

PROJECT SUPERMAN

A "VICTIM" OF THE ILLUMINATI'S SUPER-RACE PROJECTS & MONTAUK EXPERIMENTS SPEAKS OUT

{the Andy Pero story, aka Mr.X... Nazi Mind control and the Montauk Projects...}

Introduction

Memories are a strange thing, there are tangible memories that can be proven factually, there are suppressed memories which are clouded recollections of actual events, memories that are a mixture of real and unreal events, memories based on imagination and possibly most frightening of all, memories that have been intentionally "programmed" within the mind of a person, which might consist of anything between actual real life experiences to entirely "designer" memories that may have been inserted to "cover up" experiences that are far more stranger than fiction. Just where in the spectrum the experiences of Andy Pero may fit, I do not know exactly, although many of the places and people he describes DO exist as evidenced by the links that I've added... so at least a good number of his memories are apparently accurate... but the question is, are his reported experiences with the alien time/space projects as carried out in the Montauk bases also based on fact, and if so to what degree? Others have made similar claims about montauk {although these fantastic experiences do not appear until the last few sections of Andy's story} as can be seen by doing a SEARCH of the Internet for other writings on the Montauk Project. So here then -- for those very few readers who will view this page -- is Andy Pero's story... - Alan

This is my story, and this is my life. This is the time line in which events occurred as well as I can recall. As I slowly regain my memory this is my life as I can remember it. This is however just a rough outline and many of the parallel timelines which coexist during my life have been left out of this document. As time goes by more and more of the pieces will fall into place.

Here is my time line

My father graduates from the US Navel Academy class of '63 (Michael A. Pero Jr.).

Aug 1966-Nov 1968- My family is stationed at the CB's Construction Battalion Center in Hueneme, California.

Nov 1968- My family moves to Fallon Nevada. My father is the LT. Commander at the Fallon Navel Air Station in Fallon Nevada.

Nov 25th 1969- I was born, in Fallon, Nevada. I am Michael Andrew Pero III.

July 12th 1971- My father resigns his commission as the LT. Commander at the Fallon Navel Air Station and leaves the Navy. We move to New Jersey, and he begins work in the private sector.

June 1974- July 1976- My father begins a new job overseas, and we move to Munich, Germany. {note:

capital of bavaria, as in, "bavarian" illuminati - branton}. I am 5 years old. I attended to two different schools at this time, the German kindergarten in the morning, and then the English kindergarten afternoon (kindergarten and then 1st grade). This is where the first discrepancies begin between my memory and my parents.

I remember living in Germany. I remember our apartment, and how our cat "twinkee" would not listen to anyone who called her in German. But if anyone, no matter who it was called her in English she would come running. I remember my best friend was a little girl with long straight brown hair and brown eyes. I ate dinner over her house and I remember after dinner she took two beers out of her parents refrigerator and we drank them in her driveway. I was all worried we were going to get in trouble, but she said she drank beer all the time. I took about three sips and felt like I was going to throw up. I wanted to dump mine out but she didn't want to waste the beer, so she drank mine too. I remember my sister trying to teach me how to dance and she flung me around the apartment so fast I was thrown into the corner of the wall and cut my head open and had to go and get stitches. I remember all of this.

But most importantly I remember the German kindergarten. I remember the teacher and how she looked. She was very nice to me and had long wavy brown and gray hair, and looked like she swallowed a tire around her waist as she was heavy set. I remember being introduced to my first "gummy bear" and how I thought they were the "coolest thing ever". Being an American and being the physically biggest kid in the class I was a sort of the class celebrity, and the center of attention. I remember the mini pool they had outside, it was only about a foot deep, but we would strip down to our underwear and when it was warm outside go in for a swim. I remember all of these things, but when it comes to the "American" school I supposedly went to in the afternoon. I DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING! I have no memory of another class room, I have no memories of another building, I have no memories of any friends, people, or teachers, no memory of even going to another school. WHAT I DO REMEMBER IS AN AIR BASE. I remember as I was walking up to it for the first time it was a huge place with a big chain link fence around it.

There were airplanes and miles and miles of cement. And I don't remember the man who was walking with me but I DO remember asking him "why are you taking me here?" and he answered "Because of your father!" "But my father was in the Navy, why are you taking me to an air base?" I asked again. And the man answers "Son, all branches of the military work very closely together." "But he is no longer in the Navy?" I answered. And he said "We are doing this as a 'special' favor for your father." "Why" I asked. "BECAUSE WE TAKE CARE OF OUR OWN!" he says as his tone has changed, and then he said "you sure do ask a lot of questions you little shit." I remember this hurt my feelings because I wasn't trying to be a little shit, I just wanted to know why there were taking me to this strange place. I don't remember being inside of the air base, all I remember is the inside of a doctor's room. An examining room. They made me strip down to my underwear and sit on this shinny metal table. I remember the table being very cold, so cold that I asked if I could move or get off it and a big booming voice shouts out "DO NOT MOVE AND DO NOT SPEAK UNLESS YOU ARE SPOKEN TO." So I sat there with goose bumps on my legs. I hear movement behind me and I hear "is this the kid" and a man comes over and starts examining me with his hands, with a stethoscope, and hits my knee with a rubber hammer. That's all I remember. I was 5 years old.

I never really thought about it much, but as I began writing all this down, I casually asked my mother for the name of the air base in Germany where I went to school in the afternoon.

She said "you never went to any military air base for school in Germany." "Really" I said. "Then where did I go to school in Germany?" I asked her. "Some school of the "Americus" at the university or something." She said. "FOR KINDERGARTEN!!" I said. "Mom that doesn't make any sense, I went to a military base for English school because Dad was in the Navy, right???" "Don't be ridicules, I'm your mother and I know where and when you went to school!" she says. "OK; Then what was the name of the school in Germany mom!" I ask. And she thinks and thinks and she can't remember the name. We then proceed to have a huge argument about this. She finally walks away and says she doesn't want to talk about it any more.

I had always just assumed that I went to the German kindergarten in the morning and then the air base in the afternoon, because of the connection through my father and that is why I was there. If I never had asked my mother for the name of the air base, I never would have thought twice about any of this. I never really thought about it much, but now that I do think about it. I clearly remember the German kindergarten, and clearly I remember the air base and the examining room. I don't remember ever going to any other school or having any other friends from that school or even being there. I do remember the conversation with the man as to why they were taking me there, and I do remember the examining room. It is like a 5 second clip of a 10 minute movie. Just a couple of seconds and then it stops, and yet you somehow know there is much more.

When I asked my father if he knew where I went to school in Germany. He replied "sure" the McGraw Kaserne Army Troop Air Base. When I asked him about the examinations. He replied "we were told by a doctor that you had a "heart murmur or heart noise", it was nothing serious but they wanted to examine me several times anyway." The thing is later on after I graduated college I went into see a cardiologist. I had been having chest pains for years from the massive steroid injections they had given me my freshmen year in college, I had developed arthritis in the cartilage between my ribs from my rib cage expanding so fast from the steroids.

When I asked about my "heart noise" the cardiologist showed me my print out and showed me that my heart beat was absolutely perfect, and there is absolutely no sign of ANY "heart noise" what so ever!

Aug 1976- We move back to New Jersey, I begin 1st grade, again, in the local school system. My mother held me back believing that I would do better in my schooling if I was one of the "older" kids in the class rather than one of the "youngest" (I guess my birthday was right on the border and it could have gone either way).

Sept 1979- My parents have been belligerent toward each other for some time now, and decide to get a divorce (at this point they separate). I am now 9 years old and am entering the 4th grade. As children, the school system tests all children's IQ levels, I remember being told that I was an "absolute genius". I don't know what my IQ was but this was met with utter disbelief and I was mocked and ridiculed by the parents and teachers because I was the "Big dumb Jock". As I was by far the biggest kid in the class, and the best athlete. However I had a severe stuttering problem. I was considered to be the class idiot, because I never spoke, and I never did well in school. {note: ironically, my own father was in the Navy, I was also held back a grade, and did not do well in school... except in arts, but in mathematics and similar subjects i failed miserably - branton} So the fact that I was this "genius" must have been wrong, and the parents of one of the most affluent areas in New Jersey would not accept that this big stuttering idiot

could possibly be smarter than their sons and daughters so it was dismissed. I had had the stuttering problem for as long as I can remember and all throughout my childhood I literally could not speak a complete sentence, many times I could not even speak a word. The thing is I cannot remember when or why I started stuttering, but I do remember being able to speak German fluently without any problem at all and having no speech problems German or English at all. I stuttered severely from about the time we got back from Germany up until the age of 25.

March 1981- My mother enrolls me in the "Silva Mind Control" course, and this is where I first remember meeting "the men in uniform." The Silva Mind Control method is sort of a self hypnosis course where you learn to dive down into the different levels of your mind. You learn things like how to heal your body with your mind, relaxation techniques, ways to focus your concentration, and melt spoons with your mind (things like that). You may have heard of it? Anyway, while in the course we learned to go to our "level" (a relaxed state of mind which is the bases of the Silva method). I was extremely good at all of the things we were doing for some reason right from the start. Children who are 11 years old are very cruel to each other. And what happened was the whole class as a group would close their eyes and practice "going to your level" but as I came out of my "level" I would open my eyes and find that the WHOLE class was turned around in their chairs and they had been watching me for 15 to 20 minutes. They had been watching my rapid eye movements, my body and my technique. As I came out of it, they all began laughing at me. The instructor however, was praising me like I was the next god's gift to mankind. Telling me that I was the greatest student he has ever seen etc. etc..

During one of the breaks (about six weeks into the eight week course) the instructor asks me to go outside to meet some of his "friends". I go outside with him (and let me tell you, when you are 10 years old and you are in a class room for two hours at a time on your Saturdays and Sundays for eight straight weeks you ABSOLUTELY live for your 15 minute breaks) so needless to say I was not very interested in wasting my "break time" talking to whoever these people were. We go out the double doors and there are two men waiting to talk to me.

THEY BOTH WERE WEARING MILITARY UNIFORMS, one was wearing army green, and the other was in blue (possible air force but I can't be sure). The instructor states to the men "this is the kid" and they make some small talk. To be honest I really didn't pay much attention to them (I was looking at the other kids on the play ground and wondering why the hell I'm over here and not over there). But here's the main point; The man in green bends down on one knee and says to me "I hear you have some very special abilities" and I said "I do"? In a very confused response. He stands back up and speaks to the instructor some more, then kneels back down and says "It was very nice meeting you, YOU KNOW YOUR GOING TO WORK FOR ME SOME DAY!" As an 11 year old you don't quite grasp what is really going on and I remember laughing and telling him that I didn't quite understand, but it was nice meeting him, and I ran off to the play ground. But when I looked back, the three adults were still standing there looking at me, talking about me, and sizing me up.

I just seemed to have an uncanny ability to do what ever the teacher instructed the class to do. Everything he instructed us to "envision" in our minds I could do better than anyone else in the class. Bending spoons with your mind, going to your "level", anything. I am now 11 years old and about to enter the 6th grade.

Sept 1981- I enter the 6th grade. I had been playing organized sports for a few years already (T-Ball, parent slow pitch etc..), but now was the time for the first REAL challenge "the 8th grade school soccer

team." When the school soccer tryouts came I tried out for the 8th grade soccer team as a 6th grader. The coach was against that because he didn't think I could play with the older boys, but he let me tryout anyway. Well, I made the team, but I was so good I turned out to be the best kid on the team, and we were the best team in the county. I just had an uncanny ability to do what ever the coach asked me to do. For example, the first day of tryouts the coach kicks the ball to me and jokingly says "I want you to take this ball, go down the field and score a goal" The thing is, I PICTURED IN MY MIND MYSELF GOING DOWN THE FIELD AND SCOREING THE GOAL. THEN I TOOK THE BALL DRIBBLED THROUGH 4 GUYES AND I DID IT! I didn't think about doing it, I just did it.

It was like it was mind over matter. It is funny because honestly I could do things that were so unbelievable on the soccer field. You have to see it to believe it. Here is how; I honestly didn't know any better. I didn't know that I wasn't supposed to be able to do that, just take the ball down the field by yourself and score EVERY TIME! But in my mind, I could do it, so I did it in real life EVERY TIME. When the opposing teams coaches asked how old I was, when I told them they didn't believe me, after the games were over they would thank me for not running up the score and humiliating "their boys". That's how good I was and I do have video tapes of the games to prove it!

I not only made the team but started at left wing, and I was exceptional. Later in the year I also made the 8th grade school Basketball team and the Baseball team. I didn't start as a 6th grader in Basketball or Baseball but I did play. Just making the teams as a 6th grader was almost an incomprehensible feat, we were by far the dominate school in the county in almost everything (always the team to beat). I was very good for my age at Baseball and Basketball, but for what ever reason I was untouchable when I was on the soccer field.

It's funny, how can someone do things, they are not supposed to be able to do? Whether it is a feat of physical strength or skill, or it is a feat of great intellect or will, such as an actor or a professional athlete beating the odds against them and "making it", when all others said that it couldn't be done.

Anything that we do as human beings, whether it be a sporting event, starting a business, going to college or simply deciding to venture out on your own away from home for the first time. ANY TASK YOU CHOOSE TO UNDER TAKE, OR ANY FIGHT YOU CHOOSE TO FIGHT. 90% OF WHAT IT TAKES TO ATTAIN YOUR GOAL, NO MATTER WHAT THAT GOAL MAY BE, IS ALL MENTAL. AND FROM THAT FEAR IS THE KEY TO IT ALL! IF YOU CAN CONTROL YOUR FEAR YOU CAN CONTROL YOUR MIND, AND IF YOU CAN CONTROL YOUR MIND YOU CAN CONTROL YOUR LIFE. If you can understand that everything we do as human beings is 90% mental, and 10% physical, you understand the secret to life. And you will do well, at what ever you choose to do! For myself, somehow using the Silva Mind Control methods, I had the ability to picture myself performing extraordinary feats on the playing field, and then somehow accomplishing them in reality with ease, just like it was second nature. Don't think, just do.

June 1982- My parents, when they were still together, had invested in several houses in the area, and rented them out as supplemental income. In June of 1982, my mother, my self and my sister move into the house we used to rent out in Ramsey, and put the house we just left on the market for sale (basically my father moved into one house we owned in Waldwick, we moved into the other house in Ramsey, and my parents sold the "big" house in Ho-Ho-Kus we all used to live in and split the money in the divorce). Our "new" house in Ramsey was located only about 10 minutes from the old house in Ho-Ho-Kus but it

was in a different school district. I am 12 years old and going into 7th grade. Also starting in a new school.

July 11th 1983- My mother had been dating a man who's name was Walter Johnson. They had been seeing each other for the past 2 years or so and were engaged to be married. My parent's had finalized their divorce earlier that year, he had been separated from his wife for about 4 years. On July 11th 1983, Mr. Johnson went over to his soon to be x-wife's house to sign and finalize their divorce papers. Unknown to Mr. Johnson, his soon to be x-wife (Sally Johnson) had stolen a .357 magnum pistol from her brother.

What happened next was the following, as Mr. Johnson was hunched over at his desk in the basement of his old house signing the divorce papers. Sally Johnson came up behind him and said "If I cannot have you no one else will" and shot him in the back of his head. He died instantly, and when the police finally found him two days later his head had been completely blown off his body. EVERY WORD OF THIS UNFORTUNATELY IS ALL TRUE. His name again was Walter Johnson. He was the Director for Senior Executive Personnel for the EXXON Oil Corp. New York office. He was killed on July 11th 1983 in Ridgewood, New Jersey. He was my mother's fiancée.

My mother, for the next several years was beyond any rational means of description in terms of hysteria, and grieving. Her German friend Astrid was a great help in her time of need. What this did to me however was the following. As a 12 year boy, coming home from school and seeing and hearing your mother crying EVERYDAY, AND ALL DAY and then ALL NIGHT, AND EVERY NIGHT is very hard on a 12 year old boy. She was beyond the word devastated. So, obviously at the time, I'm not too anxious to go home after school. For a while I got into some trouble (hanging out with the wrong crowd that sort of thing). Then I discovered my new passion, working out and WEIGHTLIFTING! It became an obsession. In the 7th grade I began working out everyday. I would ride my bike up to the high school every day and workout for hours, and I mean 2 to 3 hours EVERYDAY (anything to avoid going home)!

Dec 1983- From the start I was an exceptionally strong kid. Again, somehow I just had the ability to picture doing something in my mind (see my self doing it) and then do it in real life. Using the Silva mind control I would lay in bed and mentally go through the next day's workout. For example, I would go to my "level" and concentrate. I would picture myself bench pressing 195 for 10 reps, then 205 for 8, 215 for 6 etc.. I bench pressed 305 pounds in the 8th grade. This was more than anyone in the high school could do. Needless to say I was HATTED by all the high school upper classmen football players before I even got into high school. I am 14 years old and in the 8th grade. I also set the grade school high jump record (5'-10") and tied the 60, 100, and 200 yard dash records.

Aug-1984- 1987- My first three years in high school were NOT typical. I played football in the fall. Specifically did not play Basketball in the winter so I could workout everyday. Threw the shot put and the discuss in the spring (track and field) and then would workout like a mad man in the summer to get ready for football in the fall again. I excelled in all the sports in which I participated in.

As a Freshman, I was one of the best running back in the county. We were division champions, and the head varsity football coach (Coach Hyman) asked me to practice with the Varsity squad for the Thanksgiving day game. The quarterback and captain of the football team (Peter Bebei) when he got word of this cornered me in the hall with about six other football players and he told me that if I showed

up to practice for his final game that he and all the other guys were going to beat the shit out of me in the parking lot. He did not want me "stealing his thunder" for his final game. I didn't go out for the Thanksgiving game and this really annoyed Coach Hyman since he believed that I had turned him down. Track season comes in the spring and I go out for the track team. I go out for shot put and the discus as well as the 100 yard dash and the high jump. Coach Hyman coaches the "weight" throwers and won't allow me to throw with the varsity even though I am the third best thrower on the team. I confront him about this and finally he lets me throw. In the 100 the fastest kid (I forget his name) tells me after the first day of track practice that if I beat him again that he is going to kick my ass. So I don't try my best. Why does every one hate me? I keep asking myself. I earn a varsity letter in track anyway.

In the fall Sophomore year Coach Hyman is having real problems with his marriage and being an utter ASS Hole to everyone (teachers, students, and athletes). One of my talents, if you will, is that I can judge a person's character within minutes of meeting them. By their body language, gestures, personality etc. I can size up the person's worst fear, what they are feeling, what they want all in a matter of moments. It's like reading a person's soul as easily as you are reading these words. I just seem to have a "knack" for it. Anyway, I walk into Coach Hyman's office during one of the breaks and say to him "don't worry Coach, everything will work out with you and your wife." Trying to be helpful. He freaks out and starts yelling "get out of here you F*CKING piece of shit and don't come back because YOU WILL NEVER PLAY HERE AS LONG AS I AM THE COACH." The next day he brings me into the deans office and tells me to "quit" because I will never play at Ramsey High school. I never quit but for the next two years everyday at practice he would scream at me to "get off his field" and I wouldn't. Not for any great love for him or the game by any means. It was simply stay and get yelled at or go home to my hysterically crying mother. So I stayed and took his abuse but he felt so violated that I knew what was going on in his life he didn't want me any where near him, and of course I was right next to him for everything because I wouldn't quit. This made him extremely hostile towards me.

This continued all through high school. The thing is, every now and then, whether it was going into the locker room at half time or after the game getting back on the bus, or at the track meets I REMEMBER seeing the same two military men (Mr. Green and Mr. Blue). I would play in 10 football games per year and throw in approximately 20 twenty track meets a year. Thinking back I only saw these men 2 or 3 times a year. To be honest I only remember seeing these men twice at football games during my four years in high school. Both times I was walking off the field after the game and I started looking for my parents and I looked into the crowd, and they were, just standing there in the middle of a sea of moving people looking right at me. And I said the same thing "that's odd, what the Hell are those two guys doing here." And again I would just dismiss it. I would mainly see them at the track meets. Let me explain, in High school track there are two types of meets. The track team schedule consisted of 10-12 "Bi or Tri" meets, when our school competes against another school, or two other schools, in which case it is a tri meet. These are small meets and I NEVER saw these men during one of them. The other types of meets are the county meets, relay meets, and state meets. These meets consist of 20 to 30 TEAMS being there. As such these are huge events. I would say between 5,000 and 10,000 people would be there (I mean some of these things were HUGE events). Anyway, how did I pick out these two men among 10,000 people. The way these meets work is everyone sort of goes to their own area. The pole vaulters go to the pole vault area, the high jumpers go to the high jump pit, and each area has it's own crowd which then forms around each area (all the coaches of those athletes, the parents etc. etc.). So, the shot put circle usually is over and off to the side somewhere, basically clear of everything else. As we began to throw, all the competing athletes, the coaches, and the parents would all sort of gather in the same area to watch

the event.

At least once a year at one of these big meets my eye would just catch the odd site of these two men in uniform at these meets. I honestly convinced myself that at least one of them had to have a son that was competing or something. It wasn't unusual to see men in uniforms at the track meets because other kids were going to go to school at the military academies and as the meets transpired I occasionally saw other men in uniforms walking around and talking to people. For example the shot putter from Lodi was going to go to West Point, and I saw another man in a green uniform over talking to him. What made this all so weird was the two men I'm talking about were looking at me and I didn't know why. I didn't put it all together until years later. May-1987-

Track season junior year, at one of the major relay meets, it was announced the prior week that there was going to be a "clean and jerk weightlifting contest" sponsored by some guy I had never heard of. I of course was all excited, and trained that week on my technique.

As it turns out all it was, was a guy with some rubber mats and a Olympic barbell set in the middle of a grass field. I took second place with a lift of 265 lbs power cleaned to the chest and then pressed over my head. The kid who won was a senior and did 275. It was just sort of a "friendly" contest. I am 17 years old and in 11th grade.

July-1987- It's summer time and I am training for football. I get a call from a coach I had never spoke to before, coach Himmel? Humle? Burle? I can't remember his exact name or his phone number but I do remember that he is from somewhere in Colorado. Anyway, he is the United States Power lifting team coach and he wants me to drop everything that I am doing and move to Colorado on a whims notice, to go train for the clean and jerk. I asked him in confusion why he was calling me, I finished second in the contest? He then says to me I finished second but the guy I lost to was a year older but more importantly he was also 50 pounds heavier. So pound for pound I was much stronger and as it turns out that in my age group and for my weight (17 years old and between 201 and 229 lbs.) I was ranked fifth in the country, in this one particular lift. This may seem like a dream come true for me, but let me tell you. Just like with anything you do, even if you really enjoy it, there can be things you really hate about it as well. The power clean and the clean and jerk were my absolute least favorite exercises. To be blunt, I loved working out but I despised those particular two exercises especially. This along with the fact that I could not just "get up and leave my mother." She was doing much better, but by no stretch of the imagination could her mental condition be considered to be "stable." I am 17 years old and about to enter the 12th grade and I do not go to Colorado to train for the U.S. power lifting team.

Aug-1987- Football camp senior year, I test in the bench press 390 lbs, in the squat 505 lbs, and in the power clean 280 lbs. We finish the season 6-3 and are division champs. I begin working out again and I start to think about college.

Dec 1987-May 1988- My workouts continue very well. However I develop a "new idea". Now when I go through my workout mentally at night I have added a new "twist". When I am down on my "level" in my mind I have added a huge chair in the room in which I am standing. Using my Silva mind control I sit in the chair. On the left hand side of the chair are some "air hoses" like you would find in a auto garage. I imagine, that on both of my arms there are these "air hoses" coming out of my arms. Like an I-V hose coming out of your arm. This is my "pump up chair". In my mind I connect the hoses coming out of my

arms to the hoses on the side of the chair. I push a button located on the right arm of the chair with my right index finger and the chair activates. Like an air station I can feel the vibrations as I sit in the chair. As I sit there I see my entire body start to swell. Like blowing up a balloon. I mentally tell my muscles to grow and swell like balloons, AND THEY DO! I do this for about six weeks.

This works so well that many of the parents and teachers think that I am now doing steroids. I am not, but the situation snow balls into some kind of "witch hunt" and they make me take a steroid test. What happened was as I am working out one day Father Jack (the local priest who is always hanging around the kids and the football team) comes into the weight room as I am working out. He says to me "Andy, there is a lot of talk about your steroid usage, and if you admit it to me right now every thing will be all right." "Father Jack" I said "I don't use steroids." He says "I'm going to ask you one more time to admit to using steroids." I look him right in the eye and I say "Look Father, I DON'T use steroids." And he got very angry and says to me and I will never forget this "Don't ever speak to me again you f*cking liar, they are going to hang you by your balls and I am going to be there to watch!"

A few days later Jeff Brown (one of the kids on the team) comes in to the weight room and tells me that Father Jack wants to see me at the grammar school as soon as I am done. When I finish my workout I go up to the school and Father Jack is waiting for me impatiently. He grabs my arm and I get brought in front of some kind of panel in the basement of the grade school located down the street. There are four members of the panel and the rest of the room is filled with teachers and parents. Dr. Purrizzo who is the chief orthopedic surgeon at valley hospital in Bergen county New Jersey. Bergen county is the third most affluent area in the country, and the towns of Saddle River and Ramsey are in the top towns in the country in terms of wealth. Dr. Purrizzo is a heavy heavy hitter in the area if you know what I mean. When President Nixon, who resided in Saddle River before he died, hurt his knee playing tennis Dr. Purrizzo was the surgeon who performed the operation, and for a while was on the Presidential list of referral surgeons. I am standing in front of the panel and he starts pressing me to "admit" that I am doing steroids. And I keep answering that "I DIDN'T DO IT!". He keeps pressing me saying that among the panel they hold seven PHD'S and he thinks they know what they are talking about so "make it easy on yourself and just admit it". And I keep telling them that "I DON'T GIVE A SHIT WHAT YOU SAY AND I DON'T CARE WHO YOU ARE AND WHAT YOUR CREDENTIALS ARE, I DIDN'T DO IT!" He tells me to take off my shirt to show the acne on my back, but there is no acne. This sort of thing goes on for a while and he finally tells me to "take off your shorts or admit to doing steroids". What could I do, so I took off my shorts and I volunteered to give a urine sample. I had to piss in a cup in front of the panel as well as everyone else wearing only my sneakers. He is very pissed at me and does not give me my shorts back for quite a while. This whole time one of the other members of the board is Dr. Purrizzo's friend. He is a Psychologist and between the two of them they now start saying that they are going to lock me up in for being mentally insane if I don't admit to taking steroids. And again I say "LOOK, I DIDN'T DO IT!". This goes on and on. I had gone through a whole defense proving that I didn't do it and no matter what I said and no matter what proof I presented I was going to be hanged whether I did it or not. Finally I say "Tell me how you know that I take steroids, what's your proof, do you have a camera in my house or something, how do you know?" Finally after much persuasion from the crowd and from myself reluctantly, he begins to explain that he has a degree in genetics, and that he has been studying my genetic code for years. He then goes on to explain how his son's genetic pattern is superior to mine in terms of dominant DNA markers. He had been doing a private "thesis" study showing how through superior genetic breeding and steroid usage he could create a superior human being. He had a test subject and a control subject.

His son was the test subject and I was the control subject. He had been injecting his own son with steroids for years and since his son's DNA pattern was superior to mine, his son, in theory, should have been more physically developed than me. And since he wasn't, Dr. Purrizzo's only explanation was that I must have been taking steroids as well, and he must prove that I was or else his life's work would have been wasted.

This was all a great theory, however the fatal flaw where he had made his mistake was that he had assumed that I was of Italian background because my last name is "Pero". So he was comparing my DNA patterns against the same ones he had used for his son who is Italian. He never bothered to ask if I was Italian, I am NOT. My background is Hungarian, Romanian, and Czech. This makes all the difference in the world, and I manage to get out of there unscathed.

When the test comes back, it is negative, and I tell all those involved that they can go "stick it where the sun doesn't shine." The whole episode is quite funny as I turned their "witch hunt" into a circus, especially my defensive strategy. For the rest of the school year all the people who were at the trial all gave me the dirtiest looks imaginable. All because I had the utter nerve to stand up for myself and say "I didn't do it!" This was Ramsey New Jersey, and the feeling in the air was that they didn't care if I was falsely accused they would not stand for a child talking to them in that manner.

It was all videotaped, and at one time there were several copies floating around. Anyway, as a result of this, I stop using this technique for the present time. But that was far from the end of Dr. Purrizzo. I am 18 years old and in the second half of my senior year of high school. This experience was very scary for the reason that I saw the "adult" world for what it really was. As a child you grow up believing that all adults are "all knowing" and are on top of things. But as I stood there and Dr. Purrizzo is telling me that if I didn't admit to taking steroids that he was going to have me committed to a mental institution and have a lobotomy performed on me. As I looked around ALL the other adults just stood around like scared sheep. Not one of them said a word in my defense. This was the strangest feeling, seeing the adult world as a child for what it really was for the first time. I realized then that adults are exactly the same as the children, only they are bigger. There is one bully that runs the show, and everyone else just stands around scared to say anything. Just as they do as children.

Now and for the past several months college football recruiters have been in contact with me both by mail and personal visits as the selection process narrows. I should have been already "signed" by a major University. But since Hyman made me disappear from the college scouts for two years by not playing me. I had fallen out of the "Blue chip athlete loop" and I am now scrambling to find a school. I am talking to two or three smaller division two and division three schools as well as Penn State. Penn State had been where I wanted to go all along but Hyman was trying to cover for what he had been doing to me by lying to the Penn State coaching staff, sending them the wrong films, telling them different statistics things like that, because he didn't want to have to explain why I didn't play at all as a sophomore and hardly as a Junior. Finally he gets exposed, and Penn State offers me a scholarship for my first year and then a "full ride" after that. I was going to get free room and board, all I had to pay for was books and classes (an out of state student was going to be about \$3000).

It is the track season, at the county track meet (the championship meet). I win the discus and set the county and state record with a throw of 167 feet and 11 inches. I finish second in the shot put with a

throw of 57 feet and 3 inches. AT THIS MEET I VIVIDLY REMEMBER SEEING THE TWO MEN IN MILITARY UNIFORMS WATCHING ME. They were right there, for both events and watched me set the record.

Ever since I had gotten my drivers license I used to like to unwind a little before going home. So I would ride around the area and play music in my car. A few days after the trial while riding around a bronco type vehicle is flashing their headlights at me from behind, so I pull over. This happened on West Saddle River Road, and I pulled into a small parking lot right next to the red building where my step mother used to sell real-estate. It is Mrs. Purrizzo driving the bronco, she is an incredibly beautiful woman (late thirties with a lot of plastic surgery). She was at the trial and during it lets just say that I had made her blush when I was standing in only my sneakers. There is another woman with her. A woman I had never seen before. She had long black hair and dark eyes she was even more beautiful that Mrs. Purizzo. They tell me to get in the back of the bronco (when you are 18 years old and two of the most beautiful women you have ever seen tell you to get in the back of their car it is difficult to resist) so I play along and I do. Mrs. Purrizzo hands me a small plastic shot glass (like something you would see in a hospital) it has some kind of clear liquid in it and she tells me that it's water and I must be thirsty and that I should drink it. I'm thinking to my self "she has got to be kidding if she thinks I'm going to fall for that." I take the glass and pretend to drink it behind the high back head rest of the drivers seat but in reality place it still full on the floor mat behind the drivers seat. The women then start to giggle and make small talk by telling me how handsome I am, and how big and strong I am. I know exactly what's going on and I play along. I return the complements by telling them that they are the most beautiful women that I have ever seen, and when I look in their eyes I become lost floating on a sea of dreams. I made both of them blush with that one. Then they ask me if I am ready to go with them. "Go where" I ask. "To the hotel room of course" Mrs. Purrizzo answers. "You can go to the hotel room if you want to but I am going home" I say. She asks me "are you sure you don't want to come with us?" she asks. "Positive" I answer and I start to get out of the bronco. "Oh yea" I say "Here is your water back" and I hand them the small plastic shot glass. They look at each other and cannot hold back their smile and look away and to the floor. I get out and say "see you later". I get in my car and drive home.

The next evening at about the same time, but in the exact same spot, and in the exact same car the two women pull me over again. And again I pull onto the same small parking lot on West Saddle River Road. I get out but this time I go only to the window. Mrs. Purrizzo has the drivers window rolled down and says to me "Andy, can you kill this for me" and hands me a coke can with just a little bit left of something left in the bottom. Again I am thinking to my self "who the f*ck does she think she is kidding with this." I say "SURE" and I take the can of coke from her and walk over to the dumpster and toss it in. I walk back to the car and I can tell from the look in her face that she is pissed off. I say "anything else" and I turn my back to her and walk away. I get in my car and drive away.

The next night the same thing happens, in the same spot at the same time. I pull over and get out of my car angry. As I walk over to her bronco I say "Look this stupid game has gone on long enough". She interrupts me and says "Andy, PLEASE just get in because we have to talk." I say "NO", and she begs "Andy, PLEASE!" As she almost has tears in her eyes. Like an idiot I reluctantly get in. This time they have a bottle of Vodka with three small plastic shot glasses. The woman with the black hair pours the three small glasses full and hands me one. I had had enough and I say In a rude tone "DO YOU REALLY THINK THAT I AM SO STUPID TO BELIEVE THAT THAT'S REALLY VODKA IN THAT GLASS!" She says to me "were sorry for fooling with you and want to make peace, will you have

a drink with us?" I knew from the get go that what ever she was giving me had to be drugged with something, but at the same time I felt somehow that there was going to be no getting out of this. I was not afraid of Dr. Purrizzo because I really never did steroids and I had nothing to hide, I just wanted it all to be over. So I thought about what to do and finally I said to her ""MRS. PURRIZZO I WILL DRINK THAT GLASS OF WHAT EVER IT IS ON ONE CONDITION AND ONE CONDITION ONLY! IF YOU SWEAR, IF YOU PROMISE THAT YOU WILL NOT LET THEM HURT ME. DO YOU SWEAR YOU WON'T LET THEM HURT ME!" And of course she swears that she won't let them hurt me, and of course like an idiot I drink the glass of "Vodka". I am out with in seconds.

When I wake up I am in a hotel room. I am sitting in a chair and it is very difficult to keep my eyes open, but I can make out several dark figures in various spots around the room. I couldn't keep my eyes open but I could hear. They had given me sodium pentathol and were now going to get the "truth" out of me. I can barley see him but I know it's Dr. Purrizzo. He starts asking me questions. "Andy what kind of steroids do you take?" "I don't use steroids" I answer. I can hear him cursing as he asks me again, "Andy, you wouldn't lie to me would you, I'm going to ask you again, What kind of steroids do you take." And again I answer "I already told you I DON'T USE STEROIDS!" and I hear him ranting and raving. His friend the psychologist then comes over and asks to take a try. The line of questioning changes from direct to indirect questions. He asks "Andy, tell me, where do you buy your steroids?" I answer "I have never bought steroids." He asks "How long have you been taking the steroids?" and again I answer "I've never taken steroids". Dr. Purrizzo is now furious and he is ranting I'll get it out of him and he stabs me in my right thigh with a syringe and injects me with more sodium pentathol. I think I lost consciousness for a while and then the questioning begins again. "Where do you buy your steroids?" and again I answer "I don't use steroids." This goes on and on for a while finally the psychologist comes over and asks me "Andy, if you don't use steroids how do you explain your abnormal physique?" Simple, I answer "I CHEAT!" What do you mean by "you cheat" he asks. "I USE THE POWER OF MY MIND TO BUILD MY MUSCLES; IT WORKS PRETTY GOOD.. DOSEN'T IT?" and I remember a big smile coming over my face as I felt proud of what I could do. And they all come over to me and I then proceed to explain the Silva Mind Control method that I use. How I go to my level. The psychologist asks me to do it now, and I find myself explaining my trip down into my mind. When I get to my "level" I give them a tour of "my room". They are all talking in astonishment. "WAIT" I say "HERE IS THE BEST PART" and I explain to them the "pump up chair" I use to grow my muscles, the underground stadium where "I can do anything" on this "magic" field.

I hear the psychologist yelling at Dr. Purrizzo "And you want to give this kid a lobotomy, I COULD MAKE A F*CKING CAREER OUT OF THIS KID!!!" He said something like I was the greatest psychophsiologic example, and that I had the greatest Autogenic abilities he has ever seen (or something like that). He also used a term something like psychoneuroimmunology if that makes any sense. Anyway, he then tells me to open my hand and starts to place objects in them. He tells me that I am holding a banana and he wants me to crush it. I squeeze the "banana" and I feel it "squish" like a banana. I hear everyone start murmuring in disbelief. I have no idea what they placed in my hand but I do know it sure as hell wasn't a banana. Soon after this I start to feel sick. I fall off my chair. I am sweating profusely, and I start convulsing as I begin to throw up. As I am laying on my left side on the floor throwing up on my self. The psychologist comes over to me and looks into my eyes, he drops me and starts yelling at Dr. Purrizzo "HOW MUCH DID YOU GIVE HIM!... HOW MUCH DID YOU GIVE HIM! HIS PUPILS ARE DILATED AND HE NEEDS TO GO TO THE HOSPITAL RIGHT NOW!!!. NOW HOW MUCH DID YOU GIVE HIM?" Dr. Purizzo answers "two thousand". The psychologist answers "YOU GAVE

HIM TWO THOUSAND, HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND?" Dr. Purrizzo answers "and then another two thousand when he wouldn't answer". The psychologist answers "FOUR THOUSAND! HAVE YOU GONE TOTALLY INSANE?. THIS KID HAS TO GO TO THE HOSPITAL RIGHT NOW!" Four thousand what I don't know (milligrams, milliliters, Cc's) I don't know, all I remember is the numbers. I keep throwing up and I hear then arguing. The psychologist is yelling at Dr. Purrizzo "you said you had a plan, what's your plan". Dr. Purrizzo answers "I was sure we would get it out of him that he was lying, and then we would be excused from taking him because he was a liar." "THAT'S IT!!!? THAT WAS YOUR PLAN, TO KIDNAP A KID AND THEN NO ONE WOULD PRESS CHARGES BECAUSE HE WAS LYING TO YOU ABOUT TAKING STEROIDS? YOU HAVE GONE ABSOLUTELY INSANE!" Dr. Purrizzo then says "We will take him to my office and give him an Emergency lobotomy so he will never tell anyone!" Mrs. Purrizzo then steps up and says "IF YOU HURT THAT CHILD I WILL TELL!" Dr. Purrizzo then turns to her as he is laughing and says "WHO ARE YOU GOING TO TELL?" "THE POLICE" SHE SAYS "I WILL TELL THE POLICE!" He starts calling her a little bitch and how he is disgusted that she would turn against her own husband for this kid. "I will not allow you to hurt that child" she says. He says "WELL DID YOU REALLY THINK I WAS JUST GOING TO LET HIM GO, AFTER WHAT HE DID TO ME AT THE TRIAL." "I WILL NOT ALLOW YOU TO HURT THAT CHILD" she repeats. Then there is some discussion as to what to do. Finally the psychologist comes over to me as I am covered with vomit and barley able to remain conscious. He starts swinging this little metal ball on the end of a string in front of my face. I try to watch it as he tells me to and then everything goes black. I wake up, and I am on the front steps of my house and my car is parked on the street front of the house (I know I didn't drive it home because I always pull into the driveway). I have a lot of trouble getting up, it feels like I am drunk or something and I go right to bed. The next morning, I have trouble getting up in the morning and I can't quite make it out but I had the weirdest dream about being in a hotel room, and Dr. Purrizzo was there. I remembered most of the events but it was very foggy.

The weekend goes by and then after my workout on Tuesday as I am driving around in the same spot there is the bronco again. This time I remember what happened and I am pissed off. I get out and I slam the door and I start yelling at Mrs. Purrizzo. As I am yelling at her and walking towards the car, she rolls down the window and starts to say something, then the next thing I know is I am back in the hotel room again. I was in some sort of hypnotic trance or something. I couldn't move, and the psychologist then instructs me to start squeezing things again.

He has this little gauge and when I squeeze the hand grip I break it. After he ran all of his tests, then it was Dr. Purrizzo's turn. He makes me act like a monkey and try and lick myself. I remember jumping around the room stretching like a monkey and feeling very stupid as they laughed at me. Then he makes me act like a chicken and does many other things to humiliate me. This goes on for hours.

Finally, the women who are in the room tell the men to get out because they now want to have "their" fun with me. The women with the black hair now comes over to me. She says a few words to me. I don't know what they were but all of a sudden I felt a feeling like I had never felt before, I felt like an animal, territorial, like a primal beast, I got up and started walking around the hotel room pacing back and forth. My muscles are all pumped up, my arms all muscled and out to the side and my chest is fully expanded as I strut around the room. I am looking to defend my lair against any male who may come near. If I see another male I will kill him. As I look over to one of the beds the woman in the black hair is naked and on her hands and knees. She has her back arched and is waving her butt around like she is some bitch in

heat. I see her and get an instant erection. I walk over to her, rip off my shorts and start, excuse the term, f*cking the shit out of her. I pick her up like she is a five year old and just started wailing into her. I felt like a primal animal. I f*cked her like I was some sort of a beast from the stone age. And she was loving every minute of it. I wasn't reaching climax, I was just nailing the shit out of this woman. It wasn't pleasure I was feeling it was more of a territorial act if that makes any sense. After a while I pulled out and literally tossed her aside when I saw Mrs. Purrizzo sitting naked in a chair in the corner masturbating as she watched me nail her friend. I grab her by the hair and throw her on the bed and repeat the same procedure with Mrs. Purrizzo. This went on for hours as the women had me "f*ck them" in different positions, in their Vagina as well as their anus. Carrying out every sick fantasy they had, I would do what ever they told me to do to them. I an f*cking the woman with the black hair in a chair in the corner. So hard that she has passed out, I didn't care I just kept right on going until I heard voices coming from behind me, male voices. I hear "WHAT THE F*CK ARE YOU GIRLS DOING" and then I hear Mrs. Purrizzo say "well what did you think we were going to do with him". "I don't know? I thought you were going to make him act like a chicken or something" I hear him say. I pull out of the woman with the black hair and toss her onto the floor. I turn and see Dr. Purrizzo and a few other men by the door. Without thinking I reach down and grab the chair by the leg with my left hand, I stand up and grab the other leg with my other hand and rip the chair apart like breaking a wishbone. It was like the chair was made out of toothpicks or something because it took no effort at all, I just ripped it apart. I now had a chair leg in my left hand and I toss the rest of the chair off to the side. I start walking toward the men with my "club" my "weapon". Mrs. Purrizzo becomes frantic and starts yelling "HE WILL KILL YOU! GET OUT NOW!. HE WILL KILL YOU" to Dr. Purrizzo and she runs toward me to give the men time to get out, I push her aside and the men are scurrying out the door. They left in such a hurry they didn't close the door. I wasn't running toward them, just walking very fast, when they left I didn't go after them I just wanted them out of "my lair". I slam the door closed, lock and chain it, toss my club aside and grab Mrs. Purrizzo and toss her onto the bed. I remember feeling anger as she was "disobedient" and I nailed her as hard as I could until she had passed out. Then the woman with the black hair comes over again and this goes on and on. I don't know how it ended but the next thing I know is I am laying on my front steps again, and again my car is parked on the street and not in my driveway.

Over the next few weeks I would find myself stopping at the same spot about once a week. I don't know why, but some times I would just pull the car over. The next thing I know is I'm back in the hotel room. This time there are four women (Mr. Purrizzo, the woman with the black hair, and two others I had never seen before). I remember feeling like "an animal" again. As I was pounding one of the women against the head board I hear voices behind me. This time there are at least ten people watching. I see two of the women I had already had sex with on their knees giving a blowjob to one of the men (I think it was the husband of the woman I was screwing at the time). These sick people are now getting off watching me screw their wives. And again I throw the women I am screwing aside and go after the men. And again the women run interference so the men can get out the door. I wake up and I am trying to get into my house.

Another time everything is black and all I remember is hearing "G*D DAMN IT! HE'S GONE SOFT AGAIN!". I struggle to open my eyes and I am laying on my back, there is a woman on top of me. She was a bit heavier then the other two and not quite as good looking. I push her off of me as I try and get up. As I am coming around immediately the woman with the black hair comes over to me and tells me to look her in her eyes, to focus and to look at her. I remember looking at her and then after that all is black again. This time I wake up in the back seat of my car which is parked on the street in front of my house.

Another time the woman with the black hair and Mrs. Purrizzo decide to take me to the woman with the black hair's house. They must have been drugging me as well as having me in a hypnotic trance because they were trying to get me out of the car and I could not move. I was as limp as a rag doll and these two women who weighed no more than 115 pounds each are trying to get me, a 230 pound kid, out of the bronco and into the house. I remember them having a very hard time and being dragged across the ground up the front steps and into the house. I remember this because someone had called the Police and they show up at the house about five minutes later. The two women are frantically trying to figure out what to do. They sit me on the steps going to the up stairs. The woman with the black hair tells me that Mrs. Purrizzo is my mother and you just had your tonsils out and your are still groggy from the anesthetic. She opens the door for the Police and tells him the story how Mrs. Purrizzo cannot go home yet because her house is being painted, and her son is still groggy from being under anesthetic. The cop asks me if I am all right, and I tell him that I'm fine and I confirm the women's story. The cop leaves and they close the door. They start telling me how I was "such a good boy". I remember them telling me how they are going to do treat me "extra special" for being such a good boy. They were trying to get me up the stairs and they were complaining because I wasn't helping them enough. I kept telling them "I'm trying! what have you done to me?" "Nothing Andy!" they said. I remember them throwing me on the bed and then I felt them trying to get my cloths off, after that everything is black. To this day I remember which house they brought me to, and where it is.

May 1988-June 1988- The recruiting "scuffle" has basically past and I have my college selections narrowed down to two or three schools. My heart is set on going to Penn State. In the mail mysteriously comes a letter from West point stating I was scheduled to have my physical taken to continue my application process for acceptance into West point. I never had discussed attending West point with anyone. At first I thought it was my father playing some kind of sick of joke. I spoke to him and he knew nothing about it. The physical date comes and goes. About a week later another letter comes stating that I have been "rescheduled" for another physical appointment at West point. This date comes and goes. A few days later I get a phone call, the person asks why I had not gone for the physical. I tell him that had no interest in attending any military academy much less West point since my father was an Annapolis graduate. About a week later another letter arrives, this one states that my presence is now requested at the US Navel Academy to have my physical taken for admittance into the US Navel Academy. This date also comes and goes. That was the last incident involving the academies however since my academic record and my SAT scores were not even close to academy standards the whole incident is very suspicions.

Dr. Purrizzo comes to my house, rings the bell and tells me he wants to speak with me out on the street. He proceeds to tell me that he has "made a great mistake". After rechecking my DNA pattern against the correct hereditary background it turns out that I am the one with the superior DNA code. In fact, he says we used your code to determine dominance of some unknown markers. He knows of my situation with Penn State and tries to give me \$4,600. The money was for college for me. I tell him I don't want his money (I also knew that if I had accepted that money as "payment" for damages done that I could not sue him latter, I think that this was his plan and that's why he had gotten so mad when I would not accept it). After my final episode with Mrs. Purrizzo and the woman with the black hair they have a wad of cash for me. "Andy take it!. You've more that earned it" she says. I tell her I don't want her dirty money and I hope she chokes on it.

A few days after that Dr. Purrizzo shows up again at my house, tells me to walk with him to the street

again. He tells me that "he has been discussing it with this psychologist friend and that my mind functions in such a way in the subconscious THAT HE CAN MAKE ME THE MOST POWERFULL MAN IN THE WORLD". He then tell me to get into his car and he wants to take me to his office to do this for me. I say "REALLY?. OK.. I'll go, but only if my mother comes with me... Can my mother come with me?" He says that this is just between "us men". I tell him to go f*ck himself and start walking towards my house. He starts talking "Your a very smart kid! you had a 50/50 chance! we were going to get drunk and then decide whether to make you the most powerful man in the world or give you a lobotomy." I stop and turn to him and say "do you really thing I'm going to believe you when you tell me that YOU are going to make ME the most powerful man in the world? you might do this but ONLY if you could control me, if you could not control me then you would have to destroy me! Do you think I am that stupid? Now get the fuck out of here before I call the cops!." He then says "as I said you are one smart kid". He gets in his car and drives away.

The school year is now winding down and I still have not made my final decision as to what school I am going to attend. From out of the blue at the end of the school year a coach from the University of Rochester shows up and wants me to attend.

My father and I sit down to discuss that school I am going to attend. We are at a Chinese restaurant on route 17 north in Ramsey. My father sits me down and he starts talking. He said, "Andy, I have nothing against Penn State, it's a fine school. However, why are you going to college? To get an education or to play football?" I said "to get an education". He said "Good, now what are the odds of you becoming a pro football player?" I said "slim to none". He said "Good, so since you are going to school to get an education and not to play football don't you think you should go to the best school you can possibly getinto?" I said "Dad, I WANT TO GO TO PENN STATE". Then he said "I'm going to be the one paying for your school, IF YOU DON'T GO TO THE UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER I WILL NOT PAY ONE THIN DIME FOR YOUR SCHOOL AND I WILL NEVER SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN, DO YOU HEAR ME! Now Rochester is a much better school and I'm sure you will be much happier there, I'm going to pay for it and that's that".

So, I end up turning down a division 1 scholarship to attend a division 3 school and end up paying \$18,000 dollars a year to attend the University of Rochester. For the longest time I absolutely hated my father for making me go to the University of Rochester. I suppose I could have come up with the \$3,000 dollars on my own, but it was the fact that he said that "he would never speak to me again" if I didn't do what he wanted was what really pissed me off. And then on top of all this then he springs on me that I will have to take out a student loan in my name to help pay for going to school at Rochester. I remember this as clear as day, because after that I remember I swore that I would never let anyone tell me what to do with my life again. The strange thing is that's not how he remembers it at all. He denies ever saying that to me, but I remember specifically because I was heart broken that I wasn't going to go to Penn State. The strange thing is I remember my father, at about the same time, making a joke that he had been out of the Navy for 15 years and for some reason they wanted him to come in to give him a physical. He doesn't remember that either.

Aug 1988- Football camp starts at the University of Rochester. Things seem to go well. Let's just say that I am VERY focused on performing well on the football field. I had trained very hard all summer and I was in the best shape of my life. I do extremely well during the training camp. I'm sure not by coincidence, I get my freshman year roommate, we will call him Brian. Brian is also a freshman and is an

offensive and defensive lineman. He is 6-1 and 245lbs. He is huge, I mean I thought I was muscular until I saw this guy. He talks openly about his steroid usage, and even goes so far as to tell how that when he came to camp "the coaches didn't recognize me, when I walked into the coaches office, they said who are you?" and I said "I'm Brian XXXXXX from Irondaquite" (he was supposedly a local kid, Irondaquite is a local town). He talks about how as a senior in high school he weighed 185 lbs, but then started doing "juice" as he worked out with the New York state power lifting champion. He goes from 185 lbs to 250 lbs in 12 weeks. As a freshman he is the second strongest kid on entire the team, I am the third.

Sept 1988-May 1989 Camp is over, and classes begin. I get an "odd" message stating that the dean of the Psychology department wants to see me???? So I go in to see him. I sit in a high back green leather chair and I am facing him as he is sitting behind his big desk. He asks me if I would like to participate in some kind of special "study" the University is conducting. I tell him "Have you ever heard of a Dr. Purrizzo" his face suddenly becomes white and expressionless. I could tell that he had, at that moment I hear a very slight creek from behind my left shoulder. I get out of the chair and there is a door on the wall. I open it, inside this "closet" the dean has a wet bar. But there crouching on the floor is Dr. Purrizzo. I instantly grab him by his throat and tell him that if I ever see him again I am going to kill him, he starts to beg for his life, and I throw him into the bar. I walk over to the deans desk and from the bottom I pick it up and flip it over onto him and I yell something at him like "you stay away from me you lying f*cking piece of shit". And I run out of the office.

A few days later I get a message saying that the dean of psychology wants to see me again. I ignore it and don't go.

A few days after that I get a third message from him telling me that if I don't come in to see him he is going to throw me out of the school. I'm saying to myself "f*ck this", Brian is insisting that I go. "Dude, he is going to throw you out of school, go in and do what ever he says". "F*ck you" I tell Brian. I decide to go in and give this ass hole a piece of my mind. As I walk to his office I am furious and I am going to kick his ass. I remember walking in, but I don't remember leaving.

After that I was a different person. I felt like I had blinders on "tunnel vision." I remember people thought I was the biggest "ass hole" because they would say "hello" to me as I would walk to class and I would walk right by them. Like they weren't even there, I was off in my own little world oblivious to my surroundings.

Room 101 There was one building which I would walk by everyday. Everyday, I would get the feeling that I had been there before. This particular building gave me a disturbing feeling in my stomach, yet I knew that I had never entered that particular building because none of my classes had been in that building. Everyday as I walked by I would get this "flash", "room 101" and I seemed to know exactly how to get there.

One day I went in, the building had a suspended walkway in the middle of it (it was very modern). I walk across the bridge, turn right and go down the stairs. All the way to the bottom. At the bottom I turn right again. There is a small hallway with only 2 doors. One on the right and one on the left. Both doors have like a sliding name plate holder on them. The one on the right is supposed to say "101". It does not, it says "Janitor Supplies". I am very confused. I turn to the door on the left to see if it says "102." The slot is blank. I turn back to the door on the right and reach for the handle. The door is locked. I leave the

building. Everyday when I pass that building I would get the same uneasy feeling. Like I have been there before, or there is something strange about it. A few days later I go back again, and again the same thing. The door says "Janitor Supplies" and it is locked. I leave again. The third time however was different. I get to the door and it says "Janitor Supplies", at this point I'm just giving it a casual look. I go down there, I look at the door, it says "Janitor supplies" and I start to walk away. I'm pissed off and confused. As I'm walking away I said to myself "screw it" and I go back to check the door. I reach for the handle AND THIS TIME IT TURNS. THE DOOR OPENS. For some reason I feel very nervous and scared. I was afraid to go in. I push the door open and very casually look in. It's very dark and I reach for the light. The room is very small (only about 8 x 10). I look around and the room is very "sterile". No books, no papers, nothing. There are only two things in the room. One of those large athletic room training tables. It's like a high cushioned table that athletes sit on to get their ankles taped. Or if they are injured they lay on this to be examined. It was black. The only other thing in the room was a very small gray metal desk and a wooden chair. There are no papers, no books, nothing.

As I'm about to leave, I reach for the desk drawer. I yank open the drawer, and the only thing in it is a thin brass metal plate. I flip it over and it says "101". My heart stops, I instantly start to sweat. All of a sudden I AM VERY SCARED. I drop the plate, slam the drawer closed, close the door and get the hell out of there.

Looking back and trying to piece this all together this is what I believe happened. Either on my second visit to the deans office or at some point there after they somehow hypnotized me. I can't remember exactly where or when, but I believe they then instructed me to go to that particular room, "room 101," at a certain time on a certain day every week, and I would just "go" without thinking or knowing anything about it. This is where all of the initial "ground work" "programming" "hypnotic suggestions" or "brainwashing" or what ever you want to call it took place. I say this because after visiting "the room" I started having these "memory flashes". Like a 5 second clip of a 10 minute movie. In the room I remember laying there, we discussed my Silva mind control as well as many other things. The instructor instructs me to go to my "level." And then would begin his work, implanting the various different ideas and suggestions they were researching with my reactions and responses. For some reason the Library also gives me the "creeps."

How you use the "Silva method" is as follows. You close your eyes, relax, with every breath you are becoming more and more relaxed. The chair you are laying in is becoming softer and softer and you sink further and further into it as it softly wraps around your body. You feel warm and safe as your body becomes totally relaxed. Picture yourself standing on the edge of an ocean. The sky is blue, the ocean is blue yet almost green from the sunlight. It's an absolutely gorgeous day. Picture yourself floating, upward as you leave your body. You look down and see your body as you soar towards the sky. You are not afraid, and you can soar as high as you want and you start across the ocean. You look back at your body and it becomes smaller and smaller until you cannot see it any longer. You turn back and all that is ahead of you is blue sky and blue ocean, and like a god you are flying among the clouds. Ahead of you is a very large cloud with a structure on it. As you get closer you can see that it's an elevator. You land on the cloud, touching down as softly as a feather touching your skin. The cloud is as solid as rock. It is because you say it is, this is your mind, it is a place where you can do ANYTHING YOU WANT and WHERE ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE. The only limits here are the limits of your own imagination. Walk over to the elevator. There is only one red button, push it. The doors open, get in. Turn around there is a control panel, push the bottom button. The doors close and the elevator suddenly starts to descend. You look up,

the elevator is made out of a gray steel cage. There is no roof. The elevator starts to descend faster and faster. You look up and see the walls of the elevator shaft are brilliantly colored rock with swirls of orange, black, white and silver. You see a huge number "10" painted on the side of the rock go whizzing by as the elevator is now falling faster and faster. You look up and see the number "9" go by. As the numbers go by you are going deeper and deeper into the center of your mind. The center of the universe. 8, 7, you're becoming more and more relaxed 6, 5, you feel the power of your mind surge as you go deeper and deeper, your mind becomes more and more powerful with every moment 4, 3, 2 the elevator automatically starts to slow down, 1. The doors open, you step out onto a white cement platform. It is 6 feet wide and 6 feet long. Blackness is all around you. There is a small silver railing to the left. Walk to the edge and look over. You see nothing but a huge black hole. A swirling vortex sucking everything into it. Jump off into the vortex like a skydiver. You are falling, turn your self around and look back at the bottom of the platform as it get smaller and smaller. You are not afraid, stuff is whizzing by you as you fall a giant clock, a car, people you know, off to the left you see a huge neon sign go flying by "1500". You fall faster and faster and you feel yourself going deeper and deeper into your mind. "1400", "1300", "1200", when you get to "100" you will automatically slow down. Blackness is everywhere and you can see nothing. You feel your foot touch the ground as gently as stepping onto a pillow. To your left is a blue neon door. Walk to it and turn the handle. As you open the door you see a huge magnificent room blue neon room. This is your room. Your "special place." The center of your mind and the center of the universe. When you are in this room you can do ANYTHING and NOTHING can ever harm you.

The room has 20 foot ceilings and has a blue neon glow. Being in the room is like being under blacklights. Your whites glow, your teeth glow, you look very tan and healthy. You have never looked better. On the walls you have gems, great artwork, sculptures, the room is magnificent. To the right is the universe machine. With this machine you can travel anywhere in the universe with your mind, anywhere. To the left is a set of stadium doors. Walk over to them and push them open. You enter into a huge underground dome stadium. So big it is almost unimaginable. When you play here, YOU CAN DO ANYTHING. Score as many goals as you want, run for as many touchdowns as you want. They only cheer for you. Head out the doors back into the main room. To your left is the most important thing. Another room, this one has a red glow coming from it. You walk over to it, and enter. THIS IS THE HEALING ROOM. The room has a red neon glow. There is a large circular fountain in the middle of the room. If any part of your body is injured when you are in this room it will glow bright red, if you have tennis elbow, back pain, a headache, an injured knee. That part of your body will be transparent (like looking at an x-ray) and you see the injured part of body glowing bright red. To cure ANY AILMENT all you have to do is enter the fountain. This is the fountain of youth with magic emerald green water. If your knee hurts, soak it in the fountain and your body will heal itself within moments. If you have a very bad injury, lay in the pool but also use the flashlight. The flashlight produces an extra power full beam of light which you shine on the injured part of the body to heal it.

The healing pool and how I used it is a major link to understanding what they wanted from me. When the instructor tells me to go to my level, I do. What he tells me to do is this. Go to the healing room. He then appears like a hologram and is talking to me in my mind. He holds out his hand, in it is a test tube with a neon yellow substance in it (like antifreeze for your car). He informs me that this is a TOP SECRET formula and what it does is IT MAKES YOUR HEALING POOL EXACTLY 1 MILLION TIMES STRONGER THAN IT ALREADY IS!!! I PULL OFF THE CAP AND DUMP THE YELLOW SUBSTANCE INTO THE POOL AND THE POOL INSTANTLY STARTS VIOLENTLY BUBBLING LIKE SOMEONE TURNED ON THE JETS IN A JACUZZI. This is now the healing pool in my mind,

it will stay like this forever and never decrease in strength. THIS NEW POOL CAN CURE ANY INJURY NO MATTER HOW SEVERE. "COOL! this is awesome" I remarked. Some how he also rigs my mind so that if I injure my self my mind will automatically send "me" to the healing pool. As it turns out, the suggestions he made to me while I was under hypnosis in combination with the Silva method adhere to my mind extremely well. And for some reason it REALLY WORKED. Some time later they gave me another "test tube" full of another "top secret government formula". This one was neon lime green. The instructor tells me DO NOT EVER USE THIS TUBE WITHOUT OUR PERMISSION OR INSTRUCTION!!! This one is 100 million times more powerful than the yellow one and it is highly unstable. WE DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WILL DO TO YOU!!! KEEP IT IN A VERY SAFE PLACE! DO YOU UNDERSTAND? I answered "yes" and then proceeded to create this really "cheesy" looking sign and stand which I then "duck taped" to the side of my fountain. It was made of poster board and a wooden stake. With my really bad hand writing I wrote in black marker "DO NOT USE.. BREAK ONLY IN A LIFE OR DEATH SITUATION." And under this I "duck taped" the green test tube to the poster board, and then "duck taped" the sign and stake to the outside wall of the fountain. Sort of off to the side and out of the way. It was blatantly an eye sore to the room, but this was MY responsibility, and it was MY sigh and it was MY room. So there it went, and there it stayed.

There were other suggestions as well of course, like telling me how to "turn on and off my pain receptors" like a light switch, how to control my adrenaline glands and be able to turn them "on and off" like a faucet. How to control fear. I also remember them testing me a lot with these puzzle blocks I had to assemble to match the picture, connect the dots for time, word association, all kinds of these "mind puzzles", (IQ testing type puzzles). This is what I remember from room "101".

The small Lab I remember being tied to a metal table and them placing electrodes on my body. They began to shock me at different intervals and increased the voltage when I wouldn't cooperate with them. The thing is these insolent bastards kept asking me "Why are you so hostile toward us? Why are you fighting us?" My answer would always be "If you think I'm hostile now just wait until I get loose you Nazi motherf*ckers!" I tried my best to be brave, and I fought back with all I had. When I came to I found my self tied to a chair with my hands tied behind me. They began working me over. I know I had to be drugged because the punches for some reason didn't hurt. They always wore gloves or hit me with a rubber hose as not to leave any marks. And the more they hit me the more it didn't hurt. There was also a metal cart next to me with all kinds of surgical instruments on it. There were all kinds of syringes there as well. This is also why I assume they drugged me.

I remember then placing needles in my eyeballs and also in my ear drum in order to shock me into submission. They beat me in this small room several times, I remember Mr. Green was there, this Nazi guy and his buddies.

{note: remarkably, this "dr. green" has turned up in several sessions involving people who were being 'deprogrammed' by psychologists who have stumbled on to what seems to be a vast mind-control conspiracy. Do a "find" search in the following article for dr. green. Also, for more information on the Nazi-CIA connections to a widespread mind control scenario, you can also read about the group. Also, read about the unusual nazi - new jersey connection - branton }

I know they were Nazi's because I have a very keen eye when judging people and this guy just didn't seem to be an American. He was the guy in charge, and he ordered another guy to come over and start to

work on me. This guy that came up to start beating me I made rude comments about his attire. He was wearing a yellow short sleeve shirt in Rochester NY after labor day. So I start sassing him about his shirt and how the only two types of people would wear a yellow short sleeve shirt in Rochester, either he is a homosexual or he is a foreigner who is trying to look American, it's one of the basic slip ups spy's make (a fashion blunder), and he was probably German because Germans like their pastel's that along with the psychotic look in his eye told me that he was some type of "Master Race" genetic freak. I was basically pulling stuff out of my ass but I figured why not. He is going to beat the shit out of me anyway, I might as well try and play with his mind, it was the only offensive weapon I had. As he starts punching. I'm calling him a Nazi bastard, telling him how we American's kicked their ass in the war. But when I insulted Adolph Hitler, and called him a faggot, and an idiot. This guy starts freaking out and yelling at me in German "blah..blah! blah! Miene Fuhurer..blah ..blah". "What do you know, he is German!" I say. I had broke him mentally. For some reason his punches didn't hurt, but he was hitting me so hard that he was knocking me over in my wooden chair. What was happening was every time he knocked me over with a punch he would weaken the legs on the chair. My taunting in combination with the fact that he couldn't seem to hurt me with his punches really got under his skin. So he goes over and gets a baseball bat off the metal shelf and is going to hit me with it. That's when I really feared for my life, and I pulled at my ropes with all my strength. Some how I broke free, and spent a few seconds getting the ropes off and everyone seemed to be in shock that I had broke out of the chair and they all sort of stood around. I go after the Nazi who had been beating me and who had the bat. I feel literally that I am fighting for my life and to this day I don't know where I got the strength but they all jumped on me and I flung them off me like they were five year olds. I got to the guy with the bat punched him once he dropped the bat I picked it up and struck him twice in the head, while his head was pressed against a table basically crushing his skull. I started swinging the bat around and I hit two other guys in the head with the bat and I saw lots of blood coming from their head as they lay on the floor. Then they all rush me at once and they are trying to pin me down but they cannot and I manage to get over to the only window in the room, I throw it open and I am about to leap out when I see where I am. I look out and it's straight down at least a hundred feet.

Your not going to believe this and I know that it sounds absolutely crazy but I am in the top of the Library looking down at the ball field. I know I was in the library first from the view and second from the shape of the room one side was almost rounded, and now with the view there is only one place it could be and that is the top of the library (the location of the labs are enclosed in the drawing on the other diskettes). I knocked out several more guys but there were just too many of them and eventually they got me down and stuck a needle in my butt and then I was out.

They gave me several beatings and several electric shock sessions there. That's all I remember of the sessions. They were trying to break me, but I wouldn't let them, so the beatings continued at night. I remember telling my roommate the next morning that I felt like my face had been hit by a truck, but yet I had no idea why my face was hurting.

The Girl and "The Jump" October or November 1988?-

I am walking through the parking lot on my way to class. It is morning. A car pulls up along side me from behind and stops. It's a full size Lincoln or something (a very large car), it was brown. The doors open and five men step out. They are all white. The first two I instantly recognize. It's the man in green and the man in blue. The same two I recognized from High school and before. The next one I also have

the feeling I have seen before. He was about 6-2 medium built about 190 lbs. He is dressed in a long black leather coat. He has a full head of blond white silver hair and blue eyes. He looks like something out of Adolph Hitler's dream of an "Arian race". He somehow has a very European face. He is "older", I would estimate mid to early forty's. He is expressionless, with high cheek bones. I can very vividly picture his face. I remember just by his looks and mannerisms he is a very serious person. I didn't know it at the time but he is the man who is in charge of the beatings in the roof of the library (he is a Nazi, one of their genetic experiments). During one of the beatings in the "small lab" I named this person "Adolph" and from here on in that is what I call him. The last two were around the back of the car. They were dressed in sort of a "sport suit." Dressed like an "agent" or something, dressed nicely but built for travel. I didn't recognize them at first sight.

They stayed in the back behind the car and they were quite large. The man in green says that they want to talk to me, and he instructs me to get in the car. I become scared. I told him that if he wanted to talk to me, start talking, but there is no way I'm going to get into any car with five guys I don't know! He said that he wanted to talk to me about participating in some sort of program. I told him that what ever he wants from me the answer was "no". He then said that "NO" was an unacceptable answer, and that I was going to participate whether I liked it or not because I was too valuable and "NO" was not an option. He then said "Andy, get in the f*cking car." I said "No." The man in the black leather coat with the white hair "Adolph" grabs my arm and starts pulling me toward the open car door (back seat drivers side). My instinct just seems to take over, I wrench my arm away from Adolph let me tell you I START RUNNING. This is going to be difficult to explain without a visual aid but here goes. The parking lot was a very long and thin lot, not like a square, but like an "I", only two places to park your car, on the right or on the left and its very long. The lot is located below the level of the campus by about 70 to 80 feet. There is a long slope as an embankment and about every 100 yards or so there is a set of stairs to get in and out of the lot. At the top of the stairs there is a main road which runs along the entire campus. So once you cross the road you are right there on campus. Buildings start about 50 feet in from the road.

I break away from Adolph AND I START RUNNING. I ran as fast as I could for the stairs. The stairs were about 50 yards away, I reach them unmolested. I turn back and look to see if they are chasing me. They are not, as I look back all the men have gotten back in the car and I just catch a glimpse of the last car door closing. I pause, thinking the car is going to come towards me, the tires squeal but in REVERSE. I think, it hits me, they are going to cut me off at the top of the stairs. AT THAT MOMENT for the second time I felt the "the rush." The first time was when the man was going to hit me with the baseball bat. But for the first time in my life I felt like I was running for my life. That if they beat me to the top of the stairs it was all over. By "the rush" I mean the adrenaline rush, your mind closes like having blinders on and the surge of power your body feels when it's life or death. If you have never been in a situation where you truly "feared for your life." You really cannot understand the feeling I am talking about. I bounded up those stairs, three or four stairs at a time. At the top is a car parked right in front of the stairs, it's maroon but it's facing the wrong way. I crouch next to the rear fender and I see the first car about 200 yards away and I hear the engine rev as the driver floors it. Flying over the speed bumps. The car passes the parked car and I dart across the road. Out of my left ear I hear the screech of tires skidding, as I look the car has stopped and I see the drivers eyes in the rear view mirror. It is turning around. I get on the sidewalk and then 30 feet onto campus ground. For some reason I feel safe and I stop running in order to "blend in". There are many people around walking to class. I look back at the car, it looks like it's going to jump the curb. It does and All the students scatter like ants seeking cover. I'm left standing there by my self. A girl, who I had never met before, when all the others ran away, for some reason she

ran to me. She grabs my arm and without saying a word tells me that she is not afraid. That instant seemed to last forever.

I hear the driver gun it. As the rear wheels now jump the curb. With my right hand I grab her left hand as I scream RUN! I turn and run for the nearest building. My right arm lags way behind me after two or three steps as her left arm is stretched as far forward as it can go. She is not fast enough. We are not going to make it. With my right hand I let go, I point to the right and yell "RUN." Out of my right eye after one or two steps, I don't see her. I slow down and turn to look back. She has stopped running. She turned and is facing the oncoming car placing herself right between me and the cars path believing they will stop or turn to avoid her. She is about 5 yards behind me, I am at the base of the steps of the building. All I hear is the engine as the driver floors it. She has no chance, I have no chance of saving her. This all happens in a split second. I turn back toward the building and leap up the stairs. The car is right behind me. I jump from the stair to the railing to side of the building, scurry up as I hear the crash below. Somehow I'm on the roof. I take a quick look around and there is nothing but pipes coming up out of the tar and a single door. I run for the door and when I get there it is locked. I hear someone calling my name, I go back and look over the edge. There are two cars below me, the Lincoln is crashed into the building, the maroon car that I hid behind for a split second is undamaged behind it. The man with the white hair is standing there looking up at me. He starts talking, he is stalling, he says "Andy, that was very impressive, very impressive indeed. Do you have any idea what you just did." He backs down the stairs and gets a running start... The building is a perfect square. The first floor all the way around is glass. From there up is all marble. On the corners are big square pillars. Which stick out 90 degrees from the side of the building forming a perfect right angle. I had jumped from the stair railing to the side of the pillar to the side of the building back to the side of the pillar all the way up to the top (left, right, left, right all the way). Grabbed the railing and leaped over. He tries to get to me the same way I came up the side of the building, comes close but slides back down the side again. I'm looking right into his eyes as he slides back down. He is yelling at me "I'm very impressed Andy, you have extra ordinary abilities". I yell back "F*CK YOU". He continues, "You just did what we call a five step 90 degree vertical climb, how do you explain that!" I yell back "I'M WEARING MY NIKE'S." The instant I said that I hear a chuckle behind me, I spin around. There are four guys on the roof sneaking up behind me. The man on the ground keeps yelling for me to come back to the edge, I ignore him. The four men now have spread out. They are moving very slowly towards me. They say they are my 'friends'. I say "if you are my friends stop and don't come any closer." They keep moving closer. Two of them reach in their jackets and pull out pistols.

At that point I say "F*ck this" and lunge at the guy on far right (he was the smallest). I get by him and run for the now open roof access door. The men with the pistols shoot at me. They couldn't have missed because it was a range of only 6 or 7 feet. There was no sound, and the guns looked a little "funny". They weren't shooting bullets, it was some sort of dart gun, or pellet gun. I don't know what it was, all I know is it wasn't bullets because they shot me and I just kept running. There are two more guys right inside the door. They have the same guns. I blow by them and they shoot me too. I make my way down to the first floor. The wrecked car is to my left wrapped around the pillar. I see a bloody hand under the car and blood is seeping out from under the car everywhere. I run out the door to my right, down the stairs, and out onto the quad. I'm running as fast as I can. I look back and they ARE chasing me this time. I run into Wilson commons (a huge open multilevel glass building which is the student center). I STOP running and casually begin walking among the crowd. I feel safe with people around. I'm inside the building. Two men in suits run in behind me, I start running again. Willison commons is basically a six story glass

box. The entire middle is open. There is a spiral staircase which runs along one side of the building. There are three ways to enter the building. From the top, which is connected to the quad by a walk way. From the main entrance which brings you to the main floor, or through the basement (cafeteria level). It is easily a 100 foot drop from top to the very bottom.

I'm at the top with two men behind me. I go for the stairs and start going down. I get three levels down and enter on to the main floor. The man with the white hair is coming right towards me with three other guys in suits. I turn and run back up the stairs. The other two men are right there. I'm trapped. I turn to my left and leap over the railing without looking. One of them yells "NO DON'T DO IT." I thought I was jumping just to the main level, which is only about one story. I fell all the way to the bottom. Which is at least 50 feet. When I jumped I did it with no hesitation and no fear. I truly believed that if they caught me my life would be over so again without hesitation I hopped over the railing without hesitation. I leaped over and immediately focused on where I was going to land. Like a moment frozen time, I didn't wave my arms or yell, my body was frozen like a statue as it fell. My mind suddenly took over, and I envisioned my legs as being "steel springs" (my lower body is extremely strong from weightlifting) and I squeezed my legs and butt as tight as I could. Knees bent, head up, just like I was squatting 500 pounds. I hit the ground hard, and I mean with tremendous force. It was just like "BA-BOOM" the thing is it worked. Just like steel springs my legs absorbed the impact and I literally "bounced" several feet in the air then came crashing down on a table. As I'm laying on my back I open my eyes and they are all looking at me from the point on the staircase which I had jumped. They thought I was dead. But something inside me says "get up" and I did. They start running down the stairs after me, and I start limping away. My dorm room is only two buildings away. I go out the basement entrance and ran as fast as I could right for my room. I make it back, and rush in, Brian is there, I start freaking out "LOCK THE DOOR" "DON'T LET ANYONE IN" "THEY ARE AFTER ME". I feel my body start to collapse, I climb into my bunk bed and curl into the fettle position and I am out like a light.

I hear voices, "I told you I hit him." I feel hands all over my body but I cannot move. Everything is black. They ask me how is my ankle? I tell them its fine! I've already healed it!

I wake up, and I am in some kind of shock. I'M DAZED, CONFUSED, IN SOME SORT OF HAZE. I am not all right, it's like the world was spinning. I look at the clock and it is 2:00 AM (I was out for approximately 14 hours). Brian is gone, I'm still dressed and I wander outside. My mind is not there. I remember what happened but it is like a bad dream. My head and my mind keeps spinning, around and around, what happened? Did that really happen? I wonder back to the building where the car crashed to see if it really happened. There are lights all around the building. As I get closer I see men in yellow jump suits working. These men were not with the University maintenance department. There are three vans, a man is painting the railing that the car hit. But it's fixed. Two men are on their knees working on the marble block which was damaged by the car. I stop and watch them. One of the men sees me and calls for another man. He points at me, the other man promptly puts something to his ear, either a phone or a radio type device. I am looking right at him and he is looking right at me. I turn back and start walking back to my room. Brian is now there, I enter the room and he is pissed "WHERE DID YOU GO" "WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT OF BED?" He puts me to bed, and then I hear him pick up the phone and start dialing. I'm out within seconds.

I wake up, and it's in the afternoon. I'm still in some sort of shock. I am not all right, I can feel it. I get dressed and head right for the building. I'm still in some kind of daze. Everything is one big blur. I get to

the building. There is no sign of any damage. No broken glass, no cracked marble block, no mangled railing. Nothing! I go to the marble block where the car crashed, examine it, I find nothing. I go to the railing it's like new. It looks out of place almost, too new, I look at it carefully, it's freshly painted. I put my finger to it and that paint is still "tacky". I go to the other railings and they are all still tacky. But what I noticed was the cement around the whole area was "white". {sounds like a little 'reality engineering' taking place there - branton}

The cement which held the other railings in place matched the white cement perfectly. I go back to the damaged railing and look down. The cement holding that one in place is not even close IT IS GRAY. I put my finger to it. It's dry and hard but very gray and looks too new (it had sort of a gloss to it). I go back to the marble block, again I see nothing. I put my hand to it and I think I feel something. I take my student I.D. out and run the edge along the block. I hear a "click" or "skip", when I looked very closely you could see a hairline crack running all the way through the block. I retrace my steps all the way back to Wilson commons. I get to the commons and I enter. It's crowded, as I start walking through the crowd, there seems to be some kind of commotion, everyone is looking at me. When I make eye contact with them, they look away. I turn the corner into the main room. I look at the spot from which I had jumped, and there are men in suits MEASURING with one of those long tape measureís they use in sporting events (it's like a big wheel and you crank it to retrieve the tape). They are measuring all the distances. From how far I jumped to how, to how far I ran, everything. Then I see a group of men in suits (6 to 8) are walking to my left. One of the men sees me and as he tells someone else he points to me. The man with the white hair emerges from the pack, and like a deer caught in the headlights I FREEZE. I cannot move as I watch him walk toward me. My instinct tells me to run but I am paralyzed with fear. He walks right up to me, and that's all I can remember.

That night, I sat in my room with my elbows on my knees and my head between my hands. As I think about the events which had happened, the room begins to spin. I'm very scared, I don't know what to do. I want to call home. I want to call my mother. I can't remember the number. I'm looking for it. I find my address book and I find the number. Dialing the number seems familiar, but it feels odd. As the phone starts to ring, Brian opens the door and enters the room. He sticks his finger on the phone and I am disconnected. He starts to speak to someone in the hall, they enter, it's the man in green and the man in blue and Adolph. The sight of these men in my room, speaking to Brian. They know each other, and they know where I live, I'm thinking. This causes such fear in me that the room spins out of control and I black out as the two realities came crashing together.

The Big Lab After that I was not the same person, and they began taking me to a lab. Two men in overcoats would knock on my door, I or Brian would open it, they would say two or three words, I would drop what ever I was doing, get my coat and go with them. I had no say, I had no control. That was it I just did it, I don't know why, it was just like when I pulled the car over for Mr. Purrizzo. They had a car outside, I would get in the back and just sit there with a blank stare in my eyes. The lab was, I would estimate, from 30 to 90 minutes away. I say this because the first few trips I remember the trip. I remember getting on a divided two lane highway, it had to have been the New York state thruway (the only divided highway around) and we road for a while. I remember them asking me if I knew where I was, asking me if I knew what time it was, was it night or day, and with a big smile I said "of course I know where I am" as I was proud for out smarting them by remembering landmarks and remembering where we were going and how we got there. After that I remember the men in the car "doubling back" one exit on the thruway, and when we arrived the man with the white hair and black leather coat would

ask me again "do you know where you are" and again I would tell them exactly what they wanted to know. After that I don't remember any more "rides". I remember getting in the car in front of the dorm, and then I remember getting out of the car in front of the lab (the facility). I think they finally got smart and programmed my mind somehow so that when they said the word "sleep" or some similar command, I would instantly lay on the seat and would be out like a light until they decided to re-awake me, because after that there was no more "ride" only getting in of the car and getting out of the car.

At the big lab is where the torture continued but the more sophisticated experiments took place. The head of the project was Adolph. He was no ordinary agent or CIA man, he is a Nazi. Him and his partisans just had the "look" of some Nazi genetic experiment. The psychotic eyes, the "Arian" face and features such as the straight blond hair. After I had killed two of his "boys" in the small lab with the baseball bat he kept trying to tell me that he was my "father", and he seemed obsessed with this idea. He had similar abilities of his own, but I was more powerful. I know this because the first few times I tangled with him he threw me, but once I figured out how he was simply misdirecting my force into another direction, I then could take him. He knew this and after I threw him a few times he no longer would try and step in and stop me if I got loose, he would let all of the "hired hands" try and stop me. He was the one who in my mind could stop me, somehow he implanted in my mind that I could not harm him. I didn't fear him, I would just avoid him if I was making an escape. As in my mind he was the most powerful one out of the group. He was also the one who did all of the "coaching" or "directing" if you will. None of the other guys really said much to me. They mostly talked off to the side amongst themselves, and when called upon to help out they never said a word unless it was to answer a question asked by Adolph, never a word directly to me. Remember, at this point they had already had TOTAL control over me, and I mean TOTAL control. They tell me to get in the car, I get in the car. They tell me to stand over there, I go and stand over there. They tell me to stand in the corner, and I was like a "robot" I would go stand in the corner, once there I stood like a statue until spoken to again.

There always seemed to be a guy with a video recorder, recording everything, and I mean everything. Even in the chase across campus when the girl died, one of the men had a camera on his shoulder. I only got a glimpse of it but it was no VHS recorder from SEARS. It was one of those bigger cameras with a light on top that the news crews use, only it was a quite a bit smaller but the same style. So at the small lab as well as the big lab, they were recording everything I did. From how I stood to how I sat to how I stripped down to my underwear. The camera was always watching me.

To start the tests were simple at the big lab. They would tell me to do "push ups," and I would start doing push ups. The thing is I would do push ups until they told me to stop. When I was "myself" (not under hypnosis or their "mind control") I already could do more push ups than probably 99% of the population. 150 maybe 200 without stopping (with perfect form), don't forget I was invited to be on, or "tryout" if you will for the U.S. Power lifting team, and I'm in the best shape of my life.

But when under hypnosis they would tell me to start, and then start playing cards on a fold out card table. I have no idea how long I would do them for but it was a while (1/2 hour, an hour I don't know). I wouldn't think I would just do.

The focus of the initial research, I believe, was to try and unlock the secrets of the mind. How to make the perfect soldier, to make a "super human killing machine". They were finding out how, when under hypnosis, can the mind overcome the physical limitations of the human body. How, when under

hypnosis, can the mind overcome the physical impossibilities of going against the laws of physics? How, when under hypnosis, can the mind overrule the build up of lactate acid which occurs in the blood stream when muscle contraction occurs? How can the mind allow the body to do things which would normally be physically impossible?

To be able to do push ups for the length of time and the number of repetitions that I did them for would be a physical impossibility. Yet there I am doing it. How could I do it? Because of the way my mind "thinks" if you will, is different from everyone else. Somehow if you tell me to do something on the subconscious level I truly believe that I can do it. So how did I do it, UNDER HYPNOSIS, THEY TOLD ME I COULD DO IT! AND I TRULY BELIEVED THEM!!!

They did all sorts of similar tests on me. I remember next they bring in a squat rack and barbell set. They put a bunch of weight on and tell me that these are "fake plates" and that the bar is as "light as a feather". It's just like doing deep knee bends with no weight at all, and then instructed me to starting squatting. I would then begin exercising until they told me to stop. It was very strange because I could hear the "clang" the weight plates make when you have four or five stacked on each side and you are squatting. In testing at Rochester I squatted 545 pounds as my maximum, when I was squatting in the lab I think I was doing seven 45 pound plates on each side (which is 675 pounds for as many reps as they wanted). I would just start "squatting" and I would not stop until they told me to. Yet it felt like there was no weight pressing on my shoulders at all. It was in reality "as light as a feather", just like doing simple deep knee bends.

Another favorite was to sit me down in a chair and tell me to envision my arm not as an arm but as a huge robotic hydraulic vice. This vice had unlimited power, and ANYTHING they placed in my hand I could crush, just like squeezing an "egg." They then would proceed to place various objects in my hand, and I would crush it like a egg. In my mind I wasn't squeezing an unopened can of Coke. I was squeezing an egg, and I would crush it accordingly. I remember they put some kind of gauge in my hand to see what the pounds per square inch was that I was producing. It was like one of those old hand exercisers you would squeeze. The first time I squeezed it, I broke it, and they got all excited. They had to "recalibrate" another one for me, and again I buried the needle on their gauge, and this astounded them. They made me feel "good" about being able to do these things, and I was sort of "proud" of my self. As my confidence grew, my abilities grew. It was all like a game to me. They would set up some kind of test, something that I should not be able to do, and I would live to prove them wrong.

They told me to walk around with my chest stuck out and head held high because I was "the biggest, badest, meanest motherf*ckering stud on the planet and if you F*CK with me I will kill you." This particular suggestion caused some very serious problems later on.

They said we need a name to call you by. This name is something very special, it is the name that ONLY WE may call you by, it is your code name and you should spend some time thinking about it because it is very important. I answered almost immediately "I want to be called THE RHINO" I said. I had chosen this name because it was a name I wanted as my "nickname" on my high school football team. However in high school the nickname was already given to another player so I could not have it, but for some reason I always thought it was really "COOL", and now that I could choose any name I wanted, I chose "the Rhino" and that's why I chose "the rhino" as my new name. At first the man with the white hair and black leather coat as well as the other guys laughed at the name, but after a while it grew on them and

they liked it. The man with the white hair and black leather coat would bark out "RHINO" get over here, and it would come running like a puppy and then he really started to like it.

I think they made me choose a different name not only for the practicality of it, but more so to disassociate my "new self" from my "old self." In other words, when they called me they didn't want any association to do with my "old self", anything to do with "Andy". Mostly because they never broke "Andy", since they could not break "Andy" they sort of had to build over him. They squashed "Andy" into a vacuum sealed steel coffin and buried him under tons and tons of ten foot thick steel plates the each the size of a football field, and buried him in the deepest part of my mind. They wanted "Andy" to be totally gone, but I remember they could NEVER destroy or break him. I think that is why I still remember all of these events. That fact really angered the man with the white hair, and really frightened Mr. Green as his worst fear is that I will remember and come back for him. And believe me he WILL see his day in court, for honestly I have no fear of dying anymore because I have touched what is beyond this life and despite all of this I still somehow have an "inner peace" if you will. A fact that I am no longer afraid of the darkness and afraid of the night. But anyway, when they called me they wanted "THE RHINO".

They wanted me to think ONLY as "the Rhino". They wanted the biggest, badest, meanest motherf*ckering stud on the planet, and if you F*CK with me I will kill you "RHINO."

What I didn't know at the time was that my father, when he was in the Navy, was part of an elite ultra top secret nuclear explosion test that he was hand picked for. The name he chose was also "the Rhino". This must have proved very interesting to them. At this point I discover that they had been taking me from the age of 2 years old. As I was from the very beginning part of a HUGE genetic manipulation project along with my father and along with most of the armed forces in the United States which has been going on sense the 1960's. More about this later.

As the conditioning continued they were particularly interested in "the jump." I remember discussing it with them. They asked me how did I do it? I answered "I don't know, but when I jumped I had no fear, as I was falling I was like a cat, calm and cool, again no fear, focusing like a laser only on the landing, before the impact the 'steel springs'." As a result of this, of course, they start having me "jump" off of things. As you can imagine it, what they did to me was not pleasant. When you jump you are a cat, they told me. You will always land on your feet and you will always be OK no matter how high. You will have no fear. Every jump in your mind is as easy and as safe as jumping off a footstool. When you land, your legs become steel springs and will absorb all impact. The size and strength of the steel springs will automatically adjust to the height of the jump for you. There is no pain, and you have no fear!

They started me off with small jumps to begin with (off a six foot step ladder). I remember this because they wanted me to stand on the fold out tray that clearly says "this is not a step" and I didn't want to because it clearly said "this is not a step" so I ended up going to the top step (it was no big deal in terms of height, but it was in my mind a big deal in terms of things you should do and things you should not do). So I specifically remember that. Next it was up a ladder to a platform they had in the "Big Lab", maybe 25-30 feet. Then it was off the side of the big lab outside (the top of the building). We would then progress to jump off objects that were higher and higher.

What they would do is bring me to a certain spot (whether it was a bridge or a cliff) and simply say

"Jump", we will meet you at the bottom. And I would simply say "OK" walk to the railing and jump over. I wouldn't look first and then back up and then jump. I would just, jump, RIGHT OVER. I would land like a cat, bounce in the air from the release of the stored energy in the compacted steel springs that were my legs, do a shoulder roll as I landed the second time from the "bounce", stand up, and wait for them. It was just like jumping off a footstool and it was just as easy.

The next day or so, I would find my self wandering back to the same spot during school hours, what ever it was (a bridge, a cliff, what ever) and as I retraced my steps, when I got to the jumping point I would look over the edge AND MY HEART WOULD DROP INTO MY STOMACH. I remember saying to myself "this is wrong, it was not this high" because to me the night before the jump was nothing "like a footstool" now I'm looking at it and saying "NO F*CKING WAY IS THIS RIGHT, NO F*CKING WAY". These things are not physically possible. I became very scared, and I became even more confused.

I remember one night walking through this chain link gate, and I began climbing up this white ladder with a round cage all around it. I'm climbing and I'm climbing, it seemed to go on for ever. I reach some kind of a platform which is made of some kind of metal grating. There is a man standing there and he tells me to climb further, until I reached the next platform. I did notice he was wearing a safety harness and was clipped on to the structure with a rope. I had no fear at all about where I was or what I was doing. The ladder had changed to a 4 inch pole with the rungs now welded on the outside. Like a ladder you would see at the circus. When I reach the top, the platform is only about 3 feet by 4 feet. I remember all of a sudden being almost blinded by red, and then it would go away, red and it would go away. So I turn my back to it. I look down and the man on the lower platform yells to me to jump. I simply jumped off without fear and with out hesitation. I remember freezing like a cat in the air for a split second, and then hitting the ground. I hit the ground fairly hard and my ankle felt a slight twinge of pain, as I bounced I ALWAYS kept my eyes focused on the ground, on the exact spot of landing. I did my shoulder roll, and stood up, my ankle hurt some what but I was fine. This did not seem like jumping off a footstool, it was more like jumping off a six foot ladder. Still no problem at all, I walked off the pain in my foot and didn't think twice about it. I walked over to the group by the car and just stood there. There were three or four dark figures talking amongst themselves. They were in a group and off to the side of the car, it was dark and all I remember is there shadows.

I watched as a small black figure was climbing down the structure. He looked like an ant on your kitchen wall. He gets to the bottom, takes off his gear and starts running over to us. He is all excited. It's Adolph. He is screaming with excitement and he runs up to me and hugs me and pats me on the back as he talks to the figures behind me. I remember standing there and saying to myself "are these guys idiot's, or just f*cking retarded. What is the big f*cking deal about jumping off a dam small ladder like that! And why the HELL am I out here in the middle of the night to do this stupid shit anyway!" I didn't understand any of it but I remember being very annoyed at them for wasting my time with such simple tasks.

The next morning I woke up and I remembered this strange dream I had. I remember climbing and climbing a white ladder. Like I was on the Eiffel tower, and the gate. When I reached the top I looked for a second at the magnificent view, and then I was on the ground again. This dream was really weird because most dreams you remember for about 10 minutes or so, but I was thinking about this ALL day for some reason. As the day goes by I peace together that this is happening in Rochester, and I think I remember land marks like the 7-11 and I think I know how to get there. Finally after dinner I decided to

get in my jeep and try and "feel" my way to this place. Without any mistakes I turn right here, drive for a while and turn left there. I find myself turning onto this grass field and a dirt path. I drive to the tree line and there is a chain link fence so I must stop. I leave my headlights on and walk to the fence. I'm standing in front of the "gate" in my dreams. I see something beyond it and as I focus there is a field, and in the middle of it is a bunch of lights and some type of structure behind it. I cannot make it out clearly because of the shadows from the lights. So I stoop down to one knee and look up. I could barley see because the trees were overhanging my view. It was a huge microwave radio tower. This didn't make any sense, so I put my face so it was almost touching the ground and I looked up and saw the red flashing light ALL THE WAY AT THE TOP. When I saw the red flashing light my head instantly started to spin and I threw up several times right there. I don't know how long I was there, but I remember driving home and I was profusely sweating. Like sweating after you throw up from a hang over. I finally get home, and like my mother Brian is asking me where I've been. So I tell him the story about the dream and for some reason he seem very annoyed about this, but I don't know why. I go to bed still sweating and shaking. The next morning I remember waking up and feeling absolutely terrific.

This event must have occurred soon AFTER thanksgiving of 1988, because during the thanksgiving break freshman year is when I bought the 1979-three speed jeep CJ-5, and then took it up to school. The thing is after I told Brian where I had been they placed a tracking device under the rear wheel well of my jeep on the passenger side (inside the fender on the rear wheel passenger side). I remember this because I was going to my jeep one evening and I noticed a big rock stuck in my tire and I tried to pry it out but I couldn't so I went and got my tire iron to pry it loose from the deep tread (that's the kind of guy I am, if I see something wrong on my car I can't just leave it because it would bother me until I knew it wasn't there). So anyway I pry it out of the deep tread (they were brand new 33 x 12.5 x 15 flotation tires with new tread) and as I pry it out the tire iron and the rock fly up into the wheel well and the rock, the tire iron and this little black magnetic box come out. It was the same size and shape of one of those "Hide a key" boxes, as a matter of fact that's what I thought it was. But it wouldn't open, it was just a box with a magnet and a wire sticking out of it. At that instant I became scared because I didn't exactly know what it was but from somewhere inside me I had my suspicions (since I never put it there). I had parked right next to the bus stop, and as I am holding this little black box a bus pulls up and is going to let some people out, so I said to my self "why the f*ck not" so I ran over to the bus and stuck this little black box under the wheel well of the bus and it pulled away. And with in minutes I had forgotten all about it.

We were having a party at my fraternity that night and as a pledge with a car the brothers of the house had sent me out for cigarettes before the party started. I went out and got the cigarettes and had to park in a different spot when I came back because mine was taken. I got extremely drunk at the party and ended up crashing on one of the many couches in one of the rooms at the fraternity house for a while. So they didn't know where I was. They being a branch of the Nazi underground who is using the University of Rochester, Kodak, and Bausch and Lomb, (to name a very few) as covers for their genetic and mind control programs in order to manipulate the children of America.

"They" thought is was making a "run for it" as the bus was driving all around Rochester, and I didn't come home that night. When I got back to my room at about 5:00 in the afternoon Brian is there, pissed off as hell at me asking me "Where the f*ck have you been?... What did you do last night?" I tell him to go "F*ck himself" and I head for the shower and then I am going to take a long nap. When I get back from the shower, Brian is gone but the man with the white hair "Adolph" is in my room along with Mr. Green and about four other guys. They slam the door shut as soon as I walk in, when I realize they are in

my room I try to run, but Adolph says a few words and I cannot move. I stand there like I am in a trance just like I do when I am back at the lab. He starts to chew my ass out, and all I could do is stand there and smile. I guess they had spent the whole night following the bus around, then they finally stopped it and searched it and found that I wasn't on the bus and then they found the tracking device in the wheel well and then couldn't find me, and I didn't come home. They were very pissed off at me. I just stood there and smiled. It was one of the proudest moments of my life! They told me to get in the god d*mn bed and to go to f*cking sleep. So I put a big chew of tobacco in my mouth and played Nentendo for a few hours, before finally going to bed. This is an example of how even though I was totally under their control, they could not totally destroy "Andy" and somehow I found a way to come out. Then even though they had instructed me to go to bed I some how fought the order off and went to bed when I wanted to.

At some point came the "big jump" (as if jumping off the huge tower wasn't big enough). I don't remember exactly when it was, but I clearly remember the event. All along, the main point of spending so much time on all of these jumps was to see if I could make the "big jump" and survive. The theory behind all of this was that once the body reaches a certain speed (32feet sec/sec) you cannot go any faster, you have reached maximum velocity. So, in theory if I could jump off an object and reach 32 feet sec/sec and some how survive, then it didn't matter how high I was jumping from. In other words if I jumped off the tower (a jump of a few hundred feet) and I reached maximum velocity then I could also jump from 500 feet, 1000 feet, or 10,000 feet. It didn't matter how high because I couldn't go any faster. Imagine the potential of a soldier or covert operations team who could jump out of a plane and didn't need parachutes. Think about it! A low flying plane going over a strategic target, the enemy would probably dismiss it as a reconnaissance plane. The team could literately fall from the sky and land practically right on top of the target and no one would know anything about it until months after it was over. This is what they are after, the ultimate solider, the ultimate killing machine.

I don't remember anything about how I got there, but I remember sitting in a small single engine propeller plane (like a sky diving plane), I remember earlier having received instructions on how to form the "arch" during "free fall" but that's about it. They had me in some kind of belt apparatus in a hanger of a sky diving school showing me the position. Back in the plane the guy tells me to come over to the door and to put my foot out on the wheel. I remember yelling at him "I DON'T HAVE MY PARACHUTE!" He then yells in my ear "STAY HERE I'LL GO GET IT." I am standing at the open door with both of my hands firmly grasping the sides of the plane, I look back to see what the man is doing. He is up by the pilot on the radio.

He starts to walk back to me and he grabs a parachute from beneath a bungi spider web that is sticking to the side of the plane. The parachute is two big squares attached to each other by two seat belt like straps and then there are many other straps, clips and hooks coming off the two straps as well as the two squares. I see him coming toward me and he goes to say something in my ear. I lean back to listen. He says to me "LET GO OF THE PLANE, WE HAVE TO PUT YOUR PARACHUTE ON." The second I let go of the plane he pushes me out. I am all disoriented for a few seconds but then get my self into the "arch". I remember I had no fear as I was falling, I was not afraid. I remember focusing on the ground, focusing, focusing, focusing, and got prepared for the impact both mentally and physically. As the ground came closer I envisioned my legs as "steel springs", and got my body ready. Knees bent, tighten the butt and thighs, always, always, always keep the knees slightly bent. It was like a feeling of doing a reverse squat if you will, the only difference being that instead of having the weight already on your shoulders and then exploding upwards, you are simple mentally prepared as the weight becomes your

own body weight multiplied times the acceleration rate you are traveling. I remember hitting the ground with such force I cannot really explain the feeling, it was just like "BA-BOOM". I hit so hard that afterwards they told me that I must have "bounced" at least 50 feet in the air. This makes sense because I had no fear during the whole thing but I became scared the second after I hit the ground when I saw how high I was still in the air. I simply had never "bounced" that high before. Then I hit and "bounced" for the second time (I had bounced so high the first time that I could not do my shoulder roll for the landing, I had to "bounce" again and then do the shoulder roll) and on the second "bounce" I was disoriented because I never had "bounced" twice before and I twisted my knee on the landing. I remember it was day time it was cold and I had landed in a field. I was lost in the tall grass. I said to my self "GET UP! GET UP YOU SON OF A BITCH." And I managed to stand up and I saw men running towards me, I tried to walk but I collapsed right there. They come over to me and Mr. Green starts yelling at me "STAND UP! GET UP! I SAID STAND UP!" I yell back at him "I'M TRYING" and as hard as I tried I could not get my legs under me. Some of the men pulled me to my feet and tried to help me walk, but the whole experience had left me totally exhausted. I mean I felt like I was drained of every ounce of strength that I could possible gather together. I begged them telling them "I'm all right, just please let me rest for a minute."

Finally they laid me down in the field and I passed out. I don't know how long I was out for but they had to wake me up because it was getting to be dusk. I could walk now but only with help, they put me in the back seat and I fell right to sleep. I woke up in front of the dorm again and they helped me to my room and then put me to bed. I don't remember how long I was asleep for but it was for a long while.

The Funding Then came a night I will not soon forget. It was the same situation as when they threw me out of the plane. Only this time it was dusk. I remember a man throwing me out of the plane. I am falling, I don't know where I am, I can't see the ground. Everything goes black. I flash into "my room" in my mind I am hurt very badly. My legs are not working, I cannot make it into the pool. It is hard to breath. Some how I manage to pull my self into the pool. I am hurt very badly. I reach for the "super top secret green formula" which is duck taped to the poster board. If I break it the healing pool will become one hundred million times more powerful then it already is. I grab it with almost my last breath and break it open. The pool instantly turns from yellow to green and starts to bubble violently. Heal, heal, heal, I tell myself. Everything goes black. I see my body, I am floating upwards above it. My eyes and mouth are open and expressionless. My back is twisted like a question mark. "NOOOOO" I scream. Everything is black again. I hear voices, they are saying "I SAW HIM MOVE" then another voice says "Don't be ridiculous he is as dead as they come." Then the first voice again "I'M TELLING YOU I SAW HIM MOVE." All is quiet and black for a long while.

I open my eyes, every thing is black, but not quite as black as before. Some light is coming from the sides. Something is on top of me, and it is very cold. With my left arm I try and move this thing that is on top of me. I grab it, it is made of plastic. I remember the texture of the plastic as it has become semi-ridged from the cold temperature. It is a thin plastic yet it was not fragile. It was made of a dark plastic. They had laid some kind of body bag on top of me, to cover me. I push it aside with ease. I cannot move but I am looking up toward the sky. I remember it was a crystal clear night and the stars looked magnificent. Then I tried to move, I managed to roll over on to my left side. Then I put my right hand on the ground and tried to push my self up. AT THAT MOMENT I HEARD AND FELT EVERY BONE IN MY BACK AND BODY CRACK AND POP LIKE A CHIROPRACTOR HAD JUST DONE A "TOTAL" BODY ADJUSTMENT ALL IN ONE SHOT. After the cracking and popping had

stopped I paused for a moment in the position that I was in. That moment seemed to last forever, and it felt like a "cross roads" in my life. I remember thinking "GET UP! JUST GET UP YOU PIECE OF SHIT!. STAND UP!" and I stood up. I was all right, I was somehow all right, I have no idea how or why but I was all right.

I looked around, it was night.

I was in the middle of a field, just like the one I had jumped into before during the day. I am standing but my vision is very hazy. It is very difficult to make out objects. All to my right and up a slight incline is a group of men. All I can see is their shadows as they are standing in a circle and there is a lantern in the middle of them. I would estimate 10 to 15 men in all. I start walking towards the group. In the dark I pass two men walking away from the group. As I pass them I casually say "What's up" and they acknowledge me with a similar response. When I get to the group I stand about a foot and a half behind and in between two men. Like a curious kid I am sticking my head in trying to listen in. I see Adolph getting his ass chewed out by another man who I had never seen before. This guy was dressed implacably in a good suit and overcoat.

He is screaming at the man with Adolph "YOU CALL THIS A DEMONSTRATION! YOU DRAG ME OUT HERE TO WATCH YOU COMMIT MURDER ON A COLLEGE KID!. ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR F*CKING MIND?" and he was going on and on. Just at that point the man directly to my left looks at me. His face turns as white as a ghost. His mouth is open with a cigarette stuck to his lip. I am looking at him and I ask "Whatís going on?" He in turn hits the man to his left. The man to his left is ignoring him, so he hits him again. Finally he gets his attention and he turns to the man who is hitting him and says "WHAT" and the first man points to me. The second man sees me and his face turns as white as a ghost. The second man then yells to Adolph, and he repeats himself until he gets his attention. The second man then points to me. Adolph then turns as white as a ghost. By now every one is looking at me and all conversation has stopped. Everyone is looking at me so I turn around to see what they are looking at, but all I can see is darkness. So I turn around and say "What the f*ck is every body looking at?" The Adolph comes over to me and grabs the lantern on his way over. He spins me around to examine my back. He sees that I am all right and he asks me "What happened" and I say with all sincerity "I'LL TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED! SOME ASS-HOLE JUST PUSHED ME OUT OF A F*CKING PLANE." My tone then sobers and I say "I couldn't see the ground, and I wrecked, I almost didn't make it. At that point the two men who I had passed in the dark come back to the circle and start yelling "ALL RIGHT WHO HAS BEEN F*CKING AROUND WITH THE BODY." They then see me and their mouths drop wide open. Adolph tells me he wants to introduce me to someone. He brings me over to the well dressed man and like a proud father introduces me. The man was either a senator or a congressmen, I can't be for certain but I'm about 90% sure he was a Senator. I was introduced but I cannot remember his name. It's like on the tip of my tongue, but for the life of me I just can't remember his name. Anyway, he turns to Adolph and asks "Was this all part of the demonstration?" and Adolph shakes his head no. The Senator then said "If I didn't see it with my own eyes I wouldn't have believed it. NO F*CKING WAY!!!! JESUS CHRIST that was f*cking unbelievable!!!! I step in and interject and say "I know it's not my place but do you think we could get some of that night vision shit? I couldn't see the ground and it almost killed me!" and a chorus of nervous laughter erupts. The well dressed man puts his arm on my shoulder and says "Anything you need from me you f*cking got it." My guess is what just happened was they just got unlimited funding. An open check book, this is when things dramatically changed.

As we were packing up to leave, one of the men asks me "Rhino, what do you want? you name it and you got it." I say "OK.. I want an ice cream." He nervously starts to laugh "you want an ice cream?" he asks. "Yes, I want an ice cream", and he says "you f*cking got it". We get in the car and drive back to town, I know it was late because all the stores were closed. But by god he was going to get me my ice cream. He ends up by-passing the alarm and breaking into a "Baskin Robinís 31 flavors" ice cream store. And he says "what flavor do you want". I said "chocolate". He got pissed off at this because he could have gone to the local food store in stead of breaking in, but I said "thank you" and ate my ice cream, they took me home, and I went to bed.

The "Military" lab Now at the big lab is when things were different. This is when the military directly got involved and this is what happened.

First off, the big lab used to be a pretty barren place (it was a huge room inside some kind of facility). With a few things in there (the squat rack etc..). BUT NOW, there is all kinds of stuff, a huge water tank, this electronic punching square, and ALL kinds of electronic shock equipment. It was like a different place. It was full.

I'm standing there and I hear arguing going on. I see Mr. Green (the man in the army uniform), he is arguing with the man with the white hair (Adolph, the German Nazi). From what I could put together it was about who now had control of this project. The Mr. Green is saying that this is a "Military matter now" and Adolph is telling him to "GO F*CK HIMSELF", and that they just cannot come in here and push him out. What ended up happening I think was the Military "Officially" took over the project at that point, but as it turns out they needed Adolph because he was the only one who could control me as he was the one who had done the initial programming of me (I remember him as far back as age 5 when I lived in Munich with my family). He knew all of the trigger words, and how my mind was programmed. As a result of this the Military named him as "the director" of the project. So, he was involved and still had some power (or at least he thought he did).

Here is what happened, the Military brings in it's own group of lab doctors. They were a pack of 5 or 6 men (all men) all wearing these baby blue lab coats. The head instructor (it was a fair assumption to assume he was the head instructor by his mannerisms and attitude towards all the others) instructs me to "strip down to my underwear", I do not move. He yells it at me again "do it, NOW", again I don't move. He becomes very pissed off and starts ranting on and on about "what the f*ck is going on around here ..etc..etc.." Adolph comes over and tells me to "strip," and I immediately do it. This really pisses of the head lab coat man, and at the same time really pleases Adolph. As this not only keeps Adolph "in the loop" but it makes him a very intricate part of the project (the man in the blue lab coat tried several times to "undo" this part of my programming and the man with the white hair found out about it and almost killed him).

Anyway, this is what happened next. I remember stripping down to my underwear, and then I spoke. This shocked everyone because I never spoke unless spoken to. I said "I have to keep my pledge pin on me at all times, even in the shower, I must have it on the towel". I was very upset about this. I was pledging the fraternity Delta Kappa Epsilon and as a pledge you MUST ALWAYS have your pledge pin on. It was a triangle pin and the three sides were colored red, blue and gold. Again, the head man in the blue lab coat starts yelling at the man with the white hair and black leather coat "what kind of show are

you running here, I thought you said he was thoroughly prepared etc..etc..". Meanwhile one of the other lab guys picks up my cloths and starts to walk away with them. He gets three or four steps away and like a tiger I pounce on him. I grab him by his throat with my right hand and rip my shirt away from him with my left.

All of a sudden 5 or 6 guys leap on the both of us and they pry his neck from my hand. The man with the white hair immediately jumps in and tells me to stand up and not to f*cking move. They start arguing again, all of a sudden one of the men with the white haired man from the original group from the back yells "HOLD IT" and he walks over, picks up my shirt, takes the pin off of my shirt and pins it on the elastic band of my underwear. "NOW ARE YOU HAPPY" he says to me. "NO" I say. Why he asks? "IT'S NOT RIGHT" I say. "WHAT'S WRONG" he asks. I look down to the pin on my hip, and I turn it so the gold side is flat on top. "THERE" I say. "WHAT WAS THAT?" He asks. "IT ALWAYS HAS TO BE SUNNY SIDE UP!" I answer. "Are you happy now" he asks. "I'M VERY HAPPY NOW" I answer, as a chorus of laughter erupts as I stood there and could not move.

They then had me perform some simple strength tests (squeezing things, the squat rack etc). That was my first visit to the lab with the military doctors there. I assumed all along that they were military "doctors" (and I use the term "doctor" very loosely because a "Doctor" of what these guys were I have no idea).

I could see out of the corner of my eye the conversations that were going on. From the tones and mannerisms I could tell that the head lab instructor was the man running the show, the expert in the field. Adolph turned out to be my "coach" if you will. But it was very apparent that the man in green was the authority in the room. He would sort of stand off to the side with Adolph all the time. But when something went wrong or he wanted something repeated, I could not see him, but I would hear his voice come from some where in the room. And when he spoke everyone reacted.

What this does for me however, is we can now date this event. I was a pledge in my fraternity, freshmen year from October of 1988 through February of 1989. So these events must have happened somewhere in that time frame!

As a lab rat After that, when I entered the lab, the head man with the baby blue lab coat was the one I hated, I mean I wanted to kill this guy. He was about 5'-8" or 5'-9" with wavy brown hair, brown eyes, and thick brown rimmed glasses. He had a medium build and seemed only focused on "the results". He didn't care how bad the pain was or if I died right there on the spot. I believe he was a Nazi scientist who did their work in the most basic and horrific concentration camp type fashion. All he cared about was the data. This guy was the most inhumanly cruel son of a bitch that I think ever walked the face of the earth. From the things that he did to me, the experiments that followed, the impression that I got was that he was so removed from any emotion or any pity within his work that he basically thought of me as nothing more than, literally, a piece of shit. With no more regard for my life then one would give to a lab rat.

"The Juice" Now with the new head man the experiments seemed to have increased in their viciousness. Now it was back to the table where they would strap me down and began giving me the shock treatments again. They would hook me up with electrodes and give me "the juice". Giving me shock through my genitals, through a needle in my ear. They were on, in, and all over my body. The man in the blue lab coat instructed me to "to turn off" all of my nerve endings at the main junction box in the blue room in my mind. I remember looking at the ceiling and then this sort of tickling or numbing sensation comes

over me. As it continues to increase I start to "switch". "Hold it back" I am saying to my self "hold it back!" until finally I just cannot and begin to start screaming as I am now violently shaking on the table. Everything is black for a while, but then I see my body. I am floating upward and I see my self with people all around me and they are trying to restart my heart. Then everything goes black again and I "flash" into the blue room in my mind. I am dragging myself toward the healing pool as I am hurt badly and I struggle over the short wall and "flop" into the pool. In my mind I close my eyes and submerge under the green bubbling water and just think "Heal yourself! Heal yourself!" When I open my eyes again I am back in the lab. Laying on my back on the table looking up at the ceiling again. I struggle to sit up and the lab is now empty and I fall back on my back again. I try and swing my legs over the edge I do and I fall off the table and hit the floor. I try to get up but my legs cannot support me and I fall to the floor again. "GET UP" I am saying to my self "GET UP!!! YOU F*CKING SON OF A BITCH, STAND UP AND WALK", it was like being hit in the head with a base ball bat when you are extremely drunk. The world is spinning, but somehow your instinct takes over and all you want to do is get away. I head for the door as fast as I can. Which turns out to be not very fast as I am trying to walk but cannot, it was more of a crawl. I make it to the door, and turn down the hall way, within moments they are all around me. Astonished that I'm first of all alive and secondly that I have moved at all, like I am even less than a lab rat, they stand around and start discussing me, as I'm trying to crawl with every ounce of strength I have. I am collapsed in a ball on the floor with my face stuck in the crack where the wall meets the floor. And as I hear them talking I cannot help my self and I start to cry uncontrollably "PLEASE! PLEASE! JUST LEAVE ME ALONE" I beg. And the bastard in the blue lab coat says "get him back in the lab now!" And they pick me up and bring me back, and strap me back onto the table. But I don't remember anything after that.

Another time they put me in a tank of water and sealed the top, to see if I could breath under water. The first few times I managed to escape before I drowned to death. But then they finally got a tank that I could not break and had a sealed top. I remember violently trying to get out but could not. I drowned and I black out, I see my body again, as I am floating above it again. This time they are pumping my chest trying to get the water out of my lungs. I see my face, my eyes and my mouth are open. And again I flash to the healing pool and flop myself in (at some point I don't know exactly when I had added a little "handicapped" ramp to the pool so I wouldn't have as much trouble when I had to enter the pool) but again when I opened my eyes I am looking at the ceiling again.

I would always try to get up and try to run down the hall and they would always tackle me before I could escape. The dimensions of how far I was actually going were very unclear. Very blurry and hazy around the edges. It seemed to take forever to get anywhere, and they seemed to move much faster than I could. But each time I got a little further down the hall and I was a little stronger when I came out of it.

I remember this happening several times. With both the water tank and the electroshock experiments. The dying and coming back to life. Just like with airplane to get the funding. Seeing my body and then automatically going right to the healing pool. And the healing pool would always somehow bring me back.

They were trying to see what I was capable of doing. They were obsessed with asking me if I could move object with my mind. If I could float in the air. If I could make objects float in the air. What they were trying to do was to place a suggestion in my subconscious and then see if I could do it. See if I really believed that I could do it. Like telling me that I could breath underwater and then locking me in a tank

until I drowned and then revive me again. Telling me that I could fly, and then push me off a ledge. Things like that. Here is the limitation as to what I could do and what I couldn't do as best as I can figure out. You see I had already learned as a child that humans physically cannot breath under water, and humans physically cannot fly. I already knew this and it was embedded too far in my thought process to be removed. So even with their hypnosis and conditioning somewhere deep down inside me I knew that I could not do these things. So naturally I could not do them when they asked me to. However what they could do is "fool" my mind. Telling me things like I had an egg in my hand and to crush it when in reality it would be a tennis ball or a can of soda. Fooling my mind into thinking that everything I jumped off of was only as high as a footstool. Fooling my mind into believing that I could run as fast as a cheetah and be as agile as a gazelle. Fooling my mind into believing that when I shot a gun I was a computerized robot that shot with pin point accuracy.

It is more difficult for an adult to learn a foreign language than it is for a child because the adult mind is already "structured" in many ways. Adults already seem know the limits of their capabilities and potential, and most NEVER strive to be anything more than what the parameters of the society in which they belong to and have grown up in bind to them. Take for example inner city blacks, most truly believe that they will never escape the grasp of the ghetto, so most accept this as a fact and don't even try to escape through some other avenue. Such as trying to do well in high school and trying somehow to get into college, or by learning a trade or high paying skill, or by some other "legal" avenue. They simply enter into a gang where the odds of then being shot and killed is vastly higher than anywhere else. They do this because they TRULY BELIEVE this is their fate. If you ask the average 40 or 50 year old adult if they have achieved their goals in life and what they dreamed of becoming as a child, 95 percent would say "no". And then you ask them "why not?? What's stopping you?" Most would give some economic reason or they would say "I'm too old" or "I missed my chance!" "WHY CAN'T YOU GO AFTER YOUR DREAM!.. WHO SAYS.. THAT YOU CANNOT DO IT! YOU ARE NEVER TOO OLD AND IT IS NEVER TOO LATE!" I say and I believe. Life all boils down to fear, and whether or not you really have the courage to find out what you are really made of! That's why most adults find themselves in a job they really aren't happy with and yet they don't diverse into anything else, or they stay in an unhappy marriage for years and years. Why? Because of fear! The fear of being alone, fear of making changes, fear of taking risks, fear of failing. Earlier I had talked about how the coaches told me that I wasn't running as fast as the 40 times indicated, and after a while I started to believe them, and as a result I unconsciously slowed down. This is what I mean. By the time someone becomes an adult they have already stated to "slow down". Society has already set up the parameters of their fate, and they have mentally accepted it. But as children, none of these restrictive parameters apply. A young mind is like a damp sponge ready to absorb any information you drop on it. I had already absorbed the fact that I could not breath under water, and this fact could not be "undone", therefore when they put me in the tank and sealed the lid, I drowned. It would however be a very interesting experiment to see what would happen if you took a child as a baby and raised them in a world where they did not ever learn the "parameters" of this world. The restrictions and the laws of physics. How would they turn out? This is basically what they are doing, with the small oversight that they are doing it with the youth of America, WITH the written consent of the United States Military/Government.

After each shock episode when I regained consciousness, I would try to escape. Each time I would get a little farther down the hall, and after each time I seemed to be a little stronger. One time as men are grabbing me I threw a few of them off me and Adolph grabs me. I could not break his grasp, and we fell to the ground. As he is holding me he said "Rhino, it's me, your safe, Rhino I'm your father!" I

specifically remember I said "Your not my father, my father lives in Connecticut and get your hands off me you f*cking asshole" and I spit right in his left eye. As we were struggling, someone stuck me in the ass with a syringe and I blacked out.

One time I remember waking up and now in the lab are several men. I get off the table and I am standing. They try and force me to the ground. "NO" I scream and all of a sudden it was like I had the strength of ten men. I threw those two to the ground and then three more grab me and I am wrestling with them three more grabbed me. Some around my waist some around my body and they are trying too get me to the ground. I am freaking out and fighting back with all my might. I would throw them off me like they were the size of 5 year olds but like ants they kept swarming on me and no matter how many I threw off more were always on me. There were at least six guys on me and they thought I was spent, but I had paused for that exact reason. Then in one burst I was driving with all my might towards the man in the blue lab coat. I got to only a few feet away when they wrestled me to the ground and stuck me in the ass again with the syringe. Just before they stuck me, and then after but before I blacked out again. I remember the men screaming "hurry up.. and just stick him anywhere". Then as the drugs disabled me to move I could still hear them for a minute or two. It was black but I could still hear then talking and one guy said "Jesus! that was like trying to wrestle a bull for Christ sake" and the other guy says "I don't know about a bull but how about a Rhino."

And they all began laughing at me. The next time, as I was coming to they stuck me within 5 seconds of me opening my eyes they stuck me with the needle but still I managed to over power three or for guys including throwing Mr. Green himself into the hallway wall. I got to the hallway and ran for the door. They tackled me about 20 yards from the door to the outside and then piled on me until they could administer another shot to me.

One time instead of trying to run down the hall I decided to hide instead. I managed to place a chair on top of the table and then knock the ceiling panel out of it's place. I managed to grab hold of the "I" beam and I pulled my self up and I wrapped my self around some of the supports. Everything was covered with about an inch of dust, but I didn't care, I held on in the filth with all I had. I heard the alarm go off and as they could not find me. Finally, after a long while and when they could not find me, they reviewed the video tape because the camera was always watching me. On the film they saw me climbing up into the ceiling and they came and got me. I began screaming "NO MORE! PLEASE NO MORE" and they hooked me back up to the electrodes and gave me more juice and more torture.

The next time I awoke there were six guys holding me down already and the needle was already in my arm. I freaked out like never before and again managed to get off the table and then the 10 man pile up commenced and they stuck me again.

Finally they got smart and after all their resuscitation efforts failed they would re-strap me to the table because they knew I would come back sooner or later. When I awoke and I had these "straps" on me and I was freaking out. All I remember is the bright ceiling lights and then shadows would come over me and I would black out again.

I don't know how many times this happened if it was all in the same night or if it was during different nights. As I became stronger and stronger, finally I ripped free of the straps. I didn't rip the thick leather straps themselves, I ripped them off from where they were connected to the table. Then when I had my

left arm free I unbuckled my right and then undid my legs. I was off the table, the lab is empty except for that son of a bitch in the baby blue lab coat and his assistant. His back is turned to me and I walk very quietly over to him. I want to see the look on his face when he sees me free. I walk up behind him, and when the son of a bitch turns around and sees me all he says with no change in his facial expression is "What do you want?" I instantly grab him by his throat with my left hand and with my arm that is like a "Hydraulic vice" I crush his throat as easily and with as much effort as it takes to crush an empty beer can. Then I let him go. He flops around for a while like a fish out of water gasping for air holding his throat. Within seconds he stops moving. I turn to my right and look at the lab assistant. He sees me looking at him and drops his clipboard. The look of fear in his eyes is unforgettable. He has short brown hair, and brown eyes. He is about 5'-9" with a thin build. I start to walk over to him. He is backing up as far and as fast as he can go, when he reaches the wall he looks away from me as he is pressing his body as flat as it can go. He starts screaming "NO! PLEASE NO" and I grab him by the shirt. He passes out and I just drop him to the floor as I had nothing against him personally for he was just the assistant, and I let him live. I head for the door, and turn right into the hallway. I start running for the outer doors and I am about half way down the hallway when about six or seven guys leap out of nowhere from a connecting hallway and tackle me. I am wrestling with them, I throw some off and some more jump on the pile. They stick me with the needle again, and then again, and then again until I am subdued.

When I wake up I am standing in front of the body. The man with the white hair is yelling at me. I felt like a puppy who had just gone to the bathroom on the good rug for the first time. "WHAT IS THIS?" he yells. "WHAT DID YOU DO? LOOK AT WHAT YOU HAVE DONE!" As he was yelling at me I didn't feel bad about it, and I felt no shame. All I could think about was "Your next you piece of shit and if I could move I would kill you right here you f*cking ass-hole". They were controlling my body, but somehow inside my mind still tried to fight on. Even though I couldn't move my body "Andy" was still inside somewhere.

The Electric fence As the electric shock, torture, and the beatings continued, once I got away. I woke up after seeing my body and "flashing" into the green healing pool in my mind. I pretended to be injured (like a lame duck) as I entered into the hallway. The men all came running at first but then when they saw me crawling they slowed to a walk. When they were almost on top of me, with one burst of all the energy I had, I exploded into them knocking a few of them down and I broke free and I was by them. I ran in my underwear for the door to the outside. I got outside and I began running around the facility looking for a way out. I knew it was very cold outside because I could see my breath. It was snowing and there were large patches of snow already on the ground. As I circled the complex there was a large fence all around the outside with large metal signs every 15 yards or so with the skull and cross bones on it and the words "Warning Electric fence". I was trapped, the fence was in front of me and to my back, as I turned around, were about 10 men in a semi-circle closing in on me. I back away from the fence and I am going to try and jump it. Adolph is in the middle of the semi-circle and yells "Rhino! NO! DON'T DO IT!" But I was not listening as I was like a cornered animal not thinking just looking for a way out. So I backed up and ran at the fence. I hear the man with the white hair yell "NO! DON'T DO IT!" but I leap for the fence anyway. The only part of my body that touched the fence was the palms of my hands as I had leaped up and grabbed the very top of the fence (the top row of barbed wire) and did sort of a flip over the fence. But that was enough as I was instantly electrocuted. I remember laying in the snow for a while, with smoke or steam coming off my body and the smell of burnt hair in the air. I hear behind me the men yelling "F*CK! WHY DID HE HAVE TO DO THAT", they were actually expressing some grief that I was dead. I hear them talking and I look ahead of me. There is nothing but open woods ahead.

Something inside me says "GET UP! GET UP YOU F*CKING SON OF A BITCH AND RUN, GET YOUR ASS UP AND RUN! RUN YOU PIECE OF SHIT!!!" I MANAGED TO GET UP but then I fell right back on my face. The men behind the fence saw me move and now with new puissance ran around the building and were heading for the gate. I was not about to wait for them. I managed to get my self up and I ran with all my might for the woods. I heard them behind me but not for very long. The next thing I remember is running on the outer edges of the campus. I have no idea how I got there, how I knew where I was going, or how long I was running in my underwear in the snow. All I remember is running and saying to my self "You can make it! almost home! you can make it". I remember people were looking at me as I was now running across the campus. I had land marks, I knew where I was, almost home. I make it back to the dorm room. I get to the elevator and a bunch of girls are getting on with me. They start laughing at me and I collapse in the corner of the elevator. I said "Please! Please just push 4 for me." I manage to get out at the 4th floor and run for my room. My room is of course all the way at the end of the hall way. The next to last room located by the one-way fire door which leads to the stairs. I'm praying that Brian is there and the door is open. The door handle turns and I literally fall into the room. Brian is on the phone, as I fall in front of him he says "He's here call me back" and hangs up the phone.

Brian takes one look at me and grabs the comforter off his bed and wraps it around me as my skin is bright red and I am shaking violently from the cold. He gets off my underwear and puts my bathrobe on my shoulders and walks me to the showers. He puts me in the shower and turns the hot water on. I can see the steam rising from the hot water but I cannot feel anything on my skin. "DON'T F*CKING MOVE FROM THAT STALL" he yells at me, and he leaves. I must have stood in that shower for hours, until finally I got some feeling back in my skin and my fingers were getting puny. I am still in some sort of shock as I put my robe on and try and head for my room. When I get to my door I hear arguing going on inside. I hear Brian yelling "WHAT THE F*CK DID YOU DO TO HIM" and then I hear Mr. Green's voice answer "THAT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS" and I open the door and see Brian, Mr. Green, Adolph, and a few other guys all in my room, and I just black out.

I wake up and I am in my bunk bed, I look over the side and Brian is at the door talking to Mr. Green, he sees me and yells at me to "Go back to sleep! This is all a bad dream", he then says a more few words to Mr. Green and closes the door. I am still looking at him and he yells again "I SAID GO BACK TO F*CKING SLEEP! THIS IS ALL A BAD DREAM!" I fall asleep and wake up the next morning having had a horrific nightmare. But I can hardly move as I have a very bad cold. Flu like symptoms but by that night they were gone again and I felt fine.

Back in the dorm Meanwhile what is happening back in the dorm room and during school while all this is going on? I remember strange things happening in my normal life during school. My high school sweet heart "Dawn" had gone to a different college so I was not that interested in meeting different girls anyway as I was loyal to her and her alone. But all the girls as well as most of the people I knew thought I was the biggest ass-hole because I didn't talk much to anyone. During classes, in the hallways, at parties or anywhere. The only people I had spoken to were the football players and the coaches. This was my "world" as far as walking to and from classes I always had my Walkman on. People made jokes that they thought it was "glued" to my head.

On the football team, I earned a starting spot on the best team Rochester had had in their 100 years of having a football team. As suddenly as I had earned the starting spot, the next week the coaches told me that I was no longer going to be the starter and I was benched. I go in as to ask why, and then my coach,

coach Marz tells me that there are "other forces at work" and he has this glazed look in his eyes like he wants to tell me something but he cannot. Looking back I think they wanted to keep me as quite as possible. In other words, the last thing they wanted me to do is go off and be a great football star, with news papers and the media. So I think they went to the coaches and told them not to play me, to bench me because they could not take the chance of my face getting on the news.

During parents weekend freshmen year my father came up for the event. During one of the evenings the school had hired a "Stage Hypnotist" for a show after dinner. In the main cafeteria they had set up chairs probably over to 2000 seats. The hypnotist asks for volunteers to be in the show and he starts picking people out of the audience to come up and be hypnotized. I am waving my hand like crazy and the guy picks some people who are right near me and passes me by. I say "fuck this I'm going up there anyway" because I really wanted to do this for some reason.

So I join the pack of people that are heading up toward the stage (because he is selecting about 30 people to go up). I get all the way up to the stage and sit in one of the fold out chairs they have on stage. He then is about to start the show when a man in a Green army uniform then comes over to the side of the stage and tell the stage hypnotist that I cannot participate. And the guy tells me that I must go back to my seat. I remember being humiliated as I had to walk all the way back to my seat in front of the crowd. As I was walking back I start yelling "THEY DON'T WANT ME." I say. During the whole show I'm very pissed off. After the show I remember going up to the performer and telling him that "I am a victim of a government hypnosis mind control experiment and can he help me?" My father is right there for all of this. The hypnotist then asks me "Who is doing this to you?" and I point to the two men leaning up against the wall (it's Mr. Green and the man with the white hair, Adolph), then he did something, either brought out his watch on a string or said something to me and zap I am under his spell. I remember introducing my father to both Adolph and Mr. Green, we were right there in the cafeteria against the wall then they made us follow them into a more quite place. There I think they made my father forget the whole incident and made me shut the hell up. To this day when I ask my father about the stage hypnotist at parents weekend freshmen year he vaguely remembers the event, being there, but that's it. Nothing about meeting the men against the wall and nothing about going to a more secure place to erase his memory.

I remember walking back to my room from practice one day and a kid, a skinny kid (about 180 pounds), comes up to me in front of my dorm room and says "Your Andy Pero right?" and I say "Yes". Then he says "You live with Brian XXXXXX from ironduquite right?" and I say "YES". Then he says "I DON'T KNOW WHO THE HELL YOUR ROOMMATE IS BUT I'M BRIAN XXXXXX FROM IRONDIQUITE!" I say "don't be ridicules you don't look anything like Brian XXXXXX from Ironduquite." I go inside and tell my roommate Brian "Hey Brian some kid out in the parking lot says he is you" and I start laughing. He says what kid, and I point at him through the window. My roommate runs out the door and goes out to talk to the kid. I never saw that kid again.

I remember Mrs. Purrizzo and the woman with the black hair coming up to Rochester several times and wanting me to take her and her friend to a hotel room. I told her that I could not because I already had a girl friend, and that it wouldn't be right and because I wouldn't want it done to me. She said that I was more addictive then pure cocaine, and she is addicted. She must have me. Again I told her no. Her and her friend came up 3 or 4 times. I let them buy me dinner once, but that was it. Once after I had shot them down, they met some of the seniors on the football team out at a local bar and had made it with

them, and I heard about it. They gave me a lot of shit about it because I must have been crazy because these women were beautiful. So why did I shoot them down? They kept asking me and I would just tell them that it was a long story.

One of the most disturbing memories I have about school is I remember people coming forward to try and help me. I remember a physics professor coming up to me and talking to me about what they were doing to me. How he had figured out the jump in Wilson Commons should have for all intents and purposes killed me. How I was going close to 32 feet sec/sec. And how the military probably was having me jump off high things and out of planes. And he asked if he was right. Then he told me not to tell anyone but they were organizing a case against the government.

What Adolph had done to me was to instruct me that if ANYONE started asking ANY questions that I would immediately report this back to him with all the names, and details of the questions and what was said during the whole conversation. I couldn't control my self. I couldn't NOT tell him, I had no control. So everyone that tried to help me I turned them in, and ratted them out. I remember the physics professor disappearing. I remember the dean and a few others trying to help me, and then I ratted them out as well.

I remember running across campus. As soon as I would see them coming for me, I would just start running. I would just take off and as I ran in between people some would yell "RUN ANDY RUN." I remember jumping over things and off ledges as they chased me. The thing is I would always run home, I would run home to Brian.

Second semester (after Christmas break and after Hell week in my fraternity) about mid February Brian starts me on Steroids. He convinces me that it's the best thing for me and I go along with it without any argument. He is a steroid guru and starts to explain all the different options I have. I tell him that I didn't know that much about it, so he tries to explain the different injection options. Where you can take straight testosterone or what's better is to take a "cocktail" of different drugs to have maximum effect. I tell him that I want just the straight testosterone but he gets me the cocktail anyway. I object but seem to have no choice but to go along with it. Next he tells me you should "stack" your cycle. What this means is that along with the injections you should also take an oral steroid as well on top of you injection. The way he explained it was that the injection was going to be for "bulk" and the oral was to "cut you up" (to give your muscles definition at the same time). And of course I go along with the pills as well as the needle.

A "normal" cycle of steroids consists of taking the drugs for an eight week cycle. Then if you want to continue you need to take eight weeks off. And then repeat the cycle. A normal cycle of testosterone consists of 1 cc per week for eight weeks. My cycle consisted of 1 cc the first week, 1 1/2 cc's the second week. 2 cc's the third week, 2 1/2 cc's the four week, 3 cc's the 5th and 6th week, then 2 cc's the 7th week and finally 1 cc the 8th week. The pills were very small and they were pink. The needles were 1 1/2 inches long used for deep muscle injection, what the liquid they were injecting me with was I have no idea. The little pink pills I didn't think could do much for me, I was supposed to take two per day, I was taking two per hour, and then when mine ran out I started stealing Brian's. By the end of my sixth week my muscles had grown so much and they were so tight that the needle would not go through my skin. It was like trying to put a needle into wood, and that was with the muscle in my leg being relaxed. I was also having severe chest pains. My heart felt like it was going to explode so I never finished the steroid cycle. The massive steroid doses is just about the time I was being pushed out of the airplanes. So for

some reason Brian gets on my case about not finishing the steroid cycle. "Dude finish your cycle! you have got to finish your cycle!. And don't masturbate so much" he tells me. How would he know what I do, he was never there when I gave myself the injection or if I masturbated. They must have a camera in my room. I remember searching the room and finding a camera in the light where they had been watching me. As soon as I found the camera some men came pounding on my door and that's all I remember.

I remember Brian and his girlfriend Gwen. The first eight weeks of the second semester Brian was never there. I had the room to myself. Totally by myself. The second eight weeks Gwen had moved in. She was always there and let me tell you this was annoying. Gwen made several passes at me, and I turned her down every time. After the school year was almost over Brian and Gwen sit me down and he tells me "Dude, this is going to blow your mind, but we are not really boyfriend and girlfriend." "What do you mean?" I ask. "We have been assigned together, and we have been watching you." "Who has been watching me?" I ask. "The people we work for" he says. "Which is who" I ask. He says "Dude who do you think runs the country". "The government" I answer. They both start laughing, "Dude are you ignorant enough to believe that the country is really run by the government! The country is really run by special interests groups, very very powerful groups and they want you to be a part of their group. They want to bring you into their family!" When I heard that my head started to spin and I blacked out. After I came around, I went for a walk. My head was still spinning, I didn't know what to do, when I went back to my room the man with the white hair was there, I tried to run but he said the "magic" word and I was helpless to move, and I forgot all about it for years.

I also remember being in a trial, being on the witness stand. I am talking but I don't know what is coming out of my mouth. People start screaming at me as I am talking but I don't know what I am saying. They are yelling "he is brainwashed". It was the trial of the girl who was killed when they were chasing me across campus. The next time on the stand a man stands up all by himself and "whacks" two blocks of wood together. I snap out of it and the crowd is going crazy. I believed it was the trial of the girl and they made me say that the girl was killed in the name of "national security". When the man whacked the blocks together the man with the white hair quickly gets me off the stand and gets me out of there. That's all I remember, the man with the two blocks, and people starting to scream when they heard what was coming out of my mouth.

I think all of my friends as well as the whole campus thought that I was working for the FBI or something.

The Big tank- Back at the Big lab the experiments that followed were on a much higher scale of sophistication compared to when we first started. I believe that this is about the time they were giving me the massive steroid injections. One of the first things they did to me was they brought me into another room. There is this huge tub of water. Approximately 7 feet deep (because I could not touch) and about 7 feet across (like a huge square). They bring me up to the platform, and the man with the white hair tells me I'm going to take a swim. He tells me to strip down to my underwear and then instructs me that the water is the same temperature as "a nice warm hot bath." I get in and spend hours splashing around and actually enjoying it. I know it had to be hours because there were at least 10 people or so watching me for the first few minutes or so. I'm a "pool hound" to begin with so naturally I'm hamming it up, splashing around, doing some short laps etc. Every time I grabbed the side of the tub they got very upset (by they I mean everyone who was watching me would yell out all at once "DON'T TOUCH THE

SIDE"). OK I said. Why? I ask. "Because we are trying to see how long you can tread water" they answered. "OK", I answered and continued to play in the tub, it was like a game to me. After a while the people started to filter out, and after a very long while they were all gone except one guy in the baby blue lab coat. He was sitting all the way against the back far wall leaning his chair up against the wall. He says to me "I'll be right back." "Where are you going?" I ask. "To get a sandwich, I'll be right back and don't you f*cking move." He leaves and now I am alone. Now minutes seem like hours as I am alone treading water in this huge steel "can" and I look at my hands and they are all "pruny" so I say to my self "screw this" and I get out of the tub. I walk around the lab and nothing interests me, so then I walk into the hallway. Some one sees me and screams at me "why are you out of the tub?" and all of a sudden people start running towards me from everywhere. "I'm bored, can you get me a raft of something" I ask. Adolph starts half yelling and half laughing at me and I get back in again. They bring me one of those "kick boards" which you see at the YMCA during swim class which are in the shape of a tombstone. I ask for two and a football.

They ask me why and I tell them "so I can sit on the boards and have a catch with someone." They produce the second kick board within a few minutes. The football came sometime later (which seemed to be an eternity to me). It was one of those orange nerf footballs. I specifically remember this because I was having a catch with one of the men from the man with the white hair's group. I'm bobbing on the water with the two kicking boards stacked, and squeezed between my legs as I sit on them. To get more leverage, I would grab the edge of the tub with my right hand and throw with my left as I am left handed. After a while I became bored again. So, as a joke, I dunked the nerf ball in the nice warm bath water and I threw it to the guy I was having a catch with. He was only ten or fifteen yards away but I threw it as hard as I could. It was a perfect spiral and I hit him right in the chest. The thing is, it knocked him right onto his back and the other men who were watching all began laughing. The laughter continued for a few seconds but then when he didn't get up the laughter stopped and they all went over to him. He eventually got up, but the other men basically had to carry him into the hallway. I could tell that he was going to be all right but he was hurting. That was the end of the football and the end of my kick boards. I had to tread water for quite a while longer after that, the atmosphere had gone from very festive to very serious.

The thing is when they finally pulled me out of the tub, my skin was as red as a ripe tomato, and as they rubbed me down with towels I couldn't feel them. I couldn't feel anything touching my skin. My penis had shrunk so much I had to check to make sure it was still there. I believe that the water was not hot but very cold and they were trying to see how long my body could overcome hypothermia using only the power of suggestion in the mind. I have no idea how cold the water actually was, or how long I was actually in the tub but I can be sure that it was hours.

After they dried me off they made me do jumping jacks and pushups down on the floor. As I'm doing my pushups I hear a noise over my right shoulder, one of Adolph's men was picking up the towels they had just dried me off with, and tripped or slipped on something and I watched him fall in the tub with my right eye. I heard everybody running behind me. After a few seconds I hear the man with the white hair yelling at me to get my ass up there. I stop doing my pushups and hurry up the ladder. When I get to the top, I recognized the guy in the water, he was one of the more likable guys out of the original group. When I see it's him, I start laughing my ass off and I said something stupid like "how's the water" but everyone around me is VERY serious and they are frantically trying to get the man to grab the end of a broom handle. This guy was a big and burly guy (over 6'-2" and at least 250 pounds). Yet I watched as he could barley close his hand around the broom handle. He was fully clothed and was wearing a heavy

dark wool overcoat. They manage to get him over to the edge but there was no foothold or leverage to pull him in and they could not get him out of the water. They tried several times, but the man could not move his arms at all to help them. The man with the white hair now jumps in and tries to lift him out of the water with one hand while holding onto the edge with the other to no avail. He yells at me to jump in. So I do, I try and pull him up as Adolph is doing on the other side and again this doesn't work. So I did the only thing left. I took a deep breath and went to the bottom feet first and came up under the guy who had fell in. With my knees bent and my hands above my head I grab the guy's butt and push off the bottom with my feet locking my arms above me. By doing this I managed to throw him far enough out of the water to where they grabbed him and pulled him out. I repeated this with Adolph, and then just got out myself just like I was getting out of the deep end of a swimming pool. I stood up and watched, but as I watched I became very confused as they frantically cut the man in the over coat's clothing off and they were wrapping him in blankets as fast as they could get them. His face was expressionless, his eyes were wide open but didn't move, and his skin was very very pale. They had some trouble getting him down the ladder, but they managed and they put him right onto a stretcher and wheeled him quickly out of the room and into the hallway. The man with the white hair wrapped a blanket around his shoulders and started yelling at everyone. This all happened in under two minutes, the man was in the water for probably about one, maybe less. I just stood there and hoped he didn't yell at me again (I had already screwed up twice, the football and getting out of the pool without permission). Everyone starts to pat me on the back and tells me what a great job I did. But now I was even more confused? How come he couldn't get out of the pool? Why did his face look like that? Why is my skin red and his is white? What did I do that was so good? I just pushed him out of the pool.

Looking back I don't know why I remember this event so clearly. Maybe it is because it has the least amount of pain, or because it was early on in my development, or maybe it is because afterwards they made me feel special for some reason. I don't know, but that's why I believe that the water was very cold and not the temperature of a luke warm bath.

Make a red dot the size of a half dollar- One of the very next things they did was to instruct me in the art of shooting guns. When they brought me from my dorm room I entered the lab but this time they bring me to a different part of the lab. To a place I had never been before. This place is like a long narrow warehouse with the back of the room lined with sand bags about 2/3 of the way up to the ceiling at the far end. I am standing by my self. There is a group of people standing off to my left. Adolph comes over to me and turns me to face him. "Listen to me very carefully," he says. "This is very very important! Do you understand?" he asks. I think I nodded my head. "We are going to work on your shooting skills today" he said. "Here is what you are going to do. Look at me and focus. Are you focused?" he says as his voice raises. "Yes" I say. "When you shoot, you shoot to kill! Repeat it!" he said. And I repeated it. "When you see a target, you will envision two round circles each the size of a half dollar. They are glowing neon red. These two circles are going to appear on every target. One will be in the middle of the targets forehead and the other will be right in the upper middle of his chest. WHEN YOU FIRE, YOU WILL ENVISION IN YOUR MIND, ZOOMING IN TO THESE TARGETS LIKE THE WORLDS MOST POWERFUL TELEPHOTO LENS. IN YOUR MIND THAT LITTLE RED GLOWING TARGET WILL BECOME THE SIZE OF A STOP SIGN. NO MATTER HOW FAR AWAY THEY ARE. IT WILL ALWAYS BE AS EASY TO HIT THE EXACT CENTER OF THE TARGET, JUST AS IF YOU WERE SHOOTING A STOP SIGN STANDING TWO FEET IN FRONT OF IT. IN YOUR MIND, YOU WILL ADJUST FOR WIND AND DISTANCE AUTOMATICALLY. WHEN YOU SHOOT YOU WILL NOT THINK, YOU WILL JUST DO! DO YOU UNDERSTAND! DO YOU

UNDERSTAND! DO YOU UNDERSTAND!" he said. I SAID "YES I UNNDERSTAND".

One of the other lab guys whom I had never talked to before then comes up from behind me somewhere and he is holding a case. He places the case on this round wooden table and opens it. There are six different pistols in it. He asked me to look at him and not the pistols. He then asks me "if I had ever shot a gun before." I said "once at sleep away camp when I was little" he asked me if I knew the caliber and I said "yes, it was a .22 caliber rifle" and I remember hearing laughter, it seemed to be from all over the room. He then said to "focus your eyes on me, always your eyes are on me". He then asked me if I had ever shot a pistol before and I replied "no". He then told me that he was going to instruct me how to handle a gun, how to load it, how to clean it, how each one is different and what there different characteristics are, and he went on and on. At the end he said "you will remember everything I say and it will become like second nature to you, you will know it like the back of your hand". He then picked up the first pistol and for the next few hours (I presume it was hours) he spent showing me all the guns. Taking apart all the guns, and putting them back together. How to load them. How to clean them. How each one was different etc..etc.. I specifically remember this because after I did it once, I knew each gun like the back of my hand. They on the other hand were quite insistant that I disassemble and then reassemble every gun at LEAST 25 times. After about three or four "assemblies" I spoke out and said "this is a waste of time, when can I shoot?" and then like one voice every one in the room started yelling at me. All basically saying the same thing, that your gun is your life and that all this is very very very important. I got the message and said "well test me". Someone, I think it was Mr. Green's voice says "all right, we'll test you smart-ass" and they made me turn around. I hear them working. When I turn back around all six guns are disassembled and are in a big pile in the middle of the round table. The man with the white hair says to me you have exactly something something minutes to reassemble all the weapons. I really wasn't listening to him. The moment I had turned around and saw the pile of parts I knew what they wanted me to do. I was like a kid in a candy store. Excited at the new challenge, and ready to show them just what I could do, it was all like a game to me. Me against them and they don't think I can do it. As the man with the white hair finished speaking the words I really wasn't hearing. He said "ready" and I look at him and he has a stop watch, to the left of him is Mr. Green standing there with his arms crossed with this shit eating grin on his face. I remember thinking to my self "watch this you son of a bitch" and Adolph says "go." And I rush over to the table. Let me tell you every piece that I touched I instantly knew EXACTLY what gun it went to, how it was used, what purpose it served the weapon and how to clean it. I instantly knew everything and every word the instructor had told me about that piece.

I have no idea how fast I assembled those six pistols. I was so focused on the task I had no idea about anything else around me. How much time had gone by, where I was, nothing. I was going very fast and when I finished and slammed the last pistol to the table and yelled "done". As I looked up they all had this blank stare and mouth open look to them. Mr. Green says "do it again" and I did it two more times. Then the man with the white hair and black leather coat goes behind me and takes apart one of the guns and holds it in front of me and instructs me to tell in detail what gun this part goes to and what it is used for. I would then tell every detail word for word exactly as the instructor in the blue lab coat told me. After three or four parts Adolph is now strutting around like a proud peacock. He praised me and made me feel good about my self, and I said with a very cocky attitude "now can I shoot" as I looked at Mr. Green. Mr. Green breaks a smile and says "Shit!! let him shoot".

The lab instructor grabs a second case out of the hall. It's black look identical to the other case only

smaller. He opens it and it has boxes of bullets in it. He places five or six bullets on this little slotted plastic tray, grabs one of the guns and proceeds to walk down to the closest shooting station. It was a movable divider type wall (like the kind you see in office cubicles) and had a small ledge about a foot wide on it. We were only about ten yards away from this hanging paper target (the kind with a black silhouette on it). The instructor then proceeded to tell me to do exactly as he instructs. He tells me to load the clip, insert the clip into the pistol, enter a round into the chamber, step up to the line on the floor, envision the "red dot" on the targets forehead and chest, raise and stiffen my arm like a "steel beam", slowly squeeze the trigger, repeat until all the rounds have been discharged, step back, remove the clip from the pistol, discharge the last cartridge from the chamber, place the clip and the pistol on the ledge and then take two steps back. He says "do it now". I walk up to the ledge, load the clip, insert it into the pistol, load a round into the chamber, step up to the line, raise my arm and fire all the shots at once!.

BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM! step back, remove the clip from the pistol, clear the last round from the chamber, place both the clip and the pistol back on the ledge and take two steps back. This all took place in probably under 10 seconds. I did all this just like I had done it a thousand times before and like I knew it like the back of my hand. The instructor comes by my side and starts lecturing me about squeezing "gently" on the trigger and how to shoot my rounds "one at a time and in control". I have tuned him out as I am only focusing on the small crowd which has now gathered around the target within a matter of seconds, and there seem to be mixed reviews about my "performance" and a large amount of discussion is going on. It seems I had hit the target exactly in the center of the head, but only once. Finally, Adolph walks back and stands in front of me. "Rhino" he says, "Why did you shoot the target once and then deliberately waste the rest of your rounds?" he asks. "I didn't" I answered. "Rhino, there's only one hole in the fucking target, now answer me, WHY DID YOU DELIBERATELY MISS WITH THE REST OF YOUR ROUNDS". "I didn't" I answer, and at that point I remember a feeling of such pride, and such arrogance. A feeling that I had never felt before. This feeling overwhelmed me and I could not help but smile, and as I stood there I stuck out my chest and in the cockiest demeanor I could muster I answered "LOOK AGAIN!!!!". Adolph is looking at me with this sort of puzzled look on his face and turns and walks back to the target. He moves people aside and looks at it, he turns and looks back at me, then looks at the back of the target. He takes three steps towards me "Rhino, there's only one.." "LOOK AGAIN!!!" I yell. He walks back to the sand bags and the group follows. They are looking for the bullet holes. I am watching as all eyes are scanning the wall of sand bags. I hear "here it is" and I see one of the lab instructors stick his finger into one of the sand bags. There is still puzzlement and confusion amongst the group. They can find only one bullet hole. Finally, I see the man with the white hair pull out his pocket knife and cuts into the sand bag. I cannot see what is going on as the group closes around him, but all of a sudden I hear this ROAR of approval from the crowd, and Adolph emerges from the crowd with his hand out stretched and something is on his palm. He approaches me and there is a small pile of bullets in his palm. "You shot all your rounds through the same hole didn't you?" "Of course? It's what you told me to do?" I answer. And as I answer the ROAR erupts again.

I remember standing there, feeling very proud of myself, yet at the same time feeling very puzzled. "What are they so excited about?" I was asking myself. To me, it was as easy as taking the cap off a ball point pen and putting it back on really fast five times. Simple, a child could do it. What was all the hoopla about? I had absolutely no clue.

For the rest of the night I repeated this from all possible distances, angles, and firing positions. I was so fast with the firing procedure they had five or six stations all set up and I had to wait for them to examine

the results and reset the targets etc... I would load it, fire it, remove the clip or spent cartridges, place everything back onto the shelves exactly as I had the first time and move onto the next spot. I was in heaven, ever since the fifth or sixth grade I had been really into all the "really cool" stuff that you weren't supposed to have as an upper middle class kid (in total secrecy from my mother of course).

Chinese martial arts weapons, Chinese throwing stars, numb-chucks, brass knuckles with spikes etc.. My mother hated, and I mean hated guns. I was not allowed to have ANY toy guns as a child what so ever, no bee-bee guns, no toy guns, not even any plastic guns. I wasn't even allowed to play like I was shooting anyone (cops and robbers, cowboys and Indians) when I was a child. When Atari came out, my mother hated even the idea that I was shooting something in a video game (space invaders), as a result she simply would not allow me to play certain games and she would not allow me to have them (I would play them anyway just over at a friends house). When I was in high school and Nentendo came out she would not allow me to buy the plastic gun which hooked into the game so I could play "duck hunt" or some police game. When we would go to buy games she simply said "it's my money and I will not buy that game for you." I wanted "the road warrior" or something and she wanted me to get "tennis" or "bass fishing" "you used to love to go fishing" she would say. She really was something. With my father coming back from Vietnam a different man and having severe mental anguish about what happened over there and the whole experience, and after what happened to Mr. Johnson I can't really blame her for her gun hysteria, I can only try to understand. BUT ANYWAY, here I was, a 19 year old kid and all of a sudden I got to fire all these these "really cool" guns, and they had all this "really cool" stuff like knives, killing wires, night vision goggles, and all of these ADULTS were running around as fast as they could for ME. Running around, changing targets for ME, getting ME a sandwich or a drink and they all seemed so eager to do something for me, anything, anything I asked, anything I wanted they would run and get for me. They seemed so impressed with what I could do, I sensed they envied me, I also sensed they feared me. I felt like a celebrity, and I felt like a king.

All of the shooting took only about an hour or so I would estimate. After the first round, they never told me any of the results. All I remember is the atmosphere had a feeling of elation, euphoria, exuberance, everyone had these HUGE smiles on there faces, laughing, and admiration. Honestly, as we got further and further back, I don't even know if I was hitting ANYTHING! All I remember is raising my arm and firing the pistol. I COULDN'T THINK, I COULD ONLY DO. I would just fire the pistol at the target, step back, and they were always for some reason happier than pigs in shit.

The thing is they liked me. If the atmosphere seemed "light" I somehow found myself suddenly speaking and making comments for no particular reason. When I spoke everyone would freeze and listen. I liked this fact, I liked it very much. I would make comments like "Should we be wasting all these bullets? There very expensive aren't they?" (my mothers' mother, the very frugal Grandma Angrstrom coming out of me). And they would all start laughing hysterically.

I remember Mr. Green saying to me with a tear in his eye from laughing so hard "Rhino, you can shoot as many god d*mn f*cking bullets as you want. It's on me and I'm buying. Shit! I'll get you bullets by the f8cking truck load if you want." I said "Really? Are you sure cause that can really start to add up!" and they all burst out laughing again.

After that comment is what I most remember specifically about this whole episode. I remember watching Mr. Green as he turned to someone in a long dark overcoat and saying "I f*ckin like that kid.. I f*ckin

like him! I like how he thinks! as a matter of fact" and he turns and motions the man with the white hair and black leather coat over to him and a few others join him. The man with the white hair then says "Rhino, come over here." I walk over and he says "Rhino, let me first tell you that you did an outstanding job, and as a reward we are going to send you home early tonight. I want you to go home and get a good nights rest, you've earned it." I said "awesome, thank you very much." Mr. Green then pats me on the back and says "outstanding son, f*cking outstanding!" This was the first time Mr. Green had physically touched me and I remember the "eerie" feeling I got and the "chills" that went down my spine as he removed his hand from my back. I walked over to the wall and picked my coat off the floor and followed the two men who always drove me out to the car. Then I remember being in front of the dorm and I actually said "good by" to the two guys and went inside to bed.

Most of all I remember the proud feeling of amazing them with my shooting even though I don't know exactly how I did it. I remember the feeling of being "honored" with a reward because I could somehow do things none of them could do. And most of all I remember the "eerie" feeling of Mr. Green touching me. He had always been there and I had seen him many times, but for some reason now in my mind he finally had become all too real. If that makes any sense?

After that they then instructed me with rifles, more pistols, basically every practical thing that shot a bullet I was instructed in how to use it, clean it, shoot it, and kill with it. And as soon as the instructor was finished I instantly knew it all like the back of my hand, like I had done it a thousand times before. I remember feeling the differences between the M-16 and the AK47 as I shot them. Shooting small semi-automatic weapons (like an uzi only different). Then asking me to remember which weapons I personally liked the most.

They converted the longest hallway into a target range since it was the longest stretch in the facility, by placing sand bags all the way at one end and blocking off all other door ways and hall ways along the way. I would estimate it was about 70 yards + or - long. In doors this shot seemed very distant. They also had converted the original range to have these "pop-up" targets, as well as moving ones which ran along this miniature track. The targets would come out of this temporary wall, go across the line of sight on the track and then disappear into the other wall, and they had tracks going at different distances, coming to and going away etc. For the next while it seemed that all I did was shoot. All the other experiments seemed to have been put on hold. The exercising, the brain games, the puzzles, the punching bag, everything.

I could hit ANY target still or moving, at ANY range, with ANY of the guns in the exact center every time. Except for some reason I remember having some trouble with the semi-automatic type stuff, because the gun was not designed for accuracy it was designed for speed. So it would fire so fast the distribution pattern just wasn't accurate enough. And by not accurate enough I mean instead of having one bullet hole in which all the spent rounds would pass through in the exact center of the red dot (which the targets now came with already painted on). The semi-automatics would basically just eliminate the entire red dot which was the size of a half dollar if I emptied the clip in one burst. This was basically still an unbelievable bulls-eye and show of marksmanship, but it was not what they wanted. They wanted every bullet through the same hole every time, all the time. In the exact center of the red dot, no exceptions, and no excuses. So they backed off using these guns for the time period.

At close range I could do this without any problem I would estimate under 20 yards. The further I backed

away the larger the single bullet hole would become. As I backed as far back as I could go on the long range (60 or 70 yards), the bullet hole had gone from being about the size of a "dime" to being about the size of a "quarter". I remember after I shot they would gather around the target at the other end and then yell for me. I would run down, and see one hole the size of a quarter in the red dot on the head, and this "rush" of pride would run through my body. But when they spoke to me it was not praise, they were screaming at me with criticism. "WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS, YOU CALL THAT SHOOTING, GO BACK AND DO IT AGAIN, AND I WANT TO SEE ONE HOLE THE SIZE OF A DIME NOT THE SIZE OF A FUCKING GOLFBALL. DO YOU UNDERSTAND." I would have to go back and do it again. I remember some improvement but then I would worsen again. They sent me home early anyway to get some rest. They were pushing me and my limits. Yes I was doing incredible things but they wanted to see just how far I could go and just what I could do.

The helmet of knowledge- Everything was going very well with my conditioning and my training. Mr. Green and Adolph seemed pleased with my progress. Until we began shooting outside. It all seemed different now. With the cold air on my face I felt more "awake" and more aware of what was going on. The pistol no longer felt like an extension of my own hand. It felt cold and seemed to be heavier now. When I shot as the distances got greater and greater I became worse and worse and began to miss. And by miss I mean being on the edge of the red circle not in the exact middle, hitting the black, missing the black but still hitting the paper. My "automatic adjustments" for wind and distance didn't seem to work very well if at all. One night it was very windy and raining and I was missing the red dot, and I even missed the target all together a few times. This is with a pistol (I think it was, or was very similar to a Baretta). They bring me back inside and give me an "ass chewing" about my very poor performance. They send me back to the lab where I do "simple things" for the rest of the evening. Like the squat rack, more brain puzzles, strength exercises etc.

The next night as I'm walking into the lab Adolph instructs me to follow and we proceed to a room that I had never been in before. It is like an empty class room, there are green black boards on the walls up at the front, one green black board which can flip around and is on wheels off to the right and one student desk in the middle of the room. That is all. They tell me to sit and I do. I become very nervous as I'm thinking they are going to test me or something and I haven't studied. A man in a baby blue lab coat walks to the front. I do not recognize him. There is a nervous tone in his voice as he begins.

I have no idea what is going to go on as this format is all new to me. He begins talking about angular trajectories, muzzle velocities, and how air densities are measured verses altitude at sea level and this then equates into a friction coefficient equations to measure the angular trajectory of a projectile! And he goes on and on. "HOLD IT" I speak out. "Can I have a pencil and some paper to make some notes?" I ask. For the next while I'm frantically bent over the desk and trying to write down everything he is saying and copy the diagrams he is drawing on the board like I'm in class back in school. After a while Adolph walks over to me and says "Rhino, do you need a break?" "YES I need a f*cking break" and I slam my pencil down and put my head between my hands. "Are you getting all of this?" he asks me. "NO" I answer, and I remember starting to cry "I'm trying, really I'm trying, but I DON'T HAVE A F*CKING CLUE ABOUT ANYTHING THAT HE IS TALKING ABOUT!". We take a break. I'm very nervous about having to go back into the room. I had gotten a "D" in algebra in high school and they are talking about stuff I had never even herd of before, and they want me to understand this stuff, there is no f*cking way I'm thinking to myself.

They call me back in and for the first time I felt sort of "scared". Not over where I was, who I was with, what they did to me in the lab. I was scared about letting them down. I was scared because I had convinced myself that no matter what happened I could not do this. I was never a good student in school and this stuff, forget it. There was just no way!

As I sit back down I'm looking for the man in the blue lab coat and he is no longer there. It is only the man with the white hair. He says a few words and I become relaxed and I close my eyes. I hear him. He tells me to "just relax" and "just sit back and absorb like a giant sponge, just absorb everything." I hear the instructor begin speaking again and this goes on for a while. I hear Adolph ask me "is any of this sinking in?" and I shake my head and answer "NO" and open my eyes. As I open my eyes I look to my right and see the man with the white hair and Mr. Green speaking to each other in a fairly loud tone. Not arguing but clearly annoyed. I put my head in my hands again and then stand out of my chair and yell "HOLD IT, I have an idea!" I was so proud of myself. The man with the white hair comes over and asks "What's your idea?" with this cautious look on his face (I remember his look of caution). "take me to my LEVEL, take me to my ROOM. I have an idea!" "What are you going to do?" he asks. "PLEASE, JUST TAKE ME TO MY ROOM" I say. "Rhino" he says "I have to know what you are going to do." "I'll explain everything in a minute! just please take me to my room, trust me, you're gonna LOVE this!" I said.

When I opened my eyes I explained what I had done in my special room in my mind.

What I had done was this. In the main room of my mind (the big blue room with the 20 foot ceilings) on the far wall was the circuit breaker for my nerve endings (like the fuse box in your house). This device allowed me to turn my nerves on and off at will mentally just by flipping the circuit when needed. Next to that was the adrenaline valve which allowed me to turn on and off my adrenaline flow to my body. It was simply a thin copper pipe which came out of the wall, came down and went back into the wall again with a valve in the middle of it like the main water valve in the basement of your house which controls the water flow coming from the street into the house (the same thing only I was controlling the flow of adrenaline and not the flow of water and it was for control of my body not for control of the house). Allowing me to turn my adrenaline gland on and off at will. Next to it was the fear switch. It was this big old fashioned circuit breaker type switch which was chained in the "off" position with a "DO NOT TOUCH" sign on it. They had ALREADY conditioned me to install these devices back in "room 101" and this is how I had configured them in my mind.

What I did was next to the fear switch I created this big metal box.

It was my own personal super computer which was connected directly to the root of my mind, the root of my essence, and the root of my soul. Any information that was entered into this computer would become instantly part of ME, and part of my soul. The computer had unlimited memory and unlimited speed. It was the fastest and most top secret computer in the world. The information will go directly from the source to the core of my essence, like writing in stone but with a blank slab. My mind now is open for all instruction and there is unlimited space. "HOW DO WE ENTER THE INFORMATION?" The man with the white hair, Adolph asks. "That's the best part" I say. And I proceed to tell them that what I have done is created my own lab in my mind. It is a new room located next to the healing pool. And in this room there is nothing but the biggest and most comfortable reclining black leather lazy boy that can be made. Next to the lazy boy is a small wooden stand. On the wooden stand is the wonder of my creation, I call it

"the helmet of knowledge". It is a football helmet, but there is no facemask. On the top of the helmet are wires which run through the helmet and connect to little metal conductors which touch my skull when I put the helmet on. There are also goggles (like ski goggles) which have the metal probes around the temples and eyes. The wires run from the top of the helmet and then are bundled into this one inch thick gray superconducting wire. The wire runs from the helmet out the doorway and back into the main room. Then over to the wall and hooks directly into the front of the super computer. The information then is transferred into the super computer. The super computer then processes it and sends it out the back wire (which is identical to the wire from the helmet). The information goes out the back wire and goes directly into the blue wall, directly into ME. "SO EXACTLY HOW DO WE ENTER THE INFORMATION?" The man with the white hair asks again. "Don't you get it! All I have to do is lay back and relax in the chair and put "the helmet of knowledge" on with the goggles and ANYTHING you want me to understand you just have to speak it! It's like writing computer code on my brain, AND THE BEST PART IS ALL I HAVE TO DO IS LAY BACK IN THE LAZY BOY BECAUSE IT'S ALL DONE AUTOMATICALLY!..PRETTY F*CKING 'COOL' ISN'T IT!!!!!" The man with the white hair and Mr. Green just look at each other and from the expressions on their faces I knew I had just blown them away. And like an idiot I sat there feeling so f*cking proud of myself for thinking of the helmet of knowledge, and for winning the game and outsmarting them again.

I had given them a way to insert ANYTHING they wanted DIRECTLY into the core of my brain. This could not be undone and this could not be changed, and this could not be disobeyed. They could now write the code of my existence anyway they wanted to, and they could now tell me to do anything and I had no choice but to obey. This was going beyond hypnosis, and complex suggestions and conditioning. This was giving them a blank screen and a keypad to rewrite the core of my essence.

After explaining the helmet of knowledge though I hadn't told them everything. Not out of fear of them or because I was trying to hide anything from them, it was simply because they never asked. They never asked about the back up system I had also installed in my mind. What I did was I had split the thick gray wire after it left the helmet of knowledge and I rerouted the second wire to the second super computer I had created. I was thinking "I'll probably screw something up sooner or later" so I made a back up copy and the back up systems for ME to hide my screw ups from them, just in case.

What I did was I placed one of those fold out lunch tables directly IN THE HEALING POOL (I had to expand the room and the pool for this but since this was my mind I could make the rooms and the pools as big as I wanted so I gave myself plenty of room within the room within my mind if you follow). But anyway, I then placed the second computer (the back up) on the table which was in the healing pool, and ran the wire through the pool and the water. In essence what I had done was created a totally self sufficient independent circuit for the back up system and I also hooked the other systems to the back up system (the fear circuit, the healing circuit, the adrenaline circuit, and the pain circuits) and ran those wires through the pool as well. So if anything happened to the main room or the main computer I would ALWAYS have a "back up" copy of everything.

Even if the main room was somehow destroyed or damaged beyond repair the back up computer would kick in. AND if the back up computer became damaged it would fall off the table and right into the healing pool, thus automatically regenerating itself, and thus automatically regenerating the main room again as well from the copy stored in the back up computer which can never be destroyed because it's over the healing pool, and if you try and destroy the healing pool one if not both of the computer's would

regenerate it anyway. The only way to destroy everything was to destroy both computers and the healing pool at the same time, but since I didn't tell anyone about the backup they would never know to do this. Of course, just in case, I made a door for the healing pool room that was indestructible and would automatically close within one millionth of a second if I pushed the panic alarm (which then of course had to be wired into every room along with the panic buttons themselves) or the door would close the millisecond any damage occurred to the main computer. There was also a super secret third computer which I hooked up to the back of the back up in the healing pool room. I then instructed the blue wall (which is the actual walls of my mind, the whole room is my mind if that makes any sense) to reach out and absorb the third computer. To hide it somewhere, and this was just between me and him. And the blue wall reached out like the blob and took the third computer and stuck it some where. I honestly really don't know where it went. But I do think it's part of the reason I can still remember these events today.

After I had explained the helmet of knowledge to Mr. Green and Adolph they placed me under again to try out the helmet and the instructor begins again. When I open my eyes the man with the white hair asks how I feel and my response I think was something like "It's all so simple, it's all so clear now!". They immediately take me out side to the range and I remember walking to the 100 yard marker, loading my pistol and firing the entire clip in rapid succession, unload the clip remove the last cartridge from the chamber and placed them both on this little stand next to the marker. Mr. Green and Adolph start walking toward the target and tell me to follow. They are walking so fast that I have to hurry as to not walk too far behind. As I look ahead there is a man in a baby blue lab coat already up there looking at it. When we get there they stop on front of the target and I cannot see what I had hit. They part and Mr. Green says "That's better but I want that hole the size of a f*cking dime! why isn't that hole the size of a f*cking dime?" and I look at the target and there is a hole right in the middle of the red dot on the forehead a little larger then the size of a quarter (almost enveloping the entire red dot). As I am looking at the target I stand tall and stick my chest out. I have no idea exactly what I said but I just seemed to flow out of me with out me thinking about it. I said something like "a non uniformity in the casing of the bullet of one thousandth of an inch in combination with as little as a thousandth of a gram of powder deviation per cartridge results in friction loss and deviance of muzzle velocity and this when multiplied over a distance of 100 yards the result is a deviation of the projectiles path of 1/8 of an inch up to 3/4 of an inch depending on air temperature and wind velocity at the time of discharge, SIR." Again I have no idea what exactly came out of my mouth but it was the physics equations the man in the baby blue lab coat was trying to teach me in the class room. "Go back and get your gun" the man with the white hair instructed me. And as I am jogging back to the marker I look back over my shoulder I see them talking. I feel nervous, I get my gun and run back. As I arrive I hear them laughing but as I get closer the laughing stops. Mr. Green tells me I have shown improvement and he sends me home for the night. I can tell he was pleased.

What I didn't know at the time was the helmet of knowledge turned out to be a major breakthrough. After that anything they wanted to put into my head they could now do directly into the core of my brain with ease. They even got me a black leather recliner to lay in when I was laying in the one in my mind using the helmet of knowledge.

Run like a cheetah- After they got me the chair, I was a different person. It's difficult to explain, but until then, all the experiments and all the training was like walking in a dream. What ever they told me to do I would just not questioning it at all. Not thinking, just doing. Now for some reason it was like riding in someone else's body. If that makes any sense? Seeing what's happening yet you cannot move. Being sort

of aware what's happening, yet having no control to stop it. When they told me to do something I would object but have no control to do anything about it. On the inside somehow I would be screaming "NO, you bastards I won't do it" but couldn't stop myself. I would raise my arm and fire the pistol anyway, or crush the skull of a cat with my bare hand that was a hydraulic vice with unlimited power. If that makes any sense.

I don't know exactly what they did to me, but I remember suddenly being able to "run as fast as a cheetah", as fast as I needed to run. Being able to "leap like a gazelle" and easily being able to traverse any obstacle with ease. Having the feeling of being a "puma" as I stalked my victim with patience, stealth, and cat like reflexes, totally camouflaged in the tall grass yet patiently waiting for the moment to pounce. Of course also being able to "climb like a monkey." Any object, no matter how tall or smooth, I can figure a way to get up there. Without any hesitation and without any fear. They instilled these attributes directly into my mind and into my personality using the helmet of knowledge. Anything these animals could do, I could do, only better, because I was "the Rhino", unstoppable and undefeatable. I could ANYTHING, ANYTHING they asked me to do, I could do, because the perfect killing machine was "THE Rhino". And for some reason I was very proud of this fact.

I remember riding in a car on a very lonely road. There are fields and groups of trees on both sides of the road, it is night and there are no other cars or people to be seen anywhere. The car stops and they tell me to get out and start jogging. As I began to run I remember the head lights coming up from behind me and the sound of the engine suddenly bursting forward with power, as I hear the car coming to run me over. And then the "rush" would kick in again. That feeling of running for your life. When your heart starts to pound and the adrenaline starts to flow. When the instinct takes over and you don't look back, you get tunnel vision, and all you think about is faster, faster, faster. I don't know how fast I was running but I remember them yelling from the car "Run Rhino, Run like a cheetah" and after words I hear their jokes about how they should put me in the Olympics and bet money on me because what I was doing was not "Humanly impossible". Again I don't know how fast I was running when they were running me down with the car, but when I was back on the sixth grade soccer team at 12 years old the key to my success was my speed. When the coaches video taped the games (with a Beta camcorder) they told me, and I saw that I had a 6 yard stride at 12 years old. Then as a senior in high school watching film I had over a 9 yard stride. When I tested in football BOTH senior year in high school and freshman year in college when I ran the 40 yard dash BOTH times the coaches made me run it again because the times must be wrong. Something must be wrong because that's not right they would say, that's not possible. In high school the coach thought I was cheating and only running 35 yards and he made me run it 5 times. Even as the other kids ran in between my runs when I got to the line and ran my time he would run back and accuse me of cheating and running from the wrong line. Even with the other kids swearing that I wasn't cheating he called the whole team a bunch of liars. Finally on my sixth run, and after I had "felt" my self getting slower (given up mentally and after the most important thing in the world to you, the football coaches approval, tells you enough times that you cannot do something you finally begin to believe it), he gave me a time of 4.85. A time which he was satisfied that I could run and that was the time he gave me (he was a real ass-hole).

This was the first day of football camp senior year in high school. Coach Doug Parcels (who is the younger brother of Bill Parcels who is currently the head coach of the New York Jets) had taken a physical education teaching position at a Ramsey elementary school and then was also going to coach the offensive and defensive line for the Ramsey high school football team (this was in 1987). As he arrived

as a new coach going into my senior year in high school during the summer weight lifting workouts he was amazed at my strength. In the fall as camp ended and the season began and repeatedly asked coach Hyman (he was the ass-hole who had benched me and tried to throw me off the team for telling him "don't worry coach, everything would be all right between you and your wife." This was when he was being an ass-hole to everyone in the school two years earlier, and called the whole team a bunch of liars refusing to believe my 40 time, and wouldn't even tell me the times I was running, he would just call me a cheater and tell me to run it again and when the steroid trial came he was there and never said a word in my defense). Why isn't Andy a captain? Parcels asked. He's pound for pound the best blocker I've ever coached, and he's the best defensive player I've ever seen. And the smugness of Hyman finally aired it's ugly head. Parcels tried to tell Hyman that he recognized that I had a certain mental condition (of course the name escapes me). Where when some kids growing up have such superior abilities to all the other kids in a given area whether it be sports, mathematics, or musical talent. These kids have such natural abilities that for some reason they can literally "blow any one else away at will" but they don't because they want to be liked by everyone else. They want to "fit in" and be like everyone else. They want to have friends, and not have everyone jealous of what they can do. So they unconsciously don't do their best, they can do much if better if they really wanted to, but they don't. He recognized this in me almost instantly when everyone else for years would give me the cold shoulder from Hyman's verbal slander over the years.

It's funny because when coach Parcels was talking to the Penn State Football staff about my football abilities he also said to them "You have to be very careful what you say when you are around Andy, because anything you tell him to do he literally will do to the letter and I mean to the letter, and if you give him some kind of unsolvable problem, days later he will come back and blow your mind with some kind of a solution, so you just have to be careful what you say when your around him."

The same thing happened in college, when I ran my first 40 at Rochester, as I crossed the line the coach said "run it again Pero, because you sure as hell didn't run that time" AND AGAIN THEY MADE ME RUN MY 40, FOUR TIMES BEFORE GIVING ME A TIME 4.89.

Having a coach run back to the goal line to watch my start, and after I ran I would have to turn around and do it again because it just didn't make any sense. The point is I already had speed, and with the conditioning in my mind I became so unbelievably fast it was supposedly not possible. They chased me in the car several times and the one time Mr. Green was in the car and after we had stopped and everyone got out I remember them talking, and the gist of the conversations were "do you f*cking believe that?" and I remember Mr. Green personally saying "that's f*cking unbelievable!" Which gave me great satisfaction. Again, playing the game, I had won again.

The assassin rifle- It was day time and they bring me to this huge long field and tell me that we are going to be having "rifle practice." I was deadly, the M-16 up to 400+ yards, and my pistol 100+ yards. The rule of thumb they gave me was anything over 100 yards I was to shoot with the rifle and aim for the chest, 100 yards and under I could use the pistol and aim for the head. For some reason I preferred going for the head with the pistol. These two numbers seem to stick in my head as far as distances. Anyway, they always seemed disappointed with my rifle shooting for some reason.

When we get to the field, they open the trunk of the car and there are 5 or 6 of these "cases" and as I stood there and watched they open these "cases" and inside are these huge rifles, and everyone starts

assembling them except me, I just stood there. I knew what those things were used for. Assassinations was the only answer. Somewhere inside me I said "there gonna want me to kill someone" and I knew that if I shot well what other answer could there be, and thinking to myself "I want no part of this you f*cking son's of bitches". AT THAT MOMENT IS WHEN THIS ALL WAS NO LONGER A GAME TO ME, I FINALLY REALIZED WHAT THEIR INTENTIONS WERE. I became filled with panic and wanted to run away but I could not move. I wanted to scream but could not. The lab coat guy who instructed me initially in my weapons lesson, starts to explain to me about these high powered rifles. After about a half an hour they have me choose one and have a target setup about 1200 yards away. I think they did some "prep" work using the helmet of knowledge because as soon as I saw it I knew what it was and how to use it, the half an hour was basically just a review. After all the prep work I began shooting. I would shoulder the rifle, line up the cross hairs and fire the weapon. When I shot the weapon I began missing, and by missing I mean missing the target all together. Mr. Green gets in my face and starts screaming to do better, I cannot do any better, and he gets in my face again. I tried to explain to him why I couldn't shoot the assassin rifle. I explained to him that when I shot the pistol or a "regular rifle" that I didn't aim with the gun, yes I would shoulder the weapon but I aimed with my mind not with the gun sight. I had to see the target with my own eyes and then I shot automatically with out thinking. With the assassin rifle the key to it was this huge scope, and when I looked through it, it was somehow different, and I said that I was sorry but I just couldn't do it! To this day I have never seen a grown man throw such a temper tantrum, he was absolutely livid, and freaking out with rage. And he gets in my face and begins to scream at me again. "I'm sorry I just can't do it!" I answer. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU CAN'T, YOU CAN'T IS NOT IN YOUR VOCABULARY!" he screams. I just stepped back "I'm sorry I just can't do it, that's not how it works" and I proceed to go back into how I aim with my mind not with the gun and he cuts me off "F*CK! now what are we going to do?" and the four or five men gather off to my right. The thing is as I stood there and I could not move and I could not speak without their specific instruction. But I was thinking to my self "I was right! I was right about the gun" and I wouldn't say it was fear that came over me, but it was more like panic. "I was right! I was right about the gun" and when they came back over to me the man with the white hair makes me look him in the eyes and he asks me "are you sure you can't shoot the rifle". I knew that if properly induced I could have come up with something by using the helmet of knowledge, but somehow and from somewhere inside me I found the strength to hold my tongue and I answered "YES, I AM SURE"! He accepted the answer and went back to the group. I felt a surge of power as I had fought back somehow and won. We pack up and get back in the car and start driving. That's all I remember about the assassin rifles.

Another place- After the assign rifle didn't go as they had planned, I don't think they quite knew what to do with me. I remember getting on an F-16 jet at the Rochester airport. I remember this because I am not one for amusement parks (the spin rides make me sick to my stomach). When I got on the F-16 the pilot checks to see if they have strapped me in and he tells me to "Hold on to your butt" and we get immediate clearance to take off. He hits the throttle. Let me tell you if you know the feeling of acceleration you get when a 747 takes off. Imagine that feeling 10 times more powerful, easily. It was like being strapped to a run away jet rocket. My stomach never caught up to me as I had left it back on the run way. The pilot is yelling "YAH HOO" and starts to do some "S" turns. That's when I lost it. I threw up all over my self and the whole inside of the plane. I have never seen someone so pissed off as the pilot was at me for throwing up in the plane.

We land some hours later on an air base some where. The terrain is South Western (desert with some hills and mountains, and some cactuses growing on the ground). The next thing I remember is being

introduced to a group of men. It was some kind of covert team, about twelve men they had on black t-shirts and camouflage pants. They had set up the exact same course that I had run back when they had killed the girl. As of yet no one had been able to come close to completing it. The man with the white hair tells me to take off my shirt and to start doing push ups. Then to start on the course. I cannot make it up the 90 degree vertical climb (the first part). The man with the white hair goes and gets a gun and threatens to shoot me. That is when the "rush" kicks in. And I scurry up the obstacle and run through the course. I even do the jump without any assistance ropes. And land on the thick mats they had set up. The key to my abilities was not the hypnosis, it was when I felt my life was in danger then my adrenaline would "kick in". I would then get the "rush" and the "tunnel vision". This when in combination with the army training and the hypnosis is what made it the deadly combination.

They trained me in all the different "Hand to Hand" killing techniques, schooled me in everything and I knew it all the first time "like the back of my hand." They tried to work me into the "team" as one of the members. I remember training for a specific mission. My role was to get up this 90 degree obstacle to the fourth floor balcony and secure a rope for the rest of the team to then climb up. I remember practicing it over and over again. But when it came time to run the mission the army had built the obstacle out of 6" logs, when we got to the building it was made of smooth black marble. This gave me some trouble but I got up it eventually. Once every one was up the rope then we went inside. I don't remember what we were after but I do remember shooting a guard when I wasn't supposed to. I saw him coming closer and I shot him. I guess I endangered the mission and the rest of the team. I COULD NOT THINK, I COULD ONLY DO.

After that I remember several more times getting into the F-16 and getting out, but no trip in the middle only getting in and getting out. I think they put me to sleep or something after I had thrown up the first time. I remember it being night, cold and snowing in Rochester and waking up on an aircraft carrier in the middle of the ocean where it's warm and sunny. Then I believe they would send me off on the mission and then have me back before the weekend was over. In actuality they could have done this at any time because there is no attendance policy at the University of Rochester (at least the classes I was taking at the time) and no one would have missed me if I had "disappeared" for a few days. It is actually quite clever because they could have flown me, theoretically, almost anywhere in the world in 12 hours by F-16, I wake up feeling "totally refreshed" like I had slept for days, I go off for four hours and do my killing, and then they put me back on a plane back to Rochester and have me back in 30 hours.

After I had "screwed up" the first mission, from then on they sent me in alone. I remember spending countless hours in the "helmet of knowledge" going over and over the mission. They put every detail into my head.

I REMEMBER them telling me that I was to go and kill this man. And I would not do it. I said "what has this man done to me personally, Nothing! I will not kill him!" They would come back and say that this man "kills women and children, that he tortures young girls to death and then rapes them, he murders babies and he butchers grandmothers for fun! You must kill this man to save the people that he is killing! He is evil, and must be stopped and only you can save the people of his country from him." That was the only way they could get me to kill, was to tell me that this man was a butcher and how he did awful things to the people around him. After they told me that, I had no choice, it was like they made me feel like it was my duty and the whole world was depending on me to do it.

I remember completing several assassination missions. I don't know who they were, how I got there, where I was or why specifically I was doing it. I remember shooting several people in the head several times, stopping to reload and shooting him some more. They had told me to "terminate with extreme hostility" and I did. The thing is I COULD NOT THINK I COULD ONLY DO, so all the planning and all preparation work would go out the window if something went wrong, if something didn't go exactly according to plan then "all hell would break loose". For example if there were four guards at a certain point and there were only supposed to be two. Or if an area was supposed to be dark and it was light. Some how I would "snap" and just start shooting everyone. Everyone became the enemy and I had no way of distinguishing between who was foe and who was friendly. I remember one time when my helicopter came to get me, they had a spot light on me and I started shooting at them. I think I killed several of my own people.

They tried to fix this by giving me a helmet camera and an ear piece but still I freaked out at some point on all my missions. I specifically remember asking them "How many missions do I have to run before you will let me go?" The man with the white hair told me "10 missions Rhino, after you run 10 missions you then become retired and we will let you go."

I can only remember going on 4 missions specifically. One of which as we were flying away in the helicopter after they had picked me up, one of the men who had volunteered to be the gun man on the helicopter was shot and killed from the ground. He was the man I had pushed out of the tank of water back in the lab, and the only one who had been "Nice" to me at all. These "assassinations" were all done (I think) between the years 1988 and 1992. The FBI is looking currently for me but the Illuminati have deprogrammed me, "erased my memory" if you will. As I slowly regain the scraps of my memories more and more of the pieces fall onto place. However, as the story unfolds I will add most of the reverent details at the end as not to complicate the two parallel time lines.

I clearly remember the complexes, the types of uniform the men were wearing (some wore business suits, some had turbans on their heads, others had these funny hats on), and of course I remember shooting many of the guards and several of the "target" men in the head several times and stopping only when they had no head left to shoot. Then I would just get the "hell out of there" shooting everything in sight that moved. The problem was I didn't know when to stop, who was "friendly" and who was not, because I had my "tunnel vision" on. I was just running, running for my life. I could not think I could only do!

May 1989- All during, and especially at the end of my freshmen year I remember Brian giving me a lot of grief about what I was going to do with my semester breaks. He would ask me where I was going and what I would be doing (thanksgiving break, Christmas and Easter breaks as well). When it came time for school to end he kept after me to stay up in Rochester. He told me that him and some of his friends were getting a house and I could stay "rent free". "Don't go home" he would say. "This is your new home" he said. I told him I was going home to New Jersey and no thank you. The thing is I always remember my mom's friend "Astrid" always being at our house at some point when I came home from college. She would always ask me "So how do you feel" and I would always tell her "fine".

I worked 12 hour days that summer painting houses, and I was living with my mother in Ramsey New Jersey. But still I worked out as best as I could.

September 1989- (Sophomore year) I am living in the Fraternity house as my place of residence for my

sophomore year. I had broken up with my long time girlfriend of 7 years during the summer. About six weeks into sophomore year I meet "Carrie Savage". She is a junior at Rochester. She is in the top 5% of her class and is a Biology and German major. She is a pre med. student. She is half Polish and half German. She is also a German tutor, and teaches German on the side for extra money. She had spent a year overseas in high school in Germany and her mother had sponsored a German student (who was Carrie's boyfriend when she was over there) for a year in their house.

She comes up to me at a party, and we start to talk, I ask her out to dinner. As it turns out she has a very mean streak in her and when she drank she became very nasty (her father was as alcoholic so when she drank she became a very mean drunk).

During this year I remember several trips to the airport and there was a F-16 waiting for me. I remember getting out of the F-16 one time and it was just about time for one of the semester breaks because the Rochester airport is very small and only has a few gates. As I walked off the tarmac into the gate, some girls who knew me were yelling to get my attention and I walked right by them with two men on either side of me in long overcoats. Not even acknowledging their presence.

I don't remember very many more "Lab" episodes during this time, that doesn't mean that they didn't occur. I just don't remember them, but I do remember going to the airport a lot. And getting in an F-16 jet and getting out somewhere else. Whether it be the "Other" facility in the South West, or on an aircraft carrier I remember getting out in these two different places. I also remember some friends asking me "where the hell have I been the last few days". This question came up a lot that year.

I remember my friends Nick and Bob were telling me "Andy, who is fucking with your mind. Andy, are you all right, tell us who is messing with you? ARE YOU OK?" Then I remember walking into my fraternity house, and as soon as you walk in there is a big room right to the right (called the Wilson room) and the whole fraternity is facing me and the man with the white hair has a little shiny ball in a string and is swinging it back and forth right in front of them and they all have a blank look on their faces. I stop in the hall way the man with the white hair tells me to just go up to my room, and I do. After that everyone seems normal and no one said a word about it.

I remember asking Nick and Bob if they remember the conversations we had had about me and they didn't remember a thing about it.

December 1989- I go home to New Jersey during the Christmas break. I needed to earn some money so I am looking through the local paper and there is an add for a parking Valet paying \$10.00 - \$12.00 an hour. Down at the Ho-Ho-Kus Inn. (a 5 star restaurant owned by a group of local Doctors). The ad said to send of fax resume to Dr. Purizzo and it gave a phone and fax number. It immediately had caught my eye (the money) and then I saw Dr. Purrizzo's [i.e. Joseph P. Pizzurro's?] name and I thought that I could get the job. I NEVER ONCE thought about the steroid trial. It never even entered my mind.

I fax over my resume and a cover letter to Dr. Purrizzo. And about a day later he calls me. I ask him about the job and in the sweetest voice he says to me "Sure the job is still open Andy, come on in for an interview, how about tomorrow about 1:00. Do you know where my office NOW is?" I said that I did not, so he gave me directions. The next day at 1:00 I am in his office, his secretary calls to tell him that I am here, and I go in to see him. I sit in the high back leather chair and all of a sudden he explodes with

anger.

"EITHER YOU ARE THE DUMBEST MOTHERF*CKER ON THE PLANET, OR YOU HAVE GOT THE BIGGEST SET OF BALLS THAT I HAVE EVER SEEN!" "What the hell are you talking about?" I answer. He says "DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT I WANT TO DO TO YOU? YOU STROLL IN HERE LIKE YOU HAVE NO FEAR OF ME AT ALL WHEN YO ARE F*CKING MY WIFE UP AT THAT SCHOOL OF YOURS, AND THEN BECAUSE YOU HAVE RUINDED MY CAREER", and he lifts his hand from behind his desk and he has a gun in it. "Do to me?" I say, "For what? What did I do?" "Don't even try and play dumb with me, I've been kicked off the board and I'm out of the hospital because of you!" he says. And then I remembered everything, I said "how do you blame me for what you did, don't you EVER forget that you came after me, I was just a kid minding my own business, and YOU wanted to lock me up and cut out my brain just because I wouldn't admit to doing something that I didn't do. THEN you kidnap me and almost kill me with your drugs! As for f*cking your wife, yes Mrs. Purrizzo showed up a few times, but I NEVER did anything with her, I turned her down every time. BESIDES that happened a long time ago, and if anyone owes anything it's YOU owing me an apology and you can start by giving me a job." He drops the gun and puts his hands on his head and shouts out "This is f*cking unbelievable!..YOUR LYING! YOUR TELLING ME THAT SHE SHOWED UP BEGGING YOU TO F*CK HER AND YOU TURNED HER DOWN! SEVERAL TIMES! AND IT DIDN'T HAPPEN A LONG TIME AGO.. IT'S BEEN 18 MONTHS..ANDY!" I said "That's correct, I never touched Mrs. Purrizzo at Rochester". Then he said "We'll find out what happened" and he pulls out a little shiny ball on a string and starts to waive it in front of me from behind his desk I get up and say "are you kidding me with this". He pecks up the gun and tells me to sit back down in the chair and to look at the ball. I am out within seconds. I hear him yelling "I GOT HIM" "I GOT HIM".

From what I can remember he then has me go over to his examining table, and he starts to question me. I tell him that I really didn't sleep with his wife in college, and that I know who did. Then all of a sudden I remember freaking out and yelling "U.S. GOVERNMENT SECRET PROJECT 35765XXXX VIOLATION OF THIS MIND CAP IS PUNISHABLE BY DEATH etc..etc!" When I leave his office I am sweating and the nurse is looking at me like I have two heads on my shoulders. He calls me two days later and tells me that I got the job. So for the rest of that break I parked cars for Dr. Purrizzo at the HO-HO-Kus Inn.

After the break the two guys who had slept with Dr. Purrizzo's wife and her friend, the woman with the black hair, show up for lifting one day and they have had the living shit beaten out of them by the Mafia

April 1990- As the spring comes, Adolph brings me into a room. Mr. Green is there. He tells me that the "rules have changed and that now the rule's for retirement have changed. I must now do 25 missions in order to retire not the 10 I was promised. I tell him that "that's utter bullshit and we both know it." It was an obvious attempt to get me to do more assassinations, but I was fighting the programming. I tell him that I have run my 10 missions and even if the rules have changed I still get the old law because the offer was made at the time it applied to me so I get "Grand fathered" in, and if he doesn't like it he can speak to my lawyer. Then he asked me if I had a lawyer and I said "NO" but I would get one for this. And that there was no way that I was going to do any more because I was retired. Mr. Green starts to freak out and he tells me that if I don't do it he will kill me right here and he puts a gun to my head. All I said was speak to my lawyer. Which pissed him off even more. They tried every means of persuasion to get me to go another 15 missions. Every thing from a gun to my head to beatings, to threatening to kill my family.

But I would not budge.

Next came the character test. They had been watching me every day of my life from almost the day that I had arrived at the University of Rochester (actually it was since I was age 2), but anyway they were testing me whether I knew it or not. From the close quarters with Gwen to Gwen wanting to have sex with me. To me turning her down. To how I reacted to this situation to how I reacted to that situation. They bring me into a dark room, there are people all around me, but I cannot see them. All I can see is a small desk light on the table and a figure behind it. He starts to ask me questions about why I stole Brian's steroids. I knew that I was screwed if I answered either way. If I answered "Yes" I stole them and admitted to the wrong doing would they see it as being honest or would they see it as being a tattle tale, or if I said "NO" and lied about it even though I knew they had video tape of me doing it would they see me as someone who could keep their mouth shut under the pressure or would they see me as being a liar.

So I did the only thing I could in an attempt to escape, my only way out. I answered BOTH WAYS. At first I said "NO", then I changed my answer to "YES" then back to "NO" again, and I waffled back and forth several times until they told me to leave. The man with the white hair then takes me back to my room. He has a smirk on his face as I believe he knows what I have tried to do.

I thought I was out, they couldn't trust me and they didn't know what to think of me, maybe, just maybe they would just leave me alone. As it turns out, they take me into the woods by car ride. We get out of the car and the two men tell me to go over and look over the edge of this huge hole they had dug in the ground. I hear the one man "cock" his pistol. Without thinking or without any thought I leaped back at him like I was a cheetah, grabbed the gun and broke his neck with my hand by crushing his throat and windpipe like it was an empty beer can. The other man starts to run away and I ran him down within a few feet and broke his neck too. I sat down right there next to the bodies and began to cry.

"Why does everyone want to kill me" I kept saying to my self "I just want to be left alone, I just want to be a kid going to college". I heard the portable phone ring a few times but I didn't answer it. After a while another car showed up, it's the man with the white hair and he tells me to get in the car and we drive off. I'm sitting in the back seat and I look out the back window I see them examining the bodies as we drive off. My realities were starting to blur as my programming began to come undone.

No paper work- A day or so later I am back in the dark room with the small lamp, this time they sit me down and discuss with me my options. This time it's a different Mr. Green. A man that I don't ever remember seeing. He told me that I can either corporate and continue as an agent or they will be forced to kill me as they can never just let me go. I remember making a joke "I don't suppose you will let me go and we will forget the whole thing ever happened" I said. The man did not laugh at all. I knew they were serious. So I let him have it. "Agent! agent! I'm not an agent, and I'm not in the f*cking army, I'm a f*cking college kid, who you have taken against my will and done something, so you can go fu*ck your self as far as I'm concerned."

By the look on his face I could tell that this was news to him. He makes me leave and go into the hall. I can hear intense arguing now going on inside. "WHAT THE F*CK DO YOU MEAN HE NEVER SIGNED THE PAPER WORK! YOUR TELLING ME THAT THIS KID HAS BEEN AN INVOLUNTARY SUBJECT ALL ALONG!. YOU F*CKING IDIOTS, IF THIS EVER GETS OUT" and he goes on and on. I actually thought I had a chance now. They call me back in. The new Mr. Green

puts a piece of paper in front of me and tells me to sign it. I start to read it and he bursts in and yells "JUST SIGN IT GOD D*MN IT". I was always told to read everything before you sign anything.

I am trying to read it but the words just seem to come out like blurs. I can't make out one word. So I say "let me have my parents read over it and I'll mail it back to you! what's your address?" That was the last straw. The new Mr. Green starts to freak out and he says "I'LL TELL YOU WHAT IT SAYS, IT SAYS THAT YOU GIVE US PERMISSION TO KILL YOU! I REALLY DON'T GIVE A F*CK IF YOU SIGN IT OR NOT BECAUSE WE WILL JUST SIGN YOUR NAME TO IT ANYWAY! SO SHUT THE F*CK UP AND SIGN THE DAMN PAPER". I focus very hard on the paper and the first few words say some thing like I _____ am of free mind and body do here by freely consent.. Blah! Blah.. Blah. I said "this is wrong, I don't freely consent". He rips the paper out of my hands and hands it to someone off to my right. Within moments the paper is back and my name is now on the paper. The new Mr. Green then gets a glass of water and puts some white powder in it, mixes it up and tells me to drink it. I ask "what's in it" and he pounds his fist on the desk "JUST F*CKING DRINK IT". Adolph comes over my right shoulder and tells me that it's poison and that it will kill me and I WILL drink it. At first I wouldn't but then finally I drink the glass of water. Almost instantly I "flash" to the healing pool and this time my stomach hurts me so badly I cannot stand it. But I make it into the green water.

Everything is very dark for a while. I feel like I am moving. This goes on for a while and then it feels like we have stopped. All of a sudden there is a dim light. I am in the trunk of a car. The men go to pull me out and when I move on my own they literally jump back about three feet. I get out of the car and simply ask "what's going on?" The one man immediately gets on his portable phone and starts yelling into it. "Do you want to talk to him, here" and he hands me the phone. The man's voice on the phone sounds familiar. For some reason they tell me to lay in the pine box at the bottom of the hole and to go to sleep. I wake up and it is black, and by black I mean a blackness that you can only appreciate if you have been buried alive yourself. I hear dirt being thrown on top of me and I start to scream.

I managed to bench press the lid only about an inch or so, but it was enough for me to get my legs and feet up onto the lid. And I manage to leg press the lid off and to the side about 6 to 8 inches. And I start to try and dig my self out. This seemed to take forever and I took the dirt that I had just dug away and stuffed in the coffin behind me by my feet and I in a frantic panic proceeded to dig my way up. As I break through the final layers the men are packing up the shovels in the car and they are putting their shirt back on. As I pull my self out of the earth the look of fear on their faces was evident. I could smell the fear in the air and they knew they had done something terrible and now were caught. Within moments I had broken both of their necks and again sat right beside the bodies and began to cry. This time when the phone rang I answered it.

"Hello?", I said. The voice at the other end said "Who's this?" "Who's THIS.." I said, then I said "Your friends are dead and I'm still alive" and threw the phone into the woods. I was covered in blood and dirt, and I black out.

The next morning I wake up in my bed and I am all cleaned up, except there is a tremendous amount of dirt under my fingernails. Then there was the meeting between myself and the man with the white hair. He says to me "Andy, in Spain when a bull enters into the bull ring he is facing certain death. There is no

escape for him. However, every once in a while there comes a bull that fights so valiantly that the animal is sparrred and he is put out to pasture to stud. We have decided to put you out to pasture, and retire you. And I said "You are going to put me out to pasture to graze but yet I am still fenced in", and he looked at me and just laughed.

This is common practice as the "mind f*ck" if you will is they tell you that you are out when that couldn't be farther from the truth. It's just another layer of programming to erase your memory.

June-August 1990 - Working at dad's.

October 1991- Kidney stones.

February 1991- I am taking business law 102, in the spring of sophomore year. During the first month of classes from professor Shanahand (the business law professor in the Simon school of business) Desert storm.

May 1992- I graduate from college and move home to start looking for a job.

December 1992- I am working in Newark for an air freight company (near Newark airport). On my way to work I am listening to Howard Stern's radio show. He starts talking about this video tape he has of a kid who is put on trial for supposedly taking steroids when he is in high school. He says that this happened years ago but he wants this person to call in. He wants to talk to me. At that moment I instantly break into a cold sweat and my head starts spinning as I'm driving on the garden state parkway. I get to work and Howard is still raving on about this. I don't call. The next day he is calling me a coward and a weasel for not coming forward because he wants to make me into a hero or something (I told a lot of adults to "F*ck off," literally). He finds out who I am from the tape, calls me and tells me he is sending a limo for me. I take tomorrow off. In the morning, the limo arrives and I just cannot get myself to get in, and I send it away. Howard calls and he is pissed and calls me all kinds of names. In the afternoon, he calls me again and this time he is even more pissed. He is frantic yelling at me about how the GOVERNMENT just pushed there way in here, took the tape, and said that if he said one more word about this that he is going to revoke their FCC license.

He of course talks about it on the radio the next day, begging me to come forward and stand up to them. I cannot, every time I even try to think about any of that stuff my head literally starts to spin. Then I remember, Mr. Green and a group of men show up at my house, and erase my memory again.

March 1993- My father discusses my future with me and what I want to do. I told him that I never want to live up north again. Trying to help, he calls his Navy buddy who owns a printing company down in Atlanta. I interview and get the job. I move down to Atlanta to start my new job and supposedly my new life.

July 1993- In my apartment complex, this guy unusually comes up to me and introduces himself at the apartment complex pool. The guy's name is Aaron and he is down South to get his masters degree in PSYCHOLOGY. Coincidentally he is also from Rochester NY. And went to the University of Rochester for 1 semester and supposedly knows some of my friends as he is a "local" Rochester boy. He becomes my best friend after a while and about a year goes by. When we would go out drinking or be at parties

Aaron would brag about being able to hypnotize people without them even knowing it and how he could just "f*ck" with people's minds. I never thought much about it. I had absolutely no memory of any of my college horrors and frankly was having the time of my life in Atlanta. He was also one of my "best friends" so I never even considered or gave anything else a second thought.

July 1994- The printing company didn't expand in terms of future potential as I had hoped and I finally had quit after about a year and a half (I think). I was unemployed for a while but then I got my first corporate break. I get my first job with a major corporation (the Dunlop tire corporation). Three hundred and sixty resumes for 1 spot and I got the job. So naturally I was very excited and told all my friends. The job involved traveling all around the Southeast every week (being gone Tuesday through Friday, on the road, every week). The job didn't start until late August and it was early July so I had some time on my hands.

About two weeks after I told Aaron that I had gotten the job he calls me and asks me to come over. I get to his apartment and we bullshit for about an hour, he tells me out of the blue that "some people are concerned about your new job". I was shocked and this really came out of left field so I said "what the f*ck are you talking about". He said "the fact that we won't know where you are during the week" and I was just utterly confused and became extremely pissed off (I still had no memory of any of the events, the torture, the assassinations, the Illuminati, nothing) and I said "What the hell are you talking about? Who is concerned? What business is it of theirs anyway? Who? I don't understand?"

He let it go. What happened next he did not let go. I had all this time on my hands and I was very nervous because I had to go to Buffalo for three weeks of training. I was 24 years old and this was my first "real job" with a company car, expense account and everything. Ever since I came back from Munich Germany when I was 5 years old I stuttered severely when I spoke. The thing is I knew it was all in my mind, because when I was alone I could speak very fluently, but when I had to speak to anyone, read aloud or, heaven forbid, speak to a group of people my entire throat would just "lock up" and I could not speak word one. This was a serious problem for me and needless to say I was tormented as a child. But anyway, I decided that this was my first real job and if I wanted to get anywhere in life that I will not let this stop me and it must be fixed and now is the time.

I had never been to a hypnotherapist before but for some reason I really believed in the power of hypnotism, and I really thought that this along with my Silva mind control could really help me. So I open the yellow pages and pick out a hypnotherapist. In the ad the hypnotherapist claimed to be able to cure many different ailments within a few sessions, stuttering was one of them so I called and made an appointment.

I proceed to go into the appointment talk to the Doctor and explain how I think my problem is all in my mind. He states that my conclusions are "very interesting", and he puts me under. When I opened my eyes the doctor's face was white as a ghost and he is sweating bullets, there are now two assistants in the room and they have the same horrific look on their faces. The doctor in a trembling voice asks me "DID YOU KNOW YOU HAVE SOME KIND OF A GOVERNMENT MEMORY CAP IN YOUR MIND?" I said "no, what are you talking about?" He is still sweating profusely, and I ask him "what is going on." He would not discuss it but he said he wanted to see me tomorrow. I go to pay for the session in the lobby and I ask the assistant "what happened in there?" At first she would not tell me but I finally got it out of her. She said that I absolutely FREAKED OUT and I was absolutely screaming uncontrollably.

She also stated that in her 15 years with this doctor she had never seen anything like it. She said the doctor tried for 15 minutes to put the cap back on and I would not let him, they had to get three other people to hold me down and finally he got control of the situation again.

This is on a Tuesday, the doctor wanted to see me the next day but he was booked through Friday, the assistant made room for me to see him on Thursday. I leave very confused, still having no clear memories as to what's going on and no memories of any of the government experiments or the Illuminati or the under ground bases. The thing is I go home and what do I do, I go right over to my best friends apartment (Aaron) and tell him the whole story about what happened at the hypnotheripest and the memory cap. He starts to FREAK OUT, "you went to a hypnotheripest, WHEN?" And let me tell you he was PISSED!

I remember being very confused because I still didn't make the connection. I remember going into his apartment, telling him what happened, he gets very angry, but after that there was "lost time." It was between 3:00 and 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon when I went over there. I remember this because there were "soap opera's" on the television when I was initially telling him my story, when I left "Jeopardy" was on and it was becoming dusk. It was about 7:30 in the evening. I leave his apartment and go home, I found myself sort of wondering what happened? At home I empty my pockets on the table (change, keys etc..) and I have the receipt from the hypnotheripest. "Oh yea" I say, I'm supposed to see him on Thursday, but I couldn't remember anything else.

I go back Thursday AND THE DOCTOR IS NO LONGER THERE! I MEAN HIS NAME IS SCRACHED OFF THE DOOR HE IS GONE, VANISHED, I MEAN IT WAS LIKE HE HAD NEVER BEEN THERE. There were four or five doctors sharing the same office and there was simply a space where his name had been. I go in and ask the receptionist where is doctor so and so, as hard as I try right now to this day I just cannot remember his name, but I can find my way back to where his office was. But anyway, I ASK THE RESEPTIONIST WHAT IS GOING ON AND SHE TELLS ME TO PLEASE LEAVE AND DO NOT COME BACK. I ask about the doctor, she closes the receptionists window turns her back to me and walks away.

I go home, even more confused, Aaron calls me that night to come over, I go, again not thinking anything about it. This is where all hell breaks loose. I go to his apartment and we are sitting down talking as usual. From the back bedroom six or seven men come out! Mr. Green and a group of men are right there and I start freaking out. The other men were dressed in black. The instant I saw these men I began to remember, my instinct tells me to run but I was taken totally by surprise. The men in black leap over the couch, grab and hold me. They pined me against the back of the couch, I had no leverage to plant my feet and try to get up. They start to laugh and say things like "this guy isn't so tough" and "that was easy." Mr. Green says "If you even had any idea how dangerous that guy is you would not even be holding him!"

I remember looking at Aaron with a look of betrayal, I think I started to cry, he could not look at me. Mr. Green says "do you have any idea how much trouble you've been, we should have killed you a long time ago." I start yelling "I'M GOING TO F*CKIN KILL YOU!"

He asks Aaron if I am going to remember any of this. Aaron answers "no". He then proceeds to punch me in the face and calls me a "mother f*cker" or something. I am struggling to get up but I just could not

move, Aaron then takes over.

Aaron then says the "magic word." The first one didn't work. It was hippa.. something or other. He tries another one Poly-pop-er-enus , snarf-a-lif-agus, when he finds the right one instantly I cannot move. He tells me how relaxed I feel, how warm and safe I feel, how I am in a "happy place", to "lay back, relax, smile." As I'm sitting there I cannot move, but I can hear them laughing at me. He starts telling Mr. Green how he didn't know what exact word they used but once you find it "that's it" he is totally under your control.

This is where things start getting a little crazy. What he did to me somehow, I remember, is he somehow locked me away in my own mind, creating a multiple personality over mine to make me forget everything. I remember fighting him for control in my mind. He told me that I will do what ever he tells me to do. He said the walls are closing in on you and you cannot fight it, in my mind I of course pictured the walls closing in. On his instruction the walls closed in until I was inside a "vacuum sealed steel coffin", which conformed to the shape of my body (like a vacuum sealed produce package only it was my body sealed in a steel coffin with only my face showing). I could not fight it and I could not move. He then said you are being sent to a place in your mind where you will never be found, at this point I start screaming "no no no".

After he sent me to a place where "no one will ever find you", he instructed that "a steel plate the size of ten football fields and 10 feet thick is crashing down upon you" and he said "here it comes, and there is no escape". I remember screaming again as he says "boooooom". Here comes another one, "boooooom", and he proceeded to do this five or six more times. I am screaming during all of this. And I remember Mr. Green and the others laughing at me while Aaron was doing this.

The thing is, the one thing I do remember about the hypnotherapist's first visit is; I remember being back in my mind, "my safe place" and off in the corner with these "steel plates" or like a heavy iron with some weathering and rust around the edges. Dust was all over them and they were bolted to the wall on an angle. I remember hearing horrific cries coming from behind it, like some kind of creature or monster. To investigate I imagined that the steel plates were made of tin foil and instantly I had the strength to bend them back one by one. I was scared. As I got to the lower layers I hear scratching, like a wild animal clawing at a door to get out. The last few layers were bubbled out like you can make dents in a sheet of tin foil with your finger (only much bigger). Down in the corner, there was a little piece that had been ripped aside, and you could see the blackness behind it. I get on my hands and knees to get a closer look, ALL OF A SUDDEN a hand of half rotted bone and flesh suddenly reaches out and grabs my face. It would not let go.

I FINALLY GET AWAY FROM IT, but now the creature is suddenly energized and begins to violently scratch and claw and with incredible force starts ripping at the last layers of the steel. Finally, it made itself enough of a space to get out. From the blackness emerges a half rotted corpse, on it's arms, legs and left shoulder there was only bone, no flesh. An image of a body that had been locked in a closet for years, half rotted and half already dead. On the verge of insanity from being trapped in a space so small you cannot move, yet you cannot die. I am now slowly backing away from it.. It says "what are you afraid of?" it asks. "Who are you?" I ask it, IT ANSWERS "I AM YOU, DON'T YOU RECOGNISE YOURSELF!" With a burst of speed it leaps at me and grabs hold of me, like someone trying to embrace me. With it's half rotted arms around me I start screaming.

I believe that this is when I started flipping out in the doctors office. The hypnotherapist was then trying to "cover it back up" but the "self" that they had locked away was by no means going to go back into that tiny space quietly by any stretch of the imagination. That's why he had so much trouble getting control of the situation again.

The hypnotherapist finally pulls me out of it, and two days later the hypnotherapist has disappeared and Aaron had locked the "monster" (it is no monster, it is my true "self") away again, with new doors and in a new place. The monster who claims to be the real me is even now locked away somewhere in my mind? This concept is very scary and confusing but these are my memories.

August 1994 - June 1996- After that I didn't remember any of those events or any other events for that matter until years later when a single event "punched" a hole in the "alternate reality", the "alternate personality" if you will, and Aaron continued to be my "best friend" as he was my assigned "controller" or "handler". Over the next two years or so I would go over to Aaron's apartment, hang out all the time, and we were buddies. The thing is, odd things would happen sometimes but I would just dismiss them. Because I had no recollection of ANY of the past events. For example, sometimes Aaron would just get up and lock the door. Right in the middle of a movie or something. It's only the two of us and I am about 6 foot tall and 230 pounds with bodybuilder physiques and Aaron is about 5'-10" and about 210 pounds with a very muscular build, and he is living in a very quiet and secure apartment complex. So I began to wonder about these events and I would ask him "why do you sometimes get up and lock the door" and he would never answer me, and I would never question it.

I remember a lot of missing time at Aaron's, watching a movie and all of a sudden I would be watching a different movie and it is 2:00 in the morning. All of a sudden I would realize what time it was and I would say "Where the f*ck did the time go" and I would just get up and leave. But thinking back I can vaguely remember all the programming sessions he would have. He would keep trying to totally destroy the "Monster" if you will, but he never could. I can remember countless episodes of Mr. Green being there, as well as others, studding me, trying to figure me out. But at the time some things you really don't think about until later.

What was happening was they were watching all the time. I had no memories about anything up to that point. My apartment was wired for sound and video. Every moment of my life was being watched. One odd thing about my life is, ALL of my girlfriends, at least all the women I would consider calling my girlfriend, have said the same thing to me at one point in time or another. They all told me that my apartment was almost like a "hotel" room. I guess that when women first start dating someone they like to get to know the person by looking at all their "stuff." I had some of the nicest "stuff" money could buy in terms of furniture and electronics (a very nice furnished apartment). The thing is there is no "memorabilia" at all, and thinking about it, they are right! I have no photos at all! None of my parents, none of my family, none of ANY college friends, NOTHING! No scrap books, no photo albums, no souvenirs, no books at all, nothing personal of any kind. I have a fully furnished apartment which is nicely decorated, but there is no personal memorabilia of any kind. No memories and no past. (leave it to the women to notice this)

Another funny thing is, Aaron took a job as a student counselor at Life Chiropractic college in Atlanta. His favorite pastime was to steal all of the college's video tapes which dealt with the human mind and

relating subjects from the Life college library. He must have had 20 different "sets" of tapes. These ranged from documentaries to case studies of all the different mental diseases and theories of how the human mind functions and what exactly occurs in each of them. In fact, the more I think about it, ALL we used to do is sit around and discuss how the human mind functions. He would say the "Magic word" and I would sit there in my altered state of reality and he would tell me his view of the mind. How the human mind functions just like a basic computer. With every decision either being "yes" or "no" answer, like a switch which is either "on" or "off", and would discuss how every memory, function, and action we had or did is basically a string of yes or no responses. "Like a long combination lock you must have the exact code to get 'In' he said. We would watch video after video. Then I would tell him how I thought the human worked and functions. We would spend hours upon hours discussing this.

Over the years the two of us would sit and he talk about "How to mind f*ck" someone. The basic concept is to build a "Platform over your real consciousness, and that then becomes your real consciousness." And all along this was already been done to me and I had no clue about any of it. Which in itself is a very scary concept. A fake reality if you will. Sort of like Windows 95. Windows 95 is basically a "platform" built over the DOS program to make the PC applications more "User friendly", where all the computations, and all the "essence" of the program is written in code using DOS, but all you see on the screen is Windows 95 (like a platform built over the essence of the computer). It's kind of funny, in a very sick sort of way. Here we I am sitting around discussing how to mind f*ck somebody, for years, with my best friend. When all along, I've already been "mind f*cked" by him for years, and don't have a clue about any of it. He discusses it with me just like it's normal conversation! Now that's a real "mind f*ck" if you think about it!

What was happening was all during my time in Atlanta they were using me for all sorts of different experiments at the Dobbins Air Force Base in Atlanta where a "major" project had become active. I was also used in the Montauk chair for the time travel experiments at this time.

July 1996- My girlfriend, Pilar, is going to declare chapter 7 due to her debt load from past bills. I had lent her some money, and she wanted to pay me back by paying for my car repairs at the local Toyota dealership. I needed a new muffler, power radio antenna, timing belt, and tune up. About \$1,200.00 worth of work which she was going to charge on her credit card before she had to cut them up because of the chapter 7. The dealership tells me it's going to take only one day and I'll be able to pick it up in the morning. They give me a rental car to drive around.

The next day I go back to pick it up and it's not ready. I go back the third day and it's still not ready. I call on the forth day (Saturday), and they tell me it won't be ready until Monday. "Look", I said, "I used to be in the car business and I know that your service department can crank out between 75 and 200 cars a day, why the f*ck is mine taking a week when you told me it would only take one day?" And he says "we had to order parts and it will be ready Monday!" And rudely hangs the phone up on me. Monday comes and I go to pick up the car. I get the bill and it's gone from \$1,200.00 to \$1,750.00. I'm furious, mainly because I didn't know if the credit card was going to go through at \$1,700.00+, and I would really be stuck. And let me tell you I get in the guys face and start freaking out, "You have the balls to keep my car for a whole week and then bill me \$600.00 over the estimate, where is the manager etc...etc.." He replies "we had to order some parts" "What parts" I say. He gets the paper work, looks through it and says "we had to special order your radio antenna" I say "special order the radio antenna, IT'S A F*CKING '92 TOYOTA CAMERY! Your telling me that not one store in Atlanta had a power antenna for a Toyota Camrey for a

whole week! The entire city is sold out, that's BULL SHIT!" He then gets is my face and says to me "I know who you are, and we don't want your kind here. I'll take \$100.00 off the bill, but don't come back because we don't want your business or your "dirty" money here!"

"WHAT THE F*CK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?" I answer. "We had a visit from some of your "friends" and they told us all about you, you piece of Shit drug dealer". "WHAT THE F*CK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?" I say again. "I spit on guys like you, dealing drugs to kids, I should kick your ass right here and now. Don't worry you'll get yours someday, sooner than you think." He says. I said "look I have no idea what you are even talking about!?" He says "pay it, and get the F*CK out of here and don't come back."

I pay the \$1,650.00, the credit card goes through. Pilar says "what the hell is he talking about?" I said "I wish I knew". We leave, she drives her car back to work, and I ride around for a while. I'm still pissed off. This is too freaking weird! About an hour into my "ride", I have an idea! I drive back to the dealership and pull into the "Pep Boys" auto parts store located next door to the Toyota dealership I had my car serviced at. I go in and ask the guy at the counter, who also happens to be the manager, if they do any business with the Toyota dealership next door. He says "are you kidding me, they are our largest account". "Oh"! I say. "I'm looking for a power antenna for my car" I say. He asks "what year, and what make?" "92 Toyota Camrey" I tell him. He punches it up on the computer. "Yes" he says and starts back to go get it. "Sir can you tell me how many you have in stock" I ask. He looks at the screen "53" he answers, "why" he asks. "I was just curious because I was in two days ago and the clerk told me you were out of them." "That's impossible" he says. "You see this little "*" next to the part number, it tells me that on this particular part we sell so many of them that, if we ever go below a dozen in stock the computer in the warehouse automatically ships us more and we would get them the next day." "Thank you" I say, and leave.

Someone, (the Illuminati, the Nazi party, and United States government are the people responsible for all of this as well as the torture at the University of Rochester, as well as the assassinations) told the Roswell Toyota dealership of Atlanta Georgia that I was a drug dealer, so they could keep my car an extra 6 days to special order me a new radio antenna????????? This one blew my mind for a long time because I still had no idea what the hell was going on!

February 1997- Aaron informs me that he is going to have to leave Atlanta for at least a year and that all he can tell me is that it's "family related." He says it won't happen until late May or early June. I'm very sad to hear that my friend is going away. He not only is my best friend but he is also very involved in my business and everything that I do. We try and work out something to where he can still be involved and run things from his father's house in Rochester. I knew it wouldn't work, he was quite insistant that it would. He keeps reassuring me not to worry because he WILL be back in a year. All along I am asking him "What's going on?" Finally, with me swearing under strictest confidence that I won't tell anyone, Aaron proceeds to tell me that what has happened is this; His father used to work for a very large corporation in Rochester, and years ago he gave his father the idea that he could sue this company for "mental anguish" or that the stress of his job caused him to somehow "snap" causing him to be mentally insane, and now he is suing them. Aaron then tells me that what HE did, was to instruct his father exactly how to answer all of the physiological tests and questions that they were going to ask him, and basically showed him how to scam thousands of dollars out of the company in the lawsuit. Three years later, Aaron's father won, and was awarded several hundreds of thousands of dollars. But what happened was,

the Judge ruled that Aaron's father was to receive the settlement, however since he was "mentally not all there" he was not going to give control of the money to him as it had to last him for the rest of his life as he was no longer able to work. So the judge was going to set up some kind of "trust" account where someone other than Aaron's father must act as the executor of the account and therefore be the one who actually distributes the funds since he was "mentally incapable".

So, since Aaron's parents are divorced, and no one else in the family knew that the whole lawsuit was all a lie, Aaron had to go home to act as the executor for his father. And it had to be for at least a year because the money was supposed to last his father for the rest of his life since he is no longer able to work.

So they couldn't just pull it all out at once because the insurance company for sure would be watching them. My girlfriend, Pilar, kept wanting Aaron to hypnotize her to see if he could clear up some of the past trauma she had experienced with her x-husbands. He always talked about how he could hypnotize people without them even knowing it, and she wanted him to do it to her, but ONLY if I was there. She didn't trust him enough to do it on her own. For some reason he wouldn't do it. He would say "I don't think that's a good idea" and would always put it off. But yet I remember going to Aaron's one night with Pilar, and it was one of those "missing time" nights where I remember just staring off into space for a while. The next night I go over again, this time by my self.

Aaron says something very strange to me. He says "man, you have nothing to worry about with Pilar, she absolutely idolizes you", 'trust me' on this." How the hell would he know? I ask myself later. Months later, when I put it all together, I think he did it to see if I had told Pilar about his father, good thing I didn't.

One Friday night I'm at home and Pilar is coming over later to watch some movies. I'm feeling very up tight about my business and how it's not going as well as anticipated. All along and for as long as I could remember I always felt like some thing wasn't right with me. Like some thing was "wrong" but I just had no idea what it was or where this feeling was coming from. ALL OF A SUDDEN I REMEMBERED THAT I KNOW SILVA MIND CONTROL! I had totally forgotten about it. Like out of the blue it was like a revelation. I guess I just hadn't thought about it for years. So I relax, and go to my level. I'm having a great session, feeling totally relaxed and comfortable. I open my eyes and Pilar is sitting on the floor next to me with this look on her face like she is seeing the devil possessing someone. I ask her how long she has been there? She says to me "What the hell were you doing?" And I tell her all about the Silva method and about going to different "Levels" of your mind. She says to me "you never told me you could do that!". "I FORGOT I COULD" I say. I asked her if I looked funny, and she tells me that she almost freaked out when she saw me. "Why?" I asked her. "Your eye balls were flurrying left and right at a million miles an hour. I thought you were possessed or something. Then I called your name and you wouldn't answer. So I sat down and watched." "How long were you watching me" I ask. About 15 minutes she answers. What does she say next? "TEACH ME". So she downs three glasses of wine and we spend the rest of the night doing Silva mind control.

What happened, however, is that the next time we went to Aaron's apartment, Pilar, wanting to be involved in some of the intellectual conversations Aaron and I had, starts talking about how I taught her the Silva method and how she went down to the different levels of her mind and the whole thing. The next day I go over to Aaron's to watch movies, I remember him getting up and locking the door. AFTER

THAT DAY, AND TO THIS DAY I CANNOT GO TO MY LEVEL. IN MY MIND, I JUST CANNOT PICTURE AN ELEVATOR SHAFT IN MY MIND. I TRY AND I TRY BUT I JUST CANNOT DO IT FOR SOME REASON. I guess Aaron didn't like the idea of me romping around in my own mind and somehow "rigged it" so that I cannot enter. It's sort of like being locked out of your own mind. Very scary! March 1997- WHAT WAS THE "EVENT" THAT TRIGGERED THE RECALL OF MY MEMORY? HERE IT IS. Aaron is a 5'-10" muscular, balding Italian man, who, if he could, would spend his entire life walking around in his "flip flops" with a short sleeve shirt unbuttoned down to his belly button and in a baggy pair of shorts hanging out at the pool all day everyday. We would still do things like go to concerts, the home depo, occasionally a movie. Things like that but nothing that ever required too much planning or usually too much physical effort (except working out). One rainy march evening I get to Aaron's, and he has a sudden burst of energy and decides that he wants to go BOWLING. "Bowling" I say. As it turns out, Aaron is an avid bowler. He even has his own ball (which he stole from a bowling ally in Rochester NY). No bag, just the ball. He says he hasn't been in a long time and he somehow got a "wild hair stuck in his ass". This was a big venture for him because Aaron actually had to go into his closet and dig out his sneakers and a pair of jeans to go to the bowling ally.

We go, we walk in and get our lane and our shoes from the front desk. We turn to the left and start walking to our lane. As we walk, the lanes are on the right and the pro shop and bar is on the our left. Aaron is ahead of me, about 3 steps (the fastest I have ever seen him walk, I guess he was excited to be bowling or something). As we walk we pass the door to the pro shop there is a life size cutout of a man in a rhinoceros suite. He is standing there holding a bowling ball (it was a very elaborate life size 3-dimentional marketing display with a real bowling ball in the guys hands). The display said something like "Bowl with the best, Bowl with what the professionals use, Bowl with 'RHINO BALLS'."

And as I walk by I start laughing. "BOWL WITH RHINO BALLS" I yell ahead of me. AND THEN IT JUST CAME OUT OF MY MOUTH. I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I SAID IT "THEY USED TO CALL ME 'THE RHINO' ONCE!" and Aaron drops his bowling ball and IMMEDIATELY AND I MEAN IMMEDIATELY turns around, walks back and gets right in my face and says "WHEN DID THEY CALL YOU 'THE RHINO', WHEN DID THEY CALL YOU 'THE RHINO'! WHAT GOT ME WAS HE SAID IT TWICE. I was caught off guard by his actions and I blurted out "In high school" I said. They used to call me "the rhino" in high school, it was my football nickname. I will never forget the look in his eye as he was examining me, studying me. The thing is I LIED, they NEVER called me "the Rhino" in high school. "The Rhino" was actually a friend of mines "nickname" and he was on another team. My "nick name" in high school was "B A" for "Bad Ass".

The moment after I said "They used to call me the Rhino." What "popped" into my mind was not some high school football game. What "popped" into my mind was ME, STANDING ON A ROOF TOP, LOOKING DOWN, AND YELLING AT THE MAN WITH THE WHITE HAIR "BECAUSE I'M WEARING MY NIKE'S", AND THEN I WATCH AS HE TRIED TO CLIMB THE WALL THE WAY I JUST DID. HE COMES REAL CLOSE (COMES UP 3-4 FEET SHORT) AND SLIDES BACK DOWN. AND AS HE SLIDES BACK DOWN, I'M LOOKING RIGHT AT HIS FACE, RIGHT IN HIS EYES. AND HE IS LOOKING RIGHT INTO MINE. AND I REMEMBERED THE GIRL THEY HAD JUST KILLED WHEN THEY RAN HER OVER. But that was it. Each of those memories were about 5 seconds long and somehow I knew there was more but I just couldn't put my finger on it. But I had punched a hole in their "alternate reality" and some memories had dripped through.

THAT'S WHAT BROUGHT IT BACK! A PROFESSIONAL BOWLING BALL. WHO'S BRAND NAME IS "RHINO", THE "RHINO BALL", THAT WAS THE EVENT WHICH TRIGGERED MY MEMORY. THAT'S WHAT I REMEMBERED, THE MAN WITH THE WHITE HAIR, JUST AFTER THEY RAN OVER THE GIRL.

I lied to Aaron not out of fear. It just flew out of my mouth. I didn't even think about it. I just told the story about it being a high school "nick name". As we began to bowl, I could tell Aaron was not himself, nervous, anxious, and he asked me about "the Rhino" again and again. "Are you sure that's when they called you "the Rhino?" He asks.

As I'm about to bowl I turn to him and say "Pretty f*cken sure asshole! Watch this," and I pictured myself throwing a strike, I start on my approach and I whizzed that ball down the lane and I threw a strike. I had just taken a crash course in acting. Because I lied again. At that point what was going through my mind was the girl, the man with the wooden blocks, the trial, Brian talking to Mr. Green, the lab. And as I'm bowling all these things are rushing into my mind. "Put it out of your mind" I say to myself. "Think about it later" and I played it down. I got away with it because I hadn't made the "Aaron connection" yet so I wasn't in the least bit nervous. I honestly just wasn't going to tell my best friend, out of the blue, that the Rhino was the term they used to call me when I was back in college and involved with the government, and mind control experiments, and how I was a unstoppable super assassin who possessed superhuman abilities! That would fly over like a lead balloon. So I kept it to my self.

We bowled several games and consequently drank several pitchers of beer. As we left and drove back to Aaron's he asked me to come in, several times. I said "nah man, I'm beat, I'll call you in the morning." He pushed it to the point to where I said something about it. "What's wrong with you man? I'll call you in the f*cking morning." And I managed to play it down again because I wasn't afraid of Aaron. That night, I didn't literally sleep at all (and I really haven't slept a single night since and it's been over a year). As I sat on my couch and thought about the "Rhino ball" I remembered being on the roof again. Then I remembered the girl. I then back tracked to the parking lot, running up the stairs, the girl, the roof, the jump. Going back that night and seeing the men in yellow, going back in the morning. Brian and the steroids. Him and Gwen, the lab, everything! But the memories are all like a 5 second flash of a 10 minute movie all with no sense of time order. Clear but then suddenly stops and it's all very confusing.

I'm even so clueless and lost in confusion that I ask Aaron "Aaron, did you ever have any Army men over your apartment?" He of course want's me to immediately come over. I go, we hang out, I watch some TV, I come home and go to bed. As a mater of fact "I have a very pleasant evening." In the morning, as I sit on the couch on the coffee table there is a legal pad with all kinds of stuff written on it in my hand writing. The Rhino, Rochester, 90 degree vertical climbs, DID AARON LOCK THE DOOR??? WHAT EXACTLY DID YOU DO AT AARON'S? CAN YOU REMEMBER? At that moment is when it all came together, but still it was only as clear as a dream, only it was a bad dream and I was awake.

I start thinking about college, and the thing is I couldn't remember college, I didn't remember most of my life now that I thought about it. I remember being at the University of Rochester, but the more I thought about it, I couldn't remember anything specific. I don't sleep at all now, and more strange things start happening.

The next night it is 3:30 in the morning and I'm up thinking about all this. I see head lights illuminating some of the parked cars in the parking lot, but after they were on for about five minutes. So I go out onto my porch to see what is going on. There is a full size puck up truck parked in front of the Bell South phone box which is the main board for the whole complex (a big gray thing about 4 feet high and 5 feet wide). A man has the box OPEN and is doing something while the pick up truck is left running. What exactly he is doing I have no idea, but the whole thing is making me extremely paranoid. I think to my self "for God's sake Aaron has the key to my apartment." So for the next three months I would lay my golf clubs between the front door and the closet door to act as a "wedge" so if anyone tried to get in while I was sleeping the front door would only open about three inches.

The next day I decide to call my father from a pay phone. And let me tell you NOTHING is ever really real, until you tell your parents. I gather my courage and I call my father. I ask him "Dad, Do you remember going to Annapolis?", and he answers "Only when I'm awake! Why?" "Because I don't remember college I answer. "I have memories of attending the University of Rochester, but I don't remember being there!" I then proceed to tell him the whole story about the mind control experiments, the girl who was run over, the lab, everything but it's all in bits and pieces. I said "either I have just gone totally insane or my entire life since the 6th grade has all been a lie. Either way I need to get some serious physiological help!" He has become quite serious now and says "I'm extremely glad that YOU said that!"

Through a friend of a friend I get the name of a good psychologist, he subsequently works with a psychiatrist, as it turns out I start seeing both of them.

Aaron is aware that I am seeing a psychologist, he is very interested in what medication the doctor has given me and what is going on. I tell him that I am going for therapy for the government mind control thoughts going on in my head. He follows very carefully what's going on and is satisfied with the fact that the doctors think that I am either "crazy" or "chemically imbalanced" and they don't believe me.

For the next several weeks I remember going over to Aaron;s apartment and there was a lot of missing time. What I would do was leave notes to my self. One on the car seat, and one on my bed. Both saying the same thing: Did Aaron lock the door? REMEMBER Rochester, the lab experiments, Aaron is controlling you REMEMBER!!! And I would sign it to my self. As I would get into my car after going over to Aaron's to watch movies I would find this note in my own handwriting on the seat and I would read it and I became even more confused.

But from somewhere inside me I would somehow never let go of the few memories that had broken through and every time that I would read the note it would somehow bring it back.

After a while Aaron found out about the note I was leaving to my self in the car because he kept on asking me (when he had me in the trance and I was under his control) how the hell I keep getting out. And I would be forced to tell him. The thing is, I would only tell him what he asked me. So since he never asked about the "other" note I was leaving to my self on my bed I never told him. And this game went on for weeks. After every night I would come home and try and piece it back together again. As the weeks went by I finally put the Aaron connection together, but I had to play along like there was nothing wrong. But what happened was that Aaron eventually found out that I knew in my real and daily life what he was doing to me. He tried to keep plugging the holes in the dam (if you will) but my

subconscious would not be stopped, it was fighting to come out and there was nothing that he could do about it. We had a falling out and didn't speak to each other from that moment on. I believe that Aaron knew that I knew that he knew that I knew and we simply stopped talking to each other for the final six weeks that he was in Atlanta. Mostly because he feared for his life that he could no longer control the memories that were coming back to me.

May 1997- Aaron finally leaves to go to help his father, and never said good by, he just left. Which only reinforces my suspicions.

July 1997- After about 18 weeks, thousands of dollars, and two different "sets" of psychologists, and psychiatrists. The third psychologist I go to, who was referred from the second one after he said "I have no idea how to help you or what to do with you!" because I was not "chemically imbalanced" and in spite of all of the drugs and attempts to simply make these "memories" simply go away he referred me to another doctor, and he was vice a president of the psychology department at Emory University hospital in Atlanta. The third guy finally had a good idea. He says to me with a very egotistical demeanor "If you believe that your problem can all be solved using hypnosis why are you here in my office?" I laughed and thought about it and said "you know, your GOD D*MN RIGHT!" I got up and walked out of his office.

All along, my parents, especially my mother are very very concerned for my well being. My mother especially seems to want to know EXACTLY who I am seeing, and EXACTLY what medications they are prescribing to me. And of course I tell her as she is threatening to come down and stay at my apartment until I get through this.

August 1997- On the second, I had made arrangements to go and see a hypnotherapist. For the initial appointment I had inquired as to if he had ever heard of the Silva mind control method, and he responded that he did and "was even aware of the technique and was fluent in it's applications." I specifically did not mention anything about the government or the experiments. When I went in with Pilar, all I told him was that for some reason, that I, no matter how hard I tried, could not go down to my level using the Silva method. I didn't know why but I thought it was just because I was under a lot of pressure at work or something. He tries to put me under and I keep for some reason coming out of it. He said "this is like trying to keep a rubber duck at the bottom of a tub of water when all it wants to do is keep popping back up to the surface." He then gave me his professional opinion. This is what he said "the mind is a funny thing, and we are not even close to begin to understand it. Of all the functions in the mind, 95% of what occurs, occurs in the unconscious, and only 5% of the mind functions in the conscious. There is DEFINETLY something blocking you in some way. What's happening is this, your unconscious is what really controls your mind. I suspect that something happened in your past, something that is so agonizingly painful your unconscious JUST WILL NOT let it come to the surface. Like a "clenched fist" it will not let it go. At that point I knew that he knew I was lying about why I really came to see him. He was a nice guy and I liked him, but I had already made my plans to move back home, so I didn't want to get started with a new "therapist" and then have to start all over again when I moved, so I never went back to see him. He didn't even charge me for the session.

August 18th- My roommate from college and one of my best friends is getting married in Oswego NY. I flew into Newark NJ and drove up to upstate New York. Oswego is located about 50 miles or so North of Syracuse, with all this going on in my head I didn't make a plane reservation until the week before. The

airlines wanted \$1,200.00 to fly into Syracuse directly so I flew from Atlanta to Newark for \$199.00 and borrowed my mothers car and drove up. It was good to see my friends and we had a great time. On my way home, since I was already up there I got on the New York State thruway and went to Rochester as opposed to coming directly home, more specifically the University of Rochester. I was only going to one place and one place only. The building where I scaled the wall and the girl was killed. The building where I remember seeing men in yellow suits working at 3:00 in the morning "fixing" everything. The building where I went back in the morning and found the crack in the block, and where the railing had been replaced with a "new" one but the cement was a different color.

I get there and let me tell you my heart was pounding. I go to the building and look at the bottom block where the car had hit the building. **AND LET ME TELL YOU, THE CRACK IN THE BLOCK IS STILL THERE, AND THE ONE RAILING IS STILL BEING HELD IN PLACE BY DIFFFERENT COLOR CEMENT JUST AS I REMEMBERED IT!** October 30th 1997- I move back home and start to look for people with similar experiences or who I think can really "help me". I arrive in the afternoon (as I had drove through the night), we unloaded the truck and I went to sleep. The next day my Mothers friend Astrid follows me over to the local u-haul facility, asks me how I feel, and I told her that I feel ifineî but thanks for asking.

Over the next month I am trying to piece together the fragments of my memory. I got to the High school and start to ask questions. The coaches all of course remembered me but the strange thing is when I asked them about the steroid trial they all said the EXACT same answer. They all seemed to get this glazed look in their eyes and they all said word for word "I remember something about that, but I just canít put my finger on it!" All the people who I know were there all seemed to get the same funny look in their eyes. I try and talk to my mother about what I am remembering and the thing is everything and anything that I would say her response would be "ANDY, THAT NEVER HAPPENED". Even simple things like when I got into trouble as a kid when my parents were going through their divorce, where I went to school in Germany, the fights my parents used to get into when they going through their divorce. "ANDY, THAT NEVER HAPPENED". So I began to cross check events with my father and the rest of my family and they remembered most of the events as I did. This did not make ANY sense. So I stopped discussing it with my mother, and secluded my self in the basement of her house.

I went to see Father Jack and asked him about the steroid trial and his response to me was "Andy, that never happened. We would never allow that to happen. I strongly suggest that you donít say another word to ANYONE about ANY of this and I strongly suggest that you forget that you even think that it happened." This really pissed me off, because I know that I am not crazy but what the hell is going on around here. So I tell Father Jack that I am going to call Dr. Purrizzo and ask him about and of course Father Jack tries his absolute best to convince me not to talk to ANYONE.

So if course I call Dr. Purizzo and get his service at his office as he is on vacation in California. So I tell his nurse that I want to leave a message for Mrs. Purrizzo (as she was the one who was caring out her sexual fantasies on me with her friend back when I was in High School, and was the one who would come up to visit me at Rochester and try and get me to sleep with her) and if anyone would remember it would be her.

The next day Mrs. Purrizzo calls me and I just ask her if she remembers me and if she remembers going to Rochester at all. She informs me that her memory (conveniently) has gone since she has had

alstimerzse disease. But she remembers me from when she went to see her son play football against the University of Rochester but that was it. This was impossible since I wasn't playing football when her son (who was playing for Carginee Melon) played the University of Rochester. The next day I get a call from Dr. Purrizzo who is calling me from California while on his vacation. And he says to me "This better be good" and I started to ask him in a very nice and gentle tone about the steroid trial and he starts to laugh at me calling me insane and that I need to have my self checked into a mental clinic. So I ask him about when I worked at the Ho-Ho-Kus Inn for him parking cars and how he hypnotized me and put me on the table to try and find out if I was sleeping his wife and to get revenge for ruining him at the steroid trial. He stated laughing at me again (and I could hear Mrs. Purrizzo and a few other people laughing in the background) and he tells me that I NEVER worked at the Ho-HO-Kus Inn.

So I ask to speak to Mrs. Purrizzo and he tells me that haven't I put her through enough and since she has alstimerzse disease she has no memory, and that for god's sake go and get some medication as I am a danger to society and hangs the phone up on me.

I am now very confused, within two hours Dr. Purrizzo's oldest son (whom I have never met never even knew existed until now) calls me out of the blue to reassure me that there never was a steroid trial and that he has a list of psychologist who would be more than glad to help me. I tell him in a very calm voice that I was just having these strange memories and I was wondering if his father could help clarify them for me. Oh yea, I tell him, I'm so sorry to hear about your mother, HOW LONG HAS SHE HAD ALSTIMERZSE DISEASE? He started to laugh and then he said "My mother doesn't have alstimerzse disease!" "Really" I say, well thank you very much and have a nice day. Within one hour the Ramsey Police have called my house and spoken to my mother stating that they got a call from Dr. Purrizzo, and that he recommends that I be sent to a mental institute immediately and put on heavy medication for the safety of the community! My Mother reassures the Police that I am no threat to anyone but I am just having a tough time right now.

This only confirms everything to me that some thing is going on and I am not crazy. So I call a bluff and call Father Jack at home and leave on his answering machine something like "I have a copy of the steroid trial you lying sack of shit and you are on it as clear as day, I HOPE YOU HAVE A GOOD LAWYER" and I hang up. The next day Father Jack calls my house and speaks to my mother. I had told my mother what I was doing and just for my sake could you "Please" just play along. Of course when She answers the phone Father Jack informs her that he has contacted his lawyer and wants to know what she knows about this "trial" and where is the tape? What does my mother say?, nothing other then "there really is no tape. Andy just isn't feeling well, he is just 'off his rocker'". Father Jack then tells my mother that he doesn't like being threatened and that if I don't shut up he is going to have the Police come me lock me away (this is the local priest who interacts with all the children).

My mother is of course now frantic and I basically locked my self away in the basement for the next month and didn't say a word to anyone especially my mother about anymore of this, as she has already betrayed me once. But think about it? If there never was any steroid trial, and the whole thing is a figment of my imagination and it all never happened, then why would a priest (if he is so innocent) contact his lawyer if there really could be no possibility of there ever being a tape to begin with. I knew that I was right but the whole world is against me for some reason and I had to find out what the hell is going on. So I laid low for a while and tried to piece together the scrape of memories which I had as there was still no order.

December 25th 1997- For the previous few weeks I have been writing down my thoughts to try and make some sense of it all. My thinking is that if I organize some kind of "time line" I can organize my thoughts and get a better picture. What you are reading is obviously the time line. Christmas eve I have no friends to talk to and no where to go. This doesn't bother me in the slightest in terms of depression because my memories are very slowly starting to fall together and become clear. Pilar calls me Christmas eve and we talk as she is in a similar situation. We begin to talk about Aaron and the strange things that I thought were going on at his apartment. Then Pilar breaks in and tells me that her and my stories are identical and she just never brought it up because she thought that she might have been imagining things or some how going crazy her self. About how there was lost time at Aaron's. How she remembers starring off into space and seeing me next to her as Aaron was controlling both of us. This was a great piece of reassurance and made a lot of other pieces fall into place as well as a number of other memories come back.

The most important piece to fall into place and the one which had puzzled me for the longest time was this? I knew as I was leaving Atlanta that they weren't just going to let me go. They must be watching me somehow, but I couldn't figure it out, how were they watching me? AND THEN IT CAME TO ME like a shiver going through my soul. Here I was safe in the basement of my mothers house where no one could get to me because I didn't go out at all. After talking to me I remembered that when I moved back to New Jersey from Atlanta, the first thing I did was bring back the truck. When I brought it back my mother's GERMAN friend Astrid was there to pick me up. The first thing she said to me was "HOW DO YOU FEEL?" and I said "I feel fine" then she said "AND THE CRAZIES IN YOUR HEAD?" and I said "What crazies in my head?" Then she said "That's good". Then she said "ANDY, WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THE BOOK MEIN KOMPFF?" "Hitler's book?" I say, I don't know I never read it! She said that's very good.

Hitler's Book "Mien Kompff" is one of the key words they use to control me. Astrid is the controller who is in turn controlling my mother to inform them of everything that I do. It all started rushing back to me. My mother complaining of her trip to Germany to visit Astrid, and how she seemed to be missing a few days and could not remember them. My grandmother (on my mothers side) freaking out saying that she had walked in and Astrid was controlling her in some way and my mothers response was "don't be ridiculous, Astrid is my best friend!" I then remembered from way back when I was a child (maybe 10 years I started freaking out calling Astrid a NAZI at one of my parents dinner parties and of course my mother apologized profusely. But I would not give up and I kept screaming "YOU MAY HAVE THEM FOOLED BUT YOU HAVEN'T FOOLED ME. YOUR A NAZI, YOU NAZI, YOU NAZI!" and I remember her just sitting there and smiling at me and I could tell that she was saying to her self "you are one smart little shit". She had also manipulated my father and has had a sexual relationship with him over the years (I don't know the specific details to this at all). These are all the basic control tactics that THEY use.

At this point I remember going to Astrid's once before when I regained my memory. I think it was between 1992 and 1994 but I really cannot be sure). I followed my mother over to Astrid's and watched as the main hypnotists as well as Mr. Green, and the man with the white hair being there and manipulating my mother. As I tried to get a closer look they had a man patrolling outside and I was seen and they chased me down, caught me and said the "Magic word" and my memory was erased again. The key point here is that now I know how they are watching me, and I know who my new controller is. It is

my own mother as they are manipulating her to keep tabs on me. I thought back to what she knows and to what I have told her in regards to anything I am doing with my government mind control experiment memories. She knows nothing of any relevance as I have not said a word to her since the Dr. Purrizzo and Father Jack incidents as well as the arguments we had back in October as to what happened in my childhood and since she would just say "that never happened" to no matter what I said. I just completely stopped talking to her about it. I have, without even knowing it, been specifically giving her disinformation and have been misleading her for months (this is a VERY lucky break). Now that I know this, I am going to use it to my advantage. And as a matter of fact now all the comments she would make as to what I was doing, how she was very concerned as to what I am doing, everything now makes more sense. But still I can only remember a fraction of what happened and I am still trying to put it all together. But I have secluded myself from everyone and now I know what to watch out for, My mother and Astrid.

January 17th 1998- Using the internet I order some books dealing with government mind control experiments and covert operations (as I still am thinking that this is a government experiment because I keep on remembering being on Navy ships for the assassinations and I keep seeing Mr. Green during the torture experiments and the conditioning. At this point I still have no recollection about the Illuminati or ANY idea about what the big picture really is). One of the books I ordered was "The Search for the Manchurian Candidate: The CIA and Mind Control" by John Marks. In the book he discusses the MKULTRA programs and how LSD was discovered, then how the CIA Back in the forties began experiments to find a "truth serum" to make spy's talk. One of the first projects was with two Navy men and a man called "Weint" (my father now has the book and I am not sure of the spelling of his name), but he was the head of the Psychology department at the University of Rochester. And he conducted his experiments on the students at Rochester in his secret laboratory in the attic of the library at the University of Rochester. When I read I literally fell off the couch as a flood of memories suddenly came rushing back to me. THE SMALL LAB I MENTION EARLIER IS THE SECRET LAB IN THE ATTIC OF THE LIBRARY! (and I have enclosed diagrams). I remember this because when they brought me up there the man with the white hair said to me "Rhino, what do you think of this place? This is all for you!" and I said "It's a f*cking dump" and he said "Well you have to give us some time to fix it up, it hasn't been used in forty years." Then I remember the beatings and the electric shock they did to me. I remember trying to escape and once when I got lose and had kicked the crap out of all the lab guys I tried to jump out of the only window. I opened the window and was half way out when I realized that I was at the top of the library and it was at least a hundred and fifty foot drop down to anything. At that point I knew I was screwed and I also knew where I was from the view. I specifically remember that! Then I remember going back with the FBI once to raid the lab and we broke in and was in the process of seizing everything when someone very high up in the FBI who was under the control of the Illuminati OR the NSA or which ever other government agency they used to control the situation (which I didn't put together until later), ordered the complete halt of the raid and the whole thing was covered up. And once again they erased my memory.

January 22ND 1998- I am still writing and trying to piece all this together. My mother is a woman who is a "Pack rat" if you will. She collects and saves EVERYTHING especially pertaining to her son. As I am writing down my thoughts to make sense of it all I go up stairs and go to the filling cabinet to where my mother keeps everything. My folder is gone. Everything that pertained to my past, my high school football clippings, my old report cards, the police reports of when I got in trouble when I was a kid. These were the reports I used to shove in my mothers face when we were having an argument two

months before when she was insisting that I was never a bad kid. It had all mysteriously disappeared. My mother must have told Astrid when she "reports" to her weekly as to what I am doing and Astrid must have told her to get rid of the file, to get rid of anything that would "spark" any more memories. So now my house has been erased of any memories of my past. I have not said a word to my mother that I know that my folder is missing, but let me tell you I was a serious shock to me as everything becomes reality. But it only adds to the proof of my past. Still no memories of the Illuminati or any other intervention with the FBI at this point.

What scares me the most is not remembering all of these events, but forgetting them again! You see I know for certain that I have my own "QUEEN OF DIAMONDS" if you will (from the Manchurian candidate) locked in my mind somewhere. This is the programming that they use to control the Navy, the Army, The Air Force and most of the elected officials. I know this because I remember coming out of this before. I vaguely remember contacting the FBI, contacting the Rochester news paper looking for articles on the girls death. Looking for articles about a trial during that time. I remember speaking to someone about "the black out trial." I remember driving to a house in up state New York sometime after I graduated, ringing the bell, a woman answers the door, looks at my face and instantly starts screaming as she becomes hysterical. A man then comes to the door. He sees my face, and I see the fear in his eyes as he becomes paralyzed with terror. I have a big smile on my face and I tell them how I know I'm the last person they want to see but I must speak to them and may I come in. They very cautiously let me in. I remember being in their living room and how I told them the story about what they did to me, and how I begged the girls mother to please forgive me for the things they made me do and the things they made me say. I tell them how I am going to fight them and bring the whole government down. The father speaks, and tells how there is no case without you, how they have a video tape. I ask to see it, they look at each other with very exasperated faces, and produce a video cassette from behind the book shelf. I remember, With my big smile on my face I talk about how we are going to get "those f*cking sons of bitches". "My legal team must see the tape" I say and I take it. They both get upset "that's their only evidence and the only copy." I go toward the door and walk down to the front stoop. I turn around and With my big smile I say "Don't worry I'll be back, and vengeance will be ours." Then with the biggest, happiest voice and smile I can muster, I wave bye bye! Like I had just made two new best friends. With them still standing in the doorway, I walk across the lawn to the street. As I reach the street a car pulls up with two men inside. I walk right up to it. The man on the passenger side asks me if I got the tape. "Of course I got the tape" I reply. He says "give it to me" and I do. The man tells me that I did good, and don't forget to wave goodbye to the nice people. And the car pulls away. From behind me I hear a voice filled with unmeasureable anger and pain screaming "YOU F*CKING SON OF A BITCH, YOU F*CKING BASTARD, I'M GONNA KILL YOU!!!!!" I turn back and see a man with a baseball bat half way across the lawn on his way towards me. Words cannot describe the anguish on his face as he cannot control his tears. The moment I make eye contact with him he freezes like a statue from fear, he tries to muster the courage to continue but instead collapses with the pain now overwhelming him as he screams "NOOOOO" and begins to sob uncontrollably.

AND WHAT DO I DO! With the biggest, happiest voice and smile I can muster, I wave BYE-BYE! IT WAS NICE MEETING YOU, BYE-BYE! BYE-BYE. Just like I had just made two new best friends. I get in my car, and turn the key. All the while I can't help but feeling really good about myself, proud, noble, and majestic as I drive away.

I remember doing this because no matter how hard I fought back, no matter how strong I felt I was all

they had to do was say the "Magic word" and I was back under their total control. This is my biggest fear, is being discovered of what I really remember before I can find the right people who can help me in removing their "programming" and their "Magic word" so I can fight back and not lose my memory again.

February 2nd 1998- Through the internet I have found contacts who have had similar experiences as mine. I have found some one who can help me as he is a specialist in these "deprogramming" and mind control cases. I have gone to see him AND HE HAS BEGAN TO DEPROGRAMMED ME. He specifically knows their tactics as he was once involved with them. Again not by choice.

As part of the "deprogramming", once you have been deprogrammed you have to have to wait 21 days as you memories must come back gradually as not to shock you all at once. Over the 21 days my memory is slowly coming back but is still in bits and pieces. But I (theoretically) now have control of my self and they can no longer control me. This has all been accomplished without any knowledge to my mother.

March 1st 1998- I have completed the 21 days and have put together some more of the pieces. But I Feel it is only a fraction. **THE MOST IMPORTANT AND UTMOST CRITICAL FACT THAT I HAVE REMEMBERED IS THAT I HAVE A SON!** He is about 7 or 8 years old, and his mother is the woman that I am meant to marry. I remember Aaron telling me about him at his apartment (against all wishes of the Illuminati) but he did it for his mother as she is the most beautiful woman you have ever seen in your life or your imagination. My son's IQ Aaron tells me is 150, (not unsimilar to my own) and they have 'big' plans for him.

To make things easier and as not to try and put all the events back in the places where they belong in the time line (as the story becomes very complicated if you try and write two parallel time lines and two alternate sets of reality at once).

I now remember that I have many many sons as I was used in breeding experiments as well. Here is a summary of what I believe happened and of the events as I can remember what happened at this time.

As my memory comes back I discover that I was not only used as an assassin but that I actually was one of the "Montauk boys" as well. This is in regards to the Montauk project as described by Preston Nichols in his book "The Montauk Project". ALL the events he describes in his book are 100% true. However the fact that the project was supposedly abandoned at camp Hero in the year 1983 could not be farther from the truth. As I was also there sometime between the years 1988 and 1993? And the project is still going strong. As far as I can put together at this point. { {some sources indicate that after the rebellion in the ranks and sabotage of the project in 1983, the project was re-initiated a couple years later. this is similar to the claims of the ' dulce wars' in the new mexico dulce base, leading to a severange of 'joint-interaction' between the u.s. government-illuminati and reptilian-grey controllers of the lower base, however after two years the collaboration was re-instated - branton} }

I was selected at the age of 2 when my father was in the Navy. In addition to this I have some very strange memories of when my family went to the October fest in Germany when we were there. Some strange events where they took my father and did something to him in the bathroom. Something where they humiliated him in some way and I remember watching and after when we left he was so ashamed about what they did to him that he made me promise not to tell anyone about what happened.

Anyway they watched me develop all through my childhood and then when I went to college they brainwashed my father into getting me to turn down a full ride to Penn State to play football, [but rather] to go to the University of Rochester.

When at Rochester they began their programming of me to become a "Manchurian Candidate" for them, the perfect assassin. My roommate was a controller, my room had a video camera, the shower had a camera in it. Every moment of every day they were watching me. Then at night they would take me to one of two labs and do the programming with electric shock, drugs, and torture. One of the labs is located in the attic of the library at the University of Rochester. The other was the much bigger one that they gained after I gave a demonstration as to what I could do to some Senator, and it became a full blown project.

I already had training in mind control from the "Silva Mind Control Method" I took when I was 10 years old and had incredible mental abilities from the get go. So when at Rochester they then just took the "special room" I already had in my mind and then manipulated me accordingly.

The organization is NAZI BASED and has it's roots intertwined with them. The funding for this project is exactly as Nichols states in his theory. That the funding from the Montauk project came from a 10 billion dollar Nazi gold train which was seized by the allies in 1944 and was suddenly "lost" by blowing up in a tunnel and sealing it away as the allies were driving the Germans back at the end of world war II. This was investigated by General George Patton as he could not understand how a train could "disappear" in allied territory and how all the GIs could have been killed. The gold showed up 30 years later at Montauk (now being worth 180 billion) and was brought over by the Krupp family (who own the ITT corporation), and that's where the Nazi's got the money.

Anyway, I somehow have the special ability to where somehow when a suggestion is given to my sub conscious ANYTHING that is suggested I can somehow do in reality. I was the untouchable superstar of the MKULTRA program. Some of the things they would do would be things like, they told my subconscious mind that ANY height I jumped off of, NO MATTER HOW HIGH, was as easy as jumping off of a footstool in my mind, and I could do it. How high? Eventually they threw me out of airplanes without a parachute (because once you reach terminal velocity whether it's is jumping from 200 feet and surviving or jumping from 20,000 feet you are not going any faster so it doesn't matter what the height is as long as you can "stick the landing").

Imagine an assassin or covert group that could jump out of a low flying plane and hit the ground running. The mission would be over before the target even knew what happened. And this is exactly what I did. Between 1988 and 1992 there were several assassinations around the world that were so profound and so unbelievable that the cases are still unsolved. The assassin would shoot all the targets as well as all of the guards surrounding these prominent people with one shot to the head, so at the scene there would be all these bodies all with one bullet hole in their heads. Then the assassin would do things like go in, shoot everyone once in the head with a pistol then jump off a twenty story building with no parachute hit the cement and get up and run away. I am that assassin, and the FBI is looking for me (I will get into that more later).

So I was trained at the Rochester facility. The thing is that when they were creating me, as part of my

development they gave me a top secret government healing "formula" to heal my self if I became injured (when I was under hypnosis they gave the suggestion to my sub conscious) to add to the "healing pool" I had in "my room" which I already had in my mind from the Silva mind control course. It worked so well that I could heal my self from ANY injury with my mind in a matter of moments simply by laying in the water and telling my self to "heal". This worked so well that, without their knowledge, I decided to increase the strength of the formula another 500 million times. I did this simply by when I was going to sleep I would go to my "level" and fool around in the lab they had set up in my own mind without their knowledge. As a result of me "fooling around" in the lab in my mind I made another {ectoplasmic? - branton} machine (in my mind) that could create anything I asked it to.

So I told the machine to make another "Super top secret government formula". One that would make my mind and body indestructible and impervious to any poison, any poison gas, and that now my skin, eyes, and every cell membrane in my body would have the strength of 1,000,000 times the strength of kevlar. Having done this I made my self indestructible in the sub conscious of my mind and it really worked in reality. So when I jump off a 15 story building and if I splattered my self on the sidewalk I literally would just stand up and brush my self off and walk away, exactly and as easily as if I had just fallen off a footstool with no pain or broken bones, not even a scratch. Some of the other things they did to me was the total and utter removal of having any fear. The ability to turn on and off your adrenaline gland at will. To be able to run as fast as a cheetah, to have the reflexes and agility of a cat, and to be able to climb any structure like I was a monkey. To be as physically strong as you need to be. To be able to shoot a target EXACTLY in the center every time without thinking about it (like in the middle of someone's forehead for example). These are some of the unbelievable Physical abilities I have.

The mental abilities I have are another story. I can move objects with my mind, I can pick up and hurl objects as large as a small car into walls, and I can crush a man's throat with a single thought. Simply by telling my mind to do it (such as sticking pencils into cement walls with only a thought). Which is something I think I did in one of the FBI offices (I still don't know which office it was, when it was or how I even got there). I CAN MANIPULATE MATTER ON AN ATOMIC LEVEL WITH MY MIND.

The thing is I wanted no part of the program from the beginning and every chance I got I fought back with all I had. As a result of this it became harder and harder for them to control me. THEY NEVER BROKE THE ESSENCE OF ME SO THEY HAD TO BUILD OVER ME. In other words they could never destroy what makes up me and my beliefs totally, so they had to bury me and lock me away somewhere in my mind and then create and alternate personality. I have no fear of them so the only way they could control me was with mind control. I have the strength to 10 men and can jump off of a 20 story building, hit the ground and get up running but when they say the "magic word" or would ring the "magic bell" it would stop me dead in my tracks and I become utterly powerless, to move, to fight back, even to speak unless spoken to. Anything they told me to do I would do it without hesitation or question. But from some where inside me my true self, because my will is so strong, would fight through what ever they were doing to me and I would punch holes through the alternate reality platform they had built in my mind and I would freak out and start fighting them. I must have killed at least 15 of their men who would try and stop me once I started. When I would freak out no matter where I was, I was getting the hell out of where I was and if you tried to stop me it was not a good idea to get in the way.

I always would end up running back to my dorm room (where my roommate was one of the controllers) running back to home where I felt "safe" and I would simply go to sleep or even stay up a while and

watch television but the memories of what just happened seemed to disappear as soon as I got "home", it was like my subconscious would over rule my conscious mind and trick me into believing that this "horror" wasn't really happening (I guess it was a kind of denial if you will, whether it was a programmed response or not I don't know). I remember when they would have me under their control the best way to describe it would be like being locked in a room with no doors and no way out and all there is are these two huge windows in which you can see everything. Like riding in a giant robot and seeing out the eyes. You can walk around the little room but there is nothing but bare smooth walls and all you can do is watch. You can scream, kick, and beat the walls as hard as you want. But all you can do is ride in the body and watch what happens. But again somehow I would manage to escape from the little room and that is when I would "freak out" as I would regain control of my body.

One time they had me at a base somewhere, I believe in Virginia, and after I escaped the facility somehow I was back in my room in Rochester New York 20 minutes later. Later, they came and got me and brought me back to the lab. They had me securely chained to a chair (literally) and they had said the "magic word" and I was in some sort of trance or altered state. I also may have been drugged but I don't think so because the thing is the drugs they were giving to me I eventually built up a defense to. They would no longer have any affect on me as the machine I had built in my mind to counter any and all invasions of my body simply told my subconscious that these drugs would no longer have any affect on me. Subsequently they would give me enough of what ever it was they were giving me (it would be enough to knock out three elephants) but it would have no effect on me and that's why they eventually had to resort to literally chaining every inch of my body to a solid steel chair so I could not escape again. They asked me how I did it, how I ended up in my room and I remember telling them with a big smile on my face as I was proud of what I did, "time travel".

I have no idea how I did it but some how I opened a portal using only my mind, entered this black hole, walked around for a while (I seemed somehow to know exactly where I was going) and then exited through another one and I was standing in front of my dorm room. I remember punching a hole in the fabric of time and then punching another one to get back. They repeatedly asked me how I did it and I would not tell them. I remember telling them that it was much too dangerous because I had already made two holes in the fabric of time and if the holes some how began to tear, and if the fabric of time actually "tore off" and ripped in half completely, life as we know it would be over as reality would go spinning off into infinity. So no matter what, I was not going to tell them (I had absolutely no knowledge of what previously happened and what they were doing at Montauk, camp Hero, at all). But the fabric of time I remember being - and this is very difficult to explain - being the most fragile and intricate thing I have ever felt. It was like a burlap type of weave made out of material as fine as spider silk. You could rip a hole through with your hand just by touching it, but as soon as you did it you knew that there was absolutely no hope of repairing it because the material was so fine and the weave so intricate it seemed to disintegrate as soon as you touched it.

Anyway I fought them every step of the way and they were going to use me to kill every one of their enemies until they ruled the world. But what I did way back in the beginning when they were prepping me and conditioning me for the assassinations, they tried to tell me that this was all for my country, and that it was for the good of man kind. But I insisted on knowing how many missions I had to go on until I could "retire", until I could "quit" and they would let me go and leave me alone. At the time they told me 10 just to shut me up and since at the time they still didn't really know what I could do and since this was the first mission they really didn't think that I would survive 10 missions. But after I ran the 10 missions I

said "that's it" "no more, I AM THROUGH, FINISHED, RETIRED" at which time they tried to change it to 25 on me but there was nothing that they could say or nothing they could do to get me to do anymore (let me tell you that this pissed the Illuminati and all of the military and basically all of the "heavy hitters" off something fierce.. They wanted to reactivate me to kill Saddam, and after that they wanted me to kill President Bush. For months they tried every type of brainwashing, threat, torture, and intimidation tactics they could think of to try and get me to kill President Bush. But I simply would not do it, and you can only imagine the things they did to me, the horror makes me wake up in the middle of the night in cold sweats. I can only remember it for a second and then my subconscious hides it from me gain.

As far as I can put together what happened was this, and keep in mind that I am still trying to piece together my all of my memory. When I began doing research about the Montauk project a flood of memories started coming back. Back when I was in college (1988-92), they took me to Montauk and put me in the "Montauk chair". The first time I tried to use it I somehow blew it up. My mental energy was so powerful that I blew up the generator or the circuits or something. What ever I did it was supposedly impossible, but it happened. So they repaired it, I think they only had one other generator and they had to put some kind of buffer circuit in it as well, and I think my "Montauk hair" episodes were on two different days (in terms of an actual time span I have no idea) but I remember having on different clothes (specifically wearing slacks one day and jeans the next as I was more casual on the second day because they took me just as I was getting out of one of my classes and I hadn't "dressed up" because they didn't tell me to on the second visit). But anyway, they tied me up with chains so if I freaked out I wouldn't wreck the place and I was sitting in the chair. The machine was on and they were adjusting the power to fit my mental output if you will. Some one then came up to me and said "what ever you do don't think of a monster" and since the machine was already on of course a second later a huge monster appeared. Everyone started freaking out and running around and I was still tied to the chair. The monster had to be 12 or 13 feet tall, it was covered with brown fur, had one eye and one horn. It looked like a cross between King Kong and the monster from one of the Conan movies. The monster had been created using the Montauk chair from out of my imagination from somewhere in my subconscious using the Montauk chair to amplify my thoughts creating an actual physical being. The only good news was that the creature was either incredibly stupid or was just very confused as to it's sudden new surroundings because it just stood there for at least a minute giving them time to untie me. They were all yelling at me to do something (since I was the only one who could have stopped it, if you will, of the group) but I was tied up, so they finally cut me loose and I killed it by jumping on it's back from the upper level of the stair, and strangling it to death using a chain and a steel rod like a truncate around it's neck. But not before it wrecked half of the lab. Most of the chair antenna apparatus got wrecked and the right side of the time machine antenna got wrecked and a box of these million dollar light bulbs got smashed. But they all seemed happy because the controls for the time machine were undamaged and they all kept saying that it wasn't nearly as bad as the last time????? I didn't understand?????

Some time later (I don't know how long it was) they bring me back in again and sit me down in the chair (as now everything is fixed). This time they tell me they want me to think of only pallets of gold bars. They were out of money and wanted me to create billions of dollars using the "Montauk chair" since my mental energy was strong enough to create physical objects which were indeed real and stayed real in this physical universe. I did it once and a pallet of gold appeared, they were all excited and they went off to test it to see if it really was gold. Not knowing what I was doing as I was functioning in the alternate reality they had created (the reality in which they could control me and supposedly they were my best

friends). I, like an idiot, said "Why gold? Gold is a pain in the ass, because of it's weight and volume, if you need money why not make some thing else?" Then I said "step back" and with in an instant a huge chest appeared and I said "open it". I had created for them a huge chest of perfectly cut, flawless, white diamonds the size ranging from grapefruits to golfballs. One was even as big as a volley ball. This is what they are using as financing today. This is where they are getting the money to build the new facility under the new Denver airport, and where they got the money to build their brand new "state of the art" new head quarters facility in Atlanta. The chest of diamonds is priceless and I mean priceless, worth literally trillions, an unlimited source of funding. And it's all my fault. They have named the biggest diamond after me (the one the size of the volley ball) they call it "The Rhino diamond" and the second largest one is called the star of David (named after my son in my honor). After all of this I was chosen to be their "golden boy". I was personally chosen to interact DIRECTLY with the Illuminati.

The Illuminati is made up of a group of about twenty men. All are 6'-2" or over, white and are of an indeterminate older age (I would say above the age of 70 but I suspect that with the technology they have available to them they in reality are much much older). They convene in a board room with a huge wooden table which is in the shape of a football. Each chair has a control panel and a television screen comes out from inside the table for each of the chairs. There is a huge screen located in the front of the room as well. During one of the meetings about 1/3 of the men reached over to their belts and turned a knob on a small white box they had on their belt and their human image dissolved to reveal they were not human at all but these huge lizard type creatures (the reptilians).

After I finished college at the age of 22 or 23 I specifically and repeatedly told them that I wanted no part of any of this but they were not going to let me go. They all liked me very much and always wanted me to join them (the Illuminati) for drinks and "hang out" with them in their private recreation room and be one of them. Play billiards and cards with them (things like that). So they brainwashed me again (reinforced the alternate reality program they had been using all along) and made me the inspector to all of the facilities around the countries. They erased the memory of my son and his mother from me at the time. They have plans for him as his IQ - so I have heard from Aaron - is 150. But anyway, the inspector was a highly important and influential position to hold, again I was 22 years old and was their "golden boy". They gave me a rank of 42nd level in the masons secret society...

{ { note: i have heard from a friend of mine that, according to certain sources, george bush also held the 42nd degree... even though 'officially' there are only 33 degrees. it is very probable that bush has risen in the ranks since then. the 33 and above degrees are not public knowledge since this is where they begin dealing with the interplanetary secret societies, with alternative 2 underground and alternative 3 space scenarios involving both humans and aliens. the plan is to allow world war iii to break out between right-wing and left-wing political factions - that were actually financed by the illuminati in machevellian fashion - and when the world is depopulated the cult of the serpent - human and alien illuminists - plan to annex this planet to the main reptilian empire in alpha draconis, and turn those humans who remain on earth into electronically controlled subjects. the dracos are, according to contactees, involved in an ancient war with human-like beings in the lyra sector. both the humans and reptilians reportedly once lived on earth in prehistoric times and left the planet as a result of ancient earth changes/wars to found their respective confederations, and both desire to use earth and its unique chemical, mineral and genetic resources along with its human population, with its inbred warrior instincts, as weapons to destroy the power-base of the other side - branton } }

To start (I started at the bottom of the top), accompanied with this title came a ring (like my college ring) with the numbers "42nd" embroidered on the jewel of the ring in red.

I inspected several facilities including the one in Paramus NJ, the Montauk facility, the facility in Rochester, the facility in Miami where the Grays are located and are doing their breeding experiments to form a slave labor race (this is a joint treaty with the US government's Department of the Navy) { {or the d.o.n., which serves as the major c.i.a./n.s.a. "mole" within naval intelligence - branton} }.

The government is providing human women subjects for the Grays to do breeding experiments with, in exchange for alien technologies (what we now call the stealth fighter and bomber radar invisibility technology) and a non aggression pact against the rest of man kind. I personally have seen this first hand and I remember the women and children as I walked by them SCREAMING and PLEADING hysterically for me to help them. This memory is one of the most disturbing and most frightening that I have recalled. The feeling I get now is the same one I got then, one of utter sickness as the thought of our government is giving aliens women and children for torture and breeding experiments. EVERY WORD of this is unfortunately all TRUE.

When I was in Miami I was placed down in front of the leadership council of the Grays. I didn't know what the Illuminati wanted me to do, they never gave me any specific instructions or too much detail as to the intricate workings of things because they were afraid that I would freak out again. At the meeting one of Grays was trying to gain access to my mind in order to control me. He kept trying to implant the suggestion "You will obey me, You will obey me". I warned him to stop three times. He had no way of knowing my abilities and after warning him the third time I crushed his throat with my mind and then hurled him against the wall with such force that his head splattered open like a ripe melon.

This was all only using the power of my mind. This caused a severe political confrontation as I didn't know who he was. I didn't even know really why I was there. The Illuminati had sent me there to impress the Grays and I ended up killing one of their leaders.

{ {atta-boy andy! time to stop all this groveling and kick some alien butt! reminds me of a legend i heard of st. george the dragon-slayer. i don't know if there's any truth to it but the symbolic truth it important. the story is of a kingdom in the mideast or africa that was plagued by a dragon. the king would try to appease the beast with livestock tied up outside the city, but one day all of the livestock was gone... they merely ended up feeding the beast's appetite. so they took lots to sacrifice a virgin outside the gates, and this went on for sometime until the kings own daughter was chosen. the king reluctantly let her be tied to the post outside the city walls, after which the dragon approached. just then from out on the horizon a knight in shining armor, with a lance in hand, riding a white horse, and wielding a shield emblazoned with a red christian cross on a white background, approached and with remarkable speed sent the beast to dragon heaven, or dragon hell whichever the case may be. st. george according to the legend ended up marrying the princes. the moral of the story is this... appeasement is the inevitable road to defeat. consider british prime minister neville chamberlain who essentially turned over chzechoslovakio to adolph hitler in an effort to appease him, but this only fed the furer's ego, his disdain for the allies, and his twisted confidence, and he continued his military campaign which eventually led to the deaths of over 50 million people. star trek's "scotty" once said it best: "sometimes the best negotiator is a fully loaded phaser bank!!!" - branton).

I almost started a war between the Grays, the Reptilians, and the rest of mankind. That was my first impression, what happened in reality was I believe that the Illuminati sent me to the grays to see if their mind control technology would work on me. One of the major objections I had with the whole situation was the way in which the Illuminati was approaching forming the "New World Order". I personally told the Illuminati off, and that they were wrong and that if they attempt to control the minds of human beings we will lose the essence of who we are and what makes us so special. That if they tried to control the minds of human beings they would create a police state such as the one in the former Soviet Union and the world would end up with the same result, disaster. I told them that I am in agreement that the future of the Earth and the future of humanity definitely needs and is heading toward a single world government...

{ {i would have to disagree here, i would suggest more of a union of sovereign republics... putting all of your eggs in one basket is dangerous, for instance if an alien empire were to try to take over this planet it would be easier just to "steal the basket" than to go on an "easter egg hunt" and try to gather all of the eggs one by one... i would agree with interaction between countries on an intelligence and military level in order to protect the mutual boundaries, but on an economic and political level it is best for each sovereignty to be totally independent from the rest, and thus not repeat the disaster of economic dependence that has resulted in the loss of sovereignty of most republics, i.e. dependence on the international bankers who have loaned wealth to all nations, only to be squandered by irresponsible leaders, bringing those sovereignties under the control of the bankers because of the debts that may never be repayed since these countries can barely pay even the interest on the loans, and especially with the collapsing economies we will see the illuminati's international banking systems demand even more 'collateral' from these defaulted countries, destroying even more of their sovereignty. a good idea might be for each country to import no more than 1/3rd of their national produce to ensure that they are moving in the direction of self-sufficiency. stacking all of your dominos together is not a wise idea, as we can see now with the collapse of the interconnected and co-dependent world stock markets which are essentially dragging each other down - branton } }

...but the methods of how they are trying to achieve it can only lead to disaster. That it is the society in which we live in that must be changed not the human beings which live in it. How we live in a world where society has become so complex that the fundamentals of right and wrong has become defined by how much money you have. **PEOPLE NEED TO BE LED, NOT BE CONTROLLED.** Lead by example. We don't have any leaders in the world today, we have politicians, and there is a big difference. We are like a piece of clay with the same unlimited potential, it can be molded and shaped into anything that can be imagined, however the harder you try and squeeze it the more slips through your fingers. My speech utterly shocked the Illuminati because for god sake you don't talk to them like that but I let them have it. It did however divided the Illuminati, some were on my side and some were on the side of total mind control. The Reptilians were also greatly offended as in my speech I declared that in who's best interest is "total mind control" really in. Humanity, or the alien species that were trying to overtake us. They must take the earth intact and without a war for they want the planet for their own usage's. Also, why do you think they know they must control us NOW, before we develop any further. We only use 6-8% of our brains, what's going to happen when we use all of it! AND do you really think that if there were 5 billion human beings on the planet that could do what I can do they would be making treaties with the government in exchange for women and children subjects to conduct horrific human breeding experiments? Of course not, if we were advanced enough we would tell them to go "F*ck them selves". But President Eisenhower knew this back in the forties so that's why he agreed to the terms, to buy time.

But now the department of the Navy has become so engrossed with the possibilities of the technologies that they are only getting a glimpse into, that they have lost sight of the fact that we have made an alliance of horror. I mean I really let them have it!

At this point I told them again that I wanted no part of any of this and I just wanted to live my life. The nerve of them, after they tortured me for years and then turn around and try and tell me that they are my friends and that I am now one of them, I told them to go f*ck them selves right to their faces. They however had created their own worst enemy, a man without any fear who stands against them, and a man who cannot be killed, but who can destroy them. So they did the only thing they could, they erased my memory, and are keeping a very close eye on me, and every time I would start to regain my memory they would be right there to make sure they could put out the fire before it got out of control. I'm like the black sheep of their family, they want me so badly to embrace them but all I want to do is see them destroyed. And the only card they can hold over me is my son and his mother!

After I graduated I lived in the New York area for about a year, and then moved south to Atlanta. I recently have gained knowledge that they have moved their new headquarters to a new underground facility in Atlanta. I had no knowledge of the fact that they had moved to Atlanta but when I found that out that a whole flood of memories came back. And Yes the reason they moved to Atlanta was probably specifically to watch ME! I had no memory of any of this until another single event sparked a memory which punched another hole in their "dike" and my memory has been coming back ever since. Very slowly.

As far as I can put together what happened was this, some time between 1992 and 1996 I regained a portion of my memory and went to the FBI. I had no memories of Montauk or the Illuminati, only of the torture at Rochester and the assassinations they made me do. I told them about the experiments going on at the University of Rochester and how I have telekinetic abilities. They didn't believe me so to prove it I stuck two pencils at a range of about 15 feet into a reinforced concrete wall using only the power of my mind. The thing is I also told them about how the Rochester facility was using stage Hypnotists to brainwash the public. As well as this how they were also brainwashing the Army. When the new soldiers were coming out of boot camp they would be treated to a stage hypnotist show. These guys were so good that they could then turn around and hypnotize the whole audience and **THEY WOULD START PRAISING ADOLF HITLER AND THE NAZI PARTY.** The FBI didn't believe me so I asked them to set a remote camera at one of the shows. And they did it and sure enough the plot was exposed. **I'M THE GUY WHO TIPPED OFF THE FBI TO WHAT THEY WERE DOING AND THEN WENT ON THE RAID ON THE ROCHESTER FACILITY.** The thing is during the raid they already had so many of the FBI and the Army personnel under their control that when we went to the facility and broke in we almost had them but then they said the magic word and the troops and the FBI agents turned against me, and were under their control. They don't fight with guns, they fight with words { {psionic warfare - branton} }. It was like a living night mare. The raid was covered up and they made the whole situation "go Away".

Again the raid was covered up because they already had high government officials as well as the top officials in the FBI under their control and they did their best with damage control. However the damage was already done and sometime after that the government passed a law making it illegal to perform stage hypnotism in the United States. I think? But as a result of this they erased my memory again and covered up my identity and made me disappear. They tried several times to kill me but they simply cannot. So

now half of the FBI is looking for me and the other half is covering up my identity from the first half as they are the agents of the "New World Order" and the Illuninati and are keeping me from becoming known. But the FBI is still looking for the man who stuck the two pencils in the wall at the FBI Office. Which is me. I don't remember which office it was or the exact date, but I know that they are looking for me. While living in Atlanta my controller was my best friend. This guy came up to me at the pool of my apartment complex and we became best friends. He was from, confidently enough, Rochester, NY and was in Atlanta to get his masters in Physiology at the university of Georgia. I had no clue what was going on and he would brag openly about how he could hypnotize people without them even knowing it.

I would go over to his apartment and hang out. This is where they continually kept up with my programming and making sure that I would not regain my memory and get out of control. There was a lot of missing time and frequently he would get up and lock the door for no reason at all. I didn't put it all together until later, but I remember telling him several times "Dude, I think I was the victim of government mind control experiments when I was a Rochester" remembering only a minute fraction of anything. And he was right there to cover it all up again. I remember doing this several times (coming out of it maybe 15 to 20 times) until finally I figured out that he was part of it and I just kept my mouth shut.

But the whole thing seemed so bizarre that it didn't make any sense. He spent years trying to permanently blank my memory but because of the safety systems I had installed in my mind when they first started programming me and creating their "Manchurian Candidate" I specifically designed my own system so that the system would automatically "reboot" no matter what, and there was no way to destroy it (it is quite clever I must admit). This pissed them off something fierce since they have no way of destroying me, they can only try and control me. During one of the sessions he slipped and told me "Do you have any idea how much damage you have done to the organization?" and I said "good you f*cking assholes", but then he said that they were now using the FBI physiologists to gain the control of all the FBI agents when they came in for their mandatory physic evaluations. Think about it? Who watches the FBI physiologists? When I heard this I was still in their altered state of reality and I would go on my daily life everyday with no memories of what was happening at his apartment. Somehow I found my self in the FBI office in Atlanta, and I was there to tell them the story about what was happening to the FBI during the physic evaluations. "Watch the physiologists" I said and the director of the FBI office knew exactly who I was, and he kept on asking me "Who are You" "Who are You" (He knew I was the guy who stuck the pencils in the wall from before, and told of the stage hypnotists) and he kept on saying "Do you have Any idea how many people are looking for you?" and I kept telling them that I came in as soon as I regained my memory. He said "how convent, they keep erasing your memory". He didn't believe me when I told him that I have no memory about anything he is talking about. A specialty team of FBI agents were on the way from Washington the moment that it was discovered that I was in Atlanta. But somehow I gave him the information and then I disappeared and I was back in my apartment. I don't know how I did it but that's what happened.

As it turns out the whole thing was true and nearly the entire FBI was under the control of the Illuminati, and when they would say the "magic word" they would all turn and say "HEIL HITLER". After a few months the FBI got control of the situation (supposedly) and arrested all of the physiologists involved, deprogrammed all of the agents, all of the military generals, as well as most of the members of the Senate I would assume and Congress, as well as President Clinton.

My controller (Aaron) when the whole plot was exposed said that he had to do some very fast talking to save his life and said to me "do you have any idea how much damage you've done, you've reduced the organization down to me being the new head mind controller because they arrested everyone". Several members of the Illuminati wanted to kill my son and his mother in retribution for what I had done, but [did not] since I had no memories of them (and they thoroughly detest me).

As part of their control over me they have separated me from my powers somehow. I cannot move anymore objects but it is very very slowly coming back to me. However I do remember jumping off a 5 story parking garage in Buckhead (the affluent singles bar area in Atlanta) when the FBI was chasing me (I didn't know who they were) and I just did it with out thinking, and simply ran away. My programmer (now also Aaron) simply erased my memory of the whole event. I didn't know that they were FBI agents at the time, all I knew was that they were "men" after me. Going way back to the initial programming all I would do in situations I simply "run", get away. I think I also walked into another FBI office at point in some time and I was half way inside the door when I suddenly got this uneasy feeling as I looked at the FBI agent behind me, he was a tall black man and when he began sweating bullets my instinct just took over and I ran away. How, when and where that happened is still a mystery to me.

In July of 1997, one of the Army officers (Mr. Green) who had been instrumental in my development back in Rochester and who I had swore if I ever got loose I would kill, tried to kill me. I remember being in Aaron's apartment and he put me into my trance. When I awoke again I was literally in chains from head to foot. It was Mr. Green. He took 50,000 milligrams of cyanide and mixed it into a small glass of coke and forced me to drink it. Nothing happened. I just burped as loud as I could and told him to go f*ck himself. He became frantic and calling me a "son of a bitch" and he then pulled out his 45 revolver and shot me point blank in the head. The impact knocked me unconscious but when I came to I saw three shell casings laying on the floor. Aaron erased the whole event from my memory, and about a week later (when he had me in my trance) told me that the attack was "Unauthorized" and that I no longer have to worry about Mr. Green again. In fear for his life, Aaron and I had a fight and stopped speaking to each other as he could not cover up the memories any longer and he knew that I knew that he knew that I knew kind of thing.

I move back to New Jersey in October of 1997 and have since been trying to piece it all together. I know who my new controller is. For the longest time I could not figure it out the fact that they would not simply let me go and not have some one watching me, but now I have figured it out, it is my mother, and they hopefully don't know that I have figured it out.

I have had my self "deprogrammed" by one of the "Montauk Boys" and am going through my 21 day recovery period, which coincidentally ends today. And that is where I am at. Now I have to figure out how to get my powers back. I must figure out some way to get in contact with the FBI and figure out some sort of "plan". In the mean time the information I have collected states that now the Illuminati are attempting to control the world through the recording business and the media. Inserting subliminal messages through all the major recording studios, they have now gone to actual application with the broadcasts of the 425MHz mind controlling frequencies with towers all over the world (the one in Russia is targeting California) and they are controlling the television companies and are starting to insert hypnotic messages into everything we watch and read. I can only do my part to try and stop them, I hope some other people will help this time.

As more of my memory comes back I will add in more detail to the time line. In the mean time I am faced with one major question in regards to all of this.

Who am I? and is it really me?

March 10th 1998- "As world war II ended and as the debris of Berlin smoldered, the American intelligence 'services' quietly courted Nazis and their Quislings in the Soviet satellites. Some 5000 European 'anti-Communists,' according to the Washington Post for June 9, 1982, quietly emigrated to the United States. In the early days of television, young Ronald Reagan's fund-raising acumen was tapped by the 'Crusade for freedom,' a CIA front. The then 'liberal' celluloid cut-out and FBI informant appeared in a cameo spot to talk viewers out of their hard-earned dollars to fund the migration of East European 'freedom fighters' to the United States - these paragons were really diehard Nazis. The CIA, Pentagon, and an army of Nazi recruits have since consummated as ideological bond that has held in sickness and in stealth." -- From: Virtual Government - CIA Mind Control operations in America. P 150, by Alex Constantine

Secret location of Rochester Facility (Located in Rochester NY)

This is not only the truth about what the United States government has already done, but these operations are not only still going on but have escalated in their scale and have become so integrated into today's society, that the public is starting to believe the "lies" the government is protruding to "discredit" anyone who comes forth and states that they have been a "victim" of a government mind control experiment, or some other sort of illegal horrific government based medical experiment.

What the government is doing to "cover their tracks", simply is they come up with a fictitious medical term to "explain" what all these people are emembering. In this case they came up with the "false memory syndrome". The fact that all these people are simply "delusional" or "crazy" and they (conveniently) need medication. It conveniently explains their "memories" of the wrong doings and government torture done to them as all simply being "figments of their imagination" and "it all never happened". It also shuts them up as they are now heavily sedated.

I know this as to be fact because it happened to me when I attended the University of Rochester between the years 1988-1992. The horrific experiments were conducted at the secret facility illustrated in the map of Rochester N.Y above.

These are the individuals responsible for the kidnapping, and most disturbing of all are the torture, murder, and illegal horrific medical experiments being done on American children TODAY. They actually are the NAZI PARTY working in conjunction with different branches of the United States government in order to find effective way to control your mind and to control the minds of All the United States citizens as well as the rest of the world in order to form "The New World Order". A single military based world government where free speech, free thought and free will will only be a memory of the past.

This is also the Same group that was hypnotizing citizens as well as the United States Army using stage hypnotists in the mid 1990ís. The United States government (THE PART THAT WAS NOT YET UNDER THEIR CONTROL) eventually passed a law making it illegal for stage hypnotism to be performed in the United States because of this exact group. Their secret location was never revealed until

now as they have not yet been prosecuted. Why? Because the network of government collaboration between the different branches of the government and the Nazi party have become so intertwined that it virtually has become impossible to sort out "Whom" is really responsible, because the whole operation's success is based upon secrecy.

This is also the same group, the certain individuals and groups within the United States government and the diehard members of the Nazi party who were brought over from Eastern Europe named as "the freedom fighters" with the money donated by the American people who gave during Ronald Reagan's fund- raising campaign. Which then was cleverly tapped by the "Crusade for freedom," (A CIA front operation). This group of fanatics then attempted to overthrow the FBI by planting their agents "posing" as FBI psychologists. The "agent" would then hypnotize (brainwash) the FBI agent during their "psychological evaluation" into giving their loyalties to Adolf Hitler and the Nazi Party! Sound too outrageous to be true? Believe it! You probably never heard anything about this conspiracy because the FBI covered up this plot as not to expose their own incompetence as the group had almost the entire FBI under their control until the conspiracy was exposed (I would estimate it happened sometime between 1996 to 1997). The FBI is still looking for who is responsible for these plots, and here they are! At the Rochester location.

Secret Paramus facility located at 140 Century Rd. (Located in Paramus NJ) There are literally "dozens" of these facilities located across the country. Each one has a different function and specialty. This is a "sister" facility of the one in Rochester NY. The entrance to the underground facility is located in an office building in Paramus NJ., at 140 Century Rd. The building next door (120 Century Rd) is also owned by the same company who finances the project. The Paramus facility does not specialize in mind control, it's specialty is SEX.

The Paramus facility uses women to gain government secrets, industrial secrets, intelligence information. Basically ANY information they are assigned to gather these "sex agents" then go and manipulate their "target", not with guns, or threats, but using one of the most powerful agents of manipulation, sex.

As stated above, the "sex agent" is one of the most powerful means of extracting information. The girls are either brought in at a very young age or I would imagine kidnapped and then are made into a "sexual agent". This is done through a set of very disturbing programming steps. This process includes brainwashing and as you can imagine EXTREME sexual abuse. A process which was used frequently used and perfected by the KGB as well as attempted by the CIA in their "San Francisco house". I'm not sure as to the actual procedures involved in making one of these "sex agents" or where the girls come from. I can bet that 99% of these girls are NOT there on a voluntary basis.

You don't think that our own government would be insidious enough to use girls to get information out of powerful men? Are you that ignorant? But Anyway here is where the top secret underground entrance location is. This location is where the secret societies of the world work. Sometimes in conjunction with the United States government (as well as many other governments) and of course sometime for themselves. This is where these "sex agents" are programmed and trained. At the Paramus facility in NJ { {or is it new jermany? - branton} }.

The Secret location of the "Relocated" Montauk Project (Dobbins Air Reserve Base in Atlanta GA) The Montauk project (formerly located at Camp Hero in Montauk NY) was first made public by Preston

Nichols in his infamous book "The Montauk Project". The Montauk project is simply a continuation of the "Philadelphia Experiment" which was then changed to "Project Rainbow" and "The Phoenix Project", until finally it was moved and renamed to "the Montauk Project". All these projects had slightly different objectives, "time travel", "weather control", etc. These projects were eventually brought all under one roof which was named "The Montauk Project" which was located at Camp Hero in Montauk Long Island. The essence of the project was "time travel". Being able to create an "electromagnetic bottle" if you will around an object, thus enabling the object to be able to "disappear" or become invisible. This was already accomplished back in the 1940ís with the USS Eldridge. There were problems however. Other than ripping a huge hole in the fabric of time (which an alien species called "the Grays" then used to bring a huge spaceship through and there are an estimated 1 million of them living here on Earth right now), human beings could not travel through time as their spiritual as well as physical "zero point of reference" becomes lost. I am not an expert on this subject, but as best as I can understand it, this is what happens. So more work needed to be done. What we now call our "stealth" technology is actually the Gray alien technology given to us in trade by the Gray alien species. What happened was the Department of the Navy made an agreement with the Grays to exchange technologies for human women and children subjects to conduct horrific breeding experiments. The Grays are what you see when you look at most of the alien drawings made by abductees or people who have claimed to have seen "aliens". This is going on right now down in Miami, FL. (Entrance to the secret underground facility where the U.S. military is conducting horrific genetic experiments on the population of the United States while working in conjunction with the gray aliens - [the entrance] is located next to the Classic Honda dealership in a bank in the Coral Gables area of West Miami, to be more specific) as I have seen it first hand myself. Over the years we developed the technology and can now use it in practice applications in our Stealth fighters and bombers.

Another off shoot of the Montauk project (which had to work with the time travel principal in order to give the spirit and physical body a "zero point of reference") was called the "Montauk chair". What this essentially did was to separate the mind from the body. To be able to separate the spirit and soul from the body. Eventually, with the help of the alien technology the essence of who we are (our spirit and soul) can be separated from the body, transferred onto a computer, digitized, (make any changes in who you are if they deemed necessary), stored, and then put you back into your body.

Who is behind the financing of all of this, as there is no paper trail leading to the government? One of the major contributor's to these horrors is a secret society called THE ORDER TO THE ROSE. Who are the "Order of the Rose"...

{ {the rosicrucians? according to the rev. jim shaw, a former 33rd degree mason, when he was initiated into the 33rd degree of the scottish rite of masonry - which actually originated at a jesuit college in clermont france and not in scotland - he was taken to the scottish rite headquarters in washington d.c., which sits atop of the pentagram-like street layout of the city. the ceremony took place in the masonic "house of the temple", in which he observed all kinds of murals, carvings and statues involving serpent worship. in the major ceremony they sat at a cross shaped table covered with roses, an obvious symbolism of the order of the rosy cross or rosicrucians, which like its allied society the jesuits is a conspiratorial group hidden behind religious symbolism? - branton} }

It is a secret society which is essentially made up of the Catholic Church as well as most of the other powerful religions, (and Yes the Pope himself) have made the trade of sacrificing women and children

for horrific experimentation to alien's which is going on down in Miami, in order to gain the technology to understand and to be able to separate the body from the soul { {note: i'll give these bastards the 'technology' to 'separate their body from their soul', if you know what i mean, free of charge! - branton} }.

As you can imagine that when this gets out it will not be a popular opinion at all, and it would be one of the great scandals of all time.

What is happening now? The "Montauk Project" for some time was moved to Atlanta, but recently has moved from Atlanta back to Camp Hero in Montauk AND IS ACTIVE. Essentially because the Montauk location is the "cross hairs" of the Earth's "Biorhythm's", and is essentially the point on Earth where time travel is most easily accomplished when Earth is the point of origin. So Camp Hero has since been reopened by the Department of the Navy, had the water drained from the flooded tunnels and is now fully operational again.

The Comet Hale-Bopp also caused quite a commotion as to what was going on. This is what truly happened. The comet was supposed to pass right by us (in astrological terms) a very close brush with the planet Earth. What was discovered by the Air force and the Department of the Navy was that the comet was heading right for us. To redirect the comet, project "Pebblestone" (the current Air force equivalent to the Department of the Navy's Montauk project) was used. In conjunction with the corporation of most of the world governments [they] were trying to redirect the comet using "particle beams" which we generated from here on Earth. The comet was moved, but then seemed to redirect itself back towards the Earth. It was determined that there was indeed an alien ship directing the comet directly towards Earth.

If it had hit the Earth it would have caused a "nuclear winter" and wiped out the human race with in 5 years. So, with the corporation of project "Pebblestone" and the Department of the Navy, a time hole was opened in front of the comet causing it to pass directly around (or through) if you will the Earth.

The purpose of the comet was indeed to wipe out us, the humans, as well as most of the life on Earth. Who was in the alien ship was not known to us or to any one of the half a dozen alien species which are already here. The act was definitely one of aggression, as the alien's (who ever they were) were trying to "teraform" the planet for their own usage as the comet contained large amounts of "methane". This is what the top organization who actually runs the planet Earth concluded. An organization made up of a counsel of half humans and the other half made up of various alien races who's name is so secret it has NEVER been mentioned ANYWHERE in print. So they destroyed the alien ship using a top secret Anti-matter bomb (as some say).

The mass suicide's in Rancho Santa Fe (San Diego) where 39 people killed themselves because they believed there was a alien ship coming behind the Hale-Bopp comet were absolutely correct. They were not correct, however, in believing that the aliens were coming to bring us to a "higher form of human existence". They were in fact coming to destroy us!

Camp Hero is where the Department of the Navy has reopened the Montauk facility and is currently working with a variety of different species of aliens on a variety of covert projects (located in Montauk Long Island).

As more and more of my memories come back to me things become more clear.

March 16th 1998

I remember that I was a member of the Department of the Navy's ultra elite "Delta Force". The term "Delta Force" is usually associated with the Army and special forces units there in. It is generally thought that the highest level of covert operations units for the Navy is the "Navy Seals". This is generally true for all "earth based" operations. For inter-planetary operations the "Department of the Navy" has a group of "very special" solders which can do the same types of superhuman things I have referred to before. For the "very special" projects the secret societies of the world use the "very special" commando forces of the department of the Navy. A unit so secret that only a few people in the world know of their existence and that force is called "The Delta force!" ("the Delta Force for the Department of the Navy").

As I regain my memory, I remember that Mr. Green, the man who was so terrified of me, was one of the men who raped my mother in front of me while they held a gun to my fathers head when I was about seven years old. I remember 6 men coming into our house. Two of them put a gun to my fathers head and the other four went into the back room and had their way with my mother. I think I was about seven years old. As the men left they were laughing at my father and about what they had just done. My father just sat in his chair and cried. I ran outside and swore to kill these men. This man turned around and put his gun in my face but I didn't flinch. I just stood there and swore to kill him. He looked at me, and thought about killing me for a split second and then slowly walked away, looking at me in the eyes.

I remember that I had made the association of Mr. Green and what they did to my mother and father and that's the reason why they could never break me using beating tactics. I had made the association between him and the entire group. That's why no matter what they did to try and make me one of them I always hated them and would always hate them so there was nothing that they could do because the damage was already done.

Through my contacts I have found out that the reason why I am having so much trouble regaining the essence of me is that what these people did to try and control me was they took the essence of me (my soul and my mind) out of my body, smashed my mind into many pieces and stuck me back in my body upside down and backwards {{so to speak - branton}}.

I remember that when I was sent on missions for the "Delta Force", they would send me through a "Time Portal" and then bring me back a few days later. To earth in earth's time. However, when you alter one's time line, they come back different. This is why when I would come back the mother of my child would always tell me that "I am different somehow?". I will explain this more later.

I was also contracted out to be used for "breeding" experiments to other alien governments by the Department of the Navy (and by the council who really runs the Earth - the New World Order). These alien governments wanted to cross me with one of their own to create a warrior class of species. I remember having sex with many different species and in many different places. Again much more into that later.

March 26th 1998- I have put more and more of my mind back together. I have spoke of jumping off high objects and surviving. I jumped off a 200 foot platform for president Bush and hit the ground very hard. As I lay there, the president was furious as he thought they had just killed me. When I got up and then

walked over to him he was in shock. I remembering him asking me if "I had volunteered for this". I just looked at him and started freaking out asking him for help.

To put it bluntly as there is no real other way, what the New World Order, the Montauk Project and the [Project] Monarch boys are all about is the controlling and manipulation of peoples minds for usage in their own projects. Once the subjects mind has been effectively controlled they are then used (plugged into) machines, and are then central components in time travel, weather control, and of course more mind manipulation.

The essence of their control and of their tactics comes from the "splitting" of the mind. The "splitting" of the mind entails a process of degradation and humiliation of the subject. The process is different for each individual. But in essence what they do is go into your subconscious and find out what the most personal aspects of your are. Then they use this against you to essentially rip your mind apart. What happens is this, an individual boy who possesses special mental abilities is selected at a very young age (age 5 or 6). The boy is then subjected to various "stages?" of terror and horror to begin to separate himself from himself and his family.

They do things like having several men rape the boys mother in front of him and make him watch. They put a gun to the fathers head and make the 7 year old boy watch his father sit there helplessly as his mother is raped in front of him. I remember this happening several times, in my childhood.

My "conditioning" involved several levels of physical torture, and horrific sexual abuse going beyond any known descriptive term. They continue to drive "wedges" into the subjects minds until hopefully the mind will "split" apart as it cannot take anymore. One of these "wedges" they used to drive into my mind was the Murder of my mothers future husband "Mr. Johnson", back when I was eleven years old.

When my parents were getting divorced, and my mothers one true chance at happiness, was shattered in order to get to me, what they simply did was to program Sally Johnson to kill her husband when he came over. This concludes her defense theory as she pleaded temporary insanity. Theoretically this is true as she could not help herself and was simply following her instructions out as were programmed into her by this group. This particular type of conditioning was done at the Paramus Facility (map enclosed). This effectively drove my mother into a downward out of control spiral which caused enough discord in my life to give them an avenue of manipulation (an avenue for them to try and "split me").

When a man has an ejaculation what actually happens is this. When the ejaculation occurs the semen which is shot out of the body is the DNA package containing the blueprints for the body. What is unseen is at the same time what is also being transferred is the soul or spirit of the person. We are all creatures of energy, the energy which flows through us is called "kundalini energy". When a man reaches an orgasmic state, during the ejaculation not only is the Semen sent out but the male penis also at the same time sends off the essence of the spirit as well during this period. Both are shot out at the same time. If you ever took the time to notice, the male penis is shaped like an antenna. This is obviously done for a reason, and the reason is that the spirit is also sent out through the penis during the ejaculation.

This is the reason why "test tube" babies are born without a soul. As they were only conceived with the part of us that makes up the body, and as the insertion of the spirit was not part of the conception, this person is born without a soul (since there was no physical transfer).

This one of the primary reasons why Men are used and not women. When the orgasmic state is achieved the "kundalini energy" or "spirit" of what makes us who we are is projected out of the body by the male to impregnate the female. This "energy" or "spirit" can then be captured and digitized and then put back into the body.

To "split" the mind, at the moment of orgasm, the subject is somehow demoralized by an act or subject that is so personal that the horror of this act causes the mind to "split" open like a log being split by an ax. The "new" self or "programmed" response is then inserted and takes hold. They basically split your "self" apart and then insert you with another "self". What ever they wish to insert into your mind what ever they want you to be, they then insert and that is what you become.

My mind has been split six times. Each time they would split my mind, they would insert the appropriate programming and that would be that. However, because my will is so strong, the programming would not hold. I kept breaking out of it, and they could not control me. Every time I would break their hold on me, they would have to re-split my mind in order to re-insert the programming. This is why my mind is split six times. Normally, when the mind is split once, is all the mind can take. Somehow, my mind was split six times and I survived, I don't know how.

The small lab where they did their experiments on me as I have mentioned earlier is the secret laboratory attic in the roof of the University of Rochester library. The BIG lab where I had most of work done to me was done at THE ROME NATIONAL AIR BASE. Located in Rome NY. To maintain security and for discretion they dug an underground tunnel going directly from the Rochester facility (located under the Andrews Street bridge) going to the facility in Rome, where the other "Montauk chair" is located. They use electric cars (as not to create any undo suspicion from ground vibrations) to travel between the two facilities.

Rome National Air Base (located in Rome NY)... Where another "Montauk Chair" is located underground. The reason they went through so much trouble with me is because I have the ability to concentrate and focus on one thought and one thought only. Because I can do this, they used me to operate the "Montauk Chair" and open time portals going to different points in time. What they do is have the "chair operator" focus on ANY point in time in ANY part of the Universe and the thoughts are then amplified and a time portal is opened. A computer then records these thoughts and the time portal is then stored in a computer (on a storage disk). As the work progresses a library of time portals is then created { {note: al bielek has mentioned something called the m.a.l.t.a. base, the "montauk alsace-lorraine time archives" underground base, which is located in germany near the french border in the alsace-lorraine region which has been a disputed territory between germany and france for centuries - branton} }. When they want to access that particular moment in time, they insert the storage disk of the time portal and they are off and running. The only complication is that the computer must readjust the time portal for the starting point as the "Earth" and our "time" has since moved since the portal was recorded. So once the new calculations are entered as the starting point the portal is then opened.

I have sat in "the chair" several hundred times and they used me to open several hundred portals and make several hundred recordings. The earlier time travel project was the one called project "Southern Cross". Time portals have always been here on Earth (at least as long as modern man). The oldest version of the time portal is an older system in which a huge crystal which has been here since the time

of Atlantis is activated by emitting sound frequencies while over the crystal. There are supposedly 8 crystals hidden around the world. Only one has been located, and it is at the corner of what makes up one of the corners of the Bermuda Triangle. Project "Southern Cross" was used to win world war II in the favor to the allies. What the U.S. government did was using this old time machine they effectively went back in time and delivered future technologies to the 1940's to help us win the war. We would deliver communication devices, as well as weapons, made out of 1940 parts and technologies (using bulb resistors etc.). These devices would be delivered to the 1940's along with a complete set of drawings on how to make them out of 1940 parts.

I took part in several of these "deliveries", as well as ran many missions for the U.S. government, going back in time and altering the future. One of the people who I ran these missions with was Duncan Cameron from the "Montauk Project".

March 27th- As I was living in Atlanta I thought I was out of the program and living a totally normal life. As I regain my memory I remember these men coming into my girlfriends apartment and having 50 men rape my girlfriend {{over a period of time? - branton}}. This included animals as well as many other perversions. I remember them raping my sister in front of me. I remember them raping my mother in front of me. Now that I think about it I remember most of my girlfriends being gang raped in front of me. More later about this.

The Babylon 5 movie which came on a few months ago contained a subplot about a human being from the past which came from the past into the future. They are looking for this being. I AM WHO THEY ARE LOOKING FOR. During some of my duties I was sent through the time portal into the future, and actually formed the Babylon project. The producers of the show have sent a message back in time for me and I have received it.

When they split my mind, all six times, they had to expose me to some horror. I remember all of what it took to split my mind. That's all I'm going to say about it for now.

Claims have been made that I was being used up until MID JULY of 1997. This far exceeds what I thought. For the entire time that I was down in Atlanta, I thought I was living a normal life. The reality was that I was being manipulated and having gang bang parties with my girlfriend. When I went to Ft. Lauderdale and spent 8 weeks down there, I thought I was having a great time, The reality is that I was being bred by the Grays down in Miami while I was there.

One of the De-programmers I have been using, has since tried to manipulate me and I will no longer go to him. I realize now that NO MATTER WHAT I DO, some one is going to try and manipulate me for their own purposes.

<http://angelfire.com/ut/branton/>

