

CANNIBALISM, BLOOD DRINKING  
& HIGH-ADEPT SATANISM

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,  
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FREE EXCERPT FROM

CANNIBALISM,  
BLOOD-DRINKING  
& HIGH-ADEPT SATANISM

KERTH BARKER

Cannibalism, Blood Drinking & High-Adept Satanism

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## MOSES ANSWERED THE PEOPLE

*Do not be afraid.  
Stand firm and you will see the deliverance  
the LORD will bring you today.  
The Egyptians you see today  
you will never see again.*

Exodus 14:13

## INTRODUCTION BY THE AUTHOR

I should say some things up front. I am not a Satanist; I am a Christian. Yet I think that both Satanists and Christians will find this book of interest. And there are many who believe in other philosophies who will also find this book of interest.

I'm not going to try to promote Christianity or condemn all forms of Satanism with this book. I am simply going to share information. And I am going to tell you stories. I am unconcerned whether you believe that these stories are fiction or nonfiction. These stories are true, and you can decide for yourself whether you want to believe that these truths are metaphorical or literal.

Nevertheless, it has been said that truth is stranger than fiction. And I assure you that these are perhaps the strangest stories you will ever be told. It isn't my job to convince you of the literal truth of these stories. It's only my job to testify honestly according to my recall and understanding.

Growing up, most of my family members were Christians. Of my immediate family, my parents, siblings, aunts, uncles or cousins, none of these were Satanists or even aware of Satanism. But there was an older relative, a kind of family patriarch who openly practiced Christianity but privately practiced Satanism. Also there were some other, more distant, older relatives who were Satanists. Satanic secret societies are very secretive and careful about who they recruit – and for various reasons they wanted me. However, ultimately I came to reject Satanism and I escaped from it.

For those persons who have become aware of the Satanic nature of the globalist plutocracy of the New World Order, there seems to be a strong interest in cannibalism, blood drinking and occult Satanism. Because of my personal experiences and insider information, I'm able to shed

some light on these subjects. Satanism is, for the most part, a secretive religion, but I can give you a peek behind the curtain. I'm a Christian, and I'm not trying to promote Satanism. I'm just trying to wake people up to the fact that Satanism is a large and well-organized religion. I don't claim to be the ultimate authority on this subject, but I do have some unique insights.

Not all Satanists practice cannibalism or blood drinking, and not all Satanists practice deviant sex. In fact I would say that a majority of Satanists reject such practices. Those Satanists who I would describe as High-Adept Satanists are the most powerful of all Satanists. Some High-Adept practitioners may dabble in cannibalism or deviant sex because it amuses them. But they never use such practices as a part of their religious rituals. The High-Adept Satanists are primarily concerned with psychic powers.

Sex magick is the practice of using intense sexual experiences to evoke the life force for occult purposes. Some Satanists add the letter "k" to the word "magic" to indicate that they aren't referring to stage magic. But sex magick is a lesser discipline of Satanic occultism. Some Satanists are obsessed with sex magick while others find it tedious.

So not all Satanists are the same. But most Satanists do have certain things in common:

- First, there is the rejection of Christianity.
- Secondly, all Satanists are very secretive; even those who publicly profess their religion, typically keep certain other facts about their practices from the public.
- And perhaps most importantly, most Satanists see their practices as a path to worldly power.

Satanists who practice their religion openly are only a small minority of all the Satanists around the world. But with the promotion of Heavy Metal music and other influences from the entertainment industry, Satanism has become more publicly accepted. Satanic symbols such as the goat's head, the inverted pentagram and the death skull are found quite commonly in popular culture, so more people every day are coming to realize that Satanism is larger and more powerful than the news media typically describes.

But the real motivation to become a Satanist almost always has to do with a desire to achieve worldly power. If you pray to Jesus, he may show you how to become a better person, how to be happier or how to achieve serenity. But Christ isn't necessarily going to show you how to fulfill your worldly desires. Satan, on the other hand, will promise you things like wealth, political power, lust fulfillment and revenge against your enemies. Satan doesn't always come through with such promises. And when he does, the thing desired, once achieved, often does not bring joy. But Satanism is a path to worldly power, and that's a big part of its appeal.

There are those who believe that the two terms, *Satanism* and *Luciferianism*, are not interchangeable. But this type of distinction is lost on the average person. Essentially the names Lucifer and Satan both arise out of the same occult belief system. But there is a basis for distinguishing the two terms. The name *Lucifer* can be associated with the planet *Venus* and the ancient goddess *Ishtar*. The name *Satan* can be associated with the planet *Saturn* and the ancient god *Baal*. Depending on what form of occultism is being practiced, one might use these terms "Satan" or "Lucifer" differently. But for our purposes here I am going to generally consider that the two words refer to same basic spiritual power.

A Satanist I once knew explained it to me this way, "Satan and Lucifer are different entities but they use the same phone. If you call their number, either one could pick up."

Luciferianism takes many different forms:

- Some Satanists are simply atheists who wish to give their rejection of Christianity a ritualistic structure.
- Some Satanists are really pagans who desire to return to the ways of pre-Christian nature worship.
- Some Luciferians identify their beliefs with the Mystery Schools of ancient Egypt, Greece and Rome which taught mysticism and hidden knowledge.
- Some Luciferians are high-degree Freemasons who identify themselves with the fellowship of their Masonic lodges rather than with Satanism in general.

- Although most Gnostics do not believe in Lucifer, some Luciferians believe in a twisted form of Gnosticism which rejects the material world and its creator as evil; they see Lucifer as the bringer of pure intellectual enlightenment.
- Many Luciferians are really politically-oriented, such as those in the Fabian Society who wish to create a global socialist civilization. In his book *New World Order*, H. G. Wells gave an idealistic description of what such a global government would be like.
- Some Satanists are scientific rationalists who see Satanism as a mechanism to reject the superstition of traditional religions. Although they may not openly identify themselves as Satanists, the *Skeptics* movement and *Transhumanism* have their roots in Satanism. The atheistic rhetoric of the Skeptics movement sounds similar to the doctrine of Atheistic Satanism, and this is not a coincidence. The Transhumanists wish to use computers, robotics and genetic engineering to create a new species that will displace humanity; Julian Huxley who first founded the Transhumanist movement, was a member of a Luciferian secret society.
- Some Luciferians are dedicated to the occult, such as the believers in *Theosophy* and the *Order of the Golden Dawn*. The word *occult* refers to hidden knowledge, and it involves secretive practices for utilizing psychic powers in ways that are harmful to others.
- Some Luciferians wish to unify the world by creating a new globalist religion which merges all religions into one. This seems to be the goal of *Lucis Trust* which was originally called *Lucifer Publications* and is now associated with the United Nations.
- Some Satanists seek to understand magickal workings by which they can develop psychic powers to manipulate other people and events. The students of Aleister Crowley follow this path.

Just as openly-known religions have many different branches, the Luciferians have many different branches. The Unitarians, Baptists and Catholics are all Christians, but all have very different beliefs and practices. The same diversity is true for Satanists. For example, the adherents to the teachings of Anton LaVey have very different beliefs and practices than the members of Lucis Trust.

However, some Satanists form criminal cults which indulge in very dark practices. As I've said, most Satanists don't practice cannibalism, blood drinking and deviant sex, but the minority that does indulge in these practices is very significant and influential to the international movement. The most financially powerful Satanists in the world are wealthy aristocrats who control vast resources. They maintain their power with the help of criminal enforcers. And the most dangerous of those criminal enforcers are Satanists who practice cannibalism and blood-drinking. But even more powerful than the plutocrats and their criminal enforcers are the High-Adept Satanists. These are occultists who use their psychic powers to manipulate people and to help control the events of the world. The word *adept* refers to being skillful. The High-Adept Satanists are highly skillful at using psychic powers, and they use them in ways to harm others.

Personally, I believe in religious freedom. So although I do not object to the existence of Luciferianism, I do object to its secrecy. While only a minority of Satanists practice cannibalism and blood drinking, these practices continue to exist because of the secrecy of all Satanists. The time has come when that secrecy must end. Some Luciferians know that the time has come for more openness, yet they cannot speak openly because of the sacred oaths of secrecy which they have all taken. But, even though I have personally known quite a few Satanists, I have never taken an oath of secrecy. So I am in a unique position to publicly talk about subjects which most Satanists are forbidden to reveal because of their religious duty. And I believe that there are some very powerful Satanists who actually want me to reveal this information.

There have been many books written about Satanism, but this one is different than most. Some books on Satanism are quite academic. But this is not an academic analysis. Nor is this some intellectual journalistic endeavor. I am drawing from personal experience and insider knowledge that has been shared with me. This is a personal testimonial.

Globalist, plutocratic Satanism is behind virtually every major problem in this troubled world. You stand a better chance of surviving these difficult times if you understand the true nature of Satanism. And this is true no matter what your belief system. The leaders of Luciferian secret societies tend to deceive even their own followers. So even practicing Luciferians need insights into the nature of how their religion actually works.

Blood drinking, cannibalism and pedophilic sex are common among the minority of Satanists who run the secret criminal operations. However, these criminal Satanists enforce the desires of a global plutocracy. I believe that when more people understand the nature of this globalist plutocracy, they will come to oppose it. I will tell you something else that you might find peculiar: I believe that most Satanists, if they came to understand the true nature of plutocratic globalism, would also come to oppose it. This is because many of the wealthy aristocrats who come from families which practice generational Satanism now have plans to betray their fellow Satanists.

You should not assume that a dragon is friend to all other dragons. In fact, most dragons secretly hate their fellow dragons. And as well they should, for there is no threat to a dragon greater than his or her fellow dragons.

In order for this book to make sense to you, I need to tell you a little bit of my own story. I have described this story in detail in my first book, *Angelic Defenders & Demonic Abusers, Memoirs of a Satanic Ritual Abuse Survivor*. But let me briefly recap this story now.

As a child I was subjected to Satanic Ritual Abuse. And as I said before, although the members of my immediate nuclear family were not Satanists and knew nothing of Satanism, an older family patriarch was a well-connected Satanist. A former Nazi who my family called *Shotzy* was a nanny and babysitter to my siblings and me. She had been introduced to my nuclear family by this family patriarch. A Nazi war criminal, she had been brought over to the USA by the CIA under the umbrella of Operation Paperclip. So she was given a new identity and “deNazified”. She was trained in a form of MK Ultra mind control by the CIA. She attempted to use MK Ultra methods on me, but was unsuccessful. So another Satanist who was an associate of my family’s patriarch used other methods. His name was *Bob*, and he used a combination of techniques including hypnotism. I was trained and conditioned to have two personalities. When I was with my Christian family, I was called by the name of *Kerth*. When I was involved with Luciferian secret societies I was known by the name of *Kathy*. These were really two different lifestyles and two different cultures. And I had two different personalities, each of which fit into these two different cultures. But the Christian culture knew nothing of the Luciferian culture while the Luciferians knew everything about the Christians.

The name we used for this secret culture of Satanism was *the Society of Lucifer*. So although I wasn't an initiated member of any specific secret society, I was a participant in the general Society of Lucifer. Both the patriarch and Bob worked for a man nicknamed *the Baron*. He was the head of a secret criminal syndicate. Among other things, the Baron ran a pedophile sex ring. He used child prostitutes to secretly film powerful men performing acts of pedophilia. These films were then used for blackmail purposes. In my identity as Kathy, I was trained and used as a child prostitute. I was also forced to star in child porno films. The Baron worked for an organization known as *the Committee*, which was located somewhere in Europe. And I was told that the Committee organized Luciferian secret societies according to the guidance of *the Illuminati*, which is the most powerful Luciferian secret society in the world.

The goal of the Illuminati is the eventual creation of an all-powerful global government.

Eventually, I broke free from these Satanic influences. With help, I was deprogrammed. Then, I became involved with persons resisting and opposing the Illuminati in various ways. However, this particular movement was violently crushed by the Committee. I survived, by the grace of God, and over a period of decades I was able to heal my mental and spiritual scars.

Eventually, when I became older, I began to appear on the radio and TV, where I talked about my experiences with Satanism. I have posted many articles on the internet as well. For a time, I worked with persons outside the Illuminati in covert groups that oppose it. Also, persons within the Illuminati system who have become disillusioned with it have shared with me some insider information. I've put this information on the internet and in my books. Jeanice Barcelo and others encouraged me to write my first book which tells my story in detail. And this second book was written as a response to the feedback from the first book.



## CANNIBALISM & THE MYSTERY OF THE SPHINX

It was two female Satanists we called *the two sisters* who first spoke to me of the mystery of the Sphinx. They believed that understanding the Sphinx was essential to attaining worldly power, and they related this to cannibalism. If I am going to talk about cannibalism in the Illuminati, I suppose I have to start with the two sisters.

The reason I met the two sisters had to do indirectly with my work as a child prostitute. When I was a child I was forced into child prostitution by Satanists. I feel that I never really had a choice in any of this. Among other things, there were pornographic films and photos made of me. These were made with high production values. They were popular with wealthy Satanists. And the two sisters were wealthy Satanists who were fans of pornographic materials. They collected and traded child pornography with other wealthy Satanists in the same way that ordinary people might collect and trade baseball cards and such. It was their hobby. They were very wealthy and had a large collection. I met with them one afternoon when I was twelve years old. They weren't interested in molesting me, which was good because I hated it when I was forced to sexually service adults. They just wanted to meet me and to have me sign some of the photographs in their collection. I was told that they were fans of my child porno modeling. But really there were other agendas going on.

The head of the Satanic coven that claimed ownership of me was a wealthy Satanist nicknamed *the Baron*. He wasn't royalty, but he was proud of his reputation as a robber baron. Everyone in the Society of Lucifer called him the Baron and everyone called me *Kathy* although I was a boy. And when the Baron wanted to have access to me, he could arrange it in various ways. When he wanted to have access to Kathy, Kerth would be put to sleep with hypnotism and other methods; then Kathy would be awakened. But really, I was always the same person, I

just had two different modes. During this visit I was in Kathy mode.

So the Baron arranged to have access to me for a few days and he took me off on a trip. I had mixed feelings about the Baron. He was very dangerous to anyone who might betray him or oppose him. So with good reason I feared him. However, if he was in a good mood, he tended to treat me kindly. As long as I did as I was told, he didn't hurt me or go out of this way to humiliate me.

The Baron was a tall, handsome man with a commanding voice. He had graying hair. And honestly, sometimes he was fun to be with. He rarely wanted me for sex actually, and he could be funny and charming.

Up front, he made some things clear about this trip: I wouldn't be expected to do sex work and there wouldn't be any Satanic blood rituals that I would be forced to attend. I was glad to hear that because I didn't like those things. The Baron explained that we were just going to meet two peculiar women. It was a simple social visit. But even at the age of twelve, I knew that nothing was simple when it involved the Baron.

We rode to our destination in a comfortable limo owned by the Baron. The limo was driven by a man who acted as the Baron's butler, driver and bodyguard. In the front seat with him was a woman who worked for the Baron as a maid, sex worker and assassin. Like the Baron, they were initiated members of a Satanic secret society. And they had sworn their loyalty to the Baron and the Church of Satan. I wasn't an initiated Satanist, I was just property owned by the Baron. If I didn't obey the Baron and do as he told me, I knew that he would kill my mother and torture me to death. I also knew that there was no point in going to the authorities. I had been forced to sexually service a police commissioner under the control of the Baron. I had been told that such authorities whom I might go to for help had already been bribed and blackmailed.

The Baron had intended that when I became older I would become an initiated Satanist. But until then, certain information, such as the location of the homes of aristocratic Satanists, was forbidden to me. So I had to wear blacked out sunglasses as a type of blindfold during part of the trip. This way I wouldn't know the location of the home of the two sisters. Also it was expected that I would dress and act like a little girl during the whole trip. But by the time I was twelve years old, I was accustomed to these things.

One thing about Satanists is that they like to turn things around. Whatever Christian society does, they do the opposite. The Satanic trainers want to de-pattern the mindset of mainstream society. They believe that good is evil, and evil is good. Therefore, from their point of view it's good to train little boys to dress like little girls. Like most little boys, I hated the idea of being forced to dress like a girl, but the Baron was having none of that. Whenever I was around the Baron, he insisted that I dress like a girl. His intention was to de-pattern my Christian socialization, but also he felt sexually aroused by little boys who dressed in girls' clothing.

The Baron dabbled in pedophilic sex sometimes, but typically he preferred adults, and he was bisexual. He had a voracious appetite for certain things – sex, wealth, power, rare books, knowledge, gourmet food, alcohol and revenge against those who dared to betray him. He loved being a Satanist.

When I was dressed up as a little girl, I didn't really look pretty. I looked like a homely, boyish girl. I'm not sure why Satanic pedophiles were turned on by this, but then again I can't pretend to understand how pedophiles think.

The first day of the trip we drove to a hotel in a city somewhere. I don't know how long it took us to get there. The driver and maid were in the front seats. But the driver didn't wear his usual butler uniform and the maid didn't wear her usual maid's outfit. I slept most of the time. The Baron dictated business letters to his maid who took notes in shorthand. When I was awake, the Baron lectured me on the stupidity of Christian morality and the brilliance of the pure doctrine of Lucifer. But I paid little attention. I felt bored.

I was glad when we reached the hotel. Before we went in, the maid straightened up my dress and touched up my make-up. She warned me to not attract attention to myself. She told me to act girlish and not like a stupid little boy. The hotel was very upscale. As we walked through the hallways, nobody paid any attention to me. The room we stayed in was large.

The Baron slept in the king-size bed with both his male servant and his female servant. They drank whiskey and had sex together in different ways. I quickly got bored watching them and turned on the television set instead. I sat on the floor close to the TV, flipping through the channels. I

found a cowboy movie about two men trying to rescue a girl kidnapped by Indians. Sitting there in a girls' dress and wig, I didn't identify with the cowboys; I identified with the kidnapped girl. I wished someone would rescue me. But I doubted that anyone would or could. Eventually I became tired. I took off my dress and wig, washed my face and slept on the couch as the Baron and his servants wrestled together in sexual delight.

The next morning I was awakened before dawn. The three adults were already bathed and dressed. The maid was unpacking some special clothing for me.

The Baron had wanted me to look especially cute that day. The Baron sat on the edge of the tub as I bathed and talked to me of the importance of my appearance. After I dried off, he watched with interest as his maid dressed me.

She had me put on a jock strap that was too tight and which hurt to wear. She made me wear a trainer bra which felt weird. Then she had me put on a petticoat. Over that, she had me put on a floral dress that was very colorful. She zipped me up, and the dress fit perfectly. It had white lace around the neck, and it went down over my knees. I put on white socks with ruffled tops. I put on shiny black patent leather slippers with pink ribbons. I put on pink horn-rimmed glasses with little diamonds in the sides. The maid produced a blond-haired wig with bangs and curls. She fitted it onto my head like a helmet. She knelt before me and carefully painted my fingernails red. Then she sat in a chair and had me stand up close to her. She carefully painted my face with make-up. She then completed my outfit with a pink vinyl purse that had a long strap. She put some of my make-up into the purse and hung it over my shoulder. Then both she and the Baron walked around me like two wolves circling a lost lamb. The maid adjusted my wig and dress slightly. She warned me to not touch the wig, my face or the dress. She said that I should put the purse in my lap whenever I sat down. She insisted that I move around as little as possible. She firmly ordered me to not jump around and wiggle like a stupid boy. So with that, I was properly uniformed.

Nodding his approval at my appearance, the Baron walked me over to a full-length mirror. Holding his hands on my shoulders he had me look at my reflection. I immediately felt dejected. I thought I looked ridiculous. I looked like a human-size doll. I felt as if I had been dressed up in a

clown's outfit against my will. I could feel the humiliation as if it were an energetic force throughout my entire body. I slumped my shoulders and frowned. However my reaction to seeing myself in the mirror brought about an immediate response from the Baron. He had a cane that he often carried, and he smacked me with it hard across my butt.

In a voice filled with emotion he said, "Now I'll have none of that Grumpy Gus behavior on this day of all days. None of that indeed. No slumping your shoulders and frowning like a stupid little boy. You may act like that when you're with your idiot Christian family. But this afternoon you're meeting with important members of the Society of Lucifer. And remember that we're your real family. You've been trained better than this. So let's see you smile and shine like the darling little girly boy you really are."

The harsh pain in my buttocks woke me up instantly. I could feel my heart beat harder. I felt my feminine persona wash over me. Instantly I felt wiser and more confident. I pulled my shoulders back. The feeling of the trainer bra helped me to correct my posture. I robotically smiled in a girlish way. I held my head up high and put my hands on my hips. I took another look in the mirror at my dress and realized that it was made of beautiful material.

In a soft, feminine voice I said, "I love this dress on me."

The Baron laughed and clapped his hands.

With gladness in his voice he said, "Now there's my Kathy. And don't you look just ravishing my dear girly boy. You look good enough to eat."

The maid who had dressed me, giggled.

Out of the side of her mouth she said to the Baron, "Don't say anything like that around the two sisters. You know how they are. They might take you literally."

The Baron laughed at that. He kissed me delicately on my cheek. As I looked at myself in the mirror, appreciating my appearance from a new point of view, I could see the Baron standing behind me with a big wolfish grin on his face.

When I first looked at myself in the mirror, I didn't see myself, I saw a strange little girly boy. And that made me feel ashamed. But after the Baron hit me and threatened me, I felt my perception of reality change. It's difficult to explain how all this made me feel. The best way that I can explain it is that it made me feel that I wasn't there, and that somebody else was. The whole female impersonation thing tended to suppress the persona of my everyday self and bring forth a persona from some long past incarnation. I believe that I had been a woman in a previous lifetime, and that when I was forced to dress in girls' clothing, some of my personality from that previous incarnation was called forth.

Once I had been properly uniformed in my girls' clothing, the Baron called up room service. The hotel staff brought in a breakfast on a pushcart. The Baron gave the man a generous tip, then the four of us sat around the table in this large hotel suite and ate breakfast. The Baron only allowed me to drink some milk and grapefruit juice for breakfast. But he and his two servants ate a hearty breakfast of pancakes and bacon. Their food smelled good, but for some reason I wasn't hungry. I felt fear in the pit of my stomach. I don't think I could have eaten, even if I had been allowed to.

Again we went on the road in the Baron's limo – he and I in the back, while the other two rode up front. During the trip to the two sisters' home, the Baron let me take off the blindfold sunglasses during the times when we were driving through areas where there were no identifying landmarks. He seemed to enjoy my company that day. He sang songs to me. He quoted poetry to me. He told me stories of the various interesting places he'd seen around the world on his many travels. He flirted with me and I flirted back a little. He was easier to deal with when he was being nice to me.

For some reason the Baron didn't want me to use the restroom at the gas station. Perhaps this was because he thought I might see something in the gas station that would tell me where we were. Satanists are obsessed with secrecy. For them, secrecy is a religious duty which they take very seriously. So when I needed to urinate, he had his driver pull over onto a country road. When I got out, he got out with me and watched me as I peed. He warned me to be careful to not get my dress wet or dirty. I gratefully pulled off the overly tight jock strap and let it fall to my ankles. I carefully lifted up the dress and petticoat with one hand and used my other hand to hold my penis as I peed.

As I peed the Baron chuckled and said, “I wish I had a camera with me; that’d make a wonderful photo.”

As we approached within a few miles of the home of the two sisters, which was located in a remote area, the Baron prepared me for the visit. He told me to be sweet and polite and to look to him for his lead. He fed me half a sandwich and some tea. He promised that if I was good, I’d get the other half of the sandwich after the visit. He warned me that when we reached their house, I must not eat or drink anything. No matter what they offered, I must refuse.

Then he told me the story of the two sisters. They were born to a brother and sister who had married. When they were growing up, this brother and sister had desired to marry, but of course that was illegal in Christian society. So a false identity was created for the sister, and the siblings married anyway. They were very wealthy heirs, and so they had little trouble arranging this. After all, the wealthy should have anything they want – so said the Baron. At first the brother and sister were happy as husband and wife. They had two daughters, born a few years apart. The two sisters looked normal and seemed healthy. The parents of the two sisters were generational Satanists and were members of a Luciferian secret society. They had been married in a traditional Christian Church ceremony, and they also had been joined in a secret Satanic handfasting ritual. But their romance would only last for a few years.

Into every garden of paradise comes a snake with the temptation of forbidden fruit. This incestuous married couple discovered a book written by a fellow Satanist. This author had been a student of Sigmund Freud, and he had a degree in psychiatry. This Satanic Freudian psychiatrist had postulated that in the future everyone in the world will be promiscuous homosexual pedophiles. He based this theory on some type of Freudian logic. It’s not that Freud himself was a believer in this theory, but this Satanic psychiatrist had taken Freud’s ideas and twisted them in that direction. This Satanic psychiatrist projected that in the future everyone would be sexually promiscuous because sexual repression was the basis for all neurosis. Therefore the government will demand sexual promiscuity from all its citizens in order to cure society of neurosis. Furthermore, this Satanic author made the assumption that in the future everyone will be required by law to be homosexual. This would be a method of preventing overpopulation. He predicted that in order to accept this unnatural sexual orientation, people would need to be continually

socialized from birth and throughout their childhood. So the pedophiliac education of children would then become the norm. Therefore, for these reasons of Satanic logic, he predicted that in the future everyone in the world will be promiscuous homosexual pedophiles.

The mother and father of the two sisters became fascinated with the ideas in this book of Satanic psychiatry. They met with the aging psychiatrist and he convinced them of the intellectual superiority of his predictions. So they began to experiment with homosexuality. The father began to have sex with gay men, and the mother experimented with lesbianism. They both became converts to gay lifestyles. But for some reason, this made them angry with each other. They argued bitterly and decided to divorce. They divided their vast estate and each parent got one of the daughters. The mother got the younger one, and the father got the older one. The two sisters were very young at this time, and not likely to clearly remember their early childhood. So their parents decided to never tell either sister of the other's existence.

Years went by, and the parents didn't communicate with each other at all. They both pursued gay lifestyles and experimented with pedophiliac sex. The two sisters, although raised separately, were routinely sexually molested throughout their childhood by female prostitutes hired by their parents. Their parents considered this to be a vital part of the girls' education and social conditioning. Although divorced, they both continued to believe in the twisted teachings of that Satanic psychiatrist. Therefore, the two sisters were both encouraged in the direction of lesbianism and pedophilia.

At this point, I will give the two sisters names. I'm not going to tell you their real names; some privacy is allowed even to Satanists. I'm going to name them *Nancy* and *Bernice*. The younger I'll call Nancy and the older Bernice, whom everyone would come to call Bernie. So Nancy was raised by the mother and Bernie was raised by the father.

So it was that they grew up and became young women. They both went to a school in New York City without knowing of the other one's existence. They socialized with other young, wealthy lesbians. One day, purely by chance, they met at a party. The attraction was immediate. They began dating and became lovers.

They each wrote home to their parents telling of their new love. Each

sister sent a photograph of her new lover with the letter. When the parents received these letters, they each suspected the truth. So they finally had a long overdue phone conversation. This was the first time they had spoken with each other since their divorce nearly two decades earlier. As they talked, it soon became apparent to the parents that the two sisters, although separated since childhood, had accidentally met one another in New York City. There they had fallen in love without knowing that they were actually sisters.

The unsuspecting two sisters were invited to visit Nancy's mother at her home in another city. Their father showed up there also. Their parents explained the truth that they were sisters. And the two sisters were delighted. They had been raised to believe that the sexual values of mainstream society were false. They had been raised to believe that pedophilia, incest and homosexual promiscuity were good. Their parents had raised them to have these values. But their parents, for some strange reason, didn't seem happy about how their daughters had grown up. As with so many dreams, once fulfilled they often fail to live up to expectations. Too late, the parents finally became disillusioned with the insane teachings of that Satanic psychiatrist.

However, the parents realized that the Society of Lucifer was the only social network that would accept a lesbian incestuous relationship. And thus the parents arranged for their daughters to become initiated into a Luciferian secret society.

For some reason, the news that his daughters had taken this path distressed their father even though he had put them on it. He soon committed suicide, blaming himself. The mother, an unhealthy cocaine addict, also died soon afterwards. The two sisters became the heirs to a vast fortune. And they were recruited by the Illuminati. They performed all the rituals and took all the oaths. All of their closest friends were wealthy Satanists. And it was in this international Society of Lucifer that they found acceptance.

And so the two sisters traveled the world together, lived together and grew to middle age together. And that is how the Baron and I found them: a middle-aged couple living together in a remote location.

As we approached the mansion, I could see that it seemed like a normal-looking, large home. The Baron had his driver park his limo in front.

The driver and maid waited in the front seat, while the Baron and I got out. Three women dressed in men's clothing came out to greet us. One of them was dressed in rough, work clothing, and she carried a shotgun. The other two had on business suits, and the bulge of their shoulder holsters could be seen. They looked in my purse, but didn't search me. However, they did politely frisk the Baron.

We were escorted up to the front door and let inside by them. There we found the two sisters standing in the lobby of their home. They looked nearly identical, except that they were dressed differently. One looked traditionally feminine, in a dress with long hair. The other looked feminine as well, but her clothing and short hair gave her a slight manly appearance. She wore what looked like a man's suit, except that it had lace and decorative stitchery. And the tie that she wore turned out to be made of black pearls.

The first thing I noticed once we entered the lobby was the smell. The house smelt faintly of cigarettes and incense. And there was a stuffy feel to the air. I had to continually repress the temptation to cough. The sisters wore heavy perfume. Nancy's perfume was floral. And Bernie's perfume smelled like men's after shave. I felt an immediate feeling of fear once we entered the house. I could feel a slight discomfort in my solar plexus. And this pain grew more intense the longer we were there.

I had eaten half a peanut butter sandwich while we were still on the road. It had been an especially good sandwich. The bread had been grilled in butter. Cinnamon had been sprinkled on the peanut butter. And the jam was especially tasty. The Baron had promised that if I behaved as a good little girly boy, he would let me have the other half of the sandwich after we left. I could still taste the cinnamon in my mouth, and that inspired me to give a good performance.

I knew what was required of me. I was to continually smile in a girlish way. I was to maintain good posture. I was to look at the face of the person who was speaking with me. I was to talk as little as possible. I was to not ask questions. I was to not volunteer opinions. I was to not talk about myself unless specifically asked to, and I was to always give as little information as possible. And when I did speak, I was to speak in a soft, feminine voice.

The sisters seemed happy to meet with the Baron and me. When the two of them spoke they were like one person; sometimes they spoke at exactly the same time saying exactly the same thing. And they often completed each other's sentences. They smiled almost continually, and they spoke with cheerful emotion in their voices. They were clearly intelligent and very articulate.

They both were very complimentary to me. They told me that they were fans of my modeling and that they were very pleased to meet with me in person. They both went on about how lovely I looked and how prettily I was dressed. At first I felt embarrassed and humiliated by their comments, but I went on smiling and thanked them politely. Then my viewpoint shifted and I felt pride in my feminine persona. I straightened my back and smiled as brightly as I could.

They showed us to the living room where there were photos on the wall. They showed us photos of their parents and grandparents. I noticed that everyone in their family, both male and female, had nearly the same face. They all had small chins and turned up little noses, all of which gave them a slightly piggish appearance.

They explained that their family was very concerned with their aristocratic bloodlines. They explained that for many generations they only intermarried with other certain aristocratic families. In this way they maintained their breeding. They said all of this with a rather snobbish tone of voice which suggested that they believed themselves to be our superiors. But the Baron seemed aloof to such implied insults.

I noticed that the Baron kept on slyly glancing about the house as we walked through it. When we strolled by some windows that looked out into the backyard, I noticed a strange sight. It looked as if the backyard was caged in. There was wire mesh that covered all the sides of it. And there was wire mesh on top. Inside the caged-in area, there were swings, a picnic table and some other things that you might expect children to use.

Bernie explained, "That's the play area for our slave girls. We can't expect them to work all the time."

Nancy went on, "But they're too precious to us, so we can't let them escape. We have to protect them from the outside world."

I noticed that many of the windows had bars on them which had been hidden by the curtains in front of them. From the outside this house may have looked normal, but from the inside I could see that it was not. I realized that this home was like a prison or a bank. It was all locked down. And that meant that the Baron and I were locked in as well. But the Baron seemed unafraid, and so I kept on smiling.

The two sisters said that they were about to eat lunch and invited us to join them. The Baron said that we would be delighted to sit with them, but that we had already eaten. We entered the dining room and sat together at the dining table. The whole house was filled with beautiful antique furniture. The paintings on the wall were quite tasteful and beautiful as well. The dining room table had a red lace tablecloth of an unique design. It looked like it was made up of little lace roses. Everything on the table was silver. Even the plates, cups and bowls were all silver.

A maid and cook, both dressed in white, served the food as we sat at the table. Both the maid and cook had the same family face as the two sisters, only these servants were shorter and seemed slightly retarded. But the family resemblance was unmistakable. It was explained by the two sisters that their servants were all second cousins from the poorer side of the family. The cook and the maid showed no emotions at all as they served, and they expressed no personality.

Although the Baron and I asked for nothing and ate nothing, food plates and drinks were set before us. But we didn't dare touch anything on the table. Although the two sisters repeatedly and politely insisted that we eat or drink something, the Baron repeatedly and politely refused. I said nothing but forced myself to sit up straight and to smile continually.

The main dish was a meat plate. It was served on an oval silver platter. It was all very strange looking. It was made up of small slices of different types of meat that were garnished lightly with what looked like catsup. It had all been shaped to look like a rose. The two sisters explained what was in it. They said that the meats were pork, chicken, turkey, venison, beef, goat and human flesh. These different meats had all had been chopped up and mixed together with spices. And once shaped into this floral form, they had been garnished with a mixture of catsup and human blood. As the two sisters explained this, I had no doubt that they were telling the truth. Although I had a smile rigidly fixed upon my face, I could not have felt more sickened by the meat plate in front of me than

if it had held dog crap.

There was a small bowl of vegetables next to the meat plate, but for some reason the vegetables seemed just as disgusting. The cup of tea and glass of water felt suspect as I glanced at them. So I had no trouble obeying the Baron's mandate that I should eat or drink nothing while in this house.

The two sisters explained where they got their "human cattle" meat. They said that once a year they "harvested" a family of migrant farm workers. During the summer, the roads of the Midwest were frequented with cars and trucks which held the families of poor, and often undocumented, farm workers. These were people who, if they went missing, would not be searched for by the authorities. Fresh and healthy meat for the taking. So the two sisters would send out their bodyguards. These were the three women who had greeted us at the door and frisked the Baron. These three women would travel about during the proper season and find a family of healthy-looking poor people. They would pretend to be charitable Christian women out to help the poor. They would tote Bibles, wear pretty dresses and hang Christian crosses around their necks. They would locate some poor family in need. They would provide that family with donuts, cake or some other food they might crave. This food would have been laced with drugs so that once the family had eaten it, they would fall into unconsciousness. Then the three women would tie them up and load them into the back of a van. When the migrant farm workers would wake up, they would find themselves chained up in a remote barn. A day or so would pass, and they would be given lots of water to drink. When the drugs had passed out from their system, they would be systematically slaughtered.

The second cousins of the two sisters would do the butchery, with the two sisters supervising the entire process. They would typically start with the father, cutting him up slowly while he was still alive. They'd do this in front of the rest of his family who would scream and beg for mercy. The second cousins would "process" the mother and younger children in this way until all the meat and blood had been harvested. The internal organs which they didn't wish to use were composted and the bones were ground up for gardening. They would use some of the blood for cooking purposes and some of the blood went into their vegetable garden. So nothing was wasted. The two sisters explained that they only ate human cattle meat in moderation and in combination with the meats

from other types of animals. So a single family, if it were large enough and plump enough, could supply their needs for a year.

The manner in which the two sisters ate their meat plate was peculiar. They used their forks for the vegetables and their spoons for the tea, but they picked away at the meat plate with their fingers. They held the silver platter containing the meat with one hand, very daintily with the little finger held up. And they held their meat plates up near their mouths. They periodically sniffed at the meat and moaned with pleasure at its smell. The other hand was used to pick at the meat. Each sister would carefully pick up a small piece of meat and place it gingerly on her own outstretched tongue. Sometimes they would feed each other in this way.

As they were eating the meat, they would say things like, “Mmmm. This is so-oo delicious. Ohhhh, this is so-oo tasty.”

When they had eaten all of the meat off of the silver platter, they then licked off all of the red blood-catsup garnish that remained. They licked until the platter was clean. Even the Baron, who was usually unaffected by any event that he witnessed, winced at this display. I sat with a smile robotically fixed on my face, my back straight and my purse on my lap. But it took all of my concentration to keep myself from vomiting as they ate in this way.

After the meal thankfully ended, they took us to see their Satanic temple which they had constructed in their basement. The two sisters took their religion very seriously. So showing us this temple was a big deal for them. And as bizarre as it may sound, in a sense, both the Baron and I felt flattered that they had offered to show it to us. To them, their belief in Satan was very sincere, and to show us their altar was an act of extreme emotional intimacy. Or at least we had thought so when had they invited us. I had seen a number of Luciferian altars by then, and sometimes it had been a pleasant experience. Some Luciferians reveal their inner feelings through their altars, and in some cases they are quite beautiful.

On the first floor of the home there was a sturdy wooden door which lead down into the basement. It had a special lock on it. Bernie unlocked it with a key which was hung around her neck. After the door was unlocked, there seemed to be some tension between the Baron and Bernie. The

two of them made eye contact and looked at each other intensely.

The Baron asked, "Are you inviting us in?"

Bernie answered, "You are our guests."

She opened the door.

"You first," she said.

"I must insist, you go first," he replied.

Bernie entered the dark stairwell. The Baron followed and I was behind him. Nancy brought up the rear. Although Bernie trotted quickly down the stairs, the Baron proceeded slowly. I soon discovered why. The entire staircase was painted flat black, as were the walls. There was a tiny overhead light that shined dimly. But the worse problem wasn't the lighting, the worse problem was the stairs themselves. They were not standard-sized stairs. The depth of each stair was too shallow. And the width of each stair was overly narrow. And there were no handrails. It was as if the stairs had been designed to make you tumble down them. Furthermore, you couldn't clearly see where you were stepping because of the dim lighting and the blackness. It took concentration to figure out where you should step. And sometimes the width and depth of the stairs changed. So the Baron's slow progress down the stairs was filled with tension. Nancy, behind us, kept on chiding us to go faster, but the Baron ignored her. With each thoughtful step that I made, I felt more and more afraid. Before us, about a third of the way down, there was a curtain of red beads. We cautiously pushed through them. Then a bit further down, we faced a second similar curtain of blood red beads. We pushed through them as well. The beads made a slight rattling sound as they closed behind me. A unique smell rose up out of the basement. It smelt of overly perfumed incense and there was a faint, rotten smell, like that of dead meat that had been left out for too long. I could feel bile rise in my throat as we proceeded downward. Finally after we pushed through a third red curtain, we found ourselves in the basement. We were stunned by what we saw. At first we couldn't say anything. Nancy came around from behind us.

"What do you think?" she asked.

"It's beautiful," I replied.

That was an understatement. The entire basement had been designed and painted to mimic an ancient Egyptian temple. It was painted in colors of green, orange, red, yellow and blue. On the north side there were two statues of the Sphinx. Next to one Sphinx was a white column and next to the other was a black column. Fastened to each column was a full-length mirror. Before each mirror was a prayer rug on a platform. Across the length of the basement there were columns that aligned to those two, each of which had been beautifully painted in bright colors with varying artistic designs. The floor was covered in black and white tiles like a chessboard. On the east and west walls there were paintings in the Egyptian style, like those you might find in an ancient temple. The ceiling had been painted a dark blue, and it was decorated with white, five-pointed stars each the size of my hand. The immediate impression was that of beauty.

But the Baron knew better than to trust the two sisters. He said nothing. I walked into the temple with the two sisters, but the Baron remained by the doorway.

When I looked back at the south wall, I began to realize that this basement temple might not be so beautiful. On it was a skeleton of a child crucified upon a child-sized cross. The skeleton had a crown of thorns on its head made out of rusty barbed wire. Little pieces of rotting meat still clung to those bones.

I looked back over at the altar on the north wall. It was between the two sphinxes. It was made of stone. It was a flat table with blood channels in it at the top. It was wide enough that a child could be laid on it for sacrifice. Behind the table was a red wall with a large, golden, inverted pentagram painted upon it. On a ledge in the center of the pentagram sat a golden statue of a dragon. It looked more Chinese than Egyptian.

Each of the two Sphinxes had a face on it which was identical to one of the two sisters: the Sphinx by the black column had Nancy's face and the Sphinx by the white column had Bernie's face. The statues were of a high, professional quality.

The two sisters seemed to go into a trance state as they walked toward the altar. Each bowed her head before the Sphinx which depicted her own face. Then each knelt before her respective mirror and began to worship her own image.

As the two sisters worshipped themselves as goddesses, I wandered around the basement temple. I had seen images of the ancient Egyptian artwork in books before, and although the images painted on either side of the temple imitated the style of that art, the content was quite different. These paintings held images of child rape, child sacrifice, torture and cannibalism. Some paintings showed ancient Egyptian warriors killing unarmed people, and piles of human skulls were depicted. Although I said nothing, I suddenly realized that this temple was a horror. It wasn't the beautiful temple I imagined it was, when I first wandered in.

I've seen quite a few Satanic temples and altars – some in person and quite a few in films and photos. But the Satanic temple constructed by the two sisters was unique. It was a reflection of an intense sense of aesthetics as well as a perfect insanity. It was horrific and beautiful in equal measure. In some ways I felt lucky to see it, but mostly I felt sickened by it.

The Baron was an enthusiastic Satanist, and he had a dark Satanic temple in the basement of his own mansion. But there was something so hideous about this particular temple that even he had felt repulsed by it. He gestured for me to walk back toward him. I slowly began to back away from the two sisters and toward the exit door where the Baron awaited.

But instantly the two sisters jumped up and came over to either side of me.

“Don't you want to learn the mystery of the Sphinx?” asked Bernie.

I nodded my head. I felt both terrified and fascinated by them at the same time.

“The Sphinx isn't what most people think,” said Nancy.

“You're such a clever little boy Kathy. You must know that the history of the world which you were taught in school is mostly silly nonsense designed to fool the human cattle,” said Bernie.

I nodded.

“The Sphinx in Egypt in front of the Great Pyramid is fifty thousand

years old. Much older than the Pyramids,” said Nancy.

“And originally it didn’t have a human head. It had a lion’s head,” said Bernie.

“They carved the big lion’s head into a smaller human head much later on.”

“Do you know why they did that?”

I shook my head.

“The most ancient of peoples worshipped the lion because in ancient times the lions hunted humans and ate them. So humans worshipped the lions as gods because the lions were higher on the food chain. Do you understand Kathy?”

I nodded.

Then Bernie said, “But people learned to hunt and kill the lions and so humans became higher on the food chain than them.”

Nancy completed her thought by saying, “So the ancient royalty realized that if they were to become gods in the eyes of the people, they had to be as the lions once were.”

“So the ancient royal families began to eat their peasants – that is how they came to practice cannibalism.”

“Whoever is higher on the food chain than the peasants, rules over the peasants.”

“This is why the practice of cannibalism is necessary to the attainment of aristocracy.”

“And that is the secret of the Sphinx. It has the body of a lion, who eats people, but it has the head of a pharaoh who looks human.”

“So it’s is the perfect symbol of aristocratic cannibalism.”

At this point the Baron interjected himself.

“That’s an interesting theory, old girls. But we’re on a schedule here. And I think it’s time that we visited your library. You have some photos that need to be autographed I think,” he said in his voice of authority.

At that point Bernie ran to the door going past the Baron, then scampered up the stairs.

The Baron said to me, “Come on, boy, or I’ll leave you behind.”

Nancy started to trot toward the exit door, but I ran past her. I followed the Baron up the stairs. Nancy was stuck behind us. Bernie shouted from the top of the stairs for Nancy to come up past us. But the Baron put out his hands onto the walls on either side and used them to help him steady himself as he walked up the peculiar stairs. I did the same thing and walked up the narrow staircase feeling my way along the strangely-shaped steps. Nancy complained to her sister that she was stuck behind us. At that point the Baron slowed down and began to walk carefully up the stairs so he wouldn’t stumble. I was right behind and below him. At one point he farted loudly right into my face. I could smell the stink of his fart and felt disgusted.

He laughed and then asked, “Can you smell my perfume, Kathy?”

Once we reached the top of the stairs, there was a brief confrontation between Bernie and the Baron.

“I know all about your silly games, Bernie,” the Baron said.

“I’m sure I don’t know what you’re talking about,” replied Bernie.

“You were going to lock us up in your basement and make us beg to be released. That’s what you did to those two chaps from the Committee who came to visit you recently.”

“Well, I never. You men. You think you’re equal to us. Do you even know what our bloodlines are?”

The Baron folded his arms over his chest and said, “I have the authority of the Committee and of the Dark Mother. You’ve insulted her for the last time. Do you really believe that you can insult her again? I don’t give a fuck for your inbred generational fucking bloodlines. The Dark

Mother outranks you and you've disobeyed her every order."

Both Bernie and Nancy looked afraid when he mentioned the Dark Mother. I didn't know who or what she was. But whoever she was, the two sisters were afraid of her.

Bernie said, "We've nothing but respect for the Dark Mother. Now *she* has bloodlines to be respected. It was only out of respect for her that we allowed you and your little whore to come visit us today."

Nancy said, "The Dark Mother asked us to perform a simple task to atone for our disobedience. And that's what we intend to do."

With that everyone headed upstairs. But the two sisters were clearly upset. Their faces showed repressed anger. After we reached the second floor, when we came across their two slave girls, the two sisters took out their anger on them. The two little slave girls were cleaning the upstairs bathroom. They were both nude except for the brass slave collars around their necks. Their heads were clean shaven, but when they saw the two sisters coming, they put on wigs of black hair with bangs in front. They had been cleaning the bathroom floor with toothbrushes, rags and little cups of soapy water.

The bathroom looked immaculate, but Bernie took out a magnifying glass from her vest and found a spot that they had missed. She immediately began to physically torment one of the slave girls. She slapped her face, cursing her for being so sloppy and lazy. Bernie cruelly pinched the girl's nipples and pinched her butt. Nancy started to do the same sort of thing to the other little girl. The girls never made a sound, they didn't resist and they didn't say anything. But I could see the expressions of pain and humiliation on their faces. I felt sad for the situation that the little slave girls found themselves in. I wished that I could help them but I knew that I was powerless to do anything but watch.

At some point I must have stopped smiling robotically and hunched my shoulders again. The Baron seeing this pinched me hard on my butt. When I looked over at him, he smiled widely and pointed his finger at his smile. I put my girlish smile back on my face and straightened up my back. I put my hands on my hips and held my head up high. I was Kathy again.

The Baron said, “This is all very amusing, but you can torment your slave girls at any time. We have some business to conduct, and as I’ve said, we’re on a schedule. If I don’t leave this house by a certain time my driver has instructions. And in spite of your so called bodyguards, I don’t think you’ll like the results. And if the Dark Mother finds out that you aren’t cooperating, things won’t go well for you.”

Bernie pulled the wig off the head of the little girl she had been tormenting and threw it on the floor. Then she marched away. We followed her down a hallway. At one point in the hallway, she lifted a picture off the wall and set it on a nearby table. She then turned the hook upon which the painting had hung. There was a clicking sound. She pushed upon a section of the wall, and it turned into a doorway that opened into a room. Inside was a secret library.

Once inside the library, the mood of the two sisters changed again. They went back to their personas of the gracious hosts. They explained about all the books in their library. They had perhaps a hundred rare books. The Baron seemed very interested in all of them.

The two sisters showed us a rare book of secret knowledge on Egyptology. It had never been released to the general public. Copies of it existed only in Luciferian Secret Libraries. It was written by a British Luciferian Egyptologist. The two sisters showed us that there was a chapter in the book on cannibalism in ancient Egypt. They explained that the ancient Egyptians practiced a peculiar form of cannibalism. They would eat the brains of the deceased. Specifically this was done to the corpses of royalty, priests, priestesses and skilled craftsmen. Pieces of the brain could be pulled out with special hooks. Also, apparently the brain could be made into a soup of some kind which poured out of the skull. The ancient Egyptians had figured out that the brain was the organ of craft and knowledge. There was a quote in this book which had been translated from ancient Egyptian. It said something to this effect: “The brain is the clay upon which the knowledge of a man’s life is written. All craft is there contained. In death it may be consumed by the living, and so knowledge is preserved.”

So after the death of a respected person, the priests would remove pieces of the brain so it could be eaten. In that way the knowledge of the deceased would live on. When a pharaoh would die, during the process of mummification, his brain would be removed. The other organs would

be preserved in special jars. The heart was placed back in the body. I forget what the book said was done with the blood. But the brain, or part of it, would be eaten by the new pharaoh. Thus the knowledge of the old pharaoh would be passed on. The two sisters explained that this sort of cannibalism was also used by the priest class and skilled craftsmen. The Egyptologists who had discovered this had decided to keep this fact secret from the general public. The aristocracy in Europe had long promoted the idea that ancient Egypt was an Utopian society. They secretly saw it as a model for a future Luciferian world civilization. So they didn't want the general population to realize that seemingly noble pharaohs were actually cannibals.

I had no idea if the two sisters were pulling my leg, but they had several books which suggested that they believed this. And they talked about it in a very serious way.

The two sisters had many books on cannibalism, Satanism, secret history, sexology and pedophilic sex. They showed us some pictures in one book which illustrated gay marriages in ancient pagan cultures. They showed us some photos of their own gay marriage. Nancy was dressed up like Isis and Bernie like Horus.

Finally they showed us their extensive collection of child pornography. I felt sickened by the photos they showed us. I stopped smiling but the Baron wasn't looking at me because he was so fascinated by the photos. These were high-quality photos of children at all ages – from infancy to just before puberty. The photos were divided into files of different kinds. Some photos were black and white and some were in color. There were photos of little boys, in girls' clothing, in various states of dress and undress. Most of the photos were of girls. The girls were posed in different ways. Often these poses were suggestive. Some of the girls were in chains and some were tied up.

I felt an intense pain in my solar plexus. I felt extremely angry with the Baron and the two sisters. I knew I had to repress my anger. I also knew that I would always hate what they did to children. I could feel the absolute wrongness of their attitude.

They finally came to one photo of interest to the Baron. It was a photo of me as an infant, lying on a Satanic altar. On that altar with me there was a bell, some black candles, a ritual knife and a silver inverted pentacle.

In the photo, I had a look of pain on my face, and my penis was erect. Behind me was a translucent image. It may have been a double exposure image. I don't know. But there was a dark figure with horns that seemed to be reaching for me. The image of the dark figure was hazy. It was a shadow-like figure – what some people would call a *Shade*. Although I found it to be personally disturbing, I had to admit that the photo was quite unique.

“This is the one. I can tell, this is no forgery. This is the only copy of it. It's quite valuable,” said the Baron.

He turned it over to have me sign it on its back. For some reason the image of the child skeleton crucified in the basement flashed into my mind. With my left hand I drew the sign of the cross on the back of the photo.

“No, that won't do, the Dark Mother said that we should send her this photo with your personal autograph on the back,” said Bernie.

I suddenly felt confused about who I really was. Was I Kathy or was I Kerth? I couldn't remember at that moment. So I wrote the letter “K” on the back. The Baron patted me on the back.

“That'll be just fine. Now you girls put this in an envelope, sign your names to it and I'll pass it on to the Dark Mother with your compliments,” said the Baron.

The two sisters did as they were instructed. They put it into a large manila envelope. And they both signed their names on the front before sealing the envelope. Then Nancy opened a drawer and took out a small wooden replica of the Sphinx. She handed it to me as a present for my signing the photo. I thanked her and put it in my purse.

They had me sign some other photos of child pornography in which I had been forced to model. By signing the photos I was probably increasing the value of each one of them. It felt humiliating to sign these photos. It was as if I had approved of them. But I never felt that I'd had a choice in any of this. If I could have said “No,” I would have. By having me sign the photos that were taken of me as a child, it was as if I were agreeing to the abuse.

It was obvious to me that the Baron and the two sisters really had no respect for me. They were talking as if I was a celebrity, but in actuality to them I was just a whore. Although I forced myself to smile, it killed me to autograph these photos. I just put the letter K on the back of all of them. The two sisters placed these photos into one of their special files. They had a huge collection of child pornography – hundreds of photos. And they kept them organized with a librarian's skill.

Some of their child pornography photos had sold for thousands of dollars. The two sisters showed the Baron an old black and white photo of a little naked girl who would later grow up to be a Senator's wife. It was worth a small fortune.

The Baron looked at his pocket watch and said that we had to run. We all quickly walked downstairs to the lobby. We politely said goodbye and with that we escaped the house. We jumped into the back of the Baron's limo and sped away. As the car hurtled down the empty country road, the Baron gave me the other half of the peanut butter sandwich which he had promised me earlier. I ate it quickly.

He said, "My dear Kathy, your performance today was perfectly adequate, quite adequate indeed. Although you may not understand this. We have had a most productive day."

After we got some distance away from the home of the two sisters, the limo driver turned up a dirt road. We eventually came into a clearing, and there were a number of cars and vans parked there. I recognized some of the men there as employees and servants of the Baron. Some of them had weapons, and it looked like they were preparing for a military assault or something like that.

Bob was my primary contact with the Society of Lucifer. He was my main trainer. He had given me the alter name of Kathy. He was the one who used hypnosis and other methods to condition me to have two personalities: Kerth, the mundane Christian and Kathy, the cross-dressing Luciferian. At that time in my life I still viewed Bob in a positive way. I thought of him as my advisor and protector. He was a short, thin man who sometimes cross-dressed, and when he cross-dressed he was called *Bobby* or *Roberta*.

Bob was there in the clearing with the other men. He quickly got me

out of my girly clothing and into boys' clothing. When I was in my Kathy persona, I did sometimes wear boys' clothing. But so that I wouldn't confuse Kathy with Kerth, when I was Kathy I would wear my underwear backwards and put on my socks inside out. In my life as Kerth, it was important to forget my work as Kathy. It made it easier to do that if I had little rituals so I could keep my two personas separate.

Bob took off my make-up and fingernail polish carefully. Before he stored away my girls' clothing, I took from my purse the wooden Sphinx that Nancy had given me. I started to put it in the pocket of my pants. Then I thought better of it. I thought about the child skeleton in the basement temple of the two sisters. I thought about what they had said about the Sphinx being a symbol of aristocratic cannibalism. So I took the wooden Sphinx and threw it as far as I could into the woods.

We left the Baron and his men behind so they could complete their mysterious mission. Bob drove me back towards St. Louis in his sports car. I wore the blacked-out sunglasses that served as a type of blindfold for part of the way on the journey back.

As we drove back Bob explained that the two sisters were in trouble with their superior in the Illuminati. She was known as the *Dark Mother*. The problem with the two sisters wasn't that they were cannibals. The Dark Mother also practiced cannibalism. The problem was that the two sisters were what the Baron called "dilettante Luciferians". In other words – they were slackers. They weren't what the Baron liked to refer to as "producers". The idea is that everyone in the Illuminati must produce income for their superiors or they must do some type of work that the Committee considers to be useful. The two sisters had inherited great wealth and were happy to live a Satanic lifestyle on their own. They had their home, their small group of loyal employees and their own Satanic temple. They had their human cattle meat, their slave girls and their indulgences. The two sisters didn't want to work for anyone or to produce anything. They were happy spending most of their time in their home playing with their slave girls, looking at their child pornography collection and reading their rare books. This unproductive way of life had gone on for years, and so they were to be punished. They had made oaths of obedience when they joined the Illuminati, and they weren't keeping their oaths.

So two men, representatives of the Committee, were sent to the home

of the two sisters with a letter of authority from the Dark Mother. But in their arrogance, the two sisters had played a trick on the men. They had put LSD into their tea and then when they had all visited the basement temple, the two sisters had locked them in there for hours. The two men had a bad trip and had become dehydrated. They begged the two sisters to let them out. They reminded the two sisters that they had been sent there on a mission from the Dark Mother. Finally, fearing the wrath of the Dark Mother, they let the men go – telling them to never return. But this treatment of her representatives was an insult to the Dark Mother. Realizing that they had gone too far, the two sisters wrote a letter of apology to the Dark Mother.

So the Dark Mother had written a letter back to the two sisters telling them that they were to atone to her by doing her a small favor. She wanted them to send her an autographed copy of a valued child pornography picture taken of me when I was a child. But in reality, the Dark Mother was not concerned with something so trivial as child porno. She had greater plans. This request for the autographed photo gave the Baron the excuse he needed to enter into the home of the two sisters so he could check out their security system. Like the Trojan Horse, I had been used to give him an excuse to enter into their home.

Bob explained that the Baron was going to send his men into the home of the two sisters that night. They were going to make prisoners of the two sisters and all their inbred servants. The two sisters were going to lose their home, their rare books and their two slave girls.

The Baron loved to rob other people. It was his specialty. But he always shared some of what he robbed with his superiors in the Illuminati. Later on, I would find out more about how the Baron avenged himself upon the disrespectful two sisters. After the Baron took the two sisters and their second cousins prisoners, he took possession of all of their rare books. He divided the collection and gave half of it to the Committee. And he gave the two sisters' valuable collection of antique furniture and paintings to the Dark Mother.

The Baron took the two slave girls and made them part of his household staff. He took off their slave collars and let them wear clothing. He let them grow out the hair on their heads. He was less cruel to them than the two sisters had been, so they felt that the Baron was their rescuer. But they were still slaves. Years later they would escape the Baron and

become celibate Christians, but that's another story.

Finally after the Baron had looted all the valuables from the home of the two sisters, he made them watch as he burnt it to the ground. But before doing that, he had forced the two sisters to watch as he had his men smash up their statues and the columns in the basement. Then after the fire, the basement had been filled up with rubble and dirt. And so their Satanic temple, where the two sisters had worshipped themselves as goddesses, fell to ruin. I can imagine the Baron laughing as he watched the burning of their home while the two sisters wept bitterly at their loss. The Baron loved revenge.

After this humiliation, the two sisters had to go before the Dark Mother. They were transported in handcuffs while they rode to New York City in the back of a van. Once in front of her, they prostrated themselves before her, kissing her feet. They begged for their lives and swore that they would never disobey her again. They swore that they would worship the image of the Dark Mother every day, and they swore that they would stop worshipping their own images. They declared that the Dark Mother was the only goddess they would ever worship from that day forth. So it was that the Dark Mother decided to spare their lives.

I found out later that the two sisters wound up living in New York City and working for the United Nations. After being punished for their transgressions, they decided to do whatever work was assigned to them by the Dark Mother. So the Dark Mother made them into members of an elite think tank which worked for the UN. I've been told that many of the elites of the United Nations are practicing cannibals who keep slaves – so the two sisters probably fit right in. The two sisters were well educated and quite intelligent, so from a Luciferian point of view, it was logical that they would wind up on a United Nations think tank. This think tank was a group of intellectuals who made plans for the UN's takeover of the world. They also made plans for creating a new civilization for the human race once this takeover was complete. So finally, the Dark Mother found some practical use for the intellectual talents of the two sisters.

As we drove down the road away from the home of the two sisters and back toward the St. Louis area, Bob took the opportunity to educate me further in the ways of the Society of Lucifer. At that point I still had to wear the blacked-out sunglasses, but that helped me to better visualize what Bob was saying.

At one point during our journey he explained to me that cannibalism among the wealthy Satanists living in the East Coast urban areas is quite common and well organized. He said that there were companies, each of which used some shell company as a front, which would sell high-quality human meat for high prices.

Bob told me that these dealers in cannibalistic products bring in human traffic from around the world. Low-income workers from abroad are brought in on cargo ships. They are lured in with stories of income they can earn at the “golden mountain,” which is the prosperous nation of America. Because these workers are undocumented, the human traffickers can do what they want with them. I learned that wealthy Luciferians control the docks and the city governments. Some of these undocumented workers are sold off for slave labor to work in sweat shops. Others are sold to professional food suppliers for cannibals.

The cannibalistic food suppliers take the people they’ve purchased off to hidden warehouses. These persons being trafficked are told lies to get them to be cooperative. Once imprisoned in the warehouse, the human cattle are well fed to fatten them up. Then photos of them in the nude are taken. These photos aren’t for sexual purposes. Wealthy cannibals select the victims they wish to consume based on photos and other information. When an individual is selected by a cannibal buyer, the chosen victim is then slaughtered.

Bob went on to explain that some of these slaughter houses treat the human cattle kindly, but some are cruel. Some human cattle are tortured first so that their meat and blood becomes adrenalized. But there are other slaughterhouses which treat the victims more kindly. In such slaughterhouses, they are killed quickly without pain or fear. This is done by slitting their throats from behind when unexpected during a medical examination.

I remember that Bob explained to me about Kosher cannibalism. In spite of the toxic nature of Zionism, most cannibalistic Luciferians don’t come from Jewish families. But some do. And they apparently take the Kosher rules seriously. So they don’t drink blood. They don’t cannibalize other Jews. But they do eat Goyim when such are processed according to Kosher rules.

These professional human meat producers prepare their products

in various ways so that when it is packaged, it doesn't look different from any other types of meat. Wealthy cannibals look at the photos and select the human meat they want based on their whims or desires. The victims are inspected by doctors before being slaughtered. Thus, quality is ensured. Meat from both adults and children is available, again depending upon the particular slaughterhouse. Such human cattle meat is very expensive and considered to be a delicacy.

According to what I was told by Bob, wealthy Satanic politicians, both Republican and Democrat, sometimes secretly put human flesh into the dishes at their expensive fund-raising dinners. Those dinner guests who are Luciferians know this, but the non-Luciferians are clueless.

On a global level, cannibalism is just one aspect of a larger corporate structure. So it's really more widespread and commonplace than most people have been lead to believe.

The thing about Bob was that although he did have a sense of humor and sometimes exaggerated things for the sake of humor, I knew him well enough to know when he was joking and when he was not. And he wasn't joking about what he was telling me that night as we sped down the highway together. And after what I had seen at the home of the two sisters, I knew with certainty that some Luciferian aristocrats did practice cannibalism.

A myth has been sold to modern society that cannibalism can be found in the jungles of Africa or the South Sea Islands, but not among the civilized "white people". But this is untrue. If anything, cannibalism is more common among whites than among non-whites, particularly wealthy white people. The only real difference is that aboriginal cannibals don't conceal their behavior whereas civilized Luciferian cannibals do.

Not all people who work in the United Nations' think tanks are cannibalistic, incestuous pedophiles like the two sisters – but all persons who work for these UN think tanks are as insane as the two sisters. If you don't believe me, read the UN's Agenda 21. If Agenda 21 was to succeed, it would take away all power from national and local governments so that the plutocrats who run the UN would have complete control of all resources around the world. All food, water, animals and land would be controlled by the globalist elites. All people would be forced into human settlement zones. Everyone would be tracked and controlled.

They intend that this plan will be achieved completely by the year 2050 AD, and so far they are still on schedule for doing that.

Most people don't understand that the entire United Nations building is actually a Satanic Temple. In a small room in the UN there is a Satanic altar. This is called the "Meditation Room." It has an ugly abstract painting on one wall, and if you look carefully at that painting you can see a symbolic representation of the Scythe. The Scythe symbol is generally known to represent death, human sacrifice and the planet Saturn. Specifically, the Scythe is the occult symbol for Satanic human sacrifice. At the center of this so-called Meditation Room is an altar made of black stone. There are ten seats which face the altar, each of which represents one of the ten satanic kings who are to co-rule the world once it has been unified by the UN. Bob explained to me that when the building is empty late at night, the elite Satanists who run the UN use it secretly for child sacrifice.

Bob explained as much of this to me as I could understand when I was twelve and much more later on when I was older. As well as that, in recent years I've received some of this information from insider informants. But that night, after my visit with the two sisters, as we drove along in his car, I didn't really care. I was just glad that I got out of the home of the two sisters alive. They were probably thinking about killing me and eating me the whole time I was there.

It was a long drive back and we didn't stop much. Bob occasionally stopped at fast-food places and let me eat as much junk food as I wanted. He didn't make me wear the sunglasses blindfold all the time. He let me use the bathrooms at the gas stations, and I didn't have to dress up like a girl. So it was a fairly comfortable ride.

Bob was on a tight schedule and we drove through without stopping anywhere to spend the night. He took some type of amphetamine to keep awake. I slept most of the time. I had two dreams. The first one was a nightmare. In it I saw a child on the altar in the basement of the home of the two sisters. He was immobilized in chains, and the two sisters were torturing him to death by slowly cutting off pieces of his flesh. They would moan with pleasure as they chewed on his raw flesh. The little boy shrieked in pain. He begged the two sisters for mercy, but that just made them cackle with delight. I woke up from that nightmare screaming.

After that dream, Bob let me take the sunglasses blindfold off. We stopped at a restaurant near the highway and ate a normal meal. We were far away enough from the home of the two sisters that the usual secrecy protocols were unnecessary. It felt good to be in boy's clothing again, and Bob was easier to deal with than the Baron.

After we went back on the highway it wasn't long until I once more fell asleep. I had another dream. In this dream I saw the Great Sphinx in Egypt being destroyed. It was as if I was watching a TV broadcast from some future time. The dream was realistic and vivid. The voice of a news reporter said that an Islamic liberation army had used explosives to wreck the ancient Sphinx statue that was in front of the Great Pyramid. They had drilled a hole in its neck, put explosives in that hole and then set them off. A television image showed the head of the Sphinx laying on the ground next to its lion's body. Nearby a crowd of Muslims were shouting in joy. They were shouting that Satan had been killed. I don't know whether or not this dream was precognitive. Perhaps it was just my subconscious mind's wishful thinking.

Bob didn't completely agree with the two sisters' theory that the Sphinx symbolized aristocratic cannibalism. He said that the Sphinx really symbolized *devourment*, and that cannibalism was just one expression of "devourment". Apparently devourment is an essential principle of Satanism. The Illuminati wants to devour all the resources of the world. It wants to devour all the nations to create one nation. It wants to devour all individual freedoms and human rights. It wants to devour all wealth. Cannibalism could be considered to a form of devourment, and as such it was an acceptable Satanic practice. But to Bob's way of thinking, cannibalism was a lesser form of devourment. In any case, there can be no doubt that the Sphinx is a symbol for Satanism.

Think about where you see the Sphinx around the USA and the world. Wherever you find the Sphinx displayed prominently, there you will find Satanists. In the front of the Masonic Temple in Washington DC, you will find statues of the Sphinx. Across the street from the Federal Reserve in Kansas City, in a park owned and maintained by the Fed, you will find statues of the Sphinx. In Las Vegas you will find a large statue of the Sphinx. In Vatican City, you will find statues of the Sphinx. You'll find statues of the Sphinx in prominent locations in London. And of course the great-granddaddy of all Sphinxes is in Egypt. I can't prove that the Pharaohs were cannibals who ate human brains. But if you do

enough research you will find that official Egyptology is filled with lies and distortions. In spite of all the historical misinformation, it can be proven that ancient Egypt was not a Utopian paradise. Ancient Egypt was a picturesque Satanic prison, beautiful and evil just like the Satanic temple in the basement of the two sisters. Moses was right to free his people from the land of the Sphinx.

To me, the real mystery of the Sphinx is how so many people can be blind to the presence of Satanism that is all around them. The Satanists I knew as a child believed that anyone who was stupid enough to be easily exploited deserved to be exploited. Were they wrong?

If you are a person of wisdom, you have a choice in life, you can exploit the ignorant or you can educate them. I would choose the path of education, but this is not the way of Satanism. Thereby the Sphinx slyly grins as he hides right out in the open where everyone can recognize him, but only the foolish fail to do so.

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

<http://www.amazon.com/Cannibalism-Blood-Drinking-High-Adept-Satanism/dp/1503196348/>