

The Day The World Went Away

By

Laz

Kundalini. The word caresses my lips like an echo of softly spoken whisper. I don't know what it means, but it feels familiar to me like seeing a long forgotten friend in a photo from my childhood.

The Coming Storm

25/07/2014

My boss calls me over to his desk to ask me about progress against the audit programme. I have been slacking off this morning researching my condition, and generally trying to understand what had happened to me over Christmas 2013. Something unknown seems to be calling to me, seven months after this all began, and now I am running through it all again in my mind and trying to understand it.

I hope that he's not about to tell me off for my slacking.

I'm a changed person. I can't now carry on the way I used to, the things I've seen haunt me and I find it difficult to relate to the average person now, let alone hold down a boring job and enjoy it. My mind has been through too much, and I can't go back. I don't know how my life is going to pan out now but whatever course it was on before has now been inexorably changed. In fact if I was sacked for not performing to expectations it might be a blessing. I cannot self-terminate, but if someone were to do it for me they might be doing me a favour.

'So how's it going?' a smarmy self-satisfied question is raised by my boss.

'I have now carried out the project management audit and written it up, and I have booked a closing meeting with the auditee,' I announce confidently.

'Good, if you have any problems, let me know.'

'Okay, thank you. I will. Was there anything else?' Neville seems to be agitated.

'No that is all.'

'Are you okay?' I ask nervously as I know how he can explode.

'It's just, that I hate liars.' he announces out of the blue.

‘What do you mean?’ I respond, wondering anxiously where this is going.

‘I can’t stand people who lie. Take Jack for instance, this man has claimed that he has not received my email in front of his boss, but I know he has read it because I have the read receipt from Outlook. I called him on it but he still says that he hasn’t seen it and that pisses me off. I mean how does he expect to get away with it, I have the evidence right here. He’s an arsehole. I’m writing to his boss and I’ll copy in this read receipt, he won’t get away with this.’

I’m somewhat taken aback by this outburst and worry that he is covertly having a go at me through allegory. I’ve never seen Neville have anything but a cordial relationship with Jack, and Neville and I have a history of him being less than truthful to my face, and of telling others a different story. Something here does not add up. The use of metaphor in conveying information is also a technique of his, and this allows him to say things in the office which would otherwise be reportable as an ethics violation. In short we have a poor relationship.

‘Oh right!’ I offer an appeasement to his rant.

He says nothing further and turns to face his PC, so I leave to return to my desk. I can’t help but wonder if he was trying to tell me something again without saying it directly. Given our company’s policies about how to behave with people, he is not able to address the issue in hand with me directly, if there is one. I hate this relationship, it is based on two people who do not trust each other trying to work as a team, and our odd communication methods reflect this. I do not ever know if he is being honest with me or trying to pass on a disguised message. So like many times before I sit and think about what he has said and try to decipher what he could be on about this time.

Neville had some time off with stress last year and I took over as Quality Manager for the time he was away. I updated my

Linkedin profile to show that I was acting Quality Manager for a period, so maybe he's seen this, or has been told about it, and now doesn't want it to be known from a career point of view. That reminds me, he also tried to raise a bullying case against me and while it was never stated, I can't help but wonder if my Linkedin profile was part of that case. It subsequently, and correctly, failed to gain any traction with management, but it left another indelible stain on our relationship.

Now I don't know if this is what he's on about, however I've coincidentally had enough junk mails from Linkedin that I am ready to quit the system anyway. I make a note to delete my profile and see if it makes a difference to how he is treating me. Maybe then he will pass on some snippet of information suggesting that he is happy with me for removing my profile.

I spend the rest of the morning avoiding work as best I can while listening to an audio book by an Indian gentleman called Gopi Krishna. I discovered him online while looking up the symptoms I experienced at Christmas. It's compelling stuff and I soak it up like a sponge. I listen until after an hour I have a realisation that this is not just close, but an exact description of what happened to me.

I can't believe it! Providence is smiling on me.

Not in the last seven months have I had a feeling like I have now. This new understanding is so ground-breaking, and earth shattering and any other simile which might represent a huge change in one's understanding based upon having lived it. This is an experience lead learning for me, first an event happens and then later the academic understanding is found. Kundalini is the answer to a question I first asked at Christmas, i.e. what the fuck is happening to me? Kundalini is the answer I have been praying for, and now I have it I want to know everything about it, and about its mastery. *I must know how to control this force, I must gain the advantage or I fear that it will consume me.*

While it's true that I was not consumed in 2013, I came so close that I don't ever want to be disarmed in the same way again. I

was able to use the Christian faith to thwart my assailant's advances, and I don't know if I will be given that divine advantage if this happens again. So I dive back into the audiobook with only one aim, to understand this Yoga type called Kundalini.

It transpires that Kundalini is the source of all religious experience, whether it is Christian, Islam, Hindu, Buddhist, or any other. Its word translates literally as coiled up, and refers to an analogy of a serpent being coiled three and a half times around the base of the human spine, the Muladhara Chakra. During a religious experience, and a release of Kundalini energy, the serpent is said to slide up the spine of the experiencer and release its divine energy into the brain.

At about the four and a half hour mark of the audiobook I hear that as part of becoming aware of a higher level of consciousness, a change in one's reproductive system occurs. The reproductive system begins to feed back on itself and the sexual energy of the testes is transformed, it is sucked up to be used by the spinal column and to channel it into the brain. The audio book says that the animal in us fears this change in the use of sexual energy and will fight against it, leading to psychosis and abnormal behaviour. I have pondered my own experience as being something entirely internal, and rather than an external threat weighing heavily on my psyche, perhaps it was this change in my body occurring. If this process is something like puberty then this could be a second maturation of the human body that I have experienced.

I remember having an easy puberty without all of the issues that many seem to suffer, and I wonder now if this was an indication of an already mature system. Perhaps it's thanks to my genetics that I had an easy ride, and perhaps that early maturation allows me now to move to the next level of maturity where others cannot. I am perhaps able not only to knock on the door of this inner power, but also to open and walk through the doorway to see what lies on the other side. As I think this I am reminded of the character Morpheus from the Matrix movies, and of the

scene where Neo touches the glass of a mirror to have the mirror consume him and allow Morpheus to lead him into the Desert Of The Real.

For some reason now, my thinking returns to my meeting with the mental health people just after Christmas and of my hatred of how little information they went on to make a diagnosis. It's funny that I remember receiving three distinct handshakes from each of the Doctors like they were each making their impression upon me, leaving me with a residual token of their silent inclination. There was a half cupped Masonic handshake, a normal firm Christian handshake, and a weird right angled handshake which I had not had before, and I took this to be the last of the trio of influences in my recent experience, a Witch's handshake. I laugh now at how the three aspects of my Christmas experience were presented to me so boldly, and how I had to audition for them in front of my wife.

I remember saying nothing about my internal experience and instead just presented them with facts about my behaviour, I told of how it was my lack of sleep that led me to start living out dark fantasies, and I answered their stupid questions about harming myself, my children, and others in the negative. I did a good job of presenting a sane take on an episode of my life that was difficult to explain, however I did not factor in the part my wife Dagney had to play. She was my Achilles heel and my unannounced accuser.

For example I was asked if I had ever been in trouble with the Police, I'm not sure why this line of questioning came up but I did get in a lot of trouble as a kid and felt I had to tell them. I said that I had been taken to court over vandalising my teacher's car when I was thirteen. Dagney then countered with,

'Tom, you planted a fake bomb under her car, while you were living on an Army base!'

I did not feel this was relevant to anything going on, but I had to admit it once Dagney brought it up.

I do not know why she chose to shoot me down, but every time I spoke she countered it with her opinion of what had happened and my sane presentation was undermined by her over emotional delivery of supposition and belief. Unfortunately her presentation was such that the mental health team chose to believe her over myself and after they retired to consider their verdict I was slapped with an acute psychosis diagnosis and put on anti-psychotic medication.

While I was annoyed at receiving this diagnosis and subsequent mark on my record I also saw a light behind it that kept all three personalities happy, and it is because of this that I am still able to function today. I saw that a slight of mental psychosis would put the Masons off, and my being officially recorded as temporarily mad breaks the membership rules of that group and protects me from their persecution and control. The Witches too seem to be taking a back seat now, probably because my wife has convinced them that she and her coven are watching over me, and thanks to the Christians protection I am able to remain in the open, free to live and do as I please.

I was pleased with this aspect of my diagnosis and 6 months on I am still free of the Illuminati and Witches influence. The principal aggressors from my experience have also moved on. Kevin Greenwood left in March, terminating his contract early, and when he left I had not had anything to do with him for months. On his leaving day we cordially shook hands and I thanked him for his help at Christmas. Bob Rendle left the business a couple of months later. His exit was a weird one where there was no leaving presentation, no notice of his departure, and he was simply gone one day. This is very strange for a General Manager to leave this way, and it was rumoured that he had fallen out with the President of the company over some undisclosed matter. All this has made my daily life better and a lot of the oppression that I felt has gone, although I still have to deal with my boss on a daily basis, but thankfully he and I are still separated and we sit as far from each other as is possible in the office.

I have felt since that first day of my experience that the various organisations want my allegiance and wish obtain the power I have raised for themselves. I can understand why they would want this Kundalini energy for their own purposes however they don't know what I know, and while they seek to gain my apprenticeship covertly, I am aware of their goal and I am resistant, instead maintaining my independence and sovereignty over my mind and body. However, having recently stopped the medication something is stirring again. I am recovered and ready for more and that is exactly what I appear to be receiving. My mind is full of strange terms and symbology from discovering Kundalini and I'm not sure how this learning is going to affect me, but I'm sure that it will have an impact.

27/07/2014

I awake at five o'clock and my mind is racing, I see in my mind's eye a whole series of connections, actions, and events that I link together with new insight. I replay things that have happened to me with vivid recall, and I arrive at a new conclusion. What if I had it wrong at Christmas? What if rather than being persecuted by the Illuminati I was actually being persecuted by Scientologists.

I quickly sum up my visions of metadata that I have collected over recent days; being warned of the ninth of May by our operations manager, being talked to about Star Trek, seeing my work's toilet block being blocked off with a dustbin emblazoned with the name Eunice, wondering why grown men in my office are wearing Disney character t-shirts, being shown photographs of bridges, and being annoyed by my boss; an auditor by trade, his constant quoting of lines from Tom Cruise movies.

My summation of these elements and their subliminal connection to L. Ron Hubbard leaves me in a panic. I feel that my deductions are correct and that I have revealed an underlying truth of seemingly unconnected events. It's been said that there is a universal law that agents of evil will tell their victims what's going to happen before it transpires. Somehow this alleviates

their conscience from what will come, and besides they think it's damn good fun to play games with people's minds.

I begin to feel a sensation that I haven't had in seven months, that of the fear that someone is going to cut off my genitals, and fear then floods through my body leaving me in a super alert and highly agitated state. There is no way I'm going to get back to sleep now, so I get up and go downstairs.

I get out my laptop and begin to research my thinking on the internet only to have my thoughts on Scientology confirmed. I wonder if the process of maturity I am experiencing is leading me to this understanding of Scientologists, or if it is simply muddling my mind to the point where I could connect anything together and draw the wrong conclusion. I make a mental note to do nothing now and instead to look for further evidence in the hours and days that follow.

Later my wife and kids wake and join me downstairs. Dagny walks into the lounge with her phone in hand, she is intently doing something with it and largely ignores me.

'Morning!' I try to say happily while not feeling anything like happiness.

'Couldn't you sleep again?' she asks.

'You know it!' I reply while observing her continued focus on that little screen.

'What are you doing?' I enquire politely.

'Oh nothing.' She responds and fumbles with the phone before putting it in her dressing gown pocket.

This only heightens my paranoia and wonder if she is receiving instructions from someone via her phone. Then as if to confirm my suspicion she calls to the children.

'Come on you two, it's time for Cheerios.'

Cheerios! I internally freak out at the thought of waving goodbye to my genitals, but try to hide it.

‘You know we’re going to Swanmouth today don’t you?’ My loving partner asks me.

‘No, I forgot.’ A vague memory returns to me, but my thoughts are too wrapped up in how I feel right now for it to become clear in my mind.

‘I’m going to take a bath.’ I announce and walk off before waiting for an answer.

The bath water is soothing and my fear begins to abate, and my thoughts slowly return to the mundane. This doesn’t last long though as my daughter Julia appears at the door having finished her breakfast. She wants to get in the bath with me, and in thinking about this I do not feel it is appropriate. She is no longer just a toddler and it seems wrong to me, so I decline.

‘Please!’ comes a persistent request, and it is repeated over again.

My thinking is straight back to the paranoid and of being set up for taking a bath with my daughter who is too old for this sort of thing to be innocent, and that I should have known better. So I decline again, only this time more forcefully, however her persistence is so great that I wonder if she has been put up to this by her mother. I eventually give in, but rather than sit in the bath with her, I take a towel to wrap around myself and perch on the side of the bath, covering up any embarrassment. Julia seems happy enough on her own in the bath and soon asks me to wash her hair which I oblige her in doing.

‘Oh, I thought you’d be in the bath together!’ Dagny appears at the door of the bathroom, camera phone in hand.

‘No, I didn’t think it was appropriate.’ I reply.

‘Fair enough, I suppose.’ Comes a seemingly disgruntled retort, and she puts the phone away.

You’re not going to set me up that easily!

I leave Julia to continue her bath and I retire to the bedroom and begin to get changed. I consider my present situation and the events that are going on around me, again. I am not a believer in coincidence, and so the connections I keep making must be correct. I am not out of my mind, and feel as if I have all of my logical thought processes working correctly. However these things that are happening cannot be true, there must be some reason why I am linking them and coming up with wrong conclusions. Is this the process Gopi Krishna describes gone awry, and is this my body reacting negatively to the new energy that is presumably acting upon my reproductive system. In short I do not know enough about what is going on to decide, all I can say at this stage is that what is happening to me is very weird. I decide to dedicate my day to understanding more about the cause of Kundalini and its effects.

Later my family leave for Swanmouth, and I return to my laptop and begin to play a video of an interview that Gopi Krishna gave back in the 1970's. I learn about something called Nadis, which are an important concept in Hindu philosophy, and of the three kinds; Ida, Pingala, and most importantly Sushumna. These are the conveyers of Pranic energy from the base of the spine to the brain and energy rising in each can have a different effect. The central channel is called Sushumna and this seems to be the most important of the three. It is said that this Nadi passes through the seven chakras identified by Yoga disciplines, which is something I am familiar with through my practising of meditation. I hear that energy rising in this channel gives rise to feelings of electricity coursing up ones back and into the brain, and this something I can relate to from my recent experiences. The energy is described traditionally as a coiled up serpent and when it enters the brain a visionary experience and an altered state of consciousness results, and again this is something that I can attest to.

Suddenly my phone alerts me to a new facebook group post, and when I read it I find it is an image of a quote from a Yogi Bhajan, and reads;

“SIMILAR TO STRIKING A NOTE ON A STRINGED INSTRUMENT, AS YOU VIBRATE, THE UNIVERSE VIBRATES WITH YOU.”

By now I am becoming used to weird coincidences happening in my life, and I am not surprised that this has occurred at this time, however it still leaves me with a feeling of profound connectedness and as I think this a tingling in my lower back begins to gently ascend and I know that what I have been learning about is what is happening to me.

I probably should be overcome with emotion at this understanding and of this identification of the nature of my experience, however instead I am filled with a feeling of recognition and of a knowing that this is something that I have always had a relationship with, something that is fundamental in my life and again my thoughts turn to puberty and of change. If this is a second maturation on my body, if as Gopi Krishna says this is an evolutionary energy in man, then where is this going to take me next. *Where am I going to evolve to?*

I am both excited and a little nervous at the thought of where this is going. I sit for a while enjoying the caressing electricity feeling enter my brain, and spreading out lovingly across my body.

As the video continues I learn of a type of Kundalini awakening that is known as a morbid awakening and this is not a nice experience for the host, this is Kundalini arising through either the Ida or Pingala Nadis and leads to negative psychic states. I am reminded of my experiences with the Illuminati, Witches, and of the Devil pursuing and harassing me. I now also realise that all of the feelings I had about having my genitals cut off were linked to this, and if that had happened then my Kundalini experiment would have ended early, never to be repeated again. Perhaps that is why my pursuers wanted to make me a eunuch, they know of this energy and want it stamped out before it can transform my being. Anyway I was able to turn that negative energy into a positive one, presumably moving the energy from

Ida/Pingala to the Sushumna Nadi and I followed each negative experience with a loving one.

I wonder if any of this new knowledge invalidates my experience at Christmas and I consider that maybe if this Kundalini energy is grounded in scientific understanding about the way the human body reacts to stressful situations, then maybe I did imagine it all. As I ponder this I feel like I am disrespecting my own experience however, and I have always doggedly put my experience first as a way of learning. I am not one of those people who are happy to gain understanding from a book or from hearing of someone else's experience. I want to experience it for myself before I make a judgement on it and learn from it. Now is not the time for me to disregard my own experience. *So how do I make sense of it all?*

If I take Gopi's expose on Kundalini at face value then I have opened myself up to not only spiritual but to psychic experiences, it is like the veil has been drawn back on the grand human experiment. The religious experience I had must be rooted in Kundalini, as are the dark arts, and so is human maturation. I'm reminded of a quote from one of my favourite horror movies

“God is an astronaut, Oz is over the rainbow, and Midian is where the monsters live.”

So I have to look at my experience in this light, the things I saw and witnessed were real and I am not mad, nothing that has happened to me is beyond the human experience as written by historians, sages, philosophers or religious zealots. This is the crux of the Homo Sapien experience, and everything else pales into insignificance and the mundane. Things like sports, politics, relationships, new technology, books, TV, movies, and other forms of entertainment, are just distractions from the central core of humanity itself. Yes God is real, yes Satan is real, and these things, these artificial clouds of thinking, serve to stop us from waking up and realising that we are not dull grey boring individuals, but we are effervescent dancing spirits, temporarily

contained in a meat bag, and that we can realise our potential if we try.

28/07/2014

Today is the hundredth anniversary of world war one. Having watched yesterday another Gopi Krishna video called preventing the Apocalypse I wonder now at the reach and possibility of Kundalini energy. Could Kundalini energy be used to actually effect world events, and in the case of this video; prevent a tragedy like world warfare from occurring. I felt during my experience at Christmas that I was being pulled into a fight not of my own making, and a fight that had been raging for all time, I was sort of conscripted into an army of good to battle the army of evil on a field of eternal struggle, and thankfully good won on that occasion.

It is astounding to me that I have had the same experience as Gopi Krishna, and that this Indian man has been hidden from me, and from mankind, for all these years. From the point of view of knowing my own experience and having this echoed back to me by Gopi, and from seeing him be named as a prophet, I am going to have to be very careful to not let my ego get the better of me as I learn.

I download a new audio book to my phone to listen to today at work, this is Gopi Krishna's autobiography and I hope that it will give some more insight into his world, and into his experience of having to continue working with this energy awakened. All my thoughts at the moment are channelled into understanding this phenomenon and I can't see how work is going to fit around it, it's going to be a struggle for sure.

I begin my day and start to listen to the audio book as I do so, and it is not long before all of my focus is taken up entirely by the book. *I hope my boss doesn't decide to pay me a visit right now.*

I try to look busy as I listen intently to this man's experience, and one thing he says echoes another experience I have had

since childhood, that of a rocking sensation in my mind while meditating. I have become so accustomed to this sensation that I no longer regard it as important; however Gopi says it is significant and upon hearing this I feel the Kundalini energy building at the base of my spine. As it unleashes into my brain I feel overwhelmed and am glad that I am sitting down, I hope that no-one in the office around me is watching what I am going through as I'm sure if they diverted their attention from their own tasks I would appear very strange to them right now.

As I continue to listen, Gopi talks about the experience of light being connected to the experience, and I wonder why I have not had this, it seems important to him and while my experience tallies with his for the most part this marks a deviation from the record. Like the Kundalini experience being incorrectly being described as electricity surging up and down the spine, I wonder if this light is also an approximation of an experience which otherwise defies explanation. I would call my experience of Kundalini illuminating but not lit, it is a feeling of emission, maybe of some type of radiation, but it is not a visual phenomenon, and this seems for the first time at odds with Gopi's words.

I continue to listen while pretending to work, and my attention is again heightened when Gopi talks about not wanting to see a doctor about his condition, and I can completely relate to this. Gopi fears that doctors would not be able to help him and does not want drugs, unfortunately for me that ship has already sailed, but at least I do not think the drug I was given did anything to the Kundalini process and now after being off the drug for several months, I am experiencing Kundalini like I did before, so no harm has been done. Later in the book Gopi talks about having the morbid awakening of Kundalini through the Pingala Nadi and of converting this to a Sushumna rising. He says that if this is not done that it can lead to brain damage. Thankfully in my experience a morbid rising of Kundalini has always resolved itself to a positive experience for me, and I guess the energy has naturally switched from the Pingala or Ida Nadi to the Sushumna. I also do not think that I have been

damaged by this energy, rather it has forced its way through me and in its wake it has carved a channel that it more easily follows now. I am guessing that my heredity and many years of meditation practice have made me fortuitous in this endeavour, and I am thankful to my grandmother who taught me the basics of Yoga all those years ago. The fear and the heat that went with my morbid awakening have ultimately never consumed me, and I have always stood firm against it. I would imagine that real madness is found at the end of a morbid awakening that is not converted to the Sushumna Nadi, and thankfully I have not tasted this madness, or been consumed by the fire serpent, and I am as sane today as I ever was.

As I continue listening I learn that a change in the male psyche is brought on by Kundalini and it is a shift from Pingala to Ida or from male to female in essence. He says that old vessels are shattered and the new wine needs a new bottle. I can relate to this and wonder if my fear about losing my genitals is related in this respect. Kundalini is apparently a female energy, and the loss of my masculine dominated body to a new female energy would suggest this manifestation is accurate.

At half past two I miss a phone call, and when I look up the number on the internet there are comments that this is an intelligence/surveillance company. I start to wonder what this means, and what they would want with me. One of the experiences I had before Christmas was a number of wrong number phone calls, and I theorise that this might be a means of intimidation by someone. Possibly intelligence agencies, I have read that they are linked to the Freemasons and Illuminati because of all the secrecy involved.

I put the idea to the back of my mind but then receive a text message from my sister-in-law. I have long since suspected her of being a Witch and the one who is in control of my wife, among others, and here she is with a text message asking me to stop on the way home to fetch some ice for a barbeque tonight. I had forgotten that we were hosting my father in law, his son, and her of course, and this feels like a very convenient gathering, one which may have a sinister agenda. With this

thought, and its proximity to the missed call, I am back on the line of thinking that my genitals will be cut off, everything seems to keep coming back to this and it seems pivotal to everything that has happened to me, and continues to happen to me. I say a prayer to God and ask that he keep me safe, but immediately feel like a fraud. I have not been to church in three months and despite an early determination to attend after Christmas, I felt like it wasn't for me and eventually stopped going. I don't know what it was about the experience, maybe I subconsciously didn't like the vicar, or maybe it was all the lovey-dovey niceness and hymn singing that put me off, but it didn't feel like the Church Of England could address my issues, and somehow the honesty of the Gospel and the point of Jesus Christ dying for us seemed to be lost within those walls. I'm sure there is something to be had from a congregation but I could not see its benefit at the time, my experience with Jesus has been a personal one and it is on a one-to-one basis that I wish to continue it, I don't need a church for that. After all a church is just a collection of people and not a building, I can have a church of my own without physical walls and I feel I can continue my journey with Christianity on my own.

I make it through the work day, having listened pretty much exclusively to Gopi Krishna all day, and I head home. On my way I stop at the supermarket to get some ice, but they have sold out, I am either going to have a more painful castration tonight or it may be put off as a result. I am quite happy to return without any ice, and as I might have expected my sister-in-law Peg is most upset that she won't be able to have ice in her cocktail now.

My father-in-law Paul is in a funny mood this evening, and he greets me with a finger pincher handshake. I'm not sure what this means but it's certainly conveying that all is not well. I have long since suspected him of being a Freemason and with every handshake he seems to confirm it, curiously he has never seemingly revelled in his fraternity and rather has carried it

heavily on his shoulders. Tonight he is wearing a Muse t-shirt; from their Resistance album. *Is he trying to tell me something?* He introduces me to his son, who I've only met once before as he lives in Trinidad with Paul's estranged wife. He seems nice enough and I offer him a beer before going outside to greet my wife and kids.

As the barbeque is nearly ready Dagney starts offering people food from it, Peg starts making crass jokes about biting the heads off of sausages, and I look at her like I am disgusted, but she laughs it off, and our guests seem to think it is funny too. *I can't believe how connected everything is!*

I thought at Christmas that people might be unknowingly channelling evil, and I still consider this a possibility today. For all of my theories on how things fit together there is always some doubt, the straightest answer is that Peg is a Witch and wants to cut off my genitals. However she may be an innocent who is being guided to do and say things by an evil force. Or she may be an ordinary human being who just has a dirty mind and would make these sorts of puerile jokes all the time.

I don't know if any of these things are true, all I can say is that here is another piece of the puzzle which I am trying to solve and it is a piece that has the right number of notches and is the right shape and size to fit a hole which I perceive to be present. I've stated that I don't believe in coincidence and this is the ground upon which I shape my world. If these pieces don't fit then their coincidental timing is impeccable.

Later in the evening and after we have eaten, we sit as a group in the garden enjoying the warm sun and a beer, and Paul starts asking after my plans for an extension to our house. This is of course a hot button for me and I make up an excuse for not having done anything about a promise I made to a suspected Freemason at Christmas.

'Well I'm not sure I'll get it through the planning. When I was on the council we would reject two story developments like this as it cut out the light to a neighbour's property.'

‘Of course,’ he retorts slowly, ‘There is an ancient right to light isn’t there?’

‘Yes that’s right.’ I respond knowing that I’ve just been given another hint.

Ancient right, or ancient rite, I wonder to myself. The conversation goes on and I wonder if this is the Freemasons reminding me of my promise to one of their brothers. When the topic of conversation comes around to lying, my ears prick up.

‘I don’t know why people claim not to lie, they clearly do. Everyone does,’ Paul expounds to the group.

Have I lied, what did I lie about? Why is lying coming up again?

Here we go again, I start to wonder what time limit was set on my sorting out an extension to the house. I don’t remember one, but now that I think about it, my boss has warned me in passing about a commitment that needed completing before its anniversary. *Was I given a deadline after all? Am I now being reminded that I need to complete an obligation before the end of the year?* Coincidence is a bugger.

After everyone goes home, I go to bed early, but I can’t sleep. I feel like I’m back where I was at Christmas, with people conveying messages to me that have significance, and that significance scares me at a core level.

So I’m dealing with the latest implied threat from the Freemasons, that I have to build an extension on my house, as I told John I would at Christmas, as penance for upsetting them. The thing is that I dismissed John as being a Freemason a few months ago, but now I’m facing that possibility again. I need to seek clarification from Paul. I reach for my mobile phone and type in a message to him.

HI PETER, I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT YOU SAID EARLIER ABOUT THE EXTENSION. DO YOU THINK I SHOULD BUILD A TWO STORY EXTENSION?

I click on send, but the message does not go. I click it again and again the message does not send. I check the signal strength, which is fine, and send again, but it won't go. My phone will not send this message for some reason. I remember the feeling I got at Christmas that my phone was somehow a window on the world for God, and I take the hint that I should just leave it, and put the phone back on the bedside table and try and get some rest.

29/07/2014

I didn't sleep at all well last night, the girls kept waking and I am now very tired, very paranoid, and very suggestible. I drag myself into work, and start listening to Gopi Krishna's autobiography again while mindlessly opening and closing windows on my PC to look like I am working. When I interact with people I do so as a defeated adversary, the threats that I have perceived seem to be channelled and echoed through my work colleagues and in everything they say. It feels like they are also conveying messages to me without being aware of it consciously. *It's like evil is speaking through them!*

I take a toilet break and sit in the cubicle trying to gather my thoughts. I feel like I am being pulled in many different directions, and each is a potential side which I could join. Be it the Freemasons, Witchcraft, Scientology, or Christianity. I switch my thoughts constantly between the factions not being able to choose an acceptable partner. After some time I am tired of everything, and I say to myself;

'Fuck it, I'm going with Yoga.'

As I resolve upon this, I receive a Kundalini surge and it is the most welcome thing to happen to me this day. I feel better and

more stable now, I return to my desk and to Gopi and spend the rest of the day listening to my new teacher.

I return home in the evening to an empty house, I had forgotten that Dagney and the kids have gone to Swanmouth to stay for the duration of the carnival there. A text message would have been nice but it doesn't matter. I have a task to perform in their absence, that of taking up the living room carpet and replacing it with laminate flooring. That should keep my mind off of things for the early evening, if not into the night. It's going to be hard strenuous work and I appreciate this opportunity to do something physically positive for a change.

After I finish for the night I retire, and unfortunately start to perceive an unwarranted panic rising in my body. I lie in bed and start to have thoughts about being attacked in the night. I know my neighbours are away on holiday and Dagney has our dog with her. *In space, no-one can hear you scream!*

It is a perfect night for my perceived aggressors to mount an attack. I start to sweat and feel an incredible heat in my system, like a fever. Thoughts of losing my genitals to a saw, as punishment for speaking out about the Freemasons, flood my system and my agitation reaches a new high. However I remember the teaching of Gopi Krishna and of how a rising of Pranic energy in either the Ida or Pingala Nadis can be converted to Sushumna, and I start to perform pranayama breathing in a 4-4-4 structure. I wrestle with negative energy for a few minutes before I start to detect a change. As I continue to breath in through my nose, hold it, and out through my mouth, while imagining all negativity flowing away with every outward breath, I start bring the negative thinking under control. I continue for half an hour and manage to turn this fever and paranoid state into a positive experience and I know that I have dispersed the Pranic energy. As my symptoms abate, I finally drift off to sleep.

30/07/2014

I had a great night's sleep and I feel refreshed this morning and renewed. I return to work with a positive attitude and greet several people happily on my way into the office. I start the morning working on a number of supplier assessments and listen to Gopi as I carry them out. I quickly learn of a new revelation from the world of Kundalini, apparently food is important to the individual having a Kundalini awakening. Gopi says that food will affect your mental state and eating the wrong thing will make one ill. I wonder if I have been making myself ill by eating the wrong thing, but what is the wrong thing? Gopi doesn't explain what foods are good or bad. Certainly I have noticed that if I eat a particularly starchy meal then it can trigger a three day headache for me. This is something I am going to have to be careful with.

Listening on, Gopi says that he chastised himself for eating the wrong food and this is something I can relate to, sometimes I just have to have a packet of crisps even if I know that it will give me a migraine. As well as eating correctly Gopi also talks about eating a little and often, and not to let the stomach become empty, or the fire serpent will pay a visit. He recommends eating every three hours or undue illness will follow. This is something that I am going to have to try, to maintain a healthy mind state in the coming days. Curiously I consider the drinking of Tea as a form of food, I always drink it with milk, and I tend to turn to Tea in times of need. I wonder if I can use it to keep the fires at bay, I guess time will tell.

Gopi goes on to talk about not being able to find a Yogi to guide him through the Kundalini experience, and this is something I have tried to do online without success, it seems that there is a serious drought when it comes to Kundalini Yoga teachers in the modern day as there was in his day. I did track down a Yoga teacher after Christmas who was prepared to help me, unfortunately though and despite her being a nice person who I felt I could open up to, she didn't seem to know what to do with me or the Kundalini energy and she taught me the technique I used last night to get rid of unwanted energy, but that was the extent of her knowledge it seems, and I stopped going to see her.

I am very grateful then that I have found Gopi, and he didn't have a teacher at all, I have at least his experience to go on, to keep me going when things are looking bleak. I know he came through this experience and lived to a reasonable old age, although he does write that it took him twelve years to become in control of Kundalini. I hope it doesn't take me that long.

I enjoy my day at work until Neville comes over and calls me to a private meeting with himself, I immediately put up my defences, and they are raised even higher when he tries to encourage me to follow him.

'Don't worry, It's nothing cloak and dagger.' He smiles knowingly.

I dutifully get up and follow him, and am reminded of something I heard on the radio during my journey in this morning. I hadn't taken any notice of it at the time but now its relevance comes to light. Apparently today is a special day for Freemasonry, as it is the anniversary of the first American Masonic lodge being opened in the year 1730. Despite this I enter the meeting room and sit down with him.

'I am working on a succession plan, and I would like to get you a mentor.' Neville announces.

'A mentor?' I respond somewhat surprised.

'Yes, I want to help you with your personal growth.' His words seem to imply something greater than their content.

'Do you mean a quality engineer with more experience than me?'

'No, this would be someone outside of the quality field.'

'I don't understand, what would I benefit from them?'

I can understand someone in our field offering me the wealth of their experience and helping me, and it would be good for me to be able share ideas with someone, and ask questions. But I don't

understand a mentor being someone outside of our field of work!

‘Would you consider it?’ he asks me with some agitation.

‘Do I have a choice?’ I respond, increasing his aggrieved state.

‘Of course you have a choice! I’m just trying to help you.’ He is now clearly fully agitated.

‘Can I have some time to think about it?’ I try and appease him

‘Okay, but let me know before the end of the week, okay?’

‘Okay I will.’

Neville gets up and walks out of the room in a strop. And I stand to follow him. I might be wrong but the personal growth he speaks of which is outside of the field of quality engineering has left my mind spinning. It is suggestive again of an ulterior motive, like he’s trying to get me into something untoward and insalubrious. I know I am in a paranoid state of mind, but this is not on. *Why the private unannounced chat? Why the mention of cloak and dagger? Why is this not an official and above board meeting? Why the concern for my personal growth?*

I don’t understand what motivates this man, and anyway with all that I am learning about Kundalini I don’t need any additional personal growth, I’m managing fine on my own.

Later in the day Neville comes over to talk to Brian, and while I have my earphones in I can still hear what they are saying. They talk about Cricket as they are on the company team together, and I learn that tonight is there last home game of the season. That they have only five good batters, and Neville’s batting average was suffering of late but it would be remedied this evening. The conversation goes on and my attention is lost, until Neville mentions something about Priapus to Brian and my ears prick up. *What on earth is Priapus?*

When Neville leaves I open Internet Explorer and search for Priapus and it turns out Priapus is a figure in Greek mythology and is a fertility god and protector of male genitalia! I can’t believe it, why must these coincidences all resolve themselves to be related to my genitals? With this revelation I again think over

the conversation my boss had with my co-worker. *What if this conversation was metaphorical?*

Is it possible that this was a coded message that tonight Neville will achieve what he has been aiming for, that the home game is referring to my house being visited, and the five batters are the number of assailants that will be coming to my house to mutilate me?

No, calm down. You're reading too much into things.

Despite ruling this out, I can't help myself and give a little prayer to God for the ongoing safety of my genitalia.

When I leave for home I quickly get the feeling that I am being followed by another car, I try to shake this feeling but as the corners and streets pass and the vehicle is still there. I suddenly remember that the car I am in was bought from a Freemason.

His name was Clive Knowles and it was only after paying the man and shaking his hand did I realise that he was giving me the half cupped handshake and that he was wearing a square and compass sovereign ring. I felt panic rising in me at that time. *What did it mean? How could I have been ensnared by this group? Do they know me well enough that they could have put up an advert that they knew I would respond to? What does that mean for the company I keep, is one of them a silent informant?*

Since then I have often wondered if that group had me under surveillance through the car, and if so, it would make sense now that they would be able to share my licence plate details among their group. I remember that When I got the car home there was CD in the glove box, it was a CD by the King's of Leon and a particular track caught my attention called Crawl. It is a nasty song about submission, and because of that I have relegated it to the shelves in the living room, never to be played in the car again.

When I join the dual carriageway I accelerate fast to get away and put some cars between myself and my tail, but unfortunately the traffic is all backed up ahead of me and before I know it I

am sat in a long slow moving queue. Frantically I try to spot the car's whereabouts, the Black Mercedes in my rear and side mirrors stops a few cars behind me. I start to panic at the thought of someone getting out of the car and walking up to my door. I also can't escape the feeling that this traffic jam has been orchestrated to trap me. My heart races as I edge forward with the rest of the traffic. This fear in me is ridiculous, but I can't shake it, and I'm not going to shake my tail either.

Suddenly I'm almost in the bumper of the car in front of me and I slam on my brakes to prevent an accident. *I must be careful.* I return to watching the rear view mirror.

We crawl along the carriageway for many minutes and I am slightly relieved that no-one has approached my car, which feels like an enemy vehicle to me right now, and I touch the peddles and steering wheel lightly with a disgust at the pedigree of its previous owner. At the end of the carriageway we traverse a roundabout and I gain a few cars over my presumed follower due to the filtering of the traffic, but I still keep a watchful eye on my mirrors. It occurs to me then that if like cattle I have now been corralled, then my actual assailants may not be behind me, and are more likely ahead waiting to receive me, so I scan each of the cars ahead, and into the distance to check for anything unusual. I don't see anything out of the ordinary but my heightened state of awareness remains, and as we reach the next junction I check the feed roads and oncoming vehicles for anyone behaving unusually. As we pass this intersection I again manage to put more traffic between me and the black Mercedes, and as luck would have it the car turns at the junction and heads off in another direction. As I continue down the road I begin to relax a little and I reassure myself that it is likely all in my mind and nothing is going on.

I arrive home after a few more minutes and sit on my empty drive for a while to catch my breath. I thank God for my safe passage home and then exit the car to return to my house. I slump down on my sofa, alone, and just wonder why it is that I am so paranoid. Is it my boss's fault, and have I just gotten so

wound up by him that anything he says or does sends me into fits of unwarranted paranoia, or is this part of the Kundalini process? I sincerely hope that Gopi has the answers, because Kundalini is turning out to be a bitch. This isn't like me, and I've not done anything to bring this on. It's not like I've been taking mind altering drugs, drinking excessive amounts of alcohol, or getting involved in satanic ceremonies. This thing has happened to me, rather than me doing it to myself. It's an external event impacting on my system, and it's more like I have been poisoned by someone. *Is this possible?* I put this thinking on hold however as right now I have a job to do in completing the flooring of my lounge before my family return.

I work late into the night and then retire without fuss and am quickly asleep.

31/07/2014

I make it through the night without anything unusual happening, but for some reason I awake the next morning feeling depressed. I feel like I am being put through some sort of training, like my mind is being washed of everything I knew before, and instead is being presented with a new set of rules and knowledge about the world that was previously hidden from me. Dagny mentioned "brain bleach" in passing the other day, and I feel like I have now been given some brain bleach too. For what purpose I cannot comprehend, however I fear that someone is after me, that they are on my case and won't leave me alone.

Today I just want to quit my job and hide at home in bed, under the covers. *What if Kundalini is a training programme for some unannounced group who seek to control me? What if they want me to find Kundalini and learn how to raise it for their own purposes?*

I wonder if allowing me to listen to Gopi Krishna and what he went through is perhaps some kind of preparation. Maybe Gopi himself went through this training and the account of his experience is aimed at someone in my position, to guide and

council and to remind that they are not the first one to go through it. Gopi faced death and came out of his experience a changed man, but presumably still had his balls intact and that brings me some comfort. If an organised group is behind all of this, then they must have been around long enough to know how to identify each personality type possible in the human race, and target them appropriately. My particular bent is Yoga and thus Kundalini is my training programme, maybe for others another training programme is more appropriate. I don't know, my paranoia is running rife again.

I have some breakfast before work, and during my journey in I begin to feel a little better and my mind is functioning more normally. I spend the day listening to Gopi once again and feel a little happier about everything, I even manage to have a normal conversation with my boss without any negativity, insinuation, analogy or parable. I find myself wondering if I am simply stressed, and that all this paranoia and fear is a symptom of a bodily system that is overloaded. Trouble is that I'm not stressed, at least I don't think that I am. Maybe therein lays the problem, in that I am not able to recognise when I am stressed and everything else that happens is a result of this.

Those coincidences however, they require another explanation, and I can't shake them off so easily. Maybe the world is obsessed by penis worship and I haven't noticed it before now, but I doubt it. This has to be connected to Kundalini, the things I have learned about Kundalini being a female force must be related, and Kundalini itself, while hidden from the masses must be a good force and my experience has actually shown me this so far.

In thinking this it settles my poor brain in one way, in that I have a plausible answer for my symptoms, but also it heightens my agitation at the thought of this force at work affecting things in the real external world, and it brings me back to my thinking from Christmas where I remember that all around me became unreal and just an illusion. Like being trapped in The Matrix movie I feel like this world is not solid and the rules which should apply to it do not. When people behave towards me out

of character, it is like they have been taken over by an Agent of the system, with the aim of directing me back towards behaving in a more controlled manner.

I again spend the rest of the day listening to Gopi Krishna, and trying my best to perform my now overdue work duties.

I manage another day in the office and I return home without any further concerns about being tailed, and in the evening I return to my flooring job with some pleasure in having done a good job on it.

01/08/2014

I awake from my sleep at midnight in a sweat and with a panic that I am being mind controlled and induced into some unseen group a little at a time, drip by drip. I am freaked out and can't relax, I attempt to meditate to calm myself down, but it does not work. I feel like I am fundamentally broken, and I don't know how I can go on. A thought arrives from out of the air that I should eat, so I carefully get out of bed and I head downstairs and have a banana. When I return to bed I try again to calm myself down, and at 01:30 I drift into an uncomfortable sleep.

At 04:30 I'm awake again and the panic returns, my prior learning is enhanced with new understanding of my predicament. At work there is a large project up for grabs by my company, it is the sort of thing that will set the business up for twenty years and people are feverishly working to win the bid against competitor companies. I feel that I am a threat to the successful winning of this project and because of this I am being subject to mind control. I must be an embarrassment to my business due to my prior ranting on the internet and they don't want me to do anything like that again, but they clearly have some humanity in them as they do not want to make me jobless when I have young children. So I am stuck in this strange place where I am employed to do nothing, but I can't stand doing nothing. If I was to start raising issues all over the place and making the business address them, then I'm sure that I would be

subject to further threats. I lie in bed trying to think of a way out of this until it is time to get up.

I'm feeling pretty spaced out come seven o'clock but have to go to work regardless, it's not the first time that I've done this and it most likely will not be the last. I remind myself that I am tough enough to cope and reassure myself that I can get through this, and so I do.

Later when I return from a meeting with my boss he starts talking about Youtube videos and specifically the ones made with Lego. He brings up an Eddie Izzard sketch made out of Lego which is about the Death Star canteen, and fumbles for the words of the joke as if to invite my comment. I oblige;

'Oh, the one where Darth Vader says to the canteen cashier; I do not need a tray, I could kill you with my bare hands.'

These were the wrong words and I knew it, but I couldn't stop them coming out of my mouth. I am embarrassed by what I have just said, and I do my best to not look it. I wonder how my boss will react to this blunder but all I get in return is a little chuckle and he says;

'Yes that's the one,' then we part company to return to our desks.

I can't believe that I just said that, as the words of the sketch are;

"I could kill you with a single thought."

I knew this and what I said in its place could be perceived as a veiled threat. It came out of me like I was being used as a mouthpiece for someone else's words.

I have thought that often others around me have been unwitting mouthpieces for evil and things they say are without intent, but never the less are an attack on me from beyond the veil. *Is it*

possible that now good is using me as a mouthpiece to attack evil? Could this be the word of God coming through and warning my boss away?

I'd like to think that it was just a slip of the tongue, but what a slip. In a world where suggestion, metaphor, and parable are the tools of mind control I may have just acted like they do, I've become like an Agent of the system. This is a weird situation, but it gives me some hope actually, hope that there is a voice of good and that it can come through good people to fend off the evil ones.

If the Beast of the Wilderness, Azazel is on the hunt again, as in the movie *Fallen*, at least he now has some resistance being channelled through me, whether it be divine or just spiritual in nature.

That reminds me actually, a while ago I bought a second hand copy of *Fallen* from eBay as I wanted to watch it again and to see if there was anything further that I could learn from it. When the DVD arrived through my letter box, I picked up the package to find that on the back of the padded envelope the previous owner had taped a picture to the package. It was an A5 size colour printout of an artist's painting of an angel. I almost dropped the parcel out of shock. Why had the sender printed out a picture of an angel and sent this through the post along with the DVD? *What did it mean? What were they trying to say?* I got chills while holding this offering in my hands and looked closer at this image to try and better understand what it meant. The image appeared to be of the angel Gabriel and he was holding a long trumpet. I didn't recognise the work as being by anyone famous and rather this seemed to be an amateur piece, but an accomplished one from long ago, possibly from medieval times.

Clearly I had a relationship with Gabriel at Christmas and this delivery seemed to be protected and ordained by the angel. On reflection I can only take this strange event to be positive, and potentially was showing me that I have acted correctly and that I am perhaps being watched over.

02/08/2014

I awake at midnight again, and as before I am receiving negative thoughts from somewhere. This time it is to do with my kids and my father, I don't like to leave them alone with him and I fear he is some kind of paedophile, possibly photographing my girls and putting the pictures on the internet. Julia has developed this strange behaviour where she will be in the bath and decide that she wants to dance, but it is not just any dancing but suggestive dancing, she will turn around and wiggle her bum at me like she is dancing in a porn club. I find it disturbing to think that someone might be sexualising my daughter so that pictures can be put on the web, and with this thought I remember her wanting to hang off of chairs, lampposts, and railings to pretend like she is pole dancing. I don't know where she would be getting the idea to do this if it were not suggested to her. Maybe it is her nursery teaching her to play this way, but I doubt it as it is a church nursery. Although in thinking this I again consider the Vicar Diana and my aversion to her, could she be directing not just the church nursery but the people within it?

So that leaves my parents then, when they came to see us earlier in the week my Dad kept finding reasons to send Mum and me out of the room to leave him with Dagney. Goodness knows what they were talking about, Dagney has always said that they have a lot in common and I hope it is not some sexualisation thing. While I was in the room with them the conversation went to and fro, but in the middle of this I picked up on a repeated number being used. The number five kept being brought up in different contexts, someone's birthday, Julia put on five pairs of trousers for a laugh, a time of day, over and over the number five was being highlighted and it reminds me of the number 28 which was heralded to me at Christmas. Could this be the same thing again, is something going to happen on the 5th August?

My family returns before lunch and I'm not quite finished on the flooring. I apologise to them for the mess, and Dagney seems upset that the furniture is all over the place, and there is nowhere for the kids to eat their lunch. There's not much I can do about it and they have to make do clearing a space on the sofa to eat. I feverishly try to finish off, and make a couple of stupid mistakes cutting the laminate, due to the pressure of having them back, but eventually I complete the floor and start to put the furniture back. Dagney lends a hand with this last job and before long we have a normal room again. I feel that I have done a good job, even if my wife does not feel the same way and I spend the afternoon cruising and not doing much at all. In the evening my parents drop in on their way back from town and they have come over to see the new floor. They at least congratulate me on a job well done, and they offer to buy us dinner. With the family being away for the week, and with me having not gone shopping we have precious little food in the house, so we are happy to accept the fish and chips they suggest.

After they leave we have a peaceful evening and an early night, but despite me being tired from the physical exertion I cannot sleep. *Here we go again!*

The Apocalypse

03/08/2014

I didn't sleep at all again, I dozed a little about 04:30 but it was not for long. I have the reoccurring thought that I have been poisoned, could it be that my parents yesterday put something in my fish and chips, perhaps on the way back from the shop. I don't know why my parents would do this to me, but the fact is I was fully awake all night and I felt like I was on speed or a similar stimulant. My head was buzzing and my heart was beating fast, and no matter how much I meditated, I could not calm down. This morning I feel terrible and when I get up Dagney reminds me that we are due to go to her friend Catherine's house for lunch. This is the last thing that I need and try to think up some reason for not going, but in my sleep deprived state I fail to do so.

I keep the kids amused in the living room while Dagney begins to cook in the kitchen, apparently all of the people going to this lunch are taking something to share with the guests. She is making a pasta bake for them and it is a gluten free dish, which always makes me feel ill. I don't know what it is about gluten free food, but I seem to be as allergic to it as Dagney is to glutinous food. I am asked to monitor the pasta and to stop it from boiling over while she goes to the loo. She is in there for some time and when she returns I enquire as to whether she is okay.

'It's my time of the month' she says somewhat sheepishly.
'Oh, okay.' I respond wondering why she might be embarrassed by this today.

I return to the living room and play with the kids, and Dagney goes briefly to the loo again and then returns. I think that this is odd but nothing concerning.

Later when the pasta bake is nearly ready Dagney brings some in for me to try, and presents a spoonful of pasta in a red tomato

sauce for my tasting. I willingly try it, but instantly I don't like it.

'It's a little sharp!' I exclaim

'It is meant to be that way. I like it.'

'Well as long as you like it I suppose.' I appease her and she seems to be happy with this conclusion.

Dagney returns to the kitchen and I wonder why she wanted the pasta bake to taste like that, she's made the dish before and I don't remember it tasting bad like this, even if it is made with gluten free pasta. I decide that I will not be eating this dish at lunchtime.

When the time comes we load up the car, put the kids in their seats and I am presented with the pasta bake to carry on my knee as Dagney drives us to Swanmouth.

'Is there going to be kids food to eat?' I enquire on behalf of our children, and secretly myself.

'I don't think so, they'll eat the same as us.'

'I don't think that ours will want this pasta bake I'm afraid.'

'It'll be fine.' Dagney says a little too confidently for my liking.

When we arrive at Catherine's house we are invited through to the back garden where a number of garden toys had been put out for the children to play with and our girls are attracted immediately to the trampoline. It is a nice summer's day and the sun is shining on the freshly mowed garden. There are a number of parents already there and we are introduced to those we do not already know, and I place the pasta bake down on the table next to the other offerings. Dan fetches us a drink and despite being tired I am feeling somewhat recovered and awake. More guests arrive with dishes and someone brings a large chocolate cake which pleases Catherine very much. Dagney sees an old friend that she hasn't seen in ages and introduces me to Mars.
What a name!

They happily catch up and we show our kids to her and she in return introduces hers to us. After we are done with Mars, Dagney and I mingle and talk with the guests before we are invited to start eating the food. Catherine brings us a plate each and I call the kids over to get something to eat. They reluctantly come over and I help them chose some things to eat before getting some food for myself. I am not surprised that our girls do not like the food and will only eat the cheese straws, I am surprised however that I do not like any of the food too. I try various dishes, one is a spicy Chinese dish with sloppy nasty tasting spring rolls, there is some Italian meatball dish which again doesn't taste very nice at all, I try some rice salad and this is palatable at least, although plain. I am offered some prawns in sauce which I didn't like the look of when I first scanned the table, but as they have been directly offered to me I feel obliged to try them. Again I find them to be nasty tasting, and nasty in a way I cannot put my finger on. I wonder if perhaps there is something wrong with my taste buds today as nobody else seems to be finding the food to their disliking. I too resort to the cheese straws like my kids and while these are a little better than other foods they are also odd in their flavour and unlike any cheese straws I have eaten before.

As I sit and eat I get talking to this guy Glenn, he runs a cleaning business and coincidently cleans at the office of a friend of mine. He tells stories of the things he has seen in the office as he cleans, and I know that a lot of the work in that office is secret. I briefly consider telling my friend about their cleaning staff looking at sensitive information left out after the office closes, because this guy seems far too proud of his insight into another companies business. He goes on telling me about how he's grown his business and seems to be doing very well for himself. He asks about my work and I tell him all about it, he seems interested enough even though I think my work is boring. People often find the aviation industry I work in interesting and while it may seem elitist from the outside, I know it's nothing special in reality and just another hum drum job.

As we sit chatting the kids are playing in the tent that has been erected in the garden next to me, and everything seems fine and like nobody has a care in the world, that is until a scream comes from the tent. All the adults stop what they were doing and look over to see the zipped up door open, and what emerges from within shocks me to the core.

One of the boys, Adam I think his name is, emerges in tears and is completely naked, I am the closest to him and get a ringside view of the horror before me. His penis is erect and it is bleeding. His parents rush in to gather him up immediately and check him over. The party's host Catherine looks inside the tent to fetch her daughter Alice from within, and another girl sheepishly exits the tent also. I am fundamentally shocked and everyone exchanges confused glances, and I look back to see the boy who is in floods of tears. His parents both ask him what happened and he just gestures at his private parts through the tears. Dan joins Catherine and Alice and starts questioning his daughter as to what happened, I look back to see the indignant and obstinate girl refuse to say anything, strangely her mother does not seem at all concerned and leaves the questioning to her partner. Dagny enquires as to where the girls are, and Catherine indicates that they are upstairs in Alice's bedroom, and Dagny goes to check on them. Meanwhile the boy's parents move him to the side of the house and attend to his injury. He seems inconsolable and his parents start questioning him themselves what happened. They get nowhere with their son, with Avea, with the other girl, or the other parents. They unsurprisingly announce that they will have to leave, scoop up the boy's clothes and make a quick exit to the side of the property.

The other guests return to normal conversation like nothing has happened, but I sit there wondering what on earth I have just witnessed, and the only conclusion I can come to is that the boy had been bitten by Alice on the head of his penis. If this is the case then what on earth were they doing in that tent, clearly the boy was aroused, so does that mean that these young girls firstly knew how to arouse a boy, and secondly were actively doing so before the final act. They are only three years old and I can't

understand how they would know about sexual stuff and can draw only one conclusion, but don't dare think it.

I look around again at the other parents and apart from Dan still trying to get an answer out of his daughter, no one seems to be interested in the slightest. I am thankful that my girls were away from all of this and I am relieved to see Dagney emerge from the house with them looking happy enough. She goes to Dan and Alice and asks if he knows what happened, but he shakes his head and is increasingly getting upset with Alice, raising his voice now to try and get answers. Dagney then comes to check on me with our children.

'Are you alright?' She asks clearly seeing my shocked state

'Not really.' I respond quietly so as not to attract attention.

'Did you see what happened?' she enquires.

'Yes, Alice bit that boys penis.' I say in a shocked tone.

'I'm sure that's not the case.' she says trying to calm me.

'That's what I saw.' I exasperate.

'They probably fell on him while playing, these things happen,' Dagney tries to normalise the situation.

'There's no way that would happen just through falling about.'

'It was just a bit of rough and tumble, I'm sure. He'll be fine,' Dagney really doesn't want a big deal made out of this.

'No, there's more to this than meets the eye,' I stumble out stunned by Dagney's lack of care.

'You're being silly,' she appeals to me, 'It was just innocent playing that went wrong.'

With that she walks off and leaves the kids with me. They are completely unaware of what just happened, thankfully, and want to play on the trampoline again. So I stand there watching them while feeling like the only one, other than the boy's parents, who cares about this incident. Perhaps it's because I was closest and got the first view of what happened, perhaps it's my lack of sleep again, I don't know but I have been rocked to the core here.

When the party is over and people are beginning to leave I suggest to Dagny that we need to get back so that I can walk Max, and we begin to collect our things together. On the way out, one of Dagny's old friend Mars comes up to her, and in a hushed voice says,

'I'll talk to you tomorrow, okay?'

I don't think I was supposed to hear but I do, and this further makes me think that something is going on here, that there is something hidden by the day's activities. Anyway we say our goodbyes and leave the party.

Dagny drives home and I sit in silence trying to figure out what this all means, clearly I am not behaving normally as Dagny checks on me.

'Are you alright, you are very quiet?' she enquires.

'I just can't get it out my head.' I respond rather vaguely.

'What can't you get out of your head?' she seems a little agitated.

'Well, what happened today, that boy, you know?'

'Don't be silly it was just kids playing, these things happen. Don't worry.'

'I can't stop thinking about it. You didn't see it, but I was right there.'

'I'm sure it was innocent.'

'But Alice bit his erect penis!'

'You don't know that's what happened!'

'What else would cause that?'

'Your beginning to worry me, you're not going to go funny on me again.' Her tone changes to be rather severe and out of context. Dagny seems to be just wanting me to shut up.

'Oh don't start that again!' I respond angrily and end the conversation.

Every time I get concerned or worried now Dagny thinks now that I'm about to lose the plot again, like at Christmas. She

might actually be right, but treating me this way is only going to make things worse. I resolve to say nothing more and spend the rest of the journey home in silence, thinking over and over about what was going on at that weird party.

We have a reasonably normal afternoon and evening, but when it comes to bath time, Julia starts playing up and keeps wiggling her bottom at me while standing in the bath and saying 'look Daddy'. I try to ignore it but eventually tell her to stop it and sit down, she is not best pleased with this and sits down to sulk. I wonder why she keeps doing this wiggle dance. *Where has it come from? Why does she keep doing it while in the bath?*

I don't know the answer but I don't like it at all, and return my attention to our youngest, Carrie, as a way of putting Julia off behaving this way.

After the bath everyone is in bed asleep and I sit alone in the living room thinking some more about today's events, the TV is on but I don't know what programme it is, I am still shocked by the incident and keep thinking that there is some significance to it. *But what?*

Then it hits me. My heart flutters and my face flushes. *Could that be it? Can that really be the case?*

'Paedophiles! This is all about paedophilia.' I say out loud to no one.

I feel sick at the thought, could this be the reality of the situation in which I find myself. I can't believe it, but these things must go on and especially with young parents. There are paedophiles out there, I see them getting arrested on the TV news, and it seems to affect all ages and levels of society so there's no reason to think we would be immune from its disgusting grasp. This seems too bizarre to possibly be true, and what part can I play in this, I'm never going to abuse children.

So I sit there and try to work out how they would ever get me and my kids involved in a paedophile ring. After some time I

look at the clock, it is ten o'clock and I really should be getting to bed as I have work tomorrow, but I don't feel in the least bit tired. Suddenly hits me, all of the pieces assemble in my mind, and I begin to feel very paranoid and the reality of the situation I find myself in.

The only way I would be involved in a paedophile ring is through blackmail, under the pain of death, and by being set up. With this thought I burn through all of the evidence in my mind; I am suffering from a lack of sleep over many days and likely suggestible and stupefied at the moment. In my current state of mind my shields are not up, and if anyone knew this they could work it to their advantage. Now the people at work are messing with me, causing me issues and while this is the main source of my stress it may also be the source of the paedophiles. I have previously thought that the Freemasons operate from my company, and more recently I have been receiving suggestions that Scientologists are also at my work. It is possible that these organisations are behind paedophile rings in the country, and they are seeking out new children to abuse. Paedophilia seems to be rampant in society and a hidden part of the history of our country. If this is the case then they will likely want me controlled and quiet, and getting me into either of these organisations would insure my silence.

Now if they want my kids they will have to get past my wife as well, and the way she is acting suggests that she is already controlled, and is seeking to control me. I can't escape the Witchcraft connection with Dagny, and her family and I wonder if that is her avenue of control. *How will they control me?*

They are going to set me up of course, and put me into a situation where I have to comply with their wishes or be locked up by the authorities. *So what is the setup?*

Today I witnessed something out of the ordinary and disturbing, I can see a likely series of events leading from today that will bring me to a decision on whether to go along or to be victimised. Julia has been acting sexualised. Earlier my kids had been playing with Alice before she went in the tent. What if they

told her what to do, due to their mother previously instructing them? The boy Adam will tell his parents what happened, and they will in turn question Catherine, who will ask her daughter; Who taught her to bite boy's private parts? She will say Julia told her, and then when Julia is questioned she will say that Daddy showed her what to do. Then I am straight in the middle of the setup. The boy's parents threaten to go to the Police and promise a conviction due to having Policemen in the ring too. There is testimony that I caused the children to act this way, and that I was not only the first to see the incident but that I was sitting closest to the tent making sure that the girl Alice went through with it. My recent lack of sleep will be attributed to my worrying about being discovered and I will have no option then but to join the very ring I'm being accused of being in.

Its simplicity is beautiful and deadly. I then remember that there may be supplemental evidence elsewhere too, I remember now an incident that occurred when I joined the local council, one of the councillors I met for the first time, Eve Hayworth, took a shine to me and tricked me into saying I was interested in paedophilia, and I bet she recorded it on a Dictaphone. What happened was that she introduced herself and also said that her husband had recently died and she was in mourning, then quickly following our introduction she began the setup;

'You look like a paedophile!' she said to me.

'What?' I was shocked and on the back foot twice over.

'I can tell you know,' she said slyly, 'If you say that you are interested in paedophilia I will be able to tell if you are. Go on say it!'

I was on the ropes in this situation I did not want to offend this grieving lady, and I also felt that I wanted to prove my innocence by saying that line in a way that could no way suggest that I was a paedophile. And here lay my mistake and I fell into the trap. I said to her in my most unsure tone.

‘I am interested in paedophilia’ and as soon as I said it I realised my mistake.

She thanked me and said that she did not think I was one, but she now had a forced confession that could be used against me. That ended our discussion and I said goodbye and walked home cursing myself for being so dumb around politicians and hoping that she had not recorded my words.

I also now remember that my daughter’s nursery sent home a Father’s day card which came with the message

“Julia likes to play grown up games with Daddy”

I thought nothing of it at the time, but I remember Dagny freaking out about it and explaining to nursery that our daughter liked to play the Trivial Pursuit board game with me and that was what she was referring to. *Could this be another piece of evidence to ensnare me and show that I am a paedophile?*

Well now I am hoping that those words tricked out of me are not still around to be used against me and that card will not be found, but given all that has gone on at work, and now with friends, it is not a stretch of the imagination that the local council, church, and nursery would also be in on this paedophile ring. In thinking all of this through I feel that my number is up and I was now going to be given the choice of joining this cult or be convicted of abuse and sent to prison by a corrupt system that wants my girls for their own nefarious purposes. Well I am not about to let this happen but I feel stuck, how can I get out of this? The wolves are closing in fast. I begin to panic and my thinking ceases to be of any use, as if my brain has just turned to jelly.

‘Oh shit, what do I do? I’m running out of time here. Oh fuck fuck fuck!’

I reign in my addled thinking trying to find a way out and after some considerable time I arrive at the only conclusion that

seems to be relevant. I have to tell someone, now, before any of them proposition me in the morning. *Who can I tell though? Who would be able to help me?*

Diana at the church!

I now have a goal in mind but I'm not ready to head to the church yet. I want to write this down, so I feverishly set about writing all that has happened on my laptop. When I am done it is nearing eleven o'clock, and it is getting very late. My wife and kids are asleep and I hope to keep them that way. It occurs to me that I may need to go into protective custody so decide to get my coat and pack up my laptop and backup hard drive to take with me as I may not get another chance. I quietly step outside and get into my car, then start the engine and drive off to the church.

My state of mind is of wild panic and I'm sure that I am probably not safe to drive, but I do so regardless. When I reach the church I get out with my coat and bag and head to the Rectory. I ring the doorbell and thankfully someone is still up, after a little while they approach the front door and open it a little. I can see Diana's face through the crack and she sees me. There is some incessant scratching at the door as I ask for help. Diana seems distracted and this scratching continues, she does not say anything and I realise that she is desperately trying to put the door on its security chain, without success.

I think that she has nothing to fear from me and can't understand why she would want to protect herself from me. I wait patiently but she seems completely unable to engage the chain, so she begins talking while still trying ineptly to attach this door chain, seemingly unnerved by the situation she finds herself in.

'What can I do for you?' she asks nervously

'They're after me again!' I blurt out

'Who is?'

‘I don’t know, I’m confused. It could be the Freemasons or Illuminati, Scientologists, or Witches but either way they are paedophiles and they are trying to get me into their group.’

My words come out in quick succession, and I probably sound like a madman. Her scratching at the door with the chain seems even more feverish now.

‘If you want protection I will have to call the Police’, she says with authority, ‘do you want me to do that?’

‘I don’t know.’ I respond suddenly confused, I had not thought about this.

‘I can’t offer you any protection in the church,’ Diana states to remind me, and finally gets her security chain in place. She seems to breathe a bit more easily.

‘I don’t know what to do.’ I state somewhat desperately.

‘Why don’t you tell me what happened?’ she asks with a renewed calm.

I tell this little face my story through the 3 inch gap of the door as quickly as I can and when I’m done I feel a little relieved at having told someone.

‘Why would they come after you?’ she asks.

‘I am being setup as a paedophile, and it’s not true, it’s not in anyway true, but that won’t stop them. They want my kids!’

‘I think you need to go home and sleep.’ Diana asserts, ‘Then can you come and see me tomorrow?’

‘Yes, I can take the day off sick, what time should I come?’

‘Come at ten o’clock’ she says kindly.

‘Okay, do you think you could do me a favour and look after my hard drive?’

‘Of course, what’s on it?’

‘It’s my story of what’s happened,’ I must sound desperate to her, ‘I need to know that it’s safe. It is the only thing that can absolve me of the blackmail.’

‘Okay,’ she says kindly, I retrieve it from my bag and hand it to her through the gap in the door.

‘Now, go home to your wife,’ Diana orders.

‘Thank you’ and then I comply with her wishes.

When I get back in my house I lock up and head for bed. Dagney wakes and asks where I’ve been, I tell her that I went to get some petrol for the car, and she seems to accept this and rolls over to go to sleep again. I lay there in bed looking at the ceiling and feel a little better, but not ready for sleep. I have now shared my issues with another human being and left a copy of my story on the hard drive with Diana which is some security against the coming storm in the morning. *Why was Diana so nervous though?*

04/08/14

I hardly sleep a wink again, and I spent the night praying that nothing will happen to me as a result of all that I have foreseen.

‘I’m going to take the day off, I didn’t sleep well again last night’ I tell Dagney as she gets up.

‘Okay, can I get you anything?’ she asks kindly.

‘No, it’s okay.’ I say and roll over in bed.

I have to phone into work, but I really can’t face that, not now. Dagney gets the girls up and gives them breakfast. I can hear them downstairs and ordinarily this would keep me awake, but in my present condition I am awake regardless so it does not matter.

My mind wanders to Kevin Greenwood once again and of what he said to me at Christmas.

‘We’re family first these days!’

I didn’t know what he meant back then, but I realise now that what he was telling me was that before he came for me he

would come for my family, and he must already have Dagny under control, and our parents. Well they've nearly completed their trap and I am nearly caught, when I don't join them they will all testify against me. Their cunning is impressive, it really is, I can't help but be impressed at the set up. I have done all I can to avoid it and if I slip their net it will be an honest to God miracle.

'Oh God, how can I get out of this? Help me please!' I give a little prayer for what it's worth.

At eight o'clock I summon up the energy to phone into work and am pleased that I have done so. I relax a little and even manage some sleep, until Dagny comes in and informs me that she is taking the girls out shopping. I am pleased that this will mean I can go to see Diana without having to explain myself to Dagny, and when she is gone I manage a little more sleep.

When I get up I head downstairs and discover Dagny has brought a new book back from her mother's house, and it catches my eye as I enter the room. I pick it up and turn it over in my hands the book is about a lawyer and has a tag line which reads.

"Is your faith strong enough to lose your salary, your wife, and your child?"

I can't believe that this is a coincidence, and it seems to point to another way out of my situation, that of walking away from everything and losing it all. However this sign does not come with any suggestion of prosecution and because of this I give it some thought. *Could I just take off never to return?*

The thought is a serious one, but not a realistic one, I am not the running away type and I proved this at Christmas. I will stand and fight rather than throw in the towel.

When ten o'clock comes I head up to the church and find Diana in the corridor, she greets me kindly and indicates that I should

follow her and we end up in a side room of the church that reminds me of a classroom. We sit at right angles to each other around a large table.

‘I’m sorry for last night.’ I apologise.

‘That’s alright, how are you doing this morning?’ she asks with feeling.

‘I didn’t sleep at all well, so I’m very tired.’ I reveal.

‘I think you need some medical help.’ she offers.

‘You might be right, I just can’t get any sleep.’

‘How do you feel now about the things you were telling me?’

‘I don’t know, it all just seems fantastical and unreal in the light of day, but at the same time I know there’s something going on. Perhaps it’s just to do with lack of sleep, when I don’t get enough I tend to lose the plot.’

‘I think you might be right, I would suggest you get to see a doctor as soon as you can.’

‘Yes, I’ll try and book an appointment.’

‘Good, I’d like to say a prayer for you too.’

‘Okay, thank you.’

Diana then launches into a prayer about me and my health and asks God to look after me.

‘Thank you,’ I offer.

With this decision made Diana seems happy with me and we get up to leave. As we walk back through the church corridor I remember that she still has my hard drive.

‘Diana, do you think I could have my hard drive back now?’

‘Of course, I will just go and get it.’

I wait in the corridor as she goes off to her office and quickly retrieves my hard drive, which she has put in a little plastic bag.

‘Can I ask what is on it?’ Diana enquires.

‘It’s my life story,’ I say, ‘everything I have been through.’

She nods and then hands me the drive, I thank her and leave the church.

I return home thinking about the garden party and the events that have transpired, and I still feel compelled to understand it in some way, to get a handle on what I witnessed and to make sense of it, no matter how horrible that understanding may be. However I also need to sleep, I am so tired and after many nights of poor sleep I am desperate to catch up. So I enter the house and go straight to bed.

Later I awake and am compelled to go on the internet to research yesterday’s travesty. I quickly find that there is a link between Sundays events and Witchcraft. The Lammas Sabbath is a Witch’s feast held on the first Sunday in August where members of the coven bring products of the fruits of their labours to the feast in the form of food for the attendees. The feast is in honour of Lugh; the Celtic god of light and the event is all about dying, sacrificing, and resurrecting the god of harvest. I learn that Lammas means loaf, and represents the first baked bread from that year’s harvest. The ceremony is linked to Scottish Witchcraft principally and I immediately wonder about my mother and her Scottish heritage. I also remember the funny taste of the foods I tried, and revisit the passage I read about the fruits of their labours, is it possible that the food actually contained bodily fluids from the cooks, Dagney’s time of the month and her toilet activity suggests something that I’d rather not consider about the dish she made.

I am not surprised to find any of this out, but still my nerves take a beating and any tiredness remaining in me is immediately replaced by adrenaline. I have always thought that Witches have played a part in my experiences but it is not until now that I have something concrete to go on. It seems that I was an attendee at a Witch’s ceremony yesterday, and what’s worse is that I feel this is all about our kids and initiation. Alice is three and she has just committed some sort of initiation in the garden

with us around her, I can't help but think that the males at the party are blissfully unaware of what is going on with the females, either that or they are simply complicit in what seems to be a secret agenda and a Witches coven. I wonder if Julia's upcoming birthday is her turn to become a Witch, presumably like her mother, and I know now that I cannot let that happen, under any circumstances, but what can I do?

I am reminded of David's words at Christmas, and how he pointed out to me that Christmas tree lights had some significance and how his were multi coloured but the house across the road had pure white ones. As either a Witch himself, or as the dog of a Witch, owned by his wife Mary, he was letting me know that a family can be made up of many different faiths and that families did not have to be entirely Christian to work. *Is it really possible that Dagney is a Witch? If so does that make her mother and her friends Witches too. Is my mother a Witch and do they have an agenda to make our daughters Witches too? What of the paedophiles, are Witches and paedophiles linked?*

The questions turn over in my mind because of the seeming absurdity of them in the 21st century, and also because I know what I have witnessed. Somehow the thoughts I have will not join, and sit as opposing and warring mental projections. I'm left wondering what on earth makes a Witch in this day and age? So I spend some time on the internet looking up descriptions of Witches and conclude the following; Witches clearly do not parade themselves in public and like the Illuminati must be hidden in plain sight, so identifying them by their clothes or headwear is not an option, sure Dagney wears a lot of black, but that is not in itself an indicator of Witch-iness. I thought I had previously experienced a Witches handshake and perhaps this is something else they have in common with the Freemasons, although from my investigations I could not find this handshake on the internet.

There must be some clues in how they act and behave, maybe in their views and attitudes. Thinking now about Dagney, she is

extremely selfish, secretive, she lies, and is narcissistic, and she is also fearful of many things in life, and this seems to check out online. She can display extreme feminist views, and while she professes to not be a Christian I know she prays to someone in times of need. She is a bully towards others, and she has a history of being bullied by her sister among others, which is quite tragic. *I guess this is how bullies propagate!*

I read that Witches can be quite tragic figures, so I have a correlation here too.

She is very picky about who she associates with and so are her close friends, she is always finding fault with my friends and tries to control who I see. While this facet does not relate to anything I find, I can't help but ascribe this behaviour of a tight knit group, to that of a coven.

Dagney has bought our kids several books on Witches such as the Usbourne book of Witches, and the Meg and Mog series, and she bought Julia a Witches outfit for Christmas which was very inappropriate. I remember too that when our kids were playing face painting with us, Dagney wanted to have them paint her face as a Witch, this is anecdotal I know but it all adds up, Right?

In supplemental terms Dagney grew up in a house by the sea called Wytchwyke, and she longs to be by the sea now, we have seashells all over our house for the kids to play with and she keeps reminding me that she wants to live near the ocean. These seem to be attributes of Witches too according to the web. She has a thing for growing herbs and a love of nature in general, and this too hits the mark on the internet. The last thing that seems to fit is Dagney's weird ability to pursue evil practises while sleeping, but during the day she seems unaware of them. This could be evidence of her Witch spirit that becomes active at night and it raises the question of her truthfulness with me during the day.

In summary she shares many attributes with the default attributes of a Witch and I feel that a Witch in the modern day is more of a mind-set than an outward presentation, with outfits and hats maybe reserved for special meetings. This reminds me

actually, I innocently downloaded some pictures from her phone of our kids, and accidentally found pictures of her trying on different hooded black cloaks at her mother's house. When I questioned her she claimed that they were for her sister and for a play that she was in, but she never used them as far as I know.

What have I gotten myself into?

I hope that through my actions at Christmas I have already saved Julia, but can I stand against the strength of a Witch's coven? I only hope that the power of a father is strong enough with his daughter to stop any evil from succeeding in its nefarious plans. My thoughts turn to my youngest daughter Carrie, and to her fate. I feel that she is too young to be in any danger, I'm not sure why I have this feeling but I'm not so worried about her, and the focus seems to be on Julia, for now at least. There seems to be significance to the number three in my experience, so perhaps Carrie is safe for a couple of years yet, I can pray at least that this is the case. But as for Julia, what is her fate, she does not know anything about what is going on, but she seems to be given a choice of how she will ally herself in this life, be it a Witch, a Pagan, a Mason, a Scientologist, a Christian, a Hindu, an alien, a pirate, or maybe something new.

A Starchild?

I sit up in bed and put the computer on the floor, I wonder what on earth is going on with me, Freemasons, Illuminati, Witches, Scientologists, paedophiles, this all sounds so crazy, and yet I have to recognise the truth of my experience. Clearly these groups exist and have existed throughout history, but how can they be now focused on me and my family in the twenty first century?

I'm beginning to feel that there is a very real spiritual aspect to life which has previously been hidden from me, a layer if you like that operates above the reality we see and hear. Our reality, the mundane existence, is just an illusion preventing us from seeing the truth and becoming who we are preordained to be. There are groups out there who protect and hide this spiritual layer, using it for their own purposes, and now I am awake to it,

they have recognised my status, and seek to adopt me. This is just a big old game of shush, of keeping the secrets, to suggest and coerce with whispers and analogy, and to attack at the spiritual level with the aim of gaining ones allegiance.

Well so far I have not given my allegiance and I do not intend to belong to any group or allow my daughters to belong either, I am something new and so are my daughters, we will not conform, fit in, compromise or join. We will not be pushed, filed, stamped, indexed, briefed, debriefed or numbered. We hate secrets and will not keep them, we will bust open this spiritual world and reveal it.

I'm feeling elated now, this is fantastical stuff, amazing really, just phenomenal and words cannot do it justice or speak of what is going on inside my system. I have discovered something truly occult, and by that I simply mean "hidden" rather than magical. It's possible that Kundalini is such a rare topic that it is held by groups such as the Illuminati, Witches, or Scientologists and they don't want it known to anyone but the initiated. Well now I know too and I've found out on my own, through experience and perseverance alone, without ceremony or rite. It's often said that one needs a teacher, a master, and that going it alone is dangerous. However at some point the first one to discover anything did so on their own, without the help of anyone else, and it is to that ideal that I now subscribe. I see the role as teacher as a control mechanism and part of the problem, the people who have truly achieved great insight surely would only say to others, go and find out for yourself, and don't just follow me. To do anything other than this is to seek to control and manage someone's experience so that it conforms only to their own. I do not have the option of following a teacher anyway. I do not know anyone who could assist me in this life, and so if I have a teacher it is in books, and specifically Gopi Krishna's works, who coincidentally also did not have a teacher either.

I decide that I need some fresh air and take Max for a walk. It is a warm sunny day and we walk for a long time across the heath and down country lanes. As I walk I try to forget all that is

going on and just to relax, and accomplish this somewhat. However on the return journey I start to think again about the things I have experienced and I feel that I know that I am again teetering between the visible world and the spiritual one, it maybe tiredness but I feel that things can be changed by my consciousness alone and at a spiritual level before they manifest in reality, but while I can change things I am not alone and there are others out there who are also able to change the holographic universe which we call reality.

So we have something of a spiritual fight going on to manifest the outcome, with the results being rendered before us in the world of physical matter and form. I understand there are gaps in the blanket of control, and I can change things in these gaps that others do not realise exist, and I am free to find gaps and change things within them safe in the knowledge that others will not change them back immediately.

I'm reminded again of the Matrix movies, and specifically the Animatrix which is a compilation of side stories to the Movies and one story in particular called "Beyond" is of an old house that local kids played in, they called it haunted and it had strange attributes, such as it would rain inside the house, time would slow in certain areas, gravity was distorted such that a person could fall to the floor and not hit it. It transpires that this house revealed glitches in the Matrix itself and the machines didn't know about the bugs until the kids started messing around in it. Ultimately the machines learn of the house and its strange properties, and they demolish it, thus removing the aberrations.

With this understanding I make a mental note to use my new ability only for defence, and not to abuse it for my own personal gain.

I return home to find my family have arrived and they enquire as to how I am. I play with Julia and Carrie for a while and then watch some kids TV with them. Dagney takes over and I get out my laptop to have play online, but as soon as I go online I have an issue with websites not loading for me, I close the browser and open it again, but still have issues. So I disconnect the WIFI

feature and reconnect it to find this also has no effect. I eventually pull the power plug out of the router and then put it back in, and when it connects to the internet I try again from my laptop to view some websites, this again fails to work and I am very confused. I decide to leave it and look through some photos I have taken recently and edit them to my taste, cropping and enhancing the pictures of my girls and wife.

As I play with the photos I begin to have problems with this too. Files are being deleted from my photo directory without me doing it, I restore them from the trash can only to find that they again get deleted. Next the directory content fails to show and Windows reports that the directory is empty. My confusion turns to concern that my laptop has been hacked and someone else is manipulating my computer remotely. I close the laptop lid and decide to leave it for the time being, I may be imagining things due to my overtired state. I try to not think about the alternative explanation for the strange events and instead return to watching the TV with my girls.

After dinner I bath the girls and then Dagney takes over to put them to bed, and I return downstairs. It is not long however before there is tears from both children, so I go up to help. Dagney asks me to deal with Carrie while she handles Julia, and I sit with her in the cot next to me, she shows no sign of being sleepy and instead rolls around and grizzles. After about ten minutes Dagney comes to take over.

‘Julia isn’t sleeping either,’ she says ‘will you take her downstairs and I’ll stay with Carrie?’

‘Yes, of course,’ I respond, happy that I am really being let off the hook with Carrie.

So Julia and I go downstairs and I put on kids TV for her to sit and watch. In a little while Dagney gets Carrie to sleep and comes down to join us on the sofa. We are watching a show called Pyjanimals and while I hadn’t been paying attention before now my ears prick up at the unfolding drama on the

screen. It seems that one of the Pyjanimals; a duck, is being ostracised from the group because he is different. I feel again the pull of the spirit and find that I enter a state of mind where it feels like the TV is showing me things that I need to see and that the characters are addressing a problem that I have. So I watch as this duck becomes upset and sits alone, and eventually he speaks up and tells the group that he is different. Surprisingly the others rally around him and tell him that it is good for him to be different and that they accept his differences. I receive the distinct impression that I have to speak up about my differences and tell Dagney. It is such a weird experience to have the television address your specific concerns at a time that it is needed, and I have to conclude that this is again part of the Matrix/holographic layer of existence resolving itself in front of me and sending me a message. I don't know who would have originated this message, maybe it is my higher self, or maybe it is God at work. I honestly do not know, but a message has been sent and received.

After the programme finishes Dagney takes Julia up to bed to try and get her to sleep, and I go to the medicine box and take a Nytol tablet with the intention of helping me get to sleep. I lock up the house, and turn off the lights and head up to bed myself, and I lie there contemplating my fate.

When Dagney comes into the room she finds me awake and suggests I take another Nytol tablet. I am reluctant to do so as I have read that they can upset a delicate stomach, but concede that if after an hour I cannot get any sleep I would take another tablet.

Dagney is off to sleep in no time, and I lie and try to meditate as a way of bringing on sleep. It works after about half an hour but I awake at ten o'clock panicking. I am hot and sweaty and I again begin to feel that I am drifting into an altered state of mind. I try to fight it but I cannot, I feel a fire rising in me and with it come thoughts of being abducted and being forced to join some secret order. I perceive this as a psychic attack by the people at my work and thus it is either the Freemasons, Illuminati, or Scientologists. I fight the invading thoughts while

trying to lie still and not wake my wife, but after a while she rolls over.

‘Are you awake?’ she whispers in my ear
‘Yes’ I answer suddenly snapping back to her and everyone else’s reality.
‘I can’t sleep either. Are you going to take another Nytol?’
‘I may do, are you going to take one too?’
‘No if the kids wake up I want to be able to hear them.’
‘I wouldn’t worry about that, they don’t seem to work anyway.’ I offer light heartedly.

Outside there is a loud bang like a gunshot not too far away, maybe the next road over. With my paranoia rising I fear that it is something to do with me and my situation.

‘It’s just fireworks,’ Dagney says, clearly sensing my agitation.
‘If it is fireworks there will be more of them!’ I retort with all the sanity I can muster.

We listen for a couple of minutes and hear nothing further. I can’t help but feel like it is related to what I’m going through and imagine that it might be Eve Hayworth getting shot in her home a couple of streets over from our own. Dagney must be aware of my discomfort and starts to talk to me again.

‘Is the same thing that happened to you at Christmas happening again?’ she asks kindly
‘I’m not sure,’ I offer by way of an answer, ‘It’s something similar I think.’

In getting me to talk about my issues my fears lessen somewhat and we begin to have a normal conversation, however after about fifteen minutes of healthy discussion about my plight Dagney gets upset and stomps off to the bathroom. I’m left confused as to what has happened, and I go after her to find out and discover her sobbing while sitting on the toilet pedestal.

‘What’s wrong?’ I ask caringly.

‘The way you said that I acted against you at Christmas hurt me.’ She sobs.

‘I’m sorry, I’m just telling it like it was, I felt that you were against me and part of a conspiracy against me.’

‘It just isn’t true.’ Dagny splutters.

‘So tell me what it was like from your side?’ I ask carefully.

‘I kept silent to be strong for you, as well as for myself.’ She says through tears.

I try to give her a hug, but she pushes me away.

‘I’m afraid your silence came across somewhat differently to me.’

‘Tell me?’

‘I thought it meant that you were the enemy, that you knew what was going on and that I was acting against your wishes and those of the Witches.’

With this said Dagny bursts into floods of tears. I again try to hold her and she doesn’t resist. And I speak quietly into her ear.

‘Then there was your insistence that I see a Doctor, I perceived this as you being controlled by the Witches and doing as they ordered you. They of course had control over you because they had threatened you with harming our children.’

Dagny is very upset at my comments, but I actually feel good for getting it out in the open and addressing things that we have not aired before. Despite this I can see that she is breaking down.

‘Look, I love you and nothing will change that, I realise that I’m going through something here which doesn’t make sense to me, so how can I expect you to understand it? But here’s the thing, you have to let me speak these things, no matter how crazy they sound and you can’t stifle my perspective just because it upsets

you. If I can't talk to you then I have no-one, and you know me, talking helps me work through things.'

'I know,' Dagney sobs.

As I hold Dagney I catch the awareness of something going on outside our house, there are cars pulling up and waiting with their engines running. I can hear a car radio get louder with a car door opening and then quieten when I hear the door close. Dagney is unaware of this and she continues to cry as I hold her. Then I hear through the open bathroom window a click of a car's central locking opening. My car, on our drive! As soon as it unlocks however it then clicks locked again. The noise happens again, and again the doors lock following them opening. The sequence repeats at a faster rate, and I can sense someone being frustrated at the locks automatically closing as soon as they are opened. After tens of times of this seemingly impossible event happening, with my car refusing to open to someone who has an alternate remote for my vehicle, the person seems to give up and get back in their car before driving away. The second vehicle leaves soon after and I can't help but feel I have just been saved from something horrible being planted in my car, or something terrible being done to my car itself. That little Freemason car has just saved my bacon on its own by refusing to open to someone.

Thank you little car, you're my Brujo Burro! I think almost in prayer and marvel at the ability of the force of good to step in when needed.

Clearly this is a fight that must have taken place in the spiritual realm for nothing like this is possible in our mundane reality, it's almost as if my little car has a soul and a personality of its own and that it is itself good, despite coming from the Freemasons. It wanted to protect me and my family from some nasty person who was up to no good, and so it simply did so. I remember customising the car in an attempt to make me feel better about it, and I changed its appearance to improve its looks, and I have also looked after it very well and treated it

with respect. Perhaps in doing this I have spiritually changed the car and brought it on-side. It seems crazy but my life is full of crazy right now so anything is possible.

After this event Dagney seems to quieten down and we get up to go back to bed. She cheers up a bit as we get into bed and we hug before she begins to ask about the shows that I made on the internet which turned out to be the final straw last year before all this weirdness started. We talk for about fifteen minutes and agree that it would be good for our kids to see the shows I made when they are older, with the exception of the last one where I attack the Freemasons. Following this we hug once more and Dagney says that she needs to sleep, and before long I am back lying awake with my wife sleeping soundly next to me.

I check the time on my phone and it reads 22:22. This suddenly seems important to me for some reason, and as important as 11:38 was to me at Christmas. So I take this to be a sign from God and pick up my phone to search the internet for a meaning. I don't find anything directly but taking a cue from my previous experience I start searching the bible online, and I find that Peter 2 is chapter 22 and that in Peter 2 book 2, verse 2 it says:

But there were also false prophets among the people, just as there will be false teachers among you. They will secretly introduce destructive heresies, even denying the sovereign Lord who bought them—bringing swift destruction on themselves. Many will follow their depraved conduct and will bring the way of truth into disrepute.

In reading this I am immediately struck by the significance of my predicament of not having a teacher, and of my position on not needing one. This verse not only reflects my thinking, but reinforces it and the need for me to go it alone. *I will not have a teacher, other than what I can learn from books. Jesus never had a Teacher after all!*

I find that a rule from Carlos Castaneda's philosophy of the Yaqui Indians comes to mind now, in that one can safely write

down the truth and learn from the written word, but one must not speak of that truth otherwise it may become corrupted.

With this understanding reached, I begin to feel that something is approaching me mentally. I have no fear in the reality in which my body lays, but I start to fear spiritually, like someone has failed to get me in the physical world, and now they are trying a spiritual attack. This of course could be the case if my experience of someone trying to get in to my car was real, and that person has now reported back to their group.

So I begin to feel that I am under psychic attack once again, and that in taking a stand against having a teacher I have opened myself to assault from all of the groups which want my servitude, and if they cannot get me voluntarily they will force me to join them. As I lay motionless in bed my mind twists and reels at the oppressive feelings that I am receiving. I again try to meditate to clear these thoughts from my head, but it does not work, and after about half an hour of struggling against these invasive thoughts I start turning negative in my thinking.

I feel my thoughts changing as I perceive my enemies making inroads into my psyche, and I begin to notice that if I don't do something they will take me over and control me. I am becoming desperate and can feel my physical body heating up and sweating once again. With this onset of panic at not being able to fend off my foes, I rack what's left of my suffering brain to think what I can do, and then I remember the technique I have used before of calling for help from those people I respect and who are known good spirits, be they dead or alive. So I silently put out a call for help from the spirits of Alex Jones, Alan Watts, my Grandfather, Carlos Castaneda, Jesus Christ, and I add Gopi Krishna to the list. As I do this I begin to feel a sensation around my heart, like a buzzing vibrating subtle body awareness, and as I focus on it begins to spread and grow in strength. My awareness becomes engulfed in this feeling and I feel it start to drip a new sensation down my spine to my coccyx; drip, drip, drip, it goes.

I wonder if this is the physical realisation of the phrase "Manna from heaven" which is supposed to be spiritual food sent by

God to his/her followers and is a test of whether the aspirant will walk in God's law. Soon after I think this, I recognise the now familiar sensation of a stirring of static type electricity building at the bottom of my spine. *Kundalini!*

My thoughts cease being negative and I witness a cessation of the oppressive force I felt before. Seconds later the static electricity rushes up my spine and into my brain where it seems to explode and I involuntarily gasp at the awesome feeling. The rushing feeling continues and builds and I feel it engulf my whole body as it surges, presumably through the newly identified Sushumna Nadi. It feels so wonderful and so very welcome, and within a short amount of time it vanquishes the oppression I felt I was under. My thoughts turn now to elation and to ecstasy, to the love of God, and to giving thanks for an experience that seems so fundamental to the human condition. I feel like I have claimed my birth right once again.

The surges continue and maintain their strength while I lie there in bed, asleep to any onlooker but, so very alive on the inside. More alive than any human can be during the day. I begin to cry with the overwhelming feeling of divine love and supreme gratitude. Any thought of harassment has now long since been banished from my spirit and I exist in pure love. This experience continues for many minutes and when it eventually subsides, I am not sad for its leaving and rather I am thankful for the honour of having this happen to me, again. Tears stream down my cheeks and wet the pillow beneath my head and as I regain the feelings of plain old reality I turn to see what the time is and find that my phone reports 23:23.

Again I sense that this must have some meaning so I pick up my phone and launch a browser. I head straight for biblegateway.com and look up book 23 – John 2, chapter 2, verse 3. I am not surprised by what I find, and give thanks to God for sending me further signs.

We know that we have come to know him if we keep his commands. Whoever says, "I know him," but does not do what he commands is a liar, and the truth is not in that person. But if

anyone obeys his word, love for God is truly made complete in them. This is how we know we are in him: Whoever claims to live in him must live as Jesus did.

I replace the phone and consider what I have just read, it seems unbelievable to me that the coincidences I have witnessed are actually just coincidences. I'm sure anyone I told about this would dismiss what is going on as coincidence and delusion, but for me this feels like a known path that I am treading, that the coincidences are revelation and things are uncovering themselves to me at the right time and in the right place. Throughout all of my experiences I have always maintained an awareness of a sane observer, even though others may not be able to see it. I have always been able to run my understanding past a delusion filter, either at the time or just after, and I am still keenly aware that all this crazy stuff which is happening may be a result of some underlying health condition. In all honesty I think I have witnessed too much for it to be delusional mental health issues, I think I have pulled back the veil over my life and had experiences the likes of which have been documented throughout human history by religious founders. It is said that truth is stranger than fiction and I can attest to this, and now I think about it, my overwhelming feeling about these experiences is of gratitude. I'm not sure I would feel the same way about a mental health condition, and I'm not sure I would be able to return from an experience of a mental failing feeling healthy and renewed as I do now.

I become aware that Dagney is stirring next to me, and I wonder how long she may have been awake. I worry to myself if I have given anything away while lying next to her or whether she has slept through it all. Either way she gets up and goes to the toilet. With this act I am reminded of my actions at Christmas, and how I believe Dagney to be a Witch, and specifically how her visiting the toilet was a ritual. Dogs leave chemical markers for others to find through their urination, so is it impossible that humans do the same? I don't know the truth of this but as soon

as she returns, having not flushed the toilet, I get up and am compelled to cancel out any negative effects her chemical marker could have left. I haven't drunk anything in hours, and I have been sweating so much so that I decide to remove my t-shirt and put it in the hamper. What this means is as I sit on the toilet is I can't go, I try as hard as I can but nothing is coming. Eventually a weak stream comes forth and I decide that it will have to do. I flush it down and return to bed.

I lie in bed now, not feeling that I am under attack any more, but still not being able to sleep. So I simply recall what I've been through and feel comfortable and somewhat satisfied. After a while however I feel the urge to check my phone for the time, it is nearly midnight and I get the distinct impression that my relaxed state is wrong and I need to be doing something. With this thought I drift into an altered state of mind and feel that while I am now safe, I perceive a threat to my mother exists from my father. I suddenly worry that my mother will be killed by my father unless I act immediately.

I concentrate on trying to raise Kundalini energy forcefully and mentally call out to my mother. I've not raised Kundalini by force before, and I am only partially successful in commanding it to rise. In doing so I get the impression that my mother's energy seems to be ebbing away, as though someone is attacking her. Instinctively I grab my phone and head off downstairs to call her, but as I lift the phone to my face I stop. The feelings of her being in danger are still there, but I now feel that I am now in more danger myself. Now I am downstairs I recognise this thing with my mother is a distraction, and I am drawn to secure the house through fear of something coming this way.

I quickly find that the front and back doors are unlocked and all the windows are open, so I go around closing them all and locking them. The issue my mother is facing is not something I can deal with and I have to accept that I cannot save her and she is going to have to fend for herself. I make a silent prayer for her protection, and if that fails I pray for her soul and I apologise for

just letting her go, but there is nothing more I can do. As I pass Max in his bed, I hear him grunt.

‘Hang in there boy! I made need your help soon in protecting the house. Keep an eye out for me?’

I head back upstairs and make sure the windows are closed in my daughters rooms, in the bathroom, as well as our own room. After this is done I return to bed somewhat relieved but I find that Dagny is most upset.

‘What are you doing?’ she demands.

‘I wanted to check you locked the house, and you hadn’t.’

‘Why are you closing the windows?’ she asks a little less severely.

‘I’m cold and I didn’t want the girls getting cold either.’

‘It’s not cold out.’

‘Well I’m cold, here feel my hand.’

I reach out and let her feel my hand, and it is indeed cold, although it’s not cold for the reason I state and for the reason Dagny thinks. I am panicking on the inside and all the blood has centred in my body mass, leaving my extremities cold to the touch. Dagny accepts this explanation however and lies back down as I return to the bed. As I lie down myself I cannot relax, and I start considering something else; closing doors was a part of my Christmas experience to prevent the ingress of Witches. I feel compelled to get up again and try to close all the doors upstairs.

I successfully close the girls bedroom doors and the bathroom door, but when I return to my bedroom and try to push the door closed, I find that it will not close. I try again, pushing it harder, but it will not close. I am confused by this inability to close the door and can’t think why it won’t close.

‘There’s a sock in the door!’ Dagny calls out; I’ve woken her up again.

I remove the sock and close the door before returning to bed, but Dagney isn't happy.

'Why are you now closing the doors?' she accuses.

'I thought I heard Julia wake up,' I reply trying to sound confident, 'so I went to check on her.'

'Okay.' Dagney begrudgingly accepts my explanation, even though it didn't explain the doors. *I guess the tone of my voice was convincing enough, even though the words didn't give her the answer she wanted.*

Dagney sleeps again quickly but I am lying in the bed panicking still. I check the time and find that it is 23:59 and I am happy at least that I have secured the house before the Witching hour can begin. Unfortunately I am sensing a dread building inside me, and with this feeling I am suddenly aware of more cars pulling up outside our house and presumably returning in greater numbers than earlier.

'This is it!' I say quietly to myself.

I hear doors slamming and music playing loudly, but I choose to ignore what is going on and instead decide to meditate through whatever is going to happen. The Witches are the focal point now of my battle and I feel them trying to disturb me from my meditation with their games outside my house, and I sense them trying to spiritually get into my head, and I must remember that I am lying next to one of them too. As I meditate I can feel Kundalini rising once again and I give thanks for the assistance from the universe in the form of this static electricity surge up my spine.

For the first time, I find that I can detect the subtleties of the Kudalini energy as it moves through my body and I enjoy this distraction. I can sense when the energy rises in the Nadis of Sushumna, Ida, or Pingala and when a drip of Manna comes the other way. It is all a matter of adjusting my focus and attention,

and if I think suddenly about something negative then it affects the distribution of energy, in my subtle body I would guess. The purest energy comes from the Sushumna channel, and a drip of Manna from the Anahata Chakra triggering a Kundalini surge in Sushumna is the best feeling of all. I mentally dance a little with the energies and try to avoid thinking about negative things through my meditation and Pranayama and I have a merry time exploring the different combinations of rising and falling.

What was that?

My attention is brought back to the mundane as I hear a “thunk” noise from Julia’s bedroom. It sounds like Julia has fallen out of bed, but there are no cries from her. I have to see to her and leave my dance with Kundalini behind for the moment. I realise that this will leave me vulnerable to the Witches but I have to see to my daughter.

When I enter her room she is lying on the floor some way from her bed, and she is holding a cushion that her grandmother gave her. I lift her back into bed and try to remove the gift from the Witch, but she fights me and won’t let go, so I let her keep it. Within a few minutes she has settled and as I sit next to her bed I consider Mary’s involvement in this. She and Dagney have been on my radar as Witches from the beginning of my experience, at Christmas Dagney’s controlling sister was away on holiday, but now she is around to assist them. I can perceive that they want my daughters to join them in their coven and while I am not the focal point of their nefarious plan I do stand in their way so presumably I must be dealt with. Mary as the matriarch is likely behind tonight’s attack, and I’ve banished her and Peg from our home. So they will probably mobilise their inside agent in the form of Dagney.

Hopefully Dagney is going to be conflicted so I have the ability to win her over and thus prevent her family from getting control of our girls. With this conclusion reached, I leave Julia to sleep on her own, retire from her room, making sure to close the door, and return to my bed. Unfortunately though, within ten minutes

she wakes again and cries out. I immediately go to her, but Dagney follows me this time, and tries to take over. I resist but ultimately give in when Julia calls for her mummy.

So I return to bed and to my meditation. After a while Dagney also returns, and a little later still she is asleep. I wait five minutes and creep out of the room, I take the cushion from my daughter and throw it to the floor, then I close her bedroom door before returning to my room and closing our door too. I slip back into bed without waking Dagney this time, and again feel that I have done all I can to mitigate any incursion by the Witches.

Outside it's like there is a whole other thing going on, and I'm surprised that a neighbour hasn't shouted at the gathering for them to go away. I return to meditation and to Pranayama and to waiting. I don't have to wait too long as I sense that there is a presence outside of my bedroom window, and it is Mary and her daughter Peggy. I don't look but I imagine them hovering there outside our house and riding on their broomsticks naked. I feel their taunts as negative energy in my mind, and while they know they cannot get in, they still have a chance of getting me to let them in. I will not do this as long as there is any energy left in my body and so I meditate and call upon all the good people I know of, dead or alive, famous or unknown, and I get the Kundalini surge course up my spine and display itself in my head before it spreads out to wrap me in its loving grace.

I focus my attention on each of the Witches in turn and tell them to be gone, in doing this I get a surge of energy banishing their evil coercive thoughts from my brain. I know they want me to get up and open the window to let them in, but it won't happen, not today. I eventually feel the presences leave and I feel happy that they are defeated; however there is still a Witch lying next to me, and this one has yet to activate.

Dagney gets up again to go to the toilet, and once again I wonder how much of what has transpired she has been aware of. I know I must follow suit and when she returns I again head off to the toilet myself.

I cannot go, again I have not drunk anything and I am as dry as a bone. I squeeze for all I'm worth but nothing comes out. I also notice as I sit there straining that I can hear the commotion outside louder than I should be able to. Dagney has only gone and opened the bathroom window. I realise that I have to close the window, but first I need to pee.

I squeeze for all I'm worth and manage to pass a few drops of urine. *It will have to do!* I get up and close the window before flushing the toilet down. Then I return to bed, thankfully to no further questions, and back to meditating.

After a while I realise that Dagney is not sleeping, her breathing is all wrong, shallow and faster than it should be. Then I feel a presence inside my head, it is Dagney. She must have a similar ability to Kundalini, and now she is using it on me. This battle has become very personal now. I can feel the nefarious presence of Dagney's soul teasing and taunting me from next to me in bed, so I call on everyone again to help me in chasing out this nasty spirit from my wife. I receive the Kundalini surge and am quickly able to push the Witch out of my head. She may have had a shortcut in through our relationship, but now she's out I'm not going to let her back in. We seem to battle on the periphery of my consciousness, with her not really putting in the effort that I would expect. I wonder if her love for me is actually stronger than the will of her family and the coven, and she can't really bring herself to attack me properly, and only does so to show compliance.

After a while however Dagney seems to give up, and in the bed her body rolls over to face the wall. Within a minute she is snoring, and I know that I have won this round. I then try to use Kundalini to clean her of her Witchy ways, I imagine getting inside her head and pushing out all of the bad stuff that lay there, including the influence of her family. I don't know if I am successful and only time will tell, but for the moment I have done all I can.

It's funny, our relationship has always been about me saving her. When I first met Dagney I saw her as someone who needed help, she was locked out of a friend's house we were both

visiting and she was stood on the doorstep wondering why no one would answer the doorbell. I had a mobile phone and was able to phone our joint friend and we were let in. I must admit, her needing help was one of the things that attracted me to her. I had been looking to save someone because of a deep need in me that I didn't understand, and still do not.

I must have saved Dagney from herself tens of times already in the years we've been together and this is just one more time to add to the list. I'm driven to fix what is broken I guess.

With the battle won I again thank everyone who has supported me, and I am overwhelmed with emotion, I cry without restraint and the Kundalini energy gives me one last surge which feels amazing; like a non-sexual orgasm that lasts for over a minute.

I too now roll over, and look at the time displayed on my phone, it is 01:01. The Witching hour has passed and everyone is safe. As I lay there it seems that a number of bad people who I have had issues with all appear in my thoughts and pledge their allegiance to good. So Neville Townsend, Bill Jones, Dennis Simpson, Diana Walker, John Thompson, and even my brother all appear to me and pass their energy to me by way of thanking me. It feels like they offer me all sorts of things as compensation for my prior treatment, and I feel that I am going to get an easy ride from now on, at work, and in my personal life.

05/08/2014

When I wake I am in a jubilant mood, I must of fallen asleep at some point, but do not remember what time it happened. I hop out of bed and head for the shower as I would on any normal work day. I wash and get dressed as though I am going to work.

'Are you going to work?' Dagney asks all concerned for me.

'Yes' I respond happily.

'Are you sure that is a good idea?'

'Yes, why not?'

‘After what you’ve been through, I wouldn’t think you are in any fit state to go today’

‘I feel fine.’ I respond with as much confidence as I can manage, although something does feel a little bit off.

‘I don’t think you should, you know.’

‘Alright, I’m going to walk Max and if I don’t feel right when I come back I won’t go. Okay?’

‘Yes.’ Dagney smiles at me.

I smile back feeling that something between us has been mended and then head downstairs. I pick up the dog lead, attach it to Max’s collar, fetch a poo bag, and head out.

As I walk I begin to feel not right and by the time I am half way round the walk I feel nauseous. As I continue I get dizzy and my vision goes wobbly, I’m not right after all. I push on and a realisation comes to me that I have been deceived. That those people who came to me in the early hours of the morning to congratulate me and offer me things were deceiving me. It was a trick, and they have no intention of honouring our peace.

I return home to meet Dagney’s expectant gaze.

‘I feel awful!’ I splutter, ‘I can’t go in today.’

‘I thought this might happen,’ she grins, ‘I’ll call your office for you, why don’t you go back to bed?’

‘Okay, I think I will.’

I briefly wonder what kind of trap would have been set for me today at work, I get the feeling I would have been forcibly induced into the Illuminati today and am glad that I have decided not to go in.

I manage to sleep for an hour or two and when I wake it is to crying from downstairs. I go to see what’s up and find that Carrie has pooped and needs washing as it has gone all up her back. Dagney asks if I will give her a bath. Julia is happily watching TV and does not notice as I take Carrie up to the bathroom. I feel kind of between two worlds again, it’s probably tiredness but there’s a definite alternate reality feeling going on

in my system. I run the bath and take Carrie's remaining clothes off and place her in the bath. She happily splashes about and plays and then she indicates that she wants me, and shows me her feet.

'You want your feet washed?' I ask playfully.

She giggles and I take that as a yes. So I pick a flannel and begin to wash her feet, and as I do so I feel very strange. I feel like I am in a new world of meaning and I feel again that I am on a path. As I wash her feet, it feels like I am washing the feet of Jesus Christ. I try to shake the feeling but it persists, and I can't leave this thought that I am cleaning the holy one. I know that this was a feature of my experience at Christmas and to have it return is strange, but I guess not entirely out of the ordinary with all that has been happening. Despite this feeling of reverence for my daughter I continue to wash her bottom and the rest of her then I can't help myself.

'I will follow you, please guide me.' I say and Carrie looks me in the eye as if to hold my attention.

I'm not really sure what I am doing, but if the Holy Spirit is in my daughter then I am saying I will follow Jesus Christ. It feels right at one level but reality is now pouring back into my experience and telling me that I am mad and this is a delusion.

I towel dry her as I phase between normal and altered reality, and take her downstairs to her mother wrapped in the towel. Dagny suggests that I have a bath myself and I agree. So I return back upstairs to bathe.

As I run the water I notice that Carrie's toy octopus is lighting up and flashing, and it's not supposed to do that unless it is submerged in water. I find this strange but what is stranger is that I can hear Carrie cry downstairs in unison with the toy. I try to dismiss the significance of this, but in my altered state I cannot separate the two things. If I'm on a spiritual path and Carrie is holy, and if this world around me is just illusion then

why shouldn't there be a sign that I need to protect my daughter, presumably from her Witch mother. There is a logic to my thinking but it must seem too fantastical to anyone not experiencing it themselves. It feels like there is a new area of my brain functioning, one that has never been used before and as such it is a little pained by the exertion.

I get in the bath as the water is running and try to relax, and as I do so I feel like what I'm doing is wrong and I should actually be downstairs with my daughters. It's not that I don't trust Dagney in the daytime, but if she is under the influence of her coven then I need to keep an eye on her. I may have had a victory last night but I doubt that the battle is over.

As I try and rest in the warm water, the toy octopus starts flashing again, and I take this to be an alarm bell. In tandem with the flashing, Carrie starts crying again. So I leap out of the bath wrap a towel around me and dash downstairs and into the living room.

I find that Dagney is applying cream to Carrie's bottom.

'Are you alright?' I ask concerned by what I see.

'Yes, why are you out of the bath?'

'The water was cold,' I make up, 'I've come to turn the hot water heater on and I'll try again later.'

'Oh, okay' Dagney takes my statement as truth.

'What's the matter with Carrie?'

'Just a sore bottom' Dagney dismisses my concern.

'hmmm.' I retort and watch them for a while before returning to the bathroom to get changed.

As I dress I am keenly aware that things today are not as they should be, and that I am going to have to be on my guard to make sure everyone is safe and unharmed. I fear the return of the Witches, and whoever was camped outside of our house last night. *Illuminati, Scientologists, who knows?*

When I return downstairs Dagney says that she is planning to go to a new playgroup with the girls and that I should come along. I agree but feel that this will leave the house empty and thus

someone could possibly come in during that time, but what would they be after? My internet talk shows would make a great piece of blackmail that someone could use against me, or conversely someone could use my backup hard drives to plant incriminating information or pictures on them. So I decide I will grab my backups and take them out with me.

From across the room Julia calls for my attention. She is playing with two plastic bowls and as they are semi-transparent I can see that she has two Octonauts figures in them. It looks like a flying saucer that she has made, and she is flying it around the room.

‘Look Daddy,’ she calls and takes the flying saucer round the room with her.

She wants me to join in with her game and runs up the room to show me what she wants me to do, then on her return she says I have to do the same.

‘That looks like a flying saucer,’ I happily say to her.

‘It’s Peso and Peso’s granny’ she responds gesturing at the characters in the bowls.

I take this to be a sign that she and my mother will be abducted, and remember that at Christmas I had identified her as Peso; one of the three main characters in the Octonauts TV programme, and therefore Peso’s granny is Julia’s granny, or in other words my mother. I can’t help the feeling that this is the universe sending me further messages, and I’m taken aback by this revelation and decide that I cannot let this happen. I also feel the need to check on my mother, so I phone her to see if she is okay.

As it turns out she is fine, but she sounds a little strange, like she is not herself and being coerced by someone. She tells me she has some pictures for Julia and Carrie to see of when my brother and I were little playing with our swords. This is very strange and I panic at the thought of her sending child abuse pictures to my email address, and what’s worse they will be of my brother

and I when we were young. I smell a rat, but don't let it show, and thank her for doing this and promise I will show my girls the photos.

Can it be possible that my parents abused me and my brother, and I have blanked it out of my memory?

I call the girls to the sofa and open my laptop, I login and proceed to open Microsoft Outlook. As I do so Carrie playfully mashes the keys with her hand, I ask her not to do it, but she does it again. Outlook does not load. I try to launch the application again and this time Carrie closes the lid of the laptop. I open it up, and again she pulls it closed. I am about to chastise her and then take a mental step back, I said I would follow her so I should observe what she is doing and stop what I am doing. If the photos being sent to me are of abuse then I don't want to see them and I certainly don't want my daughters seeing them, so I give in and let her have her way.

'We can look later.' I say to my daughters and put the laptop back.

'Let's put our shoes on then.' Dagney calls out from upstairs, clearly it is time to go to playgroup.

I Thank Carrie for giving me a push in the right direction, and to give me enough time now to obtain my backup disks and memory stick. I am suddenly filled with energy and motivation to collect my backups, so I jump up and head for the dresser where I keep one backup drive, I also take the memory stick from my laptop bag and I pocket both. I need to fetch my last disk from the attic, so as Dagney comes down the stairs I go the other way and let down the attic stairs to retrieve the disk from under the roof insulation.

Rain is threatening outside so I get my coat and help put coats on the girls, then we leave the house to walk up to the playgroup. I am still phasing in and out of an altered state of awareness, and I am both excited and nervous of what will

happen next in this world which is fraying at the edges and is revealing to me the underlying spiritual nature of existence and the possibilities of the hidden human experience.

We enter the church and head for the Noah's Ark playroom. At first everything seems normal and there are many mothers and children playing at various play stations around the room. Dagney takes the girls coats and asks if I will look after Julia. I agree and I let her guide me to a table to start playing, and Dagney takes Carrie to another.

We first go to a table where there are tall carrots which have their bottoms carved into a stamp shape of a flower, and on the table next to them is black paint. The idea with this activity is to take this phallic shaped carrot stamp and stamp out black flower patterns on paper, there are some examples of this already on the table and I look at them strangely and somewhat confused. Without understanding this, it instantly changes my mood and I can only think of a black dahlia flower, which I know is associated with Witchcraft.

Julia has a go at making some stamp prints on a fresh sheet of paper but I don't encourage her in this activity which I find upsetting, and encourage her to move to another table.

The next table has a white slimy substance on it that is mixed in with tissue paper, and when I touch it feels like semen on toilet paper. I quickly stop my eldest daughter from playing with it and I take her off to the toilet to wash it off her hands. I can't understand what this table's activity is supposed to be, other than to just play with the white slime. I make a big effort to play on the disgusting side of this stuff and how bad it was to touch it. I can only imagine that this stuff is conditioning the children to accept this nasty stuff as normal.

When we return from the toilet Julia pulls me over to a table where chocolate lollypops are being made. This involves putting a spoon into the warm runny chocolate and dripping it onto a piece of baking paper and shaping it into a lollypop around a stick before it cools. Once this is solid there are decorations to add to it and around the table are sprinkles and sweets of

different flavours shapes and sizes. Looking around the room I can see that other children have already completed this activity and have eaten their lollypops as they have it smeared all around their mouths. This activity makes me think that this is training for playing with and eating faeces, I'm not sure where this thought is coming from but it is all pervasive and is unnerving me.

Dagney and I swap the kids as Dagney is tired of Carrie and she takes me to a wooden farmyard where she picks up a tiny wooden shelf unit and proceeds to wander off while chewing on it. Thankfully, other than from a germ perspective, I cannot see a link in a wooden toy shelving to anything nasty so I am happy for her to play with it. Next Carrie investigates a small tent in the style of a Circus tent, she goes inside and gets scared and comes back out for a hug. I put my head in through the door and find it is full of clown dolls, these unnerve me too and I can see why she got scared. I don't like clowns since learning about John Wayne Gacy when I was younger, I have been very wary of anyone who dresses as a clown since then, ostensibly to entertain children.

After she calms down we wander over to Julia's station where she is drawing on a chalk board, which seems safe. However under the chalk board is a pile of dry oats with glitter mixed in, Julia points it out and asks what it is, I don't know and tell her not to touch it. I don't know what oats and glitter means metaphorically but I don't like the use of it to attract children through its shiny nature, it also seems out of context with the summer. I can image that this might be a Christmas thing with the oats representing reindeer food, maybe magical reindeer food. The magical aspect of this strikes a chord with me and seems to align with Witchcraft again and the idea of flying. Julia then spots the source of the oats, and she leaves her drawing to investigate. I take Carrie with her to the table with the Witch's oats in it, and both children play at the table. There is a structure in the table's trough that looks like a bridge, I ask Julia if she thought it was a bridge or a tower, and she confirms it is a bridge. I again see in this a reference to the bridge of auditing

found in Scientology, and can't help but see the union of Witchcraft with Scientology being represented here. As they play a little boy comes over and stands with us, and I ask him his name and he gets all shy and runs to his mother. She catches my eye in a knowing way, which further adds to my uncomfortable feeling. I look around the room and it seems like everyone I look at is watching me, and I notice that I am the only man in the room, and I have a Kubrick Eyes Wide Shut moment of realisation. I look again at the bridge before me and take fright, my cheeks start to flush as an understanding dawns on me.

As I look around 90% of the children in here have Disney character t-shirts on and I start to put pieces together. I know Walt Disney was a famous Scientologist and that Witchcraft features prominently in many of his children's films. A thought strikes me which sums all of this up, what if this place is a grooming facility for paedophiles! What if all of these activities are aimed at getting the children used to the textures and smells of sexual play, what if all of these people are Witches or Scientologists, or both and that this church organisation, headed by Diana, is running a paedophile ring in Millview?

I suspect various people at work of being Scientologists and of making my life difficult by trying to get me to do the wrong thing all the time. They have always shown a keen interest in my children and what if my family are being introduced to this lot as new members of some despicable group? *What if they want my children for their own perverted sexual abuse games? Oh God, say it isn't so!*

I start to feel ill and take Julia & Carrie away from the table. They indicate that they are hungry so we go and get some food from a selection of items near the tea serving hatch. Julia takes some chopped banana, raisins, cheesy puffs, onion rings, and grapes. I wonder if this food is aimed at acclimatising children to the sort of tastes and smells they would have in a child abuse situation. *Surely not, please don't let I be so.* I can't think straight now, my mind is split and the altered state is taking over.

I leave the kids with Dagney and make my excuses to leave the room, and I go to find Diana to tell her what I know.

‘Diana, Hi. Can I talk with you privately?’ I ask her, clearly distressed, and filled with a sense of purpose and determination.

‘Is it about what spoke about before?’ She asks nervously.

‘Yes, is there somewhere we can go?’ *I’m going to bust this thing wide open!*

‘I can’t talk now, but if you could come back this evening, maybe eight o’clock?’

I am defeated, for the moment. Perhaps Diana fears what I am about to say. If she’s involved, then it is natural that she would shy from such a confrontation, it’s also logical that she will need time to prepare. Maybe to gather her forces to meet me later. I have to play this cool.

‘Yes, okay. I’ll see you then, thank you.’

I return to the Noah’s Ark room and to my family. I do not think that Diana can help me, and I now must not meet with her later. I fear her part in all of this, she’s a woman of the cloth. She should be immune to any wrong doing. However I feel I can no longer trust her.

Dagney is letting Carrie ride on a caterpillar and I say to her that I don’t feel well. It is eleven o’clock and Dagney says it is okay for us to go home, so we make our excuses to the other parents and leave.

Outside it is raining, it is not very heavy but it looks from the colour of the sky like it is getting worse. The weather seems to reflect my worsening internal condition, reality is fractured and I am existing in a different plane now, I feel like I’m going mad, but it’s so strange, it’s a madness that leaves my faculties intact, it’s like a trance or a lucid dream. I know that this world is consciousness lead and my consciousness is telling me to get the hell out of that church, and out of Millview too. It’s like I can

see a thread of underlying intent in everything around me and that intent is not good.

‘I want to go to the supermarket!’ Dagney exclaims as we do up the kids coats.

My jaw drops at the intended delay. Dagney seems to want to stop us going home for some reason. Thinking fast I figure it is because someone has been in our house searching for my electronic diary and they need more time to find it, as we have left the playgroup early. I reluctantly agree, knowing that I have the hard drives in my pocket and so they are safe, and so we go to the supermarket.

Dagney dithers and stalls, and the cashier seems to do the same, I am somewhat amused by this, but from my vantage point of another reality I know I should be deadly serious. Just then I catch the eye of a short haired lady with a baby in a black pram, she reminds me of someone but I cannot place her. Then it hits me, Mia Farrow in the movie *Rosemary’s Baby*. *Again with the Witches, stop it!*

When we go outside we find that the rain has gotten to be very heavy. Dagney protests and asks if I would go and get the car. I sense that this might be the secret escape plan, and I say silent thanks to her. She has now shown her hand and I know that she is really on my side and not that of the Witches.

I run through the rain to get home and I consider what has happened as I traverse the roads, copses and paths. If Dagney is on my side then maybe she wanted to show me what she is mixed up in and what is going on at the church. As she cannot speak of it herself, getting the car is our chance to flee before the Witches or the Scientologists or the Illuminati get to us.

When I arrive at our house I open the car doors from a safe distance using the remote, I wonder if as an act of revenge someone could have planted a bomb under our car. I feel compelled to search around the lower parts of the car like I was trained to do back in Germany on Army bases. I look for

anything suspicious under the wheel arches or attached to the underside of the engine, floor pan, or exhaust.

Happy that there is nothing secreted about the car, I get in and drive as quickly as I can to where I left Dagney.

Initially I don't see her and my heart misses a beat at the chance of her having been abducted during my short absence, but then I see my family come out from under the supermarket canopy and thank God that she and the kids are okay. I quickly load them into the car, and I literally throw the buggy in the back.

'Right, we're going to Swanmouth!' I announce strongly.

'Not yet!' comes the unexpected reply, 'we don't have our things.'

I concede that we do not have clothes, baby food, Max, or anything. While she is on my side, there are clearly some hurdles we have to jump before we get out of Dodge, so I agree to go home first. When we arrive home we go inside, and Dagney confronts me.

'What's wrong with you?' she demands

'You know, and we need to be fast. Please!'

'No I don't know, so why don't you tell me?' She is quite angry now.

I decide that perhaps the house is bugged and we can't talk openly, so I am reluctant to say.

'Tell me!' Dagney exclaims.

'Okay,' I take a deep breath, I'm going for broke, 'There's a paedophile ring in Millview and they are after our kids. I don't know who's behind it, but it may be the Witches, Scientologists, or the Illuminati, and we have to get to Swanmouth to be safe.'

'I'm going to take Carrie upstairs and feed her.' Dagney states, and walks off with my youngest daughter leaving me dumbfounded. *Oh crap! What have I done now?*

I'm not sure if I have now broken some unwritten rule, and spilling the beans was the wrong thing to do, but Dagny's reaction is so out of context with what is going on that it must mean something, but what?

I rack my poor brain to try to figure this out and conclude that she is unable to go with me, and Carrie too has to stay with her mother. That leaves Julia and me, and I conclude that Carrie is too young to be in any danger, and that it's just Julia at the centre of their plans. *Yes, that must be it and Dagny's exit must show that she agrees with me and is accepting of my plan.*

As soon as Dagny is upstairs with Carrie, and with a now pounding heart, I make my move. I grab my laptop bag and coat, and pick Julia up and leave the house. I consider taking my own little car, but I know I haven't checked it over since last night's activity. I have however checked over Dagny's car and I have already driven it without issue. So I put Julia in the child seat and place my laptop bag at her feet. I jump in the front of the car, start the engine, and make a break for it.

The Fallout

I speed initially towards Swanmouth but am then plagued with doubt about my destination. *Shouldn't I get my mother as Julia indicated earlier in the day?*

I make a u-turn and head for Stourford instead, but no sooner have I have done this I consider that this could be risky because of my father and his Masonic group.

I decide to call her mobile phone to tell her what is going on, and to come out to meet me so I can pick her up, but my father answers the phone and I freak out. I disconnect the call straight away as this must mean something bad. *Am I too late, have they already got her?*

I shed a little tear at the thought of my mother being beyond reach for the second time in the last twelve hours, I feel that I have no choice but to leave that idea alone, and continue without her. I say a prayer for her safety, and then turn off the road to head instead towards Hardchester.

I travel along the A31 to Mere Regis and as I go I am further plagued with doubts. Remembering the last time I ran, I pull my phone apart and disconnect the battery. I don't want anyone tracking me on my journey. I throw the pieces onto the passenger seat and check on my daughter. Julia thankfully has fallen asleep quickly and isn't causing me any in-car stress.

My thoughts turn away from family now, who may be involved in all of this, and instead I think of the Police. I was told in no uncertain terms by my work that I specifically am not to deal with them, and this is now my main drive, not to go to a family residence, but instead to go to the Police and to tell them everything I know.

I feel I cannot go to AllenBorne, or Stourford, or Payesport/Beachampton as these are all too close to the source of the problem and the Police there may already be involved through the various groups which hunt me. I think Hardchester is a good distance from any family and I have no dealings with anyone in Hardchester. So I head along the dual carriageway from Mere Regis towards Hardchester and to my ultimate

destination of the Police, if I can remember where the Police station is.

Part of the way along my journey, I start rethinking the plan again, and consider that I did all of my driving licence training and passed my test in Hardchester, and so did Dagney. I was trained by a very odd man called Lillywhite, who I always suspected of being a paedophile, and he always told stories of hanging about outside young girls dormitories of boarding schools to catch a glimpse of them, and he always creeped me out, so I start doubting my destination.

By the time I reach Muddleton I am ready to ditch this idea. I turn off and head towards Stourford once again and consider the possibility of going directly under the enemy's nose, and heading for Stourford Police station after all. Soon this idea fades and I consider the possibility of being picked up by Police before I even get there, and besides Stourford is where my boss Neville and my parents live, and where John used to have a shop, conveniently opposite the Freemasons hall in the Crown pub.

By the time I reach the Springborne Kingston turning I am so confused about what to do I decide to pull over somewhere so that I can think clearly about this situation without having to worry about driving as well. So I turn off the main road and head towards Springborne Kingston. I do not know where I can stop on this small country road as I do not know the area, and I discard various layby's and stopping places that I pass.

I am now nearing a breaking point in my head, my thoughts are so crossed over and mixed up that it feels like a storm is raging in my skull. It's like all of my synapses are firing at once and I am unable to coordinate my intent and my rational thought processes. I begin to fear that I will soon not be in control of my vehicle so I have to just stop at the next road I come to, however as I think this I pass a road I could have stopped at. As I drive by I see that it is called Church Road, a Church means sanctuary to me at the moment, and I curse myself for not seeing the turning earlier. So I take the next left turn hoping that I can find some way to double back. When I take the next road I find that

it doesn't intersect with the previous one so I turn left at the next junction. Ahead of me is the Church at last and I drive around its walled perimeter to a suitable parking place and stop.

I covet the Church like it is some kind of port in a storm, and it is then that I realise that the Church is called Saint Nicholas! What are the chances after my Christmas experience with Saint Nicholas that I would in my time of need randomly find a Church of the same name? It is obvious to me that what I am going through is not plain reality and clearly I am being given spiritual guidance in an alternate existence.

I stop the car next to the stone wall and cannot help but cry for a moment at the thought of being shown love by the creator again. I take a moment to settle myself and to try to calm my grey matter before it goes into seizure. However, even with this respite I still cannot decide upon a destination. So instead of deciding myself, I feel I must ask the Starchild sitting behind me instead.

I wake Julia up from her slumber and ask her where she wants to go. She sleepily replies that she thought we were going to Grandma's house. So the destination is now set and I reassure her that it is indeed where we are going. I receive a welcoming clarity in my head from this, and my thoughts thankfully return to a pre-panic configuration.

We set off again, with some doubt still that it is the right thing to do, but with the assurance that the Starchild has stated it as so. I now continue with a good amount of hope that I everything is going to be okay.

So off we go towards Swanmouth, and Julia goes straight back to sleep like she is silently indicating that this is the right thing to do. After a while I follow a Police helicopter that appears above and the thought dawns on me that the Police may already be involved and I will not have to call them when I get to David's house, if I get there of course. The helicopter is ahead of me and I am somewhat shielded from it by a large camper van immediately ahead of me on the road. It is following the road and presumably looking forward rather than back so I feel

quite safe. I also feel that this is likely a Gentile at the wheel, and as before when they looked out for me, they look out for me now. I follow them happily for a few miles and begin to feel like I have regained control of the situation. However at the Halfway Inn, just past Wernam, camper van turns off the road unexpectedly, it toots its horn at me as if to say that's as far as we can go, so good luck!

I continue on alone into Castle Mount, but the road traffic now backs up and slows to a crawl, I wonder if there is a checkpoint on the road ahead, so using my local knowledge, I turn off the main road and head for Aggleston so that I may enter Swanmouth by another route. I figure that both entrances to Swanmouth will have checkpoints, or at very least a police car watching the traffic. So I then take the narrow back road from the outskirts of Swanmouth to Histon, where I turn left and head into Swanmouth. I am surprised that I have been able to get this far, and as soon as I reach the turning for the High Street into town, I briefly take it and then head up Steer road to the top of the hill. My plan is to re-enact the route I took previously when I felt at Christmas I was being followed.

So I dump the car at Preists Road and get Julia out of the car seat. I don my coat and put my bag over my shoulders and we head up the hill to the heathland and then along the higher road to David's house. It is quickly too far for Julia to walk and so I carry her on my shoulders, and I try to make an adventure of it for her, pointing out plants and wildlife as we go. She seems very happy to be with me and to be having an adventure on the heath. I however heat up very quickly in my coat, wish I hadn't brought it, and sweat heavily.

We make it David's house safely and without any Police entanglement. It has been quite a walk and I am soaking through. When we enter through the back door I anticipate the Police will have been called and it turns out that I am correct.

'Have the Police been involved?' I ask knowingly.

'Yes, I'm sorry, we didn't know what to do!' Mary apologises.

'Good,' I state firmly, 'I want to speak to them.'

I pass Julia to David and he takes her upstairs to play and I take a seat in the living room to recover, with Mary looking over me worried for my safety, and presumably my sanity. Mary lets Dagny know we are safe and with them now, and then she bends over to give me a hug, and I am suddenly aware that I stink.

In a little while the Police arrive, two officers enter the house and join me in the living room. I make a point of standing and greeting them warmly, shaking both their hands. I am relieved that neither give me a Masonic handshake, and feel comfortable talking to them. They introduce themselves and ask how I am doing? One of them, Neil, takes a seat opposite me, and the other, Jason, makes a call on his Radio, presumably to say that they have found me and that they are dealing with the situation. Neil asks me to tell them what has been going on.

‘Are you a Christian?’ I start the conversation.

‘I am.’ He replies.

‘Are you a practicing Christian?’ I further enquire

‘Tom!’ Mary jumps in, obviously in shock at how direct I am being, and I am being direct. I’m done with all the games and lying and I’m going all in.

‘I occasionally go to church,’ Neil responds ‘religious holidays, and at Christmas.’

‘Good,’ I say with relief, ‘I’m stuck in the middle of a spiritual awakening.’ I begin, and then tell all that has happened to this point.

I place the blame on the various factions who are after the Kundalini that I have raised, and that they are after my kids as a way of blackmailing me into joining their groups. I explain that I fear if I do not join one of the groups they will set me up as a paedophile and given the reach of their influence they will make it stick. The officer listens carefully and when I am eventually

finished with my accusations and explanations of all that I have witnessed, he confers with his fellow officer in the hall. When they return they have a phone in hand and say they have someone on the other end who wants to speak with me.

‘Hello, is that Tom Seymour?’ the voice asks.

‘Yes, who are you?’ I ask slightly nervously.

‘This is Doctor Smith, I’m a psychologist in AllenBorne and I’d like to ask you a few questions.’

‘I’m sorry Doctor Smith,’ I reply slightly amused, ‘I don’t think your help is the kind that I need!’

‘Will you come in and see me anyway?’ he persists.

‘I’d rather not.’ I reply, and I can see that Jason is beckoning for the phone to be returned to him.

I hand the phone over and he leaves the room to speak with the Doctor some more. When he returns he strongly suggests that I go and see this doctor.

‘Let me guess! He’ll see me at three o’clock!’ I don’t know why I know this but I feel certain about it.

‘Yes, he’ll see you at three o’clock,’ Jason parrots back to me.

What a surprise!

I have both Dagney’s car and Dagney’s keys to her car, so I arrange with the Policemen that one of them will drive her car home and I will get a ride with the other to the Doctor in AllenBorne.

I begin to enter into a new state of consciousness, and before long I am feeling amazing. Everything seems to be preordained and I am just tagging along for the ride without any fear or choice in the matter. I have this knowing that if I just tell the truth and follow my instructions, that I will be safe, and so will my family. *Is this Moksha?* It feels unbelievable and blissful, my mind is totally clear, unlike earlier, and I am at one with the organic world.

I am led to the Police car and I say goodbye to Julia, Mary and David. The Police then drive me to the Police Station in Swanmouth and tell me they are getting their stuff. It crosses my mind that they have incriminating evidence about me and they are collecting their records about me. It also occurs to me that they might still be Freemasons and are collecting their outfits and paraphernalia in an attempt to scare me. However I let these thoughts dance a little in my mind before they move on and harmlessly leave. When we get going again we head to Priests Road and to where Dagney's car is. Jason gets out and I give him the keys, and Neil invites me to sit in the front with him.

I am on cloud nine and feel like I must be on some happy drugs as all of this simply makes me smile and I feel such a release. *Is it because I have now told the authorities everything?*

We then drive off in convoy towards AllenBorne and my house, and as we go I strike up a conversation with Neil, and I find that I really like him and we get on well. I tell him that I have always had trouble trusting the Police since I got into trouble with the law when I was thirteen. The officer is very nice and understands my point of view and says that it is common to feel that way. I catch sight of his badge number and make a mental note of it, 604 it reads.

As we pass through the town of Sandford I remark that this is the name of the Police training town. Neil is impressed that I know this and asks how I know, I refer to the movie Hot Fuzz and he responds that it is one of his favourite movies. We chat all along the journey and get on very well, and before long we arrive at my house. Jason parks Dagney's car on the drive and we wait for him to post the keys through the letter box.

'Would you mind if I go to the loo while we're here?' I ask Neil.

'We don't have much time before your appointment, I don't think it's a good idea, and it's not far into town. Now, would you mind getting in the back seat again?'

I am a little put out by this, but I imagine from his point of view he's concerned that I may lock myself in my house and refuse to come out. I can hold it in until we reach the Doctor's office anyway, so I don't mind too much. Jason appears at the door and he opens both the front and the back, and I quickly hop from one seat to the other, as he climbs in the front. For some reason I find Jason to be strangely familiar to me and I rack my brain for where I may have seen him before, then it hits me.

'I know you from somewhere! Did you attend the death of my grandmother? You seem very familiar to me.'

'When and where did she die?' he asks politely.

'It was in 2011 in Stourford, at the care home on Whitecliff Mill Street.'

'It's possible, but I'm afraid I don't remember.' The officers share a knowing glance.

'I think that was before you transferred' Neil chips in.

'I'm sure it was you,' I restate.

'You might be right,' Jason finishes.

I am now convinced that this man has dealt with my family before, and in the suspicious death of my Grandmother. She was found lying across her bed by my parents with her hand across her chest. I was able to see her before the paramedics got there, and was shocked by the defensive pose her rigor mortis had captured her in. To me it looked like she was trying to fend someone off rather than having her hand and arm simply fall into that position, but it was ultimately decided that no misadventure had occurred, and this was seen over by Jason. Again my suspicions of him being a Freemason arise, and of the Freemasons having a hand in my Grandmother's death. *Perhaps they have been blackmailing my father for some time!*

When we get near to AllenBorne town centre Jason suggests that we park in the Olive Branch pub, and keeps repeatedly mentioning an olive branch. With my paranoid hat on I take this to mean that I am being offered an olive branch in the sense of

an offer of peace with the Freemasons, I am becoming accustomed to this way of speaking through suggestion. I quickly surmise that as I am due to tell the Doctor what I have already told them in confidence, I should leave out any mention of the Freemasons being involved in a paedophile ring. I do not let on though.

'It would be better if we parked in the supermarket car park, it is closer to the Doctors office.'

'Okay,' Neil responds and heads for the supermarket.

'Are you able to use your Police privileges to just park anywhere?'

'We'll see,' he replies knowingly.

As it happens Neil does not even attempt to park in a space and simply leaves the car next to the footpath. The officers get out and open my door, and we begin to walk towards the Doctor's office. I lead them and they strangely seem happy to stay a few paces behind me. I wonder if they are conferring with each other and deciding what to do about me. I am still in my carefree mood however and do not let this concern me.

I lead them to Jessop House and up the stairs which I remember from my Christmas visit here. I reach the top floor and find Dagney in the waiting room. She immediately tears up and stands to come and hug me. We kiss and I check that she is okay. In the background both officers have a word with the staff and then Jason leaves.

'Now, you tell them everything,' Dagney says kindly.

'Don't worry, I will tell them truth. All of it this time,' I say a little louder so that Neil can hear and understand that I am serious.

Neil comes over to us and says goodbye and offers his hand for me to shake. I reach for it to find that he gives me the now familiar Freemason grip. I expected it, but at some level I still can't believe that this nice man is a Freemason. It knocks me for

six and I decide that I will take them up on the olive branch offer, and that I will not implicate the Freemasons as I have said previously.

A while later Dagny and I are lead through to an inner room and I am met by two mental health workers, a man and a lady, they introduce themselves as Doctor Bulgakov, and Doctor Smith; the Doctor I spoke to earlier.

‘So Tom,’ Starts Doctor Bulgakov, ‘can you tell me what’s been going on with you?’

‘Well,’ I begin hesitantly, suddenly aware of my smell again, ‘I have been practising a rare form of Yoga, called Kundalini and I believe I have achieved Moksha. I’ve been awake for days now and I can’t see how I will get any sleep. The Kundalini energy has allowed me to see certain truths about the people around me and this has caused me to react the way I have.’

Doctor Smith nods, seemingly in agreement.

‘Have you heard of Kundalini?’ I enquire of the nodding man.

‘No, no I haven’t,’ he states embarrassed by his actions.

‘So what lead you to take your daughter away from home?’

Doctor Bulgakov moves the conversation on.

‘Well, I believe that various groups have learned that I have awakened Kundalini and they are now after me, and more specifically they are trying to blackmail me into joining one of their groups.’ I feel very calm and relaxed in explaining my situation.

‘What groups do you believe are out to get you Tom?’ She pushes.

‘Witches, and Scientologists to name two,’ I state quite plainly like the Freemasons didn’t have anything to do with it.

‘And how are they blackmailing you?’

‘They haven’t yet, and this is what all of this is about. They want the Kundalini energy I possess and they are trying various ways of getting it, including abducting my daughter to have their way with her, and setting me up as a paedophile so that I

can't talk to anyone about it without incriminating myself,' I state confidently.

'But they haven't done anything yet?'

'I believe they have control over my wife already, and were about to grab Julia. My wife is being coerced and actually needs help herself!' Dagny starts to cry at hearing this.

'Who is it that has control of your wife?'

'Well the Witches have her controlled.' I glance at Dagny and find that her face is tinged with anger.

'And what of the Scientologists.'

'I believe I work with some of them and they have been persecuting me in my office, suggesting that I join them and making threats against me if I don't.'

'What evidence do you have?' Doctor Smith chips in.

'I was tricked into saying something stupid by one of my fellow councillors, and I think they recorded it to use against me.'

'Tom is a Parish Councillor for Millview,' Dagny clarifies through her tears.

'Yes!' I add, annoyed at her interjection, 'one of the councillors Eve Hayworth tricked me into saying that I was interested in Paedophilia and recorded it on a Dictaphone. She's a school governor, she should know better and shouldn't be allowed to be anywhere near the children.'

'I see,' says Doctor Bulgakov.

'The head of the paedophile ring is Diana at the church and I believe her playgroup is a way of initiating the children into the ways of paedophiles.'

'Tell me more.'

I go on adding detail about my day and cover the things I witnessed at the playgroup, and trying to steer the conversation back to the subject of Kundalini, but I am not able to. For some reason we never get around to the subject of the Freemasons. I don't bring it up, and thankfully they do not either, it almost seems too easy for me to avoid talking about them, and instead I end up talking almost exclusively about Scientologists, and hardly mention the Witches even.

It's like the olive branch has been pre-ordained or something, and maybe these Doctors are connected to the Freemasons.

After I have answered all of their questions, the Doctors confer and decide that I need medicating, and say that I have had another acute psychosis. They write me a prescription for two drugs, Olanzapine, and Fluoxetine. I put up no fight in their diagnosis and really don't care what they give me, I know that I am now safe and so is my family. Doctor Bulgakov says that she wants me to see a specialist in Beachampton and will make an appointment for the next day, and that I am to go home and take my medicine this evening. They wish us well, and on our way out I receive an appointment from the receptionist.

Dagney and I leave and head for the pharmacy, where we quickly pick up the prescription and Dagney phones her father to come and pick us up. I feel quite jubilant that there are no more secrets to tell and when Paul arrives to collect us, we get into the car to return home. I notice he has a shredder in his car and a cracked windscreen. I can't help but wonder what he has been up to.

'Are you both alright?' he asks.

'Yes, I am.' I say happily

'I've been better,' Dagney replies, 'what's happened to your windscreen?'

'I found it this way this morning when I came out to the car.' Paul replies.

'Do you think it was kids?' Dagney asks.

'I don't think so.'

'Act of God!' I can't help but say.

'Tom!' Dagney chastises me.

'What? That is what the insurance company will call it,' I tell the truth but also feel that this is a disguised threat intended for Paul.

It would seem that Paul's Freemason brothers think that he told me about their little games and are threatening him as a result. I

find this hilarious in my current state, but do not show either of them how I am feeling. All afternoon now I have been experiencing something like Moksha and this continues now at the end of my journey. I am at peace with the world and feel contentment like I have never felt before. Almost all the hoops put before me have been jumped through now, and I am free to go back to my family. It is the most wonderful feeling to know that I am walking a Godly path and there are no pitfalls ahead, nothing to avoid, and no one to oppose me. I truly feel like I have been blessed by God to live in this total bliss today.

We arrive back at our house to find my mother has been looking after Carrie, and she comes out to give me a hug and a kiss. Then we all go inside, and sit down. We have a cup of tea and then it is time for Paul to leave, he gives Dagny a hug, and then he comes over to me. He puts out his hand and I take it to shake, he then covers my hand in his other one and gives me the warmest and friendliest handshake I have ever received.

‘Well done,’ he smiles at me, and I know that the Freemasons are happy with me, for now.

After my mother hands Carrie back to Dagny’s care and prepares to leave herself, she takes me to one side and asks to speak with me. We step outside to have a quick chat.

‘Where does all of this come from Tom?’ She asks me kindly.

‘I don’t know Mum, it just seems to be part of who I am.’

‘Did we not bring you up right, or something?’

‘You did! You gave me the best childhood, and you let me find things out for myself, allowing me to make mistakes and too learn from them. You never forced your views on to me and I was given room to experience things and make up my own mind, and I thank you for that. That is how I want my children to learn. I think too many people have their parents views forced upon them and they grow up thinking and acting the same way, I’m very pleased that you didn’t do that to me or my brother.’

‘I can’t help but feel responsible though. Did you know that your great grandfather was a spirit medium?’

‘No! What was that about then?’

‘He ran a business in Glasgow contacting spirits for people.’

‘Did you ever have an experience with him?’

‘There was one time when I was a little girl, I remember him performing a séance at our house, and I remember a flock of crows descend upon the house. I found it very scary.’

‘I can imagine it was, bloody hell! Why have you not mentioned this before?’

‘I don’t know, it never seemed relevant before.’

I’m not really sure what to make of this revelation, it makes me feel uncomfortable and I decide to ignore it for now, but to return to it at a later date.

‘Just thinking again about feeling responsible, I guess that is only to be expected, and I’d probably feel the same way in your situation, and who knows maybe in 30 years I will be in your position. Don’t worry about me, I’ll be fine.’

‘Are you sure?’

‘Yes, this thing has passed now and there is no more for me to do. Are you alright?’

‘I think so. Your father and I are not getting on very well at the moment, he just hides out in his shed though and doesn’t talk about things.’

‘I can relate to that, Dagney doesn’t hide in a shed, but she certainly hides from me, and that has certainly contributed to my problem.’

‘Your father is a good man, and he was a good father to you two boys, I don’t want you to think otherwise, but sometimes he’s just unreachable and stubborn.’

‘I know what you mean.’

‘I don’t want to burden you with my problems, and I need to be getting back, but any time you want to talk you know I’m here don’t you.’

‘I know Mum, thank you.’

She hugs me and says goodbye, and then I return to Dagney and to the indoors.

Later we have dinner and Dagney makes plans for us to go over to Swanmouth and stay for a week with her Mum and David. It transpires that I am to be met every day by a Crisis team member and they will check on my progress. I perhaps should be angry at this incursion into my life, but I really don't care. The system clearly wants to check me out and that is fine with me, I have nothing to hide from them and I know that I will have no further episodes in the short term and have reached the end of my experience.

After dinner I bath Carrie as usual and I feel again that there is something I need to tell Dagney about. I am reminded of the Pyjanimals episode on TV and of how the different animal was accepted by his family despite his differences. I know what it is that I have to confess.

'Dagney?' I call to my wife, and she comes into the bathroom.

'There's something I need to tell you, what with everything going on; I need to be completely honest with you.'

'What is it?' She asks with new concern.

'I have a fascination with and a fondness for women's underwear.'

'What? What are you telling me?'

'Well, actually it's just tights.'

'I don't understand, are you saying you want to be a woman?'

'Oh no, it's nothing like that. I just like tights.'

'Do you mean you wear them?'

'Yes, I've tried them on for a thrill. The last time was with your maternity tights, but that was over a year ago.'

'I don't believe this,' she storms off out of the room, but continues talking in the distance, 'I can't take it, it's too much!'

'I'm sorry, I had to confess.' I call out rather sadly. Dagney comes back in the room.

'Why now?'

‘On this day of truth, I had to tell you the truth.’

‘Is it just a sex thing?’

‘Yes.’

‘Is that it? Is there any more?’

‘I have no more secrets, you now know everything about me.’

‘I wish you’d told me sooner.’

‘Sorry.’

She walks over to where I’m sitting on the edge of the bath and gives me a hug.

‘Okay,’ she says kindly.

I was feeling good before, but now I’ve gotten this off my chest I feel amazing. I had been hiding this part of myself for years and to finally tell her means that my conscience is clear, transparent even.

After we finish the bath, Dagny prepares Carrie for bed, I take a much needed shower, and then we pack for Swanmouth. We get in the car and head off, but we need some fuel so Dagny drives to the garage and fills up the tank. There is a song on the radio; The Pixies; Where is my mind? and it reminds of the book she is reading.

‘Is your faith strong enough to lose your salary, your wife, and your child?’ I say to myself, ‘yes, actually it is!’

I have risked everything, including my sanity but here I am still retaining everything, my job, my wife, my children. I have it all. A tear comes to my eye and again I feel great gratitude for the creator and all that has happened. This has really been an adventure of a lifetime.

We get to Swanmouth and enter the house to find Julia still up. I give her a hug.

'I love you Daddy,' she says, I smile and pick her up.
'I love you too,' I say and give her a kiss.

My family seem to have accepted that what is done is done, and they don't try to question me or show that they have any concerns that I need to address. Dagney puts the children to bed, and Mary offers me some dinner. I gladly eat up all the food, the first meal I've had today, and then I decide to retire myself.

Dagney and I have been given the top bedroom to use and I feel that I have a special connection with this room after we stayed in it at Christmas. I know that I must take some medication now and this will likely end my experience for good, I feel a little sorrow and a lot of gratefulness towards God for giving me this experience in the first place, and for revealing the Kundalini process to me. I actually wonder if I am about to finally get the "happily ever after" that movies promise the hero at the end of their story.

I get undressed and climb into bed, I take both my anti-psychotic and anti-depressant medication with a little water and expect there to be no further revelations, however I am very much mistaken.

The medication doesn't seem to kick in and as I lay there in the bed I wonder when it will and how it will feel. Then as I perceive a change in my body I start to get Kundalini surges up my back and into my brain. Again I feel pure ecstasy coming in waves and it is the best feeling I think I have ever had; stronger than an orgasm, more loving than a mother, and more encompassing than any drug. I think the only way to communicate this experience would be to see the recognition of the same feeling in someone else's eyes, and in their tears of appreciation for having been through it too.

What follows is a vision, the likes of which I have not had before. It is a strange experience as I close my eyes and feel that I can see things without actually seeing. It is like my mind's eye is activating, my third eye maybe.

It occurs to me that lizards are the oldest complex creatures on planet earth and are significant in some way, but I cannot see how until a new Kundalini surge washes over me. I am shown that there are many levels of consciousness in this world, man is not the only creature who is conscious and rather he sits humbly in the middle of a range of conscious creatures. I am given a new surge for each of the following understandings, cats are conscious and dogs more so, man sits above these in the rankings of consciousness but below lizards. I then focus on the lizards as they seem to me to be a strange consciousness to sit above man, but it is revealed to me with a Kundalini surge that the lizard has the oldest consciousness on planet earth as they existed alongside dinosaurs so that would make their consciousness hundreds of millions of years old. I feel the consciousness of the lizards pledge their allegiance to me, and I am taken to a new level of Kundalini ecstasy, tears now run from my eyes and I am so thankful for this experience.

I pose the question in my mind as to what part they play in the scheme of planet Earth, and then it is revealed to me. Julia has been given dinosaurs for her upcoming birthday as a cue for her to use lizards to contact aliens.

I am then given the understanding that there are aliens out there in a different plane of existence, and their consciousness is equivalent to that of the lizards. So surprised am I at this revelation that I focus my attention for a moment on the subject of aliens, and it is made apparent to me that as the lizards are the oldest consciousness on the planet, they have had a great deal of contact with aliens visiting the planet over the years, and what's more, the lizards know how to contact alien life, and it is through them that man may contact them. *This is freaking fantastic! Maybe David Icke was right?*

Communication it seems is done at a cosmic consciousness level, and it can bridge the endless distances of physical space, rather than anyone needing to travel in ships.

I thank them for their interjection, and in doing so am given another huge dose of Kundalini energy up my spine which spreads throughout my body. I gasp for breath as this energy

surges in me, and my mind seems to expand and touch the far reaches of the cosmos. The lizards can bring the aliens to us humans using their ancient and phenomenal consciousness. *It's all so simple and practical.*

There is a new side to this particular Kundalini surge, in that I feel that it is only in part intended for me, and mostly it is aimed at my daughter Julia. I cry at the thought of Julia getting to meet the aliens that are undoubtedly in contact with her already. It seems that it was by no means an accident that I showed her the movie ET over and over and over until she loved ET as much as her parents do.

While it appears I am not going to meet the aliens myself, Julia is going to visit another world with their assistance. As I think this I hear the baby monitor spurt into life, and through it comes a distinct noise like no other I have heard through it before.

I hear the shuffling of feet and a voice like that of ET himself, or maybe like Princess Leia's disguised voice from the movie Return of the Jedi, when in the opening of the story she makes a bold rescue attempt of Han Solo from Jabba's palace.

'Yudow,' it says croakily.

It seems that the aliens are here now, and are about to take my daughter for a ride like she predicted this morning with the toys and plates fashioned into a flying saucer.

I wish her the best of luck and declare my love for her before the lack of noise in the baby monitor suggests that they have been spirited away. I know that she will be returned unharmed and I cry with joy at the thought of her getting to experience space travel and seeing another world for what may be many earth years, but due to the way the aliens can manipulate time, it will likely only be minutes of my lifetime.

Space travel is a well known paradox in human science in that to visit other planets it is impossible for us to travel there fast enough for us to later return and find that the place we left is the same, however the aliens clearly have been able to do this, and

in popular science fiction for as long as I can remember have the ability to warp space to shorten their journey.

Following the departure of my daughter I thank them with all my heart for giving her this experience and if my memory of Julia's play acting from this morning is correct, my mother will be picked up as well, as earlier Peso the penguin took his Grandmother along for the ride. As this revelation dies down and the waves of Kundalini energy diminish, I get just enough time to recover to normal and then I am again approached by a new force. I receive a new round of Kundalini energy that washes in like a giant tsunami wave and I have to force myself to breathe through it, and I enquire as to who it is that is communicating with me.

To my very great surprise I find that the Earth itself is making contact with me. Planet Earth it seems is conscious and has seen fit to contact me, It again seems perfectly logical to me at this time that if I was born of this planet, and I am conscious, then the planet itself is conscious too as one thing comes from the other.

I get the biggest ever Kudalini surge I have experienced, and it hits me like a kick in the back, my body lurches with the force applied to me. I cry and cry like a little boy at the thought of my home planet not only recognising me, but also reaching out to me as its offspring and offering me absolute love. The joy I feel is unparalleled in my experience thus far and it lasts a long time, although exactly how long I cannot say, but I know the pillow beneath my head is now soaking with my tears.

However there is a tinge of sadness to this revelation, like this is a leaving present, and it is the last contact I will have with the Kundalini force for some time. The Earth has a message for me, and it is that the aliens want Kundalini for themselves and they can get it from my eldest daughter as an innocent and pure holder of it. She has it by virtue of heredity, and although I did not know it at the time, this was but one part of a historical chain of events that continues to this day.

I am so grateful to all the consciousness's out there who have supported me in my growth and for helping me and my family

in these last few days. With this kind of backing I truly do not have anything to fear from silly things like Witches, or Scientologists and Freemasons or Illuminati.

After a few more minutes the feelings seem to slow and dwindle, and I am back in my body in bed, I open my eyes and reality pulls its veil over the experiences I just had. I think that this must be the drugs in my system kicking in but can they have an effect this soon? As I return to normality I hear strange exultation sounds that are like a ships fog horn, but different enough for me to think it is not a ship at sea. A rumble noise rises over the roof and the horn sound repeats two more times and it seems so unworldly to me, then the baby monitor kicks into life once again with a crackle.

There is a whispered voice through the speaker again and it sounds like ET speaking in his native tongue although I cannot make out any distinct words. The monitor shuts down and the rumble I hear fades away again, I know that my daughter has been returned to her bed and her experience is now over.

I again thank every entity that is conscious for helping me on my journey, and for supporting me and for letting me be part of this awesome experience. However now I get another vision, and I find myself floating in space, bodiless and with a truly astounding view of the cosmos. I look around astonished by this all-encompassing hallucination, I the viewer does not exist and yet I can turn and change my point of view despite not having any appendages or any surface to push myself from. Beneath me is planet Earth and the moon, our sun is ahead of me. I turn to see Mars and the other planets of our solar system as ever decreasing orbs spaced out from the centre. I feel the vastness of the universe and also the ability to mentally touch every aspect of it regardless of distance. I can see the Milky Way as a bright curl of stars that fades into the distance and I feel an amazing sense of peace and love. I realise that I have become one with God, that I have achieved the union of Yoga, I am God and God is me, it feels so simple yet previously unknown to me. I know that I have been here before and I remember this experience

from some time before my birth, but for the duration of my lifetime it has been forgotten. It's like a genetic memory, something my DNA remembers, or maybe my soul itself has connected with the origin of life. I've come home and I have found final rest like my brain is still and no longer processing anything. I was wrong before when I thought I had attained Mocksha, but now here it is for real, this is it.

I observe this scene before me for some time, basking in the light of the sun and in the love of the universe being offered to me. I imagine that if I were in my body I would expect to have the feeling that I can't believe this is happening, it's too wonderful and too elite a thing for plain old me to experience, however as I am here and I am witnessing this through my third eye I do not have this thought, instead I just know this is real and I feel completely comfortable with this experience like it is meant to be. Sometime later, I'm not sure how long as time has seemingly disappeared from my experience, a path forms out of some sort of cosmic radiation. I watch it slowly create itself like a ladder of light off to my right and I am pleased to see it form and grow into the distance. I get the feeling that I must follow it, not here in this experience, but back in my life on planet Earth. I know not where it leads but I feel that it is my destiny to follow it wherever it goes, I have a hunch that it leads to heaven, or whatever non-Christian abode lies beyond the stars.

There are helpers found in all living things with consciousness and I will use them in the future. God is not dead, God lives, in me and I in him/her/it. I have saved my soul, and it will go on after my death. With this thought I feel the coming of medically induced sleep and I drift off slowly and calmly, with no worry or concern, and with the sensation that I have reached the end of my journey.

The Aftermath

06/08/2014

I'd rather be wrong a hundred times about the safety of my children and suffer the consequences of action, than be right once having done nothing about it.

I awake with this thought on my mind, having had the best sleep I have had in ages. Dagney must have been in bed with me over night but her arrival and departure have been unwitnessed by me, she has gotten up already and has apparently let me lie in. I check the clock on my phone and find it is nine o'clock. I lie for a while thinking over yesterday's events. Following the utter bliss I experienced yesterday afternoon, I received amazing revelation as to the nature of consciousness. This revelation came following a powerful and prolonged Kundalini episode which caused me to cry like I have never done before, and never before have I felt so much peace and love.

I have been toying with Christianity for a while now, but this marks the end of my belief in the Church Of England. My revelation blows away the ideas and practices presented by the Church. Kundalini as the source of all religious experience of course touches on pure Christianity as written in the New Testament, and there are naturally aspects of it which I subscribe to. However its interpretation and practise as given by the Church of England I now disagree with.

I find my thinking now is drawn to the statement Jesus Christ made in Luke 17.

“The kingdom of God cometh not with observation: Neither shall they say, Lo here! or, lo there! for, behold, the Kingdom of God is within you.”

I am convinced that Jesus Christ had a Kundalini awakening himself, and he used this energy to unravel the nature of existence and present it in the best way that he could to his disciples. I don't think he knew the Indian term Kundalini which

was certainly available from the Vedantic scripts at the time, so I would guess that he never had contact with any Yogi's or academics of that culture. However the energy is a human condition and any human has the potential to awaken it and call it whatever they wish. If I hadn't discovered Kundalini by name I would still have recognised the awakening, and would have more likely identified it with "The Force" from the Star Wars movies; with Sushumna representing the Light side, and Ida/Pingala representing the Dark side. Discovery was the key for me, not the name ascribed to it, and finding that absolute love and peace can be obtained within the human experience is the discovery of God for me. What remains now is the understanding of God's plan for me, and I've not got a sense of this yet, with the exception of seeing a path before me. Maybe in time I will learn more about this path, and for now I just need to recover and return to normal as best as I can.

I get up and head downstairs to find my family concerned for my wellbeing.

'How are you feeling?' Dagney asks me as her mother watches on.

'Much better,' I smile, 'I've had a good night's sleep for the first time in ages and I feel refreshed.'

'Would you like some breakfast?' Mary asks me, and I gladly accept.

I sit at the dining table next to my wife and she puts her hand on my knee. I'm a little nervous of her feelings towards me this morning and about her allegiance to our young family.

'We have an appointment at eleven, with the Doctor in Beachampton. Are you okay to get washed and dressed as soon as you've eaten?'

'Yes, sure. How are you doing?'

'I'm okay,' Dagney says sadly.

'Are you sure?'

‘It’s a lot to deal with. I don’t want to complain but on top of dealing with the children it’s hard to cope with your issues too.’

‘I know, I’m sorry.’

‘You don’t need to be sorry, you can’t help what’s happening to you, I just wish it wasn’t happening.’

‘I know.’ I give Dagney a kiss on the cheek, she looks very sad.

‘Mum’s offered to look after the kids while we’re out so we don’t need to worry about them.’

‘Okay that’s good,’ I collect my thoughts and find that I am drawn to ask Dagney a question, ‘How do you feel about what happened yesterday?’

‘I knew something wasn’t right, I knew it. I was afraid when you took Julia, I thought you might do something to her.’

‘Never,’ I interject, ‘I wouldn’t. I wanted to protect her.’

‘All the same I thought you might harm her to protect her from the people you thought were after you!’

‘Kill her you mean?’

‘Yes, it made me feel sick.’

‘I would never do anything like that!’ I’m fundamentally shocked by this statement. *How could she think that?*

‘I’ve read that it happens.’

‘You clearly do not know me very well, even after all these years!’

I am disgusted at Dagney for suggesting that I would ever kill my daughter, and cannot think why she feels the need to say it out loud to me. That’s far worse than anything I had conceived and is pretty disturbing in of itself. This is the kind of statement that gets our children taken away from us by social services and I hope she doesn’t say anything like this in front of the Doctor later. I’m convinced that Dagney is herself in need of help, spiritual as well as physical, but she will never admit it to herself and that is dangerous. *Is it any wonder I conceive of her being into Witchcraft?*

I finish the rest of my breakfast in silence, partly because I’m fuming, and partly out of shock. At least we’ve gotten that

conversation out of the way now, and I'm very glad we did not have it in the Doctor's office. Dagney goes off for a shower as I finish up my breakfast, and then I go to the living room.

David has both girls and is playing a board game with them.

'Hello Daddy,' Julia calls out.

'Hi, are you girls having fun?'

'Yes,' Julia replies.

'Thanks for dealing with them David.'

'That's okay, it's no problem. Did Dagney tell you about the appointment?'

'Yes, I'll be getting ready in a minute.'

After Dagney is out of the shower, I take my turn and when I am dressed we head out to the car for our journey to Beachampton.

'I'm sorry I got upset,' Dagney offers.

'That's okay, I'd rather know where you stand than not know.'

I offer a little prayer to God on the subject of Dagney's soul, and I hope that I have been able to push the Witches influence from her.

We drive to Beachampton without any further bad feeling and arrive at Hahnemann House with time to spare. We go in through the front door and enquire in a hatch as to where I am supposed to go for the Crisis Team, then we are directed up the stairs to a waiting area, and we sit for what feels like ages. I am quite happy to simply sit and await my fate, but Dagney is not so happy and complains about the heat, and the long wait, and worries about what will be said to us.

Eventually we are invited into a tiny room where there is only just enough room for the Doctor's desk, and three chairs.

The Doctor is called Chris and he asks me what I do for a living, asks about my kids, and asks Dagney to explain what has been happening. Dagney tells him what's been going on from her perspective, and then I am asked to confirm.

‘Well there are many levels of understanding,’ I begin, ‘level zero is where nothing is happening and I’m imagining it all. Level 1 is where something is going on and I am jumping to conclusions about what that is, and my summation may not be correct. Level 2 is where I am correct about the parties involved in my life, but I am not correct about their intent. Level 3 is... ’ Chris stops me from explaining further.

‘I think I’ve heard enough,’ he announces.

I’m annoyed by this and by him not letting me finish, I can articulate much more than I began with, but this arrogant man doesn’t want to hear it. He quickly decides that he understands what is going on with me, all he’s done is to read some of the electronic notes left about me on the computer by the other Doctors prior to our meeting.

‘When you have shut down all of the things you would normally be involved with,’ he starts on a monologue, ‘and you have stopped taking part in activities, you stop seeing your friends and when there is nothing left, this is when your brain can’t cope anymore and you start to have problems. It’s quite a common thing and I think this is what’s happening with you.’

I am again shocked by this man’s arrogance, he knows nothing about me or my situation and he’s going off a sketch of me from yesterday’s meeting and Dagny’s summation of the situation. I am beginning to feel like a perceived child in this experience, not permitted to speak and simply to be judged by those who know better.

‘I have been practising Kundalini Yoga,’ I try to start up the conversation again, ‘I’ve had an awakening, and it has opened me up to some things I don’t understand. These symptoms that I am having are consistent with Kundalini energy in my system.

It's been documented and if you look it up you'll see, I can show you where on the internet to go?'

'I would stop practicing Yoga for the time being if I were you.' He says abruptly, and I get the feeling that I am not to participate in this meeting between adults only.

Okay, I've had it with this guy!

I decide to not take anything this Doctor says seriously from this point on, he is clearly drunk on power and cannot help me. I will just nod and agree and do what he wants, as I just want out of here now.

Chris then asks me some "standard questions" about harming myself and others and he enquires what medication I have been given. He thinks that the dosage is too low so he revises it and gives me a new prescription. I'm pleased that this meeting is concluding and am happy just to get it over with. Chris informs me that he is going to arrange some home visits over the next few days and I simply accept this, and actually think it will be interesting to see what these people have to say and think that it can't be any worse than this guy.

So that is the meeting concluded with and we are free to go. We return to Swanmouth without much conversation and head to a pharmacy in town. Dagney drops me off and I say I'll collect the prescription and walk back to the house.

When I get in, Dagney is on the phone, I assume it is social services as she is answering questions about me and the children. Thankfully there is nothing to worry them in anything she says and the call ends positively. She hangs up and confirms to me that it was indeed social services and that they are happy that there is nothing to be concerned about.

Mary remembers that a woman called Britta had called earlier while we were out and she offered Dagney some support and wanted Dagney to call back. I initially think that this is great,

and that Dagney will get the help she needs, however I also know Dagney and I bet that she will not return the call.

Later we discuss Julia's upcoming birthday and decide that we will not hold a party in Millview as we were planning, and instead we will hold a smaller do in Swanmouth at Mary and David's house. I am greatly relieved at this, as I had feared some sort of Witches ritual happening at the Recreation ground with Dagney initiating our daughter in to her coven surrounded by her Witchy friends. Thankfully this will now not happen, and Dagney gets on Facebook, and uses her phone, to contact all of those attending to call off the event.

By mid-afternoon I am feeling sleepy, these drugs are certainly having a drowsy effect on me, and I also wonder what on earth they are doing to my brain chemistry. My thoughts are somewhat subdued although I cannot tell if this is due to the active ingredients of the drugs or just because they have a sedative effect. I also feel no benefit from the Anti-depressants. I had wondered if I would be happily bouncing off the walls because of them, but I do not feel any happier, yet. Having said that, I am still basking in the glory of yesterday's experience, so I maybe wouldn't notice any difference anyway.

Come the evening and I am worn out by eight o'clock and I retire early and take my second round of medication, within half an hour I am asleep.

07/08/2014

Just before lunch there is a ring on the doorbell. Mary answers the door and lets in a Crisis worker who has come to see me. She is shown into the living room where I am sitting and Dagny and David leave for us to be alone. The Crisis worker introduces herself as Carol and she is a large and kindly faced woman of about 50 years old, with long hair and a penchant for the 1960's it would seem.

'How are you doing Tom?' She starts while opening a paper folder on her knee.

'I'm okay, I'm feeling pretty drowsy and my cognitive abilities are subdued. But in general, okay.'

'That will be the effects of the medication, it should get better in a few days, as your body gets used to it.' Carol makes some notes on a piece of paper.

'So, I'm here today to check on your progress, and to make sure you are okay. Have you had any strange thoughts since you started the medication?'

'No, nothing.' I respond cheerfully.

'That's good, that's good,' Carol writes this down, 'and how is your mood?'

'I'm okay, I would say that I am not a fan of taking drugs and I am a little annoyed at having to take them, but having said that I'm now getting good sleep so it's not all bad.'

'Would you say that you were feeling depressed at all?'

'No, and to be honest I'm not sure why I have been given antidepressants?'

'Well it was the Doctor's advice, wasn't it.' she says condescendingly, 'You will keep taking them won't you?'

'Yes, I will.' I respond obediently.

'Good.' Carol writes some more on her paper.

'In my notes it says that you were seeing significance in ordinary things before you started on the medication, have you had anything like that since?'

‘Not really, well, there are some books on the stairs that have been catching my eye. One has photo of a white fabric formal gloves on the front, and the other says Time is running out.’

‘And what do you think it means, Tom?’

‘It’s crossed my mind that it’s the Freemasons sending me a message, that I must join them before my time runs out,’ Carol writes this down too.

‘Do you think you are in any danger, Tom?’

‘No, not here, not in this house.’

‘That’s good Tom, you feel safe here?’

‘Yes.’

‘Good.’ Carol appears to reach the end of her piece of paper, ‘Well that’s it Tom, thank you for answering my questions. May I speak with your wife now?’

‘Sure, I’ll go and get her.’

‘Thank you.’

I go to the kitchen and tell Dagny that she is wanted, and that is me done.

08/08/2014

Today a Crisis worker calls in the afternoon, she is an elderly lady, possibly close to retirement. She is very thin and bony and has dyed brown hair framing her round aging face, I shake her hand to find that she gives the right angled handshake which I have previously associated with Witches, and I am instantly on my guard. She introduces herself as Dawn and accepts a cup of tea offered to her by Mary. After the pleasantries she asks how I am.

‘I’m good, I seem to be getting used to the medication now, and feel less tired in the day.’

‘I’m pleased to hear that,’ she says in a genuinely caring way,

‘Tom, I have some different questions for you today.’

‘Okay,’ I respond a little suspiciously.

‘When thinking about your experience is there a number that you would associate with it?’

‘Yes,’ I respond quickly, ‘the number three.’

‘Can you tell me why the number three comes to mind?’

‘It is the number of the Freemasons, and their three main degrees.’

‘I see,’ Dawn says and writes it down, ‘Now is there a colour you would associate with what’s happened?’

I find this line of questioning very odd, and cannot see the relevance of it, but I play along willingly as I find I like this woman.

‘light blue,’ I say thoughtfully.

‘And can you tell me why?’

‘It is the colour of the Virgin Mary.’

‘I see,’ Dawn writes this down too.

‘Now would there be a smell that comes to mind?’

‘I don’t think so, at least nothing jumps out at me,’

‘That’s okay, don’t worry.’

‘Lastly then, is there a texture to your experience?’

I think for some time, but cannot imagine how a single texture would feature in my experience.

‘I’m sorry I don’t think there is a texture.’

‘No problem, thank you. Now Dagney, how would you say Tom is doing?’

‘He seems fine, back to normal I mean. He’s sleeping more than he would but that’s due to the drugs I think.’

‘That’s good, do you have any concerns?’

‘I don’t think so.’ Dagney looks at me and shrugs.

‘Okay, well that’s it then. Thank you for your time. If you do have any problems, you have the Crisis team number don’t you.’

‘I have it programmed into my phone,’ I smile at her and pat my trouser pocket holding my phone.

‘Great, then I won’t take up any more of your time.’

Dawn finishes up her tea, and then collects her things to go, Dagney sees her out and nothing more happens. I can't shake the feeling that she was a Witch and while she was very nice, I have to remember that I am in the company of Witches, and in a Witch's house.

Later I'm playing on the internet and I come across some ancient logic about Kriya Yoga which catches my interest, I learn that Kriyas are postures, breathing, and sounds that work toward a specific outcome. Practicing a Kriya initiates a sequence of physical and mental changes that affect the body, mind, and spirit simultaneously. I remember many times while lying in bed meditating finding that I felt very comfortable bringing one knee up to the side of my body and tucking my foot under my leg, and I wonder if this along with the pranayama I was performing would be counted as a Kriya?

Along with the physical side for the practise of Kriyas was some philosophy and one parable caught my attention as being related to my situation.

It tells of a rusty compass that did not work and would not point to north because of a build-up of rust on its needle. The rust is carefully and painstakingly cleaned and when this is done, the the needle once again swings freely and begins pointing to north as it had when it was new. The parable goes on to say that it is this way with man, and it is only when we are cleaned of all the build-up of our lives that we may once again point towards God as we did when we were born. We may then see God at work in all things of the world and be able to tune in to God's will.

I feel this is so true and after being cleansed myself at Christmas, I have been tuning in to God's will, like reading the code of the Matrix instead of simply seeing it compiled in the visual realm. Of course with this sight of God, one also sees the signs of the devil too and the shock of that is quite something to behold.

It occurs to me now that ignorance truly is bliss, and to be unaware of the possibilities of the human experience is such a

nice place to be, and I remember it with fond memories. People in that position do not know it, but they are very lucky, and to be free of burden of reality and to run with the herd is comfortable and avoids responsibility. Unfortunately it is a juvenile way of looking at the world and for one to mature in this life it seems that one has to go through a sort of initiation, a baptism of fire, and to pick a side of either good or evil and to take responsibility for the world we find ourselves in. It is only when one has done this that the veil of life's mysteries is drawn back, that God judges you and introduces you to Satan, and you are not only asked to simply choose but you are put through trials to prove it.

I've been through two trials now and I am still on the side of good, it's funny how when you are down in the depths of the experience how polarised things become, one sees good and evil in everything and the choices become as clear as day. When one is ignorant, you are not aware of the consequences of your actions and how they impact on other people's experience of life, but when your eyes are metaphorically opened, allegiance in the silliest of things can be seen, drinking tea or coffee for example, crossing the street at the wrong place, or not replying to an email or text. Everything is important and it all adds up, so your psyche ultimately becomes good or bad based on how you read and react to the signs presented to you.

09/08/2014

We hold Julia's third birthday at Mary and David's house with a cut down guest list. I am very happy that I have averted a potential crisis for her and Julia doesn't seem to mind. We have a very normal house party and she seems to have a fun time with the couple of family members and friends who come. Unfortunately for me the friends are Alice and Ursula; Catherine's kids.

As the cake is being served I get talking to Catherine and tell her about my problems of late. She opens up to me and claims to be

a “super-sensor” and that she over thinks everything she does and finds it difficult to make decisions because of it. She goes on to say that it affects every part of her life and it’s not just big things. She reveals that she has been on anti-depressants for years, and I wonder if this has contributed to her enormous size but do not say anything. I know my own medication leads to obesity and I will have to be careful to not put on loads of weight.

I’m actually quite shocked by Catherine’s confession and I wonder if she had the potential to become like me, but it was quashed by her medication, and perhaps this lead her to become Witch as a way of managing her symptoms, or possibly her symptoms developed as a way of leading her back to a Christian way of life and unfortunately her drugs are suppressing that avenue. Either way I still consider her, and her suggestive woollen jumpers, to be a Witch like her mother before her.

The mother is a piece of work too, I’ve never had much to do with her but I know she’s always been nasty to Catherine and treated her like crap, stealing from her and being all passive aggressive towards her. I actually have quite a bit of sympathy for Catherine because of what I’ve heard about her mother, however it is a different story when it comes to the safety of my children and I will not tolerate any nonsense towards them by her coven.

Later when the party is over I feel the urge to seek clarification from my father, and I grab him while he is stood in the dining room.

‘Can I speak to you for a minute Dad? Outside?’

‘Yes, what is it about?’

‘Come out here and I tell you,’ I gesture towards the garden door and move towards it. We enter the garden and to relative privacy.

‘Are you a Freemason Dad?’

‘No, funny lot!’ he says candidly.

‘Have you ever had anything to do with them?’

‘No, I think I used to work with some of them on the Army camp, but I never had any direct dealings with them.’

‘Good, thank you Dad. That was all, I just had to ask.’

I’m not convinced by Mister Secret’s statements and I have to admit I still suspect him. Freemasons are so secretive they will lie to their wives and mothers, and lying to your own son is not a big deal for these types. However at least he has said to my face that he has had nothing to do with them, and now I have a personal hold over him and his consistency bias will work in my favour in the future.

10/08/2014

This morning I am due another visit from a crisis worker. I receive a call to say they will be with me at ten o’clock, but when ten o’clock comes and goes nobody turns up. At half past ten there is a ring on the door bell and a female crisis worker enters with Mary, she is a short thin woman with her hair pulled back into a pony tail. We are shown through to the dining room today and Dagney sits with me at the dining table while this woman ferrets around in a bag for her notes.

‘My name is Jackie. How are you Tom?’ she opens.

‘I’m okay, thanks.’

‘I understand you’ve been having some delusions about the Freemasons?’

‘Yes, among other things,’ I defend and I’m instantly on the back foot here.

‘What is it about them that bothers you?’

‘I’m worried they are out to get me.’

‘Do you mean that you think they want you to join them,’ She leans forward, anticipating my answer.

‘Yes, and if I don’t join, then they want me dead.’

‘Why would they want you dead, Tom?’

‘Because of what I said about them on the internet and because I do not comply with their games at work.’

‘So you think you work with some Freemasons?’

‘Yes’

‘I see. My family name is Chauvigny,’ she states proudly and sits up to show her pride, ‘Have you heard of the Chauvigny’s?’

‘No, sorry,’ I shake my head and shrug my shoulders.

‘I have,’ Dagny chips in, ‘They’re listed in historical books.’

‘That’s right, my family were involved in the Crusades in the twelfth century.’

I’m not impressed with this boasting, but Dagny seems to be lapping it up.

‘My grandfather was a prominent Freemason as were many members of my family.’

My heart skips a beat. This woman is clearly an emissary from them, come to check me out.

‘When we were children we used to go to the parties that the Freemasons would hold in the summer and at Christmas. They would all dress in their outfits and they were nothing to be scared of, and my grandfather did a lot of work for charity as part of the Freemasons. They were, and are, an honourable society.’

I must have been looking at her funny as she picks it up and stares me in the eye, I return the stare and we sit there glaring at each other for a while until she breaks it off.

‘So you see Tom, the Freemasons are not going to come after you, besides they do not recruit. You would have to go to them and ask to join.’

I continue to stare at her in a distrustful way.

‘I see you have been practising Yoga, Tom?’

‘Yes, I meditate.’

‘I’d stop that if I were you. It’s not very healthy.’

‘How do you mean?’

‘Spiritually it’s not good for you.’ I can feel the heat of anger rising in me.

‘I disagree, it’s helped me a great deal. I have an appointment to see my yoga teacher tomorrow and I’ll go all the same.’

‘I would advise you not to go.’

‘Well thank you for your opinion.’ I’m almost spilling over with anger now.

‘You don’t trust me do you Tom?’

‘No I don’t, sorry.’

‘Okay, I think that is all for today.’ She stands and puts her notes back in her bag.

‘Thank you Tom, would you show me out please,’ she speaks with a sort of phony authority.

‘Thank you Dagney,’ She reaches for Dagney’s hand and I watch as they exchange the now familiar half cupped handshake. Neither of them flinches at this, which is strange, and I usher them towards the door.

‘Someone will be in touch tomorrow,’ Jackie says to Dagney, rather than me. Clearly addressing the handler and not the patient.

‘Would you open the front door for me?’

‘Sure,’ I smile at her worshipfulness.

I show her through the door and close it quickly. I return down the hall to Dagney.

‘I really didn’t like her. I hope she doesn’t come again.’

‘I’m sure we can request not to see her again. She may have a point about the Yoga though.’

‘What? What do you know about it? I’ve been learning about how to get rid of negative energy and that is a very positive thing!’

‘I suppose so, but do you think you should go to see your teacher after what’s been said?’

‘Yes!’ I am fuming now and breathing heavily.

I enter the living room and sit down to recover. I start questioning myself and consider if seeing my Yoga teacher is the right thing to do. *It must be, I’m seeing her on the 11th at 11, and that’s my number!*

‘Would you like a cup of tea?’ Dagney asks.

‘Yes please.’ I respond, still angry. *Was she a Freemason? What does it mean to have a female Freemason? I didn’t think they allowed women to join!*

After my cup of tea I decide that I need some fresh air, so I announce that I’m going into town and fetch my coat to leave. So I walk down the hill and into Swanmouth town centre, and after walking for a while I begin to feel better. As I pass the toy shop I see that they are selling the latest Ghostbusters Lego set and this catches my eye; being a child of the eighties. I enter the shop and buy two sets, thinking that I will build one and keep the other for posterity and maybe in a few years it will be worth more than I paid for it. I read recently that Lego has appreciated more than many stocks, and besides it’s the only sort of investment I can afford right now.

After this I walk to the sea and along the promenade. It is a sunny day and the bright sky reflects nicely off of the sea. My mood improves greatly and after a while I find that I am hungry, so I head for Subway and buy a Club sandwich.

After eating I feel fully recovered and so I make my way back up the hill to return to the house.

11/08/2014

My resolve is strong and I aim to keep my appointment with Lesley, my Yoga teacher. I make a plan with Dagney that she drops me at Catherine’s house and then heads off to a local

garden centre with the kids for an hour. At half past ten we load up the car and set off. I find that I am somewhat nervous, partly because I do not know what we will cover today, and partly because I have received such a negative reception to my plan from those around me. Anyway the journey is smooth and we soon reach the outskirts of Riverborne Saint Michael.

Dagney stops outside of Lesley's old cottage and I can't help but notice a for sale sign in her front yard. I hop out of the car and wave my girls off, then walk up to the front door of Lesley's cottage and ring the bell. I stand there thinking again about Jackie yesterday and her perceived hatred of Yoga, I still cannot put the two things together and cannot see it as anything but a beneficial learning. After a while there has been no answer so I try the bell again, I remember the last time Lesley did not hear the bell the first time.

Still no answer.

I have a look through the side window into the room where we meet and cannot see anyone, then I walk to the kitchen window and look in once again. No sign of Lesley or her husband. I return to the door and knock on it this time, and patiently wait for a response. I check my watch and find that I am exactly on time. *This is somewhat confusing!*

After some more time waiting I decide to investigate further, and open the side gate to the garden, I have a look in through the window there to the kitchen and see no sign of life. So I walk around the back and peer in through a bedroom window, again everything is neat and tidy and empty. I am still confused by this situation and return to the front of the house to think this through.

I know that Lesley runs a Yoga class in the village hall just down the road so I decide to go and see if she is there. I quickly round the corner and enter the car park for the hall, it is empty and the hall appears to be locked. I quickly prove this by trying to open the main door. *Damn!*

I reach for my phone and call Lesley, but there is no answer. So I call Dagney instead.

‘Hi, do you think you could come back. Lesley is not in!’
‘Okay, that’s strange, you did get the right time didn’t you?’
‘Yes, the eleventh of August at eleven o’clock.’
‘Okay, I’ll turn round and be there in a few minutes.’
‘Thanks, bye’

I return to Lesley’s cottage and wait patiently for Dagney to arrive. As I wait I can’t help but feel that my appointment has been cancelled by someone other than myself. I remember Jackie’s words from yesterday, ‘I would advise you not to go’. *Could she or her society have something to do with this?*

I begin to feel paranoia rising in me and I am also annoyed at not being able to have my session with Lesley. This feels like a sign to me, a sign maybe reminding me that I do not need a teacher, or that I am my own teacher? I don’t know, but before I can think things through any further Dagney’s car appears on the horizon and soon after I am picked up again.

12/08/2014

A male Crisis worker calls today, he is Welsh, his name is John, and he is a nice man. He doesn’t ask anything weird and genuinely seems to care how I am doing, and is pleased that I am okay. His visit is over quickly and I am able to carry on my daily business as usual.

Later we decide that we have imposed on David long enough and we should return home tomorrow. I am pleased at this decision and look forward to relaxing in my own living room, and choosing what I want to watch on the TV.

13/08/14

We return home to Millview at lunchtime, and I am very relieved to be in my own space again. I like staying at Mary and David’s but there is no better feeling than being the master of one’s own domain, rather than be a guest in someone else’s.

This afternoon a female Crisis worker comes to my home, her name is Hannah and she seems like a spiritual lady and with her arrival the sun comes out. It shines on her through the window and also on a crystal that is hanging from a curtain rail, it showers the room in rainbow colours, and I can't help but feel this woman is a new age type, probably into Hatha Yoga. I wonder actually if this might be one of those Lightworker types, but I'm not sure what they stand for or how they do business. *I must look them up.*

She is nice enough and doesn't ask any probing questions. Dagny leaves us to talk about my situation and entertains the children. She makes some notes about me returning home from Swanmouth, and leaves without any fuss.

I head upstairs to have a lie down, and I find I'm offended by the mess on my bedside table in, so I tidy it up and start putting things in the drawer of the table, and I stumble across a crystal that I have owned for many years and has been sitting next to my bed without my awareness of it being there. I turn the crystal over in my hand wondering what kind of crystal it is; it has purple spikes which become transparent at the bottom, and there is a healthy amount of plain grey stone in the base to which the various crystalline structures are attached. I lie on the bed trying to remember where it came from, and I am hit with the memory of a masseuse that I used to visit and of a series of aromatherapy sessions I had with her following a car accident I had many years ago. Her name was Kathy and she claimed to be a Lightworker. *Hang on, did I just have a visit from one of them?* Kathy had a shelf full of semi-precious rocks and I remember her placing various stones and crystals on my back following the massage, and I had some odd dream like experiences in that room of hers, and at the end of my time with her she asked me to pick an item to keep and I chose this purple crystal. I feel compelled now to know what this crystal is and what it is for, so I pull out my phone and hit the internet with a search. I quickly find that this is an Amethyst crystal and it has quite a

write up as the internet informs me it is a power stone and is used to open the spiritual and psychic centres of the mind. I'm curious and read on to find the following description:

In the psychic and spiritual realms, amethyst is an excellent all-purpose stone that can increase spirituality and enhance intuition and psychic powers of all kinds. It does this by making a clear connection between the earth plane and other planes and worlds. Amethyst is also excellent for meditation and lucid dreaming. It is used to open one's channels to telepathy, past life regression, clairaudience, clairvoyance, and communication with angels. Amethyst stimulates the Third Eye, Crown and Etheric Chakras enhancing cognitive perception as well as accelerating the development of intuitive and psychic ability. It initiates wisdom and greater understanding. Amethyst also protects against psychic attacks, especially during spiritual work. It has been worn as protection from self-deception, as well as a protection against witchcraft.

My jaw drops all the way to the foot of the bed. I can't believe what I have just read. This crystal has so many properties associated with my experience. Psychic powers, past lives, communication with spirits, I have never believed in any of these things before Kundalini became a part of my life. It is hard for me to accept this stuff is real, but as before I have to trust the evidence of my own experience. The property which strikes me most deeply is the last one, the ability of the crystal to protect against witchcraft. Witchcraft! That very clear force in my life of late, emanating from my wife and her family. *Did this little rock help me without me knowing?*

My brain starts to spin at the connections it is making, and at the coincidences that have been occurring. I put both the crystal and my phone on the bedside table and simply shake my head in disbelief. How can this be? Is fate playing a part in my life or is my subconscious acting with full knowledge of what's going on and it's just not telling my brain the truth? I understand that with an awakening of Kundalini the underlying truth of existence is

supposed to be made clear, so perhaps this is what is now happening. Perhaps like I suspected of Dagney, I too have a part of my life that I am not aware of, until now that is. Integration of my subconscious and my conscious mind could be revealing that I have been protecting myself all this time and did not know it. It seems I also have been unconsciously prodding my psychic self, and trying to get it to reveal itself too.

I drift off into a pleasant afternoon sleep wondering what can possibly reveal itself next. My world experience is as deep as the ocean, and the more I look for the more I find, and the more I find the more I realise that it is already an active part of my world that I was not aware of. It feels like rather than grow up learning about myself, I have grown up learning all the wrong things, about the material aspects of life. One thing's for sure, my spirit is wild and free although I have not previously seen it.

14/08/14

Today the sixth Crisis worker calls, I saw this man once before at the Doctor's office and previously suspected him of being a Freemason. His name is David and he is a thin man with potentially dyed jet black hair, and he has a spiked eyebrow piercing which looks stupid on him. As I've come to expect he does not give me the Freemason handshake in my own house, like this is some sort of rule I have discovered and instead greets me warmly with a straight handshake. He asks the now familiar questions about my sleep and about mental state.

I'm pretty cheesed off with dealing with these Crisis workers now. I've not seen the same person twice in the last week and I can't figure if this is because of the way the NHS runs or if it's because the NHS isn't working and there is no continuity. It feels like all of these factions want to take a good look at me and I have had to audition for each of them.

I've not had anything further happen to me since I completed my "quest" and I imagine that they will consider the cessation of any weirdness to be the result of my taking their drugs, but for

me, internally, I put it down to my completion of a spiritual journey. Kundalini presented me with a situation to react to, and I reacted as best I could. Once I completed my actions, Kundalini went away. It has nothing to do with Anti-psychotics or Anti-depressants.

In all of what has happened, the core of my experience has been for me to take a stand against paedophilia and evil itself in its many forms, and to show that I will act to protect my children from them. The groups involved are still unclear to me and I keep jumping around between them when attributing responsibility, certainly they are all secretive and in all honesty it no longer matters to me who “they” are, they represent evil and I can sum them all up neatly as a single evil force.

Well I have stood against them and have proved myself. I stand for goodness and what is right, and in doing so I have had to cleanse myself of all spiritual impurity. I remain now as an unblemished soul, without secrets and without un-repentant deeds. I have prostrated myself before “God” and he/she knows that I am now stainless and will do their good work. I aim to stay this way and will not commit any further even slightly iffy deeds, not out of fear, but out of respect for Kundalini and God.

15/08/14

The Crisis worker that calls this afternoon is a nice well meaning lady without any spiritual leaning perceptible to me. She is so normal that she doesn't seem to even register with me and while she tells me her name I forget it straight away. Her visit is brief but she delivers the best news that I have had from the Crisis team. She says that I am booked to see Chris tomorrow in Beachampton and anticipates that I will be discharged. I am very pleased to hear this news as the Crisis team will not be missed by me.

16/08/14

Today I return to Hahnemann House to see Chris once again and to be assessed by him. I really don't like him and we cover familiar ground over again. He trots out the expected line about the medication working but I'm just happy that he discharges me from the care of the Crisis team, and I am now under the care of the Community Mental Health Team in AllenBorne.

The real recovery for me will come from learning more about Kundalini and I make a mental note to spare no expense in finding out all about the subject.

28/08/14

There is a story in the news today of a massive paedophile ring in Rotherham, that involved 1400 girls, and it went unopposed by the local council and Police, and even that they knew of it and still did nothing. In the light of this my supposed delusion seems more valid than ever, and I feel somewhat vindicated in my fears and the actions I took. This is feeling like a psychic gift that I have been given, and I wonder if while I think that these things are going to happen to me and my family, they are actually someone else's story which i'm psychically picking up on somehow.

On another footing, my experience is somewhat clarifying in my head, I'm not sure where I might have read this but I seem to understand inherently that these perceived events that I am envisage, these supposed "delusions" that I experience, could be Samskaras; sandbanks of the mind. I remember the description from the Bhagavad Gita, and I have to work through these Samskaras which have built up over time, and potentially from a previous life, and to get rid of them by using the Kundalini energy. For some of them I cannot come up with a reason for why I have them, Witchcraft, Paedophilia, Scientologists, none of these things are part of my life. A Samskara about

Freemasonry is something that I also cannot recognise as part of my life before this all started. While growing up and through my teenage years I never considered them, and only took a passing interest during my thirties. Why do I have such a large problem with them? Could this be a Samskara that is not mine? Could it be someone else's that I have picked up on? Either way it seems it is my job to work through it and these others, and while I have made some progress, I'm not one hundred percent sure I'm clear of them yet. Is it also possible that I am picking up on other people's issues with Paedophiles, Scientologists, and Witches too? Am I like some sort of conduit now for those around me. *Has Kundalini awakened in me for the purposes of helping others?*

My mind is so clear today, and I feel fearless once again. When I contemplate my ego I find it dormant and still, unlike in previous months. I have demonstrated to myself that I can effect change in the matrix through my meditation and prayer and this experience has given me confidence that everything is actually okay. I realise that this may not last and tomorrow I could be right back where I started, but for now this is a heartening feeling

30/08/14

Just watched the family video made by Ashya King's dad Brett, and feel so sorry for them. I know first hand how the state want control over people's lives, as when I ran with my daughter, the police came after me. This is a damn police state we are living in. When I ran I did it for the safety of my Daughter, not to harm her, and I'm sure if I hadn't have turned up, I too would have gone through something similar to the King family, with me appearing as a criminal on the TV news. So I thank God I did not have to go through what they are currently experiencing. Mr King points out that the NHS is a terrible organisation and I know this is the case. I wish I was still running my talk show as

I'd have been all over this story and would have been in touch with the son who has a Youtube channel.

The state offers a terrible NHS with death panels, and yet will not give control of treatment to parents of minors. The NHS doctors that Mr King talks about are out there, and I do not doubt his testimony about the ridiculous NHS supportive comments left by idiot Youtube users bashing him and his common sense.

01/09/14

The CMHT invite me to a counselling session today. I am talked at about the warning signs of psychosis and am given picture cards to pick on how I feel about what I had been through recently. I am honest and open and discuss everything that has happened. I don't think any of this is helpful to me and this exercise appears to be aimed at children.

After the session I return to work for the first time in a month, it is strange to be back but I feel that I have confidence in myself and in my standing. The people at work will undoubtedly carry on playing games, which may or may not feature me, but I am happy that I know who I am and I know who they are.

Whether they know what's happened to me is unclear, and I've been told by HR that nobody will directly question me. So we will carry on as before, in business with each other, and nothing more.

As it happens I am warmly welcomed back into my department by several key figures, and while this is nice it does not fill me with good feelings towards them.

I am only back on a part time basis, I tried to convince HR that this was not necessary but they insisted that I do a phased return to work, so for the next two weeks I'm only in each day for 4 hours.

I spend my short day catching up with emails and odd jobs, and I spend a lot of time wondering if this job is something that I want to do for the foreseeable future. I find quickly that I am just not into it any more, that I have had such experiences that make all of this work trivial and unimportant. I want to do something worthwhile and beneficial to mankind, and I really don't care about how these projects are run. These idiots can carry on failing and I simply do not care anymore. I wonder now why things used to wind me up in the office, because they are meaningless in the bigger picture. I was totally sucked into the system and it made me angry. I've been pretty much running on angry for as long as I can remember, and anger turned to fear ultimately. Well I pledge to never be angry again, how can I be? I've seen too much now to let the daily nonsense upset me.

In the evening I repeat with Dagney the exercise I did with the Doctor this morning. Her choices mostly match my own. We talk about what has happened to me and to my surprise she gets very angry with me. She actually shows me a face of pure evil when I disagree with the Doctor's assessment of what has happened. I try to explain about Kundalini but get nowhere, she is just too closed off to the concept and there is no middle ground between us. From her point of view I now play down and minimise the recent events, but from my point of view she blows it out of all proportion. After all, what did I actually do? I got paranoid and took my daughter to her Grandmother's house. She's the one who freaked out and called the Police and the mental health team, she's the one who thought I would kill our beautiful daughter. Which of us is really in need of help? Before now I would have gotten angry with her for taking this position, but because of what I have been through, I simply feel sorry for her. She is suffering with her own demons, and I wish that she could experience Kundalini herself. Then she would know, then she would see.

09/09/2014

I find myself craving the state of bliss which I felt before and longing for the unity with the world which I experienced a month ago. I feel like I am prepared to throw the towel in and give up on work, my home, my family, and to seek once again that feeling of total bliss.

It has changed me forever and I am now not the same person that I was a year ago. In my new body I perceive things very differently and I have become bored of the life I previously led, sense pleasures are all nothing now to me, and I do not gain any benefit from indulging in them, and instead my heart pines for the overwhelming feelings of the Kundalini surge and its euphoric state of mind. It's like it is the only thing in my life that has ever mattered, or will ever matter again. If I could leave work and go to a place where I could sit quietly under a tree and meditate in the warming sun I would do it without hesitation, so strong is this pull for the divine in me. Everything in my life that lead me to "that point", has become background noise for me, and while it was all necessary for me to reach Moksha, I have transcended it and would now drop it all in favour of achieving the state once again.

It is of course not possible for me to do without destroying my life as it is today, and thus it is a selfish endeavour, that does not seem to tally with a selfless mind set. I hope I can reach the state once again, in my normal routine life, as I did before. Plus I will always have the memory of the experience burned into my mind, and when I feel low or preoccupied in the work/home environment I can reflect, remember, and recall the time when I found God and was at one with the universe.

11/09/14

I am elated right now, as I have just had a Kundalini surge, not a big one, but a real one none the less. I was concerned that on my medication I wouldn't be able to experience it anymore, but I have just proved myself wrong.

It came as I walked my dog on the heath, and I had just said the Lord's prayer and began to meditate on the subject of Alex Jones

and the help he has given me since Christmas through his show. I was walking with my fingers loosely curled in a Carlos Castaneda manner, and I was breathing in through my nose and out through my mouth in a Pranayama style.

It came on as it has before with an electrical surge that starts at the base of my spine and travels up to my brain, before spreading out over my back and then arms and legs. I've not had it before while I have been walking and I stumbled a little at first, but was able to keep walking and breathing. It was a very pleasurable sensation and I felt the love of God.

After a while I felt the sensation fade until it was gone, and I missed it straight away, but in summary I was very happy to find that it was back and is still a part of me.

15/09/14

I'm really struggling today with the idea of continuing my job for the foreseeable future. All I want to do is better understand the experience I have had, and quite honestly to relive the utter bliss that I felt. I don't know how I can focus on work when my focus feels hardwired to another topic.

There is something of a paradox here though as I write, because I am only afforded the time to think this stuff at work, and when I am not at home. So I am struggling with the balance and because I feel like my life has been upended by what has happened, all I care about is my family and my own personal growth through Yoga, and yet my work is providing for me to do these things.

The trouble is that I feel terribly selfish putting my own experience first, and in spite of everything else. Can I actually justify to myself the life of a wandering "holy man"?

I have been listening to Alex Jones today and he mentioned a quote that comes from the bible and from Ecclesiastes 1:18

For with much wisdom comes much sorrow; the more knowledge, the more grief.

I feel this to be true from my own experience and I feel horrible about my work life, but also so grateful for the knowledge I have attained.

17/09/14

So I've had a mystical experience, but what am I supposed to do with it now?

Gopi Krishna writes that those who have awakened Kundalini should teach others. *But why? What does it matter if everyone is a mystic/sage?*

To use an analogy for my own understanding; if I build a boat, I can then sail on the sea, and if I teach all those around me to build their own boats then we may all sail on the sea together. But what's the point of everyone sailing?

I guess sailing on the sea elevates one from being subject to swimming in it and maybe there's something that will happen when a certain number of people all stop swimming (with its inherent danger of drowning).

When we all sail together this is when the magic happens? Can it really be that simple?

Is teaching in itself nothing, but when a critical mass of trained students achieve a tipping point, collectively we make a difference? *Is that when the magic happens?*

It "feels" right, but intellectually I still do not understand.

If there's one thing I do know, it's that this story is far from over, Gopi Krishna had 12 years of adjustment, before Kundalini settled down in him. Kundalini is such a bitter sweet gift, I have never before felt either so much terror or so much joy, and the crazy thing is that I would not have passed up the chance to go through this and I would do it again if I had my life over again. It has shown me how alive we can be spiritually and how amazing this experience we call the human race is. How can anyone claim to be bored when there is such depth to explore, and such experiences to be had. I guess that is the way

of the world, perhaps the way of Satan, to keep people dumb, narrow minded, and driven only by material gain.

If you are reading this having not awakened Kundalini yourself, I offer a word of warning. This experience is not for the faint of heart. You need courage to face this head on and to drive through the terror to the exaltation which lies at the end. The other thing to know is that you must not enter into this experience with the goal of trying to get one over on your fellow humans, this is not a trick to gain an advantage and to look at it that way is to fall into the trap placed by Satan.

I perhaps had the best experience, although not the easiest, as I had not been given any knowledge of what was about to happen to me, I did not have a teacher to help guide me, and I entered into the experience as an innocent. I did not know what was going on and it was my pure heart and gut instinct which kept me going. I think that if I had known about Kundalini, had formal training in Yoga, or had read all about it and tried to forcibly wake it, I would have failed to come through the process as a sane individual. As it happens, my life has returned to normal, at least superficially, I am able to work for a living and maintain a family life too. Within me however, I am humble and thankful, I count myself very lucky and I am very grateful to "God" for guiding me through this like no earthly teacher could.

I have no idea what is coming next, I'm sure there is more to come, evil never sleeps, but I'm glad that things have calmed down for the time being. I need some rest.

Epilogue

13/10/14

It turns out that a neighbour of mine has been sent to jail for 12 years for paedophilia. Glynn Maddock of 7 Primrose Way has been abusing girls at his home. Dagney learnt of it from our neighbour Elaine who told her on the doorstep, and now Dagney has told me. I wish she hadn't because now it brings all of the feelings I had about paedophiles being after my daughters back to me, and it shines a new light on them because I was actually so close to the truth of the matter that I may consider myself correct. I have gone up and down the path outside of that house with my girls, on their bikes, scooters, or just walking with our dog, and that creep could have been watching us through his window, planning anything. It makes me feel sick to think that I have been this close to a real paedophile and not consciously known it. In fact it is so unbelievable that I need to seek independent confirmation.

As it happens, when I leave the house that afternoon to walk Max I find Don, our neighbour across the road is out fixing a light on his car.

'Hi Don' I call out.

'Hi Tom, how are you doing?'

'Not so well actually,' we walk towards each other to meet behind a car on the road. 'Do you know of Mr Maddock from number 7?'

'I think I know what you are going to ask.'

'Is it true, is he a paedophile?'

'Yes, I'm afraid so. Although it must be said that he only abused his granddaughters.'

'That doesn't really make me feel any better. Is it true that he's been sent to jail for twelve years?'

'Yes, it's true. He would do it on the weekend when his granddaughter's would stay over, his wife didn't even know. I feel really bad for her. Meredith is good friends with her, in fact

we went out for dinner with them a little while ago. She's afraid to come out of the house now, because of what people might think.'

'I'm not surprised, poor lady.'

'It's ruined their relationship with their daughter, and granddaughters.'

'I imagine it must have, what a thing to happen! I have never met the man or spoken to him, and my only experience of him is from seeing him cut his grass out the front. Damn, a Paedophile living down my street!'

'I know, it's hard to believe but at least he's been put away now and we've only learnt about it after the fact.'

'I suppose so, it is at least all over now. Thanks Don.'

'Okay Tom, have a nice walk.'

'Thanks, see you.'

We part company and I head off up the road towards the supermarket. The thoughts I had about a paedophile ring being in Millview seem more real now than ever. I can't imagine that he would have been satisfied with just his granddaughters though, and I feel that my girls may have really been in danger, but at least I find out after the fact, he is now in jail and I do not have to worry about my daughters. He will likely never see the outside of a jail cell again, he must have been 70'ish. I remember Dagny's last words to me earlier.

'It's true what they say, there is a paedophile on every street corner.'

Certainly for our street Glynn has proved her correct.

I wonder as I walk whether my experience was in some way linked to him, I also wonder who else is in his network, I doubt he abused his grandchildren without working up to it, maybe by viewing pictures on the internet, or watching others commit acts in the flesh. I still feel that there is something rotten in this town. The fact that I perceived paedophile danger around me, perhaps

psychically, makes me again think of the powers of Kundalini that have been written about.

I am pleased that I went all the way to the Doctors and to the Police with my concerns, and while nothing has been done officially with relation to my situation, I can't help but see a connection and a possible unofficial investigation.

A small, handwritten mark or signature, possibly initials, located below the main text.

I listened to the world today
but in his voice I heard decay
the plastic face forced to portray
all the insides left cold and grey
there is a place that still remains
it eats the fear it eats the pain
the sweetest price he'll have to pay
the day the whole world went away

Trent Reznor.