

Came Back Haunted: A Kundalini Story

By

Laz

They say that when you have kids, everything changes. Well, I was prepared for the extra physical work, the sleepless nights, and the hard push to complete a work day, but what I hadn't expected was to find a spiritual war waging just beyond the periphery of my senses, or that I would become its focus.

Genesis

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My morning starts with some apprehension as I had last week accused a fellow employee online of being a Freemason, and I had asked them to watch a video I had made over the weekend on YouTube. In the video I apologised to him and said that if Freemasonry was what I had said it was, then I must be incorrect due to this friend being one of them.

As soon as I walk into the office I catch the eye of my friend and pick up my coffee mug to head with him to the kitchen. When we arrive in the kitchen I hold the door open for him.

‘What makes you think I am a Freemason?’ he says straight away and walks past me.

‘Aren't you one?’ I ask with some apprehension, following behind.

‘I'll ask you again. What makes you think I am a Freemason?’

He isn't going to admit it.

‘I was just reading between the lines,’ I say somewhat taken aback by his tone, ‘no-one has said anything, and no-one else knows.’

He is visibly quite agitated by the situation as he washes out his filter coffee jug.

‘Okay, well,’ I stammer, ‘I, I am sorry either way. Whether you are or whether you aren't, I'm sorry if I have offended you.’

‘I watched your other video,’ he replies, ‘the one where you were interviewed by that American’.

He refers to an interview I had given to an American talk show about my political beliefs.

‘What did you think?’ I ask trying to stay light-hearted.

‘It was weird,’ comes a stern response.

‘I won't be associating again with that guy, so don't worry.’

‘Hmmm.’ is his response and he walks off to leave me standing now limply holding my coffee mug.

I am confused and a feeling of dread is creeping up on me. Perhaps I had said something he didn't like in the interview, I don't know what it would be, and perhaps the fact that I had given an interview at all, had upset him or his order. There is nothing I can do about it anyway, as the talk show had the interview rights, and were free to do with it as they pleased. I consider asking them to remove it and to ask if they would not use it anywhere, but something inside my stomach tells me that I am going to have to live with it, like my hiatus hernia.

I return to my desk having made myself a coffee and sip my drink as I think about what has just transpired. I am not happy that I had satisfied my friend's perceived need for a clean slate, that I have to remedy the situation, but how? As I sit and sip I think that perhaps if I could remove all of my recent online activity then there would be no trace of my offence giving videos and I could then conclude that I had done everything I could to rectify the situation. So I set about deleting all of my work on the internet. This consists of four month's worth of video talk shows featuring a number of guests and reports on different subjects, along with my take on many world events and of course my unfortunate rant about the Freemasons.

Having done this I feel like I have done enough to satisfy my friend and his group. However my new desk neighbour Kevin, a Stores Manager who has just joined the company on a 4 month contract, strikes up a conversation with me.

‘It's good here init?’ he starts.

‘It has its ups and downs’ I reply sadly.

‘Life's too short to be unhappy. I'm always happy,’ he continues, ‘and I don't mind what kind of work I do, I do as i'm asked to do here and then I work as a janitor in the evenings. It covers my costs, including my ex-wife!’

‘The costs just keep going up don't they?’ I say referring to my own situation of having two young daughters and a wife who doesn't work.

‘I know what you mean,’ Kevin leans in close, ‘if you are a little short of cash I know how to get free money!’

‘What do you mean?’ I ask, intrigued by this concept.

‘What you do is go to a cash machine late at night and take out as much as you can in one transaction, three hundred pounds, say.’ Kevin giggles like a little bald leprechaun and rubs his hands together in glee.

‘What you do is, when the machine presents the money, you take the bottom two thirds of the cash, and leave the remainder behind for the machine to take back in. it doesn't count it you see when it is returned to the holding area and it will not debit your account. So you have two hundred pounds in cash, for free, and you can keep doing this over and over until you have enough money to make you happy.’

‘Doesn't the bank notice?’ I enquire sceptically

‘No, that's the beauty of it, and if they do notice you can just say that some dodgy looking individuals scared you away from the machine, as it was late at night.’

‘Surely that doesn't work?’

‘I've done it!’ Kevin responds mischievously.

‘And do all cash machines work the same way’ I nervously enquire, while thinking this is a highly dubious topic to be discussing in the office.

‘Yes they all work the same way, it's brilliant isn't it.’

‘It is interesting, from a technical point of view.’

‘Like I said, if anyone asks you just say you were scared away from the machine and don't know what happened to the money.’

Again Kevin giggles to himself, ‘of course in reality I wouldn't have a problem defending myself, I'm trained in Kung Foo!’

‘Oh right, what belt do you have?’

‘I’m a black belt, and can kill with these hands. I can cause a shock wave to pass through someone’s kidney with a punch and it will kill them.’

‘Sometime later, you mean’ I add, thinking about human physiology

‘Yes, that’s right. I’ll let people have three punches, and then I’ll kill them.’

‘Is that a legal thing, I mean to protect yourself?’ I ask, trying to remain rational in this weird conversation.

‘Yes, if I go to court I have to prove that I was defending myself.’

‘I see, and do you go to court often?’ I ask light heartedly, while trying to remain composed.

‘Well I’m due in court next month actually, over a car accident I was in. It’s how I got this broken tooth, and I lost the sight in my left eye for a while.’

‘Wow!’ is all I can manage to get out.

‘Yeah, it wouldn’t have been so bad if I hadn’t just replaced the engine in my Range Rover, seven thousand pounds that cost me.’

‘But your sight has returned now?’ I ask while looking at the slightly unusual appearance of his iris and the scar on the surrounding eye socket.

‘Yeah, despite my company making me redundant following the accident, my insurance still paid out. And it was a good thing too, I spent two months in hospital!’

‘Good grief! That’s lucky’

‘The stupid woman who crashed into my car won’t be so lucky though!’

‘I hope it goes well for you.’ I add, hoping to end this conversation now.

‘Thank you, it will.’

Kevin, thankfully also wants to stop talking, and he gets up to go to the production area and perform a stock check.

I return to what I was doing, but cannot concentrate anymore. This strange man, Kevin has upset my mind, I just want to go home for Christmas, and preferably never come back again. To make matters worse there is a lot of discussion going on around me which is making concentration more difficult for me. I sit and tap randomly at keys before deleting what I have written, and I try to fathom out what all this means, and as I do I catch snippets of conversation around me.

‘Guess who'll be getting all the shit jobs next year?’

‘He's going to be taking a lot more sick days.’

‘How does he expect to bring up a family while working in Starbucks?’

I start to wonder if what they are saying is related to me, and my situation. Am I going to get the shit jobs, or am I going to need to take more sick leave? I listen some more and become convinced that I am being talked about.

‘There could be a nasty car accident.’

‘He could wake up and find her dead on the bedroom floor.’

On hearing these things I start to get a mild panic, and cannot bear sitting and listening to these words, so I get up and go to the loo. On the way back I don't really know why, fate or something, but I feel compelled to go and speak to Kevin about it.

‘Hi Kevin, I'm having trouble telling fact from fantasy at the moment, how are you doing?’

‘I'm counting stock items, did you know that the records show we have 1138 circuit board pins and I have this lot here to count! What's up with you?’

‘I'm knackered and struggling to cope.’

‘Well the way we deal with these things these days is to put family first. How are you getting on at home?’

I explain that I am not sleeping, and only had 2 hours of sleep because of having to get up in the night to deal with my daughter Julia who isn't sleeping at all well and wakes up screaming at different hours of the night. I go on to explain that

my wife isn't sleeping well either and our younger daughter is having to be in bed with Dagney before she will sleep.

‘And how are you and your wife, Dagney is it, getting along?’

‘We are not doing so well,’ I reveal ‘we only see each other for a couple of hours tops, each day. When we are together we don't really talk about us or spend any time alone.’

Kevin commiserates with me, and then invites me to come and see what he's been doing in the store room. I go with him and he pulls out a drawer of resisters.

‘I love resisters, look at this one from the seventies.’ He picks up a fat brown resister and shows it to me.

‘That's a big resister!’ I exclaim.

‘You can't buy these any more. I've sorted them all out but this one doesn't fit, it's not on the stock list.’

Just then one of the engineers walks outside of the office and leaves the door open, a stack of papers is caught by a gust of wind and is blown all over the floor.

‘We should probably pick those up I say,’ and I leave the stock room to close the door, and then Kevin and I start collecting the papers from the floor. As I pile them up again I notice that someone has left a calendar out on the table, and it is a sports car calendar and on the front cover is a big red Italian sports car which catches my eye.

Kevin then starts the conversation up again.

‘I used to be a marriage councillor you know.’

‘Wow, you have had a varied career’

‘Yes I could loan you a book on marriage if you like’

‘Okay, thank you that would be an interesting read’

‘Where do you live? If you like I could bring it round your house’

‘That's okay, don't worry. I live in Millview’

At this moment, Dave the operations man comes back through the door to the office, and stops at the calendar to look it over.

‘Is this yours?’

‘No I don't know who's it is’

‘I thought it might be yours because of the fast cars in it. You've got a sports car haven't you?’

'I suppose, I have an Audi S4'

'Well that's fast right, with a big engine?'

'It's a four point two litre engine' I say rather sheepishly. I'm not proud of my big red Audi

'Wow that is big, what's the naught to sixty on that'

'5.5 seconds according to the specification' I am now embarrassed in front of Kevin.

'That's awesome!' Dave says while thumbing through the calendar, presumably to see if there is an Audi in it, 'I'd love one of those, but I bet it costs a lot to run?'

'It's no worse than the family Volvo estate I used to have.'

'Well if no-one is going to claim this calendar, I'm going to have it.'

Kevin chirps in at this point, 'It probably came in with an order, so please take it.'

Then he turns to me, 'Audis are great cars he says, but expensive.' he says with intent.

I think to myself that it is probably cheaper than a Range Rover, but do not say this and instead reply 'Yeah it's a ball and chain, but I can't get rid of it.'

Dave asks 'why don't you sell it?'

'I've tried, but I can't shift it. I had the lowest price of a number of them on Auto Trader and I had no interest.'

'It's not a good time to own a performance car, with the economy being the way it is.'

'Yes,' I respond timidly, 'I can always sell it through one of these buy-it-now companies, but I wouldn't get anything like what it's worth and i'm still paying for it.'

Kevin chirps in then 'Still if you are struggling to make ends meet at home, then it's probably a good idea to sell it.'

Cheeky so-and-so I think to myself but don't bite, 'I suppose you are right' I meekly reply.

Kevin then returns to the previous topic of conversation

'You need to treat your woman with respect you know, you should do as she asks. She has problems of her own and she needs your support. As she is dealing with the children you should help out more, does she always do the cooking?'

‘Yes.’

‘And how about the tidying and washing’

‘Mostly I do those, but Dagny will help.’

‘That's good but you should offer to do the cooking as well.’

‘I am no good at cooking, I can only do simple things.’

‘Well there's not much to a roast, you should offer to cook Christmas dinner for her. It doesn't take much to peel vegetables and put them in the oven.’

‘I suppose you are right.’

‘I am right, and she will approve of the effort you put in. I think you need to do more to help out, you are on the wrong path.’

‘I think you are right.’

‘Do you believe in god?’

‘Yes.’

‘I prayed for you last night.’

Feeling a little uneasy I answer honestly, ‘I think I heard you.’

‘Good, you need help’

I begin to get emotional and start to break down ‘I know. I can't believe this is happening!’ I sniff back a tear. ‘I can't believe this is real.’

‘What can't you believe?’

‘That you are here telling me this stuff’ I have to wipe my eyes now, ‘It's so hard, my life is really hard right now.’

‘I will pray again for you tonight.’

‘Thank you, but there's something else.’

‘What is it?’

‘I think the Freemasons are after me. I fear they are going to black bag me, and I'm hearing that it will happen tonight’

‘What?’

‘I made an online video attacking them, and now I think they are after me.’

‘What did you say in your video?’

‘That they were little weak men, who only had power when they were in their secret group’

‘Well that's probably true of the Illuminati, but not of the Freemasons,’ Kevin looks to the heavens in a grand gesture, ‘I

don't think they would come after you for that. What else did you say?’

‘That if they didn't leave me alone, I would stick their Jachin and Boaz up their Solomon’s temple.’

Again Kevin looks to the ceiling as if he is communicating directly with god, ‘Well ‘that's a bit worse, but while they are a cult of rich men, I don't think they will come after you for that either,’ again he seems to communicate with God, ‘No i'm pretty sure they won't come after you today. But you should be careful.’

‘I think I outed one of them in the department and I put out an apology to him, but when I spoke to him this morning he denied he was a Freemason.’

‘What did you ask him?’

‘I asked him if he had watched the video.’

‘And how did he respond?’

‘He said he had, and took the inference that I thought he was a Freemason.’

‘I said aren't you one? And at this he seemed to take offence. And he said what makes you think I am a Freemason. I responded with Aren't you one? And then he came back with I'll ask you again, what makes you think I am a Freemason? And I replied that I had just read between the lines.’

Kevin had been listening but at this point he interjected with ‘That means he is one then,’

‘Oh,’ I mutter, ‘He went on to say he had watched a radio interview stream that I had given to an American talk show host. I asked him what he thought of it, knowing that I could do nothing to remove this piece of internet history, and he said it was weird, and then he asked if I would be associating with the American again. I said that I would not be, and that I was sorry for thinking he was a Freemason, or for insinuating that he was one when he wasn't. And at this point he walked off with a loud hmmm.’

‘Now that is more worrying.’

‘What is?’

‘The fact that you have spoken out on someone’s radio show. That’s the sort of thing which gets the wrong attention. What did you talk about?’

‘About the new world order, about Hitler, Obama and politics.’

‘I see, that is the sort of thing the Illuminati are watching for.’

‘Oh!’ A flash of shock streaks across my head.

‘I would put out another apology if I were you’ Kevin says in all seriousness.

‘To the Illuminati?’ I still can’t quite believe the gravity of my situation.

‘Yes.’

‘Is there anything specific I should say, you know do I need to say certain things to them?’

‘Say that you thought that the Illuminati were only a myth and didn't really exist, tell them that you are very sorry that you attacked them. That you realise now that they are very real and that you recognise their organisation for what it is, and that you won't publicly say anything against them again.’

I sigh at hearing these words ‘Okay, do you think that will be enough?’

Kevin once more consults God ‘I don't think they black bag you if you do this.’

‘Good.’

‘Do it as soon as you get home, and post it on YouTube, and do it the same as the other video.’

‘Okay’

‘If you want me to help I'm prepared to come to your house, I'll even sit outside all night, and I can bring weapons,’ Kevin lifts his right arm in the air in a weightlifter pose, ‘feel that’ he says ‘I reach for his bicep, but he shakes his head.

‘Not there, under my arm’

I touch the right side of his chest and it feels like metal, it is solid and doesn't give at all

‘This is my armour, it is the armour God gave me. I can take a baseball bat to the head and I won't be knocked out. I have been nearly killed three times, but thanks to god's armour I am still here. I have fallen out of an attic, I have been speared through

my chest, and more recently I had the car crash I told you about. By rights I should be dead, but thanks to the power of God, I am still here. I can take almost any punishment'

I am unnerved by this show of strength and it must show on my face as Kevin smiles at me like he knows I am unnerved.

'On the other subject, of your wife' he starts again 'I think you should stop at Lidl on your way home and pick up some chocolates and flowers for her.'

'I will, do that' I mumble feeling very submissive to this strange personality before me.

'One other thing comes to mind,' He starts up again, 'If you have upset the Illuminati they may try to get you arrested and taken to a cell where they will black bag you. They may do this by planting drugs in your car and stopping you at a road block. So you should check your car's wheel arches, boot, glove box, and under the seats.'

'Oh, do you think they may already have done this?'

'I don't know. You should check before you go home.'

'It is lunch time now, I should go and check now'

'Yes, I am leaving now anyway so i'll come with you.'

'Okay thank you.'

Kevin and I get up to fetch our coats, and leave the building for the car park. The weather is harsh outside and the wind whips around us and buffets us as we walk. I look to the sky to see a very moody cloud bank surrounding us, and if I ever wanted a sign that things were bad, this one comes underlined and marked in red.

As we are crossing the taxi-way, we see Dave coming the other direction, he makes a joke, 'leaving already? I'll come too.' Dave turns and walks with us for a couple of steps, I get the feeling i'm being chaperoned by the enemy, but then he turns back with a smile, and continues the way he was going. I am further unnerved by this as it seems like Dave was joining Kevin in mocking me somewhat, but I shrug this off to face the incoming threat of my vehicle being used against me, and Kevin starts talking to me again.

‘If you are black bagged you understand that you'll deserve it for what you did, you can take it like a man and they will probably just dump you somewhere, but if they come for your family that is a different matter. You should remember to use your elbows to fight off someone who is approaching from behind, and if you feel a bag going over your head then you can put your hand up to your chin to prevent it going over, and you can force it back off your head. If you have to fight then punch them in the cheek, as this is a nerve cluster and will hurt a lot. Are you a fighter?’

‘Not really’ I reply, defeated already

‘Well you have to be for your family's sake, you'll be dealing with some nasty characters that do not care for moral behaviour.’

‘I will’ I mutter as we pass the gate to the car park.

‘They will come after dark, and won't attack during the day although they may follow you either by car or on foot, but they won't touch you until it is dark.’

‘Are my family safe at home?’ I ask nervously.

‘Yes, they will not come into your home, but if you go outside, make sure that your eyes adjust to the darkness before you move away from the house, watch for the dark corners, as that is where they will hide.’

‘Okay, thank you’ I am feeling at a particular low point now.

When we are crossing the car park Kevin announces that he has spotted three people sitting in their cars watching,

‘I should have been a policeman,’ he proudly announces, ‘did you park somewhere different this morning?’ he asks knowingly.

‘Yes, i'm parked over here,’ I indicate by unlocking my car and its lights flash. I then open the boot and the strong wind almost takes it from my hand. I ask Kevin what I should be looking for.

‘They will likely put drugs in the side here, or in the wheel well. Do you have something in their already?’

‘Yes, I have a bag with some survival kit in it, and a couple of knives, in case I get stuck somewhere’

‘I see, well don't go using those knives unless you know what you are doing with them, you'll be better off without them and waving one around will only make matters worse.’

I open the cover over the spare wheel and dig around in my bag while the ominous gusts whirl around my legs causing my trousers to flap.

‘It doesn't look like it's been disturbed.’ Kevin announces to my relief, and I agree with him, then I close the boot and move round the car to open the driver's door and have a feel under the seats. I reassuringly find nothing and Kevin opens the passenger door.

‘Can I have a look in the glove box?’

‘Sure’ I say and open it for him, and he has a rummage around in it to find nothing, and then checks the passengers door pocket.

‘I think you are in the clear.’ He says rather satisfied with himself.

‘I check the door pocket on the driver's side and then we both close the doors.’

Kevin then checks both the wheel arches on his side of the car, and I do the same.

‘You've been lucky!’ he says, ‘Now if anyone asks, I have been looking at your car with the intention to buy it, okay?’

‘Okay,’ I say, ‘and thank you’

I walk to the rear of the car and press the lock button on the remote.

‘Oh look,’ he says as he points to my registration plate, ‘KG, Kevin Greenwood. You've got my car!’ he jokes

‘That's weird!’ I say, ‘Do you want to buy it?’ I offer as a joke in return.

Kevin laughs and then I reach out to shake Kevin's hand. He responds and we share a firm handshake.

‘You should check your car every time you use it, Audi's have good security so they shouldn't be able to get inside if it's locked.’

‘I found it unlocked this morning’ I remember and blurt out in shock at the realisation that someone may have been in my car.

‘I wouldn't worry about that, no-one has been in your car today, but you should double check that you have locked it in the future.’

‘I will’

‘I want to give you my telephone numbers so that you can contact me any time you need help, I'll be out until 10pm tonight, but other than that you can call me anytime.’ Kevin then proceeds to read out his mobile and home numbers, and I call his mobile to make sure it works.

‘Thank you Kevin,’ I say and we part company, he leaves for his car and I return to the office.

Later that afternoon the office chatter starts again, and one engineer appears to be talking about me to another without addressing me.

‘Everyone will be there tonight, it'll be like a second Christmas party’

‘We could drop him on the other side of the M25 and let him walk back’

‘How about further afield at one of our sites’ another engineer chipped in and they had a good laugh about it.

So this goading carries on for an hour or so, and I am unable to concentrate as I pretend to work while listening to their abuse. I start to think again about what has transpired between Kevin and me this morning, and I arrive at the shocking conclusion that I have just given a total stranger all of my personal details, and he claims that his initials appearing on my number plate are a mere coincidence. My heart sinks at the realisation of my own stupidity, if he is not what he claims to be, if he is in fact an Illuminati, I've just spilled my guts to him. It just doesn't add up, he knows too much about the Illuminati, and he also didn't flinch at my telling him that I couldn't tell the difference between fact and fantasy. In fact he chose to go all out and claim he had a direct connection to God. I begin to get a mild panic at the thought of Kevin being an Illuminati, and has he been cleverly leading me towards a black bagging later tonight at Lidl when I go to buy flowers and chocolates.

I start to sweat at the thought of my being a pawn in their game, and a wave of nausea passes over me. I have to get out, now! When I had considered leaving early Kevin had not liked the idea and at the time I thought that he meant the company would frown on my decision, but now I fear that he meant the Illuminati would not be ready for me if I left early. Well here is the crunch point, and I have to decide what to do. I pick up my mobile phone, and text Dagney a message.

I'M FEELING SICK, TOO SICK TO DRIVE. CAN YOU COME AND PICK ME UP

I figure that if I leave my car then anything that has been done to it will wait, and i'll not be implicated, and once Dagney get's here we can go straight to her mum's and not go home at all. After half an hour passes and I get no response I am feeling very nervous and go to the loo, but as I finish Dagney phones me, and asks if I am okay.

'I'm okay but i've changed my mind, don't come and pick me up, instead I want you to go to your mothers.'

'Why?' comes the confused reply'

'I'm in big trouble, and I think the Illuminati are after me! Please just trust me, go to your mothers with the kids, remember to lock up the house, and i'll meet you later. Please, don't ask questions and do as I ask'

I sound exasperated and god only knows what Dagney must think, but she complies and I end the conversation feeling like i've done some good in this weird situation. I return to my desk and by two o'clock I can't stand any more of the chatter behind me, and its perceived connection to my family's wellbeing. I was feeling sick and hopeless before, but now I feel this is the time to run and running is the only option. I am going to be grabbed tonight at Lidl if I don't, I have to go right now.

Exodus

I wait until the principle characters in my current plight are looking the other way or are engaged in work that has them out of the room, and I just cavalierly switch of the power on my desk computer, stand up and pack my things into my bag. I'm leaving and no-one is going to stop me. I carry my bag to the coat stand and grab my coat. I stumble towards the door, bag in one hand, and coat in the other, and I try to put on my coat one handed which leads to me dropping my bag in the reception and having to stop to sort out my attire correctly.

I manage to get outside into the weather without anyone stopping me, if they do notice they do nothing about my exit, and i'm off towards the car park. My mind is racing as I go thinking through all of what has happened, and of what is to come. Has Kevin actually used the time he spent in my car to plant some drugs in their himself, I realise I am going to have to do a cursory search of the areas he got at before I leave, and I am aware that the car park cameras will be watching. As I think this I realise that we both would have been recorded earlier in the car park performing what could be described as a transaction in my car and a shot of fear rushes through me as I think that this is potential evidence for use against me should I become entangled with the law this afternoon. I am going to have to be very careful as to where I take my car, and I feel sure that I will be watched if not followed.

When I reach my car unobstructed by any one I breathe a small sigh of relief and the interior of my car brings me small comfort, not least as it has started to rain. I pop the boot and check the areas that Kevin had me look over earlier, then I check under the seats again, along with the glove box and the door pockets, and thankfully find nothing. I do not believe that I have done enough of a thorough search but for now I have been all the places Kevin talked about, and I can stop later to check the rest of the car properly.

I leave the car park at a slow speed, trying to appear normal, thankfully there was nobody that I could see sitting in their cars to see my exit, and therefore nobody to report my leaving. So far so good. My plan now is to get to Swanmouth to meet with my family, and I need to get there without being tailed by the Illuminati, or without coming across the Police. My fear feels strong within me but now that I have turned it into action I feel a little better than I did sitting and waiting at my desk.

I decide to take a convoluted route and avoid my usual choice of journey home, so after I leave my work site I head for the bypass into Beachampton, and I keep an eye on all of the traffic around me, checking for anyone following or for any Police attention. As it happens I get onto the dual carriageway bypass and start to head in the vague direction of Swanmouth, all the time aware that the rain is getting heavier and I need to stop and search my car properly. I decide that I could hide in a supermarket car park and perform a search so at the roundabout into town I pull over to the near side lane and promptly run into a large queue of traffic. I sit for a minute thinking of my wife and children and as I do my phone beeps, I check it to find a message.

‘I’M ON MY WAY TO YOU KNOW WHERE!’

I am pleased that Dagney has thought to avoid saying anything about our destination given that our phones may be monitored, and text conversation being easy to intercept and extract by the authorities. I am still not moving though as the Beachampton traffic is heavy on this pre Christmas afternoon. I decide to abandon this idea about the car park and pull out of the queue to head towards Payesport instead.

As I near Richmond Hill, I have another idea. I know the back streets of this area well and had a friend who used to live here, so a new plan forms in my mind. I take the next exit and again come to a complete stop at a set of traffic lights. After waiting at the lights for what seems like an unfair amount of time, I hear a siren and my heart skips. I watch in horror as a Police car goes

the opposite way down the dual carriage way. It is only a few hundred yards to the next roundabout where he can turn around and he'll be on me before I can get away. I'm a sitting duck in this traffic, but a little luck comes my way and the lights change. I'm off and round the flyover, then as I cross the dual carriage way below, I look across to see if the Police car has turned around, and it has. A renewed feeling of dread and urgency washes over me as I watch the police car close the distance between us, so I floor the accelerator and dart off of the roundabout towards Cemetery junction. I quickly take the back road I know and speed into the residential area, and I slow down to avoid hitting the cars parked on either side of the road.

Some way down the road I concentrate on my rear view mirror; is the Police car coming? Am I being followed? Have I been spotted? Kevin has my registration number and if he is who I now think he is, he will have passed this on to the authorities who are well known for having Illuminati among their ranks.

Further down the road I spot a suitable parking place and dive into it, lumping my front wheel onto the curb. It's not a pretty manoeuvre but at least I have gone to ground and am able to catch my breath for a while. There are two things I want to do now, firstly I want to check my car over properly and secondly I need to make an apology video to post on the internet.

As I get out of my car, it starts to rain even more heavily, but I am compelled to check my car properly. In spite of wearing a coat, I am instantly drenched, but I am going to do this regardless of any discomfort. I check each wheel arch in turn, and thankfully they have a carpet like plastic liner which means it would be difficult to stick anything to it. Then I open the boot and check around the edges and under the carpet covering the wheel well. I pull out my survival bag and check it thoroughly and find nothing. Next I go round each of the car doors and check each door pocket and under the seats. I have a child seat in the back so I lift this to check underneath. Finally I check the dashboard and glove box, and am now utterly sodden, I relax and sit in the driver's seat once again. I'm clean of any drug stashes, so it is with some relief that I begin to prepare myself

for a video recording. I set up my phone on the dash board in front of me. I brush my hair and wipe my face to look somewhat less drenched. Then I start it recording a video.

‘I am so very sorry.’ I open, ‘I had no idea quite how real and present the Illuminati were, and I was just playing at being Alex Jones. I was just trying to get attention for my website, and I’ve gotten attention of the wrong kind, and the attention I didn’t want. I am so very sorry for what I said about you in my previous video, I promise you that it will never be seen again, I promise you that I will never say anything in public like that again, and I promise you I will never speak of this to anyone.’ I let out a sigh of realisation as to the gravity of the situation I am still in.

‘Please please, just allow me to have a happy family Christmas, please allow me to remain out in the open until afterwards. I do not want to face a black bag, I do not want to try and fight people off. From what I considered to be a safe conspiracy theory, something which I could talk about freely, I have created myself a world of pain, and my heart is racing right now, I’m really very sorry and nothing like this will ever happen again.’

I reach for the off button on the camera phone and then clutch it to my chest, and slump down in my seat.

‘Will that be enough?’ I wonder to myself.

My adrenalin fuelled brain lurches onto the next task of getting to Swanmouth without being apprehended by the authorities searching for me. After quickly plotting a route in my head I start the car again and pull out of my parking space. I double back on my earlier route and head for the Richmond Hill roundabout. I mean to cross it and head towards town, and then take the lower gardens route to Payesport, but that is as far as my brain has calculated. I am going to need to think further ahead than this and quickly.

I follow the traffic into town as I try to think of all the back roads and of a way across town. When I reach the end of the gardens road, I realise that I can turn right and head towards the

viaduct, and then head up the hill to cross the main route and head towards Littleton via Hanford cliffs.

Thankfully I traverse the roads quickly and as un-obviously as a bright red sports car can be. Presently I reach Littleton and have to think again about the direction to travel, however I am now facing a new dilemma, my bladder is calling out to me and I will have to stop somewhere to relieve myself. There is a petrol station in Littleton so I head for this, and again it briefly takes me onto a main road, which is where I don't want to be.

As I turn into the garage forecourt I am faced with gridlock on the forecourt.

‘What is this, the Truman Show!’ I exclaim out loud.

I can see the toilet door through the window but have nowhere I can exit the vehicle to approach the facility. I have no choice but to back away from my temporary salvation and reverse out of the forecourt to try somewhere else.

Back on the main road is not where I want to be, but as I near a familiar looking junction my speeding brain tells me to turn now, and in front of oncoming traffic, I make a dangerous change of direction without indication, and speed down a side road where I know there is a wooded cemetery. I feel, at least, erratic direction changes will make it more difficult for a pursuer to keep up with me and that's the name of the game in this perceived real life fox and hound hunt.

At the cemetery I step outside the car and into the rain once again, I check for a minute that I have not been followed, and then I duck into some bushes and urinate up against a tree. The bits of me that had started to dry out are again soaked through to my skin, but at least I have relieved one of my pressing problems. I get back in my car and replace my seatbelt and restart the engine. As I do this I see a slow moving black Saab estate drive towards me in my rear view mirror. This single occupant black car suggests to me the authorities, and as it passes me slowly and continues on its way back to the main road, I am very suspicious of it and of its driver. Rather than

proceed ahead I move off and complete a u-turn to drive around the outside of the cemetery and towards Lower Stone. Thinking I have escaped a potential pursuer I relax a little in my seat and proceed through Stone and over the cross roads to go past Saint Peter's church. From there I take Danecourt road, Fernside road, Vicarage road, Fleets lane, and to avoid the Upton bypass I take Upton road itself. When I reach the suburb of Upton i'm feeling like i've dodged a bullet, and continue to take as many back roads as I can, but at the A350 I have two choices as to which way to go, and both are main roads, but I take the less obvious choice and head towards Mere Begis. I come off at Chitten Hill to eventually aim in the direction of Wernam. All is going as well as can be expected and I even turn on the radio for a little light relief, but find the music is not to my liking and put on a CD instead; Nine Inch Nails. A while later I am at the outskirts of Swanmouth and near my destination.

My thoughts turn to obtaining the items that Kevin talked about for my wife. I have some sort of residual compliance to this request that I don't understand and as I consider where to purchase them, my eyes drift to my wing mirror. There is a black Saab Estate directly behind me.

‘Shit!’ I exclaim, ‘How long has that been there?’

I sit bolt upright and panic, I have been followed after all, and what is worse is that I completely forgot to check for the majority of my journey. I blame my tired state, but blame aside I now have to deal with this situation.

I can't understand how it is possible given the convoluted route that I had taken to get here, and I rack my brain for an answer, suddenly I remember that I had read that mobile phones can be traced even if the GPS feature is not being used for navigation. Mine has been sat in my coat pocket since I finished making the video, and presumably is now a silent beacon for anyone with the technology to trace it. I reach into my coat pocket, and pull out the phone, I know that switching it off is not enough so I carefully remove the protective rubber cover of the phone and

then the battery cover, making sure that I am keeping an eye and a hand on the wheel of my car. Once I have access to the battery I prise it out and put the lot into the coin tray.

‘That should sort it out.’ I say silently to myself, just in case anyone is listening.

Now Swanmouth is quite a large area so I should be able to lose my tail on the back roads, and as I near the corner by the Herston chip shop I wait until the last minute and then make a sharp right turn, my tail thankfully carries straight on down the main road. My cars engine growls as I floor it up the hill and then towards town. My plan is to head straight for the house but then I consider for a minute that my wife may be under observation and if she does not report that she has received the gift, there may be further consequences for my family. Passing the supermarket I come face to face with a black Saab Estate coming the other way, the driver looks as though he is reflecting my shock at the recognition of the facts.

Now I feel utterly defeated, and it seems obvious that the tail has some way of finding me despite my best efforts to avoid him. I feel I have no choice now than to submit and proceed as the Illuminati instructed, I heave a big sigh and set about carrying out my instructions to buy flowers and chocolates.

I return to the supermarket and park in the first available space. I choose not to buy a ticket despite this potentially leading to a fine, but this right now is the lesser of two evils.

‘What does it matter now!?’ I consider.

Like a zombie slave obeying its master I then enter the supermarket and pick up some red roses and a box of chocolates. I join the back of a checkout queue, and this gives me some time to think.

I had lost my tail, albeit briefly, and it occurs to me that because I took the battery out of my phone that it must be only sheer coincidence they found me visually. At this thought I am

bolstered somewhat and shake off my slavish mindset, the chase is still on and I have the advantage in that I have local knowledge and can now only be spotted visually. I plan a route and then it is my turn to pay for the goods. I am surprised that someone hasn't come into the shop to check on me, but then there is only one way in and out so it is fairly certain that they would not need to.

I pay for the flowers and chocolates and quickly exit the shop, and that is when I see that the Saab car has parked opposite mine in the car park. It is parked in the space front first which mean he'll have to reverse out and I have a thought that this would be a perfect place for them to ambush me, but then there is still daylight so remembering Kevin's words I hope that he was correct and that nothing will be tried unless it is dark. I arrive at the conclusion that they probably just want to discover my destination, so I won't let them. I am filled with the urge to escape and prevent them from knowing my intended sleeping place.

‘But how can I avoid leading them straight to the door of Dagny's mother?’

I return to my car and quickly start the engine before i'm even in and strapped into the seat belt. I pull away as quickly as I can without looking like a racer and head into town to do one circuit of the centre. I figure that the Saab will not be as quick as me and I hope I can lose him. After completing one circuit of the road and ending up back where I started I then follow the High Street out of town and just where the road narrows due to parked cars limiting the width of the road I turn up the very steep Gordon road. At the top of the hill I make a sharp left onto Priests Road and then park about half way down this road, hidden from the casual visitor to town, or at least that's what I hope.

This is however nowhere near my destination and I now take to foot, in case my car is discovered I do not want to have it lead me to Dagny's mother. I bundle all of my stuff out of the car

and with box of chocolates and flowers in hand I head off in the driving rain.

I consider my situation as I walk and remove my backpack to place the chocolates in it and realise that the request to have me buy these items for my wife could indeed be a way of identifying me if I bailed out of my car and took to walking.

‘Get the man with the roses and chocolates’ I imagine someone saying into a Walkie Talkie.

I was asked by Kevin what flowers my wife liked and here I am ungainly carrying the same large bunch of red roses that I told him about. I curse myself and recognise that i'm as visible on the path with these roses as I was in my bright red Audi. So there is only one option, and that is to get off the main walk ways. I remember that there is a footpath that runs along the hill above me, and I take my first opportunity to climb the hill on a gravel track.

Getting off the main routes will further enhance my ability to stay hidden, and as I climb the hill I look for signs of the high foot path which I remember. I fail however to find it and after trying several tracks that end in someone's back garden I begin to worry about the time I am wasting. As I climb I emerge into a static caravan site and again I cannot find the path along the hill, only routes which continue upwards. At the top of the caravan site I reach the end of civilisation and am left with only one path, the path which leads onto the heath land and to the top of the hill.

It is muddy an overgrown and my leather soled work shoes slip as I try to climb higher.

‘At some point this track must emerge’ I utter to myself as I slip again and almost fall.

The track starts to bend and traverse the hill finally, and I get some easier footings to follow, but soon it starts down again. I decide to follow a worn path rather than set out on my own

across the top of this rain sodden hill, and no sooner have I made the decision, as I fall on my backside and scrape my leg. I get up quickly but realise that i'm going to fall again, I reach for a stout looking bush to support me and it aids me in navigating down to what appears to be a building site.

An old house and its grounds has been cleared and there is a partial fence around the site, with foot falls following its course around the site. I tread carefully in the worn muddy foot holes and gingerly work around to the opening of the driveway. As I do this an old woman in front of me is startled and drops her shopping at the sight of this rain soaked, muddy businessman, descending from the heath land looking shaken up and out of breath. I try to walk past her casually but fail in every sense to look casual.

Once I am past this old lady I am back on the foot path of a road and it leads me down to an Osborne Road and then Queens Road and I begin to recognise where I am. I continue eastward and am careful to check over my shoulder periodically to make sure I am not followed. At the end of Queens Road is the back entrance to the row of houses in which Dagney and her mother should be, I stagger down the narrow alleyway to their back door. Once i'm in the garden I feel slightly euphoric and then fall through their back door to catch myself on a dining chair. I prop myself up and stand dripping and out of breath in the house. I made it!

The Demon of the wilderness

I see David coming into the dining room where I now stand, and he' looks somewhat shocked.

'Thank you David, for having us over, and I'm sorry about all this'

'That's alright, you are welcome anytime he says cheerfully'

'Thank you' I add again, and take off my back pack and begin to remove my soaked jacket.

Dagney comes into the room crying, and I look at her and feel like a complete idiot. I place my jacket on the nearest dining room chair and hug her.

'Oh you're completely soaked she says' but she continues to hug me regardless.

'Are you okay?' I ask

'Sort of, what is this all about?'

'I'll tell you in a minute. I was told to give these to you.' I hand her the somewhat dishevelled flowers and notice that the rain has actually taken some of the pigment out of the rose petals. Then I dig into my back pack and present her with the chocolates.

'I don't want them!' Dagney exclaims 'Not if you aren't giving them of your own free will.'

Dagney's mum comes to give me a hug, and rubs my back a little too vigorously for my liking.

'I'm glad you're safe.' She says with a smile

I thank her and then my daughter Julia runs up to me, 'Daddy' she reaches out to me and I pick her up and we cuddle and she gives me a kiss on the cheek.

'It's good to see you, how is your sister?'

‘She grabbed my hair!’ she says with a mischievous look in her eyes

‘Well I’m sure she didn’t mean too.’ I smile back at her and then hand her to Dagney’s mum.

‘David?’ I call across the room, ‘Can I use your internet?’

He replies positively and I reach for my backpack and remove my laptop to place it on the dining room table.

‘I have to upload an apology that Kevin told me to make’

‘Who are you apologising to?’ Dagney enquires

‘The Illuminati, I have to put out an apology on the internet and hope that it will be enough to appease them’

‘I can’t believe this, it’s stupid, you only spoke your mind!’

Dagney says indignantly

‘I know, but it appears that I work with them, so I need to do this. And it can’t do any harm, and can only do some good.’

I sit and take out the pieces of phone that have been in my pocket. I reassemble them and then connect the phone to my laptop to download the video I made earlier. Then I log into YouTube and start the upload. After a few minutes it is done, and I can relax a bit further. I once again apologise to Dagney for getting us into a mess and swear that I’ll do everything I can to fix it.

‘If I had to join the Illuminati it perhaps wouldn’t be so bad! They are an ancient and well known order, and it might even help my career’

‘I don’t want to be the wife of an Illuminati!’ Dagney exclaims

‘I know, I don’t want it either but I fear that I may have no choice, they want me silenced and the only way for them to do this is for them to initiate me into their order.’

Dagney starts to cry, and I feel like doing the same, I give her a hug and comfort her.

‘I can’t believe this is happening, it’s like a movie.’

‘I know, I know. I hope that they just want to scare me. And they certainly have done that.’

Later, David goes to town for some fish and chips, and while I have no hunger I eat as much dinner as I can and with Julia’s happy chirping at the dinner table normality seems a little closer.

After dinner Julia is full of beans and will not be ready for bed at the allotted time, so I get out my laptop to show her some photos, which she loves, and I choose to show her photos of mine and Dagny’s wedding. As we look through the pictures Julia sits on my knee and points out the various people she knows. I pick a set of photos that were taken by my friend Mick, and as I look through them with Julia I start to see things which I hadn’t previously noticed. It seems that Mick has captured a number of my friends throughout the day taking strange poses and making gestures to each other. There is Jim with a trouser leg rolled up and him pointing at it, there is Carl and Darren making strange gestures at each other with their fingers, and most worryingly there is my best man with his arm around his girlfriend, but rather than just hold her normally, he has four fingers extended on the hand of the arm he holds her with. I look back over them a second time, and for the moment ignore Julia’s calls for new pictures. I am not sure if these poses have been done especially for Mick, or whether he has caught them off guard, or maybe he is actually trying to convey to me that there is something untoward going on behind my back. Certainly the gestures and poses are unfamiliar to me, and if I was not of an Illuminati mindset, I would not have considered them anything other than strange. However now I can’t help but think that my friends were making secret signs to each other at my wedding which betrays their belonging to the Illuminati, and thanks to Mick’s photos, these signs are now revealed to me.

‘Have I really been a stooge for all of these years, too stupid and slow to realise what I was getting myself in to?’

After we have finished looking through all of the photos, Julia has calmed down considerably, so I take her to bed and when I come back downstairs I am asked about Kevin. Dagney asks me to draw what he looks like, so that she can see for herself and I take a piece of paper and begin to scribble away.

‘He’s built like a bear with big muscles,’ I tell her as I draw, ‘he’s very proud of his strength, and shows off at every opportunity.’

‘He has a bald head with shaved sides and he has a broken tooth and a bad eye, he told me that he lost his vision in it in recent car crash and it looks like he has a scar to the eye itself and the surrounding tissue, and this makes him look like he has a permanent black eye.’

I finish the drawing of his upper torso and realise that I have drawn a very mean looking figure. I hand the completed drawing to Dagney and she takes it to show her mother.

I join them in the living room and am asked if I would like a change of clothes and am brought a pair of jogging trousers and some thick socks.

David then suggests that I write down everything that has happened, he offers me a tiny digital voice recorder and suggests as an alternative that I record my voice and speak about all that has happened. I thank him and say that I have a mobile phone that I can record my story into instead.

It is suggested that I go to bed early on the living room pull out bed, and I am swiftly put to bed and the rest of my family head off to their respective bedrooms. I have been given some sleeping tablets that I insist do nothing for me, but within a couple of minutes I am asleep and for the first night in many months I sleep all the way through until about 8am the next morning.

24/12/13

Today is Christmas Eve and I have the day off from work as holiday, so perhaps I have some time to recover, and maybe even enjoy the Christmas break if I am lucky. In the mid-morning we return home and I have some trepidation that our house will have been targeted overnight, and we may find that we have been burgled or the house set on fire, but thankfully it remains as Dagney left it the day before.

I spend the day preparing for the big event tomorrow, and I put the previous day's events to the back of my mind. I construct a gingerbread house kit that we bought as a new family tradition, it also reminds me of my childhood and of growing up in Germany. It occupies quite a lot of my time and I welcome the distraction from thinking about yesterday.

Around me life is continuing as normal and I think that I must have been given the break that I so badly need. I occasionally check my laptop to see if my apology video has been watched, and thankfully it has not. I say thankfully because if no one has looked then it must mean that no-one was waiting for it and therefore I can place Kevin in the camp of strange and unusual, rather than emissary of the Illuminati, and this brings me some solace also.

In the evening, and after my family has gone to sleep, I open my laptop with the intent of finding out as much as I can about Kevin Greenwood. After an hour's searching I do not find any record of his existence, which I find surprising in these days of the intrusion of the internet, usually there are some scraps of information out there for people. So the thought slowly dawns on me that anyone who has spent the amount of time it takes to be anonymous online, must be up to no good otherwise they would have nothing to hide and some element of their existence would be found. So what does it mean for this man who turns up out of the blue, and scares the pants off me? This man who claims that he has been sent from God for me, has no internet history?

I remember him telling me how he has survived death three times, and how depending upon the situation he can function in a godly or in an evil way, and I get a cold shiver down my spine. This man is an assassin. I'm being set up. I'm being played like Edward Woodward in the Wicker Man movie.

With this thought I begin to examine what it means for me to be targeted by the Illuminati. I think if they wanted me dead they could do it tonight, I mean they know where I live and if their hatred of what I did is so great that it could not be tolerated they could simply kick in my door and get me as I sit here on my laptop. But Kevin's words are ringing in my ears now,

'They won't touch you in your home, but if you go out at night make sure you let your eyes adjust to the darkness before you venture out, and watch the dark corners where someone may be lurking.'

I come to the conclusion that they want me alive, but why? Thinking things through, if they want me alive then they must want control over me, for they would not trust me on my word not to speak out against them again. So how do they get control over me? I felt before that they want to get me to join their order as an initiate, then they can give me a year of hell and treat me like dirt, but why go to that effort if they could just kill me?

Maybe there is a family connection, my father was a civil servant and Dagney's dad was in the Navy, perhaps there is something to be made of a family connection. Starting with Dagney's dad, Yes he was in the Navy, and in the Merchant Navy after, but then he worked commercially as a captain of private ships, and I thought he was an anti-establishment type who previously had smoked weed, and worn ban the bomb shirts, so from what I know about his history and from how I have gotten to know him it doesn't seem to fit.

Now my father has always been an authoritarian, and has never really opened up to me even after thirty eight years, he must have many secrets for he never speaks about himself and I remember from my childhood he worked with the Army and

always went away for a week or more on trips to far off and foreign places. If I had to choose a family connection to the Illuminati I would pick my own father, and now that I consider this I remember him for as long as I've known him going to the 'library' once a week for what seemed like hours. He always returned of an evening with new books to read, and he read an awful lot of books, but his length of absence was long enough to arouse my suspicions back then as a child.

Suddenly the pieces begin to fit, and I can see a pattern that stretches back to my birth. I have no middle name, and was told it was for me to choose when I was ready as my father's given middle name was hated by him. For the major transgression in my life, that for being taken to trial at the age of thirteen for vandalising my then teacher's car and placing a fake bomb under it, I received no punishment and my father simply had to pay the sum of £300 to make amends. This doesn't now seem fair to my then school teacher in any way and the lack of punishment doesn't fit the crime. So I try to figure out how else I may have paid for that crime, and it strikes me that my grandfather on my mother's side unexpectedly died of colon cancer about a year after I was in court. I have had an easier ride than I feel I should in my career, climbing the ladder, and switching companies with relative ease, until I have my present job, and for this I simply had to say 'yes' in the one way interview.

More recently my grandmother, again on my mother's side, developed dementia and what is worse is that my own mother is now showing signs of the same disease. Most recently my youngest daughter has been ill with diarrhea for a week and shows no sign of recovery. All these things I think could be at the poisonous hand of the Illuminati.

With this understanding I see that my life has been leading to the point when I piece all of these pieces together on my own and recognise the reality of my situation. Well the time is now, and I have to make a choice about whether I join the Illuminati, and given my father's connection I don't have a choice, I'm sure his life is now in jeopardy as well as my own. I conclude that I

must join the Illuminati, and with this in mind I pick up my phone and send Kevin a text message.

I GET IT, HOW LONG DO I HAVE?

My thinking being that I have escaped the planned ceremony, which was supposed to happen yesterday, and am now living on borrowed time. I must have really ticked off the people who had prepared the ceremony and gathered everyone together and arranged for my escort to the temple. Friends, family members, work colleagues must all have been put out by my disappearing act yesterday, and if they hadn't wanted to kill me before, they sure would now.

I also get on the internet phone call system Skype and send a message to my old best friend John, saying much the same sort of thing as that which I sent to Kevin. The reason I do this was because of a visit he made to my home last Saturday, where he made sure to establish that he had come from the town where Neil lives, and he made the connection to my work by commenting on some photos we had taken of his car there once. Among other things he said during his visit, he told the tale of three people that worked for him; Pete, Dave, and Alex. He said that Pete was a hard worker and did as he was told, Dave was very clever but wasn't a hard worker, and Alex who was obstinate and who he couldn't work with due to the difficulties he posed. Now he told the story as if it were an allegory and I picked up on the fact that he was actually talking about me, on behalf of the Illuminati, and that these three people were different aspects of my personality.

He went on to say that Alex would have his employment terminated if he did not change his ways in the next few months. Thinking about this now I can't help but wonder if terminate his employment meant more in the real world than in the allegorical tale. As I ponder the other things that were said during my friends visit I receive a response to my Skype message and we begin to converse:

HELLO... JUST SEEN YOUR MESSAGE.

I reply

I NEED TO TALK TO MY DAD TOMORROW AND THEN I'LL CALL YOU POSSIBLY BOXING DAY. WILL THIS SUFFICE?

After not getting a response I assume that I have made a mistake so write:

WILL IT WAIT UNTIL AFTER CHRISTMAS, OR DID I MESS UP?

Then the reply comes

YOU SAID BOXING DAY, BUT HAPPY TO TALK WHENEVER MATE. FUNNY... JUST TODAY TALKING TO MY DAD ABOUT MY WORK ISSUES. DOES HELP TO PUT SOME PERSPECTIVE ON IT.

DO THE HOLIDAY DAYS MAKE A DIFFERENCE? I WOULD LIKE TO SPEAK TO MY DAD TOMORROW IF POSSIBLE :)

MAKE IT HAPPEN MATE IF YOU NEED TO. HAPPY CHRISTMAS BY THE WAY.

YEAH HAPPY CHRISTMAS, I'LL CALL ON BOXING DAY MORNING :)

TAKE IT EASY MATE.

From this I am convinced that my old best friend, my best man from my wedding, is an Illuminati, and is part of the plot to initiate me. I understand that someone has to vouch for a new member and I'm guessing that John would be my sponsor into world of the Illuminati. With this meeting agreed, I head to bed, somewhat troubled, but at least I finally have a course of action and no longer am I filled with indecision.

I climb into bed next to Dagney and try to sleep, but fail to relax and I keep tossing and turning. After a while Dagney asks me what is wrong and I say it is nothing, then after a further hour of restlessness Dagney demands that I tell her what is wrong.

‘It’s nothing’ I try to appease her
‘Come on, please tell me what’s wrong?’
‘How important is it that I tell you?’
‘It’s very important.’ She says sternly.
‘Is it life and death important?’
‘Yes.’

I’m not sure what to make of her response, and I am unable to see how things fit together but I trust her, and if she really wants to know then why shouldn’t I tell her the truth? So I proceed to tell her about the pattern that I can see in my life and about how everything is connected, about my father’s links to the Illuminati and how I am responsible for death and disease in my family because of my selfish actions, and how I have to join the secret society. Dagney sobs, but I feel better for having shared what I am going through. I comfort her and before long we fall asleep.

Christmas Day

25/12/13

Christmas morning starts well, we get up and open presents together in the lounge. Julia is very happy unwrapping her toys, and we unwrap presents for little Carrie. When I open a card from Dagney it has today's date emblazoned upon it and it sticks in my mind as significant, on the inside she has written

“I will love you whatever happens”

This further suggests to me that she knows what is going on. When all of the unwrapping is done, I ask if I can go for a shower and head upstairs to clean myself. Part of the way through the shower though, I start to despair. My thoughts are dark and the gravity of what I said to Dagney in the night returns, I have to meet with my friend who will likely take me to an Illuminati meeting and induce me into the order, and from there my life will be turned upside down. It feels like I am being mentally cut and stabbed by invisible aggressors, and that image of Dagney's Christmas card saying 25/12/13 and its message inside. It's too much and I begin to cry. I try to keep it quiet but at the same time the pit of my stomach feels like it has been removed to leave me in free fall. As I try to keep it together my mind twists and whirls as my piranha like attackers relentlessly take chunks out of my midsection. My brain feels like all of its neurons are firing at once creating a lightning storm of electrical activity behind my eyes, it's like a headache of sorts but without pain, and rather a sensation of mania that my normality cannot withstand. I ask aloud from behind streaming eyes.

‘Oh God, God I've never asked you for anything before, but just this once help, please God help me! What should I do?’

With this outburst I am filled with a sense of direction, and an idea comes to me that I would never previously have

considered. My mind settles on the idea of going to church for sanctuary. Having made this decision my anguish seems to fade and I recompose myself. Then I get out of the shower and get dressed.

I head downstairs and announce to Dagny that I am going to church, and at first this is met with stunned silence but as the idea sinks in she starts to get agitated and questions me as to why I would do this, and what do I hope to achieve by going there? She again begins to cry and asks me not to go but I am resolute in my decision.

‘I have to get some spiritual advice’

‘But why?’

‘Because there is a battle going on for my soul!’ I say sincerely.

I put on my coat and leave Dagny crying in the hallway. Although it is Christmas morning I fear being outside alone, so remembering Kevin’s words to me about being safe in a locked car, I drive to the nearest church. I have a vague idea who the vicar is, and know that her name is Diana and as I knock on her front door the person who opens it is the person I expect to see.

‘I’m so sorry to bother you on Christmas morning,’ I apologise, ‘but I need some help’

Diana is not taken back or surprised by my request, and simply says that she will get the keys to open up the church. So I wait on her doorstep to be lead into the Christian temple, it’s a place I am not unfamiliar with, but it is a place long since visited and long since considered as an option in my life.

Diana re-emerges and asks if I drove to the church, I indicate the car parked at the end of her drive, and she seems pleased that it is in one piece. I can’t quite fathom the link but am happy that she is happy.

She leads me through a tall wooden side gate and past the nursery which Julia attends, and then to the back door of the church, and I wait while Diana opens the door. We then head

down a corridor and turn at the end into an atrium and to come into sight of the main church hall. Diana leads me to a seat in the front row. She motions for me to sit, which I do, and then asks me to tell her what is wrong. Through tearful streaming eyes, and shaking hands clasped together I proceed to tell her everything which has happened, I explain about my video and about Kevin, and I finish by saying that I think that there is a battle on for my soul, and I have to make a choice now whether I am good or bad. At this point I lose it completely and break down in front of her, sobbing and shaking and instinctively placing my hands together in prayer in front of my face.

‘Open your heart to Jesus’ she says simply to me, ‘let him in, get to know him, and through him know God.’

‘I will’ I stammer

‘Now say with me the Lord’s prayer’

We both recite the prayer which I remember from my school days, but have not uttered in so many years. It feels good to say it, here, now, in this place.

‘Now you will begin your journey to get to know God through his only son who died for our sins.’

‘My son died,’ I say, ‘my wife had to have an abortion for medical reasons’

‘I’m sorry to hear that, but you know something of what God went through then, and that is how you can understand and begin to know God, through the loss of your son. Do you have a Bible?’

‘No, I don’t have one I’m afraid.’

‘I can lend you one, and we will pray for you.’

I thank Diana and feel much better now that I have someone on my side, she invites me back to the church for the main Christmas service and I say that I will come. I go to shake her hand but instead she gives me a hug, and says to me,

‘You’ll be a very special Christian?’

‘Why’s that?’ I respond quizzically

‘Like Jesus Christ you have been born on Christmas Day.’

I leave the Saint Nicholas church, and return home to find that Dagney has called not only her parents, but mine, and a doctor as well. I walk into the house and find Dagney very upset in the lounge and she is feeding Carrie, Dagney’s mum gives me a hug and asks if I am okay, and at that moment my parents turn up at the door as well. My mother and father have tears in their eyes and goodness only knows what Dagney has told them. I take them into the kitchen and we all talk. When Dagney is finished she comes and gives me a hug and asks if I’m okay. I tell her that I am much better now, and that I’d like to go back to church for the Christmas service. She doesn’t take kindly to this, but I insist and I suggest that I take Julia and my mother as well. Dagney protests that there is a doctor coming to see me, but I do not wish to see the doctor and say that I won’t give him an audience.

So I go to church with my Daughter and my mother and it is a very eye opening experience, I have never been to anything like this service before, at least not that I remember, and it is quite moving for me. Especially so when after watching a number of children go to the front of the church to unwrap a spiritually meaningful present, Julia is itching to go up and open one herself. She is invited to open the last present of the day and when she reaches the front of the church, Diana fetches the biggest present of the lot. She presents a wide eyed Julia with a box that looks like it should contain a DVD player, wrapped in red foil paper. She asks Julia to unwrap it and when she does she finds the cardboard box inside is open at one end and is stuffed with bubble wrap. Julia is encouraged to pull out all of the bubble wrap, and like the rest of the congregation I am wondering what is inside this box that dwarfs my daughter. Julia continues to pull out the wrapping until there is none left and she hasn’t found the present. She looks somewhat puzzled at not finding anything so the vicar takes the box from her and reaches

inside, then Diana guides Julia's hand inside the box and helps her remove the tiny little item.

Julia holds the thing in her hands and then gives it to Diana who holds it up for the room to see. It is a tiny baby Jesus in a crib, after showing the crowd this item she gives it to Julia and encourages her to take it and show people. Little Julia's face is a treat as she wanders up and down the central isle showing the baby Jesus to people and eventually to myself and my mother who are standing at the back crying at how brave and fearless she is. I miss the point of the present opening as my passion for my innocent and fearless daughter overcomes me, but I would guess that it is something like the gift of Jesus Christ isn't a big shiny expensive coveted prize, but rather is the life of small baby, naked in the world and in need of love and kindness.

Following the end of the service, communion is given, and my mother tells me that as I haven't been confirmed, that I cannot do it, but that I could go for a blessing. When it is our turn I go up to the front of the church and am asked if I wish to take communion. I say to Diana that I have been told that I cannot because I have not been confirmed. She says this is nonsense and that I can do it if I wish. I do wish to go the whole way with this and take the body and blood of Christ for the first time in my life. I get no feeling from it, but feel that I have now entered properly into the church and given myself to Jesus like never before. This surely will offer me some protection in the days to come, I hope. At least I have done all I can do and there is nothing else for me to do in terms of giving myself to Christianity, I am now a bona fide Christian, I would never have believed it a month ago.

After the service I met with Diana at the exit from the main hall and I introduced her to my mother and thanked her for an excellent service. She said that she had a Bible for me and wanted me to meet someone. So she introduced me to Sven who she said would help me.

Sven gave me a big friendly handshake and asked how I was doing. I told him that I was better having spoken with Diana earlier, He enquired as to how he could help and I told him my

story. He said that I shouldn't worry and that he would also pray for me in the coming days, I thanked him and accepted his offer and then returned home.

When I got back I found that the doctor had been and had seen Dagney, but had since left again. I spent some time talking to my parents and then they left also, leaving Dagney's folks with us. Dagney was pretty convinced that Christmas was off, but I was determined that it would continue and offered to do the cooking, partly due to the situation and partly because I still felt threatened by Kevin's words, and he had "suggested" that I do it. If there was any connection between him, the Illuminati, and Dagney then I had to show that I had listened and was acting accordingly.

Dagney's mum said that she would help me out in the kitchen and I set about making dinner with her guidance. David thankfully keeps Julia out of harm and out of our way, the two of them get on very well and are as thick as thieves, meanwhile Dagney is able to see exclusively to Carrie.

When Dinner was all but ready Dagney's folks go to leave us in peace, and we have a nice family dinner despite the upheaval of the morning, and it doesn't taste too bad either. We don't talk about anything bad and it almost feels like Christmas should.

In the evening my parents return with my brother and his fiancée and we have a quiet but pleasant Christmas evening, with Julia making use of her new Christmas camera to take peoples photos. We have an early night and all is well, for a little while at least.

Trials and Temptations

26/12/13

I wake after a good night's sleep and Dagney seems well, okay as well as can be expected. I am plagued with a feeling of inevitability though, it is like waking on the morning of my execution and knowing that nothing now can stop the events which were put in motion from happening. In the morning we prepare to go to Swanmouth, and pack up clothes for ourselves and for the children. I sit for a while on the arm of the sofa watching Dagney play with Julia, She has a new alphabet jigsaw puzzle for Christmas and Dagney is teaching her the letters, but the letters she picks out seem intentionally negative.

'Julia what letter is this? It's an M, M is for monkey. What else is it for? That's right for Mummy. How about this one, it's an S, S is for Snake. Here's another letter, what is this one? It's a W, W is for witch, like your dressing up costume. What is this letter? It's a D, D is for Dagney, that's mummy's name.'

At one point all the letters are in the puzzle, except for one

'We seem to be missing the letter T, can you see it? Is it behind us, or under the sofa? We can't find the letter T, I can't believe that we have lost it after only one day.'

That's just typical I think, more coincidences, the only missing piece is the letter T, for Tom. The world has a way of underlying situations, and making sure that the intended recipient is fully aware of the subtext. Even if Dagney is unaware of the role she is playing, the world makes her play it all the same.

I head upstairs with Julia to pack my bag, and as I do she plays on the bed next to me. As she plays she is saying some odd things which catch my attention.

'Carrie is going away, far far away.'

'What was that Julia?' I ask a little concerned

'Carrie is going away.'

'Where is she going?' I sit down next to her on the bed

‘Far far away.’ She says and as she does picks up a blanket and throws it over my head.

I am at once panicked by her actions and pull the blanket off of me, but Julia picks it up and throws it over me again.

‘I’ve got you daddy!’ she gleefully calls out.

My mind is spinning as I remove the blanket again and stand up. My daughter seems to have been put up to this by someone, her playing is both suggestive that my youngest daughter will be taken away from us by someone, and that if I don’t let it happen I will be hoodwinked by the Illuminati. I break out in a cold sweat but try not to let my fear show.

I can’t believe what is going on here, how could someone have gotten to my daughter? I instantly consider Dagny and her mother as having a part in this. Could they have trained her to play this game with me, and if so under what kind of threat have they done it? I feel sick but need to continue packing, and pretending to my daughter that everything is fine.

Once we are packed and nearly ready to leave I return to the lounge, and Dagny is sitting in her jacket and sunglasses playing with Carrie on the floor so I sit next to Julia, I am lost in thoughts and do not realise that Julia now has a bag of jelly belly sweets and is digging around in the bag for one she likes. She is about to place one in her mouth when Dagny calls out for her to stop.

‘Those are for daddy Julia, can you give that to Daddy. Please Julia, don’t eat that, it’s for Daddy.’

Julia does as she is told and gives the sweet to me, I look at Dagny and notice that she is more upset than I could have imagined, and a tear runs down her cheek. What on earth is going on here? I wonder to myself.

‘Can you take those off of her please Tom?’ Dagny says sternly, and I comply.

Julia still has another sweet and I also take it off of her, and as I look at the sweet I hold between my forefinger and thumb, the symbology of it is not lost on me, I hold a red bean, like the red pill Neo held in the movie *The Matrix*. I can hear Morpheus in my head encouraging me to take the red pill, and I do like an obedient slave. As I chew on it I wonder what kind of reality will open up before me this afternoon.

Shortly afterwards I pocket the sweets, we load the car and lock up the house. My mood is one of quiet acceptance and I am not surprised that Dagny offers to drive. Our journey is prefaced by Julia screaming ‘Stop’ over and over and I wonder if at her tender age she is picking up on some vibes or something, as I am secretly and silently screaming the same. Soon though she stops and falls asleep, but I can’t help but think about the that famous phrase

“Out of the mouths of babes oft times come gems”

As we leave the outskirts of Millview Dagny curses that she has forgotten to bring her mums underwear with her, and makes some comment about her mum having a tennis skirt. This is weird and I take this to mean that tonight’s activity has been revealed, as I have seen in films, it is likely that the Illuminati want something to blackmail me with, so dressing me in women’s clothes and having a photo taken seems like the sort of thing they would do, I’ll probably end up with a female middle name like my father as well by tomorrow lunchtime.

Later in the Journey Dagny asks if I am okay, and I say that I am, but she instantly tests me again, and when I say again that I am fine. She says:

‘I know you, you’re clever, are you sure you are telling me the truth?’

This seems unusually mean of her and not at all the sort of thing that a loving wife would say. I'm beginning to get the impression that she is more than just an unwilling participant in this charade.

'Are you hungry?' Dagny asks in an attempt to strike up conversation again.

'A little I guess. Are we going to have dinner at your mum's?'

'Yes she is preparing cheese and cold meats. Do you still have your sweets, you could eat those if you are hungry, it will be a while before we get there.'

'Yes, okay' I reply in a nonchalant way, while inwardly arriving at a new level of shock at how dire my situation is.

I feel like I've been poisoned, like some hallucinogen is running rampant through my veins. It is the only rational explanation for my paranoia and mood swings. These sweets could be the source, but I've only opened them today, so there must have been an earlier trigger. No, these sweets are producing a different effect. It is probably a sleeping drug in the red ones, and I do feel a drowsy after eating the first one. I arrive at the fatalistic decision that it will probably be better for me to sleep through the remainder of the journey and awake to find a room of cloaked strangers, so I fish out the red beans and eat them exclusively.

Come on sleep! I pray

By the time we reach Castle Mount I have not fallen asleep, I am a big guy and perhaps 'they' have miscalculated how many beans I would need or how long it takes for them to have an effect. Dagny seems to be aware of this too and turns off to go the back way to Swanmouth.

'Are we going straight to you mums?' I ask with impunity, there is still a little fight left in me obviously.

'Yes.' comes the blunt reply.

When we arrive at the turning to Swanmouth Dagney again fails to take it and instead heads towards Aggleston.

‘We should give the girls a bit longer to sleep’ She says

Given that she has again not headed to her mother’s I believe this is because I haven’t yet fallen asleep and I need longer in the car. I actually test the idea internally that their plan is to perform some sort of horrible ceremony on the beach, but quickly dismiss this as there would be too many onlookers. I reach a sort of panic level while outwardly seeming calm, and I can’t stand this. I wish it was over now. I decide that I want it over, now. So I start shovelling down the remainder of the sweets in the hope that there is one magic knock out pill in there and if I can eat it then it will put me out of my immediate misery.

We reach the little roundabout by the ferry boat, and turn to head back now, I am hoping for sleep, hoping for blackness, but it does not come and instead I am awake and sweating all the way into Swanmouth. What a cruel fate, I am going to have to walk into the lion’s den fully awake and compus mentus, I’ve always had to do things the hard way, and it seems that in terms of my demise; the hard way is what fate has chosen for me.

We arrive at Dagney’s mother’s house and unpack the car. Our sleepy children soon perk up at seeing their grandparents.

‘I’m sorry mum, I’ve forgotten to bring your underwear.’
Dagney announces in the hallway

‘That’s okay,’ her mum says cheerfully, ‘there’s plenty more upstairs’.

I take off my coat and am ushered to the dinner table, where there are mountains of cold meats, and cheeses. Our children are brought to sit with me and soon we are all parked around the table.

I start with some mild cheese and crackers, but am quickly offered some Camembert, which I do not like, and I accept with a pleasant smile and begin to eat the soft and smelly and very salty cheese while wondering if it really is Camembert. I am offered two pickled onions and Dagney's mum jokes about them being testicles for me to eat. I then suddenly realise that I am probably being prepared for a ceremony and symbolically eating food which represents testicles, or is made from testicles such as the salty cheese. Then the jibes start from Dagney's mum and step dad start about me having a sliver of this and that, and of having a warm sausage in my mouth. It is crude and sick, but I start to get a picture of this ceremony that must involve me having my parts cut off and then fed to me so that I am eating my own genitalia, and thus ending my manhood permanently. I get the impression that I will be either left with a tiny penis to pee through or I will be surgically given a vagina, a mangina. My two daughters are the only children I am to have in this life it seems, and Dagney seems to be making sure that she will never bare any more children, by me at least. I've had my time in the sun, free and as God intended, and now I am to become something unholy and twisted. I feel like my family have been replaced with evil clones or something, this is like I'm living in the invasion of the body snatchers movie.

I am resigned to my fate and try to keep cheerful in the face of my fate, as I believe this is a key to preserving my life, such as it is now. I remember Kevin telling me that he is always happy, "as life is too short to be any other way" and the gravity of those words is weighing me down now. After enduring lunch with these people who I once knew, I am reminded that I must arrange the time to meet John, and I phone him to agree to meet at two pm at the Mowlem theatre. I then sit in the lounge and try to get a little peace but am soon interrupted by my 'family'. I smile at my children being carried into the room. They do not know anything of horror, or of deceit, mental and physical torture, or of obedience to an evil agenda. I wonder if I will have the strength to kill myself when this is all over, and perhaps this is what they really want. They can then be free of me, and tell

any tale that degrades and hastens the forgetting of a perverted and sick man, who did not deserve to live, let alone father two children.

Julia is given a Santa Claus hat to play with and puts it on herself and then on Dagny, and then she crosses the room for Daddy to wear it, I oblige and everyone laughs at me. I get the sense that my daughter has been trained in this respect and is obeying the will of these people through games she has been taught, probably on the Mondays she has stayed with here with her grandparents.

So here I sit, wearing a red hat with white trimming and a fluffy ball at the end of the long point, like some kind of village idiot, and my thoughts return to the Wicker Man film, and of how sergeant Howie dressed as the fool is lead in a precession to his untimely death.

Time passes too quickly for my liking, and still wearing my Christmas hat, we leave for town and to meet with the one who is to manage my initiation into the Illuminati.

As we walk down the hill a plan forms in my mind, if I can maybe placate Dageny, then maybe we don't have to go through the ceremony tonight. She has in the past suggested that I get a vasectomy and this seems like a fair compromise in my situation, but would it be enough? I turn to her as we walk and make the offer.

'I've been thinking, I should get a vasectomy now we have two children.'

The response I get is not what I expected.

'Well let's talk about it, but don't do anything rash. We may yet need to have another child.'

I am taken back by this seeming confession, and possibly an unintentional slip on Dageny's part. Our Youngest daughter must be far sicker than I had imagined. For Dagny to suggest that Carrie may not survive and that we would have to try and have another child is a horrific thought for me. This is clearly a threat against me, and coercion for me to continue along the

path which has been put before me. It is crystal clear to me that if I run or try to resist in any way, that my daughter will not survive into the New Year. I am stunned into silence and we continue down the hill without saying anything further on the subject and before long we are stood waiting for John to arrive.

‘Hi mate,’ I reach out a hand for him to shake,’ merry Christmas, how are you?’

‘Good thanks.’ He says

I receive a half cupped hand shake, without surprise and I then kiss his wife and say hello to their son. Similar pleasantries are afforded my wife and we begin to walk on the beach, Dagny and Katy ahead with the children and John and I linger a little behind.

‘Are you an Illuminati?’ I blurt out, I had to ask.

‘No.’ Comes a familiar stern reply, like Neil at work had given me a couple of days before.

‘But that was an Illuminati handshake wasn’t it?’

‘Was it? I wouldn’t know.’

This time it is me that gives a suspicious hmmm.

‘Why do you ask?’ John enquires, and I launch into the now familiar story about my online interview and how I had been monitored at work.

‘That’s typical of you,’ John says as I finish my story, ‘I guess it’s luck you didn’t attack the Muslims as look what happens to people who do that!’

This comment is strangely pertinent and timely as Dagny and I had recently been discussing the case of an English aid worker in Syria who was captured as a spy and then killed the day he supposed to be released from jail following presidential orders to free him. It caused an international outcry and we had wondered what the real story was, and now I am wondering why

John is referring to this incident. It seems to be a threat on behalf of someone, and perhaps the story of this hapless man is one of enforced spying on threat of death.

I take the hint that something like that could happen to me if I don't straighten up and fly right, and if this is the case then despite his denial then John is indeed an emissary of the Illuminati. John then asks how things are going at work, and I lay it out for him.

'Do you think you could make things easier for yourself?' he asks after I've finished telling him about my problems

'I could, and it would make my life a lot easier, but it would go against my principles.'

'And you wouldn't be any happier then either, I know I had the same problem. Although to a lesser extent. You've always pushed it a little farther than I am prepared to go.'

'I know it's my nature, I can't help it. Truth is the most important driving factor to me. What do think I should do?'

'It's like the guys I have working for me,' John starts what I take to be an allegory

'I have this one guy Alex who is very principled, and it makes working with him very difficult. If he could get some perspective and stop jumping on every issue then he would do a lot better and would have a shot at a good career, but as it stands if he doesn't change his ways, then we are going to have to see that something is done about it. It's not big things either, it's just the little things you know?'

I nod and take the hint that John is again acting as an emissary and is actually covertly talking about me.

'How long do you give him?' I ask nervously.

'Well if we don't see a change in him in six months, then we will have to act.'

'I see.' My thoughts tumble about and I wonder if the final act would be a sacking or something worse, given my crime against

the secret society I'm guessing that I would not just be turned out on the street.

At that moment we hear a cry from John's son. My eldest daughter, who was playing nicely with him, has thrown sand in his face and he is crying as his mother tries to wipe it out of his eyes. Dagny tells off Julia and I apologise to John as he wades in to try and comfort his son. After much apologising we set off again along the beach and John starts telling me how it is a good thing to be beholden to a company as he is.

'None of us is a free agent really, and as much as we think we could go it alone we can't. I don't really have the personality type to go it alone, and you would have to give 110% and put at risk everything you have got, and that's not me. So why not use the situation to our advantage, I've begged stolen and borrowed to get my second property and the payments will keep me tied to my company for many years. The housing market is growing again and now would be a good time to invest. '

'Are you saying that I should invest in property like you have?'

'Yes why not, you need more space don't you?'

'We do really, but I couldn't afford on one salary to get another property. Dagny and I have spoken about an extension, do you think that would suffice.'

I was growing the opinion that my sin against the Illuminati had to be paid for and the mechanism would be in bricks and mortar.

'It's a start,' John states, 'the most important thing is the foundation though, you have to get the foundations right and everything will come from there.' I take fright at this confirmation of my suspicions.

'It's all about having enough space to live, and that starts with the foundation.' John says again.

'I see.' I reply thinking about how much I can afford, 'How much do you think I need to spend?'

'It depends upon how much you can get for the project.'

'I'm guess about 30k, does that sound enough.'

‘I don’t know, I have a builder friend Darryl who we’ve been out to dinner with a few times, and who has done some work for us, I could put you in touch with him and you could work something out.’

‘Yes, I’d like that, if you could let me have his details we’ll get talking.’ I of course want nothing to do with this Darryl and take the implication that he is not only an Illuminati himself, but also he wants to be wined and dined before he’ll do any deals. Still, I am kind of committed now.

‘Cool, is there anything else you’d recommend.’

‘Do you have any plans? You could use some plans for the coming year’

‘Do you mean like holiday plans?’

‘Yes, why not, I’m sure Dagney would like a holiday.’ She nods in the distance.

I’m thinking to myself I’m going to be tying myself up in knots by doing this, and creating the sort of debt which I cannot escape from, but also that I have no choice if I value my life.

‘We’ll look into it,’ I say affirming the plan, before recapping. ‘So that’s three things in total then; relax a bit at work, build an extension, and go on holiday.’

‘Right,’ John says, ‘would you like to go for a coffee?’

We all then head back to the Mowlem café and take a seat. I offer to buy the drinks and have just enough cash to pay for them. When the drinks arrive, on top of the order for our families there are two of the coffees that I ordered instead of one.

‘Typical,’ I think to myself, ‘This is an Illuminati café and the proprietor is testing me.’

Accepting this second coffee unpaid and drinking it is a sign that I am prepared to break the rules for the sake of pleasing their order. I hear John's words from earlier inside my mind

'It's not big things either, it's just the little things you know?'

While I would normally take the coffee back to the counter and tell them they have made a mistake and I haven't paid for this second cup, I instead just drink it down. Thankfully no-one seems to notice, and nobody from the café comes over to ask for it back, but still I feel rather guilty and degraded, but this is the way things are probably going to be from now on, I scratch your back and you scratch mine. Illuminati it seems are prepared to do little things for each other, and remind themselves of their bond and their duty to one another.

When we are finished, we say goodbye and Dagney and I walk off up the hill towards her mum's house. I cannot help myself acting agitated and worried. As we walk Dagney again insists that I tell her what is wrong. I try to resist but it is useless, I owe it to her for the sake of our children, so I again tell her everything that John and I discussed, and she makes out I am not in my right mind and that I imagined it all. I take off my hat, and I've lost any sense that this is Christmas anymore, and rather the antichrist is in control today.

We return to the house in silence, I am in two minds over how Dagney has treated me, obviously I do not appreciate being bullied into confessing, however if the life of our baby is at stake and Dagney has to report back that I have not only heard, but understood the message that the Illuminati have communicated to me, then this is how it has to be. It's really not very nice but I'm going through it for the right reason, that of preserving not only my life, but the lives of my family too.

Once we are back at her mother's house I am given a cup of tea and told to sit while Dagney no doubt informs her mother of what I have said and does what she needs to communicate it to the wider world while the grandparents look after our kids.

After a while everyone comes back into the lounge and I am informed that Sarah will be arriving soon. Sarah is something of a matriarch and a friend of Dagny's mother. From what I know of her she is quite important in the local church and has known Dagny and her sister from birth so the family ties have been established for a long time. I feel that I must show her due respect and especially given Kevin's warning to me about treating women as special.

When Sarah arrives I welcome her warmly and give her a kiss, which she seems to appreciate. Very soon after she arrives she is offered some nuts and takes great delight in cracking them with the nutcracker, she offers me some and I take fright at the sudden realisation that I am back on the train to having my genitals ceremonially ripped from my body and fed to me. I sit bolt upright at this thought and am suddenly fully aware and alert to the suggestions coming from Sarah the matriarch. I eat the nuts without pleasure and when I am offered some more, begrudgingly smile and take them. Julia takes an interest in the nutcracker and is offered it to play with. I look at Sarah and I am sure for a split second she has been scowling at me, but as I catch her eye she smiles, and with this the connection is clear to me. Not only my family, but my family's friends are in on this plan to castrate me. I think to myself that I can't catch a break and just wish for some time to recover, but the chance of this is unlikely.

Sarah laughs as she shows Julia how to crack the nuts, and poor innocent little Julia playfully cracks nuts before handing the innards to daddy for him to eat them, enacting a rather more unpleasant action that will undoubtedly happen to me tonight.

'I was thinking about your wedding the other day,' Sarah says, 'What a wonderful day that was?'

'Yes I reply, it was a great day.'

I force the words and try not to sound like I am breaking up on the inside, I'd forgotten she had come to our wedding. It seems that I have been under surveillance for at least six years, by

whoever she represents, and it can't be the Illuminati, they don't allow women in their secret society.

'Who was that tall chap with dark hair?' she asks almost knowingly

'Was it Darren?' I reply

'Yes I think so, do you see much of him anymore?'

'Occasionally.' I respond while trying to think what role Darren has in this, I really hope he is not an Illuminati too. How far can this thing possibly go? I'm beginning to feel like I'm losing it, but I must hold it together.

'It's good to see old friends' Sarah says

'Yes, I should see more of mine I suppose.'

Julia asks me for help with the nutcracker, and I show her how to use it again. Her little hands are not strong enough to crack the nut so I help her and offer her the nut.

'No daddy, you eat it.'

Great! I think to myself, now I'm symbolically castrating myself before eating my own testicles. Julia then starts playing rough and we tussle on the floor in front of everyone as I tickle her, and it feels good to forget all that is going on for a minute. She then indicates that she wants to climb on my back and manoeuvres me firstly into a kneel, and then into a bowed position, and she climbs on my back. It strikes me that I am effectively bowing at the feet of Sarah, and cannot help but wonder if this intentional. In my submissive state I go with it and reach out with my hands so that I am in a prayer like bow and I think to myself, I hope this is enough to please her. As I think this, those in the lounge with me seemingly laugh at Julia's antics on my back, or alternatively laugh at me in my compliant pose. When Julia has had enough she climbs down and goes to sit on Dagny's mum's knee, and I return to my

seat. I resume the feeling of being about as low as I ever have felt, but of course I am not allowed to show it.

I sit there and watch Julia and Dagny's mum playing; Mary is pointing out the reindeer on her socks and Julia is playing with the woollen nose of Rudolf. Mary also picks up a pair of reindeer antlers and puts them on Julia to much amusement, which Julia doesn't like, and pulls them off her head to offer them to me. I don't notice at first, but when she asks me to wear them, I say no thank you and she begrudgingly accepts. I wait for one of the others to push the issue, and I would then of course comply, but thank fully no-one does. Still I take the cue from this display that after my debasement tonight I may have to dress up as a reindeer for people's enjoyment. I can't stand this, I wish tonight would hurry up and come so this can be over. I don't know now who I can trust, but surely Dagny is in some part on my side, I can't imagine that our ten years together, with six of them being married have all been a sham. It may be that their plan was to give Dagny two baby girls for them to bring up as their own, and for me to then become a slave to the women, perhaps as one myself, but there must be some small amount of, dare I say it, love between us. I sincerely hope that she doesn't just want me dead, she did write in my Christmas card that she would love me 'whatever happens' so I have to take solace in that.

As I sit on the sofa watching people who are increasingly becoming strangers to me, enjoy their boxing day, I am becoming increasingly withdrawn, I can't keep up this pretence. I am at breaking point here, God help me. My fate is clear to me and it looks like I will come through it, although mutilated, but I will have a life at least, and I will be able to see my girls grow up.

A thought crosses my mind that I have noticed that many of the more senior and therefore more successful and powerful men at my company use the toilet cubicle to urinate, rather than stand at the urinal with me. I wonder if this is somehow related to what is going on in my experience. What if there is a hidden from common knowledge rule that states to progress in the Illuminati,

and to become more powerful in ones career, one has to become a female in genitalia terms. I have heard that the leader of a group is referred to by a female name and that transvestitism is all a part of what goes on. Is it possible that these powerful men, who in the office are loud and obnoxious, and are commanding at meetings, and yet are unable to stand at a urinal and piss with the other lowly men, have had some horrible mutilation carried out to their genitals. Are they either sitting on the toilet, and urinating through a sliver of a penis, or worse they have a full mangina without any penis or testicles.

The thought makes me feel nauseous, and I hope that no-one is watching me, but it seems to tally with my memory of one man in particular who recently was promoted and I remember that he stopped urinating with the rest of us following time off for a hospital visit. He now always uses a cubicle and closes the door while he is urinating, and while he seems to stand, I remember hearing his urine stream come out in fits and starts suggesting that something was not at all well in his trouser department. So is this a hidden truth then? In the Illuminati, progression to power means a loss of manhood, I guess I am going to find out tonight when I will face the chopping block. A strange calming thought comes over me as I consider that perhaps the more that is removed, the more powerful the Illuminati. If I am for a full conversion, then perhaps I am destined to at least become an Illuminati leader. This brings me some small solace, and as I return to the events of the room about me, I realise that Sarah is leaving.

We all get up to say goodbye and I again give her a kiss and wish her a Happy Christmas, She again seems to scowl at me briefly but she seems at least satisfied with my compliance and subjugation. I really am at breaking point now, I feel that my face is flushed and my internal temperature is raised, and my heart beats at an increasing pace. I cannot believe that my life has lead me to this point, that I have been so blind and arrogant as to the reality of life. There really is no free will, the British class system is more oppressive than I ever thought possible, and I am being inducted to world where secrets rule our lives,

and collectives are the hidden power behind what looks on the surface to be a nation of individuals.

Well there are no individuals it seems and they either belong to one group or another, and they are in them for life, or until their usefulness is over. I have been a free operator for 38 years, but no longer, growing up is a real bitch! I bet people go through the induction once they have had children, this seems to me to be a key time where the animal duties have been fulfilled and the emotional connections are their strongest. No man would honestly endure the mental pain of having children and not feel a strong sense of love for them, or that their loss would mean nothing to him.

What is driving me, more than a need to preserve my own life is the threat that my youngest is ill with a diarrhea which is not getting any better, and I perceive will not get any better unless I comply with the will of a group to which I do not want to belong, but I must belong. This is the power which the Illuminati wield, and they know that this is the time in a man's life when he is at his most vulnerable.

I start to shake with fear and with the desire to have this over with, Sarah has now gone and the women are returning to the lounge.

'Dagney,' I try to ask confidently, 'Can I talk to you in the other room for a minute?'

I have to place my faith in my wife, I cannot keep this bottled up any more as it is about to explode whatever I do. I have to confess to her what I know, I have no choice in the matter. Even if I am supposed to stay quiet, to sit still and wait patiently, I cannot. There is something in me which is fighting still, it is something beyond thought and emotion, it feels like a primeval instinct from the very source of life itself. I have never in my adult life been religious, and of all the world religions I have never considered Christianity, but this feels like I am being driven by the Christian God himself, like I am not in control of my body or mind. Even if I wanted to stop this now, I could not. I must confess.

‘Dagney, I’m so scared that bad things are going to happen to me tonight.’

‘What is it, nothing’s going to happen.’

I begin to cry uncontrollably, and Dagney’s face turns red and severe like she knows I should not speak of this.

‘What is it, tell me’ she demands.

‘The Illuminati, they want to cut off my genitals. They want to dress me in women’s clothing and pose for photos with my penis and testicles in my mouth. It will be used as blackmail against me and I will have a mangina for the rest of my life.’

Dagney responds in an agitated state

‘Don’t be silly, that’s not going to happen, no-one is going to hurt you. It’s okay Tom.’

‘It’s nothing can stop now, I know it’s going to happen. They are going to make be eat my own genitals. Then they want me to parade around dressed as a reindeer.’

‘This has gone too far, you need to see a doctor, I’m going to call one now’ she says angrily, and this just confirms for me that I was correct and now their plan will have to be brought forward. I was too damn stupid to sit and put up with my fate, I couldn’t just take it and not speak out about it. I had to go and tell the secret. I have now potentially now put my youngest daughter’s life in jeopardy, but I couldn’t help it. I couldn’t contain myself, I just could not stand the pressure and nothing on earth could have stopped me.

Dagney’s mum comes in and gives me a big hug and tells me everything is going to be alright, but I continue to cry uncontrollably.

‘Think about your girls,’ she says, ‘don’t let them see you like this.’

‘I’ll try,’ I say while sobbing.

I'm lead back into the lounge and sit down in the corner. David has collected Julia and taken her away from us so she doesn't have to see me like this, and they play upstairs.

After a while Dagney returns and says that a doctor is coming, and some part of me is pleased that I have hastened my own end, as the waiting is the worst part. Dagney sits next to me and comforts me, and I begin to calm down. Mary puts on the TV and this takes my mind off of immediate things for a while, but I sit and contemplate my own mental state. Am I going mad? Is madness this logical and coherent? I always held the view that madness was a loss of conscious thinking and a rambling of imagined nonsense, not a logical progression of cause and effect based on real experience. I can see why others would perceive this as madness if they have not had the same experiences, but I am still sane. I can feel that I am still operating within normal parameters. I am coherent and forward thinking, I am scared for the welfare of my family before my own well being, and it is just fear that I am feeling.

The secret societies and the Illuminati are real, people do get persecuted and mentally tortured by groups seeking control. I am not fantasising about aliens or fantasy beings, instead I feel I am being pursued quite simply by bad men who organise themselves to gain power over others, to hide their true identities, and to keep their secrets safe.

A quiz show is on TV and it is a celebrity Christmas special, there are various gay and camp men on it and also some very manish women. It strikes me after watching for a while that the obvious is being thinly covered up by the TV illusion and in my current mindset I see the various celebrities as pawns in a larger game and they represent people who have sold their souls to get where they are and have made terrible sacrifices to acquire the status and money that they have. It hits me that the host is dressed in an odd manner like my friends in my wedding photos, with big hair and sunglasses. It seems likely that the host is an Illuminati himself and this look of his, kind of a 70's playboy, is a symbol that other Illuminati would recognise. If this is the case then perhaps the other celebrities are also Illuminati in various

stages of transformation and therefore differing ranks in their order. The highest ranking celebrity appears to be the woman who any child would say is clearly a man in a dress, but because of the delusions we are all under as adults, is generally accepted as a woman. To a lesser extent the gay and then the camp celebrities are also lesser ranking Illuminati in differing stages of male to female transformation. So what I am watching is an Illuminati love-in that is disguised poorly but still not obvious to many people watching. I can't help but wonder if what I am watching is a vision of my future, if I am to lose my male parts and begin a transformation at the hands of the Illuminati, then I could end up like one of these poor individuals, having to perform tricks for their masters to maintain their power. It is no wonder that so many celebrities commit suicide as they cannot handle the pressures they are under to perform, what a life and what a death, and the controlled media will preserve their secrets to the grave, and no-one except their mothers will ever know the truth of their gender. It seems like such a cruel trick to play on the unthinking masses, and I'm sure the Illuminati are secretly laughing at all of them.

After a while we are called to the dinner table. I don't eat any dinner and later am pleased to be able to put Julia to bed for what could potentially be the last time. Her innocence is so pure and infectious. I would walk through hell for her, to make sure that she was protected and safe from harm. I love her so much and it hurts now to think that the daddy she knew will not be here tomorrow.

We have a very easy bath and bedtime and she is soon asleep in the middle bedroom and I mark this moment in my memory as one to savour in the future, a time of innocence for both of us. I take a photo of her asleep as a permanent reminder of why I am staying and facing up to my fate. After this I return downstairs living room and enquire as to the Doctor's whereabouts, and I am told that he is on his way. So I assume the last seated position I will take as a man.

While I sit here I start to wonder as to my family's involvement in this grand charade, my wife and her mother have been

principle antagonists today in my torture, and while at one level they love me at another they want me controlled and seem to be prepared to have me go through a mutilation before they are satisfied. I remember now that they had also been joking about me being a dog, and compared me to David as a peer. Perhaps David has gone through this before me. Certainly he has always been very keen to do his very best to please Mary, even when she has been mean to him. He plays the fool for others pleasure and sings and dances for entertainment. Whether he is actually enjoying himself is another matter, as at other times he is very quiet and hard to engage with.

We watch a TV programme called Death in Pemberley which seems to be a warning to me again, and then Mary puts on an old episode of another quiz show. I am now feeling cold and ask if the heating could be turned up, however Mary instead fetches me a blanket which on the face of it seems to be a nice gesture, but when it arrives the blanket stinks of dog, and I am further reminded of my lowly status in this family. David, who has been nodding off says that he is going to bed, and leaves the room, I don't know what part he will play later and wonder if he will be a comforter at my side guiding me through it, or whether he is off now to put on his ceremonial robes and will play an active part in my subjugation. So I sit here in a dog blanket and watch TV while I consider my future. I am not really paying attention to the TV and it is not one of my favourite shows but my interest is dragged straight to the screen when the topic of cannibalism comes up and the topic of eating people is discussed at length, in particular a wooden implement is shown to the contestants and they are asked to guess what it is for. It transpires that this tribe of people have a special testicle fork to use for the express purpose of eating a man's testicles. I am cold with sweat and fear grips me, I can't believe that Mary has found an old episode of this show that directly relates to what I am going through, it is beyond coincidence and seems designed to put me in a state of terror.

I think to myself that I have to run, I have to get out of here, I cannot possibly stay another minute. I tense up and all but push

myself out of my chair, my mind starts to think of an escape route from the house and then from the town and I imagine being pursued on foot by a pack of savage dogs that will quickly catch me and tear me limb from limb. I want to run so badly and the only thing holding me back is my own thoughts and the fact that I cannot leave my daughters with these people. I must protect my family at all costs and this is more important than self preservation. I must find the strength to walk through hell for them and fight this urge to leave. I start to cry but have to hide it and smile through the pain so that my captors do not know there is a battle raging in my head. I am so filled with the desire to leave this place and never return, to go far away and take on a solitary life and yet I continue sit for the sake of the life of my daughters. The image of the testicle fork is burned into my mind now and it is all I can think about apart from forcing myself to appear to be happy in the face of my oncoming fate.

After the episode finishes Dagney phones to find out where the Doctor is, as he has not yet arrived, it is about 10pm now and Dagney wants to go to bed. However the response is not pleasing to her and we are going to have to wait some more before a doctor can get to us. I had imagined earlier today that a ceremony would take place at midnight, and this seems to be the reality of the situation and all this delay is just a charade to keep me guessing.

I console myself by thinking that I have at least produced two children, and served my manly requirement in this life, perhaps that can be enough for me to retain my sense of self. Perhaps I do not need a penis now, it can perhaps be shed without regret, if I can get myself into that mindset I may be able to save my sanity. It could be worse I suppose, I may not have been able to reproduce, and that would be a fate far worse. At least I have fulfilled my male role.

Mary puts on another old episode of the same quiz show and I am once again taken aback by the relevance of this episode to my predicament. This episode features a section on wild animals and how to respond to them. The host goes to great lengths

asking the panel to suggest what they should do in the case of an attack by each animal, and then explains what each will do. As part of the answers large words are flashed on the screen and they say 'Stay Still' and 'Don't Run' and I take these as further instructions from the Illuminati to me as I continue to consider fleeing. It is explained that a pack of wolves will chase after a fleeing prey animal and will hunt them down relentlessly and kill them by tearing at their flesh. This seems to be a direct warning to me, and I take the hint that I must stay in my seat covered in this dog blanket, as this is the only way that I will see tomorrow. I must be willing and compliant prey for the coming pack of deceivers. I have never before been scared to move, but now following this revelation on the TV I am glued to this chair and now wouldn't run if someone stood before me with a spear and told me to run or they would plunge it into my side, I honestly think I would sit here and take anything now. The preparation is complete and the training has run its course, I am now accepting of my fate and I will face it willingly.

At 11pm there is still no sign of the doctor and Dagney is getting twitchy again. I'm sure it's all an act, but I start to wonder if there is something wrong with their plan. At 11:30 there is a phone call to the house, and Dagney answers it.

'What do you mean, not coming!?! Where is he?' She says angrily

'Too late! Do you know how long we have been waiting, we were promised a doctor tonight!' I've never seen her act this way with someone in authority before, she is usually so compliant herself.

'This is an atrocious service, I can't believe we would be treated like this, I am very unhappy and I am going to make a complaint.' After some unacceptable response is uttered by the caller she slams the phone down.

'He's not coming.' She reflects with a dejected tone, and Mary joins in with the disgust at the service provided by the NHS.

I can't believe that I have been given a reprieve like this, it is like someone from outside has stepped in to prevent the plan from being carried out. I am suddenly elated that the whole thing is off. I can't quite believe it but I know now that I have been saved from my fate, saved from a violent castration and all that follows it. I try to not let it show, as I can see the hatred and anger in my family's faces.

'Well I suppose we should go to bed then,' a disgruntled Dagney announces, and with that she is gone.

I desperately want to thank someone for their intervention, but I can't think who it would be or how it would have happened, and I can't help but wonder if I have a protector out there, someone previously unknown to me who is acting on my behalf and performing good in the face of evil.

As Mary prepares to go to bed, I also shed the dog blanket and say goodnight to her, before also heading up stairs.

We have been given the bedroom at the top of the house to sleep in, and as I head up the stairs I check on Julia in the middle bedroom and she is sleeping soundly. I enter the top bedroom and find that Dagney is already sharing the double bed with Carrie and I have the camp bed at the foot of the double to sleep in. That's about right I think to myself as I quietly undress; I have to lie like a dog at the foot of her bed. Still it doesn't matter, I have just survived an unholy fate intended for me and here I stand still fully male. I climb into the small camp bed and thankfully have a thick duvet to cover me on this increasingly cold night. My elation is still strong, despite Dagney not saying another word to me. I call out 'good night' but do not get a response. I lie there at her feet and reflect on what I have been through today, and before long I am asleep.

The valley of the shadow of death

27/12/13

I wake with a start and check my watch, it is 00:00 and I suddenly feel frightened. I cannot place the cause, Dagney and Carrie are sleeping soundly, but I sense something is up, something is disturbing me. I shuffle in bed and try to make myself comfortable, but without success. I close my eyes again and try to sleep but for some reason I still feel fear deep in my core. I am suddenly hit with a vision of my genitals being placed in my mouth and photos being taken, it is graphic and I sit upright in my camp bed wondering what just happened. After I calm myself down I lie once again and it isn't long before I feel like I am being toyed with by an evil that cannot be seen. It is like I am under some sort of non-physical attack, a mental attack or maybe a psychic attack, and I begin to wonder if I am awake at all. Could it be that I am asleep but am having a lucid experience in a dream? It is dark in the room and thus I do not have all of the usual cues to check that I am awake and in the same safe daytime house which I went to bed in, but this feels like a waking experience, yet I am inexplicably afraid of the room. Somehow there is a presence around me and it is not a well meaning entity. There is nothing for me to see in the dark except a little light coming through a crack in the curtain, and this gives me a few dim outlines in the room to check visually, but I cannot see anything, it is just a feeling that I have. So I lay there expecting someone to abduct me from the room, and whisk me off to a ceremony after all. I concentrate on the door, listening for any noise outside it and watching for any movement of the door handle. I lie like this for half an hour or so before attempting to close my eyes again, and when I do I am presented with another vision. This time I have a bag over my head and am being lead by restrained arms, I can see the floor and my feet as I walk, and I know that I am in an Illuminati meeting. I am lead presumably to the front of the hall and I sense that people are gathered around me as I am tied to some

apparatus which holds my arms out. My legs are then restrained and I begin to hear chanting, before the bag on my head is removed. Before me stands a masked and hooded man with a large knife in hand, he cocks his head at me as the chanting becomes louder and I am aware of many other masked and hooded people standing in a circle around me. The man with the knife says something I don't understand and then he reaches down and cuts the belt of my trousers, before pulling them and my pants down to my ankles. My genitals are cupped in a gloved hand and I try to wriggle free of my restraints, but cannot. I feel a sharp stab of pain in my groin and then the vision ends and I am back in the bedroom and panting, and my heart is racing.

I try to control my breathing so that I do not wake my wife and daughter, and thankfully they are still sleeping. I realise that my t-shirt is damp with sweat and that I am shaking a little, I am also alert to the slightest sound and my eyes are scanning the room looking for something unseen. As I begin to calm once again I can't help but think of those 70's Dennis Wheatley novels and whether there was now some basis in reality for them. I have the feeling that I have opened myself to something that I do not understand, something that has caused me to become vulnerable to attack by evil, it honestly feels like I no longer have any shield to protect myself. I wasn't aware that I had a shield before now, and it is noticeable only by its absence, and what an absence. I feel like I am falling through a void into who knows what, I am afraid like I have never known. Earlier today I felt fear, but that was somehow a human fear, it was contained in my body whereas this is bigger altogether and is like a fear in my very soul.

My daughter Julia starts crying downstairs in the middle floor of the house, I said that I would see to her in the night and despite my fear I am driven out of bed to check on her and see that she is okay. I creep past my wife and younger daughter and down the narrow and steep staircase, before entering her bedroom. I find that she is not really awake and is twisting and turning in her sleep and crying out for some unknown reason. I shush her

and hold her hand and she calms down and falls again into a restful sleep. Thinking back over recent nights this has been a pattern that has repeated for over a week, with her crying out for some unknown reason and thrashing about in the bed. It could just be a stage of her growing, but it could also be an indicator of something worse. Nightmares are a definite possibility and the most likely explanation, but because of what is happening to me I can't help myself in thinking it is somehow connected. After 5 minutes I release my hold and thankfully she stays sleeping, on recent nights she has often started thrashing again and crying out, but for now things are back how they should be. I sit next to her for a little while longer and consider again my situation, I still feel the fear, although slightly abated due to dealing with my daughter's needs. There is a double bed in the room which I could lie on, but what If I invite whatever it is into this room where my daughter is. I decide that the only course of action is to head back upstairs to my camp bed and to suffer whatever is coming next.

When I climb in under the duvet again, I lie for a while listening for any further disturbance from my daughter downstairs but thankfully there is none. I decide to close my eyes again and start to think through the day's events, as I do I am presented with a vision of the masked and hooded men stood before me, and I feel that I know them all and each has featured in my life and is now featuring in my downfall. One of them runs at me and punches me, my body lurches on the camp bed with the impact. As soon as he has disappeared another runs at me and again lands a body blow, and one by one they all attack me. I lie in my camp bed and take the beating, and I am determined to keep my eyes closed and see this through. The attack seems to last hours, and I am extremely tired, but still I take it. When the time comes that my resolve is fading, I start to despair and the ferocity of the attacks increases with the recognition of this. I cannot take this for much longer and I call out loudly in my head, but under my breath in the bedroom.

'Help me! Somebody please help me! God, Jesus, I don't know if you are real but if you are please help me, I implore you for

the sake of my children, please please help. I can't take this, I'm going to crack, and then I don't know what I'll become.'

My body is shaking and I am seeing these people attacking me faster and more violently. I don't know if I can hold out any more, but as I consider giving in something changes. I am getting a new feeling in the top of my spine, it is like a rising electric current and my fear is turned up another notch. Is this it, is this the end I feel, am I done for. As the pressure builds in my spine I try to resist it, but cannot, the power of this current is too great and coupled with the attacks it is too much for me to take. I say a silent goodbye to my family and give in to the electric current. As I submit it suddenly races up my spine and into my head before radiating out across my back and shoulders, then round my rib cage and face, then down my legs and arms. Suddenly my shaking stops, and I know that I am done for, but strangely my body feels good about this sensation, and my mind seems to clear a little. I feel the blows from my attackers lessen in intensity and I begin to understand that this force is not coming on to kill me, but rather it is protecting me.

The wave subsides and I feel a little better, the attacks on my body have not stopped but I feel I am able to withstand them a little. I again call on Jesus to help me, and again a wave of electrical current rises at the top of my spine before spreading out lovingly throughout my body. My attackers seem to sense that I have protection and they pull out long shining knives, to rush at me with and they hack and stab at me. I try not to watch and choose to look only above their heads, and with my eyes raised up I again call on God to help me. With this call the waves of energy increase in intensity and frequency and my body seems to vibrate with their dispersal through it, and the attackers knives seem only to graze me now rather than penetrate. The thought occurs to me to call upon all of the good people I know of to help me, so I call out to the reverend Diana, to Sven at the church. I call out to people I admire whether alive or dead; David, Alex Jones, Alan Watts, Carlos Castaneda, George Orwell, Lord Krishna, The Wachowski brothers, Trent Reznor.

Soon my body is pulsing with energy, over and over. It becomes so overwhelming that I have to breathe out heavily to try to stop it overcoming me. With this onset of protection I now hardly seem to notice the attacks which continue on my person from the spiritual realm. I begin to thank all of those people I called upon to help me, and with this the energy ramps up to a new high and my whole body is buzzing with restorative energy that feels amazing and joyful.

Just then I become aware that my youngest daughter wakes in the bed next to me and my wife stirs. I do my best to appear to be asleep as Dagney goes downstairs to fetch some milk for Carrie, and she bleats and starts to cry. I would love to go to her, but I cannot admit to anyone that I am awake and under attack, and I feel that right now it is much better if I let Dagney deal with the situation as if I was asleep. So I lie on my camp bed and try to breathe deeply and slowly and try not to move despite my body experiencing twitches and flinches as my attackers do their evil business. Dagney returns and feeds Carrie and soon they are thankfully both asleep again.

My experience changes now to one where I am resisting my attackers enough to begin to gain control over the situation, their knives no longer have any effect on me, and nor do their body blows. Slowly I begin to exert my will upon the experience and while still puffed up on the energy coursing through my strengthening body, my thoughts are no longer tortured, and I feel an inner peace that conquers my fear. Now I stand resolutely in the face of these attackers and call out each one in turn by name, John, James, Simon, Mark, Bob. They step forward and remove their masks so that I can see their faces. I mentally chastise each person in turn and instruct them to change their ways in their daily lives. Finally I address my father who steps forward and removes his mask.

‘How could you Dad?’ I scream silently at him, ‘I’m your first born son, why would you do this to me? I know you’ve never been proud of me or my achievements, and I’m sorry for the mistakes I have made. I hope you know my rebellion against

authority comes from your treatment of me as boy, you caused me to get in trouble with the Police as a teenager and you have brought me to this point now.'

I am so angry with him, angrier than with any of my other friends and colleagues who stand before me.

'You have never to my knowledge, showed any affection towards me, you heartless stone effigy of a father and you attack me now, for what purpose? You want me to become an Illuminati like yourself? What is it? I have been chosen to replace you as the head of your group or something. You make me sick, and I hate you for what you have done, but. But, I forgive you because I am not like you. I am not a monster without feeling, I am not a machine, but a man. So I forgive your pathetic attempt to make me like yourself.' A tear rolls down my cheek as I take stock of all that is before me.

'I forgive you all. Now, change your ways and do not try anything like this again. I said I would fight you and here it is, I win, it's over. Leave me alone'

I am overcome with exertion and emotion and I lie crying quietly so as not to wake anyone, I am stunned by the support I have received from somewhere out there and now wonder as to the nature of reality itself. I feel like I have saved my soul but how can this all be happening? It is like some sort of religious tale from the bible; a real battle between good and evil with the battle lines drawn and the armies lined up against each other. Why is it happening to me? What have I done to deserve this attention? I really have opened a doorway to something which has allowed legions to descend upon me and I am totally unprepared for it. I have never experienced anything like this before in my life. I have had no formal training in how to deal with it and do not know what I have done or am doing, all I have to go on is my gut instincts. I can't help but think that it has been my dogged goodness and the stand I have taken against wrongdoing in this world that has triggered this experience, most notably at work where I am surrounded by cheats and apologists for cheaters. I'm no one special, yet perhaps because of my actions in the world, with my websites, and the internet

chat show I started I seem to have attracted the attention of some primal forces of life itself, and they choose to visit me at this of all times of year, and I feel a bit like Dickens' Ebenezer Scrooge. Of course if this is the actually case then it of course means that this is not yet over.

I open my eyes and reach for my watch, it is 6am and I have made it through the night. It is still dark out but I feel that with the coming dawn I will have made it through tonight's trial. I lie and await the dawn, and feel that once I can see some rays of light I will truly be safe, but until then I must be on guard. I reflect on the time I have spent awake in the night and upon how it all seems so unreal, but I cannot deny my own experience of it. I have always trusted my experience over the accounts of others so now I have to suck it up and admit that what just happened was real and that it is inexplicable. However I am flushed with the feeling that I am living in a world of unreality, and that like in the movie The Matrix, this experience of mine is just a simulation which is hiding the reality of life. I have glimpsed something of that reality and my mind is drawn to an idea I read about in a Stephen Hawking book, that of Holography and of the holographic universe where we are all projections from a different dimension. This of course has strong religious overtones too and given my dramatic conversion to Christianity yesterday I cannot discount the concept of this earthly kingdom being just a testing ground for an afterlife. Well if that is the case, hopefully I have just shown my true colours to God himself and now he knows on whose team I fight. With that thought I feel the need to test Kevin Greenwood and his supposed good intentions, so I pick up my phone and write a text message to him.

KEVIN, I CHOSE GOD AND I WON :) WILL YOU HELP ME?

Let's see now which side he is really on, and whether he is going to go up or down in his motivation towards me. It's odd

when I consider our interactions, he has always been good to me, and yet I fear him. He has never shown me any aggression but I do not trust him, so maybe if we are somehow connected through the power of prayer or by some sort of psychic connection he will already know what I did this night and know the true me.

The dawn breaks slowly through the bedroom curtains and with the first light entering the room, I relax finally and fall into a deep and much needed sleep.

27/12/14

I wake at 8 am to find that Dagney has let me have a lie in, and I certainly needed it, I am very thankful to her for the respite that I have had, and as I consider getting up I hear footfalls on the stairs outside the bedroom. Dagney comes in to check on me and informs me that while I have been sleeping that she has booked an appointment with a doctor for that morning, and that I have to get up and get dressed.

‘You’ve done what?’ I ask angrily, and I am feeling somewhat hurt by her sudden betrayal

‘I’ve booked you an appointment to see a doctor this morning at 9:30.’

‘I’m not going.’ I bark at her but she stays calm.

‘You said that if you went funny again that you would see a doctor, you promised.’

‘I certainly didn’t promise. I can’t believe that you have done this behind my back and without talking to me first.’

‘It is important to me that we see a doctor’ she says very seriously.

‘What? You want to come in with me?’

‘Yes, I have to give my side of the story.’

‘I won’t go.’ I state indignantly

‘Please, do it for me as well as for yourself. You said you would go if it happened again. Are you a man of your word or not?’

I am trapped now by a number of things, firstly I get the impression that there is some reason that she needs to see the doctor, perhaps her getting me to see a doctor will show that I am compliant to the will of the Illuminati, and then something further can be done about Carrie's sickness. Secondly I feel like despite my titanic battle overnight, this experience is definitely not over and I am not in the clear yet.

While the night time sees a spiritual battle take place, the daytime is testing me in a different way, I know that stepping outside of the normal human conventions is a warning flag to my tormentors, and will bring about a physical battle and potential incarceration at the hands of a mental health team. Once that happens I will be jeopardising not only my life but the future life of my daughters, and I can't let that happen. Thirdly this feels like one of God's tests like I have read about, the real faith in the face of doom kind of ordeal where I must put my trust in an unknown and unseen force which governs my life from outside of this earthly experience and walk into the valley of death.

Dagney is awaiting my answer, and in this instant my brain feels like it boiling over with a lack of trust, faith, and is full of confusion. I have always been a fighter though when it comes to the human spirit so I make a decision that I hope will not end badly for me.

'Okay, I'll go, but I'm doing this for you. You understand?'

'Yes, that's fine. Now come on, we've not got long before we need to go.'

'What are we doing about the children?'

'Mum and David will look after them, they'll be fine.'

So with that said she leaves, and I sit for a while wondering what it is I have just committed myself to, and whether I am strong enough to go through with it. I hate Doctors, and their profession, always have, ever since I went to them for help with migraines and they couldn't help and just shrugged off the whole experience as a facet of growing up. You'll grow out of

it, I was told. Well I never did and to this day no-one has been able to explain to me what a migraine is, why it happens, or how to stop them from occurring. I know in my soul that this Doctor who I will face will be an Illuminati, I feel it so strongly that it is not even something I question, but rather I prepare myself for our meeting, and for that handshake.

I eventually drag myself to the shower, and say hello to everyone down stairs, and once I am dressed Dagney is on me like a bad smell insisting that I hurry up and that we leave. So before long I feel that I have been whisked away from my children and wider family and that I am being driven once again towards my fate. Ordinarily I would drive us where ever we go, but today I am thankful for being a passenger, and as we leave Swanmouth I start to consider my position. I have learned one of the key secrets of God last evening, that of the unreality of our lives, and I will have to endure another situation which requires me to sit and take whatever comes my way. I mustn't run or appear nervous, and I cannot speak of what I truly believe is happening. So instead I must play a game of everything is normal, everything is fine and there are no Illuminati after me, and their order does not exist, and I was just fantasising all that has gone before. As if Dagney senses my contemplation, she interrupts my thinking.

'Is it okay if we pop into home after we see the doctor?'

I mutter something in agreement and she seems placated, but then I notice her rubbing her eye.

'What's wrong with your eye?'

'I woke up this morning and it was sore.' She shows me her eye, and I hadn't noticed before that it is red and inflamed.

'That looks painful.' I say supportively.

'It is.' She replies somewhat saddened by the pain.

I return to my deep thoughts, and stare out of the windscreen. As we pass through the Burbeck hills, the mild weather turns stormy and dark clouds stand as an omen and a warning to our passage through the Castle Mount pass. On the Payesport side of

the hills the rain and wind begin, and I feel like this is evil itself at work, trying to cause me upset and panic at my situation and destination. Our travel is unhindered however, we make good progress through the storm and before long we arrive at the Doctor's surgery. I take a deep breath and ask God to protect me.

Before I can see a doctor I have to register with the surgery, as I have not done this in the four years we have lived in Millview, a stern and unhelpful receptionist provides me with a form and a pen and I fill it out in front of her. Dagney seems to be watching me like a hawk and also guarding my way the door, I guess she thinks that she needs to ensure that I go through with this, and she will not let me "do a runner". Once I hand the form back to the receptionist she processes it quickly, mumbles something I can't hear about who my official doctor will be, but I do hear the name of the doctor I will be seeing today; Dr Roberts. The receptionist indicates for us to go to the back of the surgery and wait for the Doctor to call us, and we do so.

We both sit in silence and watch the surgery TV which is showing a reel of adverts over and over. One which catches my attention is for a home help service, the advert shows a mother and baby being assisted by a young girl and the service is advertised as free. I wonder if Dagney is watching too and whether she would benefit from help such as this, I hope that she is watching and taking note, for as difficult as I am finding bringing up two children, she is finding it twice if not three times more difficult. I make a mental note to find out more about this service once I am over my current ordeal, which I am sure I will now come through unscathed. My confidence level is actually quite high and I again thank God for giving me peace in this testing time I find myself in. In fact after the evening I had the previous day this test seems to be somewhat easier, I may not be able to retain my sane label, but at least I am not at risk of losing my genitals.

After waiting through two other patients going in and out of the doctor's office, my name is called and Dagney and I get up to follow the doctor into the lion's den.

I hate Doctors, they represent the worst part of our modern society, and as a powerful authority lord over us with their pseudo-science and their unsafe drugs. The medical establishment for me is like a modern version of a medieval church, but they have exchanged their bloodletting and burning at the stake for medication with nasty side effects and the power to declare someone insane for believing in a different way of thinking when it conflicts with their own ideals of normal. They would rather arbitrarily medicate the population and keep them drugged up to the eyeballs, rather than examine their own belief in the light of someone presenting them with a new viewpoint, and when you mix this with the control exerted by the Illuminati then you have a recipe for a mind controlled zombie like civilisation.

Doctor Rogers leads us inside the office and holds the door for us, Dagny goes first, head down, and I follow giving the man and smile as I pass. Dagny sits as the doctor introduces himself, but I stand by and introduce myself and my wife before shaking the man's hand. I am not at all surprised to receive the half cupped handshake of an Illuminati, and do not react in any way as I was trained to do. I sit and rather than address me, he talks to my handler and gets Dagny to explain what's been going on. She really lays it on thickly and spares no details in her gushing expose of the last couple of days. The Doctor looks concerned and nods knowingly as Dagny spills her guts too him like her life, or the life of our daughter at least depends on it. I notice that on the man's red v-neck jumper an image is stitched of two crossed keys, talk about rubbing it in I think, if I hadn't noticed the hand shake then this would also confirm his status. As I sit there listening to Dagny I am in some way impressed with complexity and intricate nature of the situation I find myself in, the ability for this group to infiltrate my work, society and our lives most importantly and keep it all secret is astonishing and almost worth applauding, and I feel the creep of a little smile. However I do not let it appear as in the gravity of this situation it would not be appropriate or very welcomed.

After Dagney is finished talking he turns to me and I am feeling something of the heat of the situation on the inside, plan A has gone out of the window, I can't now pretend that none of this has happened, but I remain calm and collected. When he asks me to give my side of the story, I stick to my plan, that is to not mention the Illuminati at all, not to mention my work, and to instead describe what happened to me in terms of what I felt and how I was perceiving things, and by keeping everything as vague as possible. For example I describe the force I was dealing with as an archetypal entity rather than the secret society called the Illuminati. When asked if I am hearing voices I describe the situation as I experienced it, which was that I was picking out peoples actual words that they may have been using in jest or just as vulgarities, and I misinterpreted their intentions as being directed at me personally. When I am done I feel that I have upheld my part of the bargain, I have not given anything away and have not disrespected the Illuminati or their secrets, and instead I've rather made Dagney seem like the one with mental issues. In fact I look over to her to find that she is crying and I put my hand on her knee to comfort her. I don't know what she is thinking but I wonder if she realises that I have succeeded in not appearing insane in front of the doctor as instructed, but I do not let this show. Doctor Rogers also seems to realise that things are not going according to plan, but unperturbed he suggests that I need to see a psychologist and that he wants to refer me to another department.

'Damn!' I think to myself, but do not let it show. This still could have gone far worse for me, and I feel safe in the knowledge that I am not about to be carted off to the looney bin, and that I will be able to walk out of here with my head held high. I have received a stay of execution if not a pardon, and when I am told that the appointment will likely be on Monday of next week, this at least gives me a couple of days to prepare.

As the Doctor is winding up I remember Kevin's words again, "Show your woman respect and be kind to her." so I ask if before we go the Doctor could take a look at Dagney's weeping and sore eye. He seems to appreciate my effort and examines

Dagney, then subsequently writes her a prescription for some medication. I thank him kindly and as we stand to leave I once again shake his hand in that now familiar way. We leave the office and I cannot help but see the irony of me, a supposed whack job, walking out of there without any medication, and my accuser being given some instead. I feel elated, but in line with my recent teaching do not reveal anything outwardly. I am now a keeper of secrets too, God's secrets.

We return to our car after visiting the pharmacy attached to the surgery, and resume our previous driving positions, I feel like I could drive for a week after escaping an incarceration but keep mum about my personal feelings and let Dagney take control once again. From her driver's seat Dagney tries out the eye drops she has been asked to take and they sting her eye badly. She calls out in shock and I want to be pleased that after the emotional pain I have been through in the last 24 hours she is now feeling some pain too, but as I am now an actual born again Christian I forgive her instead for putting me through this ordeal with the doctor and give a little prayer that my daughters will not suffer any further problems as a result of my actions. I don't think that this will be the case as I have performed as intended, and if they wanted to see that I could keep quiet and not speak of certain things even though they burn right through me, then that is what I have done and maybe I have done enough to avoid any further entanglements with the authorities. Maybe the call from the mental health professionals will never come.

We drive home in the rain and go inside to get a change of clothes, and to check on our cat Xena who we had left indoors in our absence over the last twenty four hours. Dagney goes straight upstairs but I linger. I had hidden a USB hard disk the other night which contains the shows I made that ultimately lead to my attack on the Illuminati. I am now driven to check that it is still hidden, and that my secrets are safe. I say secrets as I think that I pulled the online version of the videos before anyone could have made a copy, certainly the website I used to publish them is difficult if not impossible to copy from, so the only way anyone could now see the attack video would be for them to

obtain my hard disk. I even deleted all of the files on my laptop computer as a desperate measure. So I move behind the sofa to gain access to my hiding place in the corner of the room and behind the bookshelf which sits there. As I do so however I notice something on the back of the sofa, I can't at first make it out but it appears to be a small bundle of cotton wrapped around something. I pick it up to closely examine it and to my shock find that it is a wolf spider that has been killed and wrapped up in the web of presumably a bigger spider. I am confused and disgusted by what I am holding and throw it in the direction of the waste paper basket before wiping my hand on my jeans. *What is that about? I wonder to myself and why is it on my sofa?*

I get the distinct feeling that it is some sort of wicked charm, a talisman for evil, and I get a fright. Someone has been in here and has left me this grisly artefact as a warning, but who would do this and what does it mean? I instantly link my hidden hard drive to someone searching for it, so I quickly reach down and behind the shelf. The computer game box in which I hid the hard drive is still there, so I hurriedly open it to check on its contents. Thankfully the hard disk is also still present, so I package it back up and place it once again, hidden from every one.

As I come out from behind the sofa, Dagney returns from the upstairs, she tosses me a holdall and asks me to get some clothes for myself. I do so and when I return I receive more instructions, this time to open the garage and place some food in it for Xena as we are going to be leaving her outside tonight, and she will need some shelter from the weather. I wonder if the same person who searched our house last night will be back tonight, it's like Dagney has been given instructions to leave access to the garage as it was previously locked up. Ordinarily I would not leave our garage open over night due to the risk of its contents going missing, but in my present state, and with the continual worry of my daughter's illness being somehow linked to Dagney's actions I do as I am told. I do have another hard drive containing backups in the garage, but I know it not to contain anything

related to my show or the attack video, so if anyone finds it they will be disappointed by its contents.

When I am done, I lock up the house and we set off again towards Swanmouth. Our journey is surrounded by heavy rain and high winds, and the radio reports many floods and trees which have been blown down in the area, but we don't get held up by any and when we again reach the Burbeck hills the weather breaks and the sky beyond Castle Mount is bright and calm, it would appear that Swanmouth has its own weather patterns and one could believe that it was somehow protected from the rest of Dorset right now by some divine providence.

When we arrive back at Dagney's mums I am in a jubilant mood and feel that I have passed a big test, but again try not to let it show as I also know that this is not over, and tonight I will be facing a new test and it will be of a very different nature to any day time test.

We are greeted by Julia and David and my daughter launches herself into my arms for a cuddle. It feels great to be holding her again, and considering that I could have been prevented from coming back here by the authorities I savour the moment for as long as I can. Dagney enquires after Carrie and Mary appears from the lounge carrying her, Dagney checks on them both and Julia and I go into the lounge and I find that she is watching the Octonauts on TV so we sit and continue to watch it. Dagney meanwhile goes into the kitchen with Carrie and her family, presumably to tell them what happened at the Doctor's surgery.

After a while we are called to lunch and we all sit and share a cold buffet, but interestingly nothing is mentioned about my ongoing situation, or my visit to the doctor. Thankfully though there are no suggestions of anything bad happening to me this lunch time, and the conversation is pleasant and good natured and I relax feeling that my daytime ordeal is over and there is nothing further for me to face until dusk. I am actually beginning to recognise a pattern in Dagney and her mum in that during the daylight hours they are the people I know and love, but once night falls, they seem to change. Both of them become some sort of alter ego doppelgangers, and while they appear

outwardly the same they are not the people I know anymore. My experience over the last couple of days suggests to me that they want me out of the family picture, so that they can raise my children without me. What I cannot figure is why they would be like this, what is it that is driving them and eating away at the people they were. What is clear is that I am still a pawn in their game so I'd better watch myself, and with this thought in mind I make a big effort to tidy the lunch away when everyone is finished, I cannot afford to slip up now. It is not clear to me if any of them know what happened last night while everyone was supposedly sleeping, but I'd better treat this like these women know and we are still playing at being nice to each other.

When lunch is over and the women have all gone into the lounge, David calls me to the dining room again, he then proceeds to talk about a tyre pressure gauge that he has bought. He fetches it down from the shelf and shows it to me while talking about the benefits of regularly checking ones car tyre pressures. I can't fathom why he has started this odd conversation with me, it seems like a distraction but I can't imagine that on any level David would stand against me and my daughters. He is an ex-monk, and if I cannot trust him then I really am lost. So what is it then? Is he aware of the truth of our situation and playing along with the women, but when we are alone he can impart secret information to me?

While I don't initially get the gist of his message to me, I recognise something of a link to Kevin in what I am being told. David tells me that this gauges accuracy is good down to 0.1 PSI, and this strikes a chord in me. Kevin said to me at work that with his diabetes he can go down to 0.1 blood sugar level. So am I getting a message here from Kevin and through David? Is it indeed possible that they know each other and if this is the case have they been speaking covertly to one another? My mind tries to figure this out while David continues to talk about the pressure gauge and the need to check his vehicle regularly. Then David shows me the instruction leaflet for the gauge and my mind explodes at the vision before me, the pressure gauge is made by Michelin and the instruction leaflet as the Michelin tyre

man on it grinning at me and giving me the thumbs up. The resemblance between this drawn character and the bald and muscle bound Kevin Greenwood is uncanny and I am certain that this is Kevin communicating with me through the holographic universe in answer to my text message question from this morning. He is covertly telling me that he will help me to fight this unholy enemy who is plaguing me and the first help he is providing me with is some sort of spiritual protection of my car through the medium of using this gauge to check and protect each of the tyres. No wonder David started this conversation with me, it now all makes sense and I am very grateful to him for this intervention.

I borrow the tyre gauge and go out to check on each of my car tyres, none is particularly low and I return safe in the knowledge that if any evil force wants to try and take me off the road, they will not be able to thanks to the protection now afforded to me. As I return from the car Dagny questions me as to what I was doing, I make up a story about being worried about one of the tyres going flat, and this seems to placate her, actually I am learning a valuable lesson here as I have seen that it is not so important what excuse one comes up with for doing something, and the delivery is far more important. If it is said confidently and in a matter of fact tone then the excuse is generally accepted without question. I wonder if I could have told her that I am protecting our car from meddling evil spirits in the same tone and gotten away with it, probably.

I thank David for the loan of the gauge and say that I must get one for myself, he agrees that I should and puts it back on the shelf. I must now remember to check the pressures of the tyres before I go anywhere, and I must also remember that David is on my side and more than this I should follow his lead now in spiritual matters as he clearly is experienced in this area. After leaving David in the dining room I return to the lounge, my children, and to the Octonauts on TV.

Later in the afternoon I am playing with 4 month old Carrie and she is making gurgling noises as if she is trying to speak, I listen

closely and try to guess what she is saying, although it is mostly gurgling. She makes a noise that resembles someone saying “hello you” so we play back and forth with me repeating what she is saying and her smiling before saying it back to me. I say to the room that she is talking, but no-one else seems to be able to hear the same words. After we exchange the words a number of times she changes what she is saying and seems now to be trying to say the name of her sister.

‘Ju, Ju, Ju, Julia. She said Julia,’ I exclaim, ‘there it is again, Julia, clear as day’

‘Julia m, Julia mo, Julia move. Julia move. Did you hear that, she said Julia move. Now what could that mean?’

I sit wondering what she is trying to communicate to me as she continues to repeat it over and over, and I can’t get the idea out of my head that this is somehow related to my present situation. If it is, then I am glad that no-one else is aware of our conversation, if all they can hear is gurgling then this is a message meant solely for me, from a four month old baby. It seems so improbable that Carrie is warning me about something, but again I cannot dismiss my experience, here it is before me and my baby is communicating with me. I’d be more inclined to believe it to be innocent gurgling if her eyes were not focussed intently on me, and that smile she keeps giving me is so knowing. This is super weird, but in the context of everything else going on around me it’s not the strangest experience I’ve had lately.

After a while I begin to feel tired and ask if it would be okay for me to go upstairs and rest, no-one seems to have a problem with this and head up to the top bedroom. I sit in the bay window looking out over the tops of houses and down to the sea, then beyond to the Isle of Wight in the distance. After sitting for a few minutes I feel compelled to pick up the bible that was given to me on Christmas day. I wonder where to start with this historic relic and try to remember any significant passages that I could look up. Suddenly I remember the number which has plagued my adult life 1138. This number has been revealed to me many times and in many places, and I have never understood

its significance, but out of curiosity I turn the bible to page 1138 and begin to read.

I am talking to you Gentiles. Inasmuch as I am the apostle to the Gentiles, I take pride in my ministry in the hope that I may somehow arouse my own people to envy and save some of them. For if their rejection brought reconciliation to the world, what will their acceptance be but life from the dead? If the part of the dough offered as first fruits is holy, then the whole batch is holy; if the root is holy, so are the branches. If some of the branches have been broken off, and you, though a wild olive shoot, have been grafted in among the others and now share in the nourishing sap from the olive root, do not consider yourself to be superior to those other branches. If you do, consider this: You do not support the root, but the root supports you. You will say then, "Branches were broken off so that I could be grafted in." Granted. But they were broken off because of unbelief, and you stand by faith. Do not be arrogant, but tremble. For if God did not spare the natural branches, he will not spare you either. Consider therefore the kindness and sternness of God: sternness to those who fell, but kindness to you, provided that you continue in his kindness. Otherwise, you also will be cut off. And if they do not persist in unbelief, they will be grafted in, for God is able to graft them in again. After all, if you were cut out of an olive tree that is wild by nature, and contrary to nature were grafted into a cultivated olive tree, how much more readily will these, the natural branches, be grafted into their own olive tree!

I am floored by the significance and weight of these verses, now, in my present situation. I feel like Jesus is talking directly to me through the bible, and I've never been a believer in Jesus. In all honesty I have shunned him all my adult life, as I was brought up a Christian but during my life I have spent more time investigating other world religions than I have understanding Christianity.

I am a wild olive though, I would agree with that. I have for years been fighting the good fight, for truth over lies and for what is right and just, and I thought I had made peace with God through a very personal connection which I forged to him. But here I am being told I am being grafted onto the holy olive tree, presumably to protect me in my present situation, and possibly by way of thanks for fruits I have grown thus far. This terminology is new to me however and I have never heard about such things before, from my rudimentary Christian upbringing or in the popular media. The genealogy of Christ described in this metaphorical way is visually powerful and quite personal to me as I have owned an olive tree for many years which sits in a pot in front of my house.

I've read before about how the bible has special significance and how there might be a code to it, and about how it can be read in a personal way, well in this holographic world in which I inhabit now, the bible has just shown me exactly what I needed to read, and at the time I needed to read it. There are no words for how amazed I am at what I have just read and all of the exclamations I could make include either the word God or Jesus as if they were meant for this very experience. I am reading an ancient book that is giving me a message from beyond the very fabric of existence in which I live. If I had any doubts before that life was test, then in this moment, in this room, of this house, it has changed me forever. How can I ever go back to thinking that the world is a mundane place without any magic or mystery? Only a fool would accept what they see around them as all there is, and only a grand deceiver would try to convince people of that so called truth. The world is a projection, of this I now have no doubt, there is more to life than the human existence and there is more outside of the lifespan of a homo sapien sapien than I have been told.

I am reminded of a book I read by Marie Jones called Viral Mythology and in it she says that we are tapping into something out there that does not belong to us but we can access and provide us with underlying truth, and I feel this so strongly right now. I have opened myself to something that is equally

astounding and terrifying. I do not know how I have done it, or for what purpose it is happening at Christmas in the year 2013, but this is undoubtedly as real as it gets and the viral mythology described in the bible is like a portal to another dimension and I stand on the event horizon of it looking in and realising the ultimate truth, but what does this really equate to in terms of who I am and what I must do next. If I have been spiritually bound to the source of all spirit, then I have become like a descendant of Jesus Christ, my spiritual father is truthfully the lord Jesus Christ, and then my grandfather is God himself, that's quite a thing to say let alone admit and know it to be true. It causes me to sit for a while and not a thought passes through my mind, I simply am, here in this present time with no distractions and no evil forces pressing upon me I am one with the universe and I feel great.

There is another number which has significance for me and has shown up in many places and at many times in my life, 1111. I take a now educated guess that this page in the bible will also reveal to me something significant, so I turn and read, and once again I am flattened by the words which I find before me.

We have heard that some went out from us without our authorisation and disturbed you, troubling your minds by what they have said. So we all agreed to choose some men and send them to you with our dear friends Barnabas and Paul – men who have risked their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore we are sending Judas and Silas to confirm by word of mouth what we are writing. It seemed good to the Holy Spirit and to us not to burden you with anything beyond the following requirements: You are to abstain from food sacrificed to idols, from blood, from the meat of strangled animals and from sexual immorality. You will do well to avoid these things. Farewell.

This almost reads like an apology, and gives me further confidence in Kevin as the one who came to me without authorisation, disturbed me, and spoke to me in ways he should

not have. It seems that he has been joined by David who has confirmed for me that my suspicions are correct and without falsehood, and it is likely that David is carrying the spirit of Judas or Silas, and of course of the Lord. I feel like I have some form of protection now, like I asked the vicar for, and this helps plug a spiritual hole that had been making me feel so very desperate. I don't know in what form the protection will be, but thinking about what awaits me at bed time is no longer a horrifying thought and I know David will be with me, and so will Kevin.

The latter part of the verse about what I should eat must guide me this evening in what I have for dinner and I'm betting that it will help me prepare for the night ahead. Some sort of body purification seems appropriate for the spiritual fight of my life, it might be difficult though to avoid food sacrificed to idols at Christmas and to avoid meat when we are likely to be served with the leftovers from Christmas dinner is going to be tricky. Something now falls into place from yesterday though, David was very keen for me to drink orange juice and to eat Satsumas, and while I don't understand it I feel that he was preparing me for last night's battle. My feeling is so strong that I put down my bible and pick up my laptop instead. I get on the internet and look up the link between Jesus and oranges, to my surprise I find a website dedicated to just this subject, and it contains a number of references to bible verses for various topics. I make a mental note to return to the website another time as my brain is in overload and I need to chill for a while before dinner, and besides the afternoon sun is shining down on Swanmouth and the view before me is enticing. The sun it seems is such a powerful metaphor for everything good and I feel its power in this alternate reality which I find myself inhabiting. Sitting in the sun and feeling its warmth is such a blessing and it provides a feeling of being recharged internally.

As I continue looking out to sea, I start to review the events of the last couple of days, and something is bothering me about my assessment of this all being the work of the Illuminati. I cannot think of any reason why the Illuminati would be into what

seems to be black magic, and with that thought several things click. My daughter dressing up on Christmas morning, my wife seemingly trying to drug me, my wife and her mother suggesting that my genitals will be cut off, the late night Doctor's calls, the dead spider talisman in my home, Dagney's unnecessary concern for our cat, the personality flip flop from day to night in Dagney and her mum. This is all amounting to something which I can barely bring myself to think could be true. My wife is a Witch, her mother is a Witch, and they want me out of the way so they can bring my lovely innocent daughters as Witches too. I pick up my phone and write a text message to Kevin.

CAN I HAVE YOUR HELP TONIGHT PLEASE?

OKAY, HOW CAN I HELP?

WITCHES!

OK, WELL WITCHES CAN ONLY USE THEIR CHARM BUT GOD LOVES AND HIS POWER WILL OVERCOME ALL OF THAT. AMEN.

AMEN

I am pleased that I have offset my latest revelation somewhat, and that the presence of Witches assisting Illuminati explains my current predicament. I wonder if there is an alliance between the two groups that goes back through the ages, and the two are inseparable throughout history, Illuminati exclusively for men and Witchcraft for women.

I am called to dinner about 5.30, Dagney comes up to the top bedroom to check on me, and I am in a jubilant mood. When she enquires as to my health I can't help but tell her what I have been reading.

'I am the wild olive' I say triumphantly

'I don't know what you mean' she replies

'I've been grafted on to the royal tree.'

'What are you talking about?'

‘I’ve been given a hot line to the big JC!’

She seems to just ignore me and I guess that she considers this just further evidence of my madness. We leave for the dinner table in silence, but nothing can break my mood now. When I get downstairs I find that David’s daughter Laura has come over to visit and I learn that she is staying for a couple of days, I can’t help but wonder who’s side she is on but greet her warmly and wish her a happy Christmas none the less.

For dinner I am offered cold meats and cheese and I choose to stick to cheese and crackers with a glass of orange juice, and manage to do it without causing any offence. When Christmas pudding and Christmas cake is offered to me I opt instead for a couple of satsumas, and again seem to be able to get away not upsetting my hosts. Mary shoos the dogs away from the table and comments on the rubbish that they eat and the thought occurs to me that I should really count on these two canines for protection in the night, and I’m going to need all the help I can get. If this is the case then they should also be cleansed to assist them in that role, so secretly I give each of them a Satsuma and hope that it clears them through for their evening walk.

Following dinner I go to the bathroom and run a bath for my daughters, and I am brought Carrie while the bath is still running.

‘Do it quickly.’ Dagney says to me in a suggestive way.

I try to figure out what she means, but nothing comes to mind, so I proceed to undress Carrie and put her in the bath. While bathing her I get the compulsion to perform a baptism for her. It doesn’t feel wrong or inappropriate, so I dip a finger in the bath water and mark a cross on her forehead, and then recount those famous words.

‘In the name of the father, the son, and the holy spirit, I baptise you.’

I finish by cupping my hand and by pouring some water over her forehead. I don't know if I am committing heresy, but I feel that I have done something good and just in the nick of time too as Dagney comes back into the bathroom with some towels. I finish washing Carrie and lift her out to place her on a baby blue towel for drying. Something about this colour towel triggers a new thought in me, David is very fond of blue colours and has many parts of the house painted both light and dark blue, sometimes with a little yellow as well. The towels Dagney brought in were all blue of different shades, and this seems significant to me, but I can't quite place the meaning.

I can hear Julia coming up the stairs for her bath as I finish putting on Carrie's nappy, and she runs in to greet me and is closely followed by Dagney who collects Carrie from my arms and says that she will finish dressing her. I turn off the running water and undress Julia before helping her into the bath, and she plays with some plastic boats while I sit on the toilet seat to reflect on what I am doing.

I consider whether I did the right thing to try and baptise my youngest daughter and decide that at worst it can cause no harm, and at best may offer her some protection tonight. So I choose to do the same thing with Julia and as soon as Dagney heads downstairs with Carrie I repeat the process.

When Julia has had enough of the bath time fun I help her out and realise that I have two blue towels for her, a dark blue one for her body, and a light blue one for her hair. When I have wrapped her up, the significance of the colours hits me, these are the colours of the virgin Mary as worn by many children around the world in the Christmas Nativity play.

I stop what I am doing for a moment to think this through, am I just imagining significance in things where there is none, or am I having a genuine religious Christmas experience in the vein of Scrooge or Bailey. Am I going mad or is this really happening? I cannot deny my recent experience but I can understand why anyone witnessing my behaviour would doubt my sanity. The odd thing is that I do not doubt my own mental ability, I am performing in this situation how I would in any situation, I am

observing, checking my understanding of what is transpiring, reflecting upon what I have seen, and coming to an educated conclusion based upon the evidence before me. The only thing that I notice as different is that I seem to be operating under a certain level of fear, and I am having the experience of operating in a higher mental state than normal, one where I can experience more of what is going on, and memorize it with better clarity for later recall. If I have ever trusted myself then I have to trust that this experience is real and is just inexplicable at the present time.

I take Julia down to the middle bedroom and put her to bed as I did the night before, we read a Dora the Explorer story, she drinks a cup of milk and then she holds my hand until she is asleep. I relish this time with my daughter as it seems for a brief moment like everything is normal and as it used to be. I use my phone to take a picture of her sleeping peacefully and I want to capture it as a memory of a good and innocent time that I can remember for always, she's so gorgeous.

With that done, I head down to the ground floors only to find that everyone is claiming to be tired and wanting to go to bed early. Their eagerness is strange and it seems that they want to get tonight over and done with as quickly as possible, or maybe they just want to get to bed first to prepare themselves for tonight's coming battle. Dagny heads up first with Carrie and I decide to let them get a head start on me so that when I come up they will be already asleep and my lying awake will not disturb them. So I sit and play on my laptop for a while and occasionally talk to David's visiting daughter Laura about parenthood, work, and other trivial topics. Mary and David then wish us a good night, and head off to bed, so I follow suit and do the same.

Once more into the breach

I lie in my camp bed at the foot of my wife waiting for whatever will come tonight. I try to sleep but there is no chance of it and I give up to try and meditating instead. This feels a bit better and I relax a little, but still there is no sleep. After what feels like hours I hear Julia cry out from below, so I get up and go to her, thankful for something to do. I sit on the double bed next to her holding her hand and shushing her when she gets upset until she again falls asleep. I then return to my camp bed and resume my vigil. Julia wakes two more times and I tend to her until she sleeps again, she seems to be particularly uncomfortable or something tonight and this is most unlike her. It is on the third waking that I start to think about why this might be and am hit with the realisation that I am being left alone in my camp bed tonight, but Julia is under spiritual attack. Suddenly my youngest's words come back to haunt me 'Julia move', or more precisely for this situation; Move Julia.

Without giving it a second thought I lift my daughter from her cot and lie with her on the double bed with me. Oh my God! Carrie was warning me earlier today, in a tongue that only I could hear, she spoke to me and told me to move her sister. Tonight it is Julia's turn, the evil having failed to get me yesterday is coming for my eldest child. Why didn't this occur to me sooner? I am so stupid, but at least I have now complied and now hopefully I can prevent this.

I pull the covers over Julia and lie next to her holding her hand, quickly she is asleep again and I also relax. I hope that this is the last of the problems she will have to face and as I lay here on the double bed I start to relax also. Fed up with going up and down the stairs I decide to stay for a while and keep a watch over her. Presently I am still awake and bored, so I reach for my phone and review the photos I have taken over the last few days. Some of them make me smile, but most of them make me feel uneasy about my present predicament, then as I am looking through them I reach the one of Julia asleep and I am struck with a recognition that my phone and these photos are talismans, they

are capturing the spirit of a moment in this holographic world and keeping it. The photos are being held by a device that is keeping the essence of a moment secret, between me, the phone, and God presumably. It sounds crazy but I know it deep down to be the truth, my phone is a way of me keeping things safe and just between God and me, kind of like a modern day ark of the covenant. The thought then flows that if a photo can keep a moment safe, then if I were to set the voice recorder running, then it would keep not just a moment safe, but also the whole period for which it is recording. Some protection from the Witches is definitely needed and switch the recorder on straight away. I also dig out my phone charger and plug it in to the wall socket so that it will last the duration of the night. I wonder if it will be enough to assist me in the fight which is so far refusing to come to me personally, but I welcome any assistance right now, no matter how odd it seems. I shall have to remember from now on to keep my phone close and secure, my life may depend upon it and I must not let it fall into the hands of the Witches.

I lie and once again try to meditate, and for a while I am relaxed and Julia sleeps soundly next to me, but then I have the urge to visit the toilet and have to get out of bed and leave Julia. I am quick to return but as I do Julia starts crying out again, it is so horrible and she seems that she is in a lot of pain, her body jerks and twists like someone in the agony of burning, yet she is not quite awake and I can only imagine that this is some sort of attack upon her. As I attempt to quiet her down, Mary comes into the room.

‘Oh, I didn’t realise you were in here,’ she says knowingly, ‘Can I help?’

‘It will be okay, thank you,’ I reply politely, but she doesn’t leave ‘Really, it will be alright.’

‘Okay, you know where I am if you need me.’ She says suspiciously and reluctantly leaves to use the toilet herself.

A couple of minutes pass and thankfully I get Julia calm and she starts to fall asleep, so I continue to hold her hand for a while

longer until I can see that her breathing has slowed right down and she is properly sleeping. It is quite a relief that whatever caused her to react that way has stopped but I fear that this is just the beginning of tonight's incursions. As I relax once again and close my eyes to attempt meditation I am struck with a vision of something attacking me, it is a bony clawed hand lashing at me and my whole body flinches with the shock. I open my eyes and sit up gasping for air and I am suddenly fearful like I will not be able to take the next breath, but as the fear grips me I am equally flooded with an opposing sense of calm.

'Here we go then!' I think to myself and lie down again.

I speak the lord's prayer aloud and start to ask Jesus and God for help as I did before. I am answered with the electric rushing feeling at the base of my spine and it quickly spreads over the length of my body. I feel I have been offered protection once again and it is just in the nick of time as a new vision of contorted and horrible greyish green faces appear in my mind's eye, they again cause me to flinch at their grotesque intrusion, but I quickly ask for more help and another wave of energy passes over me.

The faces seem to taunt and berate me and their eyes glow red as they fly in close to me and back away again.

Something in the room now seems to stalk me from the bottom of the bed, but I dare not open my eyes for fear of bringing it into reality, but despite this the stalker seems to pace around and it occasionally comes close and bends to be next to my face, I can feel its breath on my cheek. I inwardly ask for help again and I am sent a number of surges of energy which course through my body. I could most accurately describe the surges as a powerful shiver like sensation, but whereas a shiver radiates across one's body on the surface, this electric surge is more powerful and seems to follow the nerve pathways, along the spine and outwards towards the extremities. Another difference

is that a shiver is simply a reaction to cold, whereas this surge brings with it a powerful emotional content that is both scary and euphoric. However despite this I am plagued with visions of evil twisted disembodied faces and this entity in the room with me moves noisily and I can hear its arthritic bones crunch and crack as it does so. With the receipt of a new wave of electric energy I start thanking God and Jesus, but as I do so the entity in the room with me leaps onto the bed with me and sits on my chest, I am rapidly paralysed and struggle to breathe beneath its weight. It leans forward and what I assume is its nose touches my cheek, and my fear returns multiplied. I try to remain calm and ask for more help from the lord but none is forthcoming. My breathing is becoming more shallow and I consider that this might be the end of me, but I have so much more to do in life and I have the strongest desire to protect and raise my children. I again run through the lord's prayer in my mind and concentrate hard on the feeling of protecting my daughters, and with this I am again rewarded with a wave of current passing through my body which banishes the entity from my chest. I again ask for help from everyone who I have ever admired or respected or who has taught me something in my life; Diana from the church, my Grandfather, George Noory, Alex Jones, Immanuel Kant, Lord Krishna, David to name just a few. In return they seem to send rushes of spiritual electricity burn through my body.

The spiritual electricity happens so fast that I begin to cry with the awesome power that is running through me, I again thank everyone for contributing and continue to do so as the skeletal visions and the entity start to fade back into the night. This seems to continue for a few minutes, it is hard to judge the time, and I begin to feel safe from attack. The feelings persist and it is so wonderful, I cry and cry at the wonder of existence and this amazing sensation that is like a non sexual whole body orgasm, it is unlike anything I have ever felt before and it is beyond love and so very addictive that I want more and more and don't want it to stop now it has begun. Tears continue to run down my cheeks and begin to soak my pillow below and my gratitude for everyone helping me, dead or alive, is endless. I wonder if this

is the experience in religion that I've heard about called the ecstasy of the saints, and it certainly seems to fit with what I have read about it. At some point, I don't know how much later, the electrical feelings start to die back and the intensity and length of the waves of energy lessen with every pulse until I am again just lying on the bed in safety and security. I take a few deep breaths and compose my thoughts, I already miss the feeling and crave it again like some drug addicted hapless wretch.

My phone beeps with the alert for a new text message. I wonder if I should check it and for a while just remain lying here, but the urge to see gets the better of me and I reach for the phone and roll over to read the message.

HELLO MATE... JUST SEEING HOW YOU ARE DOING? :)

It is a message from my best man John, and I start to feel smug at my progress this night, and my banishing of the evil, but at that moment I feel a terror rising in me. This is a message timed conveniently with the end of the attack and must be intended to put me into an inflated ego state. As the terror rises, I understand that this is a trick and I have fallen for it. My ego builds at my accomplishment, and in doing so it lets the evil back into me. As soon as I realise what is happening, I put the phone down and concentrate hard on closing down my egoic self. For a while I battle with my inflated ego and its proud feeling of victory, and I undertake a delicate trick of the mind where I have to squash my ego so that the evil feeling also subsides with it. As I regain control of my feelings, I curse my so called friend for setting this up. I imagine that he must be with a group of Illuminati somewhere performing a rite or ceremony and I want to cast shame on him for being a part of this.

With this latest attack on my sanity now abated I become overcome with the urge to return to the toilet room. I do not want to pass urine but the compulsion drags me out of bed and down the hall. I enter the room, take down my shorts and sit there waiting for the urination to begin but nothing happens. So

I wait and wait but there is nothing coming. I wonder to myself why I felt so strongly the need to come to the toilet room if I did not need to urinate, and then my vision falls on a bottle of alcohol hand cleaner and the urges start to return. I find that before I know what I am doing I have removed my t-shirt and shorts and I am rubbing my body down with the alcohol rub. I strongly feel the need to cleanse myself and liberally cover myself in the lotion, it is weird because I do not know why I am doing this, yet I continue as if guided by another. After I finish I put back on my shorts and t-shirt and return to the bedroom.

I lie down next to Julia and wonder what will happen next, and it doesn't take long before I find out. My daughter starts to get disturbed in her sleep and I know now what it is that is disturbing her, so I reach out and grab both a hand of hers and her foot, I feel like I am holding the terminals of an electric circuit and that I am some sort of electricity generator. I begin to ask God for the surging feeling to return to me, but when it does it is as if my daughter feels pain from my holding her hands and she pulls away from me with a squeak. I try again to connect with her hand and foot gently and again she fights me, so I try to figure out what is wrong. I think through the cleansing routine that I began and I quickly realise that I did not cleanse my whole body, I forgot to rub the alcohol lotion in my hair, genitals and on my rear end and so I did not properly cleanse my whole body.

I leap up and out of bed, and feel that I have to be quick as Julia's becoming more upset, I return to the toilet room and once again open the bottle of alcohol lotion. I rub it in my hair and make sure I have covered my ears, and then I move on to my genitals and rear end. The lotion stings on application and then burns with a dull throb and feels very uncomfortable, but I know now that I have now covered every area of my body.

Rather than put my bed clothes back on, I carry them naked back to the bedroom and am thankful that no-one else chose that moment to leave their room.

Once I am back in bed I pull the covers over me and repeat the task I started earlier. While lying on my left side I take Julia's

right hand in my right hand and her right foot with my left hand. It feels somewhat awkward but also feels spiritually correct to me, and then I ask for help from Jesus to cleanse my daughter of whatever evil her mother has put into her and a wave of energy flows through my body and down my arms into my daughter's hand and foot. This time I know that I have now made a spiritual connection between us. I know this sounds really odd, and it is nothing sexual in any way, rather it is like an exorcism. I start to ask God for more help and the surges of electricity begin again, but at that moment I hear a male voice scream through the wall from next door and it is followed by a large "thunk" of something heavy hitting the floor. The voice curses loudly and seems to be upset at my progress so he stomps off, and I know that I have had a tormentor much closer to me than I had realised, and David's neighbour is somehow connected to all that is transpiring. I must not let the event disturb my concentration however and begin to will the electricity feeling to enter my daughter and displace whatever evil is in her. In doing this I find instant resistance from the thing inhabiting her, and it refuses my electric insurgence, so I again say the lord's prayer and ask God to protect my little girl, and to give me the strength to force out the evil within her. I find that I begin to see visions of disembodied haggard old female faces again and they fly at me and outstretched arms try to slash at us both. I also begin to doubt my actions and find myself considering that I am using my hands the wrong way round and that is why there is resistance to my every attempt to push energy through my daughter's appendages, it feels like I am connecting up a circuit the wrong way round and the positive terminal is connected to the negative connector and vice versa. I shake off the thought as being an idea planted by my attackers and slowly it subsides, but it is then replaced with horrible visions of mutilated bodies being thrown before me and piled up on what appears to be a burnt and dry farmers field. About me the sky is red brown in colour and streaked with dark smoke and it looks like I am stood on the surface of Mars. The air is thick with the smell of sulphur and burning and all the normal colours of the daytime have been

replaced with muted shades of red, and anything in shadow is unusually completely black, without a clear sky, and with a partially covered sun. For a time I forget that I am lying on my side in bed and instead I appear to be standing in the middle of this holocaust like vision. A new body falls at my feet, its chest has been torn open and its guts hang out in a trail. I look at this poor soul's shaven head and realise that the hair has not been shaved, but rather has been burnt off. As I examine the destroyed face of this wretch, I see that the eye sockets are fractured and empty, the teeth have mostly been pulled from their jaw and the face is swollen and bruised. There are no ears on either side of the head and the throat has been cut from side to side. As I witness this brutality before me I realise that the face is in fact mine, and I am looking upon an effigy of myself. I instinctively look to the groin area to see that there are no genitals and the flesh has been torn from the body as the edges are jagged and uneven. I turn away from this vision knowing that evil is trying to persuade me to stop doing what I am doing, that it wants the evil in my daughter to remain there, and for good to stay away entirely so it can have its wicked way with her at some later date and use her for nefarious purposes. Then I see my eldest daughter tied across the stump of a tree. Her tiny body is secured to the trunk with ropes and her hands and legs are tied to chains which extend out to some unseen mechanism. She screams as the chains pull her arms and legs from her body, and then she manages to call out 'Daddy!' just before a chain pulls her head off, to leave just a limp inhuman torso tied to the tree stump.

With this sickening sight I concentrate hard on what seems like a holy task before me in the bedroom, and I ask for help from anyone who will listen. I am rewarded with a surge of energy and the vision fades to leave me back in the bedroom.

Now I begin to feel a presence returning to the room like something out of a Paranormal Activity movie so I again ask for assistance from all of the key figures of influence in my life like I did before, and the surges of electricity flow again and again through me and to my daughter through her hand and foot.

This continues for what feels like hours and I revisit the wasteland horror show a number of times and I become tired, sweaty, and drained, but thankfully Julia stays asleep throughout. I am getting nowhere and need something additional so I rack my brain trying to think of something else to do, I eventually reach a hopeful conclusion based on something that Kevin said to me before Christmas. I call out to him and ask him to let me have God's armour. With this wish the biggest wave of energy washes over me and I am swamped by the awesome pulsating electricity that is coursing down my body, through my arms and into Julia's hand and foot. With the surge of power it seems to clear whatever the blockage is in Julia and she gives out an exhalation like she is expelling the evil from her lungs and I know that I have purged her of evil, and her purity is still intact.

Outside of the house and in what seems to be the next road, I hear the blood curdling scream of a woman who is seemingly wailing in the throes of death. It penetrates my head like a drill being driven into my cranium and I almost release Julia in shock, but manage to hold my nerve and my grip and in a minute the wailing ceases. I remain holding my daughter until I am sure that this attack is over and after a while the room about me slowly returns to normal and my psychic waves subside. I release my hold on Julia's hand and foot and reactively she turns onto her side and pulls the covers up to her chin. She begins a deep sleep and I am happy that this particular fight is over, for now, and take a much needed break.

Judgement Day

28/12/13

I think about going back upstairs to rejoin Dagney and Carrie and am surprised to find that Julia is kicking me in her sleep, it seems as if she is suggesting that I should go back up stairs to the top floor, so I take the hint and leave her sleeping in the double bed. When I arrive I sneak quietly to my camp bed and lie there awake, awaiting anything else to happen. I check the time and find that it is now just midnight.

‘The Witching hour’ I mutter to myself under my breath and as I do so I hear a car pull up on the street below.

It sits there with its engine running as if waiting for something, and I remember the game Julia was innocently playing with me on Boxing day.

‘Carrie’s going far far away.’ She said to me, and I put these two things together.

As I think this Dagney stirs and starts getting out of bed, she then reaches for Carrie and starts to make out like she is rocking her back to sleep but something seems wrong here to me. After a minute I watch her head for the door and open it, so I sit up in bed.

‘What are you doing?’ I ask

‘Oh, I was going to feed Carrie’ Dagney says a little shocked that I am awake

‘I’ll get her milk, there’s no need for you to go downstairs’ and I swing my legs out of bed.

‘No I’ll do it, you go back to sleep.’ Dagney says slightly annoyed.

‘No, I insist. You stay here, and I’ll get it.’ I leap up and push past her, ‘There’s no need for you to take Carrie downstairs. It will only disturb her further.’

Dagney reluctantly agrees and I head down the stairs. As I near the bottom I can see the headlights of the car waiting outside, I am tempted to stick my head out of the door to see who it is, and wouldn't hesitate to do so on any other day, but given the present situation I choose not to. I put the milk bottle in the microwave to warm it up, and when the machine goes ping, I rush it back upstairs to Dagney. She doesn't seem at all thankful and reluctantly thanks me before giving the milk to our child. I climb back into bed and listen for anything out of the ordinary, and after a couple of minutes the car outside leaves, and we are again left in silence, with the only noise being Carrie sucking on the bottle.

When she is finished, Dagney burps Carrie and begrudgingly lays her back down next to her. Both of them are quickly back to sleep and I also relax back into my night time vigil, on guard for anything that may happen. Strangely I feel no tiredness and I am as alert as I would be in the day, and for a time nothing more happens but later I hear heavy footsteps running down the road outside, and these are followed by further screaming in the distance. I think that by the heavy sound of the foot falls that it must have been Kevin running outside and wonder what kind of battle is raging on the streets of Swanmouth in these early hours. He had said to me that he would be prepared to camp out on my doorstep and I wonder what state he will be in the next time I see him, and how many of the bruises will be visible.

The noises outside seem to have bothered Julia and I hear her call out from the middle floor, so I diligently hop out of bed once more and head down to settle her once again. I crawl into the double bed with her and hold her hand and soon she sleeps peacefully again. I lay next to her with the intent of leaving as soon as she is deeply at rest, but I close my eyes as I do and I start to wonder about David's daughter Laura and what her presence in the house means tonight. I try to fathom out what side she might be on and whether she will be an ally or a foe, and as I do this I sense that she is in the room with me. I quickly recognise that she is on the side of the Witches and seems to be invading my thoughts with the intent of upsetting my calm state.

I say out loud, ‘Oh no you don’t Laura. Shame on you for trying this.’ and concentrate on banishing her from my head which I seem to accomplish with relative ease when I think back to my earlier ordeal. The presence in the room with me backs away and leaves and as it does so there is an outburst from the bedroom next to me, it seems that David is telling off Mary for something and he sounds quite angry, which is unusual for him. The exchange is not audible to me as it is muffled by the walls and closed doors, so I do not hear what has been said but I can guess an approximation of the exchange.

When things again settle down and the peace of the night is restored, I get to thinking again and this time I am struck with an urge to protect my youngest daughter Carrie. I get the distinct impression that she is still not safe from abduction and my distance from her means that I could do nothing if anyone, Mary, Laura, or Dagney were to try anything. My mind settles on a course of action, so I scoop up Julia and take her upstairs and lay her out on my camp bed. I pull the duvet over her. Thank fully she does not wake and I rest on the cold hard floor next to her. I look around for a blanket or something to cover me and can only find a small pink blanket, ‘typical’, I think to myself as I lie there on the carpet, but at least I feel better about all aspects of the situation now. The noise seems to belatedly wake Dagney, and she sits up to speak to me.

‘Why have you brought Julia up?’ she enquires sleepily
‘I wanted all of us to be together.’ I reply matter of factly
‘What?’ Dagney says trying to figure out what I just said, and I feel anxious about her next move.
‘I wanted us to be together, as a family’ I say kindly and confidently
‘Oh,’ she utters and then lies back down, seemingly accepting of my response.

I breathe a sigh of relief at this and try to rest, but it is too cold and uncomfortable and instead I maintain my prolonged period of guard duty. Unlike the night before I am not filled with the

same level of euphoria that I previously had, but I instead feel a fullness and a strength that bolsters me and makes me feel whole, and this is something that I have been missing quite badly in recent days. I begin to say thanks to all those who I called upon earlier for their sterling work in assisting me in protecting my family, and offer a stern warning to those members of my family who have conspired against me.

‘Do not mistake my kindness towards you, for weakness. You have seen now what I am capable of and you’d be advised to cease all of your aggression towards me and my daughters. This ends now, I forgive you, and this will not reoccur.’

Nothing further happens until about 4am when Dagny wakes to feed Carrie again, I fetch the milk as before and they return to sleep. When it begins to get light and the night ends, I fill up with emotion and cry a little at my making it safely into another day. I can’t quite believe that I am still here in one piece, and still have my sanity, but the facts speak for themselves and while I am still sure there is more to come I feel that I have turned a corner in my Christmas trial. With the daylight arriving I eventually fall asleep myself, safe in the knowledge that there is nothing further for me to face, and that next thing I know Carrie is crying and it is 7am.

I offer to get up with Carrie and let Dagny have a lie in, and so I head downstairs to the kitchen to get a new bottle of milk. I find that Laura is already up and we greet each other somewhat suspiciously but courteously, and I head for the lounge. Laura has packed up the sofa bed and I am able to sit unimpeded to feed Carrie. When Laura comes back into the room she sits on the sofa bed and simply says to me.

‘So, Father Christmas is real after all!’

‘I guess so,’ I reply, catching her insinuation.

I know that it has been one of my personal statements in recent years that I do not believe Father Christmas is a good role model

for children and that he represents a corporate machine that introduces children to capitalism and binds parents to the cogs of the same machine. I had wanted to avoid the Christmas and Father Christmas link as best as I could with my children and rather wanted the festival to be about giving to loved ones out of thanks for the work they had done throughout the year, and I had tried to instil in Julia the idea that Mickey Mouse and Father Christmas were just icons of the capitalist marketing machine. But now I sit here and wonder if there isn't something deeper to the idea of Father Christmas appearing at Christmas to do good and bring light where there was dark, and to save children from evil.

I ponder on the events of this Christmas and realise that I ran to St. Nicholas church for help, and that I am appear to be stuck in the middle of a classic Christian story of salvation, and I have saved my innocent children from horrors who sought to take them from me either in body or spirit. I guess her statement does indeed make sense and now in her daytime guise of a normal well meaning human being she has nailed the gist of this experience in just a few words.

'I hope this doesn't happen every year!' I offer as a joke, but get nothing but a smile as a reply.

As I finish feeding Carrie, David comes into the room wearing his night clothes which consist of a Manchester City football strip and he is in a jovial spirit. He offers to give me a rest from the baby, and I gladly pass her to him. He begins to sing a song that strikes a chord deep in me.

'The wheels on the bus go round and round, round and round, round and round. The wheels on the bus go round and round, all day long.'

The song echoes a feeling in me that everything has been reset, that nobody is bound in any one sate of being, and as the words suggest, the spinning of the wheels is like a game of roulette

where there is a ball rolling around the outside of a wheel and is waiting to fall into one of two pre-ordained slots, black or red, but it will not do so until the wheel slows. It feels like he is calling out the very nature of the universe, that for the moment the future is fate-less, and particularly the fates of my children are still undecided. Carrie certainly seems to enjoy the song and being bounced on her grandfather's knee. As I previously made a decision to follow David's lead in all matter spiritual I am pleased by his apparent suggestion to me, and I take it that I have done well.

In spite of this however today is the much heralded 28th, this day is one that I have been warned about, it is one that I have been anticipating and waiting for, who knows what is in store for me today, but I'm guessing it will not be a plain old ordinary day.

In a while we are joined by my eldest daughter, who has come downstairs and wants to watch Octonauts on the TV, and quickly gets her way by means of a DVD. As I watch the opening credits I am suddenly struck by significance again, there are three main Octonauts; the elder wise Captain Barnacles, the wild pirate Kwazzi, and the young and innocent Peso penguin. Curiously their outfits match the colours of the clothes that David wears, that I wear, and that little Julia wears and as I watch the three of them stride towards the imaginary camera in the opening titles it is clear that they are a team, and I am struck by the realisation that we are a team. David the ex-monk in his light blue Manchester City outfit is our leader, I am a wild olive wearing an orange t-shirt so I am the pirate who broke into God's good favour, and the innocent and caring Julia in her black and white pyjamas is the young penguin. A team standing against evil, a team formed by divine spirit, and a team whose goal was to bring light to wherever there is darkness.

I make a mental note to take great care over choosing what colours to wear from now on as there is significance to them that at one level must give strength or favour an outcome of a situation, and at another level communicates to others literally what team one supports. I can't help but extrapolate the idea to football and wonder if anyone's support of Manchester City is

godly and support of Arsenal, or Liverpool is really support of the devils own colours.

Dagney eventually comes down stairs in a foul mood, here eye has not gotten any better and now she is complaining of a blocked up ear. Again the significance is overflowing and I am reminded of that famous bible saying about hearing God's word.

God gave them a spirit of stupor, eyes so that they could not see and ears so that they could not hear, to this very day.

Of course, I noted yesterday that this phrase also appears on page 1138 of the bible I was given, and so holds special significance for me. I have always believed in the idea of synchronicity and everything is so much in sync right now that I know my interpretation must be correct and there is no doubt in my mind.

Dagney goes off to the kitchen to call a doctor, and so our morning's agenda is set. Given that it is the weekend this means a trip to Payesport General Hospital, and while I am a little less nervous about venturing out following the last two night's I am still cautious. I ask David if I can borrow his tyre gauge again, and go out in the rain to check each of the tyres of our car and give a little prayer that our journey is not impeded. The weather is atrocious today and there are reports on the TV news of more floods and of trees down across major roads in the county. I hope that we can get to Payesport and back safely and without delay, for we are leaving the kids with their grandparents again and I do not like the idea of being away from them for extended periods of time.

When I come back in, David is celebrating his football team becoming number one in the premier league and I smile at the fact that the blues are winning, it feels much more than just a statistic, and rather it is more of a sign from God that the good people are triumphing over evil. It is perhaps one of Gods secrets that football can be used as a measure of earthly health in this battle of good versus evil that seems to be raging all around me in this holographic universe.

Following Dagney's phone call we quickly get dressed and then head out into the rain, leaving Julia and Carrie behind. I want to drive and despite Dagney's reluctance to let me she eventually gives in. It feels good to be back in control, and that works in a metaphorical sense as well as a physical one. We leave Swanmouth without experiencing any problems however as we cross through the Burbeck hills it is clear that they have been protecting the coastal town from the majority of the weather related problems. Castle Mount has large puddles for us to gingerly travel through and as we drive towards Wernam the heavy rain and high winds buffet and move the car around on the road, so I reduce our speed out of concern for our safety.

Dagney and I do not have much to say to each other and we just listen to the car radio, and this seemingly innocent broadcast of information and music takes on a new dimension in my Matrix experience. The radio seems to be actually conveying messages to me, and by messages I mean an intention to change my mood by way of the music choice. We are listening to Wave FM and it is playing depressing and negative songs such as Katy Perry's Dark horse, Kings of Leon's Crawl and it appears to me that the broadcast is being channelled by an evil entity that is still pursuing me. Thankfully the news we hear on the radio is of a different nature, and it speaks of strange events related to Witchcraft, such as the report of a woman on fire running from her burning house in the night, and of a ferryboat burning in the channel. There's definitely an end to evil theme in the reports and it helps me suffer the negative choices of music throughout our journey.

When we arrive at the hospital we sit in the waiting area and I ask Dagney if I can come in with her to see the doctor.

'No it's okay I can go on my own.' She says rather abruptly

'Why don't you want me in there with you?'

'It's private.'

'So was my appointment yesterday, but you came in with me!'

'That was different'

'How is it different? I'm coming in'

‘No you’re not, just wait here will you.’

‘It’s just an ear infection. Why don’t you want me in there with you?’

‘I just don’t, now can we drop this?’ We are both about to boil over and make this quiet conversation a very loud and public one, thus ending the illusion of calm normality.

‘No, what are you trying to hide?’

‘Nothing! I just don’t want you in there.’

With that I become aware that Dagny is being beckoned over by a female doctor, and she almost sprints for the door, leaving me no-time to react, and that is that. She gets her privacy over me, and I get suspicious as to why she needs to be alone with this doctor. *What is going on?* I wonder to myself, certainly the ongoing saga of this Christmas is not over and I have been getting the upper hand of late. Maybe she has to convey something to this Doctor, ask for help, gather reinforcements or something. Then it hits me, this is in the most literal meaning of the word a witch Doctor; a Doctor for Witches. My effect on Dagny has been to force the word of God upon her, and it has been causing her pain visibly in her eye and her ear. Perhaps there are other pains which she is hiding which she has not told me about.

As I sit and quietly fume, the Doctor comes out of the treatment room, wanders off down the corridor, and then returns with something in her hand, I can’t quite make it out but it appears to be an appliance of some sort. She goes back in to the room and I have to wait for a further five minutes while they do who knows what behind that closed door. When Dagny emerges from the room she seems settled, unlike my own mood, and simply sates that we have to go to a pharmacy to get a prescription.

‘There’s one just across the road’ I offer helpfully

‘No I want to go to Asda.’

‘Why do you want to go there when there is a pharmacy much closer?’

‘Can you just do as I ask?’ She demands.

‘Okay.’ I reply while trying to figure this situation out.

We get back in the car and I drive away, but as I do I notice a black car pull out from a parking space behind me and follow. My suspicions suddenly turn to panic. I don’t know what has happened behind that closed door but we are now unnecessarily driving to a well known local landmark and I get the feeling I am being set up.

I keep an eye on the car in my rear view mirror, it contains a single male occupant wearing sunglasses.

‘Are you okay?’ Dagney enquires suspiciously herself, ‘You seem nervous.’

‘I’m fine.’ I try to reply as confidently as I can, ‘I just don’t understand why we have to go all the way to Asda.’

‘It’s the weekend and the other pharmacies will be shut.’

This makes no sense to me as it is Saturday morning, not midnight on a Sunday, and I do not reply. We continue towards the railway and I begin to notice an abundance of disabled stickers in the cars ahead of me, and for some reason this jumps out of the background noise like I am supposed to notice it. Dagney has always called Asda; Spasda and I connect the two things with a fright. Suddenly I am presented with a new reality which seemingly by design strikes fear into my very soul. It is a reality where she leaves me in the car while she goes into the shop, I am grabbed by one of the black car goons and taken off to either be physically or mentally handicapped by them for the rest of my life. I then join all these other poor handicapped souls doing my weekly shop in Spasda from a wheelchair, if I’m lucky for that’s the least that could happen.

I must be sweating as I feel so hot and my heart is racing, all I want to do is to run away again, but I know that I must play the socially acceptable game in the daytime, and must try to act normal for the sake of my daughter’s lives. I have stuck a blow to the Witches in the night and now they mean to have their revenge it seems. However I know that while I am constrained

by the social correctness game in the day, they are also. So we have an uneasy pretence that everything is above board and normal while secretly we want each other dead and buried, if not suffering for all eternity in a fiery afterlife.

As we near Asda our car seems to be harangued by black cars that displace the disabled ones, they drive like they are guarding us and making sure that I continue to the intended destination. As we circle the roundabout they block each exit by pulling over and slowing right down even though there is no blockage ahead, then as we approach the slip road to Asda they cajole and push me towards the off road. Dagney seems not to notice, or at least she is pretending not to notice, however I am now feeling again like this is the end of my journey through life and I am going to walk to my death or permanent disability willingly because of the social convention I am bound by. I don't know how I am going to get out of this and start praying to God for help as we circle the Asda car park looking for somewhere to park.

'I don't have any money for a parking ticket.' I offer as a feeble last attempt excuse for not doing this.

'Don't worry, I'll only be a couple of minutes, you stay in the car while I go in.' Dagney replies with the confidence of someone who has already won.

I don't reply but comply and reverse park into a space. I had expected her intention to leave me alone, but I had not envisaged what she did next.

'Can I borrow your debit card, as I don't have my purse with me?'

My mind instantly jumps to a viable conclusion, that she is going to clean out my bank account, or at very least give my card to someone who will obtain its information and then keep tabs on my spending to make sure I don't try to buy plane or boat tickets as part of an escape plan.

In a final act of defiance against her I offer her my credit card instead, but she won't take it, and asks again for my debit card. I

give in and when she asks for the PIN I also give it up without fight. So Dagney leaves the car and I take a deep breath ahead of what is about to happen to me. I can't believe I've come this far only to be defeated by social convention. *Am I really going to have to appear to go willingly with some strangers who mean me harm?*

I rack my brain trying to think of anything that will get me out of this, but I cannot. If I run now my youngest daughter's life is immediately in threat and I still have her sickness hanging over me like a guillotine, my eldest daughter will also likely be threatened too, but if I stay I have the very real possibility that I am going to be asked to leave the car and get into a Witch's saloon or hatchback. I don't like these prospects and pray again to Jesus and God for help.

As if by divine intervention I have a memory flash into my consciousness, it is again of Kevin from work, and of something he said to me on my last day before Christmas. I didn't realise it at the time but it seems as though he has prepared me for every situation I might face.

'If you are in your car, they cannot get you as long as you keep your doors locked, and keep your engine running. If they try to smash their way in you can get away.'

As soon as the thought crosses my mind, I start the engine and hit the central locking button on the dashboard. Then I pull out my phone and text him for help.

I'M IN A SPOT OF BOTHER, WILL BE GOING HOME IN A MINUTE, CAN YOU HELP?

When I look up from the phone I find that there are a number of large black cars arriving upon my position, and parking in bays around me. My heart quickens again and I feel sick at the prospect of going with them. One man gets out of his car, he walks past me watching me like I am a monkey in a cage at a

zoo. My terror reaches a new high, and I again pick up my phone.

**MAY NOT MAKE IT, CURRENTLY IN ASDA CAR PARK
PAYESPORT, HELP.**

The car next to me leaves, and is quickly replaced by a black Audi with a single male occupant wearing sunglasses. I can't look at him, and sit facing forward panicking inwardly and breathing fast. I prepare myself for what I expect to happen next, but something unexpected happens. Despite the numerous black cars descending upon my location, I notice that there is a multitude of old people now also arriving in camper vans, and old colourful cars, and causing some chaos and disturbance in the isle in which I am parked. One of the cars in particular catches my eye, it is a little red Nissan Micra and on its rear is that infamous fish symbol.

'Christians!' I exclaim and thank God.

There seem to be a number of bumbling old Christians blocking the car park and in particular the car next to me and they are getting in the way of the other witches.

'Oh how glorious' I laugh out from behind tears of fear.

I can't quite believe it but my phone seems to have served not only as a means of not only communication with Kevin, but of direct communication with God, and God has responded. I feel a renewed sense of hope and know that I can now endure this ordeal, and with that thought I catch sight of Dagney crossing the car park and returning to me. I hadn't noticed before, but she is wearing a long black coat and sunglasses, clearly a visual and social sign to her cohorts that she is a Witch if anyone needed one. When she reaches the car she tries the door and finds that it is locked, I realise that I have to unlock it and reach for the central locking button once again.

‘Why are the doors locked?’ she asks accusingly.

‘Oh, I knocked the button when I changed the radio station.’ A complete lie but it seems to work, and my confidence appears to be growing such that I can say anything in the right tone and get away with it.

‘Can we go back by our house?’ she then enquires.

‘Why?’ I respond suspiciously

‘We need to get some more clothes, and I want to check on the cat after the storm we’ve had. Also I want to ask our neighbours if they will check in on her over the next couple of days.’ She hands me back my debit card which I put in my wallet.

‘I suppose.’ I say suspiciously, trying to work out what going home will mean in light of our current situation.

Clearly things are happening quickly and changes are being made on a second by second basis, it’s actually quite amazingly complex and I feel like a very small playing piece in this game of good versus evil. The speed at which the world changes to conform to one side or another is astonishing and with each decision I make I can almost feel the quantum worlds shift within me and resolve themselves before my eyes to see consciousness render itself. I begin to wonder if I didn’t just piss off someone earthly, but rather I made a fundamental energy source very unhappy, and in this holographic experience called my life I am seeing this manifest itself as various archetypal groups that I can comprehend.

I had hoped that we could return to Swanmouth now Dagney has her medicine, but it seems that my test will continue for a little while longer. As I look out on the car park I find that our exit route is being cleared by old people, and as one vehicle passes by us they give a little wave to me and I don’t miss the opportunity to follow them out. As I do I notice that a large old camper van is blocking the traffic to my right and I feel somewhat protected, for a while at least.

When we reach the traffic lights to the main road I see that there are two black cars at the head of the queue forming to my right, my chaperones no doubt. We turn left and follow the course of the main road towards home, and as I travel in the slow lane I am indeed joined by a large black Mercedes sports car, unsurprisingly driven by a bald man in sunglasses, I also notice that the other black car is being held up by an old blue Vauxhall Astra. I am feeling a little bolder now and the fight in me returns a little.

‘Do we have to go home?’ I enquire of Dagney.

‘Yes.’ Comes a blunt and stern reply.

‘But our neighbours already have a key, we don’t need to see them.’

‘I want to check on Xena.’

‘I’m sure she’ll be fine.’

We near our turning and Dagney begins to get agitated, the black Mercedes pulls ahead with a roar and gives me room to pull into the turning lane.

‘I want to go home, please take us there.’ Dagney now seems to be annoyed at not being able to logically put forward a sensible argument and she actually sounds a little fearful. I can’t think what would make her fearful when she is holding all the cards, but it is there all the same.

‘I think I’m just going to drive to Swanmouth.’ I say confidently

‘Tom, you can’t! Please do as I ask.’

‘Why should I?’

‘It’s important, please just do it will you.’ She’s almost shouting out of desperation now.

The resistance in me is fading, the importance of this act must be to do with the life of our youngest child, and how can I fight that. I have to remember that as much as my life is in danger, she of course is fearing for the life of the ones she gave birth too

and that pull is going to be stronger than our bond, which after all is just a piece of paper.

I stay in the left hand lane as long as I can with my wife acting jittery and upset in the seat next to me, the Mercedes pulls across in front of our car to block us and seems to unnecessarily slow down ahead of the roundabout. With this my nerve gives out and I indicate to turn. Dagney sighs quietly but audibly with relief and we head off towards home.

Our journey back is shadowed by black cars behind, heading the other way and at side roads, and the silence in the car is only broken when Dagney curses that she forgot to buy some cat litter and food from the shop. When I finally turn into our road I find that there are black cars parked all around; on the road, on grass verges, in people's driveways when I know the home owners do not have such vehicles. I again get the feeling that while I have done my best, this is the end and this time there will be no escape. I swallow hard and blink back a tear as we park outside our house. Dagney says that she is going to go straight next door to see our neighbours, and that I should let myself into the house and fetch some clothes.

I can barely think straight and I have a new dazed and foggy feeling which is clouding my thinking. I autonomously get out of the car and walk up to the house, I turn the key in the door and step inside, but as I cross the threshold I realise through a flash of intense anxiety that I just can't be here and I can't go through with this.

I have done well but I have reached the limit of what I can endure and I have to make a break for it, this may very well be the thing that kills me but I cannot stand this any longer. I check that Dagney is not watching and I choose to run.

Closing the door behind me I walk as quickly as I can away from the house without breaking into a sprint. My senses are on hyper alert and I am panicking like a frightened animal in an abattoir queue who can smell the death around him, I am convinced that I am about to be pinched and whisked off to a place of torture and death. My legs feel shaky and again my heart is beating hard like it is about to explode, but I walk to the

end of my road without any intervention. As I round the corner I see a black car driving towards me and I stop dead with my eyes transfixed on the drivers approach. The passenger eyes me with suspicion and I realise I know her face, it is our local MP. I can't imagine how she is involved in all of this, but her presence takes my disturbance to an all new high and I step back in disbelief. I feel like I'm going to pass out, but the car passes me by and remain on the corner of the road like I am waiting for an end which hasn't come. Almost blind with extreme apprehension I continue to walk past all of the parked up black cars, I cannot think where the occupants have gone and to be honest I do not want to think about it and I arrive quickly at the top of the road still feeling like I could be abducted at any time.

I am near the Co-op and I consider going into a busy store to catch my breath for a while, but I notice that swarming all over the shop entrance, and just inside there are burley looking men in black coats and sunglasses monitoring the passage of people in and out of the supermarket. I wait at the traffic lights like a 1930's Jew at a Nazi checkpoint and this only gives me time to reach a new panic altitude, I can no longer think of anything but my demise and my immediate capture and I realise that I am staring at one particular individual stood outside the supermarket. This is honestly the most scared I have ever felt in my life, and I am surprised I am still standing and trying to maintain an outward appearance of normality, for all I want to do is curl up on the floor and cry for my mother.

Something deep in me rises and speaks to cause a flash of insight to part my fear addled thoughts. I focus anew on what I now know to be my only course of action, I must get to the church for sanctuary. The crossing lights change and I quickly cross the road and walk past Co-op, I pass all the people in the entrance and I notice a slogan on one girls black t-shirt which aptly reads "The End". I look away to concentrate on my new goal, to walk away from the super market and along the path to the church. It is not surprising to me that my path is blocked ahead by a skinhead in a black bomber jacket and sunglasses. In

his right hand he is brandishing a beer bottle like a club, and I know he is my final obstacle to climb before reaching sanctuary. I consider turning around and heading back to the supermarket to at least attempt to buy the items Dagney had suggested to me, but something drives me on. Perhaps I could call it faith, or hope, or spiritual guidance, but it arrives in contrast to every thought and feeling that I have and continuing is quite literally the hardest decision I have ever had to make, nothing in my life has ever come close to what I am feeling right now. The fear, the anguish, the pain, the sorrow, and the hell in which I am living has never been as real as it is now. I recite the valley of death quote from the bible over and over as I walk, and as I near the man he seems to sneer at me as I look at him. When I am within a couple of metres of him I step off the path into the road without looking and out of reach of his arm. I run past him and hop back onto the path once I am clear, thankfully he doesn't move at all and I am into the church car park.

In the church grounds I stick close to the church wall and am compelled to get out of sight, so I shadow the church wall around to the back of the building where the vicar's house and my daughter's nursery is. In the parking space closest to the rear door is a black Vauxhall Vectra, I am stopped in my tracks, stupefied. *What does this mean? Is the church compromised? Can I trust anything that the vicar will tell me now?* If the Witches and Illuminati have infiltrated the church then I am surely lost, maybe this is why the skinhead did not move, he is perhaps actually there to prevent my escape from the church and I have been led into another trap. If this place is no sanctuary for me then I have nowhere else to turn. *Should I go in, or should I try to make a break for it over the fence and across the field opposite?* I can't decide.

I stand for a while and it starts to rain again as I think about what to do, I postulate that my experience is fundamentally all about Christmas, I perhaps started things in motion a week ago when I proclaimed to Neil at work that I did not want my daughters to believe in Father Christmas, and that I had made my peace with God. Well I'm certainly far from peace now and

I'm standing in Saint Nicholas church, the church where I confessed my sins on Christmas day and became a Christian. Since then I have protected my children from a night time evil, and it has been suggested to me that I have embodied the spirit of Saint Nicholas. By my wits and belief in Jesus as lord, and through him God as father, I have so far managed to stay alive and uninjured, and while it feels like it is now crunch time I stand still unharmed and free. *It is possible that my conclusion can be correct? Can it be possible that a Witch is actually being held by Diana inside and she is protecting me even now?*

I have to admit that there is pattern here and even through my mixed up thinking I cannot deny my own experience. This belief of objective evidence obtained through witness testimony I hold so dearly that I cannot fight its presence. I not only think it, but feel that just beyond the border of normality is a new world, one in which the conventions of the day cause us to ignore reality. In this new world people can perform acts in private that the masses will not see, even though they are done completely openly, and it is because we are blinded by social conformance and the delusion of normality that the meaning and intent of bad actions can be hidden in plain sight.

With this undeniable thought still sailing through a sea of shipwrecked beliefs, I decide to creep in through the back door of the church very quietly. I am thankfully familiar with this entrance as my eldest daughter comes here to nursery and I have been in here many times. *Is it fate that my daughter goes to this Christian nursery?*

I cautiously move up the corridor towards the main atrium, and I begin to hear voices coming from somewhere in the distance, I chance a look around the corner and cannot see anyone, but thankfully nobody has seen me. My mind is in conflict and I am so troubled by what is happening that I do not feel in any way sane right now. I walk back along the corridor towards the double door exit and further consider what to do. I can't be the modern embodiment of Saint Nicholas, that must be the insane thought of a delusional mind, yet it remains as solid and pervasive as the fact that I know my own name.

Unfortunately I still feel that I should run, it is a deep and primeval feeling of escape and I try to think it through, I know that if I run on foot I will likely not get very far and where would I go anyway? I have no provisions to go it alone in the rough, no money in my pocket, and with my bank account likely being watched; any expenditure will reveal my location to those pursuing me. I consider returning home and if I make it that far I have my car keys in my pocket, I could jump in my car and take off, but this would just mean that I would be traceable by road cameras, and there are likely Witches in cars waiting all over for that eventuality. I remember the episode of the quiz show and the advice about wolves; “Don’t Run” it said to me in no uncertain terms. Running would potentially end my life more quickly and easily for the Witches than if I was on foot, it would also be what they wanted as the loose ends could be tied up more easily. Also I can’t abandon my kids to these people, how could I live with myself if Julia & Carrie fell into their clutches. I briefly consider stealing them away, but this probably isn’t an option for me in the short term either.

I pace back and forth trying to think what on earth I can do, I am so very desperate right now, I cannot string a chain of logical thoughts together, I am just too petrified of my end becoming a reality. I wonder if there is someone I can phone for help and suddenly I fixate on the idea of speaking with my new spiritual mentor David, so I find his number in my phone and dial it. The phone rings, but there is no response, it just goes to answer phone. I can’t believe it, fate is such a cruel mistress. I pace around trying to think what to do next and I toy with the idea of phoning Kevin, but can I trust him?

I am so mixed up I don’t know who is friend and who is foe anymore, is it possible that rather than helping me, he has been leading me to this conclusion, that he is in fact not on my side, could he be the person Diana is protecting me from. I’ve always had my doubts as he is so strange, and now I find that I am running out of options, and again a feeling in me arises of being tricked at every step and being lead towards a destiny I cannot envisage; just like Edward Woodward in the Wicker Man.

I have to take a leap of faith, it is the only thing I can do now, and there is no better place from which to do this than from within the church. So rather than stand in the doorway, halfway between outside and in, I step inside and I resolve to phone Kevin. I call his number and it rings for some time, I anticipate the answer phone but he finally answers instead.

‘Hello?’ he opens.

‘Hi Kevin, its Tom. I’m in some pretty shit, and need some help.’

‘Okay, calm down tell me where you are?’ This makes me nervous and I do not want to reveal my exact location

‘I’m behind the Co-op in Millview,’ I lie to him just in case,

‘I’m surrounded by black cars, and there are men watching me. What can I do? I’m so scared’

Kevin thinks for a while, and I wait patiently.

‘Do you have a camera on your phone?’ he enquires

‘Yes, why?’ I can’t figure out where this is going.

‘Witches require their secrecy, if you photograph the number plates of their cars, it makes them powerless and they cannot harm you’

‘Really? It’s that simple!’

‘Yes, are you able to do that?’

‘I will try, and I’ll let you know how I get on.’

‘Good luck.’

‘Thank you.’

This was not at all what I had expected to hear, it seems like a crazy idea but I’ll latch onto anything right now, I feel like I am using Kevin like I would a sharp tool, in that I wield him carefully knowing that he might cut me if I make a mistake and I am in dire straits right now and if a crazy idea is all that I have, then I’ll go with that.

I step outside of the church thinking it’s time to do or die, and switch my phone to the camera mode. I walk up to the Vauxhall car and take a picture of the number plate, and I instantly feel better for doing so. I don’t know if there is something spiritual

going on, or whether this is just the feeling one gets from taking positive action, but whatever the case I feel a little strength returning and I now have a mission to complete. I have to go to Co-op and buy that cat food and litter, and then return to my house and to my wife and get out of Millview once again. If I can pull this off then I am on my way to vanquishing the most deeply disturbing day time experience I have ever had.

I leave the safety of the church grounds to join the path again and find that the thug with the bottle has gone and the way back to the shop is clear. Again a little more strength returns to me, and as it does my phone rings; it's Dagny.

'Where are you?' she asks with concern.

'I'm at the shop getting cat food.' I respond in my most confident tone.

'Okay, well don't be too long.'

'See you in a bit. I end the call and put the phone back in my pocket.

'Phew, that was close.'

When I near the front door of Co-op I take a deep breath and step forward. The automatic doors part before me and to my surprise I find that the shop is no longer full of thug like men, but has been repopulated with elderly men and women in colourful coats and hats. I can't quite believe how things have changed in such a short space of time and marvel again at the complexity and speed of this experience we call life. When coupled to the other events that I have experienced in the last half an hour, it leaves me with the distinct and vivid impression that I am living in The Matrix and large changes to the environment can be made with a single thought, albeit by a pirate hacker of the system. In my head I can hear Zack De La Rocha screaming Wake Up!

This of course fits in nicely with the Christian view of this earth and of our time upon it, and I wonder if I am being put through some great test of faith like the saints of old.

I go inside the shop feeling again more strength returning to me but I am still extremely suspicious of everyone around me and scan the way ahead for any sign of threat. I spend a long time in the pet food aisle, thinking things through and trying to remember just what it was Dagny said we needed.

This experience is so draining and I have not slept in the last 48 hours, fantasy and reality are crashing into each other all around me and I wonder if I can trust my senses anymore, so I am now just concentrating on basic survival and putting one foot in front of the other. After a while I remember that we needed cat food and cat litter, so I pick up both of these and head for the checkout. As I stand in line I scan the people around me wondering if any of them might turn into an Agent Smith at any moment. Thankfully I make it to the head of the queue and pay for my goods and I'm out of the store.

I walk towards the road crossing and check it up and down for any sign of black cars, but there are none. *Where have they all gone?* When the lights change I cross and walk across the grass to cut the corner of my journey. When I reach my road again I see that while the majority of black cars have gone, some stubbornly remain. There is a large black executive Mercedes parked on the grass opposite me, so I whip out my phone and take its picture before crossing, making sure that the number plate will be visible in the photo. Then I pass it without anything happening. As I round the next corner there are still more black cars remaining in the vicinity of my home, and effectively blocking my access to it. I take their pictures and am able to walk past unimpeded like I have disarmed their ability to set forth an unseen assailant. It reminds me of H.G. Wells War of the Worlds and of the dead Martian fighting machine on Primrose Hill in London, and I half expect to see limp tentacles hanging out of the car somewhere and black birds circling above. Finally there is one last black car parked on the curb ahead of my house. I quickly take its photo and I'm on my driveway. I give a sigh of relief and thank God for keeping me safe.

I open the door to the relative safety of my house and find Dagney waiting for me, she thanks me for the shopping and takes the items from me before indicating that she has packed and I should do the same. I head upstairs, weary and strung out, and sit on my bed for a while before collecting clothes and I make sure I grab some light and dark blue colour clothes in homage to David and of course the Virgin Mary. I reflect on what has just happened and I thank God again that I am still alive. I have been thrown into a situation for which I have no training and have no experience of. By rights I should be dead, but I am still here, I still have my sanity and I think that I will be okay. It feels like I am through the worst of my experience, and until night time comes things will be easier, at least they better be as I cannot take much more of this. I hope I have passed this test I have been given and hope I have proved myself.

If I had been asked four days ago if I could imagine surviving an ordeal like this I would have said no way, and what strikes me now is that to anyone not involved in this ordeal nothing has happened, and I would be considered insane for suggesting that anything was going on at all. It is unbelievable to me that I am imagining all that has happened and wonder if this is all part of it, a kind of a supernatural opt-out clause to protect the secrets of God. Either way I must maintain my silence on this subject so that I do not alert any agents of the system.

After packing I return downstairs and fill the cat tray with litter, Dagney goes outside to lock up the garage and we are nearing the end of our visit. A last minute thought crosses my mind about the deal Dagney has made with our neighbours, she has agreed for them to come into the house and to feed our cat, but this means they have free reign of the property and therefore could conceivably spend some time looking for my portable hard disk in our absence. Having protected it this far, I decide the it must now come with me to Swanmouth so that I may keep it with me, so I dash into the living room and dive behind the bookcase to retrieve the backup I have been keeping secret. I replace the case it was in and put the hard disk into my bag with

my clothes. Dagny returns from outside and she is none the wiser to my activities.

We leave the house and I get into the driver's seat of our car with a little remaining trepidation, I do not know what will come next and although I think the worst is now over I remain on guard for the journey ahead.

As we leave Millview the rain starts again and on the radio there are further reports of road closures and of flooding in the area, thankfully despite the high winds and hail we are not shadowed by any further black cars and I feel like I am leaving the evil behind me. There is no sign of any closed roads on our route, although there are some large puddles here and there. Despite my concern our journey is unimpeded and we arrive at the Burbeck hills quickly. As before the weather shifts as we again move to the seaward side of the hills, it's like moving through a portal or something and the change is pronounced. The radio also seems to change with it and the depressing negative songs are replaced with upbeat positive tunes that make me smile. Dagny and I do not speak much except to comment on the occasional fallen tree, but we are soon back in Swanmouth. At Dagny's mum's house we park and return to the house.

Once inside I sit in the living room and try to finally relax. I find I am filled with joy, although I have to keep it under wraps for fear of those around me seeing it. I start to thank God for keeping me safe and feel that I have achieved something that I will remember forever. This has been a life changing experience like no other I have been through, and it runs to the core of the human condition and the very heart of reality. As I sit in contemplation my phone alerts me to an incoming text message. I remove it from my pocket and check the message and find that it is from Kevin.

ALL OK HOME SAFE?

YES, THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP. I HAD A CRISIS OF CONFIDENCE FOR A BIT THERE

WE ALL GET THAT SOME TIMES BUT I GOT YOUR BACK SO U CAN BE SAFE

THANK YOU, I OWE YOU MY LIFE

Kevin is really turning out to be huge help in a spiritual sense, and I think I was right to trust him. I can't help but wonder who he represents spiritually and if he actually carries the spirit of a well known religious character. Certainly he boldly claims to be in direct communication with God and with his physical characteristics and his stories of surviving death over and over there's a niggling feeling in the back of my brain that he could carry the spirit of an angel, maybe the principle angel; Gabriel. It seems ridiculous for me to even consider this concept, but there's definitely something unnatural about him, something unearthly and inhuman, and while I thank him for his help, there is still a part of me that fears his presence and his power. I get the distinct impression that when I am near him that I had better tread very carefully and show reverence and respect to him, for as he told me previously the spirit he carries can go either up or down at will.

This idea of carrying a spirit in one's self is something that I feel to be a truth, but I am unable to justify it to myself logically in the world of science. The closest approximation I can make to my understanding is like I have seen in the movie *Fallen* with Denzel Washington, where an evil spirit called Azezal moves from one person to another by touch and when its spirit is in a person it can control them and make them do things against their will. I feel something like this has been happening to my family and I wonder if the demon of the wilderness has been lurking around me and my kin this Christmas. With all that said I sincerely hope that I have not been tricked by Kevin and do not wish to consider that he is actually playing both roles and therefore falsely representing both sides of this spiritual battle. I guess that either way the spirit I carry seems to be that of old Saint Nick and I know that to be a godly spirit, so perhaps I should stop worrying about who else is out there and stick to what I know and what I need to do in the coming days. I am still here fighting the good fight and I have been able to protect my family thus far, so may that continue until this is over.

David asks if I would like to go with him to walk the dogs and I readily agree to do so, I have been waiting for some time to spend with my new mentor and I wonder what I can learn from him. We travel to an old stone quarry in Burlston estate and walk around it its periphery. The weather is sunny and mild up here on the hill above the town and despite the patchy cloud it is very pleasant however I quickly realise that my footwear is not appropriate for the conditions as there are large areas of mud and puddles all around. The dogs love it and splash happily in the water and run around like wild things, but I tread carefully and pick my way through the field. David laughs at my progress and says that it is only a bit of dirt, which strikes a chord in me and I wonder why I am so bothered about getting my trainers dirty. They are waterproof and it is just false pride that is making me try to keep them unsoiled. I ask myself what would Jesus do, and I realise that I am being stupid, and stop trying to avoid the mud and just walk through it. I feel much better now that I have dropped my pride and now I am able to concentrate on the walk itself, and on what gems of wisdom David will have for me. After a while I find that there is no connection between us and we are walking in silence, so I feel I need to break the ice.

‘I’m sorry I’m so slow David, I’ve not been myself these past few days.’

‘That’s okay,’ he responds jovially, ‘I understand.’

‘Oh good, I’ve been finding things so confusing recently. I think I’m only now beginning to understand where I stand.’

‘Well if I can help in any way just let me know.’

‘I will.’

We continue the walk around the bottom of the field chatting as we go and I get the impression that while we can talk to each other, David for whatever reason does not want to speak openly and out loud about specifics, we head up the hill again and find there is choice of paths to take.

‘I think it is this way.’ David says.

‘I’ll follow your lead.’ I respond and hope that David understands that I have just pledged allegiance to him. Just to reinforce the statement I follow in his footsteps up the path.

I decide to tell David about the hard disk I have brought back with me from my house, and I tell him I have placed it in the cupboard in the top bedroom.

‘Will you look after it for me for a few days?’

‘Yes of course, where in the cupboard is it?’ He politely enquires.

‘I have placed inside a pink box I found in there that contained Carrie’s new high chair, so that if any one goes in there they won’t immediately see it.’

‘No problem.’ David says happily

‘Just out of interest, how much of what is going on does Laura know about?’ I enquire

‘She knows a little, but not everything.’

‘Can I talk with her openly do you think?’

‘You can, but be careful because she doesn’t have that much experience.’

‘Okay, thank you I will.’

‘Do you see that crater over there?’ David indicates a circular depression in the grass to our left, ‘Mary and I were watching a TV programme about them and they were special mines, and they had tunnels at the bottom leading off into the hill, but nobody knows what the tunnels were for.’

‘How old are they?’ I ask.

‘I think they go back to Neolithic times, archaeologists found deer antlers at the bottom which they suppose were used to dig the tunnels.’

‘That’s very interesting I’ll have to try and find that programme to watch.’

‘I can ask Mary what it was called if you like, we may still have it recorded.’

‘Thank you’

I wonder what the significance of these tunnels is to my situation, I think David is trying to impart some knowledge to me but I don't understand what it is, I will have to look it up when we get back home. I can only image since he named Mary that there is some connection to Witches here, and I will probably need to understand this for the coming days.

When we are finished walking we return home and I find that Julia has been painting, she proudly shows me the three pictures she has made. The first is of a sea scape and I immediately desire to look out on the sea, the second is two yellow and red areas with a third where she has mixed the two. She proudly announces that 'Red and Yellow make Orange' which seems noteworthy although I am not sure why. The last image looks like the mixed up contents of a man's head, and I instantly feel that I recognise this picture as a representation of myself. With these pictures in mind I decide that I need to have some time to myself, so I ask if it would be okay for me to leave the children and go and have a lie down. Everyone is fine with this, and while I do not mean to sleep I do need some time piece together all that has happened, and I happily take my leave to the top bedroom and its view of the sea.

So I sit in one of the two arm chairs that face out of the bay window and pick up my laptop, I turn it on and wonder what I should look up on the internet first. I decide to look up the quarries we walked by and find out that they are Neolithic flint mines and that the miners would dig down and follow seams of flint which explains the tunnels radiating out but this ultimately doesn't reveal anything and I am left wondering if it was a red herring, or maybe I wasn't supposed to take David's words literally. Either way I am none the wiser and feel somewhat ill prepared for this evening's revelations. Next I choose to try and determine the link between oranges and Jesus, and I quickly return to the website called Jesus & my Orange Juice which turns out to be a quirky blog by a mother who finds solace in her daily life by reading the bible and sharing her experiences online. I decide to follow some of her references in my

borrowed bible, and I discover some passages which are very relevant to my present situation.

From an article about mishearing ones children she quotes James 1:19

My dear brothers and sisters, take note of this: Everyone should be quick to listen, slow to speak and slow to become angry, because human anger does not produce the righteousness that God desires. Therefore, get rid of all moral filth and the evil that is so prevalent and humbly accept the word planted in you, which can save you. Do not merely listen to the word, and so deceive yourselves. Do what it says. Anyone who listens to the word but does not do what it says is like someone who looks at his face in a mirror and, after looking at himself, goes away and immediately forgets what he looks like. But whoever looks intently into the perfect law that gives freedom, and continues in it—not forgetting what they have heard, but doing it—they will be blessed in what they do. Those who consider themselves religious and yet do not keep a tight rein on their tongues deceive themselves, and their religion is worthless. Religion that God our Father accepts as pure and faultless is this: to look after orphans and widows in their distress and to keep oneself from being polluted by the world.

I have been inundated with strong urges of late which I could describe as hearing the word of God, and in listening to them and following them, rather than dismissing them, I have so far prevailed. I've also learnt about God's secrets and am keeping quiet about them, and am acting upon signs that I see about me. These verses are very important to me right now, and seem to confirm what I have been experiencing is more than delusion.

From an article about losing control of one's self and saying harsh things to a daughter that did not deserve to be spoken to in that manner, the website author quotes Proverbs 12:18:

The words of the reckless pierce like swords, but the tongue of the wise brings healing.

I like where this is going so I continue reading:

Truthful lips endure forever, but a lying tongue lasts only a moment.

Deceit is in the hearts of those who plot evil, but those who promote peace have joy.

No harm overtakes the righteous, but the wicked have their fill of trouble.

The LORD detests lying lips, but he delights in people who are trustworthy.

The prudent keep their knowledge to themselves, but a fool's heart blurts out folly.

As if I needed any further warning about speaking out loud what has happened to me in recent days, here I am given a whole bodied and rounded view of how to behave, and I agree with it and will live by it from now on. Next I read about this mother accidentally locking her baby in the car and fretting about what to do before calling the police. She quotes Isaiah 50:10-11 and this warns against going through life without considering God:

Who among you fears the LORD and obeys the word of his servant? Let the one who walks in the dark, who has no light, trust in the name of the LORD and rely on their God. But now, all you who light fires and provide yourselves with flaming torches, go, walk in the light of your fires and of the torches you have set ablaze. This is what you shall receive from my hand: You will lie down in torment.

This is clearly what I have been doing for the majority of my life, living by my own light, by the strength of my own conviction. I have a phrase on my desk at work:

“I will never live for the sake of another man, nor ask another man to live for mine.”

It is a quote by a character from Ayn Rand’s Atlas Shrugged called John Galt, and it represents a titanic battle of will power over lesser men who seek to plot and destroy all that is righteous, and in one sense it is a virtue to be applauded. However it is rather missing a climax in a spiritual sense and I feel that it should instead say:

“I will never live for the sake of another man, nor ask another man to live for mine. However I will live for the sake of God, and expect other men to do the same.”

Finally I read an article about a stone being caught in this mothers shoe and no matter how she tried to dislodge it by scraping it and tapping it as she walked, it would not come free. When she eventually took off the shoe and turned it over she found that it was not a stone, but a precious jewel that was caught there, and she comments that life can sometimes be like that and quotes 2 Corinthians 4:17:

For our light and momentary troubles are achieving for us an eternal glory that far outweighs them all. So we fix our eyes not on what is seen, but on what is unseen, since what is seen is temporary, but what is unseen is eternal.

I resolve to focus on that which I cannot perceive, and not that which I can and am currently perceiving. What I am going through is momentary and I know it will end, but in the course of my life that which is unseen is endless, and my struggle to protect myself and my family from whatever this is, may in the scheme of things necessary. I remind myself again that I should not run from the pain, like I faced earlier today, but instead face it and walk through it like it is not there.

After an hour or so Dagny comes up to check on me and she seems concerned, she says that she thinks I am acting strangely.

I don't comprehend of all the things that have happened to me in the last couple of days or what it is I have done to appear like I have acted strangely this afternoon, but my guard goes up at hearing this. I remind myself that it is potentially not Dagny speaking to me at all, and rather something is using her as a vessel to talk through. I'm pretty sure I didn't marry a Witch and she has not in the past acted with such hatred toward me. She is unusually insistent that I tell her what the matter is, and I try to palm her off with excuses but it is not working so I resolve to go for broke, and tell her the truth as I have understood it.

'I'm probably going to put my size twelve's in it again, but I owe you the truth.' I pull out my phone and switch to the gallery view and then select a picture of the gingerbread witches house which I made for Christmas, and I show her the image of the house and more importantly the mother Witch and her two daughters standing outside of the house with only their pet dog, and with no sign of a father figure.

'What is that supposed to mean?' she asks angrily, so I switch the image to one of Julia dressed as a Witch on Christmas day. 'I don't get it, what are these photos for?' she desperately asks, and I can see she is on the verge of losing control.

I realise that my plan not to speak of the nature of this reality is not working, and I am going to have to reveal myself with words. This is potentially dangerous and I do not know what the outcome will be, but I am now stuck, I have to go the whole way and pray that it will not upset the delicate edge that I have built up throughout the day.

'Alright, I'll tell you but you must promise me that you will keep it secret. You asked me to trust you yesterday and I did, now I want you to trust me, can you do that for me.'

'I can't promise anything she spits at me, I have no idea what you are going to tell me.'

I hold my arms out for a hug and she complies, and I hold her head close to mine. I silently say the Lord's Prayer over her quickly and when I look into her eyes she is crying.

'Our daughters will not be brought up in the same manner as you and your sister were.'

'What does that mean? How were we brought up?'

'As Witches.'

Her reaction is not what I expect, she seems to accept what I have told her and she doesn't say anything in response. I hold her close again and I can tell that she is sobbing quietly into my jumper. I feel good for having finally said it out in the open, and although it is just to my wife I feel that I have done the right thing. She dries her eyes and we release our embrace.

'We should go downstairs' Dagney says, and I comply.

When I enter the living room Julia is playing and Mary is sitting watching TV with David by her side. Dagney sits down by the window and no-one speaks, I take the seat in the corner of the room and watch TV with them, and I feel quite weird that everyone is sitting quietly. This is not what I expected and when Laura comes in to ask Julia if she would like to do some drawings with her, I say that I will go as well.

The three of us head into the dining room and Laura gets out the paper and pens for Julia and herself, and I sit and encourage Julia to draw Christmas scenes, but after a while I pull out my phone and start searching the internet absent mindedly for Witch related facts and explanations of the sort of tricks they might play in an attempt to protect me from a simple lack of knowledge in this area. I learn that there are ways of protecting your house from witches such as sprinkling salt around the place and particularly on window sills, also the act of crossing sticks in an open fireplace will stop them coming down the chimney and entering by means of the fireplace. After a while I get bored and try to start a conversation with Laura.

‘Do you know what is up with that lot next door? They are all sitting in silence.’

‘No, I guess everyone is just tired after the last few days.’

Thinking that Laura and I are on the same wavelength, I offer a piece of information that I’m sure she is waiting to receive and pass on.

‘Of course the cat is out of the bag now,’ I offer with a smile.

Laura smiles but does not respond, and then gets up and trots off out of the room. I feel confident that this is what is supposed to happen and I’m actually feeling a little smug, as now she will tell her father.

With Laura gone Julia quickly gets bored of the drawing and asks me to go upstairs with her. While she is only two years old my daughter is so in tune with all that is going on, and I feel that she is also playing her part in this Christmas charade, that of Peso the penguin from Team Octonauts, so I willingly oblige her.

We head all the way to the top of the house and into the top bedroom, where Julia takes me to a box of used Christmas wrapping paper. She points to a roll of sticky labels for presents, and I fetch them for her from the box. She peels off a label that says Merry Christmas and has a picture of Father Christmas on it, then she sticks it to my chest. I am dumbfounded by the continuing presence of this character in my life and accept it willingly. She then takes another sticker, this one of a Christmas Poinsettia plant and sticks it to herself. As Julia chuckles at the stickers she has chosen, we hear footsteps coming up the stairs behind us, and as they enter the room Julia calls out ‘David!’ and pulls another sticker off the sheet. This sticker is of a Christmas Tree and she delights in sticking it first on David’s forehead, and when he pulls a funny face at her, she removes it and instead puts it on his jumper. David pick’s Julia up and goes to the window with her to look out. It is dark now and the sea

can no longer be seen, but David points out all of the Christmas lights in the town below and the various Christmas trees in people's houses. I join them and sit in the second arm chair and watch as David explains to Julia that there are different types of Christmas tree lights, and while the ones we can see across the road are all white, the ones on our tree are multicoloured. I get the feeling that he is imparting some secret knowledge to me in the shape of an allegory. What I take from his descriptions to my daughter is that there is more than one primal influence in people's lives and while some are pure of soul, others are mixed in their makeup. This is astounding to me as if I am reading him correctly he is saying that in this house across the road the Christmas Tree is indicating that the occupants are pure souls, and by this I take purity to mean Christian. However in our house the people are mixed souls as indicated by the multi-coloured lights on our Christmas tree, and are part Christian and part Witch. My astonishment continues as the way he says these things it seems as if he is suggesting that it is actually okay to have a part Witch soul and it is not a bad thing. Certainly this would explain my wife and her mother's 50/50 split between day and night, but is he then stating that he wants my daughters to be of mixed upbringing. I'm not sure how I feel about this, and my instinct is to react negatively to it. Given that we are only able to talk in code and cannot reveal what we are truly saying, I feel it is time to bring into this discussion the news that I heard on the radio earlier.

'Did you hear the news earlier about the terrible fires last night, and that woman who was discovered out in the street burning, having run from her blazing house?'

David looks me straight in the eye, and sternly says 'You can't talk like that around Julia.'

I am shocked by his tone and am instantly embarrassed as I have stepped out of line and done something wrong.

'I'm sorry, I didn't think.' I offer by way of apology.

I didn't want to upset the man who I would call mentor, but that seems to be exactly what I have done. David indicates to Julia that it is time to go downstairs and takes her off. I am stunned by my transgression after doing so well until now, and feel bad that I have clearly upset David. I quickly try to figure out why what I said was a problem for him and reach the conclusion that I have just suggested that all Witches should be burned and that I am apparently on a mission to make my daughters pure souls, where as he thinks that they should have a mixed upbringing, and it occurs to me that as an ex-monk he is himself somewhat mixed. Given the numbers of Green Man paraphernalia around this house and David's hobby of Morris dancing I posit that he is part Christian and part Druid and suddenly things slot into place. However I cannot give my daughters over to evil, even in part, and I conclude that they must stay pure and I can accept no other outcome. I also wonder what is significant about this year, sure it is Carrie's first Christmas, but it is not Julia's. Why now? Is a question that I will have to put off until another time as Julia is calling me to join her downstairs.

When I reach the ground floor I enter the living room to find Dagny, Mary, and David madly typing into their phones, tablets, and mini laptops. I am stunned by this and Julia seems to be too, she starts to dance in the middle of the room to attract people's attention and I am the only one taking any notice of her. I have no idea what everyone is doing but I don't like it and sense some menace to it, so under the guise of photographing Julia dancing I pull out my mobile phone and take a photo of everyone in the room.

'I'll let God see what you are up to!' I think to myself.

As I do Mary seems to take offence to my action and she gets up and leaves, taking her laptop with her. I sit and think about all that I have been through lately and my eyes are drawn to a Christmas poinsettia sitting in front of the fireplace, it makes me smile and think of little Julia's innocence and purity, I then

discover that next to the poinsettia and hidden behind some tinsel are two kindling sticks crossed one on top of the other, they are separate from the wood basket and otherwise out of place and not visible from the front of the fireplace, I am surprised to see that presumably David has prepared the house previously, it may be that this has another meaning but seems coincidental to me and I'm rapidly losing any faith in coincidence.

Julia takes my hand and leads me into the dining room, she wants to play shops using a basket of toys and asks me what I want to buy from her shop. I play along buying things from her until she takes out a plastic egg and throws it to the ground, she says that it is a bad egg, that she doesn't want it in her shop, and that I shouldn't buy it. This seems to me to be some sort of message, and I wonder if she means to indicate that my bald headed aide Kevin is no longer of use to us. Next she offers me as the customer a salt seller, and demonstrates how one uses it by shaking it. It is a toy salt seller and contains no actual salt but the symbology of her act is clear to me. Julia forgets the first game as this is more fun and starts to shake the salt seller all over and pretends to throw salt over me and the surrounding area, then she runs around the room shaking it. I take her cue and join in, indicating things that need to be covered in pretend salt. We move around the room covering things in pretend salt and when she asks me to carry her I pretend she is an aeroplane and swing her around as she gleefully calls out

‘Shakey shakey shake.’

We then move from room to room as she giggles at being carried and calls out shakey shakey shake as we go, when we go into the living room no-one seems to notice us and we zoom around the room shaking our pretend salt everywhere. Then we go upstairs and into all of the rooms except Mary and David's bedroom, and we head up to the top floor once again continually shaking this pretend salt seller, and in my head at least spiritually protecting the house from Witches. I take a rest in the

top bedroom and put Julia down, and she stands looking again out of the window to all of the lights.

‘Do we have coloured lights on our Christmas tree at home, Daddy.’

‘Yes we do, but I don’t like them.’ I respond and hoping that I have correctly caught her drift.

‘Why?’ comes the simple reply.

‘Because I like white lights on the tree, not coloured ones.’ Julia considers my answer before responding.

‘I like white lights too, Daddy!’ she states happily.

‘Good.’ I smile and give her a hug.

I then get the urge to protect this room where my wife and daughter sleep, and I quickly think that I could breathe on it and draw a cross on it with my finger. I show Julia how breathing on the window creates a water vapour area on the glass that can be drawn on. Julia is excited by this revelation and huffs on the window in various places, and wipes her little finger across it making marks. I show her how to draw a cross and with my finger make the mark of a Christian cross in the corner of the main bay window. Julia copies me and puts crosses all over the main window. I then put a cross in each of the other windows as a spiritual protection for this room’s occupants. Of course it is an invisible protection as when the breath cools down the marks disappear and are not visible. When we are complete I pull the curtains so that nobody will ever know, and will less likely try to rub or touch the window following our blessing of it.

We return to the living room and Dagney and David have finished doing whatever it was they were doing, and are having a conversation about dinner. As we listen in they include us and it transpires that we are to have a take away for dinner and we are asked what we would like to eat. The general consensus is that we will have a curry and I opt to share a vegetable curry with Dagney thinking that this way I won’t come a cropper eating strangled animals or any food relating to idols, and I’m not particularly hungry anyway. It’s funny how life changing

episodes sap ones appetite. David asks if there is anything else that he can get while he is out, I ask if he can get some more edam, my thinking being that this is a very simple and mild cheese and not like the other cheeses we are often served which are strongly tasting and often mouldy or extremely salty. David also states that he is going to buy some more orange juice, and I feel he must have forgiven me for my earlier transgression and we are again on the same wavelength.

When the dinner arrives David unpacks it and also presents me with some edam. I am stunned at what is given to me as this is no ordinary edam, the red wax skin that is usually all over the back of the piece of cheese has been cut and twisted so that it forms a cross, a red cross against a yellow background. My mind flashes back to Julia's drawing and how she said red and yellow make orange, and I conclude that this cheese will ward off Witches in the same way that drinking orange juice will, and therefore represents an extra weapon in my preparation for this evening. These coincidences are coming too thick and fast for them to be simple coincidence, I again marvel at the complexity and intricacy of the experience I am having and marvel at the gifts I am receiving beyond my normal experience, and presumably from God.

During dinner a discussion turns to a debate about whether we will bath my children and when we will do it. Julia is very tired having not slept during the day and Carrie is in need of a bottle as her routine has been thrown off. We debate whether to bath them at all, and I naturally want them to be washed before bed and also I want to do it. The debate becomes quite heated with Mary and Dagny arguing against me, but due to a number of factors including my not wanting any dessert, Julia saying that she wants a bath with Daddy, and Carrie having had a very pooey nappy, I ultimately win with one caveat; I am told that Carrie's bottom is very sore and I should put on some cream. So while the rest of the family are having some dessert I take Carrie up to the bathroom and run the water, I place her on two towels on the floor, the lower one is dark blue and the upper is light

blue as before. I am told that Dagney has put some clothes out on her bed for Carrie to wear and having now seen them I do not want her to wear them. The chosen vest is multicoloured and the baby grow is red, this does not agree with my new colour theory, so I dig around in the clothes bag and find a white vest and a light blue baby grow for her instead. When the bath is ready I undress Carrie to find that her rear is unnecessarily smothered in a large amount of Sudo crème, and as I remove her nappy I wipe the majority of it off, and I find that her bottom doesn't appear to be very sore at all. I try to think if this has any spiritual significance in light of Dagney and Mary insisting that I use more of it, and I wonder if this is some sort of psychic barrier cream. I make a mental note to disregard their instructions to be on the safe side, I cannot imagine that the bottom area is particularly important to a Christian belief, but maybe to Witches it is important and maybe the cream itself has an ingredient in it to ward off good spirits and welcome instead the evil ones.

I put Carrie into the bath and wash her quickly and again baptise her, and do it in the nick of time too as I can hear Julia and Dagney coming up the stairs. After a quick wash I quickly dry her and manage to put on a dry nappy ahead of Julia bursting in to the room, Dagney follows and I hand over Carrie and the new clothes. I cringe as Dagney inspects the clothes and I am sure that she is going to notice that I switched them, but she doesn't and seemingly accepts them without question before returning to the bedroom. She calls out that she will be going to bed as soon as she has fed Carrie, so wishes me a good night.

Julia now is trying to take her own clothes off to get in the bath, and I ask her to wait as I need to put a little more water in the bath. She complies and I begin to undress her, and as I do it strikes me that at the top of the house this bathroom is something of a sacred room, with its sloping roof and window out on the world below it has something of a church feeling about it, and when coupled with the top bedroom next door this house is beginning to feel very special to me, like it is itself a stalwart of good.

When the water has run deep enough I help Julia to get in and she plays happily with the bath toys and I sit and try to figure out what tonight is going to be about. If the first night was about me, and last night was all about Julia, then it follows that tonight will be about Carrie. It crosses my mind that she may be too young to be affected by any of the spirits, either good or evil, as she has no concept of language yet, and therefore cannot be influenced one way or the other. I wonder actually if this is the reason that this experience has not happened before now, and that because Julia has reached a certain developmental level that she can now understand these concepts. So then is tonight more about Dagny and Mary perhaps? I feel sure that David will handle Mary for us, so maybe I should focus on trying to help Dagny while still protecting Julia and myself. I guess all will be revealed in the coming hours and at the appropriate time.

When it comes to the end of the bath I again baptise Julia and to my surprise she wants to do the same to me, and insists that I get in the bath with her. So given that I felt last night I had to cleanse myself before I could chase off the evil, I decide that it is a good idea and get undressed to join her. We have some fun pouring water over each other's heads, laughing and spitting the water out as it runs into our mouths, and I am very impressed with my little darling and not only her intelligence, but also her desire to do good and to side with the forces of good. When we are done and both now ready for bed, we get out together and I make sure that again Julia gets a dark blue and light blue towel combination. I hadn't anticipated that I would be getting wet so didn't prepare a towel for myself, but there is a yellow towel on the rack so I borrow that one, and feel that this as the third colour in the trinity of colours in the Manchester City emblem is a safe and Godly colour to use.

We head down to the middle bedroom and I find that Dagny has put out some pyjamas for Julia, and these are her Christmas ones with a Rudolf the red nosed reindeer on them, I don't like them and dig around in her chest of drawers for a different set, and find a light blue pair of pyjamas that is more fitting to the occasion. We get into bed and I read to her a story and she

drinks her milk, then I hold her hand until she is asleep. I set my phone to record and plug it into the wall socket, before heading downstairs.

I find that as I arrive everyone else is ready to go to bed, and as Dagny is already in bed I decide that even though I do not feel tired I will do the same, the sooner we get this over with the better as far as I am concerned. I feel ready to face whatever night time evil comes our way and for the first time in ages have no apprehension about the coming hours. I head up the stairs and stop to use the toilet and while doing so it crosses my mind to grab the alcohol gel from the little room, it is one of two bottles in there so I will not be deriving anyone of clean hands, and while I have already had a bath I see no harm in extra cleansing, so when I am done and head into the bedroom I remove my clothes and wash all over with the alcohol gel. As before I make sure I cover the soles of my feet and my hair, and when I am done I climb into bed next to Julia.

As I am not tired, I switch on the bedside lamp, take out my borrowed bible and begin to read the New Testament from the beginning, as Julia sleeps soundly beside me.

At some point later I hear an argument start up next door in David's neighbour's house. It seems very heated and while I can only hear the man's voice, there seems to be an exchange of insults and accusations. After a while I hear a door slam and that is the end of it. This is the man who screamed out last night when I purged Julia of the evil she was carrying, so I can't help but think this event is also connected to us. I wonder if because of my preparations this evening he has found no means of spiritual entry to David's house and this has caused him great frustration and ultimate failure. I smile at the victory over our not so secret assassin next door, and return to reading. Later when my eyes are tired and can no longer read, I visit the toilet and on my return make sure to use the alcohol rub again, and then put out the light and lay awake waiting for something to happen. A long time later I start to feel a bit uncomfortable, and I check my phone for the time, it is midnight and I begin to

sense new fear rising in me so I quickly say the Lord's Prayer and close my eyes to face whatever it is.

The beast of the wilderness

29/12/14

I am not sure if I fall asleep but I quickly find that I am having a vision and I stand back on the quarry field in the day time, but the light is as it was before in my previous vision, it is high in contrast and is reddish brown, as before there is a cloudy and hazy sky preventing the sun from shining through clearly. The scene before me looks apocalyptic and there are a few individual fires burning around the mines, and there is a smell of sulphur in the air. The flint mine ahead of me is as it would have been in Neolithic times, it looks new and currently in use for it is not covered in grass or partially filled in, and rather it is a deep pit with straight sides, in fact there is no grass anywhere and the area is simply rock, earthen banks and pits. The quarry area is filled with these pits and the town below doesn't exist at all. All I can see of any settlement is a small collection of crude wooden shelters near the quarries edge and I rather feel that I have travelled back in time to the Neolithic age itself. There is no human presence in this vision which seems strange to me but what is clear is that the significance of David's warning to me earlier is manifest before me now. As I watch this scene before me I hear a deep rumbling like that of a heavy stone being dragged across the ground. It seems to be coming from the pit nearest to me so I creep forward to look over the lip and as I do a rush of steam comes from the pit, it is hot and it scolds my face and my hands as I raise them to protect myself, and I stumble back. From in the pit I can now hear scrabbling noises like something is climbing out of it and finding it difficult to get a foothold on the rough and loose edges of its rocky hole. As the

steam slowly clears I perceive something is standing on the edge of the pit and its breathing heaves up and down as it recovers from its long climb from deep below. I continue to walk backwards until I trip into a spoil heap and fall on my rear.

I think that I should be fearful, but for some reason I am not, and as this thing steps out of the steam to reveal itself I feel the now familiar electricity rush through my body and I briefly remember that I am still lying on the bed next to my daughter. The face that emerges is cat-like but is the size of a grizzly bear's head and it has two horns like those of a bull. From the edge of the pit it walks slowly toward me on all fours and I can see that while this monster has the upper body of a bear the rear end narrows and is more like that of gorilla. It is covered in thick brown fur which has not been affected by the intense steam, despite my face and hands throbbing with the sting of burning. Across its head is a large diagonal wound that crosses one eye and has taken some teeth which gives the head an ugly lop-sided look to it. The wound looks deep and by rights this animal should not have survived such an injury, but the injury appears to have healed into a horrible scar and clearly has not been fatal to it.

I realise that despite my earlier assertions that this is the work of the Illuminati, or Witches, my transgression has gone further and is more fundamental than I had previously given it credit for. Rather than upset an agent of evil, I have upset evil itself, and the root of all evil now has come for me.

The beast opens its large jaws to speak and a deep thunderous voice comes forth.

‘Who will wage war against me?’ It threatens.

I sit there like a little boy who is being told off by his parent, but unlike a child who is embarrassed and guilt ridden I am impetuous like a naughty school boy.

‘Who’s asking?’ I respond with tenacity and without reverence. ‘You know who I represent.’ The beast angrily replies.

‘Well if that’s the case, you can tell your master that he’s already lost.’ I stand and brush myself down.

The beast growls and snarls like it is trying to scare me. It performs what appears to be a rehearsed spectacle of strength for me, and does so with the confidence of a warrior who has never been defeated.

‘You must know that after all that I have been through in recent days, that I will stand against you, and now I know that it was you behind all of this I’m sure you already know what my next move will be.’

When the beast sees that it is not phasing me, it stops its show of strength and sits back on its hind legs as if to build up power in them. Without any further warning it leaps at me claws outstretched. I feel a new and very large surge of electric energy pass down my spine as the beast flies toward me and I know what I must do.

‘I forgive you.’ I utter as its claws are about to reach my flesh, and the beast disintegrates before me.

I am showered in what appears to be harmless earth that falls around me. I open my eyes to see that I am in the darkened bedroom once again and I feel like I need to spit out some dirt and blink it away from my eyes but am otherwise unharmed by the experience.

I start to give thanks to God for allowing me to withstand such a horrific encounter and I receive, as if in response, more waves of electricity. It is again such an astounding feeling that it makes me cry at the blissful and overwhelming loving feeling. I then call on all of the people who have helped me over the previous nights and am rewarded with more of the same overwhelming sensations. I rejoice with all my heart and feel so good that I realise all other pleasurable feelings I have ever had pail into insignificance when compared to this experience. I feel that I

have reached Nirvana, that I have achieved the Godhead, and have touched the very soul of God.

When the feeling passes I realise that what I have not experienced however is a vision of Jesus, or God himself and I am confused by this, as I have felt things that surely should give rise to visions of the father and son. I start to think through what this means, and I ponder on the idea that I could be God but have forgotten my true identity like the Zen Buddhist belief, and while I play this game called being me I am actually the divine source of life itself. This doesn't feel correct though, and I am not about to go and announce to everyone that I am he. I wonder then if I am the living embodiment of the return of Jesus Christ, but I can't equate my experience to the earlier revelation that I had become an olive branch grafted on to the royal tree. No this feels different, like I am in some way connected to the source, but I am not indeed the source and could not honestly claim to be so. I think about why I haven't visually seen anything manifest of Jesus Christ and then it hits me, I have had a vision of Jesus and what's more I have seen it many times. It becomes so clear to me that I have been so stupid and naïve. Why didn't I realise it sooner? It is so obvious and literally staring me in the face. The eyes of my youngest daughter Carrie, in her eyes I have seen Jesus Christ, she has been looking at me with those wonderful big blue eyes for many months now. Eyes that seem to hold a whole universe within them, full of possibility hope, and they have been an experience for me of total love and honesty, of truth and innocence, of the divine and pure essence of life itself. And sweet Julia, on Christmas day, running up to the front of the church in front of all those people to open that present and hold the tiny effigy of the baby Jesus in her hands, and then showing him to the congregation with confidence and passion. I am stunned by my failure to see these things sooner, and I feel now the guilt and embarrassment that the beast had wanted me to feel earlier, albeit for different reasons. Julia and Carrie are closer to the source of life than any other thing in my life and they reflect in their eyes a vision of all the mystery of life itself. I cry anew at the understanding that Jesus can be

found in the eyes of my daughters and when I think about Carrie's infectious toothless smile my heart aches with love for our creator and father. We gave her the middle name Mary like my mother and her mother before her, and without realising the religious connotation of the name. For a moment I feel like the father of the mother of the second coming, and wonder if it could ever be true. I guess we will have to wait and see about that but it becomes clear to me that her soul was never in jeopardy and unlike myself, my wife and Julia I never needed to be concerned for her well being, and that she was already protected by the divine.

With this understanding now manifest I begin to review my own life and see new connections that I did not notice before now, and it feels that while I had been on a path for a long time I was blind to the trail beneath my feet. When I took a nick name long ago I was actually given the name Laz, as in Lazarus, and I have certainly been reborn on Christmas day this year. I took a signature which is that of a fish and when I look at my good works, I created and ran a website called Closer To God which explored the meaning of life and investigated all aspects of the human condition. I also started a talk show on the internet where I denounced evil and promoted truth and honesty, and in my career I have continually stood against wrong doing and promoted doing the right thing even though it has caused me great stress. In my work I have been persecuted and ultimately told that what I was doing was not what I claimed it to be, and this was by the general manager of my company, of all people. Then came the crunch point for me, the deed that set all of this experience in motion, when I angrily took a stand against a group who I perceived were trying to coerce and misdirect me so that I might join them, and in doing so I took my place in the unveiled holy war that is always raging just out of sight of this holographic movie set we call our world, and I fought a fundamental battle between good and evil, learning along the way that it is not anger which will bring about victory, but rather it is love and forgiveness.

For the remainder of the night, and until dawn, I am given a sort of set of tasks to achieve and I am given the distinct impression that I am to travel and tell my story, I envisage myself crossing the United States in a camper van and giving up my day job. I am asked through prevalence of thought to help some people I know and two chiefly are Brian at work and his son, and I am racked with guilt about Brian as I believe that he is the true owner of my connection to God, but he has refused to accept it, or maybe has been corrupted to the point where he doesn't recognise it. As for my part in this, I clearly as a pirate have robbed Brian of his birthright, and I feel a lot of guilt about this. What is going on with me and the holy olive tree is clearly not what god intended, and I have somewhat hijacked his original blueprint. I will have to live with my guilt until such a time as I can give it back to him, and for him to resume his task in this life. As for Mark from work, I don't know how I am to help him either, but that seems to be the mission I have been given and I will have to find a way. Personally I am also given the understanding that what I have experienced is a kind of hyper reality, that everything in this world is connected and all decisions are based upon an accumulation of influence and persuasion from those around us, and in this respect if someone is not aware of it then they are subject to its control and free will for them is removed. Experiencing the hyper reality for me has been a tiring practice of trying to keep up with the many leads that can be perceived and followed. Each lead will be some form of influence over one's own unconscious decision making so to bring it into conscious thought is necessary but a difficult task. I clearly obsessed over the leads for the sake of my own obsession with understanding what was happening to me, and ultimately it lead me to the source, to God, but I think it is possible in everyday life to be aware of the hyper reality without it becoming all encompassing. This awareness will enable one to be free from the control exerted by evil itself. My thinking tallies with well known concepts of influence and persuasion and it is interesting to me how polarised each comment or

statement can be and if heeded will lead either in one direction toward evil or in the other direction towards good.

This is battle ground upon which the religious fight takes place and while most people are not aware of it, it influences their subconscious and therefore their behaviour, and if someone is subjected to a lot of negativity and no positivity it will lead, subconsciously or otherwise, to them adopting and spreading that view in their own dealings with others. The hyper reality then is an awareness of the connections in the world and their influence in this holographic projection we call life, as human beings on planet earth we are subject to the effects of influence and a bombardment of persuasion every day but it is still part of this world and is not ultimately our true reality, the connections are simply conduits for memes to travel between us and the source of the emissions is somewhere else, somewhere unseen and beyond the scope of reality which we can perceive. I'm sure that my awareness of the hyper reality will stay with me now for life, and I'm also sure that it will at times scare the pants off me because of the things I witness taking place before me. However I want to consider it a gift, as an ability which will allow me to perceive the nature of influence and I hope that in time I will be able to control my fear and become used to seeing the interactions of evil take place before me and perhaps try to counteract the evil influence with a good influence.

When daylight finally comes, I feel at peace and fall asleep speaking a wish for a better world and for a better way of living:

'Let's move on in this world, let's stop warring, politicking, lying, cheating, and stealing. Let us have an open honest and peaceful society where you can trust your neighbour without any secret handshakes, without any spells or incantations, and without any evil control. All of you out there who are liars, deceivers, manipulators; you will stop now in the name of God. I forgive you all.'

Revelation

When I awake I find my daughter is staring at me.

‘Daddy, I’m hungry.’ She says in a very cute way.

I check my phone and find that it is just 7am, and I have had only about an hour’s sleep, but I cannot refuse my first born’s request so I get up and take Julia downstairs with me. For some reason I have Christmas carols running through my head this morning, and the most prevalent of them all is Once in royal David’s city. It seems so appropriate to be humming this particular carol and I know that something like Carlos Castaneda’s Synchronicity is in effect.

Laura is up early again and making tea in the kitchen so the living room is free, and I take Julia in and sit her down.

‘I want the Octonauts, Daddy!’ She appeals.

I happily oblige my little Peso and as I go out to the kitchen to get her some breakfast, Captain Barnacles comes down the stairs.

‘Morning David,’ I say cheerily

‘Good Morning,’ he replies and heads into the living room.

When I return from the kitchen with a bowl of cereal Julia is sitting on David’s knee and he is again singing the Wheels on the bus. I am happy that nothing is set in stone again today and that my mentor is himself seemingly pleased with my conduct overnight.

After watching the intrepid trio on TV for a while I feel that today things are different, that today my torment is over, and I have vanquished the foe which has pursued me. I look outside of the window to see that today is a bright and sunny morning, unlike many of them previously. The storms that came so violently and the many floods with them, appear to have abated.

I venture upstairs to check on Dagny and Carrie, the words of that Christmas Carol bounce around inside of my head and I mumble them under my breath as I climb to the top floor.

*For that Child so dear and gentle,
Is our Lord in heaven above:
And He leads His children on,
To the place where He is gone.*

I find that Dagny and Carrie are awake and Dagny is not in a good way, both her eye and her ear are hurting her. She asks if I will take Carrie downstairs and let her sleep some more and I agree to do so, but remind her that we have to go to my parents for lunch today and also that we agreed to go to church in Millview this morning at 11am. As I head downstairs I meet Mary and she offers to take Carrie from me so that I can get dressed. I agree and head off to have a shower, and on my way I pick out my clothes for the day, I think the colours of Manchester City are in order and so dark blue jeans, my Banský “Flower Terrorist” T-shirt and a light blue jumper are what I go with.

After I am ready for the day, I find that I am without anything to do so I ask David if I can again borrow his tyre gauge and I head out to check my car. I find that I have emerged into what appears to be the most beautiful day I have ever seen. There is not a cloud in the sky and the radiant sun warms my pale winter skin, the wind is non-existent and there is nobody else around. I feel like the first man on earth and it is amazing to me that after the recent storms, there is nothing but peace and calm in the world. I look up and down the road as I am shocked by the lack of anyone else being out on such a wonderful morning, there are no cars going here and there, and as I look out into Swanmouth bay there is no sign of any ship movements either. *How can it be that on a day such as this, a day in which I feel so good, no one else does?* In the distance and up the hill I catch sight of a single pair of hikers, wearing all the regalia of their pastime including hats, walking sticks and backpacks. It seems fitting on a day

such as this that the only people who would be out enjoying it would be God's folk. There is a feeling rising in me that something in the world has changed, that my actions overnight have in some way contributed to this very morning and its serene appearance. I am filled with the notion that I have taken part in the saving this Christmas from the evil that sought to corrupt and control it, and that the war has been won for the Gentiles this year. 2014 will be a year for those who support Jesus and not any of the factions of evil. I wonder if something like this happens every year and I have until now been unaware of its influence in our lives, and of course I have not before now been a part of the fight for the coming year. The whole experience feels archetypal and ancient, and like I have stumbled into a hidden war that has been raging throughout history and yet veiled beneath many layers of secret knowledge. I check the tyre pressures on my car and find that they are all fine, but hope the act of using David's gauge will again protect my family on our travels later in the day. I return to the house with quite simply love in my heart, I cannot explain it any other way. I thank God that I am still alive and able to witness such a glorious morning after facing death and surviving not just with my physical attributes intact, but also my mental faculties to. I still have to face a personally mental health team and fix my wife but I am quietly confident that they will not pose any threat to me now.

Dagney eventually gets up and complains that her pains will keep her from going out today, and that her medicine is not working. I reassure her that it will take some time, and that she had promised to come with me to the church and to my parents. I think it is hard to avoid the obviousness of her symptoms and their affect on her mental state, she is resisting God's love and it is clearly painful to her. Whether the medicine is actually working to cure her condition or prevent it from getting better is a question I consider and rather fear the latter given all that has happened. With Dagney blind and deaf to the word of God, she is not going to come back to me today, however it is her

birthday on the 3rd so I consider that my target for the next few days.

Later we leave for the church in Millview, a place that has so far seen me confess all, receive holy communion, and I have sheltered there and used it as a temporary sanctuary in my hour of need. I feel today that I will have a new experience there. Dagney offers to drive us there as I strap Julia into her seat, and I am more than happy to oblige her.

As we drive away from the house in the bright sunshine, I am still awe struck by the wondrous day I see before me, there are no cars on the road ahead of us, which never happens, and am filled with the love of this experience we call life. I feel that The Matrix in which I am projecting my holographic body is leaning in and giving the representation which I call Tom a break from the normal patterns of daily life. The absence of traffic continues as we pass through the Burbeck hills and the weather also holds so that today there is no regression to rain, wind and flood. Our progress is swift and without obstruction and the mere handful of cars we see are all brightly coloured small cars containing old folks. The radio is playing only positive tunes today and as we near Millview Run by Leona Lewis comes on, it makes me cry, I can't help it. Those lyrics are so relevant and timely and it feels to me like a gift from God:

*And we'll run for our lives, I can hardly speak I understand,
why you can't raise your voice to say.*

*To think I might not see those eyes, makes it hard not to cry, and
as we say our long goodbye, I nearly do.*

*Light up, light up, as if you have a choice, even if you cannot
hear my voice, I'll be right beside you dear.*

I look over at Dagney and try to choke back the tears, but I cannot. She is crying behind her dark sunglasses too, but I rather fear that her tears are for a very different reason, and not at all in sympathy with me.

When we arrive at the church I have recovered to a more normal state of being, and I hop out of the car to let Carrie out of the car

seat, and Dagny does the same for Julia. Both of them are asleep and take a little while to wake and adjust to their surroundings. Dagny finds that her long black coat is hot in the sunshine but is reluctant to take it off, until I encourage her to do so, and she eventually complies. It wouldn't do to walk into a church announcing one's self as a Witch, although I'm sure that her discomfort at being here will be self evident anyway.

We enter the building and are greeted by a pleasant old lady who directs us over to the serving hatch in the atrium for a cup of tea and biscuits for Julia. Then we are shown to a table to wait while Diana the vicar finishes up in the main church. There are lots of old folk here chatting and socialising, and the atmosphere is friendly and relaxed, I am eager to speak with Sven who had been praying for me but I cannot see him anywhere. Then I spot one of my fellow local councillors, Len, he comes over to see me and we share introductions of our respective partners. He is warm and friendly and is just leaving following his earlier attendance of the normal church service, ahead of the family service which we are here for. One of Julia's nursery assistants comes over to see her, and is also very happy to see us. She spends a little time talking with Julia and leaves to help the setup for the family service. Finally a woman called Caroline introduces herself and asks how we are. She explains she is here with her children and her husband and is a similar age to us. She tells us where she lives, and this sparks a very strong memory in me. I feel like I have to impart some knowledge that I have been given by my council, and it is almost as if Caroline's presence is intended so that she can hear what I have to say. I recount how I was informed by the council of a series of car crimes in the area in which she lives, and ask if she knew about them. She responds negatively and I get the feeling that despite her denial that she knows anything about the incidents, that she has given away in her reaction an uncomfortable recognition of the incidents. Caroline then politely moves off as the church is now ready to receive us, and we collect our things to join them all in the main church. I am left with the distinct impression that I was meant to impart the

knowledge I held about the car crime to Caroline, like it was a psychic ability that is birthing within me, for whatever reason I was compelled to tell her and nothing could stop me. I do not think that from how she reacted that it was her who committed the crimes, but from her micro expressions or tone of voice, I took from them a recognition that she knew about them, perhaps she knows the person involved, or is related to them.

Dagney and I collect our coats, scarves, and our children's things and leave our cups of tea to enter the church. We find that there is a semi circle of chairs laid out before us and we choose to sit on the far left hand side. A number of people welcome us and introduce themselves and their children and we all sit to face the front of the church as Diana takes to the stage and she sits on the steps at its edge. She welcomes everyone and especially those coming today for the first time, and she introduces what we will be doing today, which will be three activities of making necklaces with beads, painting, and clay making. Julia gets very excited at the sound of there being painting to be done, and asks repeatedly if she can do that. I have to hush her so that we can hear what else Diana is saying. She does her vicar bit very well, and gives a little sermon on the topic of what God is, and indicates to the four paintings around the room which have previously been created to show different aspects of God and our relationship with him. Unfortunately Carrie picks this time to start crying and Dagney leaves the room to try and quieten her down. At that moment the sun breaks through the church spire window and bathes Julia and myself in golden light. I look around to see if anyone has noticed, and they don't seem to have, but I take this event as significant and meaningful to me, and I am reminded again of Kevin Greenwood telling me how he is solar powered, and choses to stand in the light, and I feel a little special sitting in this church and being picked out by the rays of light coming through the spire window of all windows.

When Diana has finished talking she asks everyone to pick a table and to go and take part in one of the activities. As I am standing up with Julia, she comes directly over to see how I am

doing, and I explain that I am much better, and I thank her for her prayers. She says that she is glad that I am better and offers me the opportunity to talk with her at any time I want to. I thank her again as Julia is tugging at my hand to go to the painting table.

I set Julia to painting and then spot Sven at the back of the church, I check that Julia will be okay, look over to see what Dagney is doing and find that she is feeding Carrie, and then I head over to see Sven.

‘Hi, what are you doing back here?’ we exchange a warm and friendly handshake.

‘Hello, I’m just sorting out the hymn lyrics database, how are you doing? Did you have a good Christmas?’

‘It was equally amazing and terrifying, thank you for your prayers, I think they really helped.’

‘That’s no trouble at all, don’t mention it, and I’m glad you are feeling better.’

‘I am, thank you.’

‘Are you here with your family?’

‘Yes they are over there’

‘I bet your daughter’s enjoyed Christmas.’

‘Yes thank you, they loved it. Actually I wonder if I might impose on you once again?’

‘What is it?’

‘I wonder if you might consider praying for my wife. She has a couple of problems at the moment with her health, and she can’t hear or see properly?’

‘Consider it done.’

‘Thank you very much, that’s very kind of you.’

‘Don’t mention it.’

‘Well I guess I’ll see you around later.’

‘Until then.’

I return to Julia to check on her, and she has gotten paint all up her sleeves which makes me laugh, and then go to check on Dagney. She is just stood by the door holding Carrie, so I offer

to hold Carrie and ask if she will go and help Julia. Typically when Dagny asks to help Julia says that she is bored of painting and wants to do something else, so Dagny takes her to the bead table and we all take seats at the table and they begin to thread some beads onto elastic. I sit with them, and start to contemplate my future from the sanctity of this place of worship.

It is clear to me that while I am back, I have come back from my experience haunted by what has happened. I do not know how long it will take for me to feel normal again, but I would estimate that it will be many months, if not years and this haunted feeling will probably remain for the rest of my life. This has truly been a life changing experience which I could not have foreseen, and would never have guessed would have happen to me of all people. While I feel that I will not be free from persecution for some time and will have to watch my back the whole time, I still feel that I have been blessed with the knowledge that I have been given. It has rolled back the veil for me and allowed me to see further into the nature of existence than I could have ever asked to see.

I'm sure there will be future battles for me to face, first and foremost one with Dagny, however I am at least prepared now to deal with them and I feel that I have God on my side.

Subsequently I finally found a reference to Kevin Greenwood on the internet and in a forum people were discussing his claim that he was one of God's warriors, and I think that is probably in part true. He is clearly a dualistic being, who as he said himself can either go up or go down depending on the situation, and I'm sure he will equally wage war for the other side if called to do so. I clearly have seen only the good side of his personality and am thankful that his bad side did not show (as I fear him enough already in his present form). There is now no doubt in my mind that a war of good and evil perpetually rages just beyond our human perception, and perhaps in time, and with training, I too can become a warrior for God.

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The throat is deep and the mouth is wide
Saw some things on the other side
Made me promise to never tell
But you know me, I can't help myself

Now I've got something you have to see
They put something inside of me
The smile is red and its eyes are black
I don't think I'll be coming back

I don't believe and
I had to see and
I came back
I came back haunted

Trent Reznor