

CAUTION: Horrific subject matter, sexual & sadistic content, adult language

Trance Formation of America

Trauma-based mind control exists today because of research begun at Britain's Tavistock Institute in 1921. Scientists there wanted to find the breaking point of the human mind. German doctors continued the work during World War 2, then after the war Operation Paperclip brought many of those doctors to the United States. The Germans were put to work by the CIA.

The most notorious of the CIA's mind control projects was Monarch, which tortured children in order to splinter their minds. It was found that once a new personality was created it could be trained to perform specific tasks.

Cathy O'Brien and her daughter Kelly were victims of Project Monarch. Fortunately they were rescued by Mark Phillips. The bulk of the book *Trance Formation of America* is about Ms. O'Brien's time as a mind-controlled slave. She was programmed as a Beta (sex) slave.

She was also a courier. Monarch slave personalities have exceptional memories and are often used to carry messages that their handlers don't want written down. Ms. O'Brien's memory served her well once she began accessing her mental compartments during deprogramming. She had been a "Presidential model" slave, and as such was entrusted to carry messages between heads of state. She also interacted with many well-known people in Nashville's country music industry. She says her owner was Senator Robert Byrd of West Virginia. Byrd spent a lot of time in Nashville.

Many people refuse to believe Ms O'Brien's story. They say it's too preposterous. But she makes the most damning accusations possible against hundreds of people, businesses and civic groups, and she's never been sued. She's a public speaker and has given hundreds of presentations on the topic of her enslavement. Videos of her talking about the depravity of public figures are on the internet. ***Yet she's never been sued for slander, libel or defamation.***

Trance Formation of America is freely available online. Some excerpts from the book are below. They're presented in chronological order. Ms. O'Brien was married to entertainer Alex Houston for years and says he was her primary handler.

Cathy O'Brien and her daughter were rescued from the government's mind-control network in 1988. *Trance Formation of America* was published in 1992.

[Gerald Ford](#)

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GERALD FORD:

Soon after we moved, my father was reportedly caught sending kiddie porn through the U.S. mail. It was a bestiality film of me with my Uncle Sam O'Brien's Boxer dog, Buster. My Uncle Bob, also implicated in manufacturing the porn, out of apparent desperation informed my father of a U.S. Government Defense Intelligence Agency TOP SECRET Project to which he was privy. This was Project Monarch. Project Monarch was a mind-control operation which was recruiting multigenerational incest abused children with Multiple Personality Disorder for its genetic mind-control studies. I was a prime "candidate," a "chosen one". My father seized the opportunity as it would provide him immunity from prosecution. In the midst of the pandemonium that ensued, Jerry Ford arrived at our house with the evidence in hand for a meeting with my father

"Is Earl home?" he called to my mother, who nervously stood behind the screen door, hesitating to let him in.

"Not yet," my mother replied, her voice shaking. "He should have been home from work by now—I know he's expecting you."

"That's OK." Ford turned his attention to me. I was standing outside on the front porch, and he crouched down to my level. Patting the large, brown envelope containing the confiscated porn tucked under his arm he said, "You like doggies, huh?"

"Buster is a nice doggy," I replied. "He's funny." Not understanding why the dog had been whisked away when the porn was confiscated, I complained, "Buster's gone." "Buster's gone?" Ford asked. "Yeah. My Uncle Sam took him away," I told him.

Ford laughed loudly at the irony of my statement. In my limited view, I thought he found it humorous that Buster was gone. My father pulled into the driveway, honking the horn of his new, tan convertible. Ford stood up. With his fly eye level to me, I noticed his penis was erect and reached for it as conditioned.

"Not now, honey," he said. "I have business to tend..." Ford went inside with my parents to officially seal my fate.

Not long after that my father was flown to Boston for a two-week course at Harvard on how to raise me for this offshoot of MK-Ultra Project Monarch. When he returned from Boston, my father was smiling and pleased with his new knowledge of what he termed "reverse psychology." This equates to "satanic reversals," and involves such play-on-words as puns and phrases that stuck in my mind like, "You earn your keep, and I'll keep what you earn." He presented me with a commemorative charm bracelet of dogs, and my mother with the news that they "would be having more children" to raise in the project. (I now have two sisters and four brothers ranging from age 16 to 37 who are still under mind control.) My mother complied with my father's suggestions, mastering the art of language manipulation. For example, when I could not snap my own pajama top to the bottoms in a childish effort to keep my father out of them, I asked my mother, "please snap me". She did. She would snap her forefingers against my skin in a stinging manner. The pain I felt was psychological as this proved to me once again that she had no intention of protecting me from my

father's sexual abuse.

Also in keeping with his government-provided instructions, my father began working me like the legendary Cinderella. I shoveled fireplace ashes, hauled stacked firewood, raked leaves, shoveled snow, chopped ice, and swept—"because," my father said, "your little hands fit so nicely around the rake, mop, shovel, and broom handles."

By this time, my father's sexual exploitation of me included prostitution to his friends, local mobsters and Masons, relatives, Satanists, strangers, and police officers. When I wasn't being worked to physical exhaustion, filmed pornographically, prostituted, or engaged in incest abuse, I dissociated into books. I had learned to read at the young age of four due to my photographic memory which was a natural result of MPD/DID.

Government researchers involved in MK-Ultra Project Monarch knew about the photographic memory aspect of MPD/DID, of course, as well as other resultant "super human" characteristics. Visual acuity of an MPD/DID is 44 times greater than that of the average person. My developed unusually high pain threshold, plus compartmentalization of memory were necessary for military and covert operations applications. Additionally, my sexuality was primitively twisted from infancy. This programming was appealing and useful to perverse politicians who believed they could hide their actions deep within my memory compartments, which clinicians refer to as personalities.

Immediately after my father's return from Boston, I was routinely prostituted to then Michigan State Senator Guy VanderJagt. VanderJagt later became a U.S. Congressman and eventually chairman of the Republican National Congressional Committee that put George Bush in the office of President. I was prostituted to VanderJagt after numerous local parades which he always participated in, at the Mackinac Island Political Retreat, and in my home state of Michigan, among other places.

My Uncle Bob helped my father decorate my bedroom in red, white, and blue paneling and American flags. He provided assistance in scrambling my mind according to Project Monarch methodologies. Fairy tale themes were used to confuse fantasy with reality, particularly Disney stories and the Wizard of Oz, which provided the base for future programming.

I had personalities for pornography, a personality for bestiality, a personality for incest, a personality for withstanding the horrendous psychological abuse of my mother, a personality for prostitution, and the rest of me functioned somewhat normally at school. My normal personality provided a cover for the abuse I was enduring, but best of all it had hope—hope that there was somewhere in the world where people did not hurt each other.

FATHER JAMES FAYLEN:

This same personality also attended Catechism, a weekly class at our Catholic church, St. Francis de Sales in Muskegon, Michigan. My Catechism teacher was a Nun, or "Sister." Although I could not consciously think to protect myself from abuse, I had decided that becoming a Nun would provide me with the kind of life I sought. I could not rely upon my family, the police, or poli-

ticians to protect me. The church appeared to be my answer, and I listened diligently in class and prayed religiously. I learned all about the political structure of the church, and was prepared for my first Confession.

The Catholic beliefs I was taught include the idea that man is not fit to talk to God (the Father) directly, but must have a priest intercede instead. This is the purpose of going to Confession. I was instructed to tell my sins to the priest (also referred to as Father), who would relay the message to God. He would then supposedly tell me how many "Hail Mary" and "Our Father" prayers to say as my penance, or punishment. My Catechism teacher gave the class several examples of "sins," which included "sex outside of marriage." When the priest, Father James Thaylen, slid open the little screened partition in the closet sized confessional, I began as I had been instructed, "Forgive me Father, for I have sinned..." I then proceeded to tell him that I had sex with my father and brother, to which he responded that I should say three Hail Marys and one Our Father and I would be forgiven.

I knew then that I had to either believe that this Confession thing was a hoax, or that God condoned sexual child abuse. That night, my father had a talk with me. Apparently he was the 'Father' that the priest had interceded to. My father instructed me that "from now on," I was to simply say "I disobeyed my parents" when I went to Confession and nothing more!

The next time I went to Confession, I did exactly as I was told. The veiled screen came off the Confessional partition between me and the priest, and a penis was stuck through the window. "God said that your penance is to treat me as you would your father. And remember, 'whatsoever you do to the least of your brothers, that you do unto me'." After performing oral sex on Father Thaylen, I emerged from the confessional where all the other kids were waiting very impatiently for their turn. My teacher scolded me for taking so long and told me to add a few extra "Our Fathers" to my penance. When I told her I already did my penance, she told me again the "order of things" to the Confessional ritual—which did not fit anything I had just experienced! Without ever consciously knowing why, I abandoned the idea of becoming a Nun as that part of me, too, split off from what was left of my 'normal' base personality.

DICK CHENEY:

In the summer of 1975, my family drove all the way from Michigan to the Teton Mountains of Wyoming. I was ordered to ride in the back storage area of the family Chevy Suburban since I was forbidden to associate or communicate with my brothers and sister. So I dissociated into books, or into the metaphorical, hypnotic suggestions from my father and tranced deeper as I watched the prairies seemingly endless sea of "amber waves of grain" streak past my window. Once when we stopped at a gas station, my father took me inside to show me a stuffed "jackalope" mounted on the wall. Due to my tranced, dissociative state and high suggestibility level, I believed it was indeed a cross between a jackrabbit and antelope. It was 100+ degrees in the Badlands when it cooled down at night. The intense heat of the day accentuated my ever increasing thirst. My father was physically preparing me though water depri-

vation for the intense tortures and programming I would endure in Wyoming.

Dick Cheney, then White House Chief of Staff to president Ford, later Secretary of Defense to President George Bush, documented member of the Council on Foreign Relations (CFR), and Presidential hopeful for 1996, was originally Wyoming's only Congressman. Dick Cheney was the reason my family had traveled to Wyoming where I endured yet another form of brutality—his version of "A Most Dangerous Game," or human hunting.

It is my understanding now that A Most Dangerous Game was devised to condition military personnel in survival and combat maneuvers. Yet it was used on me and other slaves known to me as a means of further conditioning the mind to the realization that there was "no place to hide," as well as traumatize the victim for ensuing programming. It was my experience over the years that A Most Dangerous Game had numerous variations on the primary theme of being stripped naked and turned loose in the wilderness while being hunted by men and dogs. In reality, all 'wilderness' areas were enclosed in secure military fencing whereby it was only a matter of time until I was caught, repeatedly raped, and tortured.

Dick Cheney had an apparent addiction to the "thrill of the sport". He appeared obsessed with playing A Most Dangerous Game as a means of traumatizing mind-control victims, as well as to satisfy his own perverse sexual kinks. My introduction to the game occurred upon arrival at the hunting lodge near Greybull, Wyoming, and it physically and psychologically devastated me. I was sufficiently traumatized for Cheney's programming as I stood naked in his hunting lodge office after being hunted down and caught. Cheney was talking as he paced around me. "I could stuff you and mount you like a jackalope and call you a two legged dear. Or I could stuff you with this (he unzipped his pants to reveal his oversized penis) right down your throat, and then mount you. Which do you prefer?"

Blood and sweat became mixed with the dirt on my body and slid like mud down my legs and shoulder. I throbbed with exhaustion and pain as I stood unable to think to answer such a question. "Make up your mind," Cheney coaxed. Unable to speak, I remained silent. "You don't get a choice, anyway, I make up your mind for you. That's why you're here. For me to make you mind, and make you mine/mind. You lost your mind a long time ago. Now I'm going to give you one. Just like the Wizard (of Oz) gave Scarecrow a brain, the Yellow Brick Road led you here to me. You've 'come such a long, long way' for your brain, and I will give you one."

The blood reached my shoes and caught my attention. Had I been further along in my programming, I perhaps would never have noticed such a thing or had the capability to think to wipe it away. But so far, I had only been to MacDill and Disney World for government/military programming. At last, when I could speak, I begged, "If you don't mind, can I please use your bathroom?"

Cheney's face turned red with rage. He was on me in an instant, slamming my back into the wall with one arm across my chest and his hand on my throat, choking me while applying pressure to the carotid artery in my neck with his thumb. His eyes bulged and he spit as he growled, "If you don't mind me, I will

kill you. I could kill you—Kill you—with my bare hands. You're not the first and you won't be the last. I'll kill you any time I goddamn well please!" He flung me on the cot-type bed that was behind me. There he finished taking his rage out on me sexually.

On the Long trip back to Michigan, I lay in a heap behind the seats of the Suburban, nauseated and hurting from Cheney's brutality and high voltage tortures, plus the whole Wyoming experience. My father stopped by the waterfalls flowing through the Tetons to "wash my brain" of the memory of Cheney. I could barely walk through the woods to the falls for the process as instructed, despite having learned my lessons well from Cheney on following orders.

BILL & HILLARY CLINTON:

...Hall was not convinced and began to raise questions as to the longevity of the operation and how he was going to protect himself. Although Hall was very adept at the cocaine business, he voiced concern that he found it easier to trust those who were not with the CIA operations than he did U.S. government protected participants.

Clinton reassured him that it was "Reagan's operation," but Hall was concerned that some faction of the government would "shut it down like a sting operation" without warning and leave him literally holding the bag. Houston laughed and explained that "no one was going to cut it (the drug business) off." He assured them it was far too lucrative and that there would "always be a market" for drugs—a market controlled by those criminals implementing their New World Order.

Clinton added to what Houston said, talking in local colloquialisms. "Bottom line is, we've got control of the (drug) industry, therefore we've got control of them (suppliers and buyers). You control the guy underneath ya' and Uncle (Sam) has ya' covered. What have ya' got to lose? No risk. No one's gonna hang ya' out to dry. And whatever spills off the truck as it passes through (he laughed and snorted another line of coke) you get to clean up."

Hall smiled at his friend, which was apparently interpreted as consent. Clinton motioned for his aide to get his ledger. Overstreet began pulling out his paperwork, and Hall neatly cleared the table of the remaining coke lines.

Clinton gestured to me and told Houston, "Get her out of here."

Houston didn't move and laughed. "She's a Presidential Model. She's kept secrets bigger than yours."

Clinton responded, "I don't care. Get her the fuck out of here."

Hall's wife led me away and locked me in a back bedroom. After an indeterminate period of time, I heard her telephone Hillary at the guest villa. She then drove me up the mountain through the dark to meet with Hillary. Although I had previously met Hillary we had very little to say to each other, particularly since I was still dazed and tranced from the tortures I had endured at the CIA Near Death Trauma Center in Lampe. Hillary knew I was a mind-controlled slave, and, like Bill Clinton, just took it in stride as a 'normal' part of life in politics.

Hillary was fully clothed and stretched out on the bed sleeping when Hall's wife and I arrived. "Hillary, I brought you something you'll really enjoy. Kind of an unexpected surprise. Bill ordered her out of the meeting and I took her to my bedroom and made an interesting discovery. She is literally a two-faced (referring to my vaginal mutilation carving) bitch."

"Hmm?" Hillary opened her eyes and sleepily roused herself. "Show me." Hall's wife ordered me to take my clothes off while Hillary watched. "Is she clean?" Hillary asked, meaning disease free.

"Of course, she's Byrd's," she responded, continuing the conversation as though I were not there. "Plus, I heard Houston say something about her being a Presidential Model, whatever the hell that's supposed to mean." "It means she's clean," Hillary said matter-of-factly as she stood up. I was not capable of giving thought to such things back then, but I am aware in retrospect that all Presidential Model slaves I knew seemed to have an immunity to social diseases. It was a well known fact in the circles I was sexually passed around in that government level mind-controlled sex slaves were 'clean' to the degree that none of my abusers took precautions such as wearing condoms.

Hall's wife patted the bed and instructed me to display the mutilation. Hillary exclaimed, "God!" and immediately began performing oral sex on me. Apparently aroused by the carving in my vagina, Hillary stood up and quickly peeled out of her matronly nylon panties and pantyhose. Uninhibited despite a long day in the hot sun, she gasped, "Eat me, oh, god, eat me now." I had no choice but to comply with her orders, and Bill Hall's wife made no move to join me in my distasteful task. Hillary had resumed examining my hideous mutilation and performing oral sex on me when Bill Clinton walked in. Hillary lifted her head to ask, "How'd it go?"

Clinton appeared totally unaffected by what he walked into, tossed his jacket on a chair and said, "It's official. I'm exhausted. I'm going to bed."

I put my clothes on as ordered, and Hall's wife drove me back down to the mansion where Houston was waiting for me...

GEORGE HERBERT WALKER BUSH:

Bush was wearing canvas boat shoes and a cardigan sweater as he knelt on one knee in front of Kelly in order to talk to her on her level. Bush used the children's television program Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood to scramble/confuse young victims' (like Kelly's) memory of contact with him and his sexual abuse. His physical resemblance to TV's Fred Rogers was deliberately exaggerated by his choice of clothes and mannerisms, and is further compounded by his developed vocal impersonation. Using his best Mr. Rogers voice he said, "Come here, Little One. I want to ask you something. Do you watch Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood?"

"Yes, Sir," Kelly responded.

Bush told Kelly, "Well, I'm kind of like Mr. Rogers when he makes his puppets move and talk—like your daddy (Houston, ventriloquist) does with Elemer (his dummy). Only I'm like Mr. Rogers because I have lots of puppets, only mine are people. I even have a King (Fahd) just like Mr. Rogers. I pull the

strings (he pantomimed marionette hand movements) and I talk through them. They say my words and we create all kinds of exciting Adventures. Right now I'm building a new Neighborhood (the New World Order). The stage is set, and I have hold of everyone's strings. I need you to help me—together we can pull your mother's strings. She's in my Neighborhood. That means you're in my Neighborhood, too."

It seems obvious to me now that Bush was referring to those actively engaged in implementing the New World Order through chaos and mass mind control (a.k.a. media conditioning) as "The Neighborhood." Of course I was unable to consider disputing Bush's statement, and Kelly was certainly not of a mind to see beyond Bush's twist on her favorite television program. Kelly's big blue eyes grew even wider as she responded, "I am?"

Bush stood up and took her hand, "C'mon. Let me show you my Neighborhood." He led her out the door.

Kelly became violently physically ill after her induction into George Bush's "Neighborhood," and from every sexual encounter she had with him thereafter. She ran 104.6 degree temperatures, vomited and endured immobilizing headaches for an average of three days (as is consistent with high voltage trauma). These were the only tell-tale evidences aside from the scarring burns left on her skin. Houston forbade me to call a doctor, and Kelly forbade me to comfort her, pitifully complaining that her head "hurt too bad to even move." And she did not move for hours on end. Kelly often complained of severe kidney pain, and her rectum usually bled for a day or two after Bush sexually abused her. My own mind-control victimization rendered me unable to help or protect her. Seeing my child in such horrible condition drove my own wedge of insanity in deeper, perpetuating my total inability to affect her needs until our rescue by Mark Phillips in 1988.

Kelly's bleeding rectum was but one of many physical indicators of George Bush's pedophile perversions. I have overheard him speak blatantly of his sexual abuse of her on many occasions. He used this and threats to her life to "pull my strings" and control me. The psychological ramifications of being raped by a pedophile President are mind-shattering enough, but reportedly Bush further reinforced his traumas to Kelly's mind with sophisticated NASA electronic and drug mind-control devices. Bush also instilled the "Who ya gonna call?" and "I'll be watching you" binds on Kelly, further reinforcing her sense of helplessness. The systematic tortures and traumas I endured as a child now seem trite in comparison to the brutal physical and psychological devastation that George Bush inflicted on my daughter.

CARLOS SALINAS:

...(Vice-President) Salinas was the one responsible for working with George Bush since they would both come into power during the most critical point in the promotion of NAFTA—passing it by the American people and into law. President Reagan, Mexican President de la Madrid, Vice President Bush, and Mexican Vice President Salinas were all "of one mind—one effort" toward economic expansion and growth for our southern "neighbors in the New World

Order" through what I experienced was based on "free trade" of drugs, children, and pornography. Vice President Bush told me that this (criminal) activity was regarded as Mexico's "only means of rapid economic advancement and freedom from poverty since the people were slaves to their own inability to advance in world markets."

When I arrived at the military installation with the aforementioned suitcase of cash in hand, I was taken to Salinas' office through a series of electronic gates guarded by officers in white uniforms. Salinas sat at his desk, which was small and functional (i.e., military issue), set on a highly polished wooden floor in a vast room virtually void of decor and personal effects. This created an air of military practicality. I set the suitcase in front of Salinas and began relaying the message I had been programmed to deliver

"I have a message from the Vice President of the United State of America to our neighbors in Mexico. America is willing to share its wealth through a trade agreement with Mexico. We'll trade our cash for control over Mexico's cocaine and heroin production. By controlling your drug industry, we can open the border between our countries to allow a free flow of cocaine and heroin into the U.S., bought and paid for in American dollars to build Mexico. Eventually this could dissolve the border between our countries altogether as Mexico's economy grows to match ours. If we begin today, this dream could be realized by the turn of the century—sharing the same continent, sharing the same wealth. Why? The drug industry already dictates what the Mexican government can or cannot do. By giving the U.S. control of your drug industry, Mexico regains control over her government. Re-established power backed by U.S. dollars will bring Mexico on an economic par with America. We can begin by spreading the word through the (drug) cartels that the U.S. is covertly willing to open the borders to free drug trade by making agents available to show you the passage and routes through which the drugs are to be delivered. Only U.S. agents can bring Mexican heroin and (South American) cocaine across the border, and likewise they will bring the cash in. Explain to those select few who control the drug empires that the cruise line (NCL) agreement is going into mass expansion, tearing down the border between our countries enough to allow for as many drugs to come in as Mexico can deal out. When do we begin? Immediately. The cash is at hand. (I gestured toward the suitcase, which Salinas unzipped to find full of cash). Deliver whatever amount of brown heroin you have at hand as a means of confirmation to the agreement. Keep the change as a token of the change and good fortune that has befallen Mexico from its neighboring nation."

As I finished Bush's message, Salinas immediately took a note pad from the desk and scrawled a quick note. He passed it to a guard who was stationed at the door. He stood up, smiled, and leaned over his desk as he extended his hand in a warm handshake. I was escorted out. Houston found me on the front steps of the installation and together we were escorted through the barbed wire fences and back onto the streets of Cancun.

I waited in a small clearing nearby for an indeterminate length of time, playing with a large iguana. Finally, a taxi cab driver pulled up and honked his

horn three times, signaling me to pick up a fist-sized ball of Mexican brown heroin. The heroin was crudely wrapped in brown paper, tied with twine, and measured approximately the size of a baseball. As quickly as the cab driver left, Houston, who was standing some distance away with two uniformed men, signaled me to join him. We were then driven to the airport where we boarded a U.S. Air Force aircraft to Washington, D.C.

Immediately upon arrival at Andrews Air Force Base just outside of Washington, D.C, I was taken to Senator Byrd who then escorted me to Dick Cheney's Pentagon office for a meeting with Vice President Bush. I was ill and vomiting from the high voltage administered in Mexico to compartmentalize my memory. I was allowed to use Byrd's magnetic pass key card to unlock the maze of doors that led to the Ladies' Room. I was still wearing my inappropriate-for-D.C. cruise clothes and carrying the heroin in my tote bag when I met with Bush to confirm Mexico's agreement to his proposal. Bush took the heroin for himself, obviously pleased with the quality of the product. Cheney laughed and told Bush he needed to "confiscate the Contra-band."

Bush replied, "Over my dead body" as he laughed at Cheney's Contra joke.

"If you don't share some of it, that could be the case," Cheney said. "Pitch it here."

Bush struck a pitch pose, wound up, made a fake-out pitch, and joked in baseball banter, "It's a 'high fly' ball. You're going to have to steal." He tossed the heroin in the air, caught it, and strode for the door. Cheney got out of his chair, pointed to the door, and ordered me "Out".

Houston and I were flown in to Montego Bay, Jamaica and transported to Ocho Rios to board our next NCL cruise ship.

GEORGE W. BUSH:

It was late evening when Bush and Cheney finished programming me with numerous messages pertaining to the immediate opening of the Juarez Mexican border to free (drug and slave) trade. They then took me downstairs to the living quarters of the western cedar and redwood structure where Kelly soon joined us. George Bush, Jr. deposited my obviously traumatized and withdrawn child at the door. Referring to The Most Dangerous Game she told me in a quiet, defeated and sad voice, "I was caught same as you."

In retrospect, I do not know if she was actually hunted (I can only hope she was not). Regardless, this reinforced the fact that I had been caught and therefore was "responsible" (when in fact I was not) for everything that happened to Kelly from that point on.

The decor of the residence area reflected Cheney's primitive, rustic, western preference. Like his "ultra secret" Pentagon Bunkhouse, use of leather was in abundance. The main room was small, but appeared larger due to an infinity mirror on one wall. The room was decorated in mirror fashion with one side looking like the other. Centered between two facing black leather sofas was a coffee table littered with drugs and paraphernalia. Bush and Cheney were sitting in matching black leather recliners angled towards the large stone fireplace where a fire was blazing, illuminating and heating the room.

Heroin, Bush's drug of choice, was in abundance and Cheney joined him in using it. The smorgasbord of drugs laid out supposedly included opium, cocaine, and Wonderland Wafers (MDMHA-XTC a.k.a. ecstasy), which indicated to me they intended to celebrate their vacation with abandon. I had seen Cheney stumbling drunk before, but this was the only time I saw him use heroin and give it to me. Kelly, too, was subjected to the drugs.

Bush attempted to sell Cheney on the idea of pedophilia through graphic descriptions of having sex with Kelly. Both were already sexually aroused from drugs and anticipation. Cheney demonstrated to Bush why he did not have sex with kids by exposing himself to Kelly and saying, "Come here." Upon seeing Cheney's unusually large penis, Kelly reeled back in horror and cried, "No!" which made them both laugh. Bush asked Cheney for his liquid cocaine atomizer as he got up to take Kelly to the bedroom. When Cheney remarked how benevolent it was of Bush to numb her with it before sex, Bush replied, "The hell it is. It's for me." He described his excited state in typical vulgar terms and explained that he wanted it to spray cocaine on his penis to last longer.

Cheney said, "I thought it was for the kid." Bush explained, "Half the fun is having them squirm." He took Kelly's hand and led her off to the bedroom.

Cheney told me that since I was "responsible" for Bush's assault on my daughter by being caught in *A Most Dangerous Game*, I would "burn" (in hell). He burned my inner thigh with the fireplace poker, and threatened to throw Kelly in the fire. He hypnotically enhanced his description of her burning to traumatize me deeply. As he sexually brutalized me, I heard Kelly's whimpers coming from the bedroom. As her cries grew louder, Cheney turned on classical music to drown out her cries for help.

At 4:00 am, as ordered, Bush Jr. (and his helicopter pilot) came to retrieve Kelly and me. We were flown (by helicopter) back to the Lake Shasta area where Houston and the motor home awaited us. Bush's assault of Kelly proved to be a mind shattering experience for me, and physically devastating to Kelly. She was in dire need of medical attention and was unable even to move. Houston threatened to stop the motor home in the Yosemite area and throw me from a steep cliff if I didn't settle down. His threats and commands could not control my hysteria, as much of his control programming had inadvertently shattered. Fearful he would lose both his "money-makers," Houston permitted me to telephone Kelly's doctor and begin administering medicines. As for me, he arranged for assistance in picking up the pieces in order that I complete my primary purpose in traveling to California, i.e., meet with Mexican President Miguel de la Madrid and finalize plans to open the Juarez border.

TOMMY LaSORDA, NOLAN RYAN:

The next day, hours before I was to meet with de la Madrid, L.A Dodgers baseball team manager Tommy LaSorda, George Bush, Jr., and star pitcher of Jr.'s Texas Rangers, Nolan Ryan (who was also a banker) were at Dante's house working out the details of money laundering and bank transactions for the imminent opening of the Juarez border cocaine, heroin, and white slavery

route. The common bond of covert criminal activity overrode any professional baseball conflicts between them. All three were in town to be in attendance at various gatherings and parties of Reagan's, who would be arriving in a matter of days. And all three appeared to have an understanding of my function as Reagan's "Presidential Model" mind-control sex slave.

Dante was gathering the necessary clothes and props for the evening rendezvous with de la Madrid. LaSorda, Nolan Ryan, and Jr. were standing in the entrance way of Dante's house attempting to activate my "Baseball Mind Computer" programmed personality fragment that had inadvertently been shattered by Bush and Cheney's traumas at Shasta. Dante told them, "She knows more about baseball than you and Tommy (LaSorda) put together. Go ahead and ask her something. Anything."

Much to LaSorda's amusement, Nolan Ryan asked, "How many times does Fernando Valenzuela (Dodger pitcher) touch his hat if he's going to throw a screwy (screw ball)?" I could not respond, although I had once known more statistical data than would ever be in print.

Jr. hollered, "Hey, Dante! What's with your baseball computer here, huh? Are we supposed to say a magic word?"

"I don't know," Dante responded. "Could be drugs. Her sex is working fine, though. Give it a whirl."

Jr. declined, saying, "No thanks. The Baseball Computer sucks enough. Listen, we'll see you later." Jr. had never shown any interest in me sexually. Like his father, he had only shown sexual interest in Kelly, who had been away with him most of the day. As he turned to leave, he stroked me under the chin and cryptically said, "Have a Ball tonight."

LaSorda, who had not been on his Ultra Slim Fast-sponsored diet yet, said, "Speaking of balls, mine could use a little attention here." He unzipped his pants.

Dante told me, "We gotta get dressed. Three minutes." Three minutes was a trigger for me to perform a specific, oral sex act. I knelt on the floor and pushed up LaSorda's enormous belly, resting it on my head as I groped for his penis as ordered. Dante's two Great Danes came in as Jr. and Nolan Ryan left. I had been forced to participate in a bestiality film with these sex-trained dogs earlier that day, and I had to fight them off as I sexually gratified LaSorda before getting ready for "the Ball."

SENATOR ROBERT BYRD:

After the opening of the Juarez border, I was kept actively busy according to the plan to "use me up" before my 30th birthday death sentence. I was subjected to a brutal (near death gang rape) "celebration benefit" at an identified Masonic Lodge in Warren, Ohio to "celebrate the free trade benefits" gained by involved East Coast politicians. Centers such as the nearby Youngstown "Charm School" went into mass production of slaves to mule drugs or be part of the mind-controlled sex slave "trance-sport operations." Mexico was not the only country reaping the economic benefits of criminal free trade.

After Kelly's ordeal in California, Dante and Houston were criminally exploit-

ing her for literally "all she was worth". Subsequently, she missed an extraordinary amount of schooling. When she was in school, she was experiencing difficulty with her peers. These factors prompted plans to send her to a local Catholic school the next year, where her unusual behavior would be overlooked and covered up.

Soon thereafter, Senator Byrd came to Nashville to fiddle at the Grand Ole Opry and, as my handler. Houston, remarked, "fiddle around with me" at the Opryland Hotel. Byrd explained that close association with me had become volatile due to my roles in Iran-Contra and NAFTA, and therefore he would be distancing himself from me. He spent most of "our last night together" working on his memoirs for a voluminous book on the U.S. Constitution he was writing (now published at taxpayers' expense), which focuses on his long-winded Senate (filibuster) speeches.

Byrd attempted to strengthen my programmed "loyalty bond" to him to keep me quiet "until death do us part". He told me, "If it was up to me, I would let you live." He talked at length about how our time together had been infringed upon by both de la Madrid and Reagan. Bitterness over their stronger controls on me was evident as he mocked their self appointed roles as the Wizard and Lizard of Oz. De la Madrid's fascination with U.S. mind-controlled slaves reportedly inspired him to combine Bush's lizard-like alien themes and his reputed Mayan roots/lizard man theories with Reagan's Oz themes to claim the role of Lizard of Ahs. From Byrd's ramblings, it appeared that his mockery of their roles was due to their having decided how "his" slave would die, and had nothing to do with caring that I would be killed. Byrd maintained his "bonding" programming charade all night. He played his fiddle and sang to me in place of his usual torturous whipping and brutality. Sex was, for the first and last time, painless.

Byrd had not distanced himself too far from me, though, where government operations were concerned. When I was "over the rainbow" in D.C. during the summer of '87, it was business as usual with Byrd. I was escorted to Goddard Space Flight Center where Byrd was waiting for me in a sterile hallway near the brass-trimmed, mirrored elevators. He was loaded down with items, which he deposited on a small table as he greeted me. He picked up a NASA ID badge and clipped it on my nipple, the metal teeth biting me with their serrated edges. When I (softly) cried out, he said, "Oh OK. I'll wear it," removed it, and clipped it on his white lab coat. He handed me a NASA lab coat like his and a white hard hat. His hard hat suggestively and "humorously" said **HARD** in bold red letters. My hat said NASA, in a mirror reversal of the standard bold red lettering. When I read it in a mirror, it appeared as though I were on the wrong side of the mirror and needed to step through (according to Alice In Wonderland/NASA programming). It also clearly indicated to those-in-the-know that I was under mind control. Byrd looked at his pocket watch prompting a wave of terror in me, and said in Wonderland cryptic, "We're late. As the elevator drops down the rabbit hole, we'll reverse time in order to get there a few minutes early."

Byrd spun me around to face the elevator's mirrored doors saying, "Look deep into the mirror and be all that you can be by becoming infinitely lost in all

that you see." Byrd timed his hypnotic induction so that when he ordered, "Step through the mirror," the doors opened and we stepped through.

As the elevator supposedly went down 99 (taken from Aquino's corny reversal of 66) levels to the depths of hell, Byrd told me the Earth "spins faster and faster at the core, causing us to spiral downward in a tornado effect." I dropped deeper in my hypnotic trance. The elevator doors opened to what appeared to me as an exact replica of the floor we just left. However, this floor's hallway led to a computer room and sanitized-looking lab area. Several of the scientists working there were amused by our hats, prompting Byrd to ham up his act. These NASA workers, like many others, may have deliberately stroked his entertainer's ego because they relied on his appropriations for funding.

Byrd made me robotically announce to the workers, "He's taking me to your leader."

"I'm the Commander, here," the apparent director of the underground lab said. The workers again busied themselves as he stood, arms folded defensively across his chest, while his bespectacled intelligent eyes darted the room surveying the situation. The Commander had a few grey strands salting his short, dark hair, yet his build was surprisingly youthful and trim for his age. He and Byrd apparently knew each other quite well. Byrd strode over to him, dragging me along. "Tom," Byrd called to his 50ish 6'1" friend. "This is your specimen of the day that I promised I would deliver. I will be most interested to see what you can deliver since diplomatic relations with Mexico depend on it. Not that I want to increase any pressure you may feel, but we need seven more just like her to stuff in the mouth of his royal Lizardry (de la Madrid) to keep him from spilling his guts on the project."

"It's just as well, my friend," the Commander said, stroking his chin without uncrossing his arms. "That way he can't talk without implicating himself."

"That's the way the Chief feels about it," Byrd agreed. "He's already in deep anyway, but this order (for slaves) hits him closer to home since they'll be serving him personally."

We walked to a clinical, sanitized area that had a maze of small rooms where I was undressed and prepped for the lab. A nurse of sorts injected me with the NASA "Tranquility" drug and instructed me to put my lab coat back on. "Walk this way," she ordered as she led me down the hall, swinging her hips in an exaggerated manner. I immediately complied. The Tranquility drug had no recreational effects, but produced an attitude of peaceful compliance to all orders given. As we approached the theater-type lab, a small group of men who would be in attendance were talking with Byrd and the so-called Commander. They looked at us and laughed at my literal compliance to walk like the nurse.

I was then led by the Commander to a "backstage" entrance which was actually a glass-encased lab surrounded by seats in ascending rows. Scientists in NASA lab coats looked down on the lab table where I lay as the Commander wired me up to a computerized machine. A camera was positioned high in one corner of the room, filming all that transpired. I was aware through conversations between Byrd and the Commander that de la Madrid had requested a video of the latest advancements in mind-control technique being used to create

his seven slaves. In reality, the camera was filming scientific methodisms salted with "comic" misinformation as a humorous "no" to his request.

Since I was considered "used up" and my death was imminent, the Commander told the scientists to "feel free to fuck the lab specimen." "But first," he said, "before you satisfy your mental and physical curiosities sampling the President's (Reagan's) wares, we must satisfy El President's (de la Madrid's) perverse intellect with a little space humor." He turned to one of the technical workers and said, "You're going to have to edit this tape for de la Madrid's benefit and take this part out while we prepare her for an 'off color' chameleon joke."

A live lizard encased in a glass test tube of sorts was inserted in my vagina, The camera was focused on the area while my legs were spread in a birthing position. Acting as though I had conceived while having sex with de la Madrid, the Commander said, "Now for the finished product, which in layman's terms equates to the reproductive offspring of a Lizard breeding machine." He dramatically snapped on a rubber glove and probed me as though he were giving me a gynecological exam. In fact, he was opening the trap door of the Lizard's tube to turn him out. Very slowly, the sluggish lizard poked his head out of my vagina and crawled out onto the metal table. "This concludes all of the experimentation demonstration of the cloning of a Presidential model," the Commander said.

I apparently had been selected as the prototype for the seven programmed slaves de La Madrid had requested. De la Madrid was interested in NASA programmed slaves that would be vaginally mutilated like I was. He was sexually obsessed with the hideous carving. I have no way of knowing what, if any, technological advancements were actually provided to de la Madrid via the film. I only know that deliberate misinformation tainted the methodologies depicted, and that I had never experienced programming or testing before or at the time by any such methods

This video created for "his Royal Lizardry" was one of many cryptic lizard themes that NASA used in its Mexican operations. All of my programmed roles in Mexico involved the prolific, local, iguana lizards. De la Madrid had relayed the "legend of the Iguana" to me, explaining that lizard-like Aliens had descended upon the Mayans. The Mayan pyramids, their advanced astronomical technology, including the sacrifice of virgins, was supposedly inspired by the lizard aliens. He told me that when the aliens interbred with the Mayans to produce a form of life they could inhabit, they fluctuated between a human and Iguana appearance through chameleon-like abilities. "A perfect vehicle for transforming into world leaders." De la Madrid claimed to have Mayan/alien ancestry in his blood, whereby he transformed "back into an Iguana at will." De la Madrid produced a hologram similar to the one Bush did in his You Are What You Read initiation. His hologram of lizard-like tongue and eyes produced the illusion that he was transforming into an Iguana. While in Mexico, I was always ordered to wait by rocks where the abundant Iguanas sunned before being "trance-ported" to my scheduled meetings with "his Royal Lizardry," the Lizard of Ahs.

MIGUEL DE LA MADRID:

Alex Houston had maintained his capacitor distributing business cover throughout the years, routinely changing company names and customers. By summer's end in 1987, Houston had stumbled onto a legitimate sales inquiry from the Peoples Republic of China. Unable to profitably manage a legal business, he look on a partner whom he said checked out to have a curious but inconclusive association in U.S. Intelligence. This partner was Mark Phillips. Houston had forbid me from meeting Mark until his background check was completed and his allegiances understood. As much as he was intrigued with Mark's past, Houston was enthralled with his propensity for conducting international business. In exchange for Mark's cooperation, Houston and he formed a legal corporation. Mark Phillips became President and CEO of Uniphayse. It wasn't long thereafter that he won Houston's confidence through repeated professional successes, and Houston permitted me to meet him.

I sensed right away that Mark was very different from the other men I encountered routinely. He treated me as though I were a person, and his eyes revealed no sexual interest in me at all. Instead of discussing world domination, slavery, pornography, drugs and genocide like the other men I knew, he introduced me to the raccoons he had years ago rescued from certain death and then tamed. I was deeply impressed with how his "wild" pets loved and trusted him. I could not think to trust, ask for help, or even question at the time what it was that made Mark different.

In the fall of 1987, Kelly was enrolled in Nashville, Tennessee's St. Pius Catholic School. Her unusual behaviors were addressed in school counseling, but their causes and/or origins were never addressed. Kelly still laughs at the absurdity of being counseled to vent her "anger" by scribbling the source of her anger on a piece of paper and then jumping on it. With her anger being caused by extreme physical and psychological tortures and sexual abuse, it could not be so simplistically relieved. Houston had forbidden Kelly to display emotion, and had so conditioned her. Once, when he savagely beat her for laughing, I huddled in a corner holding her for hours. That did not positively affect her enormous nurturing needs any more than jumping on a piece of paper. With tears streaming down her face, she opened her bedroom curtains and cried out to what she believed was "Bush's Eye in the Sky." "Why do you hate me? Why do you hate me so much, world, when I love you? I want to die now. I can't take it any more."

That, as evidenced by the near death asthma attack she endured, further proved that Houston's tortures were too much for a seven-year-old child to coexist with. In retrospect, that remaining part of her mind that could question why her existence was too horrible to comprehend was locked away. And so it goes in the "life" of a mind-controlled slave.

In December 1987, my 30th birthday launched the final countdown to my death. Houston was in regular contact with Michael Dante (as telephone receipts prove), and arrangements were finalized for Kelly and me to be transferred to California. There, I was supposed to be burned alive in a snuff pornography film and Kelly would become the property of Dante. But first I had

orders to conclude my part in Operation Greenbacks for Wetbacks by meeting with de la Madrid. Houston had booked a New Year's NCL cruise to Mexico for all three of us.

Kelly and I were walking among the Mexican pyramid ruins in Tulum, when Houston pointed out an iguana lizard sunning itself on a rock near the parking lot. As Kelly and I approached the iguana, two Mexican Secret Servicemen emerged from a dark blue Mercedes. They used the keys, codes, and triggers to our programming that had been provided them to hypnotically create the illusion that the iguana was trance-forming into de la Madrid. This control technique was to build an amnesic block to ensure against memory recall.

In reality, we were transported by automobile to de la Madrid's tacky museum-style house nearby. There, Kelly and I were taken into his all too familiar bedroom by a uniformed matronly woman. De la Madrid's bed was a king-size waterbed set in a darkwood canopy frame. This time the bedspread was a plush black-blood red, which de la Madrid pointed out to Kelly as he set her on the bed. It was my experience that de la Madrid's bed was in itself a NASA technology adventure.

Mounted inside of the canopy was a movie screen where de la Madrid viewed porn videos and/or NASA-provided films. From his bed I saw replicas of the NASA Goldstar multiscreen monitors that were routinely used in "experimental" mind-control conditioning. By filming the actual NASA multiscreen grouped monitors, the resultant video provided the illusion of seeing a Goldstar multiscreen when shown on a (single) screen such as was built into de la Madrid's bed canopy. For example, once when I was in his bed, the same light blue sky with moving clouds was depicted on the monitor screens that NASA had used to lock in my programming "Somewhere in Time," de la Madrid showed on his canopy movie screen. He further enhanced the effect by having me hypnotically "float/drift" on his waterbed which he had covered with a spread of similar light blue sky with clouds print. My previous NASA programming was easily accessed "Somewhere in Time" through this simple, but nevertheless complex visual triggering method. The pornography shown was of me from previous taping, alternating with a built-in video camera projecting our sex acts onto the screen as they occurred.

This time de la Madrid said, "Let us end where we began...." referring to my witnessing the rape of my daughter in Shasta. He ordered me to undress and recline against the headboard of his bed. At the foot of the bed, he began pulling Kelly's jeans off as he said, "You gave birth to her, just as you gave birth to the border agreement, and now your role is through on both counts. The tears she will shed as you burn cannot extinguish the flames of passion you have passed on to her. Your intense sexuality has been regenerated in her, and this hormonal experiment in genetics will successfully evolve for generations to come. Your role is complete. And thanks to my friends in Washington, NASA has perfected the formula and given birth to the technology of mirrored procreation using recreated bloodlines. The only detectable difference makes the blood run cold. Reptilian. See for yourself"

De la Madrid gestured up toward the canopy screen, where the NASA created

video of my "giving birth" to the lizard was depicted. By this time, the NASA provided designer drug for mind control, "Tranquility," had been administered and was kicking in full force. My eyes were hypnotically fixed on the video as he began performing oral sex on my daughter. She, too, was rendered helplessly defenseless by the drug and quietly complied with his every demand. Using specific commands, de la Madrid ordered me to spread my legs and display the vaginal mutilation carving. He positioned himself over Kelly's face, smothering her with his penis while he performed oral sex on my carving.

When at last we were returned to the NCL cruise ship, Kelly and I were vomiting sick from de la Madrid's abuse and the high voltage trauma that followed. An unusually large shipment of cocaine and heroin had been loaded, which was transferred into the walls of our custom built motor home once we docked at Key Biscayne, Florida. Houston supposedly stayed aboard ship for the next week of his engagement, while I drove the motor home full of drugs and my sick daughter to Houston's farm where we resided in Tennessee.

By the time Houston returned to Tennessee from his NCL cruise, Ken Riley had already emptied the motor home and dispersed the drugs as previously planned. The only business Houston had to attend was implementing the final phase of trance-ferring Kelly and me to Dante and being updated on Mark Phillips' latest successes.

Houston immediately began programming me to not take anything but Kelly's and my clothes when sent to Dante. At the same time, Mark Phillips and I had reached a level of communication that was new to me. Although I had no conscious understanding of what he was saying, the truths he spoke resounded throughout the depths of my being. For instance, when he showed me his "Back to the Future" DeLorean sports car, he wisely cryptically stated, "Sometimes you have to know where you've been in order to know where you're going."

Just before Kelly and I were to leave for California, Mark asked me to help him force Houston out of business by providing him with the files on suspected (corporate) criminal activity that Houston kept hidden at our house. Not only did I gladly do so, but somehow I was able to ask for Help in return. I asked him to help Kelly and me get away from Houston before I was killed and Kelly was sentenced to a fate worse than death. Mark assured me that he would help.

The day Houston intended for Kelly and me to be transferred to Dante, I felt a strange compulsion to telephone Mark and notify him. That morning, Houston drove to Mark's office believing he was going to meet with him later that day. But Mark had brought a team of movers to the house, and rescued Kelly and me. He had brilliantly intercepted us as we were being passed to our intended destination! Mark even understood Kelly's and my need to rescue our farm pets from Houston's abuse. He not only found good homes for our livestock, but he had arranged for them to be loaded and transferred during our frantic rush to move out of Houston's house. Within two hours, Mark safely moved Kelly, me, our pets and livestock to freedom. Despite brilliant orchestration, pandemonium broke out when it was discovered that Kelly and I had been intercepted and detoured from our intended demise.

"Wake up, sleeping beauty," Mark said as he gently roused me with a cup of

fresh coffee. "Welcome to a new day."

My eyes opened. I had never experienced such kindness before, and it seemed like a whole new world to me. Mark presented me with a beautiful watch, which he strapped on my wrist. Noting my wonder and surprise, he explained, "Now you will always know that I gave you the time of day."

The time of day? No one had ever given me their time before. They only took mine. And I never wore a watch before. I did not even know what month or year it was, let alone the time of day. I had no concept of time, which Mark explained I must always monitor from that moment on.

"You say someone is trying to kill you. Why?" Mark asked. I could not think to answer. I was totally amnesic. All three of us were now in grave jeopardy, literally dodging bullets while I desperately sought the answers. How could I have requested help when I did not even know who and/or what I was running from? Somewhere inside were the answers, and I intended to uncover them all. Fast. Now there were three lives on the line.

Mark understood that safety was tantamount to memory recovery. At the same time, none of us could be safe until I could recall who and what we were up against. Mark quickly sold everything he owned, including his DeLorean, retaining only basic necessities. He also sold the motor home which had been awarded me in my divorce from Alex Houston. Using these funds, Mark took Kelly and me to the peaceful wilderness of Alaska.

February 4, 1988 marked the beginning of life for Kelly and me, free from our mind-controlled existence. It also marked the beginning of a new kind of survival as we embarked on "The Most Dangerous Game" of international proportions. Despite death threats and attempts, intimidation and cover-ups, we have survived these past seven years by refusing to keep secrets—which is in itself "another story."