

FRAGMENTS: THE STORY OF A RETURN TO WHOLENESS (SOMEDAY)

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PROLOGUE

The story you are about to read is true. It is a largely straightforward narrative of my effort, now three years and counting, to help a young woman who I believe with all my heart is a genuine, on-going victim of Satanic Ritual Abuse and the U.S. government's MKULTRA-Project Monarch mind control program. If you are skeptical of this premise, as I was in the beginning of my undertaking, although compassionately so, I beg you to keep an open mind. There are approximately four million practicing Satanists in America today; not all of them are violent, nor do they all commit abuse in the performance of their ceremonies and rituals. But it is beyond all doubt that many do inflict serious and tragic suffering upon animals, children, and even adults within their circle of worship. Some of these people still practice an ancient form of "gothic Satanism " involving crimes so heinous that I will not speak of them in this prologue. But they are real, and, sadly, all too common. Some 100,000 children go missing in the U.S. every year (Readers Digest, July, 1982); most are found quickly, and unharmed. But thousands are not, and many of those end up sold--yes, even in this country--into the pornographic underground here and abroad, forced prostitution, or as fodder for ongoing government mind-control research. Some, also in the thousands, suffer the worst fate: being sold or abducted into Satanic cults for sacrifice, or if they are "lucky, "selection for a lifetime of torture, slavery, and never-ending horror.

My poor friend is one child who was born into her cult. Since her father is the head of it, she is of royal lineage, and therefore was chosen and groomed for a

special role, that of High Priestess. This requires extensive training in both enduring and inflicting torture, something she can never forgive herself for, no matter how hard I try to make her see that she is a VICTIM, not a perpetrator. She is trapped in an impossible set of circumstances, and all I can do is love her and be patient and one day, the chance may come to rescue and heal her. She cannot physically get away by herself (for reasons the story will make clear). It will also become clear how she is able to have ongoing contact with me, albeit very guarded and clandestine contact; to put aside the natural skepticism this may cause you, I urge you to just read the document and put yourself in her FATHER's shoes. Think with HIS mind, given how powerful he apparently is, and you will understand why he has no fear of my friend or the other cult members contacting outside resources.

This is a cult leader in supreme control, who believes he can deal with absolutely ANY contingencies, and he actually welcomes the chance to learn more about what kind of resources are out there~the better to buy them off or scare them off. He casts a long shadow, one that snuffs out with deadly efficiency the light of love and compassion offered by those few who truly believe the victims and reach out to them. This is not a society that places a high premium on compassion or belief; nevertheless, the victims and survivors ARE real, and I beg you to be aware of the secondary agendas held by some people who are eager to convince you that such things do not exist. They do; Satanism is real, as are the government mind control experiments. Many times, agencies of the government interested in behavioral and mind control research act in alliance with Satanic cults, employing and protecting their leadership in return for unfettered access to a

kind of living laboratory of trauma-based thought reform and behavioral conditioning. Our government has, for years, experimented with the creation of "Manchurian Candidates, "deep-level agents who are programmed with alter personalities, of whom they have no conscious awareness, who carry out sensitive and often dreadful assignments such as assassinations and sexual blackmail, or sexual slavery to high-ranking political figures.

. This short document does not begin to explore such events, nor does it contain details of Project Monarch or other mind control experiments. It only relates what my friend has told me; I have not created activities for her that she hasn't shared with me. This is HER story, not mine. However, it is by no means the WHOLE story, only what I have experienced in my work with her. I have interspersed the narrative with sections describing some of the ritual abuse so that the reader may emotionally connect with this young woman, and gain some measure of insight into her suffering. That having been said, most of the Satanic descriptions are generic depictions of what my friend has endured, rather than intimate details revealed by her.

Because she is still trapped, she can only violate her cult's rules of silence just so much without the severest consequences. To provide details of the magical ceremonies, invocations, Satanic words, etc. would cross a line that her own alters would not accept. They are trained to report her to the leadership, with resulting punishments too terrible to describe. Thus, much of these sections you will read are dramatic re-enactments from my own imagination, based on her recounting of certain events and augmented with details I have read in many other survivor accounts. They are incomplete descriptions, because like everyone who

has written a book of this nature, I would not want mine to be used as a manual for Satanic abuse. Furthermore, I have not described any type of ceremony or occult experience which she has not related to me as having endured personally. ALL details in this book, whether Satanic or related to her family or my own experiences with her, are confined to the parameters of my own knowledge. For example, I do not know either her own or her father's real name, nor even her father's pseudonyms; but in the interests of veracity, I have not attempted to give HIM any, while I have disguised the only actual pseudonym I have for my friend. Furthermore, since I do not know the actual name of my friend's cult, I have individualized it fictitiously by calling it "The Family of Darkness."

For the same reason, because she is still trapped, I have taken elaborate precautions to alter all identifying details about her appearance and various locations which figure in her story. I have changed the states involved, as well as the cities, and in order to avoid depicting innocent cities as involved in occult crimes, I have refrained from looking at maps to gauge distances or pick real substitute towns. The names of the towns I refer to are fictitious, to the best of my knowledge, and any real locations are either a coincidence, or have nothing to do with the actual events in question. I hope the reader understands these precautions, and does not let them dent his or her confidence in the validity of the material. If this material falls into the hands of anyone who knows my friend's father, I do not want him to be able to identify her as the person I am trying to help. It would mean her life, and possibly mine as well. Furthermore, because this is an ongoing situation, I, too, am using an assumed name.

Most books about escape and recovery from Satanism take a fervently Christian perspective, but I am agnostic, so I claim no religious slant in my writing. This story is only that of a real girl caught up in really awful abuse, and my continuing efforts to help her--at no small cost to myself, emotionally, financially, and even physically. I have not avoided self-criticism in this book, and I am including some incredible episodes of personal stupidity--both to illustrate how easy it is to be used by unscrupulous people who care only about their own enrichment, and to make it clear to what lengths I will go to help my friend.

The nightmare of ritual abuse, whether it is Satanic, sexual abuse at the hands of our religious leaders of all faiths, or even "only" sadistic abuse carried out in a ritual way, is a real, horrible phenomenon and must be stopped. The kidnapping and selling of our country's children into pornography and sexual slavery must be stopped. The torture, exploitation and abuse of women must be stopped. Believe the victims before it is too late and we ALL become victims!

One final note: the last section, depicting her escape and recovery, is for the moment only my cherished fantasy of what might be, and what I am committed to. I have spent many intense hours planning different scenarios, and staying strong and patient until the moment comes when I can keep my promise to my friend. She trusted me three and a half years ago and reached out--and to me, that is sacred. She has been betrayed enough, and for her to take one more chance with her bruised heart's worst secrets is a gift no riches in the universe can equal for me.

Thank you for opening your hearts, your minds, and your eyes. As Jesus' wise and gentle friend John said, "Whereas once I was blind, now I can see. "

A CONCISE HISTORY OF MY RELATIONSHIP WITH CARLA (AKA "FRAGMENTS"),
A CREDIBLE, ON-GOING VICTIM OF SATANIC RITUAL ABUSE

FIRST INTERLUDE (SATANIC): MARRIAGE TO THE BEAST SATAN

It was a cold night for September 7th, even by Michigan standards, but The Major couldn't have felt more exhilarated. The full moon hung like a great silver dollar over the old family house in Fort Dearborn, an astrologically auspicious event making tonight even more perfect for the special ceremony at hand. Tonight The Major would consummate his marriage to his daughter, in a ritual first begun when Carla was five, during the Feast of the Beast, in 1982. On that great night, The Major knew that Satan himself had presided over the celebration of His return to Earth, once every 28 years. Carla had been initiated into the cult that evening, in a marriage ceremony of loyalty to Satan that ensured unimaginable success and power for The Major--her father and High Priest of the "Family of Darkness."

On that first occasion, The Major had refrained from having sex with Satan's new bride; the witch he used for consultation on the right dates to hold his most important ceremonies had urged him to have restraint. The power he could accrue would be incomparably heightened, the old wise woman assured him, by waiting until Carla was 10, the time when certain energies in a female begin to peak. Additionally, he had the fact of her birthdate on the Spring Solstice, March 21st, as extra proof that she was destined for greatness—and through her, himself most of all. So he had listened, and waited. Patience was not one of his strong points, but finely honed discipline in the service of proven wisdom had resulted in

victories for him time and again. So he had endured, wanting Carla, needing the liquid tightness of her ripening young body, but remembering always that he was the High Priest, and that carried a heavy responsibility. His followers knew that he, and he alone, could intercede for them and win fulfillment of their most cherished dreams from the Prince of Darkness.

Now it was September 7, 1987, and The Major would have to restrain himself no longer. His impressive erection strained against the black and red Satin robe that denoted his role as leader, and he called for his daughter to come forward. She had been carefully prepared for this moment. The witch had bathed and annointed her with sacred oils, and dressed her in a beautiful, white virginal gown. Her father had rehearsed, and re-rehearsed, the ceremony with her until she knew every word she had to say, and everything that was to happen. She had been well-plied with drugs to dull her senses and make her physically compliant, yet mentally alert. She came to the special ceremonial room obediently, walking three times round the nine-foot magic circle with its upside-down pentagram. Even the candle flames seemed to hang suspended with anticipation, as Carla recited the words of the marriage ceremony that would now make her a bride to her father as well as Satan. She lay down without struggle on the cold stone altar, an illusion of calm that came only from the fear of what would befall her if she spoiled her father's special night. The Major strode to the altar triumphantly, and recited the ritual that killed Carla's birth identity forever, and heralded her re-born as bride and future High Priestess at the left hand of Satan and His personal representative, her father.

The others in the congregation growled their approval, and shuffled from side to side with anticipation of sexual release. First it was the Major's turn, and he teased his followers a bit before claiming for himself the glistening, pre-pubescent organs so long denied him. He gently rubbed the buds of Carla's newly emerging breasts, then began to stimulate her vagina with an exciting stroke that made her squirm despite her terror and humiliation. In the very next moment, The Major held one of the thick black candles close to her inner thigh, and ritually, brutally, scored it with hot wax. Then he picked up the sacred knife, a special ceremonial dagger that had been in the family for generations, and expertly cut just inside Carla's vulva, so that his semen would mix with her blood and unite their life-forces forever. Carla's face screwed up with pain, but she did not move or utter a cry. She had already been well-trained, and toughened by years of gradually increasing torture and exposure to pain of every kind and level. She lay quietly and tried to disappear inside herself, nearly succeeding until her father lifted the gown and entered her with quick, dog-like thrusts, again and again and again...

FIRST PART OF THE STORY: OCTOBER 1999-DECEMBER 2000

I first "met" Carla more than three years ago, now, while searching the Internet for a survivor support group. I am a male incest survivor with many connected issues and a hard-core reluctance to accept my own abuse as having happened, so I know about peoples' doubts on any of these subjects. I do not, however, claim to have, myself, ever been a victim of SRA, Christian religious cult abuse, or ritualistic abuse of any kind. I want to make that clear at the outset.

The website I found will be sufficiently individualized if I refer to it simply as "The Circle of Healing." I wish to keep their actual name confidential, because I do not want to risk infiltration, breach of member confidentiality, and because they are not involved in any way with assisting me in the matter herein described.

In early October of 1999, I joined this online community, and began corresponding with others in one particular discussion forum: PTSD, or Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder. By mid-month, we began receiving postings in this forum from an obviously desperate young woman using the handle "Fragments."(We all have user pseudonyms; mine was InnerFlame) She talked, with increasing fear, about the upcoming period of Halloween-about having been, as a child, dressed up in robes and scary costumes and sexually abused. She told how her nightmares and flashbacks were increasing to the point of tremendous stress, especially ones involving her mistreatment by her father. She disclosed that she was living on her own, but always within reach of her father, who had hand-picked her therapist. In none of these early letters did she ever say how old she was, or where she was, but we all got the feeling she was over 18 years of age.

She began to reveal that her father was putting tremendous pressure on her to return to him, threatening to harm all those she cared about if she did not. Her "T" was not particularly sympathetic, and was mainly selected to help her deal with her "rebelliousness" to her family. I, as an experienced domestic violence activist, wrote her with names and numbers of national domestic violence hotlines, which I thought would give her some strength-they are free numbers from anywhere in the U.S., Puerto Rico, the U.S. Virgin Islands, the Phillipines, and Guam.

She was, however, fixated with terror on her father and unable or unwilling to use to resources I was offering. She did disclose that her father is a former army Major, a high-ranking specialist in the field of psyops(psychological operations), with vast national and regional contacts, and she absolutely will not trust the intervention of law enforcement. We were all terribly worried about her ability to survive Halloween, but she did, by checking herself voluntarily into a nearby hospital and asking to be medicated and watched as an in-patient for the two days before, and day after, Halloween. That took tremendous courage on her part, because of the forced drug abuse she has endured (I will explain that later).

Despite all our collective love, support and pleadings, she did indeed return to her father. However, before she stopped writing to the website, I wrote her with one of my two personal e-mail addresses and my phone number, because I have always been willing to get involved in peoples' troubles directly instead of safely from the sidelines (sometimes much to my regret!). I did not really expect to hear from her, but she did start e- mailing me-on November 12, to be exact. Four nights later, on the 16 she called me for the first time, collect from a payphone in Murchison, Tennessee. She was still using her Internet name "Fragments," but here I learned for the first time that she lived in Tennessee, and had attempted that night to run away. I have tried many times to put myself in her shoes and imagine the sheer terror and desperation of those moments, but no one who has not been through it can never really come close. Here, though, is how it *might* have been...

SECOND INTERLUDE: ATTEMPTED ESCAPE

Carla's heart was pounding so hard she was certain it would wake her father and the guards. But The Major was finally asleep, and the guard on "graveyard shift" had gone outside to smoke a cigarette. The other girls in the forced-prostitution ring were either with late-night "high roller" clients, or trying desperately to grab a few moments of rest before the day shifts began. Carla took a few deep breaths to try and calm herself, then walked swiftly on tiptoes to the kitchen. There she softly opened the fridge, and took out some of the nearly human-quality meat used to feed the two Rotweilers and two German Shepherds that served as guard dogs. They were trained killers, and would have unhesitatingly taken the girls apart at her father's orders; but they were still dogs, and reacted to a treat. Slipping through the back door with the silence of a phantom, she turned to face two pairs of red eyes and jaws that could bring down a lion.

The dogs growled quietly, watching Carla's every movement, but made no threatening approach. After a few seconds, she called to one of them, a female German Shepherd who seemed to like her when not in the immediate presence of Carla's father, and the dog came willingly. The Rotties simply glared at her, and she tried to ignore the fear that made her want to suddenly vomit. Tossing each of them a choice morsel of raw chuck steak, she eased past them as they became more interested in the food. In the darkness at the far end of the yard, a high fence marked the boundary between captivity and the slimmest chance at freedom. Carla had rehearsed this moment many times, and she made for the fence with a stealth born of being trained by a master...

When each dog became busy sniffing and gnawing and occasionally trying to steal a tidbit from the others, Carla walked with increasing speed to the end of the long driveway that extended from the back of the house. When she was sure she could outrun the dogs, she broke into a sprint and began to scale the metal chain-link fence as softly as she could. The dogs suddenly looked up from their snack, and responded as one, muscles bunching and fangs dripping, but they were too late. In another second, Carla was over the fence and running as fast as she could, reason reduced to blind instinct in the task of getting as far away as possible from the horror chamber of her father's house. She slowed down, lungs burning, as she crossed 61st street, headed south. So far, so good, but freedom was a whole lot farther than a two-block run in the deepest hours of night.

Looking frantically for a store or any place to duck into, she gave up and headed for the first pay-phone she could find. Summoning what little control she had left, she gave a bored-sounding operator a number that a new friend from the Internet had given her, a number that represented life and hope, and non-judgmental concern. She didn't know how long it would last, it rarely did, but right now it was a lifeline, and she was drowning by the second with terror. The phone rang and rang, and Carla began to despair. Finally, a sleepy voice answered, and the operator asked, "Would you please accept a collect call from...?" and Carla choked, "Fragments." The now-wide awake and gentle voice on the other end answered instantly, "Of course I will," and Carla began to cry with great, heaving sobs that shook her whole body until her need to talk finally won out and she calmed down just enough to be understood...

Carla had called me, evidently, from an outdoor phone in a mini-shopping center across the street, closed for the night, and despite my best efforts to persuade her to call the national domestic violence hotline number I had already given her--and now repeated--she was too distraught and kept repeating that she wasn't as strong as I thought she was. After fifteen incredibly frustrating minutes, she hung up abruptly, telling me that a car was coming and she could already see it was a police car probably sent by her father.

This was the first time I had ever heard her voice, and I can only say that I was absolutely transfixed by the terror in it. I could not doubt her sincerity, that is, I really believe that she was genuine in her fear of her father, and in her conviction that she could not get away. As a person with a Masters in Counseling Psychology from Columbia University, and several years' experience as a domestic violence victim's advocate and activist, I am trained to hear falseness in someone's voice. You can fake a lot of things, but not that level of pure terror-something way beyond ordinary fear. I know, because I've felt it on occasion, and this girl's voice resonated with it.

A few days later, she e-mailed me, explaining that she blamed herself for failing; she had "tipped him off," and a few minutes later, he was waiting for her in a police car he had already summoned. There seemed, from her description, to have been very few places to run to, as the area was mostly industrial and closed for the night. She wrote that her father had begun raping her again in retaliation for running away and had "beaten the shit" out of her for her defiance. She also revealed that he had put her to "work" again in his private prostitution service, and

was drugging her to make her more compliant with his clients' sexual requests, as well as making it physically more difficult for her to run again.

I begged her to use the power of the Internet, whose access she evidently still had, to WRITE outside resources for help, but she replied that she had been betrayed too often before by them, and that in any event, her father knew so many people, he would be able to track her down easily even if she did get away. At this time she also informed me that she was now being guarded 24/7 by 5-7 associates of her father, who worked in shifts, to prevent running away any more. She explained That she would be unable to access her father's cell-phone again for some time, and had to be careful about access to his "laptop."

I am going to skip to a point about two weeks further on, for purposes of moving the narrative to its more important points. By this time, I had learned through e-mail and by phone--she was clandestinely using her father's cellphone to talk to me--that she was 22 years old (legally independent), was a very slender but busty five feet, six inches tall, had blond hair and green eyes, and smooth, taut white skin that was considered one of her most attractive features. She used a pseudonym for times she was required to interact with the outside world, and so, in fact, did everyone else connected with her father's operation. Nothing was ever done , and no name was ever used, that could be traced, or create any kind of a paper trail. I only know her by that pseudonym, something which greatly complicates my efforts to help her, but for her further protection I have made up the brand-new pseudonym "Carla." I also found out in these early contacts with her that she lived in Murchison, Tennessee, but her father owned several properties in different states, as well as others in Tennessee (including Nashville),

that he used for "business" purposes. When the family needed more "secure" quarters to conduct business of an especially private nature, the Major, as I will continue to occasionally refer to him (for reasons that will become clear later), moved camp to one of these other residences.

About two weeks before Christmas, I was trying to cheer her up a little by asking her if she was looking forward to the holidays, or if in fact she celebrated them. There was a long pause, before she answered in a low tone that her parents don't celebrate Christmas or Thanksgiving, because they "follow these Pagan rituals." Those were her words, not mine. I asked her gently to elaborate, but she clammed up then. A few days later, however, I talked to her again and asked her as gently as possible, "Are you an on-going victim of cult ritual abuse?" without specifying what KIND of cult. She paused for a long time, and whispered in a shame-filled voice, "Yes." She asked me how I had guessed, and I told her I had guessed a long time ago because of her terror of Halloween, and her e-mail references to robes and costumes (it is normal for children to dress in scary costumes for Halloween, but NOT common for adults to dress in "robes" unconnected to the costumes themselves).

Our discussions now took on a different dimension; after several pain-filled conversations, in which each thing she revealed emerged only wrenchingly and with deep guilt and shame, she suddenly blurted out with utterly no direction or involvement from me-"Oh, God, I'm so sorry about the babies!" Then only seconds later, she said, "Oh, no!! I wasn't supposed to tell you that!" It took me a long time to calm her down, but between sobs she disclosed that she had seen many babies killed by her family. I asked her WHY, I mean in what context were they killed? Did

she mean they were killed as part of her family's "Pagan rituals," and she said yes. I asked her if it was only babies that were killed, and she said no, adults also--almost always female, but sometimes male.

Over the next few conversations with her, she explained--always with the most intense emotion--that her father periodically interrogated everyone to see if anyone was betraying him or trying to contact outside help, and he plays a game with her and the six other girls (these are not his daughters, they are recruits for his prostitution ring and the cult--more to the point, Carla herself was forced to recruit them, so she has an enormous amount of guilt about, and feelings of responsibility for, them. Consequently, she is EXTREMELY reluctant to escape by herself, knowing the consequences that would surely be visited upon her friends). According to Carla, her father is crazy about t.v. game-shows, and names some of his sadistic mind-games after his favorites. One of his most brutal is "Jeopardy." He picks one girl at random (he has many in the overall prostitution ring), or sometimes even a guard or an innocent male associate, to be the person in "jeopardy," and puts a pistol to her (or his) head. He then asks the others questions to which he already knows the answers. If they answer wrong, or he suspects they're lying, he shoots the selected victim in the head.

I asked Carla if that was his way of performing the rituals, because that was considerably out of the norm from what I had read of such things, and she said no, that was only when he thought someone was lying to him, or trying to steal money. I asked if the babies were shot also, and she said no, the babies were always killed with knives, the adults were sometimes shot-but never as part of the rituals; the adults, too, were killed with a special knife during the ceremonies. I asked her how

the adults were killed with the knife, and she answered consistent with the documented literature--without hesitation or a sense of hunting for an answer, she replied, "With a single stab wound directly over the heart." She also said, "I can't stand it any more, I hate myself for watching these things, all the people are innocent--especially the babies, and they're always sacrificed in the name of...." There she paused, sobbing, and I quietly encouraged her without filling in the word. "In the name of whom?" I asked. "Well, it's not in the name of God!" She replied. "Who then," I asked. She answered, "If it's not God, it's..." and could go no further. At that point, I filled in the blank, and said. "Satan. So your family's cult is Satanic?" She answered in a low, terrible whisper, "Yes." That was the first time, more importantly, that she had used the word "sacrificed." In no way did I feed her that, nor had I ever brought up the issue of babies.

The next major crisis for her occurred shortly before Christmas, when she told me, nearly hysterical with fear, that she was pregnant by her father. She said it had happened often before, because both she and the other girls, and sometimes other women in the cult, were used as "breeders"--her word, no help from me--to produce babies for use in the rituals (not all rituals involve the sacrificing of children). I asked, skeptically, if that was a little impractical for her father--whom she identified as the leader of the cult--because it takes nine months to give birth, but she told me it didn't matter, as long as the pregnancy lasted sufficient time to produce fetal material that could be sacrificed. She also said some women, who weren't used as prostitutes, were allowed to go full term so the whole fetus could be used, and others were already dead and acquired from hospitals or medical schools her father had connections with. At a certain point, the women underwent

what, in the literature, is called a "Satanic abortion," and the fetus or fetal material is then ritually sacrificed. "Fragments" was panicked, because she wanted to keep the baby all the way to birth, so she could bear life instead of death all the time, but he eventually aborted it during the important ceremony of Imbolc/Olmeic(Feb. 1 and 2, also known as "Candlemas"). This terrible ritual was performed at the family's property in Lake McClure, Louisiana, where the cult visits, it seems, a few times a year. There, Carla underwent a Satanic abortion, and the baby was used for Candlemas, in addition to an adult human sacrifice.

She was a traumatized mess after the February ceremony, and I still have never elicited the full details from her--nor have I found it productive to push her. Before her return, her father took her and the other girls on a "road trip" to Dearborn, Michigan, where he has high-paying clients. He needed to replenish his expense money. She described to me, in very articulate, consistent detail, the way he uses the interstate trucking routes to transport and employ his prostitutes and, indeed, he borrows trucks from friends of his, so they are never stopped by police. They have been sent out on road trips for several months at a time, but this one lasted only a few weeks.

I should backtrack here, and mention some family biological data and information about her father that she disclosed during some of the afore-mentioned conversations. Fragments is originally from Chicago, but she lived, as a child, in parts of Mississippi, Arkansas, Michigan, and finally Tennessee--never more than several months in any one place, until the family moved to Murchison. She has never described her father to me, but I should mention part of her "cult training" here, because it is important: because of the relationship we

have built, she does not ever want to lie to me outright-but, at the same time, she has been well-taught to deceive, by using correct information in a misleading way, by withholding certain information so that the whole revelation is automatically out of context, and by allowing the person she is talking with to draw their own erroneous conclusions, which she then makes no effort to correct.

I had certain stereotypes of army officers, namely that they're all six-foot-plus, blond Aryan types, with bulging muscles. However, an acquaintance of mine, a trucker who frequently passes through Tennessee and is familiar both with my situation and the overall use of truck stops for prostitution, believes he has seen Carla's father several times. He has described him as short, between five-five and five-seven, dark-complexioned, with a small mustache and small paunch. He has mentioned seeing him, at least once, in the company of several girls who all seemed to be in their twenties. I should note, too, that my acquaintance mentioned a truck stop near Murchison called the "Double J" as one place he has seen this man at several times (The Double J turns out to be part of a national chain). In a subsequent conversation, Carla acknowledged knowing, and sexually servicing "clients" at, the "Double J" a number of times. She was very specific, elaborating well beyond the parameters of my questions, about the way her father uses the truck stops. All the truckers have CB "handles," and her father has become friendly with many. At given times, he calls them on his own CB and lets them know he'll be in the area, or sometimes sets up the appointments well in advance.

Carla told me that the trucks he has access to are big eighteen-wheelers, with sleeping compartments in the back, making it possible to transport the girls

from state to state without worrying about hotels or other obvious escape opportunities. She has also been very specific about the appearance of these truck stops, noting that some of them are small, like regular gas stations, while others are quite sophisticated, featuring food shops and several interconnected stores, including some that sell and rent adult videos. These latter stores not only have adult movies, but some also contain secret rooms in the back, or upstairs, where more discreet--and expensive--adult entertainment takes place.

Carla's father allegedly joined the army when he was 18, rising quickly through the ranks and serving two tours of duty in Vietnam. During his second tour, he became a specialist in psychological warfare and was assigned to Operation Phoenix, the clandestine "neutralization" program against the Viet Cong that led to the slaughter of over 20,000 Vietnamese, most of them innocent civilians. He developed side interests in forensic pathology and especially psychopharmacology, taking great interest in the U.S. government's experiments with LSD. He also became an admirer and student of psychoelectronics expert Jose Delgado and LSD protege Sidney Gottlieb, both deeply involved in the MK-ULTRA mind control experiments. All of this would be excellent skills to have in service to a parallel trade in the occult, which was his real passion.

His Satanic lineage, according to Carla, is royal and multi-generational. He became a High Priest by the time he was 30, and established his superiority early on through absolute, but thoroughly disciplined, ruthlessness. Inside contacts the cult developed in the community gave him access to police training and then to local crime labs, but always behind the scenes, so that he developed a fearsome reputation without ever establishing a paper trail. He spent the ensuing years

quietly honing his skills, learning about weaponry, methods of killing without leaving marks on the body, psychopharmacology, psychological warfare and coercive but non-lethal methods of interrogation and mind-control. All these things are taught by, and to, law enforcement in various fields, including the FBI, the ATF, the DOD, the Justice Dept., the CIA and the NSA. He has acquired properties, either directly or uses the properties of associates, in Dearborn, Michigan; Charlotte, NC; Lake McClure, Louisiana; Chicago, Illinois; Little Rock, Arkansas; Nashville, Tennessee; and, for the past several years, Murchison, Tennessee. According to Carla, her father has a pilot's license and owns his own small Learjet, which lands at a disused, formerly private airfield now primarily known to the underground purveyors of drugs and interstate prostitution. He has access to other Lear jets, through connections, and for long prostitution money-making trips, such as to Seattle, he uses the big-rigs and follows the interstate trucking routes.

Carla's parents are divorced, but according to her, her mother is still involved in the cult and she sees her at important rituals. The cult started on her father's side, and goes back many generations. It has a name, of course, but for Carla's protection I will simply refer to it as "The Family of Darkness." Her grandparents are members (typical in inter-generational cults), and her father was, himself, abused and trained Satanically in the same way he is doing with Carla. She has an older brother, Jonathan, who was kicked out of the cult when he was sixteen for his teenage rebelliousness, and his attempts to defend his sister when their father would attack them. He won't help Carla despite his sympathy, because their father pulls the purse strings in the family and has made Jonathan completely dependent on him for financial support. Furthermore, he is watched

constantly by cult members who live in the area (whether true or not, that is part of the mind-control commonly employed by many different coercive cults--the programming of the victim to believe in his or her total accessibility to the other cult members, and the constant fear of being monitored).

As I have already mentioned before, everyone is given both special cult names and everyday pseudonyms. Things are paid for in cash, through special arrangements with friendly contacts, using false names to sign anything that has to be signed, including addresses. Most people have their price, and silence is easy enough to buy --especially when it is more convenient for everyone concerned.

In addition, as a person highly placed within the government, Carla's father has easy access to "genuine" false identities, i.e., replete with documented background, whenever he wants one. Carla has a special cult name that she was given in a special "marriage" to her father and the cult, known as the Marriage to the Beast Satan, which was held when she was just ten years old. A dramatization of this rite begins this document. It celebrates the ritual destruction of her birth identity, the replacement of her father by his new status as her "husband," and the binding of her loyalty to the cult by consecration of the marriage, in the form of rape by every one of the male cult members! I have chosen to fictitiously depict some of this disgusting "ceremony" as the opening to this book, so that the reader may understand a little of this girl's pain.

As bizaare as it sounds, I have confirmed the existence of this ritual, through conversations with survivors, therapists and others working with victims of Satanic abuse, and the available literature--which is quite specific, and notes the

date as always Sept. 6 th or 7 th . At the time this document was initially completed, she had just returned from surviving her "anniversary". This ritual is normally timed to a girl's first menstruation, but the exact year is determined through many factors, including astrological conditions.

Carla was, as are many such young cult members, let outside the cult for several years, to attend college, get her "rebelliousness" out of her system, and help build the cult's front of social respectability. In her case, she told me she attended Burroughs College and Tennessee Tech, from which she graduated in 1999, having won honors in the Accounting program (a very useful skill for the cult, one which they have employed considerably. In addition to her roles as High Priestess and recruiter for the prostitution ring, she also does the books for her father. Here she is aided her unusual analytic abilities and her cult-developed photographic memory). She had an off-campus apartment, and was still continuously monitored by the cult. She was still required to do prostitution work for her father, and still had to recruit new members and new sex clients. She was athletic, excelling in the Women's Softball League as an outlet through which she could emotionally block out the cult and pursue something she actually enjoyed--even though her success in the endeavor was expropriated by the cult for their own manipulation. She never had any real boyfriends, because she wasn't allowed to develop any close emotional ties with anyone who could help her escape. She occasionally had sex with students even without control by her father, because it was the only thing that fed her self-esteem as something she was good at. This has added to her terrible sense of sexual guilt and her self-perception as a "whore" unworthy of help.

When she was twenty, and still going to Tennessee Tech, she apparently developed a close friendship with a campus security guard, to whom she confided her situation and described the cult. He believed her, and so, initially, did the local police. But her father brought the whole family down to the stationhouse. They all testified against her, and she was given a choice of either signing a statement of false accusation and returning voluntarily to her father, or being incarcerated until she did. She was already no longer a minor, but that made no difference to the Murchison police, when confronted with her father's surface charm and military background. Coupled with the lack of physical evidence to support her allegations, the police were easily persuaded that Carla was simply emotionally disturbed, and gave her a Hobson's choice: return voluntarily to her father, or stay incarcerated until she admitted to lying, and then go home with him. Of course she caved in, and as a precaution against any such future attempts at rebellion, her father obtained a writ of guardianship in perpetuity. In certain states, even someone over the age of 18 can be incarcerated or hospitalized involuntarily if they are regarded as a threat to themselves; The Major had her incarcerated in the state mental hospital for two weeks, and had papers drawn up to show that she was a suicide risk.

It is worth noting that her father has her listed, evidently, on the Tennessee database of habitual runaways, which means she can be picked up anywhere in the state by local police, and returned to her father--or face incarceration in a mental hospital until she does.

After this escape attempt, Carla began to learn her lesson about trusting law enforcement. Her father further trained her by sometimes giving her "leeway" to run away, and then sending a police car to pass by wherever he already knew she

would head. Sometimes the cop car was really driven by a cop, sometimes by someone in the cult posing as a police officer, and he would try to trap her into revealing anything about the cult to outsiders. He has also done this with supposed members of domestic violence programs as well, to teach her that he has connections with everyone, everywhere (he does not, of course, but he probably has enough genuine connections and is capable of well-orchestrated "demonstrations" of his power) and that even to think of escape is useless. This is standard psy-warfare by regular batterers, let alone ritual abusers. It works in most cases.

Her father has gone to elaborate lengths to protect his identity, according to Carla. He has many psuedo-identities he can employ, including bogus but matching paperwork. He has several different properties, and moves his family and cult members around like chess pieces to avoid predictability. He has trained everyone involved with him never to reveal any identifying information, like real names and addresses. The men who work with him, by Carla's account, are all loners, many having been released from prison, with no families to care for or to miss them if they suddenly "disappeared." He recruits prostitutes from the ranks of homeless and runaway teenage girls and older young women. Some become recruited into the cult, most don't--but often end up as sacrifices during the Satanic "holidays." Carla has accidentally revealed to me the names of one guard--Ruben--and two of the girls she has become close with: Edith, a young Filipino girl, and April. Those names are fictitious, like Carla, but I have heard her refer to her friends by those names during moments when someone has walked in on her while talking to me, and she hasn't been able to put me on hold. She has been able to successfully

distract them until they leave, and on at least one occasion, I heard her say, "Why don't you get April to feed the dogs? I'm trying to set things up with a client."

Her father is also involved with international drugs, which is one reason he knows so much about the types of drugs to use with the girls: particularly hallucinogens, sedatives, tranquilizers, stimulants, pain-killers, and truth drugs. There are doctors in the cult who administer them, and stand by in case of allergic reactions or overdose, or to patch people up if the interrogations or the rituals go too far and hurt them.

THIRD INTERLUDE: "IT'S SO COLD!"

Carla opened the door of her room, and waited, quaking with fear, for her father's furious entrance. One of the other girls, Stephanie, had been pressured by a client into accepting less than the fee set in advance by The Major, and he had gone simply livid with rage. He never punished his clients, for the "high rollers" were all reliable repeat customers; his wrath was, instead, turned upon the unfortunate girl, who was never innocent in his eyes. Carla, however, tried to ease the suffering of her friends by always taking responsibility whenever a mistake was made. She tried to defuse her father's vicious temper by telling him placatingly and with completely convincing terror that it was "on her," and that SHE deserved the punishment. Her father almost always obliged, unless the guilty party was unmistakable, because Carla was the High Priestess and his daughter, and he had taught her that it was her role to take responsibility for everyone else's mistakes.

Now Carla waited demurely to see what The Major had in store. Would she get away with just a beating, or would her father rape her? She hated when he did that, especially anally, because his penis was so large that it made her feel torn up inside for ages afterwards. But when The Major finally did enter the room, Carla's heart filled with a different kind of horror. He strode in wordlessly, glaring at her, and withdrew a large syringe from a tray he set on the dresser. Expertly puncturing a small bottle, he filled the needle to capacity and roughly grabbed his daughter's arm. "No, Daddy! No! Not the drug! Please," she begged him. He paused long enough to slap her with stinging force across her left breast, and she collapsed with pain, unable to speak. Grasping her right arm without emotion, he injected the colorless liquid. He gazed at her tear-streaked face with distant contempt for a moment, then left as silently as he had come.

Carla began to feel the effects of the drug right away. It was a potent neuro-toxin, one which impacted the part of the brain that controlled perception of heat and cold. This particular drug caused a feeling of intense and inescapable cold, as though one were freezing to death from the inside, and no sweater or warm blanket or even sex with the clients could ease the sensation. It had a half-life of twelve hours, and The Major always gave Carla a full dose. Shivering from within and from without, she instinctively reached for the phone to call the one person whose very name warmed her heart, and whose words could even overcome the drug and warm her body just enough to survive.

MORE ABOUT CARLA'S FATHER

The Major has a nose for people catching on to him, and if he feels the least bit seriously threatened, either by competitors or by anti-cult activists or unbribed law enforcement, he can move the whole family underground and out of country for several months, until his associates tell him things are settled down. According to Carla, he did this at least once before, from 1986-87 (when she was 10), and they lived for several months in Europe and South America. For her protection, I will keep the specific countries confidential.

One way he definitely has her under control is through the use of physically coercive interrogations, which occur at least once, sometimes several, nights a week. The physical interrogations are torture sessions, nothing more nor less. They consist of questions to which he already knows the answers, hoping thereby to trap her in a lie. They are usually accompanied by the excruciating insertion of objects, sometimes ritual, often ordinary (knives, scissors, a wooden ball) into Carla's vagina, often harshly enough to cause bleeding and severe cramping, but he never goes up as far as the uterus. The bleeding and pain have often caused Carla to think she is bleeding to death, and call me in a panic to that effect; but in reality, she cannot possibly be, because there are doctors in the cult to patch people up when sex or interrogation sessions go too far, and also because an intra-uterine puncture would be fatal without hospitalization and he will never risk one of the girls going to a regular hospital for fear they may disclose something.

You cannot imagine how filled with helpless rage I've gotten, listening to Carla matter-of-factly say, "Hold on a minute, I have to put another towel under

myself so I don't bleed into the sheets; he gets really angry when I stain them." She has convincingly told me that the unfortunate girl, whether she or one of the others, is forced to wait for a certain period of time before she can be given pain-killers. If she endures without complaint, the brutality stops sooner; if she begs for help, her father only intensifies the pain. Once, Carla underwent three straight nights of interrogations using objects; she explained that her father had several high-roller clients from Japan visiting, who liked some rather kinky variations, and he was "toughening her up" so she could perform well and make a lot of money.

He gets enraged whenever the girls don't bring in enough money, and punishes them for it severely. In fact, one method of punishment that brings everyone immense terror is that when one of the girls is "out of line," in his opinion, he makes her wait in her room and beats up each of the other girls in turn, hoping to force one of them to betray her--or, if they're totally innocent, making the girl he is genuinely angry with "confess" to "defying" him out of guilt towards her friends. The beatings of each girl are always audible through the walls of the adjacent rooms. He is trained in the art of beating without leaving a mark; heavy open-handed slaps to the face and stomach, punches to the stomach and breasts, kicks to the groin, kidneys and legs. Nothing new or implausible here; pimps do that all the time, so no "evidence" shows.

Another method of torture, both physical and psychological, is to make the girl under interrogation--this appears to happen almost exclusively to Carla--choose the object for him to insert in her vagina. If she chooses wrong, as inevitably happens, he uses the knife. On other point about the use of knives: if

you think this is completely impossible, read the book or rent the movie version of "Sybil," the true story of a young woman with multiple personalities created through the trauma of severe child abuse. Sybil underwent this exact form of torture at the hands of her mother, and the depiction of it, in both the book and movie, is excruciating.

A common question people have for me about her story is WHY won't she reveal her real identity, or even his, so investigators can do a background check on him and verify the facts? The simple answer is, she has--much to her detriment, like when she turned to the security guard in her apartment complex at Tennessee Tech. He believed her, and called her dad down to the station-house to answer questions; but as I said earlier, he brought the whole family down to say, no, there's nothing wrong going on here-it's all just HER, she's the problem. Other detectives and police she has turned to have believed her, but then her father turns on the charm machine, whips out some papers showing she's a "troubled" girl, and the cops take his word for it. Devoid of actual proof, they are not going to go against one of their own or against someone with a honorable military training; "the blue wall of silence" is something I've seen for myself in L.A. and New York.

One night, for example, I had finally persuaded Carla to call one of the domestic violence shelters whose number I provided. They were unable to convince her to accept having the police show up until the shelter people got there, but they evidently believed she was in genuine danger because they called the police on their behalf. Several of them did arrive, and offered to take her, even warning her father to shut up and let her speak for herself. But he was sitting there in the kitchen glaring at her, making her feel helpless. Then he got several letters

he had retrieved from her private journal, filled with suicidal thoughts, and showed these to the police; as I said, under state law, this made her eligible for hospitalization as a danger to herself. They strapped her down, took her to the Lucknow County Mental Hospital, and she was put under drug therapy and sedation for three days before she agreed that her father knew what was best for her!

She was even told by the staff that she should count herself lucky to have such a loving and concerned father, etc., and she went back to him, alright--and was punished accordingly for her "defiance." She has described the special sense of fear and helplessness she feels in the "hospital:" the horror of being tied down spread-eagled, convinced that the attendants are going to rape her; the powerful psychotropic drugs that calm her, but leave her weak, dizzy, disoriented, and with periods of missing time; the complete awareness of her father's power, and her inability to call for outside help, because each patient signed in by a relative is given a special I.D. number known only to the staff, and only the incarcerating family member is allowed to that number by hospital security so he/she can call and keep track.

This kind of thing has happened on numerous occasions; I have taken collect calls from her during desperate escape attempts, when she has called from payphones at all-night convenience stores and gas stations. I have identified the numbers as those belonging, in fact, to a payphone company. She has never been able to talk to me for more than five minutes before I have heard a police siren, a car pulling up, and people talking to her. She has put down the receiver without hanging up and I have overheard her say, "You can take me to jail, but I'm

not getting in that car with Dad, and I'm not going to the hospital!" How can he always show up within only minutes, unless it is a set up? Even when the cop shows up independently, he always makes a call and only a few minutes later her father shows up. Sometimes, the arrival of the police is almost immediate; her father then always pulls out his papers showing her troubled "history," and the police routinely accept it as valid and make her sign one of their papers saying she is returning to her father voluntarily. He always whispers to her that if she cooperates, he'll hurt her less when they get back, and in fact, she has told me it often doesn't go too badly for her for a day or two; he expects her to do this occasionally, and it's often part of the game he plays with her, to show her how much he is in control.

But the problem of learning her real name is more complex; since she began disclosing her own, and her father's, real name and addresses to people she thought she could turn to, he has learned that this is possible, and he has taken steps to protect himself. Then he has turned to neutralizing her, by frequently using truth drugs during interrogation, instead of just the physical torture. During these sessions, he asks questions that begin very generally, such as "Have you ever revealed anything about your true identity or mine? Have you ever told anyone our address?" He already knows she has, and the truth drugs make it impossible for her to resist blurting out the answer. If she tries to lie, he can tell immediately. If she answers correctly, as she inevitably does, then he gets more specific, such as "Have you RECENTLY told anyone our names and addresses?"

He phrases the questions very broadly, as opposed to asking her specifically, "Have you used the computer to write anyone your real name?" Thus,

it is meant to encompass ALL forms of communication, as opposed to going question by question and giving her the chance to deny things. So, even though she can call me and occasionally get on the Internet and write me, she dares not give anything direct away because it will come out under questioning. She is afraid of divulging my identity to him, and has gone to considerable lengths to protect me; she uses a fictitious "handle" for her e-mail account, and deletes all her letters to me after sending them. After she reads my replies, she memorizes important information and then deletes the letters. She says she has it timed to under ten minutes, if she has to. As she put it, "One benefit of spending my life on the run is that I've been VERY well trained not to LEAVE A TRACE!"

So, even if she could write me her name and address over the Internet, even if she could drop a letter in a mailbox in town(she can't; they never go into town unaccompanied), or tell me in a moment of terror and trust over the phone, she won't risk it coming out in the drug sessions. Can I verify any of this? No. Is it plausible, given the common use of powerful drugs in even non-Satanic cults or "ordinary" white-slavery or pornography rings (which is how his cult primarily makes money), as a method of interrogation, compliance and control? Absolutely. It would be unethical of me, in comfort and safety, to ask her to take the kind of punishment she would endure if he caught her revealing anything that could bring outside help.

Furthermore, there is the problem of her psychology as a cult member. From what I have discovered about her "marriage" ceremony to her father, her birth identity was ritually and symbolically destroyed and replaced with her cult identity. She has been subjected to so many years of programming and mind control, it is

excruciatingly painful for her to try to fight it and break the mental chains that bind her without intense professional help. Additionally, she is conflicted by something else that causes her enormous shame: she has a special role in the cult; at the time of revision of this document, she has just gone through the initiation ceremony to take her place as a full High-Priestess, and she has admitted to being attracted to the power and status it gives her—literally, the power of life and death over others, while protecting her own.

This, however, gives her terrible guilt feelings, since she has been forced to carry out, as well as witness, human sacrifices. It has persuaded her that she is eternally "bad," and can never deserve a second chance when so many others were denied one—especially when she was forced to be the one ending their life. This is sadly common, almost universal, among Satanic abuse survivors. She feels she does not deserve to leave, she can never repent for what she has done, and she almost needs, in a way, the pain her father inflicts on her because it eases her guilt, even if only minimally. She feels that the pain is the only way she can make it up to so many she has hurt, and this binds her to her father all the more.

Additionally, there is the problem of her programming. All cult members, especially those of high rank and with important functions, are thoroughly programmed for self-destruction if they betray the group. Carla has told me that if she gives away her real identity or exact location, or her father's, especially if she runs away, she is programmed to commit suicide on the spot, or return to the cult immediately and present herself voluntarily for sacrifice.

There is also another issue, a reason for holding back that makes her noble, in my view. However close she has come—and she has—to risking it all and

telling me her real name and her father's, I believe that it is partly, and paradoxically, her love for me that prevents her, no matter how much she wants to get away. She knows that if she reveals those things to me, she will reveal them to her father under questioning. Even if she survives that somehow, and assuming I am able to get her out eventually, her dad will have *my* identity. He will turn the whole force of his being, and his full wrath, to the task of finding out who helped his daughter escape—and he will identify me, and at least fully—and intimidatingly—investigate me.

Most likely, he will try to bait me, and/or scare me into slipping up. And if he finds out that I really was the person who helped Carla get away, she has assured me—and I believe her—that he will come after me, my family, and everyone I love until I confess and give her up. She holds back the exact information I need to identify and find her at least partly because she feels that she, and she alone, knows how dangerous her father really is, and what happens to those who go up against him. I believe I am strong enough, and I hate him enough, to take that risk for Carla's sake, but she really loves me, and she will endure any suffering, day after day in that foul, dark world, to keep me safe.

Finally, there is the fact that she is deeply involved in the sex business, and has been ever since childhood. She is 25 now, still very young, and with unendurable shame over being forced to prostitute herself. She keeps saying, no matter what I tell her to the contrary, that she's a whore, and deserves everything she gets because she must want it somehow. Her father is also her pimp besides her cult leader, he is an incest perpetrator who rapes her for his own pleasure and taunts her on holidays by telling her she gets to be "his girl" again, and a vicious

manipulator of emotion. She is profoundly embarrassed by being forced to dance topless and sometimes fully nude, and perform all manner of sexual perversions with her father's high-paying, hand-picked escorts and the independent clients she has to bring in, and she is loathe to really tell me who she is because I may find her in an environment which is so humiliating and degrading to her. So she gives me tantalizing bits of information, but which are impossible to put together without other pieces.

She HAS, however, let slip the names of several clubs she and the other girls work repeatedly, and I have verified both the names and addresses of these clubs-including the fact that they are adult clubs, at least one of which offers topless dancing. For her safety, I will not print the names and addresses of the clubs in this document. She is telling the truth about this part of the story, but she does not want to admit how deeply involved she really is--the perversions, the deviances, the 8mm porno films, etc.

It was a great victory on my part, achieved only over a period of months, to win her trust enough to obtain a key, and heartbreakingly shame-based, acknowledgement, one I long suspected and that was no surprise: that she has withheld from me the level of her pornographic involvement, in order both to spare me and because she does not want to risk my seeing her as filthy and disgusting, worthy only of condemnation and walking away from in a hurry. She has conceded having a certain amount of permitted access to the computer and her father's phone, in order to help him run his sex and drug ring, although such access is VERY limited and highly risky, since she is often observed.

Whenever someone walks in on her while she is talking to me, she tells them

she's checking the "work" schedule, or setting up something with a client. As long as the chance to make money is involved, her pimps and guards back off--because that is all-important to her father.

I have continued to win her trust, little by little, by reassuring her that I don't care whether she is a victim of "white slavery," an individual, sadistic pimp, or a "pure" victim of Satanic Ritual Abuse--she is still a victim of abuse, worth rescuing and helping. She has only wanted me to focus on the Satanic elements at work here, because it is an awesome, frightening story, evoking pity, horror and empathy rather than disgust towards her--as much disgust as she feels towards herself, as an "accomplice." But she can control that, because she knows I will never see her that way, and the ritual abuse focus makes it easier for her to appeal to me as a "pure" victim. But as a domestic violence activist, I condemn ALL abuse towards women, addicts, prostitutes, OR victims of intergenerational ritual abuse!

To return to the issue of her father's security arrangements: he has built himself a formidable layer of defenses, coupled with his obvious intelligence and surveillance background. He buys people's loyalty, then terrifies them with clear examples of what happens to those who defy him.

At the same time, he rewards those who ally themselves with him. He always prefers small, rural towns or small cities to live in, where he can control access to the local population, build contacts, and recruit both victims and clients with little observation. He especially likes any place which gives him access to law enforcement, because his background gives him credibility almost instantly. Murchison was one of the largest cities he has lived in, and for one of the longest

periods of time, because he felt it was easier to be both anonymous AND controlling in a small city. It also gave Carla a chance to go to college, which reflected well on HIS credibility, increased his contacts, and created an even more respectable "front." In Murchison, he had a house that sounded perfect for his requirements. Carla was never secure enough to give me a house number, but she did reveal the cross-streets: Manchester and 61st Street, with the house right near the corner, but sitting all by itself in the middle of a large, empty lot. She was very specific, very detailed: without any prompting from me, she revealed under my gently skeptical questioning the names of several local side-streets, and which direction, and in what shape, they curved up and away from her own house.

After these discussions, I obtained a map of Murchison, and verified for myself that there is, indeed, a large seemingly empty space on Manchester, right before 61st St. The streets she named do, indeed, curve up in the pattern she described, as well. So she was certainly being truthful about part of it; my biggest frustration has been in not having the schedule time to just fly to Murchison, stay overnight, see for myself--coupled with my apprehension that if she is even half accurate about her father, it could prove very dangerous to play amateur detective. I have never been able to persuade a friend to go with me, and I would want someone else to drive while I observed and tried to take a few pictures. The way she described the security set-up was plenty chilling enough to give one pause: the house was allegedly gated in both front and back, with two long driveways leading to it in both directions-so that if one turned the wrong way on Manchester or one of the surrounding streets, he would already be on the approach to the house, with the guards or her dad himself alert to come out and intimidatingly question the

unexpected "visitor" about what he was doing there, and why. I am not a coward, but I can be intimidated a little too easily by some people, and I tend to get flustered; I am not great at thinking up excuses on my feet, except under circumstances I know I can control. Being unable to find someone to go with me, I found Carla's blood-chilling stories plausible enough to err on the side of caution and not play knight in shining armor and ride into a possible real-life dragon's lair. She also told me her father always installs perimeter cameras wherever they move.

All this, bear in mind, would entirely fit someone in his lifestyle, if it is true. Even if Carla exaggerates some of it, I believe it is out of fear, not an incredible imagination. Much of what she has told me is far too specific, too detailed to be simply dreamt up. She told me that he keeps guard dogs, four of them at the time they lived in Murchison, fifteen at present. In Murchison they consisted of two Dobermans, a Rotweiller, and a German shepherd. At least once while they were in Murchison, Carla ran away by tossing the dogs some meat in the backyard and going over the fence, running about a block away to the big Exxon station and all-night mini-mart at 61st and Westmoreland (see the second interlude). There, she waited in despair for her father to almost immediately send a squad car and bring her back. But her father has started training the dogs to take food only from him, no matter how hungry they are, and to bite her on command, only backing off when HE gives the order to. He has trained them, according to Carla, using German commands that only someone who understands German would know what he is ordering them to do.

(The following is a good illustration of how Carla's deception training works. In the beginning of the second week in June, 2000, Carla and the entire family and extended cult were ostensibly moved to Durbanville, a small rural farming community just twelve miles south of Murchison. There, the community is far more to Carla's father's liking because it is isolated, most of the residences are scattered farm ranches at least a mile or two apart, and the population is easy to control and make contacts in, such as the auto mechanic, the local police(his first contacts), the vet, etc. When Carla first told me that there was a sizable university there, which was serving, initially, as his source of clientele for the prostitution ring, I was highly skeptical of a large college in the middle of nowhere. But she was correct: there is a branch of Tennessee Tech, and most of what consists of the town itself has grown up around businesses that service the college, with most of the residents themselves either commuting to and from Murchison and Nashville. Carla's father's dogs are treated by the local vet, who makes house-calls, thanks to the large farm animals he is often required to work on. All services are paid for in cash.

The Durbanville residence seems even more secure and fortress-like. While Carla refuses to divulge the actual address(which is a p.o. box anyway) because of the severe taboo on disclosing info that might bring outside help, she has been quite specific about some aspects of it. She has told me that she was between the second and third of three historical markers on the 45 South, going towards Nashville. The house, she said, was about three miles from the second marker, somewhat less than halfway to the third. It was visible from the highway, as was the long farm-to-market road, but is situated at least a hundred yards from the

road, which curves around and is single-lane. She warned me of the perimeter cameras, mounted on a cattleguard surrounding the house, and other security arrangements which she said were visible from the highway, such as floodlights and two cameras right in front of the house.

The nearest farm-house was across the black-tar, two-lane state road, but it would have been an impossible run for her to reach the road because of the dogs; in any event, her father had already befriended his neighbors prior to the move. Because of the house's location, and the fact that the long farm road which runs for several miles before linking up with the 45 is unlit at night, and a prime location for an ambush or being run off the road, Carla begged me not to attempt a house rescue; if the details check out, I would tend to concur. I have verified the existence of the historical markers, and other details of Durbanville she has provided me with. All information she has told me about Durbanville, including specific local businesses, the overall layout of the town, local features and places of interest, even the state park nearby, have been verified independently, through the Durbanville Chamber of Commerce. In other words, I believed that she actually moved to Durbanville, because she certainly knew what she was talking about.

However, several months later, I had finally extracted enough information to call her on, and catch her in some contradictions. When she realizes that I have put enough pieces together to see past a particular deception, she then tells me the truth-because she did not divulge the correct information in the first place, and therefore could deny as such to her father during interrogation. Both the aforementioned Murchison residence and the Durbanville residence actually exist,

and she does stay there occasionally; fairly often, in fact. But, they are not residences, but rather safe-houses to which her father brings clients for the girls to service, and of course he brings the girls to and from these houses. They have many of the same security features her father's actual residences employ, but she finally admitted that she really lives south of Murchison, *between* Murchison and Durbanville, several miles inland from the Murchison airport—off the 45 South, going towards Nashville. It took me more than a year to correct my misperception about her actual home!).

To return to the chronology of my relationship with Carla, in the last week of February, 2000 I went to New York to attend an activist conference, and gave her my hotel phone number to use in an emergency. I didn't expect her to call, but she did, indeed, call me three nights in a row, in a complete panic. In between great sobs, she told me that her father had killed the Rotweiler to punish Carla for her "defiance." He taunted her with the approbation that every time she defied him, something innocent had to die or be badly hurt to pay for it. She told me it was the dog most loyal to him, and it came willingly, wagging its short tail. It sat down obediently, and then her father took out a long, sharp knife and cut its throat. Carla said the dog screamed with terror and pain before the jugular was severed, and then her father gutted it, putting the carcass and entrails into a burlap sack for disposal.

I must backtrack again here from description of events, and mention a very important turn in our relationship. I believe it was actually in January when this happened: we were talking quite late, gently exploring the issue of sex for the first time , and it became clear from her tone of voice that she was growing stimulated.

Because of her “work” background, she is enormously conflicted about her own sexuality; her body is a source of guilt and shame to her, not pleasure.

Masturbation and any experience of sex leading to actual pleasure is strictly taboo in her cult, which makes a certain thematic sense, since so much of ritual abuse is based on sexual humiliation, torture and degradation. During that conversation, it became clear that she was not only sexually curious, but was fantasizing about experiencing it with me. She told me, embarrassedly, that "Just once in my life, I would really like to experience...." And I had to help her gently to say, "NORMAL sex!"

We talked about childhood and adolescent sexual experimentation, and she said shyly, "Girls are nice to play with. They're so soft, and you can learn from them." It thus became clear that she had probably experienced some normal bi-sexual exploration as a child or early teenager; at the same time, this revelation began to trigger the first flashback I had ever been through with someone. In the middle of talking normally about sex, she suddenly blurted out in a voice quite unlike hers, "I hate Halloween!" She repeated that over and over, in a voice rather like that of a twelve-year-old child; her breathing changed, becoming a kind of rhythmic, hyperventilation. Then she started saying, "Daddy, no! Daddy, don't hurt me anymore. I'll be good, Daddy, I won't defy you anymore!" I was shocked, and had no idea how to bring her out of it.

As I listened to her moan in what sounded like considerable pain, I hit on the only solution I could think of and by sheer luck, it has turned out to be a reliable approach-indeed, the only one I could ethically undertake without therapeutic training. I simply began to repeat, over and over again in soothing tones, "I'm Harry,

Carla--just Harry. Just your buddy, Harry. No one else is with you. No one else is talking to you. No one can hurt you. Come back to me. Come back to Harry. My voice is the only one you're hearing. Listen to my words, my voice, my name--just Harry."

I have added certain refinements over the succeeding months, such as using a metaphor to help her visualize re-surfacing. I tell her, "My voice, my words, my name are like the rungs of a ladder. Pull yourself up, one rung at a time. CONCENTRATE. Focus on Harry. Focus on my name, my voice, my words. Come back to me, Carla. Come back to Harry. Focus on all the things my name represents: unconditional love, unconditional forgiveness, trust, safety. Come back to me. I'm Harry, Carla. Just Harry." As the re-surfacing starts to take hold and she makes contact, she is still not quite back; she has told me she is still reliving the images, still, in her mind, back "there," but what apparently happens is that at some point my voice intrudes, and she is able to key in on it and the flashback starts to slowly weaken. Near the end, she is almost all the way back, but not quite. I can tell when it's almost over when she says, in an exhausted, pain-filled voice that is agonizing to hear, "I know who you are." But the flashback is not over until she is able to not only recognize me, but without any further help, at last verbalize my name. Then she is back in the present.

So, at the end, it becomes a titanic emotional wrestling match, with me urging and repeating, "I'm Harry, Carla. Just Harry. WHO AM I?" until she doesn't just say, "I know who you are," but answers, "You're Harry." It is exhausting for her, but she has told me that in some ways the last part, when she is ALMOST back, is the worst for her because that's when the programming is the strongest.

She is desperate to re-surface, but her mind is still trapped in the last vestiges of re-living. A very good analogy would be like someone trapped beneath a frozen pond, with only a very thin skin of ice still covering the surface-porous, so the person could breathe now, but still thick enough that they have to punch through on their own, with the rescuer waiting desperately above to give them a hand the rest of the way. I hate putting her through it, but I have found that if I try to stop when she says, "I know who you are," within seconds she falls back into the flashback. In fact, her flashback often has two distinct phases: the first time, she gets all the way to the point of saying, "I know who you are," then descends again. When she is able to make contact the second time, I am able to lock on to her and bring her out of it. The second period of reliving is usually much shorter, but there have been times--mercifully few--when a really deep flashback takes hold, and I have brought her all the way back only to lose her time and again. The average length of these flashbacks is about 45 minutes. However, the longest went for over two hours, by the end of which she felt better but I was an emotional basket-case.

As I said, I hit on this whole technique completely by accident; but I believe it works because I provide her with something to hook on to and be reeled in by. My name DOES represent to her all the things she is utterly desperate for, and so because we have bonded so much, she is able to establish both a mental and emotional connection that brings her back to the present, where I am. It has never failed, thank God. The ironic thing is that from that point on, she talks in a perfectly normal voice, as if the flashback has brought her some relief by letting her mind vent out the intolerable strain. She feels better, whereas I am usually wiped out, drained, enraged over the things I hear, totally empathetic, and wishing more than

anything in the world that I had never gotten involved in all this. I love her very much, but these things are truly horrible to listen to, especially at four in the morning. She often calls at that time because the prostitution ring works throughout the night. Around six a.m., the guards/pimps go outside in the yard to smoke, or get some sleep. Interestingly, she remembers at least some of what she was reliving, but nothing of what she says during the flashbacks. In the beginning, when I was frightened by this phenomenon, I used to desperately try to interfere, and stop it before it could take hold, and indeed there are times when I have actually succeeded. In those instances, I am able, by sheer force of will with her, to make her concentrate on my name and on what I am saying, repeating over and over, firmly, "NO reliving! Stay present, Carla, stay in the present!. I'm backing off from this topic, okay? I'm backing off. CONCENTRATE. No more questions, okay? I promise. Calm down, calm down. Shsh. Slow your breathing. Just relax."

I have noticed a very distinct physiological change in her breathing, which signals the start of a flashback. First her breathing changes tone, to a kind of rhythmic hyperventilation. This causes a regular, unpleasant moaning to develop, followed by loss of consciousness with the present. At that point she is in the reliving, and I may as well save my breath. I have learned to trust my technique, and not be so frightened that she'll be "stuck" down there. So now, I just let her vent what she is reliving and I wait for pauses in her remembered dialogue with her father, or for periods in which she is, in her mind, trying to lie still and endure the pain of the interrogation session. In those moments, I can start to intrude and throw my emotional fishing lure at her. It takes a while; but sometimes it works

quickly, because she is so frightened by the flashback that she does not resist me for very long.

Now, I have learned to use the flashbacks as a device for learning facts about what she is going through. When she resurfaces, she has no idea what she just said, so I use that as a way of questioning her, working through contradictions in her story, clarifying basic details about the sexual abuse, the interrogations, her involvement in the sex trade, etc. In the flashback, she often slips up and reveals things about the cult that she is never supposed to refer to. She is terrified of this, but so far, no one has walked in on her in the middle of one and listened. There HAVE been times when we have been talking, or she has been in the midst of a reliving, when unexpectedly, a door bangs open, or she hears the dogs barking, and suddenly she is back in the present immediately. If she can, she shoves the phone under the bed; if not, she puts me on hold, and pretends to whoever walked in that she was setting things up with a client.

The point is, she has an incredible survival instinct, which kicks in and returns her to consciousness immediately whenever there is any danger. She has told me that she takes twenty or thirty-minute catnaps; she can't sleep for longer than that at a stretch, because after half an hour, the nightmares come. There have been times, she tells me, when people have woken her up and yelled at her that her screaming was keeping everyone awake; but they are used to her nightmares, and generally don't interfere. But she is terrified of the possibility that someone will one day overhear her, and report back to her father that she talks a great deal during these episodes--sometimes saying things she shouldn't. If that happens, I doubt his response will be very compassionate.

I have dwelled at length on the flashback phenomenon because it has become a key part of our relationship, and because it is the main source for validation of her Satanic abuse. This will set the pattern for the rest of this document. However, before I return to what I have learned from the flashbacks, I want to go back to the first one. That was important, not only for being the first and establishing the device I use to bring her out of them, but because it was the first to touch on the remembered sexual abuse; it was also the first independent reference, since her letters to the support group, about Halloween; and it introduced one of her alters.

As I said, her voice became that of a little girl; after much gentle prodding, Carla admitted having alters--this causes her great embarrassment to acknowledge--and told me that the alter I heard was named Tracy, a little girl of 12. I have yet to confirm this, but I believe that much of her terror of Halloween stems not just from the Satanic rituals, but from the beginning of her sexual abuse at the hands of the cult. That is a guess, but I think it is a good one, because she is absolutely incapable of talking about Halloween. Even the very name fills her with fear, and she is completely petrified by the authentic Pagan name for the holiday, Samhain. This is partly programming, for she is not supposed to admit knowing, in response to any outsider's questions, anything Satanic. But she also believes that the Pagan names are very powerful, that they do have magic significance, and she begs me not to use them. I recently used the term Samhain, accidentally, and it immediately triggered a flashback which I was fortunately able to stop quickly. But as soon as she heard the name, she moaned, "Oh, no-noooooooooooooo!"

Her genuine fear of the authentic names aside, however, this is not the whole basis for her fear. After this first flashback, and when she realized I wasn't going to make fun of her or freak out by her being multiple, she admitted to having six alters altogether, all of them female, three "good" ones and three cult-loyal alters who always sabotage her attempts to get away. I don't know if they were created by her father to bind her, or whether her own mind created them, but I suspect a combination of both—and far more than six. Fascinatingly, she refuses to let her alters take over during the ceremonies and spare her conscious awareness. She suppresses them, and she has told me that the reason is because she can't abandon the victims a second time when it should be her dying in their place. Staying conscious, and going through the emotional horror of the sacrifice, is the only way she can make it up to the victims, in a way. She needs to suffer with them, even a little. This is SO sad. But the fact that she DOES have some conscious control over her alters, even being able to hear them speak through her, suggests how strong she really is and that there would be a very good chance for her to recover from this—IF she can ever get out, and into a reliable treatment environment.

To return to the flashbacks themselves, I have learned, as I said, many facts because of them. About 95% of the time, Carla relives the sexual abuse at the hands of her father, and his interrogations, including screaming in remembered pain at his insertion of some sharp object into her vagina. This is particularly true when he experiences impotence while raping her. He blames her for not satisfying him, and says she is not even a good enough whore to please her own father. Then he punishes her accordingly, and the worst thing is to listen to her pleading

apologies, nightmarish petitions for mercy, such as, "Forgive me, Daddy. I know how to do this. I know how to satisfy you. Please give me another chance. Let me show you. Daddy, no! Daddy, please don't use the knife! I promise I won't bleed anymore. I'll clean it no one will ever know."

However, since the April 30 sacrifice and Good Friday ritual, both of which coincided with the full moon, her flashbacks began venting more and more material about the Satanic ceremonies. She returned from that ritual, held at her father's residence in Lake McClure, a complete mess, her self-esteem destroyed and a shadow of her former self. There was a reason for this, which I had to discover for myself, through the help of a friend who works with survivors. Good Friday is not universally observed by Satanic cults, at least not as far as I've been able to ascertain, but it is absolutely unspeakable when it IS practiced. In this sick ritual, a young male member of the cult, or kidnapped victim for the occasion, is sexually mutilated and partially skinned alive. Then he is crucified, and it is very important that he dies before sunset. The blood is drained and collected for further ceremonial use. The body is taken away until Palm Sunday, when the cross and its sad trophy are displayed upside down to show that there was NO resurrection. I am still uncertain to this day what role Carla was forced to play in this, but even to just *witness* such a thing must be nearly unendurable.

There are ten Pagan holidays Satanists follow--eight major, and two minor. Plus there are limitless variations for each cult. Carla has witnessed and/or been forced to help carry out sacrifices on January 1, January 7, January 17th; Feb. 1, Candlemas; Valentine's Day; March 21, the Spring Equinox(Alban Eiler); March 24th; April 1; the period marking the holiday of Walpurgisnacht and Beltane(April

30-May 1, with preparations for the sacrifice beginning the week of April 19-26th); Good Friday; Mother's Day; Father's Day; St. John's Eve, June 16th; the Summer Equinox (*Alban Heruin*), June 21; Lammas, Aug. 1; August 24th; her anniversary, on Sept. 6 –7, the Marriage to the Beast Satan; ; *Alban Elved*, the Fall Equinox, Sept. 21st-22; Friday the 13th; *Samhain*, which covers eight days from 10/28 through 11/06, of which Halloween itself is only one part of a complex ritual marking the start of the Celtic New Year; November 16 , *Michaelmass Eve*, the last day of the Christian liturgical year; December 21-22, the Winter Solstice, also known as *Alban Arthan*, *Arthuan*, or Yule; Dec. 24th, Demon Revels; and New Year's Day.

It was not until after the June ritual, the summer Solstice, that Carla began making Satanic references in her flashbacks; she does not always relive events immediately after they happen, but probably only as her mind is able to tolerate processing them. They have been graphic, and in no way generated, suggested, or assisted by me. They are spontaneous productions, which thus provide the best evidence yet of Satanic involvement, since they are specific and made when she is completely out of contact with me.

The "evidence" I have heard so far is as follows: on June 28 th , she made references while conscious, in conversation with me, and in a tone that can only be described as pure, resonant terror, to a grotesque ritual of proving one's loyalty to the cult, or rather renewing it: shortly after moving to Durbanville, she underwent a ceremony in which she claims to have been buried alive for an undetermined period of time, in a coffin placed in a pre-dug hole in the ground. This took place after she was driven to a cemetery. She was very clear on remembering the white headstones, the white full moon, and her white dress. She said her father makes

cult members enduring this ritual lie in the coffin and accept being enclosed like that for a proscribed period of time, and he is very well aware of the amount of time they have in the coffin before oxygen runs out. Can you even begin to imagine the terror?...

FOURTH INTERLUDE (SATANIC): "DADDY, I CAN'T BREATHE!"

As the family piled into the van, Carla sensed that something important was about to happen and she tried to prepare herself mentally. These kinds of excursions always ended in some special terror, and now, with the full moon hanging high overhead, tonight would surely bring even more grotesque than usual. The cult drove for about an hour until they reached the driveway of the Durbanville Memorial Cemetery. A security guard approached the van, and one of Carla's guards rolled down his window. With mechanical swiftness, money changed hands and the cemetery guard, his pockets stuffed, opened the ornate twin gates to allow the van to pass through unmolested. Now, no one would hear a thing, no matter how loudly Carla screamed. With enough bribes paid, Carla and her family could carry on their business within feet of the highway, but they might as well be just figments of the imagination.

The van wound its way past the rows of white headstones, stark and eerie in the full moonlight. At last it came to a halt by a grove of thick trees, and everyone disembarked, stretching stiff legs and complaining about the cold. The two Rotweilers were let out and allowed to relieve themselves, for they had been on duty for twelve hours, then Carla was brought out of the vehicle. She was dressed in a transparent white gown beneath her father's thick wool coat, which

was pulled from her roughly, leaving her shivering. Then she looked around her, and shivered even more. By the gnarled trunk of a great oak tree, a large hole had been dug in the rich dark earth. Beside the hole stood a plain wooden coffin of the type her father often used for punishments or minor ceremonies; no reason for him to use one of the ornate ones he had access to, but for Carla it was hideous enough, and she began to whimper. One of the guards grabbed her arm forcefully to shut her up, and led her forward to the hole. Then The Major stepped forward, ready to begin the ritual, and Carla had to fight to keep from wetting herself in terror.

“Daughter and Bride of Satan, my very own dark queen and bride, come forward and re-dedicate yourself to your one true family, the Family of Darkness,” her father intoned. But Carla was frozen; nothing, nothing her father could do to her would make her get into that coffin! She hated lying in that foul thing; once, when she was a child, he had tested her by making her lie in it for seven terrifying hours in the cold and darkness, and she was certain he was never coming back. Part of her knew that he always would, for he needed her still; but he often reminded her that, if she annoyed him by crying too much and not enduring the ceremony with the courage befitting the High Priestess she would soon become, he might very well change his mind and leave her in the ground to rot. “No one is irreplaceable, not even you,” her father warned her. Then, maliciously, he added, “You are the most expendable of all! Now get in the coffin!”

Still she could not, and it became clear that she needed a little incentive. One of the Rotties approached her, growling low with fangs bared, and her father sneered at Carla’s terror. Then The Major issued a command in

German—he had taken great care to train the dogs in German so that no one else would be able to issue contradictory commands—and the muscular animal reared up on its hind legs, snapping at Carla’s face. She threw her arms up to protect herself, and without any more hesitation walked to the edge of the waiting coffin. She climbed in, trying not to cry as they closed the lid. Then panic overtook her and she called out through the lid, “Daddy, I can’t breathe! Daddy, there’s not enough air in here! Daddy, don’t go; are you coming back for me? Please promise you’ll come back for me before the air runs out! I’ll be good, I promise. I re-dedicate myself to you, to Satan, to the Family of Darkness, the only family I’ll ever belong to, the only family that can love a whore like me!” Then she lay still and quiet, and almost began to relax just a little, until she heard the soft thump of newly turned earth slowly covering the lid of the coffin...

It cannot be for too many hours, but it must feel like forever. In Carla’s case, being buried alive is a particular phobia, after witnessing and experiencing this ritual as a child. She would not get in the coffin, at first, voluntarily, so one of the dogs was instructed to snap at her, scaring her into acquiescence. Apparently, endurance of pain is an important part of the cult’s rituals, and this I have read about in other such groups. The more still one lies, the less moaning and begging for mercy, the shorter the period of torture. The ability to endure torture strengthens one, and makes the sufferer more worthy of Satan—and potentially leads to greater status within the cult.

Next, in early July, she made her first Satanic references under flashback, reliving the Good Friday ritual. I have her on tape as saying, “Daddy, this year is so hard on us. I understand why this year is so important, but it’s so hard! I hate this

year! Wait, Daddy. Please—I don't hate this year, I swear I don't. Let me show you, Daddy. Let me show all the things this year can bring us. Yes, Daddy, I know about Good Friday. I know about the full moon on Good Friday. I know why the preparations have to be done before Good Friday. Let me show you, Daddy. I know how to them tie up. I know the way you like them tied up. I can do this. I know what the ceremony is. I know what you say. I know what you say when you tie them up." This was the first reference she had ever made to a "ceremony," and accompanying ritual words (though she has never said any actual Satanic words during a flashback; the most common such language used in rituals is known as Enochian.)

In early August, she made this short but chilling statement during flashback: "I promise, Daddy, I haven't told anyone about the colors of Satan. No, nobody knows about the colors of Satan." She was referring to the different colored robes cult members wear at the ceremonies, each denoting both the status and specific function in the cult of the wearer. This statement was important for being the first actual use of the name "Satan." In addition, that was a SPECIFIC cult reference which cannot be found in any literature I have researched on the subject. I should also note here one other thing, one of the ways the cult specializes in terrorizing her. Her cult employs the wearing of hideous masks during the rituals, masks which to some extent probably represent the various demons the group appeals to for protection, power, etc. During the week preceding the ceremony, and particularly during episodes of sexual abuse, the men in the cult always appear before her wearing the masks. I have never seen pictures of Satanic masks, but I'm sure they are pretty grotesque, probably of some shiny material accented with

a lot of scary face paint. In any event, they absolutely terrify Carla, and make her feel completely helpless.

It is at this point in the story that I must shift gears, and focus on a particular effort I made to help her that only ended in financial and emotional disaster for me. I was completely used by two scam artists who pretended to befriend me and claimed to have the ability to mount a rescue and get Carla out; all they really did was burn me for about \$3,000 over a year-long period. During this time, I was stubbornly blind to the warnings of one of my best friends, who saw through them right away and tried to spare me from an emotional and monetary ordeal. I would not listen to her, and by the time I finally broke away from these two creeps, I ended up, for a period, very burnt-out and cynical about human nature and the meaning of helping others.

This whole episode disgusts me, and I am loathe to share it. Yet I feel I must do so, for two reasons. First, I want to show the reader of this document the level to which I am willing to go to help my friend, and if there are any people out there who can REALLY help, I beg them to get in touch with me. Secondly, it will be instructive to other people like me, whose helping instincts lead them to go the last mile for someone hurting and lonely. There plenty of REAL demons out there who don't even need to be ceremonially conjured up; they exist in the form of using, leeching spiritual vampires who live on the life-force of others, and have no shame in seeing their kindness as an opportunity to make a fast buck and move on to some other naive soul. I am not proud of my stupidity, but I need to share it with the readers of this story, because it IS part of the story, and because I don't want

anyone else to get caught by the same kind of bloodsucking bastards I was hurt by.

By mid-August of 2000, I was fairly desperate to help Carla. She was pregnant again, and every conversation I had with her was triggering tremendous flashbacks. I knew that the terrible fire festival of Lammas had left her in a weakened state emotionally, and now she delivered the bombshell news to me of her pregnancy. Each night I was practically on my knees begging her to let me get her out, and to directly assist my efforts—to no avail. She could only focus on the horror of another planned sacrifice of her latest baby, and not on my offers to do anything to help her avoid that. Around the last week of August, though, two people entered my life who I believed had been sent, literally, by higher forces of good to help me in my struggle.

The first person was a woman I had already known for some time, but who had never expressed a desire to intervene beyond expressions of sympathy and belief. I had met her because I was, and still am, a domestic violence activist and victim's advocate, and both she and I happened to be monitoring the court proceedings in a particularly egregious case. In accordance with my policy of changing all names in this manuscript, I will refer to her as Terri. She had two teenage girls, self-confident, bright and unnaturally mature as a result of supposedly living out of a car for six months after they, and their mother, were dispossessed of their property and, according to Terri, harassed by cultists who were constantly monitoring them on behalf of her estranged former lover.

This was the first time in many months of knowing her that she had ever mentioned anything about Satanists, but now she claimed that they had played a

large role in efforts by a Texas court to take her children from her and steal her property. I became intrigued, because the more I described my case, the more she claimed to know names of cultists from the same area as my friend, of overseas members in the Middle East and South America who ran porno and prostitution rings at the same time as Carla's beginning involvement, and even of extensive infiltration of her church by Devil worshippers. She then told me of someone she knew who was possibly the only person in America with the resources to rescue Carla; would I like to meet him under secure conditions of his choosing? I took the bait like the desperate fool I was, and did indeed have dinner with him and Terri at a nondescript, all-night family restaurant on the westside of Los Angeles. He went by the name of Carlos Vicente, and he showed me a business card that listed him as a Federal prosecutor. He explained that the card was a front from several years ago when he was a lawyer; he was now retired, at the level of a Federal judge, and did special types of underground assignments for the Clinton White House. These were mostly surveillance and intelligence projects, but he claimed to have full authority to launch combat operations to protect the U.S. from terrorists.

When I asked if I could look up any of his cases as a judge, he explained that no records would ever show up; they had all been expunged as a precaution when he retired because he had numerous enemies, and he had been given a completely new identity by friends in the legal community for his protection. This was, he assured me, the result of being a whistle-blower against what he described as blatant corruption at the top levels of L.A. Superior Court and the D.A.'s office, which he said was trying to kill him for his efforts to go public. He went on to tell

me of impressive service in Vietnam, of having taken three bullets—one in the head—and barely survived, of his uncle's history of being one of the founders of the Navy Seals. He explained that he presently had clearance as a tenth-level FBI agent, and controlled the Tennessee Gray Force (my pseudonym for a real militia located in another state, where most of the events described herein actually occurred), an elite law enforcement group that he was certain could identify and locate my friend. He asked for all possible details, and I gladly complied, letting him listen to a clandestine tape recording I had made of one of Carla's flashbacks. He mentioned in passing that he was an expert on psychotropic drugs, and described Carla as "being between an upper and a downer." He promised to get back to me soon, I paid for his dinner, and went home feeling hopeful for the first time in months.

Less than 24 hours later, he called me and told me he had found out who and where my friend was. Her real name, he said, was Carla—Carla Rainey, and her father was Mitchell Rainey, indeed a decorated former Colonel with a psy-ops background. He was also, according to Carlos, not Carla's real father, but her stepfather. Yes, he acknowledged, Mitchell was everything Carla said he was. Carla was the victim of incest, multiple rapes, and a high-level Satanic cult with deep ties to the government. He assured me that he had continuous access to the Gray Force, and they were monitoring the cult's every movement.

Only two days later, he telephoned me with an urgent request. He needed \$500 because, he said, the L.A. District Attorney and Terri's former boyfriend had put out a death threat against both Terri and himself. He had a safe-house he used for special operations about 55 miles north of Los Angeles, and he and Terri were

going up there to lay low and plan the next move. I didn't expect to be asked for money so soon, but I agreed at once because I believed he was who he said he was. Just 12 hours later, he upped the request to \$800, and then I finally offered a flat \$1,000 to cover what he said were contingency expenses for food, gas and lodging in case the safe-house was attacked and they had to temporarily stay in a motel.

I didn't hear from either him or Terri for three weeks, and began to suspect I wouldn't again. I had the phone number of Terri's daughters in case I had to relay any messages from, or to, their mom, but they hadn't heard from her either. They assured me they were used to long absences from her and were very independent. For anything they needed, they had their grandparents.

After three weeks, I finally got a call from Carlos. I met him in the same restaurant as before, and he explained that he and Terri had experienced 49 separate attempts on their lives from the D.A., Terri's ex, and his lawyer, himself a powerful Satanist who once bragged to the newspapers that he could get anybody off from any charges (actually, this was true; Terri showed me the newspaper article about him. He sounds like a real sleaze-bag, but a Satanist? Who knows). He told me he didn't want to bring me into all this, because he knew I was a pacifist and he also didn't yet know if I was strong enough. He praised Terri to the skies, telling me she was the strongest person he had ever known besides himself; she had been with him throughout their ordeal, and had had seen the bullets striking inches away and heard the explosions. My jaw dropping in pathetic awe, I thanked him from a full heart.

A week or so later, I got a call from him requesting that I bring his computer and sensitive files up to the safe-house, because his home had been raided by the FBI at the behest of the D.A.'s office and everything had been stolen. Fortunately, he had back-ups in a secret safe, and I obtained them that very afternoon from his son, a nice teenager who seemed rather bewildered by his father's double life. It was at this point that things really started to get interesting, and subsequent events will illustrate how it is possible to see exactly what one wants to see—in other words, the power of suggestion is such that it can transform coincidences, illusions and pure sleight-of-hand by those clever enough to perform it well into seemingly objective truth—thereby making one—me, for example--extremely vulnerable to manipulation.

Because Carlos had convinced me that people might follow me, and to take certain precautions since there was still an assassination threat to him, I was in the right mental state to let my imagination run wild. As soon as I left his house, a white pickup truck with some kind of professional logo on the side swung into the lane beside me and followed me to the entrance to the freeway. At one point the driver gave me what seemed to be a long, suspicious stare and talked into a cell phone. I immediately made a fast turn onto the freeway, my heart beating much too fast, and congratulated myself on successful evasive action. It embarrasses me totally to recall my behavior, but I beg the reader to remember just how desperate I was to try and help my friend. Anything was legitimate towards that end, or so I felt then.

I was surprised that the so-called “safe-house” was really a rather cramped motor home in a stunningly located trailer park north of L.A. It took me around an

hour and a half to get there, and both my protective and daring friends gave me a hero's welcome. We unwound for a little while, and Carlos began to clue me in on what I had "really" gotten involved with. He was, he explained, the leader of a huge, silent army of global protectors of the U.S. Constitution, true patriots whose goal was to defend the world's most cherished human rights document as much from corrupt domestic officials—from the President on down—as from international terrorists. The group will be sufficiently personalized if I simply call them "The Defenders," in keeping with my commitment to disguising everything connected with Carla. Carlos is a shrewd judge of human nature, and he already had me pegged thoroughly, so all he had to do was tailor his story precisely to fit my pre-conceptions and values.

He already knew of my feminist values, so he told me that The Defenders was co-lead by a woman he called Lieutenant Joyner. He was Commander Vicente, code name: Gray Ghost, because he had the stealth of a ghost who could strike without warning and stay invisible even in daylight. He actually had a scary sword which his Ninja master had supposedly given him as a gift and reward for besting him in the graduation test of combat; despite his sixty years, he cut a convincing figure, lean and muscular, who could whip the sword around with abandon and even do some impressive karate moves with it. Believe me, the sword was heavy and it was easy to believe the role he was concocting. In addition, he had heightened the sense of danger and drama by altering his appearance, opting for a fully bald pate and complete elimination of his beard.

The first hour or so together at the safe-house passed companionably. Carlos showed me the way he held clandestine communications with the rest of

The Defenders: a miniature flashlight, pocket-size, which he would talk into and then put to his ear, as if listening to a response. He explained that he had been given special surgical implants by The Defenders which made his hearing ten times more sensitive than a normal person's. Thus, he could hear replies from his teams that were pitched well below the range of audible sound for anyone else. He wore oddly shiny glasses with gold wire rims, and explained that he needed them because his eyes had been surgically altered so that he could have night-vision capability. They also gave him the ability to have images transmitted to him from far-away actions his staff were engaged in, rather like a form of holographic projection. Finally, he told me about a special cloaking device his uncle held the patent for, a unit small enough to be worn and which created the illusion of invisibility by generating an intervening screen on which was projected rear-landscape images. This results in the impression of seeming to "see through" the person being cloaked as though he is not there.

Ever see the t.v. series "Star Trek?" At least once every episode, the U.S.S. Enterprise activates the cloaking device around the ship, making it "invisible" to the Klingons. The technology is quite real, and the exotic nature of it only added to Carlos' mystique, something he counted on at all times. He further assured me that even though I could never see The Defenders since they were cloaked whenever they were out in the field or protecting the trailer, they were there guarding us, 24/7. He explained that they were in the trees surrounding the camper, and underneath it, and that during defensive operations, Terri herself had heard the weapons being loaded and the soft "fttt!" of lasers being fired.

In case the reader now thinks I'm a total idiot for falling for all this, let me illustrate how the desperate desire to believe can combine with optical tricks and even outright mental projections to create the phenomenon of seeing exactly what one wants to see—thereby validating, and re-inforcing, the original belief system. After about an hour together lounging in the sunshine outside the trailer, Carlos suddenly stiffened and told me and Terri, "Get in the trailer *now*, and get under cover." We complied instinctively, and then Carlos joined us, withdrawing his samurai sword from its protective sheath. There was another trailer facing his, and a second one suddenly joined it. Several people were gathered outside the vehicle, staring, it seemed, directly at us. Terri and I strained for a look through the closed drapes, and Carlos explained in a whisper that the people across from us were known Satanists who had been watching him ever since his recent return to the safe-house.

Suddenly a strange woman appeared, walking towards us and staring right at our kitchen window with a grim, steely expression—and brandishing a small axe. She just stood there for a long time, then actually circled the trailer before slowly returning to her group across the way. It was genuinely creepy. No doubt my imagination was running a little wild, but in the context of what I was involved in, it was only too easy to believe that maybe there was really something sinister about her.

Not five minutes later, a white pick-up truck with a blue professional logo of some kind pulled up next to the second trailer. At a distance, and with my emotional state now primed to believe we were under a genuine threat, the truck looked identical to the one that had followed me from Carlos' house. "*My God,*

that's the truck!" I exclaimed. Carlos nodded grimly. *"The truck belongs to Adam Conklin,"* he explained. *"Conklin is a Satanist operating under the protection of the D.A.'s office. He's been trying to kill me for years, and he latched onto you hoping you would lead him straight to me. Well, he's got a little surprise coming."* Without hesitation, Carlos whipped out his flashlight communicator and spoke into it tersely. *"Joyner? Nuke the truck, and the second trailer, too, when it leaves. I want them VAPORIZED, is that clear? Okay, affirmative, ten-four. Over and out."* All of us watched the truck leave, and as it pulled round a bend, my eyes and mind combined to play tricks on me. There was a sudden cloud of dust, and the truck, which still should have been easily visible in the distance, was simply gone. I looked in amazement at Carlos, who nodded with a straight face and said, *"Okay, Conklin's taken care of, but the others will be back to fuck with us tonight. I'll bet you didn't expect your first day here to be so interesting!"* Indeed.

Things settled down until about 5:30, when it began to get dark. We were beginning to lay plans for dinner, when out of nowhere the lights blew out, not only in our trailer, but in all the others in our quadrant, plus the small lamps near the men's and women's washrooms. Yet the lights were *on* in the trailer quadrant immediately adjacent to ours, so it was easy to get carried away and believe we had been somehow targeted—precisely what Carlos and Terri, who played along brilliantly, wanted me to believe. *"Let's get the hell out of here! They cut the power,"* Carlos barked. *"Third night in a row! Jesus, it's not even fully dark yet, I thought they'd wait a while. Probably wanted to catch us off-guard,"* he observed. We all jumped into my car, and roared off in a hail of gravel. We headed for town—only to be accompanied by a dark red van that pulled up alongside, out of

nowhere, with a driver who gave me a long, slow look, and continued to look, staying parallel with us, until Carlos gave Lieutenant Joyner the orders to vaporize the van—which obligingly sped ahead of us, only to mysteriously disappear into a parking lot a few blocks up and not re-emerge.

A short time later, over dinner, Carlos apologized for having gotten me into all this, explaining that I was now a level nine assassination risk; only he was a level-ten, the highest level of killing priority. He pointed out a slender, attractive blonde girl in a leather jacket watching us from the bar, and identified her as Lieutenant Joyner. He assured us that we were safe for the moment, but after whispering animatedly into his flashlight for several minutes, he shook his head slowly in disgust and drank a considerable quantity of whiskey. That was the first time I ever saw him drink like that, and I later discovered that he was totally hooked on alcohol—Old Gold Scotch especially—not to mention cigarettes.

Terri put her arm around Carlos' shoulder and begged him not to drink anymore. He looked up at her with a pained expression, and replied softly, *"I'm gonna have to kill some people tonight. That's why I drink, to numb the horror of it. I may seem like a tough son-of-a-bitch, but I hate having to kill. That's why I'm an alcoholic, because of my memories of Vietnam and the Gulf war. When we get back to the trailer, I want you and Terri to wait inside and don't try and follow me. I have to do this on my own, and I don't want you to see this."* He even wanted us to stay in a motel for the night while he attended to business, but we begged him to let us all stay together.

When we got back to the park, we went inside the trailer, and Carlos changed into an all-black sweatsuit with the hood pulled up. Then he took his Ninja

sword and small hatchet, and left without looking back. Terri wept a little out of love and concern for Carlos, and neither of us spoke. Less than ten minutes later, he was back, chuckling humorlessly and wiping off the blade. *"I just killed five men,"* he informed us. He went on to say that they had been sent by the Los Angeles D.A., who was apparently well-connected to Carla's father. Those are the kind of contacts real Satanists spend years building, in every state in the country—only the idea that the L.A. District Attorney would just happen to know the head of a powerful underground cult in Tennessee was about as likely as the Pope declaring the Vatican's support for artificial birth control. Nevertheless, in the CONTEXT of what I was involved in, it was easy to suspend disbelief and rational thought, and just get caught up in the drama and "romance," perversely, of being *important* enough to be assassinated.

You see, Carlos already had my personality read without trying; he knew I was shy, overweight, awkward and pacifist, so he created this fantasy for me in which I could be a shadowy super-hero, under his—Carlos'—loving tutelage and full protection. I was already an honorary "brother" and member of The Defenders, without having to even go through the supposedly grueling eight-week training course. I was involved with a shadow-army committed to defending America and the world from horrors most people didn't even know existed. So what if no one believed me? / and a selected few million others knew the truth, and I was accepted, admired and loved, even if I never met them. It's lonely being a hero to whom credit, glory and gratitude will never go—except the satisfaction of helping to save the world...

After the successful prevention of that first assassination attempt, Carlos took me outside to admire the incredible night sky and show me the vast array of stealth aircraft at his disposal. He wanted to show me first-hand how the cloaking device worked, and for the next hour I watched mysterious-looking aircraft, quite real, flying low enough for their shapes to be easily seen—yet without a sound. One even flew right past our trailer quadrant, just above the treetops, its green and red lights blinking; it was clearly some sort of helicopter, and indeed the trees whipped around as it went past—yet it was so quiet, you could have heard the proverbial pin drop! I looked towards the dense foliage lining the now-dry riverbed, and saw a long row of dim blue lights illuminating some sort of buildings—only to blink out invisibly just seconds later. Carlos chuckled at my amazement, and told me the lights were part of the command center for The Defenders, and they just wanted to show off a little to me before cloaking for the night. What made it all the more mysterious is that only a single, faint light was left visible—yet through the high-powered binoculars I had, I could clearly see an intense light blazing in a structure partly obscured by the trees!

At 9:00 p.m., a warning came from Lieutenant Joyner of a major infiltration by the D.A.'s special forces and some rogue elements of the FBI—all sent by Mitchell Rainey to take me out. Carlos yelled sharply at Lieutenant Joyner to get rid of the hit squad immediately, and I watched a military jet swing towards the mountain behind the trailer park, its aircraft lights going out one after the other until it was completely invisible and soundless—then I saw a single, blinking red light from the plane's undercarriage, and watched the craft seem to hover silently one moment, then circle repeatedly the next. Finally it moved off and disappeared

behind the mountain. Carlos checked in with Lieutenant Joyner, and received the “all clear”—four hundred members of the D.A.’s special death squad had been eliminated, only a few hundred yards from the trailer park. I was astonished, and asked Carlos what they could have possibly been killed by; all I had seen was the blinking red light. He informed me that they had been killed by a single blast from an incredibly intense new laser weapon, and that the blinking light was the weapon being activated. The men had been vaporized. The five he had killed earlier were retrieved by their commander so there would be no trace of their bodies. He told me that they had been planning to attack the trailer with Mach 20’s, an elongated handgun that fires a continuous stream of 200 bullets, and they had been only fifty yards from the camper when The Defenders had relayed their position; they had been tracking them ever since they left their compound early in the evening, and that was why Carlos had been so depressed over dinner---because he knew what he had to do when we returned.

Shortly before ten p.m., there was another infiltration attempt by fifty men spotted moving up the wash of the dry riverbed. They were sent by Terri’s ex boyfriend and his lawyer, but duly dispatched by The Defenders. After that point, everything settled down for the night and we received word that there was no more enemy movement anywhere to be seen. Carlos was fuming over so many attempted hits on us in one night, and demanded a full investigation from Lieutenant Joyner of how so many could have gotten our exact whereabouts. She relayed back that the D.A. had managed to plant a mole, a spy, in The Defenders a month earlier, and had been tracking me ever since my involvement with Carlos began. The mole had been discovered, interrogated and duly eliminated, and steps

were already being taken to punish the Defenders who had let the security apparatus go lax. She passed on her wishes to me for a peaceful night's sleep, and promised me that The Defenders considered me one of their own and would never let anything happen to me.

We retired to bed, a rather cramped situation, but I managed to fall asleep, worn out by excitement and the tension of several near-assassinations. In the middle of the night, a final mysterious event occurred which only further re-inforced my belief that Carlos was indeed extraordinary, and that extraordinary occurrences were likely to be the norm with him. I awoke around 3:30 in the morning, tossing and turning, and suddenly became aware of a bright light approaching the trailer from one side. I assumed it was a car, but there was not the slightest noise, so then I figured it must have been park rangers—but there were absolutely no footsteps. The light became absolutely blinding, filling the interior of the camper, brighter than any vehicle lights I had ever seen, and it scared the hell out of me. I arose silently, and slipped open the compartment to the bathroom, not sure if I should wake Carlos and Terri. The light followed me, gradually sweeping slowly past the bathroom to the rear of the trailer where Carlos and Terri lay peacefully snoring. After perhaps fifteen minutes of this eerie inspection, it disappeared in the direction of the riverbed, still without a sound, and never returned.

The next morning, the sense of mystery and wonder continued. The far side of the riverbed had been lined with a row of metal stanchions, capped by razor wire. They were set well back in the foliage, but clearly visible, though for what purpose I could not imagine. Even though the sun was not yet up, it was full light, and the fence should easily have been visible—as, indeed, it was the day before.

But it was missing completely, and I began to wonder who could have taken it away so quickly overnight. Then, while Carlos and Terri were in the process of greeting me and brewing the most dreadful coffee it has ever been my misfortune to drink (black, with a lemon wedge in it), the fence suddenly began to re-emerge from the foliage! Moreover, it seemed to reappear in stages, like a slowly unfolding and evolving image—admittedly one of the strangest things I have ever seen.

I pointed it out to Carlos, and he chuckled. He told me that I was seeing the cloaking device in action for myself, then called Lieutenant Joyner and balled her team out for playing games with the cloaking device, making things appear and disappear. I described the bizarre light without any accompanying noise, and he immediately explained that we had been inspected by the Apache helicopter The Defenders operated. He asked what direction it had come from, and which way it had gone, and then “confirmed” with Lieutenant Joyner that the 100-foot-long Apache had, indeed, been on night patrol. The Defenders had never seen my car before, and sent out the Apache to check it out. In actual fact, on a later visit I did see the Apache chopper for real, doing distant hovering maneuvers for an amazingly long time. It went into stealth mode, and disappeared completely—only to be entirely visible through my binoculars, including a brilliant searchlight that was totally *invisible* to the naked eye, like a kind of “black” light!

Some of what our government possesses is incredibly strange. I have no way of ever knowing what that blazing light was on my first night at the trailer; maybe it really was the Apache helicopter doing night training exercises, maybe not. To be honest, with all the stories of horrible Satanists and would-be assassins that we had been entertaining ourselves with all day and evening, I was

too scared to peer through the blinds and see just who was visiting us. I have heard rumors that the dry wash plays host to a nearby clandestine military base, and all kinds of strange things happen there at night. In the morning, one can see dozens of footprints made by people the night before, but who operated without a sound. Some of the prints are clearly from military-sized boots, and certain groups of the armed forces definitely do stealth training. The old, overgrown wash would be a perfect location for such exercises; plenty of hiding places for ambush practice, etc.

After breakfast, Carlos and I sat at the bench overlooking the wash, and he suddenly made a strange bird-like sound. A second later, a large crow landed right on the table, and Carlos spoke to it—in English, for my benefit—and told the crow to gather the morning’s intelligence reports. Carlos explained to me that he was trained in Mexico by a full shaman, an Indian medicine man, who had passed on to him the gift of communication with animals, especially birds. Every few minutes he spoke into his flashlight communicator, asking for reports from “sectors 1-7, P and Q.” Satisfied that we were clear, he lingered for another few minutes, then showed me the way to leave the campgrounds.

By now it must seem that I am a complete moron for paying attention to this man, but it is important to know who and what he was, for it will set the stage for what comes next. I saw everything I have just described, with the obvious exception that no one was ever killed or tried to kill us. But I felt so powerless to help my friend that it was totally easy to get caught up in this fantastic fairy tale Carlos spun for me. The soundless, invisible aircraft, the blue lights in the wash that suddenly disappeared, yet which remained visible through high-power

binoculars, the brilliant, soundless light that invaded the trailer in the middle of the night, even the birds, which seemed to behave exactly as Carlos instructed them to, flying and wheeling in most un-birdlike, almost military formation, and the mysterious disappearance and re-appearance of the fence—all these things actually occurred, and although the rational part of me knew that there was a logical explanation for all of it, my need to believe in this man's power to help me made me blind to conventional explanations. The aircraft, however strange and exotic they may have seemed, were quite real; they were undoubtedly stealth aircraft, probably from the 'skunkworks' division of Lockheed that specializes in equipment for so-called "black operations." What made them even more mysterious was Carlos' seeming ability to anticipate their every move and get them to perform on cue. Same for the birds in the morning; they behaved exactly as instructed, wheeling and circling over certain areas and not leaving until told to!

Now I realize that Carlos had spent night after night in that trailer park, watching and memorizing the exact routines of the obviously military aircraft that do maneuvers over the riverbed. He was clearly aware of the local wildlife, and had probably observed repeated patterns of bird flight and behavior, day after day. He was clever enough to have developed split-second time coordination of his "dialogues" with the phenomena we were observing. Moreover, he was a master of human nature; he knew exactly what I wanted, needed, to hear, and fed it to me, artfully heightened by theatrical tricks, sleight-of-hand manipulations, and coincidental optical illusions which only fueled the power of suggestion. I saw exactly what he wanted me to see, because it was exactly what I wanted to see. He also knew that I had enough knowledge of government "black" projects, mind-

control experiments, and the juiciest conspiracy theories to make me a good audience for similar stories of his own invention. I needed no convincing that our government does all kinds of “secret” projects, some genuinely for the public good, but many not.

Most of all, Carlos was very astute, and knew that what I was lacking was any sense of my own power to influence the events I was caught up in. So he created this wonderful role-playing game for me, of mysterious heroes and villains, of helping anonymously to save the world—the “unsung hero” fantasy—and for the first time in my life, I was powerful AND I got to be the star of the show. I can’t even be properly angry at him for what came next, because for nearly a year I payed top dollar for ringside seats to a once-in-a-lifetime modern fairytale, and I got a great show.

The sad part is that he and Terri had absolutely no shame, and they played on my vulnerability and my willingness to go to the enth-degree to help my friend, bleeding my emotions, my wallet, and steadily blurring the lines between responsible care-giving and destructive narcissism. I was the hero for the first time in my life and i couldn’t let go of it. I thought everyone who questioned these two extraordinary “friends” were at best cynics who I just couldn’t deal with, and at worst, betrayers. I lost all sense of perspective, and nearly crashed and burned after eight months of this—except for the protective threat of one of my best friends to break up with me rather than see me continue to drown in this quagmire. What follows is a summary of the first attempt by Carlos to “rescue” Carla, which, had she herself not inadvertently sabotaged his hoax, might have indebted me to him and Terri forever—at what cost, I shudder to even envision.

I made several other trips to the safe-house that September, and grew ever more impressed with Carlos and Terri. I was there one night when Carlos launched two major operations, speaking for hours with his teams in the field. One mission was to kill Osama Bin Laden, which he put in motion by giving commencement orders to the 148 Harrier jets and one of two B2 stealth bombers he commanded. Lieutenant Joyner had located Bin Laden in a major terrorist camp in Somalia, and Carlos okayed a special nuclear strike with a limited-radiation bomb of his own prototype. He killed Bin Laden on the first hit, and 110,000 of his followers as well. Then I watched him use his flashlight communicator to connect with the White House. When an obviously sleepy President Clinton came on the "line," Carlos snapped with characteristic gruffness, *"Bill! Wake up, you asshole! I just got Bin Laden for you. Yep. Confirmed kill. 10-4. Now you can go back to sleep! My team will prepare an invoice of expenses for compensation. You're a hero! Check the papers tomorrow, and take credit for it."*

Half an hour later, he launched a second huge effort, a rescue operation that re-united 735,000 missing and sexually exploited children, most of them held in Thai prostitution camps, with their parents, who were all waiting teary-eyed for their reunions in Texas. After it was done, Carlos broke out his whiskey and Terri resurrected a bottle of wine from the trailer fridge, and we all toasted the stunning success of both missions. Terri was so moved by her lover's humanity that she cried and kissed him deeply, and I went to sleep immediately to give them their privacy.

By the beginning of October, I was getting desperate to rescue Carla before the nightmare of Halloween. I had to go to New York for a three-day activist

conference, and Carlos told me, the night before I left, to find out where Carla's father's Lear jet was coming in from. As luck would have it, she called me that morning only an hour before I was set to leave, and I was able to wangle the information out of her, much to her horror for slipping up. I immediately called Carlos at 6:30 in the morning, and he told me he would set things in motion at a time and means of his choosing. I was not to pester him, and by the time I returned home, he hoped to have some information for me.

I broke my self-imposed restraint, and called him the first day, to "let him know I had safely arrived." He laughed, and said he knew that because Lieutenant Joyner had given him my flight schedule and told him that The Defenders had quietly escorted me to the hotel—following our cab unobtrusively all the way from the airport! I couldn't resist asking him for any updates, and he told me that all he would say was that a major extraction effort was already underway. By the third day in New York, I called him again and he told me that Carla and all six of her girls—her own recruits for the prostitution ring—had been successfully rescued, they were in a special government-operated safe-house and one deprogrammer for each girl had been brought in from Canada and Europe, where therapy with cult victims was more advanced than in the United States.

I flew home in a state of incredulous euphoria, and pumped Carlos for details as soon as I unpacked. The action had been incredible; Mitchell Rainey, Carla's father, had sent two Lear jets instead of one, and separated the girls into two groups, flying to the location of the ritual at separate times—in case just such a rescue op might be undertaken some day. But Lieutenant Joyner and Tactical Communications Specialist Jessica Moore had tracked everyone's movements by

putting GPS tracers on both jets. They had identified the aircraft from serial numbers obtained once I had found out where the first plane was coming in from. So, two special extraction squads were dispatched, one to each location, and each accompanied by a six-member commando squad used to distract Rainey and his supporters. The mission went successfully, with all the girls brought to a special safe-house in Florida. Carlos assured me that they were being well fed, given medical treatment, rest, specialized, rapid-result deprogramming, and that information about the cult and Mitchell Rainey was already pouring out. He told me grimly that Rainey's forces had killed seven members of his team, people he had known and fought with for years.

I asked him what, if anything, I could do to aid the families of such brave soldiers, and he told me that he would take care of the families and bury and mourn his team in his own way, and his own time. I could never know their names or anything about them. I would get full credit for the rescue, and become the hero to all the girls. That was the way he operated, anonymously and behind the scenes. He added, almost in passing, that my operation had cost \$3,200. I was intensely grateful, and would have rewarded him in any way at that moment—except for what happened next. I should have anticipated it, but my need to believe was so great that subsequent events sent me into a tailspin of shock and betrayal.

About two weeks after Halloween, Carlos felt enough progress had been made in stabilizing the girls that it was time for me to meet them before Christmas; they were all dying to know the man who had rescued them, and of course the first one I would meet—and they would each come to California and stay with me for a

week at a time—would be Carla. I could hardly contain my excitement; and then, at 4:30 in the morning, the call came.

It was a familiar, whispered “Harry?” on the phone, followed by my stunned “Carla?” I couldn’t believe it; I asked her if she was calling from the safehouse, and she asked me what I was talking about. It became clearer with each passing second that she was in no such place, had never been rescued, and was as trapped as ever. No special helicopter had swooped down to spirit her away, she was absolutely unaware of any gunfire, no commandos had appeared---no one except the usual dreadful guards and other members of the cult. She had gone through the whole, horrible Halloween ceremony, and I felt my blood begin to boil like a volcano. I still couldn’t bring myself to think that the whole thing had been a hoax, and I couldn’t wait to confront Carlos and find out what had happened.

When I spoke with him the next morning, his reaction was “*Holy Shit!*” His whole scam had just blown up in his face, and I’m sure that was the most honest reaction I had ever gotten from him. He promised to find out what the hell had gone wrong, and I’ve got to hand it to the wily bastard: he was fast on his feet, and didn’t let it rattle him. He kept a poker face all the way, and by nightfall he had his story at his fingertips. A deep-level mole in the Justice Department, a long-time associate of Rainey’s, had tipped the cult off to the whole operation, and the supposedly rescued girls were all well-trained imposters. Needless to say, none of the information they provided to the deprogrammers was the least bit valid or useful. He was furious at the loss of his six men and one woman, and promised me swift retribution and another rescue attempt as soon as circumstances permitted. Meanwhile, Rainey’s outfit would be watched at all times. The lawyer for Terri’s ex

boyfriend had played a key role in all this, and Carlos told me that he was the first to pay. He related that the Apache helicopter had dropped a propane truck right on the lawyer's house, and it had burned for hours. Carlos didn't know if he was dead or somehow still alive, but in case, he would certainly be out of the picture.

I am going to end this account of my absurdity here, because this document is Carla's story, not mine. Suffice it to say that after New Year's, there was at least one other "rescue" attempt, that Carlos' stories got progressively more and more bizaare, but that I continued to live in a twilight zone of absolute denial; my first tentative movement towards breaking away from this toxic relationship came towards Christmas, when I provided Carlos with a generous, and unsolicited, gift of another \$1,000 to thank him for all he had done and compensate him for the loss of seven brave people. He thanked me gravely and profusely, but within a week or so, things happened that should have convinced me to break ties with him and Terri right there.

Both of them started pressuring me intensely to buy them a new mobile home, which I would always have access to, and which we could use as a mobile safe-house. We were all sitting ducks for the D.A. and Rainey in the trailer park, and now both the Southern and Northern California judges had created their own death squads. He—Carlos—and Terri had devised a way of cheaply helping domestic violence victims get back property stolen by their ex's and the courts. For only \$1,500 from each woman, they would handle the victim's entire case, with Terri assisting Carlos in a paralegal capacity, while Carlos would use his knowledge of Real Property Law and his years of experience as a prosecutor; they would explain all this in workshops in which women could pay the full fee to have

their case done for them, or \$500 for one day of the seminar, in which they could learn how to do it themselves.

Carlos and Terri needed the mobile home for safety and transportation; they had a whole series of workshops already lined up, supposedly, from Orange County to San Francisco. They would pay me back for the trailer of course, but it would have to be in my name and they would pick up the payments themselves as soon as the workshops started taking off. I would only be paying for four months, or so. Furthermore, they wanted a cellphone with my name on the account, so their calls couldn't be traced and locked onto by would-be assassins.

What they really didn't want, naturally, was a paper trail linked back to them in case anything went wrong with these workshops. They had good reason to be worried: Carlos had never been a prosecutor, or a judge, or a lawyer of any kind; he wouldn't have known Real Property law if it bit him in the ass, and Terri certainly wasn't a paralegal. They were impersonating a wide variety of professionals, and ripping off victims. They even went so far as to find a suitable trailer for "only" \$20,000 at 10% down, and just \$400 a month payments after that. Their pressure was intense; they kept after me constantly.

Why, in Christ's name, was I stupid enough to even listen to this and not just leave INSTANTLY? Because that is the power of loving and wanting to save someone who reached out to me in a gesture of incredible trust, and that is sacred. I can never betray that kind of trust, after everything Carla's been through, by giving up on her or not trying every avenue to find and help her. I won't, I CAN'T, give up; I just won't. It took me another five months to walk away from Carlos and Terri; I have omitted dozens more stories of humiliation at their hands, and at my

own, in a way. I'd be the last to deny that. However, the last two straws were when: 1) like a robot, I wired \$600 to Carlos, who was by that time fully underground, allegedly with Terri on an Indian reservation near Bakersfield, to help him replace his special glasses. He had been shot right in the eye by an FBI death squad, but the specially treated lenses had deflected the bullet. 2) One of my dearest friends, who had seen through these two tricksters ages earlier, threatened to break off with me in order to protect herself in case I got deeper and deeper into trouble for being an accessory to criminal fraud.

She was quite certain, and probably rightly so, that if Carlos and Terri were ever arrested, they would seek to name me as their partner and co-conspirator. She has her own intense problems, and does not need to be connected in any way with legal nightmares that could somehow be used against her, or reflect badly on her. I was there for her first, long before I ever met Carlos and Terri, and her threat—which she used as an absolute last resort to convince me—was the splash of ice water that restored me to reality.

Why was I so completely trapped until the end? Why was my denial *that* strong? Because of one quirk of fate in this whole sordid business: I have always kept Carla apprised of everything I try on her behalf; I refuse to treat her simply as a “victim,” but rather as a partner in her own liberation—a survivor who I am trying to empower, not trade dependency on the cult for dependency on a saviour. When I told her about this whole episode, even in its earliest phases, I asked her if she knew, or her father knew, either Terri's ex or his lawyer, both alleged by Terri to be Satanists. She recognized the names in a convincing way, i.e., she had a strong, spontaneous emotional reaction to them, and insists to this day that she knows

both of them; not well, but they are associates of her father who utilize his prostitution services when they're in town. They are not really intimates, but neither are they enemies. She has also seen them at occult rituals. So, by a million-to-one shot, she has a possibly legitimate connection to these two individuals who so coincidentally came into my life and tried to soak me dry. For all Carlos' bullshit, he has always known, or been able to guess, too many things about Carla and her environment that she has actually confirmed, even when I have phrased things, of course, as my OWN questions. So I was never, not even to this day, quite able to shake even the remote possibility that Carlos and Terri are not just the scam artists they appear to be.

What if there really is a link? Terri has her own legal case against her ex and his lawyer; Carla insists to this day that she knows *them*. Have I walked away from the missing link? Why was I targeted by these two people who conveniently had so much info that I was thirsting for? Intriguingly, Carla has her own theory—without elaborating, as usual—that my two former “friends” might really be associates of her father, perhaps even members of the cult's outer ring, sent to trick me, exhaust all my resources, and make me quit—or at least badly discourage me, by sending me on a wild-goose chase for months. Meanwhile, I could be monitored the whole time without knowing it. Carla doesn't believe in coincidences; she has seen what her father can do.

To return to her situation, I have already mentioned that around the first week of August, probably during the Lammas ritual, she become pregnant again by her father; obviously, given the above story I have just shared, there was no real rescue attempt, and she was made to undergo another Satanic abortion. The

most hideous difference was that this time, her father taunted her by constantly changing the dates of the sacrifice of the baby, dragging it out all the way until Halloween, when it actually took place. So she was pregnant for four months, plenty of time to bond with the fetus and become burdened with terrible guilt over its impending fate. She had to have the fetus removed, after which the cult made her take it--it had gone far enough to term to be identifiable as a girl--then she had to present it ritually to another male member of the cult in some sort of deranged "adoption" ceremony, then witness its sacrifice, along with the sacrifice of an adult cult member. I don't know how she survived this emotionally. She was nearly hysterical in this period leading up to the ritual, expressing terrible torment over the sacrifice of yet another baby--yet another of HERS--and stating emphatically that she wanted to keep this baby, even though it was her father's child. She said repeatedly that she just wanted to die, at all costs, if this baby, too had to die, yet she was disgusted with herself for wanting to keep and try to raise "his" baby.

Mixed with this sense of helplessness was Carla's conviction that even if she did get out, who would ever want her, would ever want to touch her and love her, knowing what she had done? Who could ever accept that her child's father was also HER father, and try to love and raise it with her? How could she ever explain to it that its father was also her own? Yet she was in agony over the impending death of this baby, because she desperately wanted to bring new life into a world in which all she has ever known is death and horror. She wants something to love from scratch, with a clean slate, and prove to her that she is intrinsically GOOD, not evil, and capable of still loving something dependent on her.

Recently, because of the terror she experienced before her upcoming "abortion," she relived in flashback the nightmare ritual of Candlemas, Feb. 1, at which time she underwent an identical procedure and sacrifice of the fetus, plus assisted in the sacrifice of an adult victim. In this flashback, she was horribly specific; she began by saying, "Please Daddy, not the ropes! I'll do anything, I swear. Please don't use the ropes! Please give me the alternative. Yes Daddy, I promise I'll use the drugs." This was the first direct confirmation of forced drug abuse in the cult. She then continued, making allusions to the ritual excision of a sacrificed baby's body parts and throwing the pieces into the ceremonial fire, by saying, "I can do this, Daddy. Let me show you I know how to do the cutting and burning." Further into the flashback, she made the first direct reference to her father committing ritual murder, when she said, "No Daddy, don't! Please don't kill her! It was my fault, Daddy. I'm the one who defied you. Don't take it out on her. I'm begging you, take ME out! No, Daddy, NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" At which point, he probably sacrificed the unfortunate girl. This is significant, because in many other flashbacks she has similarly tried to intercede and get him to sacrifice her instead of one of the other girls, but never before has she directly used the word "kill." Finally, a few minutes later, as if in defiance, she tells him angrily, "No! I tell you right now, I won't say those words! I'm not going to repeat those words after you. I'm not going to say the ceremony with you; you take ME out!"

Added to the complexity of all this is the apparent extent of the prostitution and drug ring her father heads to finance the Satanic cult, and the complex precautions he seems to have taken. The girls work the various clubs, in different small towns, on the weekends; Carla's father brings his hand-picked, high-paying

clients, or ones he wants to get on his side by offering them "perks," to the house during the week. The girls dance in pairs, after which they get dressed and mingle with the audience, where they are expected to pick up either new clients or regulars who know the girls and come on specific nights. Sometimes they are invited by her father's. They then drive with the client to his motel or hotel, for a 30-45 minute session, which Carla tells me runs about \$75-150, ballpark, depending on what the clients want. The girls are followed to the motel by one of the pimps/guards, who wait in the parking lot until they see the money change hands. When the girls get to the hotel rooms, they have to call in to the waiting pimp (they have cell-phones) and tell him how long the session is for, and when to pick them up. The pimps then LEAVE, supposedly, and go back to the club to watch over the other girls on stage, and they return PROMPTLY after 30 or 45 minutes.

The girls are also required to call in when the session is over. I have asked Carla why they don't just plead with the client for help, call a cab and run for it. She replied, I think plausibly, that first of all, men who are willing to use a woman in that way are not likely to care too much about their personal problems with the pimps they work for; they care about getting what they pay for, and sometimes they can get rough with the girls if they don't ante up. Secondly, she told me, everyone is too heavily programmed to try such an obvious form of escape, because every other club "client" or so is an unidentified plant by her father, to see if the girls are trying to run away or tell anyone on the outside what they are involved in and seek help. So they never know who to trust, and the consequences of getting caught revealing cult/sex ring information to one of her father's informants are too terrifying to risk; they usually learn their lesson after one or two failures.

Furthermore, only two girls dance at one time; the others wait their turn in the dressing room, so only the two girls at a time who are finished with their dances work the audience clientel. The dancing starts at 10 at these clubs, and ends at 2 a.m. when the clubs close. So the time is limited and easy to monitor, even the girls who are still at the club, because the owners, the bouncers and even some of the waitresses get to know Carla's father before the girls are ever brought there. He buys their cooperation with some hefty bribes mixed with very compelling threats. The real money is made by his high-class "escort" service; the girls are always driven from the clubs or the house to the airport hotels, where the "high roller" clients stay when they're in town, and they have to call in, as always, at the precise time the session is supposed to end. They can make \$500-\$1,000 per client with these deep-pocket johns.

Carla tells me that the girls are always escorted to the airport along with two or three guards, in a single large van-not a trailer, a van. Individual trips to town, to the clubs, etc. are made in two other "ordinary" cars her father has. The 30-45 minute window during which the pimps leave and return at the end of a session seems to be the best, the only, real opportunity to make a pick-up and get-a-way. Carla has confirmed that the pimps/guards are certainly armed. A rescue will take a lot of coordination, and may not have more than a few days' advance warning to achieve, because the girls don't know--with certainty--which clubs they will have to work on any given weekend. They are not usually told until the night before, and even then The Major can change his mind at the last minute, just to throw the girls off track—lest they think of informing any would-be rescuers of their work schedule and location.

**SECOND PERIOD OF THE STORY: EVENTS COVERING THE PERIOD OF
FEBRUARY 2001 TO HALLOWEEN, 2002.**

In February of 2001, just after her 24th birthday (March 21), I lost contact with Carla for a few weeks, by which point I was very worried for her. During this period, I later learned, there had been a serious security breach at the Murchison compound; her father took everyone underground and moved base camp to North Carolina, where he owns a number of properties and where everyone still is at present. He has a compound in suburban Charlotte and one in Salem, where I believe he is now (how appropriate!). I did not discover the fact of her move until months later, around May, and both that fact, by itself, and the way in which I learned it, are significant.

Throughout this whole period of perhaps four months, I was still under the assumption that Carla was in Murchison, and she did nothing to dissuade me from that view. I only found out the truth because of a mistake she made in answering one of my questions. Whenever I had been talking with her, she would constantly ask me what time it was, which made a certain amount of sense since, as a prostitute, she had to be constantly aware of when her father's "johns" were arriving and she had to go to "work." But I found it puzzling, and it never occurred to me that she and the other girls aren't allowed to wear watches; they aren't supposed to be aware of the time except as it relates to their "sessions." That way, they can't make any escape plans with outside resources and, more

significant psychologically, it is meant to further divorce them from the outside world. They are told that their entire existence is defined by the cult and their sex work, and the passage of time no longer has any meaning for them. It's eerie and depressing to see the way they have been systematically cut off from thinking or acting in ways in which they are not under someone's direct control.

In addition to specific practical reasons why Carla kept asking me the time, she had another motive. When I would tell her the time, I would always try to bait her into telling me the time where she was, because I had begun to suspect she was no longer in Tennessee. But she would always parry my question with the unvarying response, "It's later than that." She would never tell me how much later, because the time difference would reveal what part of the country she was in. Finally, though, she slipped up and told me the actual time and I knew she was in the Eastern time zone. From that, I finally persuaded her to come clean and she confessed that her father had moved the family to Salem (a new property, as opposed to his long-term compound in Charlotte), because of a "security breach" at the Murchison compound. I never did learn the details of the breach, and it's possible Carla was never told the full details, either.

These breaches, though, usually have to do with someone trespassing on the compound, or they can be as simply suspicious as a plane flying over the property, having been warned by air traffic control that the space over the compound is restricted (that shows the degree of clout Carla's father has over law enforcement, and the kinds of perks he gets from official government agencies).

It took me months of extracting agonizing, halting, often piece-by-piece acknowledgements from Carla before she admitted that her four-month reticence had been due to a combination of vigorous re-programming and her own retreat into survival mode. This is the only family she knows, and like many victims of abuse since childhood, she will protect the family structure no matter how much they hurt her, and no matter how much a part of her wants to be free.

In early July, 2001, a terrible incident occurred, perpetrated by her father, and designed to win over her complete loyalty to the cult by demonstrating to her that she is just like them--ergo, resistance is futile. She was called in to her father's room one night, and in it was one of the girls she looked after, being terrorized by her father for some minor transgression of the rules. Her father had grander schemes in mind, and told Carla that the girl was destined to die as punishment for her breaking the rules, but if she--Carla--TORTURED her friend to her dad's satisfaction, he would spare them both. Carla had, through all her years in the cult, been spared, or resisted, that particular ordeal, and her avoidance of actually having to torture someone--as bad as her participation in the ritual human sacrifices made her feel--gave her some residual self-esteem, some sense that she was yet different from the monsters she lived with.

She, in fact, had always been tortured and punished for her lingering humanity, her compassion towards the victims, her constant efforts to intercede for them, even her mercy in killing them quickly. Her father hates her for her compassion, because such emotions are absolutely taboo in the cult. So, he resorted to tricking her into doing his bidding; he lied to her in telling her he would spare her friend, and she tortured the other girl with trained precision. As she told

me, "Oh, God, the way she screamed, and the blood! I'll never get the blood off my hands! I'll never forget how much pain I caused her. I'm just like dad now! How can I hate him when I'm just like him?!" Following the torture session, with the girl begging and screaming for mercy at the top of her lungs, Carla's friend was duly executed in front of her (I have yet to determine whether she was ritually sacrificed or simply shot by Carla's father with his nine-millimeter automatic, as he often chooses to do).

The result of all this was Carla's conviction that she had now crossed the line, that she was just as evil as the others now, and there was no going back--no illusions about herself as different, no way I could ever convince her anymore. I almost lost her totally, and I believe it was only because of my willingness to talk to her every night for ten days solid that she didn't kill herself. I know how badly she wanted to, and to this day, she repeats, over and over, that her father forced her to make that choice with the warning, "If you do this, you become me." She cannot accept her MOTIVE as an extenuating factor, and she now believes without respite that she is, indeed, just like him. As she explains it, "Some boundaries you don't cross, because if you do, there's no going back. I crossed those boundaries, and now I have become him!" I cannot seem to convince her that her father forced her into that situation precisely to bind her to him inescapably by showing her that she was just like him, and therefore escape had no relevance.

She survived that experience, somehow, and also survived the great fire festival of Lammas (August 1, originally an ancient Pagan festival honoring the goodness of summer and the bounty of all things grown in the earth, turned by Satanism into an unspeakable perversion). However, around this time, she was

impregnated yet again by her father, in anticipation of a Halloween sacrifice. The cult apparently finds the timing of things like sacrifices and pregnancies absolutely essential; it has to do, apparently, with the maximum opportunities--themselves established by cult rituals for Carla's father to expand his power and Satanic influence. He had, evidently, been trying for years to produce a son for sacrifice, and this time he succeeded.

Interestingly, some sacrifices of children in the cult are just fetal material, and can be done much more expediently. Other holidays require a developing fetus, and it seems very important to the cult to allow it to go at least four or five months. They have doctors in the cult to handle this and to patch up the breeder (for that is what they have forced Carla to be, in addition to her other duties). I think what they are after is for the pregnancy to go long enough to establish maternal bonding with the child in utero, as an extra form of psychological torture.

Prior to Halloween, her father made yet another effort to destroy Carla psychologically, to break her down and make her feel entirely helpless. Because of the date of a particular posting on an abuse survivor's forum she and I are both on, I believe the date of the following incident was between Sept. 22 and Sept. 24, 2001. This may be important in any future litigation I can bring against her father. I have previously stated that Carla had developed an extremely close relationship with one of the other girls she had been forced to recruit, a girl whose pseudonym I have already referred to as April. She was terribly frightened and dependent on Carla to protect her, and because of that, a deep bond developed between them. No one in the cult is allowed to hug or comfort each other or use the word "love" toward each other. But I have some evidence that Carla had a physical—though

non-sexual--element to her support of April and it was probably mutual. It has taken Carla months of working with me before she could openly admit that she loved April. In any event, they were undeniably close, and her father waited until the right time and then killed April, as always, in front of Carla--for the purpose of driving home the point that anyone who gets close to Carla, or who she loves, dies for it.

This, of course, only reinforces Carla's perception of herself as evil and a mirror image of her father. She felt so totally helpless after the murder of April, it's amazing I got her through it. Carla wrote, in the online forum for trauma survivors on which I had originally met her, "You can't imagine what it feels like to go into a room and know she's not there anymore, that I'll never again hear her voice. I know I killed her, and nothing will ever make this better! I know it's on me ... her death is totally on me, and there's no absolution, no redemption-nothing! Nothing exists for me except death, my death!"

How do I defeat someone like Carla's father, someone who has the power to make her feel that every single act of pain against anyone in the cult is a price for her defiance? When she talked about April, I almost felt like I had come to know her vicariously, and I just wanted to kill the bastard for taking away the one person Carla had in that terrible group who she could love and trust and look after. But that was the whole point of killing her.

Carla was told that fall, by her father, that she was not supposed to survive Halloween, because the alignment of occult auguries would make him more powerful if he sacrificed both a son born of his own child, and the mother. Even more powerfully in his favor would be the sacrifice of, not only his own blood

daughter, but a "chosen one" in the cult, someone of royal lineage, who had reached the status of High Priestess. So he told her, as he often does, that "this time" he would not intervene to save her, despite the probability of severe, likely fatal, internal bleeding because of the second -trimester birth. Many powerful Satanists from all over the country and even international guests came to witness the ceremony, the birth, and sacrifice.

Only he didn't do it on Halloween; he needed her to carry out the sacrifice of the other ordained victims. He took the baby at the end of the Halloween ritual, November 8 th . And he did, of course, intervene, after she had fainted from blood loss and thought she was dying-because she is still useful to him as a High Priestess, a recruiter, a breeder, and a prostitute. I believe he derives a particular, sadistic pleasure from informing Carla of the date of her own impending sacrifice, making her totally believe it and becoming half-crazed with fear, mixed with an almost desperate hope that it will finally be for real this time.

I have heard Carla on a number of occasions, when she has been brutally tortured and suffered a lot of blood loss, start off talking normally to me, and then her blood pressure slips dramatically and I actually hear her voice fade to the faintest thread, weaker and weaker, until she becomes unconscious over the phone. I am terrified that one time I will listen to her actually die on the line with me, knowing that that sadistic pig killed her and there is nothing I can do.

It is even more horrible that she says she is okay with all this, that if she dies everyone wins: her father, the other girls in the cult, all those she has been made to kill, even me-enabling me to go back to my normal life, free of all this. I don't want to go back to a normal life, not after she reached out to me two years ago,

pleading for help. How am I supposed to forget, to turn my back on her? I feel for her father a consuming hatred I never knew existed, one that frightens me because I could probably cross the line with him in retaliation for what he has done to Carla. He is not human anymore, he ceased being human 25 years ago.

In addition to the above incidents, I have indirectly learned other peculiarities of Carla's background, mainly through inference and references made in conversations to things only accessible on a "need-to-know" basis. In addition to being a-forced-leader in a transgenerational Satanic cult, Carla has all but confirmed being a veteran of the shadowy and incredibly repulsive government mind-control program known as Project Monarch. This grotesque spin-off of the original mind-control experiments known as MKULTRA has perfected the science of programming, employing a combination of identity disassociation through repeated trauma (often in the form of sexual torture and Satanic abuse) with identity re-structuring using sophisticated drugs and technology.

The intended result is to bring about a "Manchurian Candidate," a government-created agent without conscious awareness of his/her specific missions, which often include sexual blackmail, prostitution and child pornography with high-level political and public figures, courier work, placement of damaging or embarrassing material in confidential files, and-occasionally assassination. These assignments are carried out by use of governmentcreated "alter" personalities, who then recede when the assignment is completed, and they cannot be re-accessed except by people who have the programming codes(trigger phrases, objects, etc.) Such individuals are called "handlers," and are usually leaders of

transgenerational Satanic cults hand-picked and subsequently trained by the government for their intelligence, ruthlessness, responsiveness to programming, leadership qualities, and general drive for personal power and advancement. These men are protected by the government and given a virtually free hand, in exchange for unrestricted government observation and the input of their own scientists who are involved in programming, mind-control , and especially personality-restructuring research.

Carla has confirmed knowing about Monarch, and indeed says all the girls know of it; this is indirect confirmation of involvement, since no one who is not intended for involvement learns about this program. In addition, Carla's primary alter has made interesting references—in response to my questions-- to locations overseas that have long been associated with mind-control experiments, like the clandestine tunnels of the former Nordhausen concentration camp, in which the V1 and V2 rockets were built.

What makes these comments interesting is that only someone who has either experienced the mindcontrol/Satanic torture first-hand or done extensive research-much greater than most 25-year-olds would normally be exposed to, or predisposed to explore--would know about the use of the tunnels, and about the German Nazis who worked with the U.S. Government hand-in-hand during these experiments. Plus, Carla's knowledge of such sites--again, of course, inferred through indirect comments--dovetails with what she has said of living overseas in South America and Europe from age 10-14, on and off. Finally, she has recently made unconscious references in conversation to one of the types of programs she has been trained with! She said, in a highly recent conversation: "I've already been

through all the levels of Alpha programming." She wasn't even aware she had said that!

On page 192 of the book, "*Cover-Up of the Century*," by Daniel Ryder, we learn that the following types of sophisticated, government-instigated programs exist: Alpha *programming*, which is the root of all programs. Through neuron-pathway stimulation, the programmed agent can tap into seemingly superhuman traits of enormous physical strength, a *photographic memory*--which Carla has told me she has, and has, in fact, demonstrated it--and extraordinary visual acuity. The program is designed to stimulate and expand brain output exponentially.

Beta programming is to condition female cult members for prostitution and work as government sex slaves.

Gamma programming compartmentalizes and separates the programs from the alter personalities created to carry them out.

Delta programming creates assassin alters.

Theta programming entails stimulating the brain by lasers and exotic electromagnetic devices to control and enhance psychic abilities, such as ESP and remote viewing.

Chi programming covers "call-back" dates for a person living outside the cult to return at a certain age (Carla's was at 22. Other years include 29, 33, 36, etc. Numbers with occult significance, or which add up to occult significance).

Finally, Omega programming is for self-destruction upon capture or escape, and there are apparently several levels—multiple back-up programs, should the primary ones fail!

To bring things up to the present, I now know that Carla lives, not in Salem proper, but in a suburb of it, quite close to the city itself. She and the other girls have to work several exclusive "gentlemen's" clubs featuring adult dancing, and discreetly arranged "other activities." She goes with a pick-up to a nearby motel, apparently one of her father's arrangement, and once her guards see the money change hands and she is in the hotel room for at least ten minutes, the guards park and sit in the parking lot to await a call from each girl that she is done with her session"--usually 45 minutes, but they can be as long as an hour and a half for a "high roller" client. That last provides the one weak point. When someone is a repeat as a "high roller" customer, and the money changes hands for the second time with no problems, then the guards leave after ten minutes or so and go back to the club to await the "all done" call. Carla told me the freeway is no more than a fifteen-minute drive from the motel, giving about an hour to an hour and a quarter window in which to pick her up in a nearby escape vehicle and run for the state line. The whole thing is dicey, at best.

I have learned a certain amount from Carla about how her father operates, and the following may provide clues to his identity for more experienced people than me. His military/law enforcement connections and background really stand out; Carla and the other girls have been trained to speak in a bizarrely militaristic code, referring to various levels of security breaches as "situation horizontal" or "vertical," the houses are all referred to as "compounds"--reflecting both their size and the level of security—and Carla refers to "perimeter checks" and "lock-down" mode. Even some of her father's philosophy reveals an army influence, in phrases Carla has inadvertently disclosed, such as "We sacrifice a

few to save hundreds; it's simple arithmetic." He also has created a kind of internal code, by which he can communicate with the girls, and his men, even in a room full of other people, without anyone deciphering anything of importance. He has learned to imitate the sounds of many different kinds of birds, each of whose calls has come to signify a particular state of security, need by someone in the cult, or upcoming events to prepare for.

This implies he is possibly an expert on Native American lore and culture, perhaps even having studied the Navajo codetalkers for the U.S. army during World War Two (the Navajo language makes great use of imitated bird and animal calls and complex vocalizations such as clicks of the tongue, whistles and grunts, more so than direct words, which explains why not a single Navajo code between American forces was ever successfully deciphered by the Germans or the Japanese!).

Then, of course, there is Carla's unmistakable, hysterical reaction to accidentally disclosing a possible on-going link with "The Finders," a specifically CIA-created Satanic cult and world-wide child kidnapping and pornography ring. Given what I said earlier about his influence even being great enough to win diversionary rights from air traffic control, plus Carla's assertion that he has both national, and international, contacts in the FBI, CIA, NSA, DIA, DoD, the ATF, and even Interpol, and it adds up to someone important enough to buy any kind and level of protection. According to Carla, her father has layered himself to the point that he will never go down for his crimes. He has staff who are willing to die for him as a condition of employment, he uses look-alikes who have taken assassination attempts meant for him, and even when he leaves the compound, he is driven by a

phalanx of escorts who conduct business at his instructions while he waits in the car. So almost no one ever sees him or even knows what he looks like. He intimidates by his reputation alone, and those select people who do know him personally are sufficiently afraid of him by virtue of his behavior and demeanor, let alone his appearance, which Carla insists is imposing enough (he is over six feet, and very strong).

**HALLOWEEN 2002: THIRD PERIOD OF THE STORY, AND A FEW WORDS
ABOUT PSYCHOLOGICAL PROCESSES IN THE CULT**

My relationship with Carla has continued for more than three years now, and for the moment at least, she has been able to survive a Halloween so terrible it makes me shiver, even in the light of day. She had been made pregnant yet again by her father during the early winter, and kept it hidden from me out of shame. But this was to be the ultimate loss of her child: this time, at Halloween, she was informed—and apparently has been forced to do the cult's bidding—that she had to carry this child to full term, and then SACRIFICE HER OWN BABY!! It apparently had great occult significance to sacrifice a female child born to the cult leader's own daughter—Carla—and up until now, her fetuses have all been male, or the dates weren't right, or the planetary alignments were unfavorable.

She is apparently still under severe restraint—everyone in the cult is—even though Halloween is over; she didn't even know what the date was when she called me, or the time, and told me that her father had ordered severe punishment for anyone who asked. He has everyone under lock-down mode; only he, for the

moment, can set up the sessions with hand-picked clients, so his security scare, which began a few weeks before Halloween and pissed him off royally, must be on-going. He actually came into the room last night while she was on the phone with me—she took a tremendous risk in calling me, but she was obviously desperate—and I heard his footsteps, his voice, and then I heard him pick up the receiver! He was intending to try and bait me into saying something long enough to get a trace on it, but I hung up too quickly for him. He is one sick bastard.

I wanted to add this section because it is important to share some of the psychological processes he employs to keep Carla hopelessly bound to him. I have described many of them throughout this document, but it is advantageous to summarize them all here:

- 1. He deliberately “lets” Carla run away, or very occasionally some of the other girls, only to reel them back in again within a few days. He uses cops, mental health professionals, and even contacts within the battered women’s shelters to play the role of sympathetic rescuers, only to catch him at the first opportunity. He has confederates play the role of sympathetic outsiders, “strangers,” who then report the transgressions back to him, he, exactly who said what, how much was revealed about identifying info, or cult inside information, etc. The severest punishments follow. This is done to demonstrate how much power he has, that he has contacts everywhere, so it is pointless to even try to rely on outside help.*
- 2. He uses sadistic “games” like “Jeopardy,” to interrogate the girls, in which he holds a pistol to the head of one of them and shoots her if the others don’t tell the*

truth. Then he continues on down the line. At other times, he simply takes a girl who has angered him for some reason and puts her in a room, then blasts all AROUND her with his 9-milimeter semi-automatic. At other times, when one of the girls hasn't brought in enough money or he thinks someone is cheating, he takes EACH girl into a room and beats her, one by one, in full earshot of the other girls, who must wait quaking in terror for their turn.

3. He makes it clear that if a particular person doesn't "confess" their guilt over some violation, something or someone else always has to suffer. He uses this method to great effect with Carla, who is very vulnerable to his insistence that it's always "on her, " that he has no choice as a loving father but to punish her disobedience, and that it's always SHE who forces him to torture her for her defiance. Often he has sacrificed one of the guard dogs or even puppies in front of Carla, always with great cruelty and elaborate, drawn-out torture before finally killing them; their pain sends her into hysterics, pleading with him to punish her instead of the dogs, to stop hurting them-but he never does.

4. He uses sexual humiliation of the worst kind, steering the most utterly perverse clients to Carla, and mocking her constantly as an "unusually promiscuous slut responsible for initiating an the sexual contact with the clients." He often gives her clients who can inflict maximum pain with minimal actual damage aside from vaginal bleeding, such as the wearing of heavy steel penis rings that cause intense pain when inserted. He involves the girls in exotic dancing, endless prostitution, 8-milimeter kinky pornographic

and even snuff films(in which a girl is raped and then is, or appears to be, actually murdered on camera) --- all to make them feel absolutely worthless and undeserving of love or help. He often tells Carla, "I'm the only one who will love you. Nobody would want to love or even rescue a whore like you. You're not actually a person, you're just trash of no inherent importance." She believes it, too-completely. Any experience of sex as pleasurable, including, of course, masturbation, is out of the question-and punishable severely, because it might give the girls a different sense of themselves.

S. He uses torture, sensory deprivation, and extreme isolation techniques to divorce the girls from any sense of the outside world. They are forbidden to wear watches or know the actual time; it is supposed to have no relevance for them in a world in which they are completely controlled. They sleep in rooms with no windows, so they often don't know if it's night or day. They are never allowed to watch television or listen to the radio without his approval, and absolutely never permitted to watch or listen to the news.

For example, after the September 11 attacks last year, when I told Carla about it, she had never heard of the World Trade Center, and actually thought at first that it must be in Europe, since it was called the "World" trade center! She does not know who Saddam Hussein or Osama bin Laden are, or why we are threatening to go to war. Her father uses sleep deprivation, starvation and cold to weaken the girls before a road-trip using the 18-wheelers for interstate prostitution; in fact, Carla has told me that all the girls are hungry continuously. It's just another form of abuse. They have to cook for the guards, the "High Roller"

clients, male cult leaders, and her father, but whether or not they—the girls—get to eat depends on the mens' mood and how well things are going. If everyone is performing satisfactorily, being compliant and bringing in enough money, if there are no breaches of security, and if none of the men are in a general bad mood, then the girls are allowed to eat the leftovers, or given a limited amount of time to cook and eat something before going back to "work." Sometimes Carla's father just draws lots to see who gets to eat.

Additionally, Carla's father employs, apparently only with her, a dreadful drug as a torture device, in conjunction with electric shock, that affects the part of the brain controlling heat and cold. It obviously does not actually lower body temperature, but rather affects the nerve ends and inflicts the perception of extreme and inescapable cold. He has an anti-dote drug which can counter the effect, and he can worsen or lessen the severity depending on the dose. He always gives Carla an especially heavy dose. The drug has a half-life of twelve hours, and that's a terribly long time to feel like one is freezing to death from the inside.

6. He punishes any display of sympathy, affection or, especially, the development of close friendships with the torture and sacrifice of at least one, more often both, of the offending girls. In the case of Carla's only close friend in the cult, April, they developed—even by Carla's guarded admission—an extremely intense relationship, one of genuine love. This, naturally, made April's eventual murder inevitable, something, equally inevitably, that Carla blames herself for.

7. He is a master at understanding people's weak points and exploiting them, especially when it comes to eliminating threats from enemies. He has his intelligence team identify an interloper, and never threatens him directly at first—always try to impress him with some display of power, then offer to buy his loyalty with the thing he or she desires most at that particular time. If it doesn't work, he finds out what the person's weak points are that would make him or her susceptible to blackmail or threats.

He'll threaten to go after someone's family, and impress the offending person with something he's learned about their family, something the person didn't reveal, and then harass or even non-fatally harm his family members. Then he'll go back to the person who had threatened him and say, "See? I told you I could get to your loved ones. Just leave my daughter alone, stop trying to help her, she's not worth it --- leave her to me, or give her back to me, or tell me where she is, and all this will go away, I promise. You'll never see or hear from me again. If you don't back off, I guess I can't either. If you play hardball, i'll just have to hurt you until you learn your lesson. " Eventually, if the person doesn't back off or gets too close—even without realizing it—Carla's father will kill that individual with absolutely zero conscience.

9. He is an expert at identifying, using and magnifying someone's worst fears as a form of compliance/defiance torture. For example, he knows Carla has a particular horror of being buried alive, so he often punishes her by locking her in a coffin for a prescribed amount of time, and leaving her terrified that he won't come

back before the air runs out (he knows exactly how much time there will be until that happens). On other occasions, especially when he wants to write a "confession" program for her, he locks her in a cage or metal box or even the coffin with snakes (non-poisonous) or spiders, then gives her a paralytic drug so she can "t get them off. I have heard her go through this in flashback, and God, how she screams! I have read about this torture in many survivor accounts or reports of things SRA survivors describe experiencing, so I know she's not making this up. It is truly repulsive; I just cannot fathom the mentality of someone capable of doing that to his own daughter....

10. He has systematically broken Carla's will to live by tricking her into crossing certain boundaries which still had allowed her to perceive herself as different from him, with some small possibility of redemption. Now she believes obstinately that she is as evil as he is, without any possibility of absolution. First it was her admission of cannibalism, which I overcame somewhat by explaining to her that it was a ritualistic part of many ancient cultures, not just Satanism. Also, the ritual eating of body parts of a sacrifice or an enemy killed in battle was often a way of honoring the person; it was believed that the virtues and strengths of the victim were transferred through consumption of his/her flesh. Carla was able to understand that-a little-and it seemed to lessen some of the horror of it. But when her father made her torture her friend last June, she felt like she had crossed a line she could never go back over and had become just like him--so what was the point of escape, even just survival? Never mind that he had to trick her into doing it; he reinforced her belief by taunting her beforehand, "if you do this, you become

me, “ and his favorite programming phrase to hammer this home is one she repeats endlessly, “You can’t separate the man from his actions. “

11. He creates a classic condition of Stockholm Syndrome (the tendency of people in life-or-death hostage situations to bond with their kidnappers, since they have the power of life and death over them) by informing Carla of the precise holiday he will sacrifice her on. He causes her to believe this each time, no matter how many times he has always “spared” her, and reinforces his warning that this time will be it for sure by detailing his exact reasons why killing her on such-and-such date, and her being his daughter and High Priestess, will bring him extra power as a Satanist. Thus, because she has been so well-schooled in occult traditions and practices, she is painfully easy to convince that her time is at hand. Then, however, he always finds some excuse for holding back and saving her life, reinforcing Carla’s sense of gratitude and obligation towards him. As she tells me constantly, “I owe him. He could take my life anytime he wants to, but he doesn’t. He says he hates the pain he inflicts on me, but that he has no choice because of my disobedience. He tells me any father would do the same. And as bad as it is, he could make it so much worse. He doesn’t let the others hurt me unless he tells them to, he knows how bad they can be. He always intervenes before they go too far. Hes my PROTECTOR, not my tormentor!”

12. Finally, and to me most grotesquely, he starts his Satanic upbringing of cult children horribly early in life. In Carla’s case, it started by age 2. That winter, there was a terrible prison riot, one of the worst in U.S. history, in which 33 inmates

murdered each other and numerous guards were hurt. Other prisoners and hostages were burned and mutilated, and one was dismembered. Her father was head of a local crime lab at the time, and as a high-ranking professional with a specialty in forensics, he had access to the riot aftermath and all its gruesome documentation. Carla says he used to bring home photos after the riot, and show the children the mutilated bodies and close-ups from all angles of the dismembered prisoner. He would also take the cult's children to the morgue and the crime lab in the middle of the night, and show them corpses in cold-storage, bullets, clothing with bloodstains still on them, and—worst for Carla—a smashed bicycle belonging to a five-year-old girl who had been hit by a car. The wheels still had blood on them, and he showed Carla pictures from the scene. The photo of the dismembered corpse killed in the prison riot was always displayed with the warning, "This is what will happen to you if you talk. " Is it any wonder this poor girl is completely resistant to divulging information?? I wouldn't be able to open my mouth ever again!!

This is what my beloved friend is enduring, day after day, while fat cats in power run our country into the ground, wage endless war, go piously to church on Sundays, head up our courts, our libraries, our schools, reassure sleep-addled Americans that we are returning to "family values," then they fuck children at night and sell them to the Satanic and pornography underground. And still so few people believe the victims...

The reader of this document will have to judge for him/herself the credibility of Carla. I have done my best to be complete, thorough, and as objective in tone as

one can be when confronting such abuse. There are intangibles that cannot be rendered in words: the sound of her voice, the depth of suffering in it that goes way beyond any acting ability. In addition to the Satanic rituals, which I believe she is telling the truth about, I am equally certain that she is, at the very least, the victim of extreme, almost unimaginable, physical, mental, emotional, and sexual abuse by someone she insists is really her father; she is also the victim of a truly vicious pimp with a huge and sophisticated operation, including, as clientele, senators, other politicians, lawyers-high-roller professionals, some perhaps public figures. Implausible? It would hardly be the first time our elected officials used prostitutes while out of town!

I hope my own sincerity, and innocence of motives, has come through this document. If I have been taken in, I have believed this in good faith, after as careful examination and analysis as I can make. This document will be protected in several locations, and several copies preserved. I also have all her correspondence with me, should any legal matters arise. Should anything happen to me, this document will be left in the hands of trusted individuals whose identities will always remain confidential. I beg you to help me do something-anything!. The selling and sacrifice of the innocent, by our elected officials, by our police, by our government, by the courts must stop. One more thing: the online support group through which I first met Carla has a discussion forum for survivors of SRA. I recently found out that Carla has been posting in that forum for a FEW YEARS before she met me. She considers HERSELF a victim of Satanic Abuse, and identified HERSELF as such independently of her relationship with me. In the name of Carla and so many other tormented victims, I beseech you: STOP THE ABUSE!

FIFTH INTERLUDE: A FANTASY OF ESCAPE, AND FRAGMENT'S RETURN TO

WHOLENESS

This last section is the only fully fictitious part of the story. It is, as I promised the reader in the prologue, my fantasy imagining of Carla's escape—with my help—and her eventual healing and recovery. Or, to put it another way, it is my fantasy of Fragment's return to wholeness. I will never stop trying to make it come to pass...

Normally Carla was exhausted after her dance stint at the 1820 club—so known because it was deliberately nameless, and only identified by its address at 1820 Porter Ranch Road—but tonight, she was filled with an energy born of terror. Paradoxically, her fear did wonders for the tips she generated, because she danced with special abandon to take her mind off what she alone knew what was coming. When her shift ended, she smiled mechanically at all the men, at least half of whom were obviously jerking off beneath giant cowboy hats that covered their laps. Then she walked off stage with the apparent self-confidence of a woman who knows she's in control—although in reality, she felt entirely the opposite. Wishing good luck to the next two girls heading for the stage, Carla slipped into her dressing room and changed into blue jeans and a yellow cotton blouse. She was hyperventillating and dizzy, and she sat down on the sofa for a few minutes to calm herself. The guards were standing by outside the door, but suddenly they both got called into the lounge to deal with a customer who

appeared to be drunk and was shouting at one of the dancers. That was Carla's cue; the "customer" was a local confederate hired by her friend Harry, who had set up this escape attempt and was waiting in a getaway van in the parking lot outside.

Carla opened the door of her dressing room and cautiously looked in both directions. The coast seemed clear, but appearances meant nothing; the guards had seemed to completely vanish before, only to materialize out of nowhere and grab the unfortunate girl attempting to run. Carla's father knew every trick in the books, but Carla knew she might never get another chance like this. She was as ready as she would ever be; the horror of staying one more day with her father was finally greater than the terror of running one more time. She inched towards the outer rear door with the stillness of a phantom; still no one to interrupt her! Another second, all of a single heartbeat in length, and she was outside in the parking lot! With a terror approaching panic, she looked around for the pick-up van. She wasn't told what kind or color it would be, just that the extraction team would find HER.

Sure enough, a second later a dark blue Astro minivan pulled up. It had been monitoring the stage exit from another parking space only a few feet away. A door slid open and a powerful arm reached out, unceremoniously hauling Carla onto the back seat. The van pulled out of the parking lot quietly and slowly, until it cleared the gravel driveway and reached the end of the block. When the light turned green, it accelerated sharply, though well within the speed limits. A moment later, and the escape party was on Highway 127 West, heading toward the state line an hour's drive away. So far so good, but the real challenge would be when the All-

Points Bulletin for Carla hit the wires—and it would, given her father’s status in the law enforcement community as a “favored son,” and the fact that half the local cops were some of his best customers. Meanwhile, that was not Carla’s problem to deal with; she had enough trouble merely staying in one piece emotionally. Her friend Harry had, unbelievably, kept his long-standing promise to be present in the getaway vehicle and cast his own fate with hers. Now all of her terror, pain and indescribable relief at finally having Harry to see and touch in person welled up in one great surge. Sobs wracked her slender body uncontrollably, and she threw her arms around Harry, indulging both of them in a hug that fulfilled a three-and-a-half year fantasy.

When Charlie Watkins, the driver, thought enough time had elapsed for Carla to feel strong enough to handle it, he turned on the radio. Two hours had passed since the escape, and the state line was still about a half hour away. Sure enough, the traffic report included an APB on Carla, with her description and pleading references to her emotional state by her “loving” father. It did not, however, include the make or license plate of the minivan, so it seemed like no one had spotted them at the club.

Soon the signs for the state line appeared and disappeared in an eerie mist that might just be their friend. Charlie pulled off at the next exit, which was cloaked in darkness, and pulled over to the shoulder. The plan was to drop Harry, Carla and Stacy, a volunteer counselor from a domestic violence and rape crisis center, at the edge of an embankment. It rose rather steeply for about fifty feet, but then evened to become a dense tangle of pitch-dark vegetation that didn’t thin out until well past the border post. Meanwhile, Charlie and Paul Rayburn, a tough,

experienced P.I. who was accompanying the team for security, would swing back onto the highway, cross through the checkpoint, and pick up everyone on the other side.

It was a good plan, one that should have gone smoothly—except for the state troopers and their guard dogs, who were frantically sniffing the brush and barking insanely, whether or not they actually smelled, heard or saw anything useful. They were actually helping to distract their annoyed handlers, and Carla, Harry and Stacy made good progress up the short, steep slope and into the thick bushes. Staying close to the trees and skirting the area of investigation, which seemed to focus in a narrow area, the three runners chose a round-about course that took them a little farther afield but kept them in darkness. Suddenly two of the dogs started barking furiously, and straining at their leashes! Carla and her companions almost fainted on the spot, but they lay motionless for several seconds and tried to overhear what was going on.

It turned out that the dogs had scented a homeless man wandering along the bottom of the culvert, and the police had to spend a few minutes securing him. Moving again, stealthy as ghosts, the escape team spotted the lights of the van parked unobtrusively not more than twenty feet ahead. Charlie and Paul had pretended to need a cigarette break and a chance to stretch their legs, and no one would question that. Harry took the lead, and blinked a tiny pen-sized flashlight twice in quick succession. It was enough; Paul casually opened the side panel of the vehicle, a signal for Harry to emerge with the others. In no more time than it takes for a cloud to drift across the face of the moon, Carla, Harry and Stacy were secure in the van, which disappeared instantly into night and fog.

They drove all night, and a little before dawn, reached the nearest city with an international airport. They all said goodbye to Paul before arriving at the airport itself, for he was from Tennessee, and no one could say with certainty just who anyone was anymore. Instead, after dropping him off at the house of a friend who would drive Paul back to Tennessee in his own car, they left the minivan at a pre-arranged location for someone else to pick up and took a cab to the airport. When they arrived, they asked to be let off one terminal further than the one they needed, so the cab driver could not identify their carrier if interrogated. Charlie entered the ticket area first, followed by Carla, who herself was flanked protectively but unobtrusively by Harry and Stacy. Harry purchased a one-way ticket for himself and Carla to Salt Lake City, and their two companions followed them through security, all the way to the departure gate. Their goodbyes were full of forced casualness; no one wanted to part, everyone was scared, but their success depended on acting natural and attracting no attention. Charlie and Stacy reluctantly disappeared into the crowd, and Harry and Carla felt the cold chill of no longer being protected for the first time since the escape.

The flight went smoothly despite the tension, and three hours later they were looking at the snow mountains of Utah. Carla began to breathe a little easier for the first time in weeks, although panic was never far from the surface. Soon they were met by Arlene and Sharmagne, friends of Harry, who gave Carla warm hugs of encouragement and sympathy. They were both survivors of near-fatal domestic violence, so they understood and only offered love and empathy to counter-act Carla's tearful protestations of guilt, unworthiness and self-hate. According to the plan, Carla would spend that night in a domestic violence shelter,

while Harry recuperated a little at the home of his friend Sharmagne. Harry embraced Carla long and lovingly, and she didn't want to let go. She had to be pried from him and gently lead away, with reassurances of being allowed, by special arrangement with the shelter, to talk with Harry later that evening.

Next morning, she looked fresher, less like a death-mask of herself, but the fear was still there for anyone to see. Her eyes were like those of a frightened doe caught in car headlights, and Harry's jaw clenched with anger over what had been done for so many years to make her feel that way. They were picked up by Arlene after a farewell breakfast in Salt Lake City at one of the nicer family restaurants. It was part of the precautions; at no time would Harry—or Carla, for that matter—jeopardize Sharmagne's safety, since she had a husband and a little girl, by having Carla stay at her place or be picked up there. Everything was done in public, out in the open, well away from identifiable addresses.

After goodbyes and prayers for everyone's safety, Arlene drove off with Harry and Carla on a fifteen-hour journey to a new home and new beginnings. She was part of a team of conductors on a rather ad-hoc underground railroad, a group of courageous individuals who had agreed to take a risk for a girl they had never seen before now, and about whom they knew almost nothing verifiable. But they trusted Harry, they trusted their hearts, and the trauma showed on Carla's face like a blazing spotlight on the darkest truth. Arlene was driving her friends to a special network of former cult survivors in Northern California, a community of women for women who deeply admired Harry's support but would take over from the moment they arrived. Harry would always have access to Carla, for otherwise she would never have consented; but the group had the bond of

sisterhood, employed caring therapists who worked with them for free on these special cases, and shared a background as ritual abuse survivors that was about the best medicine Carla could ever have.

The car sped swiftly and without obstacles through San Francisco, then turned north towards the heartstopping lushness of wine and redwood country. Carla actually seemed to relax and enjoy the incredible scenery. Only one incident marred the otherwise idyllic trip: Carla had been triggered by something, no one knew what, and descended into a pain-wracked flashback that set Arlene's teeth in a mold of rubber. She was not a survivor of SRA, but she knew about flashbacks only too well; it had taken her almost a year after her own escape before she could sleep through the night, and even longer to sleep again in the dark. She had no idea what to do for Carla, but fortunately Harry was there to talk her through it with the special technique he had employed for so long now. Gradually her sobs diminished and her fear subsided, and she apologized, embarrassed, for subjecting Arlene to her most private horrors. But Arlene told her not to even think of being embarrassed, and shared her own story of brutality, escape and renewal. Carla actually seemed engaged, answering questions without defensiveness or attempting to rebut everything being said to her. Harry allowed himself a smile of relief and a huge internal satisfaction at what had been accomplished so far.

Shortly after a pleasant, if alertful, dinner, the party turned onto a small dirt road that led to a rustic cabin. A beautiful, two-story structure of dark oak and mahogany that blended in with the verdant forest, it exuded a sense of welcome and comfort. Three women emerged from the front door, and surrounded the tired

arrivals with warm, gentle greetings and offers of assistance in carrying belongings. Everyone got out of the vehicle, and Carla suddenly gasped in amazement. Harry, Arlene and Stacy looked in the direction of her gaze, and they, too, stared in wonder. The beauty of the Russian River flowed past, and a little below, them like a slender highway, embossed with the ethereal gold of a Northern California sunset. The three survivors who had initially greeted everyone joined the group in admiring the scene for a few moments, before reminding them that there were a few procedures that had to be reviewed. This was a place of refuge, of starting over, but it had rules of its own.

Within an hour all the preliminaries had been gone through, and the moment of parting was at hand. Everyone was awkward about it and dreading it, but in a way it was the first small step towards Carla's recovery. No one could avoid a lump in their throat and teary eyes, and even the women in charge of the safe-house, who had seen and experienced so much suffering and were somewhat inured to it by now, were moved by the scene. Carla and Harry clung together as though their hugs were the only thing that could keep them from drowning. With repeated promises from the shelter women to give updates and allow Carla regular—though discretely monitored—telephone access, Stacy and Harry slowly walked to their car in a daze. They waited until they were on the straight part of the highway before releasing their long-restrained emotions in a flood of tears.

It was no easier on Carla. For the first month she was like a sleepwalker, saying almost nothing of her experiences, her face an impassive mask except when nightmares and flashbacks contorted it with fear few people could ever understand. But the women who attended to her daily did understand, and they

continued to gently reach out to her, never pushing her to share her ordeal, never judging her—only offering love and solidarity and unconditional support. Harry spoke to her at least three times a week, knowing that there was a safe-house volunteer standing a discreet distance away after having dialed the number, yet ready to intervene in a second if one of Carla's alters tried to phone the cult.

A marked change had come about after six weeks, when Carla began cautiously attending some of the group counseling sessions and began simultaneously to open up to her individual therapist. She began to talk at last, never saying her father's name, but repeating over and over that HE had wanted to trap me as she had been trapped, and she had used the tiny scrap of will still left in her to withstand HIM in this one goal. She began to work through some of the horrible traumas and abuses, battling with the therapists every inch of the way, but little by little coming to see that things she blamed herself for were either understandable responses to impossible horror, or else acts perpetrated entirely by The Major. She began to work through the nightmare of guilt and horror over April's death, and accept that loving her did not cause her murder, her father alone was to blame for that, and she deserved love as much as the next human being.

After two full months, a small spark of hope and new strength flared up in her in a most extraordinary way. She was speaking with Harry, when she suddenly paused, and said softly, but with great calmness and certainty, "His hand has been lifted from me, Harry. Dad's still alive, and he may never stop searching for me, but I'm not his High Priestess anymore!" It was a single incredible step on a long and tortuous journey back to health, but now there was no turning back. Certainly no one could pretend that all was if nothing had happened during the two

and a half decades when that monstrous creature controlled Carla's life, but such a statement, made unequivocally and with determination, represented a turning point that no one involved with her would ever forget, or let go of.

Three days later, the psychologists and safe-house operators held an evaluation meeting. It was decided that Carla was ready to face a healing ceremony that, as painful as it would be, would go a long way in helping her reclaim herself as a woman and survivor. She needed to speak to all the different body parts that had been tortured by her father and the men who paid for her "services." She needed to ask her body to forgive her for the abuse, and she needed, in turn, to forgive those body parts which had been unable to resist the things that happened to her or which they had helped to carry out.

With the arm of Brooke, one of the other lovely young shelter residents and herself a survivor, firmly around her shoulder, Carla began. "In the name of Sisterhood, I give you these scars," she intoned tremblingly. "I give you these scars on my left breast, where a client stubbed his cigarette out. In the name of Sisterhood, I give you the scars on my right inner thigh, burned with candle wax. In the name of Sisterhood, I give you the scars in my vagina, where my father cut me with the knife and clients hurt me with their steel cock rings. I give you the scars in my uterus where so many of my b-b-babies were taken from me—" for a long time she could go no further, collapsing in uncontrollable anguish. The women helping her didn't say anything, didn't judge her or leave the room in horror—just reached out with tears in their eyes and hugged her, kissed her cheek, stroked her hair and let her fight this battle by, and for, herself.

After a while, and with a sigh so deep it shook her from head to foot, Carla resumed the ceremony. "I forgive you, hands, for accepting the sacrificial knife and killing so many against my will," she recited. "I forgive you, arms, for not blocking the blows against me, and not being able to push away the men who made me a whore and who made money from my pain. I forgive you, breasts, for being so beautiful and an enticement to men that I was told I was good at one thing, and one thing only, in my life. I forgive you, vagina, for opening to receive my own father's penis and accepting the evil bodily fluids he filled me with, and I forgive you for not closing defiantly against him and all the other men who were just pigs and wanted only one thing! And I forgive you, uterus, for being so fertile and not drying up, so I could stop producing babies that would only die helpless and alone, in front of my eyes! By my hands! Damn you! Damn all of you body parts who didn't protect me! But please forgive me, too, for not protecting you, and letting you receive those scars that are mine, and mine alone, to bear. And I forgive you, feet, for not running away fast enough when I did get away, and sometimes for refusing to run at all even when I could have gotten away! And forgive me for sometimes refusing to get away, even when you would have carried me like the wind. I forgive you all, all parts of me, because you are my body, I am my body and in my body, and my body is a temple that houses my soul no matter what they do to my flesh!"

The forgiveness ceremony went on for six hours, with Carla naming each body part she had suffered trauma to, forgiving it, then asking its forgiveness in turn. Rage followed at last, an aching, merciless rage that terrified her as she pounded the pillows again and again, pouring out pent-up hate for her father, screaming at

him for the years of abuse and horror, the destruction of her childhood, and the destruction of so many children. Next, she read a heartbreaking letter of apology to all the victims, begging them to forgive her because she was a victim too, like all of them, and she had survived only because her father still had use for her. It was a step forward whose symbolic power could not be underestimated. Finally, in a gesture of raw courage that awed even the strongest women at the safe-house, Carla read a letter of apology to all the babies she had been forced to sacrifice, and all those her father had stolen from her. It read in part,

“My Beloved Little Ones,

How I wish I could hold you in my arms and wipe away all the oceans of tears you shed! How I wish I could have taken your place and died for you! I truly have died WITH you. I have died inside a thousand times. I am but an empty husk. I have nothing left—except that my eternal love for you is a flame that burns in the darkest places, and has kept me strong enough to live another day. I must live, for your memory. If it had been my fortune and in my power, you would have each felt your mother’s arms about you for a lifetime, and known the happiness that carrying you brought me. You would have had a chance to grow up and grow into young boys and girls with strong hearts and gentle souls. You would have had limitless love, warmth, security and guidance.

My sweet children, I will always treasure you in my heart. I carry you with me each moment in a special place that no one else can touch, only you. I am so sorry for the pain you have suffered, but I have to believe in my heart that you have gone to a much better place, where other children play with you endlessly,

and where you watch over me and keep me safe with a presence I can feel at all times.

Your mommy will never forget you, and is with you always. I know the day will come when I can cross over and take you in my arms again and never let go. Until that joyous moment, I will always treasure you, think of you daily, and remain eternally,

Your loving mommy”

Carla cried for nearly an hour after reading that letter aloud, but now they were healing tears, washing away a little of the horror and guilt and bitterness from her bruised heart, and relieving some of the dreadful tension she had been under for so long. She stayed for eighteen months at the shelter by the Russian River, and Harry visited her regularly. They picnicked by that ribbon of blue and silver water on its lazy journey to the sea, and held hands beneath the towering solemnity of ancient redwoods. Those were days and seasons marked only by new steps on Carla’s twisting road to reclaiming her life. Sometimes the passage was as slow as the summer sun’s march across the sky, while at other times, progress was as swift as a red-tailed hawk chasing its dinner across the meadow. But always the journey was forward; there was pain, but there was laughter; there was endless, unconditional, non-judgmental love, and slowly there was a longed-for shedding of the guilt and self-hate.

The end of the story had yet to be written for Carla, but new pages were turning by the day. And at last, the happiest chapter was penned amidst the golden tracery of early fall. On one gentle September evening, Harry slipped

unconsciously into the past and used Carla's old nickname from the forum on which they had met so long ago. Carla put her arms around Harry, smiled with all her breathtaking warmth, and said without hesitation, "I'm just Carla, now. I'm not Fragments anymore, just Carla. Forever." And so Carla's amazing journey from fragments to wholeness was complete.

Literary Reference

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