area around my cubicle to discover how the perpetrators could follow my movements and physical location in the office building. Suddenly, I noticed a camera on top of a computer monitor in an office whose window and door directly face my cubicle. The office belonged to senior manager S.N., U.H.'s manager—and U.H. is V.C.'s manager. The camera was a stand-alone camera that S.N. added to his laptop's monitor for video conferences soon after I moved to this cubicle. Since everyone in the company uses a laptop and carries it to meetings, and all company laptops have built-in cameras and video conference capability, this camera was redundant, unless it is used as a 24-hour spy camera to monitor my cubicle while S.N.'s laptop camera might be shut down when the laptop is away from the office.

S.N. is a tall, sporty white man about 60 years old with a high-pitched voice. He joined the company in January 2015, around the time that I applied for a position I did not get. I then submitted my resume to a friend in US FUNDS and he passed it on to a hiring manager, after which I received a job offer in August 2015 and joined the company in September 2015.

Founded in the early 1930's, US FUNDS is one of the world's largest investment management companies. It offers its own investment funds products under its US FUNDS brand name. US FUNDS consists of more than 40 funds, including Individual mutual funds, fund of funds, IRAs, retirement plan solutions such as 401k, 529 college savings plan, and variable annuity funds. US FUNDS has more than 55 million investors invested in their funds. As of 2018, it has a total of \$1.7 trillion under its management. US FUNDS are distributed exclusively by financial advisors.

What is unique about US FUNDS is that although the assets it manages make it one of the major investment banking companies on Wall Street, it remains very low key as a private company since it was created.

S.N. works in my department and leads a separate group. I encountered him every day as our offices were close, but I had only talked to him once in a group meeting. U.H. sits in a cubicle far from my cubicle but always uses S.N.'s office when S.N. is away.

Thinking about how V.C. had been introduced to me by U.H., I suddenly realized several factors that indicate U.H. was a handler, namely *my* handler.

U.H. joined the company in December 2015, three months after I joined. He manages a group in my department. I first met him at an office party when my group moved to his floor. He said he was 38 years old, single, likes sport cars. He has red hair (which I like) and a very charming voice, a major captivating factor for me. Everything looked good on him. He sent a lunch invitation to a few newly hired employees whose cubicles are on my office floor, myself included, then took us to restaurants I like. He also likes a sport that I like.

In addition to the four or five small group lunches, he sent me chocolates and cookies after his return from trips to Japan. He said he liked Japan and went there to visit someone. Even after all of this, though, I viewed him as a spoiled child and friend and did not want to develop anything else with him. Besides, I already had too much going on in my life.

When I look back at all of these events, I realize that it was all planned to make us friends so that he might have better control over me. U.H. met the three characteristics of a handler. Was S.N. also a handler? Both stand and walk like military men, not in the lazy, casual style of techies.

I decided to do a test. I moved a poster from S.N.'s office window to a location blocking the camera pointing at me. Now the camera could not see me through the window. When S.N. came in the next morning, he was angry about the poster move and slammed his door. Later, he removed the poster so that the camera was again pointing at me. Now I knew he was a handler, too. But a few days later, S.N. put another poster in the window and it blocked the camera. I was surprised until I looked around and found two staged storage boxes lying in the hallway in the other direction from my cubicle. Like a duck blind, the top box handle had been cut out to make a rectangular

hole perfect for a hidden camera. The box belonged to Indian quality control analyst I.N., whose cubicle directly faced the right side of mine.

Was a hidden camera in the box? I watched U.H. walk into S.N.'s office and sit watching the app on his phone reading my thoughts. He knew what I wanted to do. I took out my phone, my plan being to use my phone flashlight to point through the box blind. If a camera was in there, the lens would reflect the flashlight and brightly shine. As soon as I opened my phone, I was hit by a strong sleeping ray and fell asleep in my chair. After 10 minutes, I woke up and found that I.N. was back in his cubicle and U.H. had left S.N.'s office. If there had been a camera in the box, it was probably removed during my magic sleeping time.

I had talked to I.N. once before, and it had not been pleasant. The back of his cubicle is a whole wall window with blinds. He always opens the blinds all the way up so the sunlight shoots directly into my cubicle. One day I closed the blinds when he was not there, but right after he returned to his cubicle he opened them. I approached him and politely asked him if I could lower the blinds. Surprisingly, he rudely rejected my request, saying he liked them up.

After the box event, I was almost certain that I.N. was a handler, but I needed more confirmation. One night I opened the window blinds when he was not in his cubicle. Outside the window is a three-story parking structure. From the window I could see the cars parked there. On the third floor of the structure was always a white pickup facing I.N.'s window. Anyone in that pickup could directly see into my cubicle.

I noticed that the pickup was parked in the same location almost every day. One day I went to the parking structure and found a man sitting in the pickup with the headlights on, the windows down, and his head lowered so I would not see his face. From his build, I surmised that he was the stalker I had seen several times before, such as once during lunchtime when I received a phone call related to my case and went to a table on the company's central lawn area for privacy. While I was talking about my case over my personal phone, this same short, stocky man with short black hair and dark eyes came and sat across from me with his lunch bag, seemingly to threaten me not to talk about

mind control when co-workers are around. Seeing him again in the parking lot made me realize where the laser gun and microwave shots were coming from, with I.N. opening the window blinds to facilitate the attacks.

In such ways through trial and error, I found many more accomplices directly or indirectly involved in my programming and slavery. Some were intelligence agents in full body disguise with voice change devices to hide their true identity; others were not wearing disguises but participated as who they seemed to be.

The following are those I suspected of hiding in the IT department of US FUNDS:

Name	Description	Year Joined US FUNDS
V.C.	Senior Programmer on web team, based in Geneva office. C.E.R.N. background. He is the main connection between my Europe handlers and US Funds handlers.	2006
U.H.	Manager on web team, my main handler. He showed up in many of my programming and abuse memories.	12/2015
S.N.	Senior Manager on web team	1/2015
I.N.	Quality Control Analyst, Indian. Very cruel. He showed up in my memories as a perverse sexual abuser.	2006
G.U.	Manager, later my direct manager, Japanese. Very cruel, the terminator of my career in the company, plotting to terminate my life. He showed up in many memories as a perverse abuser using both sexual and physical torture.	1/2016
L.I.	Business Systems Analyst, pretended to be my friend	8/2015
O.S.	Quality Control Manager, he showed up when I was doing deprogramming on the company's central lawn and did remote viewing of my memory	Early 2016
N.B.	Architect of emergency technology	Early 2016
H.H.	Manager, Chinese descent but hid his origins. Pretended to be my friend.	2006
U.L.	An outsource India consultant. While deprogramming, I remote viewed she was performing witchcraft. One time she was monitoring me.	2016

I have also recognized other programmed MK-Ultra victims in the company, mostly women of different ethnicities: Chinese, Russian, Japanese, Caucasian, etc. Some of these women handled by my handlers may have no idea that they have been put into this horrible program.

How Handlers Infiltrate US FUNDS

After discovering the perpetrators in US FUNDS, I tried to connect the dots of how my company, Project LUCIFER, CERN, artificial intelligence (AI) in the financial industry, and the New World Order tie together to serve an overarching Satanic Illuminati cabal.

Historically, Wall Street attracts the most elite and intelligent people for its work force. Some have been or will be working in very important positions domestically and globally. With absolute mind control programming over unwitting Wall Street elites, the Satanic secret society is able to freely control them *and* the future. Mind control is an important building block of the New World Order.

Control over US FUNDS is no exception. It begins with the insertion of mind control programming and the strategic placement of handlers in positions affording direct and indirect influence over programmed targets' lives inside and outside the company. I researched job start times and positions of handlers at US FUNDS and what I came up with is that these perpetrators joined the company in three different time-based groups to serve three different agendas:

1. Around 2006, a flood of perps prepared US FUNDS for the 2008 stock market crash.

Handlers like V.C., I.N., I.I. etc. joined US FUNDS two years before the 2008 stock market crash to prevent the many mutual funds in the US FUNDS product lines from devastating losses. These funds were performing much better than other funds and established the company's long-term investment record. It is unknown what was done, but the flow of programmers and handlers to the company at the critical point of

financial crisis and its almost miraculous escape from the market crash leave many questions for average investors, the main question being not about how US FUNDS escaped the crash but with \$1.3 trillion under its management, how these programmers and handlers and their mind-controlled employees *contributed* to the market crash. More importantly, what roles will these handlers lead US FUNDS to play out in future market crashes?

Due to the nature of my work and the relatively short time in the company, the multiple handlers I discovered are mainly located in the technology groups of the company. But the mind-controlled or nanochip-implanted victims handled by them or other handlers inside the company are not limited to the technology group. Many of the handlers share a common behavior pattern: to expand their influence to as many employee social, religious, professional and even academic groups as possible. They are also active in creating new employee social groups, so that they not only monitor employees but gain access to certain targets, especially company elites like investment fund managers.

Besides the handlers and perpetrators who work inside the company, I have also seen perpetrators outside of the company show up at the Irvine office and company headquarters in Los Angeles. Given the investment management nature of the financial industry, and the inside financial information that many employees would have access to, it is not difficult to imagine why Wall Street employees are desirable mind control targets.

I have long urged my coworkers to not participate in free flu shots, incentive-driven health monitoring programs, etc., as these are easy ways for perpetrators to identify victims, inject anchor nanochips, and use continuous health monitoring for their own agendas.

2. Around 2015, a new group of handlers and programmers joined US FUNDS for the secret space program and other clandestine programs.

The secret space program is tied to the Illuminati New World Order in part to provide global elites with a survival alternative. One objective of well-funded mind control programs is to discover, develop, and exploit human psychic power. Slave candidates

and “guinea pigs” for these programs must be intelligent, artistic, have special genetic features, innate psychic abilities, physical strength, etc. Utilizing an intelligent and diverse work force on Wall Street serves the secret space program’s agenda well. Also, because China, Russia and Japan are also power players in space, program handlers are especially interested in targeting Chinese, Russian, Japanese and other Asian associates.

Handlers at US FUNDS have widely used India’s intelligence resources through company outsourcing. With hundreds or even thousands of Indian outsource contractors coming in and out of US FUNDS’ work force every year, great flexibility and low visibility for infiltrating intelligence agents are assured. I myself have encountered multiple Indian intelligence agents spying, programming, remote viewing, defaming, etc. while performing their company duties. Security, janitors, etc. have also been utilized to facilitate monitoring and even poisoning of mind-controlled slaves and general staff.

3. Several years before 2015, yet another flood of perps began joining US FUNDS to prepare for the AI takeover of Wall Street.

The illuminati and global elites are changing Wall Street’s traditional investment method from human management to artificial intelligence robot management. The era of elite-controlled AI has already begun. US FUNDS is “catching the wave” and transforming itself into an AI investment company. Elites are sending their handlers and programmers to US FUNDS to ensure that the company follows their direction; human managers are transferring their knowledge to AI robots and will eventually be controlled by them.

Connect the dots: how Project LUCIFER, CEOs, the company, AI in the financial industry, and New World Order merge to serve the Cabal.

Besides the traditional financial control of Wall Street, the Illuminati are actively pursuing artificial intelligence on Wall Street to control the financial world for their New World Order. The secret space program, with its connections to the Vatican, CEOs, the U.S. military, is another aspect of the control the Illuminati need for the New World Order.

For decades, any discussion of secret societies like the Illuminati, Freemasons, or Jesuits, or the wealth and influence of religious institutions like the Vatican has been written off as “conspiracy theory” to keep people from realizing that vast networks of power with very different belief systems have conspired for centuries to run wars, the founding and demise of nations, law, education, social welfare, trade blocs and world economies. Key individuals, dynastic families, corporations, major religions and governments continue to this day to provide useful cover for ancient cabals and associations. The present Pope, Jorge Mario Bergoglio, is the first Jesuit Pope of 266 successors of St. Peter.

Now, the Internet is glutted with opinions and research regarding these affiliations—glutted to such an extent that, strangely, they seem less and less believable the more they are repeated. But what if we examine them through the lens of modern corporate practice instead of through religion or occultism?

The three incorporated cities not subject to national authority but having their own laws, police force, and flag are the City of London (one square mile of London), the District of Columbia (68.34 miles), and Vatican City (109 acres). The oldest, most ensconced and wealthiest is the Vatican, for centuries hidden behind the Catholic Church (600 CE) and Society of Jesus (Jesuits, 1534 CE), and more recently by Illuminati Freemasons and Satanists. At the center of each corporate city-state stands an obelisk (Cleopatra’s Needle, the Washington Monument, and the St. Peter’s Square obelisk).

The founder of the Illuminati (*Illuminés*) was a former Jesuit named Adam Weishaupt. Supposedly founded on May Day 1776, the Illuminati secret society was set up hierarchically along the lines of both the Jesuits and Freemasons. Thus it seems that the Jesuits, Illuminati, and high-degree Freemasons are all connected, particularly through their incorporated city-state power bases.

Now let’s translate this into the themes of our own corporatized era, particularly how a secret space program intertwines with globalization (the New World Order). Like

the secret cabals and religious organizations mentioned earlier, the overarching secret space program has been buried beneath spun distractions like UFO (unidentified flying object) and alien “conspiracy theories.” Our Space Age has been up and running for decades but has only recently been obliquely authenticated by President Donald Trump’s proposal for a sixth branch of the U.S. military: the Space Force.

Even mind-controlled slaves like me are subject to the secret space program.

CHAPTER 5

Military Abduction and the Secret Space Program: Advanced Technologies and Soul Slavery

After I learned the “virtual” deprogramming method from the Washington State psychiatrist in July 2017, I was able to recover many memories. The handlers were terrified of my progress and tried to hinder me. In November 2017, they injected two new nanochips into my visual cortex. When I deprogram and invoke old memories as a graph or movie in my brain, they projected screened images into my brain via these nanochips, fake images they created to confuse and discredit me. I have been able to rule out some obvious fake memories and discard them, but not necessarily others. Memories cannot always be confirmed because of the technologies and entities involved, including the locations where events happened. Memories described here are based on my best efforts to relay only true memories.

Memories Recovered: Genetic Experiments

I recovered a memory from an overnight abduction on Sunday, September 30, 2018. At 12:30 am, I was sitting in one of our bedrooms taping my leg to a heavy desk with Gorilla Tape to prevent myself from walking out when I was triggered to sleep. I awoke at 6:30 am and found that the tape had been replaced with new tape. I remembered being awakened by handlers and switched to an alter who cut the tape and led me out of the house where I was picked up and taken to a military base close to San Diego. Hours later, the alter brought me home, taped my leg back to the desk with new tape, and woke me up.

But I recalled other details. When the car stopped at the front entrance to the military base, the huge entry-exit reminded me of Marine Corps Base Camp Pendleton where I

held a paintball party for my children's birthdays in early 2018. The driver of the car gave a hand signal to the soldier who let us pass without further inquiry. I boarded a jeep that then drove past a wired fence hidden by tall, dry desert brush.

The area was wide open, dark and quiet with no other humans, cars, or buildings. Somehow, I had changed into orange coveralls and was led to what looked like a round sewage hole in the desert floor. The cover was removed, I squeezed into the hole and descended a ladder. At the bottom was an even bigger hole that I again descended to a large area with interconnecting hallways leading to other places.

A young blond woman in a lab coat led me to what looked like a lab. A large table had computers and analytical equipment on it. Next to the equipment were three or four rows of metal cages, each roughly 20 inches by 20 inches, stacked side by side from top to bottom. I could not see into the depth of the cages. Inside them, though, were creatures I did not recognize. One looks straight at me. I am astonished. It has a human baby's face, eyes, eyebrows, nose, mouth, the skin light-colored. Its round eyes and dark pupils make me think it is related to the Asian race. Its face in front of its head faces me and I cannot see hair. I am not sure if I saw ears, but I know the body is wrong. I see no neck or upper body. In fact, the body behind the head looks more like a cylindrical mammal's body with smooth dark skin, like a seal. This creature was a hybrid of human and animal, a *hunimal*, a military genetic experiment.

I particularly remember the expression on the creature's face, its mouth closed but its eyes wide open and looking straight at me. Strangely, I felt this creature and maybe others might be related to genes stolen from me.

The blond woman not look at the cages, but I sensed that her job was related to the creatures. We then left that room and walked to another room that looked like an operating room (OR) with an operating table like a birth bed or table in an OB/GYN's office. I was ordered to sit on the bed and recline at a 60-75 degree angle with my legs spread.

A white male doctor in a long surgical gown and mask and protective cap came in and did something in my private area, after which I was given a strong electroshock while in the same restrained semi-reclined position. It was very painful and I trembled violently. (While recovering this memory, my right leg felt the electronic shock from the top of my thigh to the calf, as if I was being shocked all over again during memory recovery. This is what “reliving” torture means: the body, not just the mind, retains the pain it endured during the torture, which offers proof that the memory is not false.)

I was then taken to a large helicopter and sent back to home to awaken at 6:30 am. Within three hours after I woke up, I went to bathroom twice and urinated more than 12 cups of urine. Given that I had only drunk a little water the day before, I believe this urine was from the IV liquids I received during the “procedure.”

The following week, I was abducted again. Two of the abductions were intentionally timed and seemed to be follow-up procedures. In the early morning of October 4, 2018, I was abducted for 3 hours to a Mexican family residence about five minutes away from my house. A Mexican woman put me in a hospital gown and ordered me to lie on the examination table in a room. Two men came into the room and injected me, then connected my body with cables to an EEG-like machine to monitor me after the shots. At the end of the procedure, the shorter man said to the others, “Keep monitoring her for two days,” after which he raped me. When he was done, the taller man came back in and tortured me with a sex torture device in my vagina while raping me. Three Mexican men then came in one by one and raped me. Finally, the Mexican woman returned to clean me up and change my clothes, and I was taken back home. When I urinated, I felt a sharp pain in my vaginal area, surely from the sex torture.

Two days later, I was abducted to yet another house and again put in semi-reclining restraints. A man wearing a dark suit came into the room carrying an old-fashioned black medical bag filled with the tools of his trade. He then perpetrated certain procedures on my private parts.

I have needle marks all over my body—head, arms, breast, stomach, legs, feet, etc. As I do not do drugs and have seldom received shots from my doctors in conscious time, I believe the majority of these shots have been done against my free will during abductions.

Breeding Slave

The entities who control me have been using my body as a breeding machine to produce embryos they then steal for their agendas. Each month when I ovulate, they abduct me, inject sperm to get me pregnant, then abduct me again six or seven days after the ovulation date and take the embryos. I have found several times after abductions that my cervix has been artificially dilated for no reason. I have many unexplained needle marks in my stomach area, which probably means that they also extract eggs from my ovaries by means of needles. I pointed out one of the needle marks to an OB/GYN and he said it was above one of my ovaries.

I did not suspect the breeding program until early 2017, when I noticed the pattern of abduction dates matching ovulation dates. New needle marks and unexplainable dilation of my cervix around certain days supported my suspicion. In 2016, I had missed my menstrual period twice and had no period for three or four months. It then came back for one month and disappeared again for another three months. I suspected that I had been three months pregnant both times and that the babies had been taken from me while I was unaware of their existence.

I tried to break my ovulation cycle by using after-sex pills, hoping that I would not get pregnant. Right after I took the pills, the handlers abducted me and poured something down my throat. After I returned home, my feet and legs were swollen for days; afterwards, they continued stealing my embryos. Possibly, they used hormones to overpower the after-sex pills to force the pregnancy to continue. I visited several local

OB/GYN doctors and requested that they remove my ovaries. Not one would agree to perform the operation because it was not medically necessary, even if I and not my health insurance paid for it.

I tried to locate where the babies were by using my remote viewing ability that I occasionally have during my conscious time. What I saw was a baby girl, six or so months old, in some kind of underground base on a table in a lab-like room. The female nurse holding her used a device to electroshock her. Terrified, the baby went into spasms and after a while became motionless. The nurse then inserted some other tool of her trade into the baby's side, possibly to draw blood or liquid out of her body, which was then put into a large container hanging on the wall. In the large hall outside the room were huge containers on the floor. My impression was that they stored what was being extracted from this baby. Was adrenochrome (C₉H₉NO₃)²⁴, the chemical compound released when a human is under great stress—fear, pain, anger—being harvested from the electroshocked baby to be used for secret agendas?

The entities that control my programming are no doubt using my eggs and embryos for profit, but is genetic engineering or pedophile appetite as far as human trafficking profits go? Today it includes future slaves for everything from sex to corporate handlers to production of adrenochrome-saturated “rejuvenating” blood for aging elites and sacrifices for Satanic rituals.

One night in early January 2018, the Satanic handler X.H. forced me to eat my own embryo at a Satanic ritual. The next day in my conscious life, I felt so nauseous that I almost vomited when I saw the blood on the raw beef I was cleaning and preparing for dinner. For several days, I could not stomach seeing any raw meat or blood. It puzzled me until I retrieved this memory several months later.

²⁴ Adrenochrome is unscheduled by the U.S. Controlled Substances Act. While it is tempting to think of much in this book as “conspiracy theory”—a term popularized by the CIA in the 1970s—unfortunately most of it, if not all (including “vampires”), may be going on just out of public view. See, for example, the 11-minute “Adrenochrome The Elite's Secret Super Drug! Documentary,” and read headlines

Clone and Soul Transfer

The secret space program is called secret because those in charge of it hold many secrets that they do not want the general public to know, some of which are about non-traditional physics, esoteric laws of the universe, and advanced technologies beyond people's imagination but which already exist in this world. These concepts and technologies were used in the projects I was enslaved to. While it is outside of this book's scope to explain these concepts or technologies, I would like to outline some key concepts and encourage readers to explore on their own a deeper understanding or validation of the concepts.

Soul Extraction

Beside the physical abductions for sex slavery, genetic engineering, and breeding, one of the main reasons that the secret space program uses me every day is to access my non-physical body, probably what is called my *astral body*. In this way, my soul is extracted for use in space projects.

Jay Alfred stated in his book *Our Invisible Bodies*²⁵ that human beings possess multiple layers of high frequency, liquid-crystal electromagnetic bodies that are ordinarily invisible. He categorized these bodies as physical, etheric, astral and causal, similar to traditional Biblical terms referencing biological, soul and spiritual bodies. Through drugs, meditation, or occult rituals, a person can have out of body experiences and feel that their soul is flying out of their body. In the 1970s, Robert Monroe invented

²⁵ Jay Alfred, *Our Invisible Bodies: Scientific Evidence for Subtle Bodies* (Trafford Publishing, 2005).

the hemispheric synchronization audio technology to induce out of body experiences with technology.

The entities behind my programming utilize my soul when I sleep. By using frequency with my chips, they can adjust my sleep state from one stage to another, then input the frequency that causes my left and right hemispheres to synchronize so as to be connected with the outside universe. Once the connection is established, they can trigger my out of body state and detach my soul from my physical body so that it launches into the vastness of space.

Soul Transfer and Cloning

The detached soul is vulnerable to attack. Once my soul is out of my body, the handlers of my programs will be waiting to use occult spells to trap, seize, and enslave my soul, just as they capture my physical body in abductions.

A human body is like a quantum computer, and our soul its system software that controls it. Like any software, the soul can be cloned or copied. Small pieces of souls can be sliced out of the main soul, each piece of the soul being as whole as the original soul and maintaining the original soul's functions. Each soul piece can be put into another body to make that body functional.

My soul was used to travel to other planets for space program assignments, and was also put into another body to control that body. The body that the soul controls can be my cloned body, another human body, or a soul-less synthetic body, a bio-robot body.

Memory Recovery: Floating Clones

During the deprogramming session with the psychiatrist in July 2017, we discovered the alter "Adam" who has very intensive "Do Not Tell" programs as well as a suicidal

program which will be triggered if he tells the secret. (We deleted Adam's suicide programs.) Adam told me that he is used as a spy to decode Chinese military code. Later, I learned that he had been programmed with powerful psychic abilities and is a main alter used in the secret space projects. One image I was shown in memory recovery was of Adam floating in the air all by himself. He was lying flat, face up to the sky, as if he were lying on a platform, but there was no platform or support above or under his body.

Another memory revealed the same floating image, only this time they were Adam-like multiple bodies simultaneously floating in an airplane hangar in a seeming military base above ground. All six or seven bodies, floating and still, were at a height of about one story—bodies like Adam's, tall, slim, in white overalls. I believe these were Adam's cloned bodies. Adam's alter consciousness is stored as a software in my body and copied to other cloned bodies. Since Adam is mind controlled and can be triggered by the handlers' command to float in the air, the handlers can use the same command to trigger all the cloned bodies to float at the same time to the same height. Conscious transfer thus becomes the perfect method for augmenting human intelligence and training super soldiers.

I have alters with far more intellectual, psychic and physical abilities than I can achieve in my entire life, such as passing through solid walls, assassinating with psychic power, photographic memory, expert knowledge of the ancient Chinese *Yi Jing*²⁶, hands-on mechanic experience to maintain space equipment, etc. Although some of these abilities can be achieved through brutal training and practice, I was told by my alters that programming is superior when it comes to clones and transferring their consciousness to my original body. Thus is augmented knowledge stored in my alters to be used upon the handlers' commands.

²⁶ The *Yi Jing* ("Book of Changes" or "Classic of Changes" (often spelled *I Ching*) is the oldest of the Chinese classic texts and is notable for describing an ancient system of cosmology, philosophy and divination at the heart of many Chinese cultural beliefs.

Occasionally, I do see traces of these abilities in myself and not just in my alters. For example, one time I was under a semi-hypnotic state in my free will state and was asked by the psychiatrist to examine an event that happened when I was 10 years old. I remembered the store buildings, roof, and street passengers in detail. I could even see the goods being sold in the storefront from my birds-eye view, as if these memories were presented to me in an enlarged, high-definition photograph so as to capture all details.

Soul Catching Net and Eternal Soul Slavery

The same concept of storing one person's consciousness in an implanted chip and transferring it to another body in the future is what the British Telecom project "Soul Catcher 2025"²⁷ was about. This technology is in operation in the U.S. military's secret space programs. As David Manners puts it, "If you can store a person's lifetime experiences, you can transfer the person's experience into another person's body. Bingo – you have immortality or reincarnation."²⁸

If we could retain our experiences from our last life and apply the lessons to the current life, reincarnation would quicken the evolution of human consciousness. However, most of us are born not remembering and so basically have to start over. Per theories of the Earth as a prison planet and human beings trapped in a matrix, Peter Horttanainen's article "What is the Reincarnation Trap / Soul-Catching Net / Soul Net?" gets to the quick of the matter:

The idea is that upon death, our soul or consciousness separates from the body and then undergoes a process wherein memory is wiped clean and recycled – reincarnated – into another body to repeat the same process. In this way the Earth becomes a literal prison planet from which it's very difficult to escape. The soul net is placed there as an artificial energetic grid (not the natural energetic grid of ley lines of Planet Earth) to prevent any soul from getting through. Thus the Earth remains a

²⁷ Robert Uhlig, "The End of Death: 'Soul Catcher' Computer Chip Due..." *The Electronic Telegraph*, n.d. Also see David Manners, "Soul Catcher," 17 November 2017.

²⁸ Ibid.

closed system where new people are constantly born for the purpose of powering the economy and generating (negative) emotion for the Archons²⁹ to feed off, not remembering Who They Are or what the real situation is.

The dark entities' ultimate control is to enslave the human soul.

"Topsy Turvy". This is an internal term used by this Navy Special Ops group for when they "take someone", meaning quantum jump them to "their place." "Their place" is the hospital/lab they are working out of. They can do this to anyone anytime. They remotely force the subject to take a deep breath and when they exhale they are transported. Let's return to use of Luciferian/Synthetic dimensions to archive human energies such as minds and souls. It's theoretically possible for millions of people to be topsyturvy'd in one fell swoop or at stages, having their souls (or spiritual essences), as well as ALL energies i.e. devic/auric body, mind/consciousness and, of course, their overall biological body down to every cell, taken. The main thing to consider here though is heisting of the soul and mind. When they do this they call you a "new one" or "nobody" - meaning the you sitting on your couch are newly made and no longer spiritual but rather a type of soul-less synthetic. They have the spiritual, sentient version of you at their facility. Remember the phrase "the devil wants your soul"? This may have already been done to many, many Americans and others around the world. (Merry Christmas America 2013, From the U.S. Navy, Special Operations, Disclosure on Technologies and Applications being Used Against, n.d.)

I was told that the dark entities already manufactured copies of the whole me, all included, and they are ready to replace me at any time that they need. No one can tell the difference of a "re-manufactured" me, including myself.

Although these dark entities have the technology to capture my soul when my soul is out of body during sleep, my soul craves freedom and refuses to be captured and enslaved. My alters told me that my soul has escaped many times after being captured. The handlers cannot confine my soul, so they brutally torture my physical body. When the body suffers too much, my soul cannot fly too far and has to come back, thus being captured again. Yet my soul still refuses to be enslaved and stands by its free will to be a free soul. Therefore, so far, the dark entities continue abducting my physical body and

²⁹ *Archon* is a Greek word that means "ruler", frequently used as the title of a specific public office. It is the masculine present participle of the verb stem $\alpha\rho\chi$ -, meaning "to rule", derived from the same root as monarch and hierarchy. (Archon, n.d.)

use extreme methods to undermine my deprogramming efforts by reprogramming me whenever I make any progress.

When the soul is out of the natural physical body, the handler can put other souls or entities into the original body to take control of the body. In my case, many times the handler would put an artificial intelligent soul (“robot soul”) into my body. The robot soul has no emotions. Once my soul finishes its assignment, the handler removes the robot soul and lets my human soul back into my body.

It is possible that a human soul can be captured when it is out of body and never be able to return to its natural physical body, or it might return to the body and find that it is occupied by other entities; then it cannot return to its body until the entities are gone. A soul-less body is extremely vulnerable to attack.

Chinese Military Spying

One of my main uses to the space program is my Chinese background and psychic abilities to spy on Chinese military.

Memory Recovery: Remote Viewing

On November 19, 2016 while camping with my son’s Boy Scout pack at the Mojave National Preserve, I was abducted to the military base nearby for an entire afternoon and most of the night. The trip was later proven to be my initiation into spying on China.

I was driven to a building at the base and asked by military personnel to remote view. I remote viewed a ship in port in China’s Liaoning province and detected the mission head with the painted Chinese characters *Dong Feng* hidden midship. Military personnel then showed me a picture of a ship on a computer screen and I confirmed that this was the same ship.

During the same abduction, I was taken to a room in another building and told to lie under a special machine and put on goggles through which I saw stars in outer space. I pointed to a star and said: "Stop, this is the one." I then saw three or four astronauts in space suits using some tool to dig something from a small hill on a planet; possibly they were mining there. There were dome-shaped yurts at the foot of faraway hills. Was the U.S. military letting me find the planet that Chinese astronauts were mining so I could report the location of the planet to them?

Other spying Chinese military activities includes remote viewing the pilots of Chinese' space craft and war craft, and using advanced technologies and psychic abilities to mess up with them.

Space Messenger

I was told that my special ability is navigation, that my soul is able to fly very far, very fast, and very high. The program handlers use this unique ability to make me a cosmic messenger. One memory I've recovered is of my soul flying far away into outer space to a very modern, advanced planet with gray background and a huge city with all kinds of tall and low buildings not like the buildings on Earth. I know where I should be going and which building to enter. I am in either my astral or plasma body that has no weight or solidity and yet holds my consciousness just as my physical body does. I fly up to a certain floor and through the wall to a room inside the building. Passing through the wall is as easy as if there was no wall. Inside the room is a table near the window beside which a very tall, thin entity stands looking out the window. It turns to face me as I land in the middle of the floor. It does not have a human face, but I don't recall what it looks like, nor do I remember the content of our conversation. When I return to Earth, the body I am in enters a robot-like machine located in a large empty lot on a military base. In some way, the memory of my trip is transferred from my consciousness to this robot-like machine, then erased in me.

I have other memories of my soul going to different planets or space ships as a spy. I was also used as a soldier on a mechanical support team in a secret space complex on another planet. The soldier alter was using my soul and a cloned body. He had strong psychic ability and could kill enemies without touch but with mind power. He also had fighting and survival skills to protect himself and his team.

Chapter 6

My Bloody Road to Seeking Truth and Freedom

Seeking Justice

Ever since I found out that I had been put into a mind control program, I have been vigorously seeking deprogramming and legal resources to break out of the jail imprisoning my mind. From 2016 to 2018, I have taken 19 trips and 47 flights to various cities in the United States to visit medical doctors, legal advisors, professional scanners, etc. I have also been working diligently with a local toxicologist to detox my body and collect evidence for the non-consensual injection of nanochips. My efforts have enabled me to prove the existence of the chips and find the entities behind my programs, but the road to seeking truth and freedom is filled with traps and malicious attacks. Every step I take toward freedom triggers brutal retaliation in order to scare me back. I have never given up; freedom is still in my dreams.

No Justice for Rape

Back to the first memory recovery of sex slavery by D.S. on October 1, 2017: After returning home from the torture house, I quickly executed memory recovery. Bit by bit, I recalled what happened and who did it. I decided to collect rape samples but not go to the police or an emergency room. The horrible experience of going to the ER for a rape kit six months before still haunts me.

On March 25, 2017 at 10 am—four days after I had two implanted chips surgically removed in Atlanta, Georgia—I was raped after returning home from Atlanta. I decided

to go to the emergency room at California Mission Hospital, St. Joseph Health System at Mission Viejo, California, for a rape kit. The nurse asked my name and the city I lived in when the rape happened, then put me in an examination room. Instead of a regular ER doctor, a psychologist entered and asked what had happened. As soon as he heard me say "implanted chips," he closed his notepad and walked out. Next, they sent in a big nurse and three or four people who wanted to force me to receive a shot. When I objected, the nurse said they thought I had psychotic issues and was a danger to society; they planned to send me to a mental hospital once they found me a bed. I was forced to receive the injection and was put to sleep for four to five hours. I heard the nurse saying to the people watching me that they needed to take me to some other procedure as soon as I fell sleep. When I woke up, it was already 5 pm. I asked them not to send me to a mental hospital and told them I would withdraw the rape kit request. After many negotiations, they finally let me go with a diagnosis of paranoid schizophrenia.

Not only had they re-injected the two removed chips back into my body, but they had also injected more chips into me in that four to five hour mental hold period. As for the diagnosis of paranoid schizophrenia, not only does it not accurately reflect my actual mental state but it does not accurately consider the validity of my reported events or account for the physical evidence I had gathered regarding the environmental impact of SCADA-based directed energy upon my person. As the Certified H-SCADA Bio-Energy Field Professional I hired to evaluate the results of my scans stated: "Her prior diagnosis as 'paranoid schizophrenic' from her examination at St. Josephs March 2017 did not integrate the data from her SCADA testing procedures; this data provides evidence that her claim of receiving signals from and being influenced by a SCADA system is clearly NOT delusional and cannot be rationally explained as solely the result of delusion since delusions do not produce such results." I also had been treated by 3 other psychologists and psychiatrists, all confirming the diagnosis of DID.

On October 5, 2017, four days after D.S. raped me, I finally decided to go to The Safe House, a non-profit organization that helps rape victims collect evidence. When I arrived there, two staff members from an advocate support group were also there, one of whom I recognized as having gang stalked me before. She was a perpetrator sent to sabotage the rape kit. But I had no proof or means by which to make her leave. She was in the room where the rape kit was taken. I already knew what would happen, so I decided to find another facility in another state to do the rape kit.

On October 7, 2017, six days after D.S. raped me, I flew to Salt Lake City, Utah for a scan, my last chance at the rape kit. I went to a local hospital's ER and told them that I wanted to do a rape kit. They asked where the rape had happened, I told them Irvine, California. After a while, I was put in a separate room and in came two persons, one a social worker and the other a psychologist. When I saw them, I already knew that they had called the Irvine police and what would happen next, so I quickly asked to leave the facility, and I returned home.

I have bought many self-detect semen test kits and confirmed many times that semen showed up in the test kit. Yet, when I send the specimens to the lab, the result is always negative. The perpetrators follow me to every lab I visit and even trigger the lab's security siren on and off to let me know they can access the facility and there is no way I can get evidence.

Once there is no justice available, perpetrators explore every possibility to get me to sleep and rape me. I have been raped by so many people in so many places that even one day without being abducted and raped would be a precious day for me to celebrate. For three years, such days are oh so rare.

I have also dealt with the military's ruthless destruction of my evidence-seeking efforts. Equipment I've bought has been damaged, hacked, or simply stolen, and almost all blood draws, medicines, and CT/MRI scans are tempered with.

Abduction By Any Means

When I have tried to defend myself from being abducted, I have encountered very advanced technology that the military uses to facilitate abduction: the invisible cloak, teleportation, clones, passing through walls, remote-controlled force fields to null magnets' effects, chemical changes to tape's adhesiveness, not to mention hacking all electronic devices from laptops to camcorders. If they cannot hack the device, they use a directed energy weapon to damage or destroy the device, or simply steal it. And don't forget their unlimited tax-dollar funds and resources.

Teleportation and the invisible cloak are the advanced technologies that the military has been using for years but keeping secret from the public. I have been teleported from my home to various locations.

Instantaneous communication with synthetic telepathy – how it works: This also can apply to gang stalking applications. It's actually faster than instant. The operators - and possibly you mentally, depending how things are configured - exist in a time-space bubble outside of our linear time. This gives the operators time to put together any kind of information to send you. *Via the electromagnetic-nanotech topologies, the subject can be in essence ported to a lab, tested, fixed, brainwashed, raped, messed with, then sent back in-tact as they were or altered and never know anything at all happened unless the operators choose to leave them with a screen memory.*³⁰

The invisible cloak was invented decades ago, though not revealed to the public until 2013. Researchers demonstrated that it could be scaled to almost any size and could even be used to hide orbiting satellites.³¹

By utilizing the sleep ray that instantly puts me to sleep at any time and anywhere, the teleportation for abduction without trace, spacetime manipulation, the invisible cloak to hide perpetrators in my home, and holography to create illusions so my family members do not suspect I am away, I have been abducted countless times to be used

³⁰ "Merry Christmas America 2013: From the U.S. Navy Special Operations, Disclosure on Technologies and Applications Being Used Against American Targeted Individuals," 2014.

³¹ "Human-Scale Invisibility Cloak Unveiled." *MIT Review*, June 6, 2013.

in secret space projects and Satanic rituals, and still my family members do not believe I am being abducted.

Fighting against such advanced technologies has proven to be futile. I have tried so hard, but I know my limitations.

To punish my persistence in seeking evidence and justice, they use every possible way to humiliate me. After I returned from my deprogramming trip, I was abducted from my mother's apartment and forced to be the sex slave of the security men and janitors who work in her apartment building. Janitors and cafeteria workers at US FUNDS sexually abused and humiliated me after I decided to find a lawyer for a lawsuit. The handlers gave my alter codes to local Mexican gangsters, gardeners, janitors, and day laborers, prostituting me to them in my own neighborhood. They shoot me with the sleep ray whenever I drive to someone for help, then rape me in my car or even in Ubers I call, in airplane restrooms, a restroom near my church or other places that I can be alone. Every day and night of my life is a struggle to not be put to sleep, to not be abducted.

At the same time, physical torture has been pushed to the extreme. Beyond extremely painful sexual torture, I've been subjected to many famous tortures: the Tiger Chair, hung and beaten in the airplane posture, forced to bite on a steel ring to destroy my teeth or stare at hot burning fire to cause eye damage, crushed fingers, my tongue elongated and sharp things inserted, etc. Each time the handlers program, reprogram, or tune me up, they end the process with anal rape and electroshock on my private parts as a routine ritual so as to insert yet another demon so I cannot escape.

Memory Recovery: Drug Trials Human Lab Rat

In October 2017 after I discovered the frequencies of the secret space program chips and the entities linked to these programs, it was decided to terminate me. In a

memory I recovered in June 2018, I was abducted to a military base and led to a conference room to be evaluated by three military officers. During the meeting, they concluded that I am too dangerous and it is too risky to let me continue in the program, so they decided to find a replacement for the program.

My persistence in finding the truth and my striving for freedom must have really irritated them, given how merciless their reaction was. I was sold to the malicious drug trials program. During subsequent abductions, handlers X.H. and G.U. openly joked that I was to be the test subject of the most dangerous and damaging drugs so they could terminate me faster. They laughed about how ugly my death would be.

On May 20, 2018, I was abducted from a Faraday cage I had built. I'd sealed the only entry with tape to prevent myself from walking out, but I was teleported out of the cage and put on an airplane that I could tell flew over the Pacific Ocean to an island where I was first put into a small and very dark room. I could see shapes of beds stacked on each side of the room with a narrow passage between the two rows. People were asleep on some of the beds. Next to my bed was a Middle Eastern man about 30 to 40 years old with black eyes and a black beard. Soon, a white woman came in and led me out. By the light of the opening door, I noticed that the Middle Eastern man looked worried.

She led me into a huge gym where a young black man immediately and angrily punched me hard on the side of my head with his fist. I fell to the floor and he left as if nothing had happened. I could not remember having encountered him before, but a human test subject or slave in a mind-controlled state can be abused and humiliated by anyone.

The woman then ordered me to run on a treadmill as she stood beside me and watched. I ran a while but felt very tired. Panting, I slowed down, at which she slapped my head hard with a long wooden ruler. In order to keep running, I had to hold my head. I then got caught in the running belt and was thrown to the floor. The woman asked someone to drag me to an examination room.

The cold room had an MRI machine in it. I lay on the medical table alone with IV tubes in my arm. A few rows of blue neon lights shone through the floor, giving me the temporary illusion that all of this was not true. Soon, however, a white man in a lab coat with his assistant entered and prepared a large needle he then inserted in my IV. Soon I was spitting white foam and my eyes rolled back, my body stretched straight out. I lost consciousness.

The man's assistant pushed my bed to another room, while a female doctor in a surgical gown came in and checked my pupils.

"Not enough. Give her more exercise."

The assistant pushed my gurney toward the man.

"What?" he said, inserting more liquid into my IV. Again, I spit white foam and my eyes rolled back, my body banging up and down and out of control, the bed shaking violently.

The man smiled. "Here we go."

My head slid to the side and I lost consciousness, after which the female doctor said, "That's the right dosage." She put on gloves, prepared long surgical thread, and started sewing inside and outside of my nose.

After the procedure, I was awakened and sat up on the bed vomiting into a pot. My head felt like it was going to explode. The female doctor smiled and washed her hands, saying, "All done."

Back in the dark room, the Middle Eastern man asked me with empathy, "How are you doing? Are you OK?" I was exhausted and my face was pale. I nodded to him and was silent.

I was then returned to a neighborhood house bought by the handlers' group after I had been sold to the drug trials program. Since being sold, it had been kept "empty"

until I was laid off and my other programs wrapped up so no evidence could be traced to them.

While the handler U.H. did some operations on a nearby control console, I was placed in the middle of a standing MRI-like machine that I assume was a supporting teleportation machine. I was then hit by some kind of EM or scalar waves, my body stretched out straight. (Our entire neighborhood grid system had been upgraded.) I've had many memories of being abducted to that neighborhood house for torture.

Finally, I was conscious and back inside my Faraday cage. When I awoke the next morning, the quartz clock had stopped around the time I was abducted, reminding me of another teleportation abduction that had burned out a small electronic device that also had stopped working, indicating an intense electromagnetic field. The skin on my nose and under my left eye was red and swollen—exactly the location of the woman doctor's procedure. This validated my memory.

From late 2017, I always had a strange taste in my throat and mouth after abductions, probably from the white pill and glass of water I was given at the end of each abduction. The handlers would reward my alters if they took the pill and punish them if they did not. For the days that I was not abducted, the handlers put pills in my house or car or even in a theater or church, and then tricked me into bringing the water with me. With the sleep ray, they would put me to sleep and then call out the alter to take the pill, then switch me back to my executive personality and wake me up.

Frequency Scan to Confirm New Program and New Chips

On May 29, 2018, the security company in Salt Lake City, Utah conducted a second Non-Linear Conjunction Scan on my body. This second scan confirmed new nanochip locations in my body and their frequencies. I sent the new scan result to the industrial

toxicologist who confirmed that the new frequencies were those of the Department of Homeland Security and Department of Correction.

I had also noticed since 2018 that whenever I go to the airport and TSA checks my passport, they take a special step to notify a supervisor. Sometimes my ticket states that my trip has been reported to the Department of Homeland Security.

So besides dropping me out of the secret space program and selling me to the drug trials program, I am actively monitored by Homeland Security as if I were a terrorist. No doubt due to the high security clearance of my secret space program missions, they most assuredly did not want me remembering anything.

Not to mention that they had begun the process of physically and spiritually eliminating me.

Chapter 7

Termination From Inside and Outside of US FUNDS: Layoff Spells Murder

On October 30, 2017, my IT department announced initiatives for reorganization and upcoming layoffs. Two weeks later on November 15, my senior manager said I had been reassigned to a different team managed by G.U. My official date of transfer was February 2018, as there was no work for my original group, given that the managers had cut 80 percent of our budget.

When I started working under G.U., I did not realize he was my new handler. I did, however, start noticing strange occurrences, such as how he set unrealistic career goals for me, how he would be nice one minute, then give me a harsh evaluation in front of other managers the next. During department or group meetings, the sleep ray was hitting me more often so I would fall asleep in an instant, at which point G.U. would halt the meeting and pat me awake in front of the whole group. After the meeting, he would claim that he had not intended to humiliate me but that someone else had wanted him to wake me up, etc. At first, I believed him, but incident after incident followed.

G.U.'s Full Body Disguise

G.U. always wore long sleeve shirts or a dark jacket or vest long enough to cover his hips, even in hot weather. While working with him, I became aware of his strange behavior and expressions. I began to wonder if there was something wrong with him. Eventually, more and more evidence pointed to the possibility that he was wearing a sophisticated full body disguise.

(1) *His face never sweated or changed color.* His facial color was uniformly pale. Even when he laughed, was excited or angry, his facial color never changed. For his age, his skin was too smooth. When he walked fast or made large body movements or in hot humid weather, his face never sweated nor did his eyes tear up.

(2) *His facial muscles did not move beneath his skin.* His smile was strange. When he smiled, only the middle portion of his cheek muscles moved. The muscles near his ears and chin remained stiff and never moved. Compared to the rest of his face, his chin looked disproportionately large and stiff, like the muscles were tightened there. The chin muscles did not move with other muscles as in normal faces.

On one occasion, I observed an unusual skin "bumper" near the mastoid process behind his left earlobe. It looked like extra skin had been added there.

(3) *His teeth were not natural and he had difficulty chewing.* His teeth lacked the natural glow or ability to reflect light that natural teeth have, and each tooth seemed much thicker than a natural tooth. He ate very cautiously, seemingly unable to chew and therefore always nibbling a little at a time.

(4) *The presence of steam made him leave the room.* During a gathering, he accidentally opened a food container that then released steam. Immediately, he covered his face, turned away, used a napkin to pat his lips repeatedly, and quickly exited. When he returned, he avoided that food container.

(5) *I saw signs of devices on his back.* He normally wore a long thick jacket or vest when meeting with me, but on one occasion he was wearing only a long white shirt that exposed devices and what looked like long, stiff, white, wide strips wrapped around his back and waist.

(6) *While sitting close to him, I saw his strange "face" melt once.*

Eventually, he must have discovered that I was scrutinizing his appearance and so reduced our interactions and meetings as much as possible. He sat far from me in

meetings, and when I came late to a meeting and sat behind him, he would soon leave the room. When he returned, he would either stand behind me or outside the room until the meeting was over.

In a meeting in May 2018, I happened to sit close to him. He could not move away as he was hosting the meeting. He became obviously nervous, and his body language indicated he was sweating, but still no perspiration showed up on his skin. In fact, the skin on his forehead, nose and cheek seemed *detached* from whatever was underneath, kind of like a skin "floating" on top of another skin. His facial color changed to an unnatural dull color, and his skin texture looked more synthetic than before. Several half-inch dark red lines showed up under the skin of his nose and spread to different parts of the nose surface. They were not natural.

Despite how bizarre it all sounds, it was clear to me that G.U. was wearing a mask while working at US FUNDS.

And he was a perpetrator. I confirmed this from my recovered memories of G.U. as my main handler. He is a 40 to 50 year old (or even older) Asian man, most likely from Japan. He is semi-bald, his hair short on each side of his head. His real face is square-shaped with loose drooping cheeks and dark eye bags. His stomach is big and sags. He has short legs. He knows Chinese and hates Chinese women, using sex torture as a way to avenge himself on them. Basically, he is a sexual hermaphrodite and enjoys torture in a dehumanized, insulting way. His voice has been modified. He created a lot of Japanese alters in my mind control system. He uses the invisible cloak a lot, both inside and outside the office.



**G.U. Wore Two Different Full Body Masks
Top: In US FUNDS Office; Bottom: Stalked me
in Seattle, WA on 2018-07-31 9:55am PST**

Despite knowing that G.U. was wearing a mask and was a handler, I was too mind controlled to take any action. Later in my deprogramming, I found that he had installed a self-destruct program to make me do things to harm my health, my career, and my relationships. In the meantime, the nightly abductions became more frequent and the physical torture more cruel.

I recalled torture by both X.H. and G.U. and by gangsters using very advanced technology to trap me so that the abductions could occur any time of the day or night. Whenever I was alone in a room and not standing, they could shoot me with the sleep ray and put me to sleep, then call up my alter to walk my body out. They rented or bought houses near my house and would wait for me to fall into their trap. They tortured me in the house, in my car, in airplanes, in public or private transportation vehicles, in churches, wherever I was alone and not standing. Even when I was standing in the evening to avoid being abducted, they would hit me with the strongest sleep ray so that I would go into a trance, fall to the ground or chair and sleep. There is no end to their torture. They torture me 24/7 to break my will so I will suicide.

With the activation of my suicide programs, I became depressed, and the intense torture took a toll on my health and job. I could not sleep in the evening as I was sure I would be abducted, so I slept in the afternoon when my children could watch over me. On May 7, 2018, I informed Human Resources and G.U. that I must take FMLA (Family and Medical Leave Act) as I could not work under these conditions. But I was mind controlled by G.U. and so never took action to talk to Human Resources about the process and paperwork. I finally took the FMLA on June 12, the layoff date. Only later was I told that I was on the layoff list because they had combined my job title with another job title and found more people in this job title than they needed. My last date with US FUNDS after FMLA would be September 5, 2018.

I reported G.U.'s full body disguise to Human Resources, asking them to have an open mind about how advanced professional disguise technology is, how realistic a modern silicon mask can look so that even people sitting next to the disguised person cannot easily discover the mask unless carefully observing the face. I listed my observations of G.U. and stated that I was concerned about his role in the company and how he could potentially impact investors' information security if my suspicion was correct. Without knowing G.U.'s true facial identity or his agenda for US FUNDS and employees of US FUNDS, working with such a person was potentially a safety concern.

That he managed investor and business clients' information would potentially impact the safety of investors and financial business clients.

Human Resources said they had received my letter but would not notify me regarding their actions. I never heard from them again.

On September 5, 2018, my employment with US FUNDS ended just as the execution of the perpetrators' murder program began.

Termination: Poisoning, Disinformation, and Soul Catching

Memory Recovered: Radiation Poisoning

It is September 3, 2018, 7 pm, my "sleep" time. Since I had discovered the nightly abductions and torture, and myriad attempts to keep my alters from being triggered and walking me out of my home failed, I was not sleeping in the evening but only in the late afternoon and early evening when my family members could watch me while studying or having dinner. Once awake, I stayed vertical all night, trying to remain alert to protect my children.

Tonight was no exception. I spent much of the day writing this book and preparing to publish it, planning to sleep a few hours and then write all night. I went to my bedroom with my camcorder and Gorilla Tape and set up a temporary bed adjacent to the stairs. My plan was to tape my leg to the stair railing so that if I did walk out, I would have to tear the tape and leave tape residue on my leg and the stair railing.

I was sitting on the bed preparing to tape my leg when suddenly my consciousness began slowing down. With the tape still in my hand, I was hit by the sleep beam and instantly fell asleep. At 10 pm sharp I woke up and looked at myself lying on the bed with the tape still in my hand. I felt pain in my private part—a pain that did not go away, no matter what I did. I had been abducted again.

Now totally awake, I felt the full impact of how severe the vaginal pain had grown, constantly burning. Within an oval circle around my private area, my skin color had become very dark and the skin was full of small red bumps. After four days, I still had the vaginal pain. A dermatologist confirmed the color change and bumps on the skin of my vaginal area but could not confirm what had caused it.

On Tuesday evening, September 4, 2018, a voice speaking clearly in my mind said cheerfully, "You were severely radiation poisoned for two hours yesterday. The dosage you absorbed is lethal, and you will die in three to four months." I recognized the voice as that of G.U., so I telepathically asked the voice, "Are you G.U.? Why are you telling me this?" The voice obviously was in a good mood; I could feel his smile. He neither acknowledged nor denied being G.U. but replied joyfully, "I want to let you know that your death date has arrived, you are being actively terminated. Goodbye!"

During a deprogramming session with my pastor two days later, my alter surfaced and showed me what had happened that night. I had been abducted to the nearby neighborhood house and placed on a table (or altar) covered by a white blanket. Six or seven men in white robes had surrounded me, some from US FUNDS, chanting Satanic spells and walking in circles around me. I was then led to a big open area in a basement or dungeon where a cylindrical device with a bright "lamp" on top was on the floor. I was commanded to sit for hours on the bright "lamp" pointed directly into my private part.

The radiation poisoning on September 3, 2018 was just the first step in my elimination. I have kept writing the final chapters of this book and have set up a website where the book will be published for free. I sent an email to former co-workers to let them know that I am writing a book about Wall Street MK-Ultra mind control, the masked people in the office, implanted chips, etc., and asked them to contact me if they want to read it before it is published online. I knew the perpetrators would retaliate, but I am desperately determined to finish the book and let the public know what has happened to me, my family, and other people in the Wall Street industry. I am

determined to be a whistleblower one last time, despite facing such a powerful and dark enemy bent on destroying human free will.

These handlers and programmers will neither quit nor leave. They will change masks and the voice change device as they take up another identity. They will be able to join US FUNDS again or another company to program the next victim. After all, who can tell how many such programmers are at US FUNDS, on Wall Street, in the financial industry or other sectors of industry and government? How many MK-Ultra mind control slaves like me are out there who are aware / unaware of their programming?

Inside US FUNDS, rumors are already spreading about my credibility. The phone messages and emails I sent to other MK-Ultra victims did not reach them. More disinformation is on the way.

G.U. has already paved the way for his departure. On the date of my first radiation poisoning, he announced that he had found a new job in Los Angeles and would be leaving the company in two weeks. During these two weeks, he is taking a vacation, which perfectly eliminates the risk that his masked face will be discovered by co-workers if my book is published before he leaves. (Even if it is published, they expect that no one will believe such outrageous things, and that I will be dead of cancer, which people will not question.)

Murder without a trace. A perfect crime!

But is murdering the body their only goal, or it is just a staged step for an overarching plot to harvest something even more satanic, namely the total capture of my soul while sacrificing my body to Satan, their ultimate master?

I have long been told by the handlers that they will capture my soul so they can still tap into my special abilities and that they will use my body as a sacrifice to Satan. They have abducted me to many Satanic rituals to install demons in me and train my other cloned bodies to prepare for soul takeover for transfer of my soul to other bodies so they can forever enslave me.

I had recovered a memory of a night in September 2018. I was used by Satanic groups in rituals to call out the demon. I was in a white robe and placed on a hilltop, my body painted with red paint or blood. Several rows of Satanists stood behind me in white robes, chanting and stomping on the floor. I was ordered to kneel down and drink water on the ground. Soon, a huge, dark demon with horns and a tail showed up. Its body occupied the entire hilltop. The Satanists wanted to use powerful demons and spells to ultimately seal my soul from escaping their control.

October 10, 2018 is my birthday—from the Satanic masters' view the most important day of the year for me as a slave, the date they planned to ultimately capture my soul and replace me, utilizing dark technologies and Satanic spells. That night, I was abducted, heavily tortured, and returned home. I do not know what happened to my body, soul, or spirit. They said that from this date on, the game is over.

Chapter 8

Never Give Up Seeking Freedom!

Although my story seems unbelievable to many who have never heard of the black technologies and/or hidden satanic entities that I have experienced in the past five years, I have met other targeted individuals (TIs) and absolutely mind-controlled slaves who share experiences similar to mine. Several other absolutely mind-controlled slaves in US FUNDS and other social circles also did not believe me when I tried to bring the possibility to their awareness.

Mind control is the criminal's perfect tool of destruction.

For mind-controlled victims, awareness is their first step towards freedom. This is why hidden entities put out so much disinformation and distraction: to prevent people from knowing the horrendous truth.

To change from a victim to a survivor, we need to challenge the "common knowledge" that controlled mainstream media and government indoctrinate us with. We must be willing to independently research black technologies and the dark secrets exposed by whistleblowers who have first-hand experience of them. We must be strong enough to face the potentially very ugly and painful reality of such widespread satanic criminal activity.

Awareness includes actively seeking validation if you suspect that you have been implanted with chips without consent. Self-check your symptoms first, then find a trustworthy professional to validate your concern.

Next, make every effort to obtain knowledge, support, and protection that will help us all to stand in solidarity against the enemy's assault. Our defense should encompass physical, mental, and spiritual levels. **Do Not Fear!**

Through my never-ending efforts to seek freedom, I have tried many methods to free myself from targeting and mind slavery. The most important is to pray. During my three years of struggling with all kinds of failures, I found that sincere prayers do work wonders.

Thinking back on my life, I am still astonished by the dramatic turns that it has taken, from an unwanted baby girl who was supposed to be killed at birth but luckily survived, to a bright but sentimental teenager indulging in art and poetry, to a dreamer seeking success in school, career and love. As a single mother at the age of 40 and at the peak of her physical beauty, intelligence and career, she encountered a manager whose hidden identity was as a Satanist connected with organized crime and the dark side of government programs.

Fortune and misfortune.

Although I did not anticipate that being a whistleblower would lead to this much hardship both from my government job and my Wall Street experience, I still feel it is God's Will to give me the opportunity to explore the dark secrets of modern life and bring their diabolical existence to people's awareness.

Although the secret space program forced me into slavery, the bright side is that it gave me an opportunity to explore the unbelievable universe. I still feel amazed by the marvelous memories of my space journeys, whether those memories are accurate or implanted. They changed my view of the world, time, space and dimensions, and helped me to be more open to the very real spiritual world.

During my tortuous journey in search of freedom, I have been blessed by God's mercy to allow me to still be here to write this book. I cannot express how much appreciation I have for the people from all backgrounds who have helped me along the way, both openly and secretly. Their bravery, courage, and empathy have warmed my heart on the coldest, most forlorn nights, and in turn given me the courage to share my

journey as my contribution to *what is truly human* by letting people know the malignity of those who hate humanity in this dark era of human history.

My hope is to awaken people to take action.

Even if evil has overthrown my life path that began so differently, and all my efforts to seek freedom are futile, I hope that my little book will lighten others' journeys, especially if you are enslaved like me. Never give up striving for freedom! With more and more people taking the journey of truth, we will all, at last, be set free.

I may have made mistakes in judgment regarding many things, but this in no way takes away from the accuracy of this book.

May God be with us and bless us!

Let's pray.

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Biography

Ms. Jian Liang is 47 years old currently residing in Irvine, CA. She was born in Changsha, Hunan Province, China, came to the U.S. in 1995, and became an American citizen in 2008. Ms. Liang's early education took place in China and was followed by various advanced degrees and specialized certifications in the United States. She received a Bachelor of Science in Mechanical Engineering from Central South University, Changsha, Hunan Province, China; and a Master of Science degree in Mechanical and Aerospace Engineering from Arizona State University, Tempe, Arizona in 1997. She received Certified Financial Planner certification in 2002 through the UCLA Extension School; and was certified through the ITIL (Information Technology Infrastructure Library) Certification Management Board with ITIL Foundation certification in 2009. She received Microsoft Certified Technology Specialist (MCTS) certification in SharePoint Administration Certification in 2009 through Microsoft. She has been certified as a Project Management Professional (PMP) through the Project Management Institute in 2009. She also earned a Masters of Business Administration in 2015 from California State University, Fullerton, CA.

Ms. Liang's work history in the United States includes work as a research assistant at the Department of Mechanical and Aerospace Engineering, Arizona State University, Tempe, AZ from 1996 through 1997, where she participated in a project to develop an Integrated Product Database Environment for the Department of Defense and Boeing. She then worked for Siemens PLM Solutions, Cypress, CA from 1997 to 2006 as an Advanced Software Systems. She worked from 2006 to 2008 for the County of Riverside, CA as an Information Technology Business Systems Analyst III, responsible for IT business systems and project management, application, development and administration. She then worked from 2008 to 2015 as a Senior Information Technology Analyst for a local government agency in Southern California where she served as a business analyst and project manager on various IT projects and was in charge of developing the agency's SharePoint intranet system. Most recently (2015-2018) she was a Business Systems Analyst for a financial corporation in Irvine,

California where she conducted business process analysis and research, and performed analytical and technical support for business users.

She has reported her targeting to family, friends, the police, and the FBI with no positive response, nor do family members believe anything about nanochips and mind control. Her current goal is to “fight for my freedom and my children’s. I want to reveal what has happened, not point out the small players contracted to play small parts. My goal is to be safe and have my children be safe. I want them to know and believe this is happening. I want it to stop.”