

ANGELIC DEFENDERS & DEMONIC ABUSERS
MEMOIRS OF A SATANIC RITUAL ABUSE SURVIVOR

BOOKS BY KERTH BARKER

ANGELIC DEFENDERS & DEMONIC ABUSERS
MEMOIRS OF A SATANIC RITUAL ABUSE SURVIVOR

CANNIBALISM, BLOOD DRINKING
& HIGH-ADEPT SATANISM

MENTAL LIBERATION
DEPROGRAMMING SATANIC RITUAL ABUSE, MK ULTRA,
MONARCH & ILLUMINATI MIND CONTROL

PSYCHIC DEVELOPMENT
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ANGELIC DEFENDERS
& DEMONIC ABUSERS

MEMOIRS OF
A SATANIC RITUAL ABUSE SURVIVOR

KERTH BARKER

Angelic Defenders & Demonic Abusers
Memoirs of a Satanic Ritual Abuse Survivor

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It is advised that persons below the age of eighteen should avoid reading this book because of explicit descriptions of child abuse. If you have children in your home, please make sure that they do not have access to it.

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TWO QUOTES ATTRIBUTED TO MARK TWAIN

*“It’s no wonder that truth is stranger than fiction.
Fiction has to make sense.”*

*“It’s not the size of the dog in the fight,
it’s the size of the fight in the dog.”*

INTRODUCTION BY THE AUTHOR

In telling the story of the abuse I survived as a child, I think I have to make some things clear up front.

There have been journalists and whistle blowers who have made it clear to the public that pedophile rings are connected to many political scandals and financial frauds. The Franklin cover-up in Nebraska was one such scandal, and a number of serious journalists have written of it. In the Franklin cover-up, a child prostitution ring that sexually serviced politicians was exposed and linked to a Satanic cult. This child prostitution was used to blackmail politicians and that in turn made a major financial fraud possible. Later, a great deal of effort was put into covering up the incident and convincing the public that it was all just a hoax. However, journalists such as Senator John W. DeCamp and Nick Bryant have investigated this in depth and revealed that the original allegation of an organized child prostitution ring was quite real. And the Franklin cover-up was just the tip of the iceberg. Since then it has become abundantly clear that pedophile rings are in operation in Washington DC; Alex Jones, David Icke and other courageous journalists have covered the issue.

Other such pedophile rings have been revealed elsewhere in the United States and Europe. Even former President Jimmy Carter has publicly spoken of the problem of contemporary slavery in the United States. It's an undeniable fact that children are abducted and sold into slavery for sexual purposes. However, not all pedophile groups operate in the same way. And my personal experiences may not be typical in every respect. I'm not trying to be an objective journalist in telling this story. What I'm attempting to do with this book is to give you some understanding of what goes on in such pedophile rings from the point of view of an exploited child. This is not an academic analysis. My intention is to portray the emotional landscape of a child forced into pedophilic prostitution.

I can't tell my story without describing some of the sexual abuse in an explicit way. I'm not trying to offend anyone, but this is a necessary part of the story. Unfortunately, many pedophiles believe that they are giving pleasure to the children they abuse. They imagine that their acts of sexual abuse are acts of love. But a child who has been terrified and forced to sexually service adults does not feel sexual pleasure from the experience and does not feel love for the abusers. I can tell you from my own personal childhood experiences that being abused feels painful and humiliating. What I felt for my abusers was mostly fear of them and revulsion for what they forced me to do. By describing what happened to me and other children, and honestly presenting the truth of the pain and humiliation, I am not trying to sexually titillate anyone. This is a necessary explicit description intended to convey the urgency of addressing this problem which has been ignored for so long. You need to realize that this type of organized pedophiliac prostitution is becoming increasingly common throughout the world.

Also in this telling of my personal experiences, I don't feel obligated to reveal everything I know. I may withhold or change names. I may conceal certain things to protect the identities of others. My descriptions of the abuse process will be incomplete because I don't want to teach anyone the complete technology of mind control. I'm concerned that some unscrupulous readers might abuse such knowledge. But the truth of what it feels like to be an exploited child I will reveal with as much honesty as I can.

As well as this: for the sake of readability and storytelling, I'm not going to tell the story in a completely sequential fashion. It's my intention to tell the story of my childhood in the way I experienced it, but I also am going to share those understandings of my childhood which came to me later in life.

In the sections in which there is dialogue, I think that it's obvious that no one could remember the exact wording of such conversations which took place decades ago. I'm recalling these experiences as best I can. But I'm not going to make up anything that didn't happen. Nor will I alter the events themselves. And you should also understand that I have had an advanced form of therapy which rehabilitates the memory system; this made it possible for me to be able to re-experience memories in a way that can be very direct. Recently, when I made the intentional decision to tell this story, that decision caused my memory system to release

a flood of memories. So as I re-experienced this story in memory, I reported it in writing. So the dialogue and descriptions of events may be far more precise than you might expect.

I think I need to point out that any persons who have been subjected to ritual abuse may experience emotional distress if they read this. These graphic descriptions of torture could trigger repressed memories. And sudden flashbacks of traumatic abuse can be very upsetting. Therefore, for some it may be best to read this only if you are in a safe and supportive environment. However, I also believe that some abuse survivors may find this book useful. Even if it brings back painful memories, it may help you in processing them. And recovering victims may find hope in hearing the story of a survivor.

In all honesty, I don't claim that my recall of my childhood abuse is perfect. However, I have reason to believe that my recall of such abuse is clearer than that of most survivors. Confabulation is the commingling of real memories with imagination. This can sometimes happen if hypnosis is used to recover repressed memories. However, I know the difference between memory and confabulation. And my recall of memory is not based on hypnosis.

Before and during the writing of this book I prayed to God and opened myself to divine guidance. The decision to tell this story triggered a mental process in which I fully relived my childhood. Once I began to write, the memories began to flow with great lucidity.

The only way that I could write this was to not censor myself, but to simply describe in words what I relived in memory. Rather than trying to calculate what I might think the readers would be likely to accept, I decided to simply tell this story in a straightforward way. I don't care if this book makes sense to everyone. As Mark Twain pointed out, only fiction has to make sense. In writing this book, my job wasn't to convince anybody of anything. My only job was to testify.

MR. 666

In many respects, the home where I grew up as a child was quite normal. We lived in a neighborhood in the suburbs outside of St. Louis, Missouri. It was the type of neighborhood where everyone knew everyone else by their first names. We children would play on the front lawns and the adults would stop to make small talk with each other on the street. On summer evenings we would catch fireflies in jars or play hide and seek with the other kids in the neighborhood. In the winter the parents would sometimes block off the street so that we children could slide down the hill on our sleds. Norman Rockwell could have painted scenes from my neighborhood. It was the kind of neighborhood depicted on those old TV sitcoms from the 1950s and early 60s – shows like *Leave it to Beaver* and *My Three Sons*.

On the outside things seemed normal, but as is the case with much of this world, the underlying reality of this neighborhood was not what it seemed.

When I was young, my family had a woman who would sometimes act as a nanny or babysitter; I remember that we children called her *Shotzy*. She spoke English well, but with a slight German accent. She had been introduced to our nuclear family by my grandfather – a man who I will identify as *Senior*.

When my parents first moved to St. Louis, Senior had brought Shotzy by one day and introduced her as a close friend of his. Senior was very respected by my parents. In fact, the home where we lived had been found for my parents by Senior. This was at a time when there was a post-World W II housing shortage. And Senior had helped with the financing as well. So my parents held him in high regard.

My father had been an infantry officer in WWII. He had met my mother while on leave. They had been introduced to one another at a party being

held by some wealthy friends of my father's family. My mother had been an officer in the Army Nurse Corp. They were married and had their first child while the war was still ongoing. After the war they left the military and my father started on his business career. Eventually Senior talked them into moving to St. Louis. On the wall of our home there was a photo which had been taken of my parents on the first day they met. In it, they both looked sharp in their military uniforms. In a sense, they started out their marriage as Lieutenants Mom and Dad. However, during the war my father would eventually be promoted to Captain, thus making him the official ranking officer of our nuclear family.

However nobody in our extended family ever outranked Senior. He was the undisputed family patriarch. He was a wealthy man. He was on the Board of Directors of a major oil company. He was president of the aviation division. He had many wealthy and powerful friends and was an acquaintance of some famous persons such as Charles Lindbergh. What most people didn't know about Senior was that he was also a Satanist.

I don't know the exact path that Senior took to Satanism. I think it started when he was in college. He was recruited into some type of Luciferian secret society. He had a genius level IQ and was ambitious. He married young, left Georgia and started working in the oil fields of Oklahoma. This was during the boom years. He made and lost a million dollars in those oil fields. Eventually he was recruited into an oil company by a known leader of the American Nazi party. Senior had mixed feelings about Nazis. His own father had been a Jew who had converted to Christianity. But Senior was the type of man to put up with anything or anyone in order to get ahead. And the fact of his Jewish ancestry was not well known.

At one point in his career, he was sent to New York for a while by his company. Apparently his time in New York had been a turning point for him. That's where he was recruited into a Luciferian secret society of great power. Also he met Shotzy there.

Shotzy had been a leader in the Nazi Youth Party in Germany before and during the war. She had also worked in a concentration camp with doctors who experimented on Jewish and Gypsy children. After the fall of Nazi Germany, she went into hiding as a war criminal. However, after winning the war there had been an effort on the part of the U.S. to acquire

the intellectual resources of Nazi Germany. So Shotzy was recruited by the CIA and they brought her into the U.S. under the umbrella of Project Paperclip.

Many Americans still don't realize that the CIA brought a large number of Nazis into the U.S. after the war. And these Nazis became highly influential in our society. You have to understand that the CIA is basically run by the Skull & Bones Society, which recruits its members out of Yale University. And Skull & Bones is a branch of the Illuminati. And of course, the Illuminati is a secret society with the goal of global domination. It's presently the most powerful organization in the world.

Shotzy was both debriefed and trained by the CIA. They gave her a new identity. They gave her money and work. Her war crimes were to be ignored. She had been "de-Nazified".

Shotzy was involved with a form of MK Ultra mind control research. Although many people have heard of MK Ultra, it's often misunderstood. In reality it was a project to combine what the American government knew about mind control with what the Germans knew about this subject. The letters MK use the English word for "mind" and the German word for "control." MK = Mind Kontrolle. "Ultra" refers to the highest level of security classification. MK Ultra was the CIA's secret research project on mind control. It began in 1953 and officially lasted for twenty years. (Although, in a sense, this mind control project is still ongoing, but now it uses the name of Monarch mind control.)

MK Ultra involved more than eighty institutions and hundreds of experimenters. Its projects varied greatly. Some of the more notorious projects, such as the one in Canada, were eventually declassified. But most of the research was kept secret. These days, when most journalists talk of MK Ultra they are referring to the work of Donald Ewen Cameron or certain other well known experiments involving LSD; these have been somewhat declassified. But really these are not typical of what was going on in the more successful experimental MK Ultra programs. The declassified projects tend to represent the failed experiments done by incompetents. Many of the other experimenters were much more successful and used somewhat different methods than the ones described in the declassified papers.

MK Ultra's real purpose was to take traditional Satanism and turn it into

a scientific method. So it's really the science of Satanic Ritual Abuse. This is trauma-based mind control. A person is traumatized with torture, drugs and sensory deprivation to the point of becoming disassociated. The victim disconnects from his or her natural personality and develops a new one. It's as if the person has become possessed by a demon. And one might argue that demon possession is what's really going on. This new personality is controlled by the programmer. So persons can be brainwashed into doing things which go against their natural values.

The Nazi Party was Shotzy's first teacher in the art of mind control. The Nazi Youth program had been a massive propaganda project. Shotzy went from training children to be good Nazis to assisting in the systematic murder of children in a medical environment. In the concentration camps she had learned the art and science of torturing children. Then, with a further education from the CIA, Shotzy was trained in the science of MK Ultra mind control. She specialized in programming children to become sex slaves to adults. The CIA understood the value of using pedophilic sex as a method of blackmail. Finally, Shotzy had completed her education in mind control with guidance from hardcore Satanists. They taught her how to invoke demons to possess children.

When she first met Senior, Shotzy was in New York studying Theosophy, with an emphasis on the writings of Madam Blavatsky. They were introduced at a party held in the mansion of a high-ranking Illuminati member. Shotzy quickly became Senior's mistress. Theosophy is an international Luciferian movement. But it turned out to be too tame for Shotzy and Senior. They became drawn to more hardcore Satanic teachings such as those of Aleister Crowley. They also studied in secret libraries which contained books on Satanism that have never been publicly published. When Senior moved back to St. Louis, Shotzy tagged along, and together they organized a type of Satanic coven. But they were under the guidance of an aristocratic Luciferian whom they called by the nickname of *the Baron*.

It might seem strange that a secret Nazi war criminal would hook up with a man who was the son of a converted Jew. Of course, Shotzy knew of Senior's genetic background. But by the time she had met him, she wasn't so much a Nazi as she was a Satanist. As a Nazi, her worldview had been that society was divided by race. She believed that the races had a hierarchy which consisted of the superior Aryans, the lesser races and the most evil Jewish race. The CIA recruiters who trained her were

Luciferians, and they initiated her into Luciferianism. So once she had been retrained in the pure doctrine of Lucifer, she had a new worldview. She came to believe that the world was divided into those persons initiated into Luciferian secret societies and those inferior persons who were uninitiated. She came to believe in a form of Social Darwinism which implies that aristocratic Satanists are a superior form of human animal. From the Luciferian viewpoint that she was indoctrinated in, she learned that uninitiated persons were merely cattle to be controlled by the Luciferian initiates. So instead of hating Jews, she learned to hate anyone who wasn't an initiated Luciferian. And as a Satanist, she considered that the most stupid of the uninitiated cattle were the Christians. Senior only pretended to be a Christian; in reality he was a Satanist like her. So that's why Shotzy wasn't concerned with Senior's Jewish ancestry.

As bad as the Nazis are, the Satanists are much worse. The Nazis want to kill all Blacks and all Jewish persons. But the Satanists want to kill everyone. The Satanists don't just hate one or two groups of people, they hate God and all of humanity. The ultimate goal of High Adept Satanism is to create an apocalypse which leaves behind only the dehumanized Satanists and their dehumanized slaves. Not all Satanists understand the ultimate plans of the most powerful High Adept Satanists. The High Adept Satanists are "trans-humanists", they want to eliminate humanity, replacing it with some new species, and they want to destroy the natural environment through massive geoengineering. Shotzy was someone who had become seduced by this type of radical Satanism.

The first time I remember meeting Shotzy, I was about six years old. At that time I had no idea what I was going to be in for with her. She was very friendly in her attitude toward me, and she seemed nice. Initially I liked her. But what I didn't know at that time was that even by then she had already done damage to my life.

Years later, as a teenager, I was told stories about Shotzy from others who knew about my upbringing. It was then that I learned how Shotzy had been creating problems for me since the day I had been born.

When I was born it had been a very difficult time for my family. My mother and father hadn't planned for me. In those days, they were using birth control diligently, but their birth control methods failed them one night after a holiday party shortly before Christmas. They were

unenthusiastic about my birth, but they went ahead with it anyway. Abortion was illegal in those days, however if they had really wanted one, they could have arranged for it. Nevertheless, their feelings about bringing me into the world were ambiguous. The birth had been difficult. And afterwards, my mother suffered from postpartum depression.

Shotzy had strange ideas which came from her Nazi Youth days. She wanted to train me to be a Wehrmacht superman – a soldier with a will of iron. She believed that empathy was a weakness which should be trained out of children. Breast feeding encourages empathy. So Shotzy had talked my depressed and vulnerable mother into not breast feeding me. This created health problems for me as an infant. This is not to say that my mother was cruel to me. She and the other members of my family treated me well as a child, but unfortunately Shotzy had managed to involve herself in my family. She had sometimes been my babysitter when I was an infant. So at times I would be left alone with her. She believed that an infant should be isolated and touched as little as possible. If I cried she would check to see if my diapers needed changing. If she found no reason for my crying which she considered to be valid, she would slap me hard in the face.

Shotzy had a carefully constructed social persona. Superficially Shotzy seemed like a cheerful little lady with a funny German accent. But really she was an evil Satanic witch.

However, when my parents were present, her behavior toward me was always appropriate and kindly. They liked Shotzy and respected her. Periodically she would come over on weekends and babysit my siblings and me for free. She seemed like a responsible person to my parents. They completely trusted Senior, whom they knew to be her friend. My parents knew nothing of the Luciferian secret societies or of Shotzy's Nazi Youth experience. All they knew was that she seemed to be able to manage children well. And in fact she could effectively manage children. Superficially she came off as being a good babysitter. But in reality she handled children with the same impersonal skill that a ranch owner handles his cattle. What my parents didn't understand was that once they left us alone with Shotzy, my siblings and I were in danger.

When she wanted to, she could knock us out with sleep drugs. She was famous for her hot chocolate. She would make it up special with little marshmallows floating in the cups. What I didn't know then was that

she was also putting drugs in it. We would all get sleepy after drinking the hot chocolate, and then she'd tuck us into bed. But what I didn't know at the time was that she sometimes would do other things with us as well.

There is something else I should tell you about our neighborhood. Although most of the families there were good people, there were a number of secret Satanists who lived there or nearby. The first Satanist who had moved into that area, years before the others, had done so because he had found a house for sale that had the street number of 666. So I'm going to refer to him as *Mr. 666*. He had friends who were Satanists, and some of them had later moved in nearby. Several of these Satanists worked at the local grade school. There were at least six homes nearby my home which were owned by the Satanic friends of Senior and Shotzy.

Eventually, years later, I would figure out that Shotzy was taking me to the nearby home of Mr. 666 at night after she knocked out my siblings and me. By the time I was a teenager, I had become acquainted with some discontented Satanists who themselves had become disillusioned with Luciferianism. One of these Satanists showed me some photographs of myself as a child, asleep and naked on a Satanic altar. There were also similar photos of my siblings. Pedophilic Satanists referred to these as "the sleeping beauty photos". It turned out that Mr. 666 had made these photos without our knowing and had sold copies of them to other pedophilic Satanists.

As Shotzy did this sleep-drug trick of hers more and more, I began to remember some of these late night trips. But at that time I didn't really understand what was going on. One thing that Satanists do when they abuse children is that they put surrealistic elements into their rituals. This way, if the child remembers and recounts the incident, it will sound like it wasn't real. An example of this can be found in my first memory of this abuse which took place at the house of Mr. 666. He did this trick in which he would string a tightrope about three feet off the ground inside of his house. It went across the house, from support beam to support beam, through a doorway. Apparently he had trained himself to be a tightrope walker. He would darken the lights in such a way so that the rope could not be easily seen. He would set up his Satanic Altar in his living room. Then, wearing a Frankenstein Halloween mask and a black robe, he would walk into the living room on the tightrope so that

it looked like he was walking above the ground in the air. He did that one night when I partially woke up from the drug-induced sleep. The next day when I got up in the morning, I told my mother that Shotzy had taken me somewhere on the night before. I also told my mother that I had seen Frankenstein walking in the air. My mother insisted that I had merely experienced a nightmare and told me that I shouldn't look at horror movies any more. I knew that it wasn't a nightmare, and that I was remembering something real, but I couldn't convince her of that.

This type of abuse continued. I only have fragments of memories from this. I do remember seeing Shotzy, Mr. 666 and other people in black robes ritualistically defacing Bibles. I also remember them chanting. Years later I would find out that they were chanting verses from the Bible backwards. Whenever I tried to talk with my mother about what was happening, she would insist that they were just nightmares or that I had an overactive imagination. And as a child, I had no clear idea of what was really happening to me. During these Satanic rituals which I had been brought to, I never saw anyone's face. They all either wore masks or hid their faces in the shadows of the hoods they wore.

Mr. 666 apparently became sexually obsessed with me. He started stalking me. I began to notice a man following me around when I walked around the neighborhood with my childhood friends. At the time, I didn't associate this man with the nightmarish experiences that I had when Shotzy babysat us. I didn't know who this man was, but I had seen him around the neighborhood in various situations. I only knew that he lived somewhere in our general neighborhood.

During fair weather, my parents often had barbecues and yard parties with cocktails in which anyone from around the neighborhood was welcome to drop by. Mr. 666 ingratiated himself with my parents so that he could be near me. However, in those days I didn't associate his face with the man in the Frankenstein mask who had terrorized me in nightmarish visions.

The abuse that I had been subjected to on the nights when Shotzy took me away was limited to what could be done to me while I was semiconscious. Most of these experiences I couldn't consciously remember anyway. I do have reason to think that oral sex was performed on me from time to time to cause me to have erections – which were then photographed. But at the time, I wasn't consciously aware of this. The only hint which

my parents had that something was wrong was that I had developed an intense fear of the dark – which isn't unusual in children anyway.

Satanism is a secret religion. Secrecy is very important to the Luciferian secret societies. Whenever persons are initiated into one of these cultic groups, they always make serious oaths to maintain the group's invisibility. And the way that Shotzy had abducted me at night had been done within a structured framework of rules designed to maintain their group's secrecy.

But one day Mr. 666 crossed a line and broke their secrecy rule when he abducted me in broad daylight. This was when I was about eight years old. Only half a block from where I lived there was a small park where children played. My mother felt comfortable letting me go down there by myself. At the time of the abduction, there were a couple of children on one side of the park playing jump rope and I was playing by myself, kicking a ball around. Suddenly this car stopped next to me and a man jumped out and grabbed me. He threw me in the back seat and drove off. I remember all this as a blur of terror and confusion. He took me back to his house, which was nearby, and molested me for what seemed like several hours. I was sobbing the whole time. He stripped me, fondled me, performed oral sex and masturbated himself. He did this several times. He also filmed himself doing this. Finally the torturous abuse ended. Then he dressed me, put me back into his car and drove several blocks away. He dumped me off in front of the nearby school house before speeding away.

Some older boys found me sitting on the curb crying. They walked me back to my parent's house. My mother and father were very upset. Apparently adults and older children all over the neighborhood had been out looking for me. The other children who were in the park with me had been uncertain about my abduction. They had ignored me as they played on their own. They had heard a car stop and then speed off. Sometime after that happened, they had noticed that I was gone. Not certain if something bad had happened, they went back to their home to say something to their mother about it. Their mother called my mother. The communication about what had actually happened wasn't clear. My mother wasn't certain if I had been abducted or if I had wandered off and gotten lost. But when she heard that possibly a man in a car had abducted me, she became so upset that she had called my father. He had in turn called Senior for advice. Senior had told them to not call the

police but to just get the neighbors to help look for me.

At the time that all this had happened, I didn't know what was going on. I just knew that something bad had happened and that I was upset. Years later, a Satanist who was an acquaintance of mine would tell me the story of what really happened.

Mr. 666 had apparently become overwhelmed with pedophilic lust for me one day when he was driving by this little neighborhood park. When he spied me there, on impulse he jumped out of his car and grabbed me. He took me back to his house and stripped me down. With intense lust, he started to molest me. He made money by selling films and photographs of pedophilic sex to other pedophiles. So at some point in the abuse, he decided to stop just long enough to set up his movie camera.

The other children playing in the park that day hadn't been particularly aware of me. But eventually they noticed that I was gone and remembered that a car had quickly driven away from the park. Eventually they became concerned and told their mother. This event took place around 1962. It was common then for parents to let children play in this park unsupervised. The parents who let their children play in the park unsupervised were not considered to be irresponsible. The neighborhood was considered to be safe in those days. But once my mother couldn't find me at the park, and nobody else knew where I was, the alarm went out. Once Senior became involved, he told my parents to not worry, but instead to get the neighbors to help search for me. My father came home from the office and organized the search.

While the whole neighborhood was out looking for me, Senior called Shotzy and asked what the hell was going on. Shotzy immediately telephoned Mr. 666 and found out from him what he had done. She told him that he had created a ruckus and that he better let me go. So he did. Shotzy then headed for my parent's house to do spin control. The older boys who had found me had brought me back home by the time she got there. At first my parents were afraid that I had been abducted. I was crying hysterically and they couldn't get anything out of me. So Shotzy convinced them that they should let her talk to me alone.

She took me aside and kept saying, "You just got lost for a while, isn't that right."

Eventually I stopped crying and asked, “I got lost?”

Shotzy kept insisting that I had just gotten lost and that nothing was really wrong. She spoke in a soothing voice. She calmed me down. She kept on saying the same thing over and over. Finally I started repeating the story she told me.

After a while, Shotzy brought me before my parents and had me say, “I got lost.”

So that became the official story. Of course you have to remember that Shotzy had first been trained by the Nazis. The basis of Nazi propaganda was what they called *the Big Lie*. If you just tell the same lie over and over again, no matter how big it is, eventually it will be believed as the truth. My parents were relieved to believe that I had only been lost and that nothing worse had happened. However, the pacification of my parents was only one part of Shotzy’s problem.

Senior was furious with Mr. 666. It wasn’t that Senior was concerned about the fact that I had been molested. He was a pedophile also. Apparently he had fantasies about me as well. But he was jealous that Mr. 666 had gotten to me first. And he was angry that Mr. 666 had created an incident which had alarmed my entire neighborhood. This broke the Luciferian sacred rule of invisibility.

Senior’s real job for his oil company was that of a price fixer. Price fixing was the act of the various oil companies agreeing to fix prices at a certain level for the purpose of profit making. In those days price fixing was considered a serious crime. It was against the law for the oil companies to make secret price fixing agreements. They were supposed to allow oil prices to be fixed by the free market dynamics of supply and demand. But of course the greedy oil companies did in fact secretly fix prices. But because such agreements weren’t legal, enforcing them was a problem. And Senior’s job was to solve that problem.

The oil companies could bribe the politicians and police to look the other way, but they still had to control their own gas station owners. Senior had violent criminal enforcers who worked for him. If anyone failed to adhere to a secret price fixing agreement, his enforcers would use threats and violence to bring that person back in line.

That evening after my abduction, Senior sent his enforcers over to the house of Mr. 666. He disappeared from my life after that. It would only be years later that I would connect the dots and figure all this out. I remember that when I was a child, shortly after this incident took place, my parents talked about how a neighbor friend of theirs had suddenly moved away. The neighborhood gossip was that he had been in an accident of some kind and had spent time in the hospital. The neighbors felt sad when a short while later he had suddenly moved away. Apparently everyone liked him and thought that he was a good guy.

However this didn't really make me safer. In many respects it made things worse for me. Through his enforcers, Senior had acquired Mr. 666's collection of child pornography, including the photos and films he'd taken of me. Senior's sexual interest in me went from being a fantasy to being a full fledged obsession.

If you'd like to read the rest of this book,
you can buy it here:

<http://www.amazon.com/Angelic-Defenders-Demonic-Abusers-Survivor/dp/1502929368/>